

New Orleans Review

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 3/4/\$11.00



Cover: *"Robert the Iceman"*
by Lee Crum

New Orleans Review

Fall/Winter 1984

Editors

John Biguenet, Art and Literature
Bruce Henriksen, Theory and Criticism
John Mosier, Film, General Editor

Managing Editor

Sarah Elizabeth Spain

Design

Vilma Pesciallo

Contributing Editor

Raymond McGowan

Founding Editor

Miller Williams

Advisory Editors

Richard Berg

Doris Betts

Joseph Fichter, S.J.

Dawson Gaillard

Alexis Gonzales, F.S.C.

John Irwin

Wesley Morris

Walker Percy

Herman Rapaport

Robert Scholes

Marcus Smith

Miller Williams

The *New Orleans Review* is published by Loyola University, New Orleans, Louisiana 70118, United States. Copyright © 1984 by Loyola University.

Critical essays relating to film or literature of up to ten thousand words should be prepared to conform with MLA guidelines and sent to the appropriate editor, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The address is *New Orleans Review*, Box 195, Loyola University, New Orleans, Louisiana 70118.

Fiction, poetry, photography or related artwork should be sent to the Art and Literature Editor. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

Reasonable care is taken in the handling of material, but no responsibility is assumed for the loss of unsolicited material. Accepted manuscripts are the property of the NOR.

The *New Orleans Review* is published in February, May, August and November. Annual Subscription Rate: Institutions \$25.00, Individuals \$20.00, Foreign Subscribers \$30.00. Contents listed in the PMLA Bibliography and the Index of American Periodical Verse. US ISSN 0028-6400.

CONTENTS

POETRY AND FICTION

The Other Agency	John Bovey	104
Driving Home in Winter	Barbara Moore	94
It's Going to Snow . . .	Francis Jammes/tr. Dennis Tool	111
Names	Eugenio de Andrade/tr. Alexis Levitin	118
The City at Noon	S. J. Makielski, Jr.	155
Reading on the Roof	Michael J. Rosen	133
A Song for Easter	Jack Butler	102
Keep the Faith	Jack Butler	128
Out of the Ghetto of Angels	Jack Butler	88
The Ledger	William Virgil Davis	129
The Past	Alex Argyros	160
Before the Beginning	Alex Argyros	149
Seven Last Words	Jean McGarry	79

PORTFOLIO

Portraits of New Orleanians	Lee Crum	73
-----------------------------	----------	----

NON-FICTION

Introduction	Herman Rapaport	5
Augustine, Spenser, Milton and the Christian Ego	Marshall Grossman	9
Le Jargon D'Orleans	Tom Conley	18
Crystal Gazing: Spenser's Cinematic Apparatus	Ronald Ehmke	28
Atopos: The Theater of Desire	Herman Rapaport	43
Rembrandt and the Pragmatics of Self-Reference:		
The 1660 Self-Portrait in the Louvre	Robert Brinkley	47
Taking the H out of Shame: The Blemished Mirror		
in La Tour's <i>Magdalen</i> and Herbert's "Easter-wings"		
Peter Morrison		54
Penetrating "Upon Appleton House"	Martina Sciolino	69

FILM

Re-viewing <i>The Rain People</i>	Bert Cardullo	112
<i>Gimme Shelter</i> : The Documentary Film as Art	Sheila Johnson	150
James Dean the Rebel: His Cause and Effects	Michel de Benedictis	95
An Interview with Steve Tesich	Andrew Horton	80

PERSPECTIVES

<i>Criticism and Social Change</i> by Frank Lentricchia	Dennis Patrick Slattery	89
Seeing, Saying, Knowing: <i>Hamlet</i> and the Tenuous Project		
of Drama Semiotics	Una Chaudhuri	119
Foucault and Marx: A Critical Articulation		
of Two Theoretical Traditions	James A. Winders	134
Foucault, History, and Social Order	John W. Murphy	161

New Orleans Review is grateful to Herman Rapaport, the Guest Editor of this issue's special section on Renaissance literature and painting as represented in post-modern theory. Mr. Rapaport's book, *Milton and the Post-Modern*, has established him as an important revisionist reader of Renaissance culture; it, and the papers he has gathered here, may prove to be part of a far-reaching refashioning of the Renaissance.

INTRODUCTION

Although Renaissance literature has not been frequently studied from the perspectives of the newer languages of criticism and theory, it has not escaped some distinct influences with respect to general issues and questions which the newer languages of theory have raised. In *Light in Troy*, for example, Thomas Greene has talked about Petrarch's Laura as an absence in the text filled in by signifiers that are always already displaced, and Anne Ferry in *The "Inward" Voice* has embarked on a reading of Renaissance sonnets which avoids the Cartesian reductions of a new critical tradition: the presupposition that the self who writes is a distinct formation reflected in the poem. Ferry notices, of course, that this formation is itself one that is historically situated in the Seventeenth Century and that a reading of sonnets by writers like Wyatt or Sidney can not merely presuppose the cogito as a kind of literary constant.¹ Again, in Stephan Greenblatt's influential *Renaissance Self-Fashioning*, Michel Foucault is acknowledged as Greenblatt carefully examines history and literature in order to determine the relations of power exercised through social practices bearing on the identification and classification of individuals. "The individual conscience as a fertile field of knowledge is at least in part the product of a complex operation of power—of watching, training, correcting, questioning, confessing."² In another major study of Renaissance literature by Margaret Ferguson, *Trials of Desire: Renaissance Defenses of Poetry*, we have again a very scrupulous analysis of Renaissance materials which touch on very contemporary theoretical issues. For example, Ferguson in discussing the defense in terms of the difference between speech and writing directly addresses a deconstructive problematic in Jacques Derrida's *Of Grammatology*, and in so far as the defense is at once dangerous and vulnerable, she is also contextualizing the Renaissance defense within a Freudian perspective. "It should be clear that I

think Freud's metapsychological theory offers useful perspectives on the activity of verbal defense practiced by writers in various fields, including the sciences."³ Defenses, for Ferguson, are interdisciplinary, desiring, metapsychological, and articulated in a struggle for political power. As such they are disruptive and reconstructive; moreover, we can learn from the Renaissance to what degree contemporary theory is itself involved in such relations which a study of the Renaissance defenses help to clarify.

These examples of some of the more recent and prominent studies of Renaissance texts point to the fact that contemporary theoretical issues have had an impact on Renaissance scholarship and that, perhaps more importantly, Renaissance studies are having some impact on the way we think in terms of contemporary theory. Yet, in all the studies mentioned, the influences of contemporary ideas is kept very much at arm's length, as if direct appropriations would contaminate an otherwise neutral or objective treatment of the texts themselves.

Studies of Renaissance texts by French theoreticians have been far more direct about using contemporary philosophical models for the reading of Renaissance texts. Michel Foucault's *The Order of Things* is a key reevaluation of Renaissance discourse and is most direct in its use of concepts borrowed from structuralism (the emphasis on synchronic and archaeological formations) and post-structuralism (the decentering of the concept "man").⁴ As is well known, Foucault's study considers an epistemic break in discourse formations which occurs at about the time of the writing of Racine's major plays. A world of correspondences—Traherne still holds on to this view—gives way to a world of classifications through which sciences can articulate themselves. At the same time a Medieval ideology of wealth as immanent value gives way to a more cosmopolitan idea of wealth as that which is de-

¹Anne Ferry, *The "Inward" Voice* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983). Thomas Greene, *Light in Troy* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982).

²Stephan Greenblatt, *Renaissance Self-Fashioning* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980), p. 80.

³Margaret W. Ferguson, *Trials of Desire: Renaissance Defenses of Poetry* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1983), p. 13.

⁴Michel Foucault, *The Order of Things* (New York: Random House, 1970).

terminated through the power accumulated by way of exchange. Treasure gives way to the market. The signifier's metaphorical power thus gives way to the signifier's metonymical power, a shift which constitutes a fracturing or rupturing that happens throughout the Seventeenth Century but becomes generally evident to everyone as having occurred by the 1660s or thereabouts. Historians have noticed that Foucault's readings are open to question when one opts not to take French culture as the norm; yet, *The Order of Things* is indicative of the strength of a structuralist linguistic model when applied to historical research. However much we may challenge Foucault's overall interpretation, we cannot doubt that having used structuralist and also post-structuralist perspectives to point out relations that have never been clearly perceived, the nature of Renaissance research has itself been affected in terms of the ways in which we must approach certain discourses and documents.

A much more recent study, Michel Beaujour's *Miroirs d'encre*, advances a post-structuralist or decentered notion of the "autoportrait," suggesting that in the inky mirror of the text is reflected an anti-narcissistic self-portrait or "mémoire sans personne."⁵ Here the identity of the represented personage is itself a function of semiotic slippage and cannot be recovered as mere unified self-portraiture. Rather, the "autoportrait" must be analyzed from the perspective of splittings, fracturings, differences. The application of such a view, which Beaujour develops in terms of Montaigne, for example, can be made with respect to Eve's narcissistic gaze in a pool of water as described in John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Certainly in such a case there would be great potential for a critique of standard interpretations of woman's vanity as Milton supposedly depicted it in his epic, since from Beaujour's perspective Eve's gaze would be into a "miroir d'encre" whose "autoportrait" is not recoverable except within the context of "mémoire sans personne," a context strongly suggested by Milton's text.

In *Le portrait du roi*, another very important study of Renaissance culture, Louis Marin examines narrative in terms of royal power and focuses on the portrait of Louis XIV.⁶ With respect to examining the function of the portrait on coinage, Marin suggests that the power of the king's

image as signified depends upon the exchange of the portrait such that a currency of representation occurs that appears to be underwritten by royal power. This power is itself a kind of capital accumulated through the power of money to be exchanged. Although power is not to be found originating in the monarch, it appears through exchange as if it were. And yet, there is the odd perception, verified too by Hobbes, that in order to have a system of exchange one first has to have a figure in whom absolute power is manifested. Marin argues with respect to historical narratives that here, too, the power of the monarch is constituted in the exchange of signs such that no one, not even the historian himself, would suppose that power is anything but transcendental to the text, that the text's power is vested in the monarch himself. Whereas Foucault saw an epistemic break between a Medieval notion of treasure in which value is transcendental and absolute and a bourgeois notion of value as constituted in the exchange of currency within a market, Marin implicitly demonstrates that this break is incorrectly conceived. In fact, during the reign of Louis XIV one sees how money as exchange functions to establish royal wealth as absolute treasure. Rather than breaking with the Middle Ages, the monarchy during the later Seventeenth Century reconciled bourgeois exchange with absolutism. Hence we have fusion rather than rupturing.

Another good example of a major rethinking of Renaissance culture is that of Michel de Certeau's *La Fable Mystique* which is concerned with subversive consequences of metaphysical thought systems as embodied in mysticism.⁷ Unlike Foucault who saw mysticism as part of a Medieval system of analogical discursive practices, de Certeau suggests that the deconstruction of an ideology depends not so much upon the content of what people profess but in terms of the positioning of ideas in terms of a totality of relations. Mysticism redistributed thoughts and relations which were taken from within religious practices. Rather than heresy, one had schism. In this sense, the mystics by way of retreat, abjection, ecstasy, initiation, meditation, and feminization transformed religious practices in such a way that a new articulation of the self with respect to the metaphysical allowed for wholly new orientations concerning comportment, enlightenment, faith, the body, judgement, the understanding

⁵Michel Beaujour, *Miroirs d'encre* (Paris: Seuil, 1980).

⁶Louis Marin, *Le portrait du roi* (Paris: Minuit, 1981).

⁷Michel de Certeau, *La Fable Mystique* (Paris: Gallimard, 1982).

of historical events, personal experience, social organization, the significance of worldly things, and so on. Literature was very much a vehicle for this mystical revolution during the Renaissance, a revolution designed to resist a Renaissance social hegemony.

It is quite evident, then, that writers like Foucault, Beaujour, Marin, and de Certeau, although they each interpret the Renaissance in their own way, do make significant applications of contemporary theoretical models and in so doing provide very stimulating if not provocative hypotheses concerning textual and social articulations. Unlike many of the studies done by Anglo-American scholars which touch on contemporary critical issues by way of theme, the French readings really do develop by way of newer critical methods borrowing much from a Saussurean perspective.

The papers collected in this issue of the *New Orleans Review* develop contemporary issues in theory along various different lines, though, as the reader will notice, there is an emphasis on the question of visual representation. All of these papers reflect an important engagement with new modes of critical approaches, and each, in its separate way, explores new directions for interpreting Renaissance culture.

The first essay by Marshall Grossman, "Augustine, Spenser, Milton and the Christian Ego," interprets the notion of ego by way of a semiotic approach revealing consciousness and our perception of consciousness in terms of a mediation of signs within a philosophical and linguistic perspective. The Christian ego is itself mediated by signs, and Grossman investigates the historical development of this ego and considers shifts in the practice of semiotics by figures like St. Augustine, Spenser, and Milton. Hence Grossman develops an understanding of the ego in terms of a sign-work through time. His essay displays a sharp understanding of the historical contexts of St. Augustine, Spenser, and Milton, developing them from a viewpoint strongly indebted to researchers like Roman Jakobson, Emile Benveniste, and Tzvetan Todorov, among others.

Tom Conley's "Le Jargon D'Orleans" follows and involves very rich and difficult accounts of semantic dispersals. Conley had already worked on a similar type of disseminative reading in his very important article "Retz of Love" which appeared in *Yale French Studies: Towards a Theory of Description* (No. 61, 1981). In that piece, Conley described the dispersals of terms across poetic

networks in Ronsard, what he called the "ricochet" of words. Here the pattern criticism of the formalists is exacerbated in the sense that Conley viewed the space or frame in which words act as an enclosure, traversing geometrically established text registers. In that sense, terms at once frame and reify while they function as elements ricocheting across textual boundaries, their patterns intersecting, overlapping, contaminating, fracturing one another. To this degree the Renaissance poem becomes what Michel Butor called a "mobile." I would say that for Conley the poetic space acts as a "track" over which terms race with a freedom that is, as he points out, not unlimited. In "Le Jargon D'Orleans" Conley engages issues developed in "Retz of Love," though here he sets up more complex geometrical frames of reference, what amounts to unstable semiotic geometries whose terms float across the textual divides much like the elliptical dots in a Larry Poons painting, dots which dart before one's eyes in an ever more speeded-up interplay of image/after-image. Indeed, the word "jargon" is a brilliant place for an analysis such as this to begin, since the word suggests both the establishment of a semantic field as well as its own perverse transgression.

Ronald Ehmke's "Crystal Gazing: Spenser's Cinematic Apparatus" considers the "mirrhour" in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III. Ehmke embarks on an excursion throughout culture on the effects of the crystal ball and is not so much concerned with elaborating a motif but is interested in the apparatus by means of which we perceive or read the text. To what degree, Ehmke asks, is the text a visual forum or sphere, and how is our reading determined by its sphericity? For Ehmke the text as sphere approaches what he calls the camera eye, and it is here that his essay is quite provocative: Ehmke discovers that beyond using literature to understand film, we must be prepared to understand that cinematography is an essential dimension for our understanding of how to read texts. In fact, Ehmke argues that historically the camera eye has always already been there, looking at us, just as we have been looking through it. This eye, in other words, has been unconscious or latent, and the film camera is only its embodiment, not its invention. This is shown indirectly at the end of the paper when Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is shown to be closer to Syberberg's *Our Hitler* than we might ordinarily suppose.

"Atopos: The Theater of Desire" is my own

contribution and uses a couple of sentences from Roland Barthes in order to define the atopicity of love in Renaissance literature, mainly Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and, with less emphasis, Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. My inference in this brief paper is that the discourse of love is not merely a topic to be discussed in terms of desire—what is essentially a theme—but that this topic has diegetic consequences which bear upon how theater is itself structured. In part, this structure cannot be revealed except by means of a Saussurean analysis which I locate in the comments of Barthes. Also, my paper implies that audience response to theater is itself a kind of Saussurean condition upon which the apprehension of the theatrical is based.

Robert Brinkley's "Rembrandt and the Pragmatics of Self Reference: The 1660 *Self-Portrait* in the Louvre" develops self-portraiture in terms of Ludwig Wittgenstein's idea of the picture developed in the *Tractatus*. Whereas Saussure's insights are relevant at the level of the signifier, Wittgenstein is profound at the level of the proposition. In part the *Tractatus* argues that propositions are pictures in logical space which show on account of their inherent logic and therefore cannot be reduced to the level of assertion or saying. Brinkley is interested in the aspect of how a picture shows but also in how its saying is itself a speech act. Brinkley's choice of Rembrandt's self-portraiture for a main topic is very stimulating in terms of a reflection on Wittgenstein's ideas of the *Tractatus* in light of recent speech act theory.

"Taking the H out of Shame: The Blemished Mirror in LaTour's *Magdalen* and Herbert's 'Easterwings'" is by Peter Morrison and asks intriguing questions about contradictory cues and signs in Renaissance art and poetry. Morrison is particularly interested in how cues and signs taken to be adequate representations of the world ignore the laws of perspective for "overriding allegorical or moral intentions." This is what Lacan calls

misrecognition, and Morrison correctly notices that unlike Louis Martz who reads mirrored structures of Renaissance works in terms of plateaus of assurance, the well-informed viewer will see in these works a tactical revelation in the picture of a "failure of thought," a destabilization of the meditative posture. It is in applying this insight to Herbert's poetry that I find Morrison's essay is, indeed, quite seminal to Renaissance studies.

Martina Sciolino's "Penetrating 'Upon Appleton House'" is the last essay and is a psychoanalytical reading of the gaze. Taking cues from Barthes and Lacan, Sciolino notices that "Upon Appleton House" is largely a sexual *mise en scène* that as in Freud has to be "constructed" by an analyst much as an edifice has to be excavated and reappointed, to echo Freud himself. In Freud's "Constructions in Analysis" we read that the difference between the archaeologist and the psychologist is that for the analyst the objects are never really lost in the full sense of the word: they merely have to be pulled out through the process of analysis or interpretation. Martina Sciolino's paper does an admirable if not witty analysis of this sort as she probes the resistances of Marvell's text to penetration.

Of course, the papers collected here are not intended to be any kind of last word on contemporary readings of Renaissance literature, but they mark a grouping of stimulating points of departure which I hope readers will find helpful in terms of their own considerations of a vast body of works which today are being reevaluated in a most stimulating manner by a number of literary scholars. □

Herman Rapaport teaches in the Department of Comparative Literature at the University of Iowa. In addition to authoring numerous articles, he is the author of *Milton and the Post-Modern*, published by the University of Nebraska Press.

AUGUSTINE, SPENSER, MILTON AND THE CHRISTIAN EGO

"An non tibi videtur imago tua de speculo quasi tu ipse
velle esse, sed ideo esse falsa, quod non est?"

—Augustine, *Soliloquia*, II, 9, 17

In the *Confessions*, Augustine engages a self-reflexive rhetoric that conceals its own generative capability under the disguise of historical representation. This commerce between the semiotic and the mimetic brings into view a specifically Christian ego. By the surrender of his own language to the Lord and the consequent representation of the self as *Imago Dei*, Augustine gives his word to another who returns it to him as the object of an allegorical interpretation. The self discovered in this verbal reflection is thus displaced from the immediate world of the senses and thrown into the symbolic space of verbal mediation, the space between the surface of the earth and the infinity of heaven, in which the crossing of man's words and God's Word serves at once to demark and undermine the definitional boundaries of the specifically human self.

Proceeding from a brief description of this Augustinian semiosis, I want to suggest its implication in and revision by the formal structure of two canonical texts of the English Renaissance: *The Faerie Queene* and *Paradise Lost*. The full argument, which I have not now the space to make, includes a substantial historical component. This historical study would juxtapose the personal history of Augustine, son of an overbearing Christian mother and an urbane pagan father, flourishing in the dying moments of the Roman classical age, and the intellectual history of the synthesis of two cosmologies which are likewise Augustine's parents—the mother church of Christ and the pagan, neo-Platonic father. This synthesis, in which Augustine plays a leading role, appropriates the historical and historicizing Hebrew Scriptures for an evangelical Christian church through a hellenized reading that transfers the meaning of historical events from the metonymies of cause and effect to the metaphors of a totalized pattern—from consequence to design.

Such a historical study would suggest that the

ideology of the *Imago Dei*, including the sublation of history in a world which is immutably *ordinatissima*, in which time is rewritten as a spatial arrangement everywhere and always bearing the still warm footprint of the divine architect, is put under strain by the social reorganization that accompanies the breakup of feudalism and the subsequent development of a notion of history more compatible with the bourgeois progressivism of the English Renaissance.¹

In the place of this detailed history, a formal analysis of a moment in Augustine's *Confessions*, during which the founding of the Christian ego becomes visible, may illuminate the narrative structure of two Renaissance texts in which the temporal founding of what had become a (super) natural ontogenesis is once again made visible, as history briefly questions the paternal authority of the new Law, which had purported to abrogate the older Mosaic laws by introjecting the lawgiver as Love and reinvesting that affection in the image of its introjected ideal. These texts then record the contradiction made visible as this new law undergoes a sea change and reinstitutes itself in an ideologically altered form.

Three moments will form the premises of this essay. The first, the creation of the Christian ego in the autobiography of a Father of the Church, the second, its image mirrored in the peculiarly endless narrative of *The Faerie Queene*, and the third, its destruction under the iconoclastic hammer of *Paradise Lost*. The literary history traced through these world historical moments may be

¹The two views of history competing in the seventeenth century are epitomized in Donne's *First Anniversary*—"man-kind decayes so soone, / We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone. / Onely death addes t'our length: nor are we growne / In stature to be men, till we are none" (144-47) (*The Epithalamians, Anniversaries and Epicedes*, ed. W. Milgate [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1978])—and Bacon's claim that the study of second causes would restore the dominion over nature from which man fell by Adam's sin (Preface to *The Great Instauration* [1620]).

described in rhetorical (or generic) terms as the presentation of the self in lyric, allegory and narrative respectively.

In the thirteenth book of the *Confessions*, Augustine engages in an extended meditation on the first chapter of Genesis, particularly as revised by the first chapter of the fourth Gospel. One problem which exercises Augustine is the meaning of the scriptural injunction to creatures of water and air and to Adam and Eve to be fruitful and multiply: *Crescite et Multiplicamini*. Why, asks Augustine, is the injunction reserved to fish, fowl and human kind?² Since herbs, trees, beasts and serpents all propagate and preserve their kind according to their natures, to understand the Lord's words in a literal way (*proprie*) would imply that they were spoken with no particular intention ("quia vacat hoc, quia inaniter ita dictum est"). Because God does not speak promiscuously, an allegorical interpretation is required. The allegory depends upon a proportional metaphor. The fish (*generationes aquarum*) in Augustine's allegory represent words as material signifiers while the birds who share the blessing, having emerged from the water to multiply under the heavens (*subfirmamento*), represent thoughts:

signa corporaliter edita generationes aquarum propter necessarias causas carnalis profunditatis, res autem intellegibiliter excogitatas generationes humanas propter rationis fecunditatum intelleximus.

(pp. 442-44)

(By corporeally pronounced we understand the generations of the waters: necessarily occasioned by the depth of the flesh, by things intellectually conceived we understand human generations, on account of the fruitfulness of reason.)³

Man speaks from the depth of the flesh, multiplying words in the body as fish multiply in the sea, and these words fly forth into the firma-

ment, fly free of the body, as birds fly beneath the firmament, free of the sea creatures with which they were created. God's command to be fruitful and multiply pertains not to sexual reproduction, which Adam and Eve will achieve in any event "according to their kind," but to the generation of discourse by the liberation of the signified from enslavement to the materiality of the signifier:

et ideo credidimus utrique horum generi dictum esse abs te, domine: crescite et multiplicamini. in hac enim benedictione concessam nobis a te facultatem ac potestatem accipio et multis modis enuntiare, quod uno modo intellectum tenuerimus, et multis modis intellegere, quod obscure uno modo enuntiatum legerimus.

(p. 444)

(And for this end we believe thee, Lord, to have said to both these kinds, Increase and Multiply. For within the compass of this blessing, I conceive thee to have granted us a power and a faculty, both to express several ways that which we understand but one; and to understand several ways, that which we read to be obscurely delivered but in one.)

Thus Augustine's allegorical interpretation of the injunction to increase and multiply is itself the sanctioning allegory of allegory. Man's ability to allegorize defines him. It is the faculty that raises man above "kind" or nature, a divine injunction that he supplement the sexual generation of nature with the special generation of words bestowed upon him by God at the creation. In Augustine's view it is precisely the allegorical use of words that will allow man's words to meet God's Word and, through this mediation, reunite with the eternal. Allegory removes thought from the flesh to the unchanging world of spirit.

To follow the path by which Augustine transmutes the apparently sexual injunction to increase and multiply to the divine recognition of the specifically linguistic identity of his earthly image, it is necessary to broaden the context to include Augustine's remarks on birds and fish in the preceding chapter (xxiii).

Two key words form the verbal bridges over which Augustine's allegory crosses from the sea of the fifth day of creation to the dry land of the sixth. The simpler is "*profunditatis*." The analogy of the depths of the sea to the depths of the flesh

²St. Augustine's *Confessions with an English Translation* by William Watts (1631) in two volumes (Cambridge: Harvard University Press; London: William Heinemann LTD, 1961), II, Book XIII, Chapter xxiv, pp. 440-42. Subsequent citations will be given parenthetically in my text. Page numbers refer to the Latin text; English translations appear on facing pages.

³The platonic preoccupation with the distinction between perception and conception, sense and intelligence, is here restated in semiotic terms.

is commonplace: as the sea surrounds the fish, the flesh surrounds the soul (*anima vivens*). But Augustine utilizes a second bridge to connect corporal signs to things mentally conceived; it is this second, and divinely instituted, joining of signifier to signified that arrests the unrestrained allegoresis threatened by the emancipation of the sign and returns the divine gift of words to the Word, converting a potentially pathological logorrhea to the logocentric speculum in which the image of God is (verbally) disclosed. This recuperative motion ultimately frees language from nominalism by structuring the flow of signifiers according to an *a priori* pattern.

On the fifth day, we recall, God blessed the creatures of the sea (*pisces et coetus*) and the fowls which fly over the earth. Augustine's word for fowls (and that of the early Latin bibles) is not *aves* but *volatilia*, a substantivized form of the adjective derived from *volare*, to fly. In chapter xxiii, Augustine has recourse to the birds and fishes to allegorize God's grant of dominion over the other creatures to newly created man (Gen. i:28). Man receives this dominion because he alone judges, approving what is right and rejecting what is wrong. His judgment is exercised in taking the Sacraments of the church, receiving Christ (*ille piscis. . . , quem levatum de profundo terra pia comedit*"); "that Fish . . . which taken out of the deep, the devout earth now feedth upon," p. 436) and in the use of language—properly subordinated to scripture:

in verborum signis vocibusque subiectis auctoritati libri tui, tamquam sub firmamento volitantibus, interpretando, exponendo, disserendo, disputando, benedicendo atque invocando te, ore erumpentibus atque sonantibus signis, ut respondeat populus: amen.

(p. 436)

(in the expressions and sounds of words, subject to the authority of thy book [like the fowls as it were flying under the firmament]: namely, by interpreting, expounding, discoursing, disputing, praising and praying unto thee with the mouth, expressions breaking forth with a loud sounding, that the people may answer Amen.)

The birds (*volatiliu[m] caeli*) are thus the material signifiers of man's words, which erupt from the body to fly under heaven (*sub firmamento volitan-*

tibus) when man expounds, discourses, disputes, praises or prays under the authority of God's words in Scripture. The analogy is made on the level of the signifier. The use of the substantive and participial forms of *volare* for birds and words respectively validates the notion that words escape the sinful flesh to return in prayer to the Word, whose gift they are.

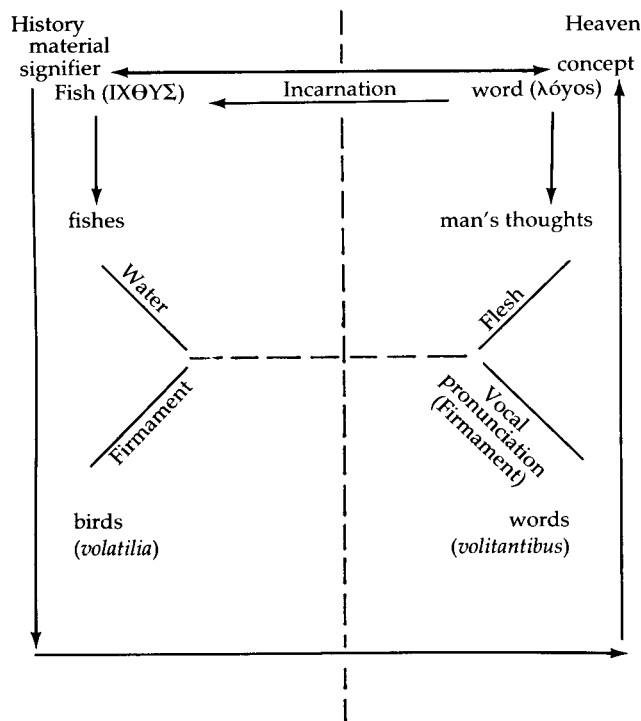
Sanctioning, and pointing to, this entire construction is a divinely instituted sign, the acronym *IXΘΥΣ* derived from the Greek appellation, Jesus Christ Son of God Savior. The fish (*ille piscis*) alluded to above is thus the sign of Christ who exists sinless "in the bottomless pit of our mortal life, as in the depths of the sea."⁴ The allegorical interpretation of the passage in Genesis extrapolates the mediating function of Christ as the Word in the flesh to the Fish as his material sign in the sea. God has written this pun into the Greek language to point the way to a necessary metaphoric closure.

The flow of signs in this system is contained and returned upon itself by its inscription within a primal semiosis which is its exact duplicate, the generation of the *logos* (coeval with the Father in Augustine's view) and its subsequent incarnation in the mortal flesh, "*in huius mortalitatis abyssu velut in aquarum profunditate.*"⁵ The *logos* is generated as word or material signifier in two registers—once in eternity as the efficient cause of creation and again as inscribed in that creation to form of it the Book of Nature. Between the two inscriptions of the Word stand the holy Scriptures. The words of the Word contain the necessary totalization in terms of which historical events may be understood.

At a specific point in history the Word itself is incarnated, enters the world as corporeal signifier and unifies sense, sign and concept, multiplicity and unity, time and eternity. This unity, however, is merely exemplary. Because of the depth of the flesh, that is the imperfection of fallen man, the at-one-time-present transcendental signified retreats into a metonymically multiplying chain of signifiers in which meaning is merely potential and from which it must be recovered through the double movement of allegorization and containment.

⁴*The City of God Against the Pagans*, trans. Eva Matthews and William McAllen Green, The Loeb Classical Library (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1965), V, p. 447 (Latin on facing page), Book XVIII, chapter xiii.

⁵*The City of God Against the Pagans*, p. 446.



The multiplication of signs and thoughts in the Augustinian reading of Genesis is a blessing because man, existing in time and interpreting history and the material creation presented to his senses can (potentially) reconstruct the plenitude of meaning available before the descent into the flesh and repossess, if only momentarily, the Word disseminated in the words. However, such a reconstruction necessarily leads one out of the flesh and out of time:

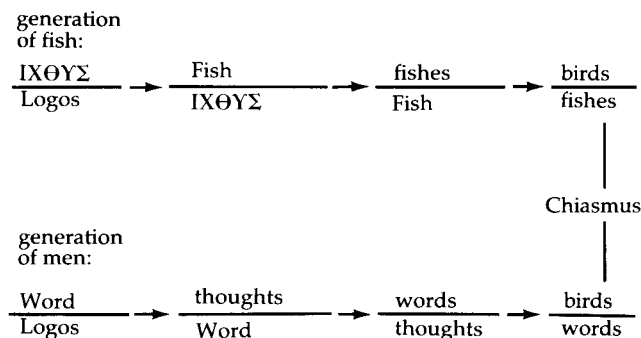
quis tenebit cor hominis, ut stet et videat, quomodo stans dictet futura et praeterita tempora nec futura nec praeterita aeternitas? numquid manus mea valet hoc aut manus oris mei per loquellas agit tam grandem rem?

(p. 232)

(Who now shall so hold fast this heart of man, that it may stand, and see how that eternity ever still standing, gives the word of command to the times past or to come, itself being neither past nor to come? Can my hand do this, or can the hand of my mouth by speech, bring about so important a business?)

This simultaneous recognition of and turn away from time founds the Augustinian ego, which recognizes itself as the image of eternity com-

mitted to moral action in a world of only apparent historical contingency. Augustine's rhetoric joins two distinct chains of signs.



In each chain the signifier of the previous concept becomes the concept of the succeeding sign. The production of signs in each chain is accomplished by the absorption of a contiguous object (sign or concept) into the signifying chain. The *logos*, the sign of the Father, generates by its momentary presence a world of signs behind which it withdraws. In this way an atemporal idealist notion of the Father comes to appropriate the discourse of the historically present God of Israel. The ethical discourse in which the people of God retain the presence of God by adhering to his written laws is transformed by the introjection of the lawgiver as the speaking subject within the subject. Presence is mediated by the Word, speaking in time from beyond time. The chain of signs beginning with the generation of fish (in history) is joined to that beginning with the generation of men (eternally) through a chiasmus which interrupts the production of figures by maintaining *volantia-volatilia* as a single primary signifier with a dual signification, thus concealing the discontinuity of body and spirit, nature, man and God. It is thus chiasmus, the sign of the cross, that rescues discourse from the contingent paths of historical contiguity and returns it to its putative source in the now introjected *logos*. This chiasmus pre-figures the incarnation when the Word made flesh will experience the death of the flesh finally and conclusively to impose its meaning on history, thenceforward viewed as already completed. The Passion of Christ then becomes the historical abrogation of history itself.⁶

Augustine's allegory disguises this semiosis as a hermeneutics. It pretends to interpret a language of God that it rhetorically generates. Within the Augustinian ideology of the *Imago Dei*

the trope of chiasmus disappears behind the historical representation of the moments of creation and of the Passion. The joining of words to birds reiterates the joining of souls to bodies, of *logos* to flesh. Into the chiasmic space of an analogy, Augustine inserts the icon, the image of God. Augustine's autobiography ends, appropriately enough, with the production of the self in words, the midwifery of the pen brings forth the *anima vivens* in its detour through time. Man's signifier, like Christ's, is divided between a temporal incarnation and an eternal inscription in the Book of Life. Access to that eternally signifying script is for a time blocked by the depth of the flesh, but, under the authority of Scripture, this bar can be crossed and the being of man's becoming disclosed.

I want to suggest two Renaissance revisions of this allegorical constitution of the self which had issued in the Middle Ages in such characteristic forms as the romance and the dream vision. These forms had made meaningful the bric-a-brac of this world by transferring it to a timeless scene of allegorical significance. Spenser refers his writing to this world, even attempting an orthographic imitation of Chaucer, but *The Faerie Queene* shows signs of ideological strain in which the poet's presentation of self as one who signifies and is signified becomes thematically problematic. By introjecting the *logos* as ego ideal, Augustine was able to contain the metonymics of his desire within the metaphoric closure of the *Imago Dei*. By making the self the mirror of the desired other, Augustine captures both within a totalizing complex. Spenser's allegory, on the other hand, fails to locate a metaphor that can arrest and foreclose the chain of metonymies it produces. Spenser desires a national church imposed by a national leader who will join historical time to allegorical space by being at once the image of her God and her people, but the physical presence and temporal actions of Elizabeth defeat an idealization such as that protected by the timely dissemination of Augustine's *logos* to points exterior to time and interior to the self.

True to our expectations of the Renaissance, what intervenes between Spenser's medieval models and his allegorical mode is a classical

form—the dynastic epic, exemplified by the *Aeneid* and mediated through its Italian romance adaptations, especially the *Orlando Furioso*. In these attempts to graft the nationalism of the epic onto the atopia of allegory the curious reversal of semiosis and hermeneutics we saw in Augustine's *Confessions* is once again visible. The writer writing the signifier of his patron into a divine order historically unfolding before him suddenly questions the temporal secondariness of his "representation," and, if he is adventurous like Ariosto, he cannot but read his question back to the very texts from which Augustine's rhetorical coup derives.⁷

Does the writer of dynastic romance represent or create the image of the law, now become a law of historical destiny, in his text? Like Tiresias, he finds himself asked to divine the past so as to render the present its inevitable future.⁸

In the case of the *Faerie Queene*, history asserts itself relentlessly. Spenser's apparent plan to promote the marriage of Elizabeth and his patron, Leicester, is overthrown by Leicester's marriage and then his death. The future Spenser had hoped to portray is cancelled by intractable and irreversible events during the time of the poem's composition. Spenser faces a difficulty of numbers. His two mythical founders of the English dynasty prefigure a present monarch whose refusal to produce an heir suggests not the eternal recurrence of the line, not the re-foundation of the union of Justice (Arthegall) and Equity (Britomart) on the throne of England but its abrupt termination in the dismal politics with which Book V of *The Faerie Queene* is preoccupied. The tension between an increasingly inescapable sense of historical causation and allegory's tendency to reduce temporal progress to spacial pattern may be read in the letter to Ra-

⁷In the *Orlando Furioso*, St. John intimates to Asolfo that a patron's reputation is only as good as the treatment he gives his poet and that the Apostle's patron's reputation reflects the fact that he knew how to treat John. Thus the ur-text of the Gospel becomes suddenly equivalent to, rather than precedent of, Ariosto's imitation. More important, the suspicion that the writer creates rather than represents the patron infects the foundational text itself.

⁸See Jacques Lacan, "The function and field of speech and language in psycho-analysis," in *Écrits: A Selection*, trans. Alan Sheridan (New York: Norton, 1977), p. 86: "I identify myself in Language, but only by losing myself in it like an object. What is realized in my history is not the past definite of what was, since it is no more, or even the present perfect of what has been in what I am, but the future anterior of what I shall have been for what I am in the process of becoming."

⁹For a more detailed discussion of this point, see Marshall Grossman, "'In pensive trance, and anguish and ecstatic fit': Milton on the Incarnation," in *Selected Papers from the Le Moyne Forum on Theology and Seventeenth-Century Literature in Honor of Joseph Summers*, ed. Mary Maleski, forthcoming.

leigh which prefaced the 1590 edition:

For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and diuining of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last. . . .⁹

But, of course, this twelfth book in which all events are to disclose and be explained by their temporal origin never comes. Instead, the unravelling of the fiction in the sixth book is signalled by the return not to the narrative's fictive origin at the court of Glorianna but to its generative origin, the authorial alter ego, Colin Clout. This figure of the composing poet breaks his pipe in "fell despight / Of that displeasure" when historical contingency in the form of Calidore, stumbles upon him on Mount Acidale and disperses the hundred women of Venus whose dance Colin's piping had sustained. Calidore's apology serves to restart the narrative while mourning the irreversible severance of fantasy and "reality":

Right sorry I, (said then Sir *Calidore*,)
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee
grieues so sore.

(VI, X, 20, 6-9)

Augustine had been able to acquire for his own signifier the name of the Lord by rewriting the Word made flesh as the words released from the flesh, by interposing a metonymic semiosis between the temporal world of his experience and the unmediated and inaccessible world of God. In this space his ego engaged and subsumed the signifier of the divine—re-writing it as a symbolic order manifest in and recoverable from an

⁹Edmund Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, ed. Thomas P. Roche, Jr. with the assistance of C. Patrick O'Donnell, Jr. (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1981), pp. 16-17. All citations of Spenser are to this edition.

ordered and immutable nature. For Colin Clout something has gone radically wrong with this process. Contingent reality, in the form of the wandering Calidore, himself a concretion of desire in his search for Pastorella, intrudes upon Colin's fantasy and deprives him of his voice, causing him to break his bagpipe and thereby trapping the word in the body.¹⁰ The Book of Nature as it is read demands a constant re-evaluation of what has gone before; self-creation becomes self-revision.

The demand of a "real" hermeneutics to "save the appearances" of a semiosis only partially concealed behind a mythology of representation unmasks the only partially sublimated dance as Colin's still frustrated desire. Colin's daughters of the muse may be emblems of a neo-Platonic system of grace—the interpretation lent to them by Colin after he has lost them—but the narrator, inhabiting the position of the approaching Calidore is more frank. For him, they are "An hundred naked maidens lilly white" (VI, XI.9). The desire for the other which had driven Augustine's neo-Platonically trained mind through a chiasmic circuit of meaning that decentered his bodily self by making it the image and likeness (*imago et similitudo*) of a divine ego-ideal is here rediscovered as the artist's fantasy of himself at the center of the concentric circles of images of his own desire.¹¹ These images are dissolved when reality in the form of a marauding signifier of an other forces its way into Colin's imaginary world. The chiasmus broken, Spenser is unable to unify self and desire's images; logorrhea ensues as each contingent event becomes a part of an allegory whose design is lost to the productions of mind interacting with the world of experience.¹²

Spenser's ambivalence about the location and stability of his allegorical universe surfaces explicitly in the Proem to Book II. The opening lines express his anxiety about the representational status of the poem:

¹⁰See Jonathan Goldberg's remarks on Calidore in *Endlesse Work: Spenser and the Structure of Discourse* (Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1981), pp. 169-71.

¹¹Lacan writes: "Is the place that I occupy as the subject of a signifier concentric or excentric, in relation to the place I occupy as subject of the signified?—that is the question," in "Agency of the Letter in the Unconscious," *Écrits: A Selection*, p. 165.

¹²As prefigured by the contents of Error's stomach in Book I, Canto I, 20.

Right well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'abundance of an idle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory.

(1.1-5)

The poet defends himself against the charge of forging what he purports to remember by comparing the uncharted regions of Faerie Land to those of the globe, always there but only recently discovered (ii.1-4). But the allegorical space collapses into an image of England as reflection of Elizabeth. The reader is told that:

Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine signes here set in sundry place
But yield his sence to be too blunt and
bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing
trace.
And thou, O fairest Princesse under sky,
In this faire mirrhour maist behold thy
face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great aunces-
try.

(4)

One reads in a mirror, and what one reads is one's self, one's lands, one's history. But can this synchronous structure of words truly include the history of the future when daily "Many great Regions are discovered" (2.4)? Can the poem end? The chiasmic juncture of history and providence that Augustine's rhetoric sustained has, by 1596, been subverted by the specter of an irreversible history answerable to second causes, radically contingent and accidental. To compensate for these proliferating supplements to Scriptural creation, Spenser metonymically multiplies words. Decomposing Arthur's magnanimity into twelve knight-virtues and never finding the metaphoric closure that will restore these disseminated parts to a unified subject, Spenser chronicles the splitting of the self into the contradictions of its action. His metonymic rhetoric disseminates the subject along with his temporal acts.¹³

The alternative to this logorrhea is figured by Arthur's shield. A mirror in which one perceives one's history as self-generated, the shield catches

substance and reflection, semiosis and hermeneutics, past and present between the ego and the image. One is disclosed as the mirror of the other, in an infinite regress in which, like the graces dancing on Mount Acidale, the self disappears into the atemporality of stone.

When the space of allegory can no longer sustain its distance from the literal, a new rhetoric is in order. The title of *Paradise Lost* sounds the re-discovery of the irreversible history of bodily experience. The past participle announces that what is described is irrevocably gone. If *The Faerie Queene* interbreeds the dynastic epic and the allegorical romance, *Paradise Lost* conjoins the classical tragedy and the dynastic epic.¹⁴ The dynastic couple is now Adam and Eve, their allegorical image is Satan and Sin, and the foreclosure of allegorical space issues in the refleshing of the word, now understood as tragically subjected to the "Race of time." *Paradise Lost*, for all its theodical insistence on salvation is the epic of a fallen dynasty, presiding in the "subjected plain" to which Adam and Eve descend at the end of the poem.

The emblematic narration of *The Faerie Queene* now gives way to the chaste Aristotelian causation of classical tragedy. Each episode in *Paradise Lost* moves the plot in its double strand from disobedience to restoration. Further, the unrepresentability of the restoration itself—involving as it does the collapse of rhetoric into a frozen synecdoche in which "God is All in All"—is thematized as a return to history.¹⁵ The endlessness of Spenserian narration is disclosed as the ongoing process of revelation. The narrative is not the history of the world but the prelude to that history, the foundation of its subjects in subjection to the irreversible temporality of mechanical causation. Thus the central act in the poem is the eating of a certain fruit, having a specific taste, aroma and appearance, consumed at a specified time of day, in a place made no place by the act. The other narrative, that of "One greater man," is the subject of allusion but the episodes that fulfill this narrative are necessarily outside the

¹⁴On the use of tragic form in *Paradise Lost*, see Marshall Grossman, "Emotive Pattern and Dramatic Structure in the Fall: *Paradise Lost* IX," *Milton Studies* XIII, ed. James D. Simmonds (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1979), pp. 201-19.

¹⁵Milton's modulation from metaphor to synecdoche is discussed at length in Marshall Grossman, "Milton's Dialectical Visions," *Modern Philology*, forthcoming 1985.

¹³How many predicates capture and fix the character of a subject? There is already in John's Gospel a nervousness about the proliferation of signifiers. See, for example, xxi:25.

boundaries of the poem; they remain a promise and an anticipation but they do not occur. Their occurrence at a later time (as opposed to in another place) will, like all historical events, revise the past and lend to it a meaning now only anticipated. These future events then cancel and efface the past by making it legible, by supplying the punctuation at the end of history's sentence; the eschata of Christian revelation will stabilize meaning and reveal the congruence of the Books of Nature and of God. But in historical time this congruence is obscure and must always be predicted. The temporal directionality of Augustine's metaphor is now reversed. It is not the past which determines and explains the future. The meaning of history is not to be found in its origin but in its terminus. Along the way to that terminus all details are provisional. What is apparently contingent will later be significant. The thrust of hermeneutics is now forward. No longer does interpretation restore a text; it frankly writes one by dictating moral choice not on the basis of present conformity to divine design but on the basis of hoped for consequence and in the knowledge that what is expected is frequently not what is obtained.

The return of history is visible not only in the form and structure of *Paradise Lost*, but also locally in Milton's treatment of the injunction to increase and multiply. Curiously, the task of increase enters Milton's text through Adam's anticipation of God's desire. In the eighth book of *Paradise Lost*, Adam recounts to Raphael the events of his own creation. Included in this narrative is the origin of Eve in a demand Adam makes of God. The steps through which this discourse proceeds deserve attention. Adam's first appeal is from solitude (357-65) and to the law of kind (384-97). He complains that happiness cannot be had unless shared with another and that one must share only with his own sort: "Of fellowship I speak/Such as I seek, fit to participate/All rational delight, wherein the brute/Cannot be human consort" (389-93).¹⁶ At first Adam seeks not increase but company. Insofar as he understands company to mean rational discourse, Adam is close to Augustine, but when God counters Adam's argument by proclaiming his divine solitude (391-411), Adam defines man in terms of his difference from God:

¹⁶All citations of Milton refer to *Complete Poetry and Major Prose*, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (Indianapolis: Odyssey, 1953).

¹⁷OED, Converse, v. 2b.

To attain

The highth and depth of thy Eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme
of things;
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects.

(412-19)

The chiasmic pivot through which Adam refreshes the word is "conversation," a word which in the seventeenth century denotes sexual intercourse as well as discourse.¹⁷ Adam continues:

No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though
One;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou
wilt
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in thir ways complacence
find.

(419-33)

Milton's circuit of meaning re-plays Augustine's in reverse. The multiplication of thoughts and words depends upon the multiplication of kind and the location of self in relation to other depends upon an other like the self, that is a bodily other. God's response affirms that Adam's recognition of his "single imperfection" and self-definition as neither God nor brute is the required expression of the divine image (439-40): "What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,/Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,/Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire" (449-51).¹⁸

There is a good deal at stake here. Milton's monism substitutes a bodily and historical process for the reflection theory instituted by Augustine's Platonic dualism. The production of discourse is joined to the production of bodies and the fullness of human speech is projected into a

procreated earthly future rather than sublimated to the gnosis of allegorical signification. If *The Faerie Queene* reveals the decomposition of the Augustinian subject, the subject that is born in the surrender of the body to the intellectual and atemporal space of a word which is not its own, *Paradise Lost* recuperates the subject by insisting on its historical corporality. It returns the word to the body and displaces the image of the Lord to a community of men whose union with the

¹⁸The masculist hierarchy in *Paradise Lost*, which makes Adam the image of God and Eve the image of Adam, is a re-inscription of the hierarchy of Father and Son—production of which initiates the action of the epic by precipitating Satan's rebellion. Adam's desire for "collateral love" is one with Abdiel's defense of the exaltation of the Son as "bent rather to exalt / Our happy state under one Head more near / United" (V.829-31). The attempt to perfect collateral union ironically produces hierarchy, but in a mediated form. Milton subverts the ideology of the micro-macrocosm analogy but cannot replace it with a wholly material vision of historical causation. In terms of the formation of the Christian ego, the simultaneous claims of equality and subordination, of unity and difference, direct the individual's reflection of God through a social and therefore a temporal mediation. For an interesting discussion of the dialectic of self and other implicit in Eve's encounter with her own image and the redirection of her libido toward the reflection of God in Adam (VI.439-90), see William Kerrigan, *The Sacred Complex: On the Psychogenesis of Paradise Lost* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1983), pp. 70-71.

Father is necessarily delayed beyond narrative to the end of time when "God is All in All." The revisioning rhetorical closure is implicit in the sliding synecdoches of the poem's opening lines: "Of Man's first Disobedience . . . til One greater Man." The closure in the movement from Adam to second Adam is evaded by the history of men: "The Race of Time,/till time stand fixt" (XII.554-55). The space beyond is impenetrable by narrative: "Beyond is all abyss,/Eternity, whose end no eye can reach" (XII.555-56). The poem thus returns us from the end to the beginning—not the beginning of creation but the beginning of the mundane, historical existence of fallen men and women:

The World was all before them, where to
choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wand'ring steps and
slow,
Through *Eden* took thir solitary way.
(XII.646-49) □

Marshall Grossman is a Miltonist at Fordham University. He has published a number of articles and has a book on Milton forthcoming.

LE JARGON D'ORLEANS

One of the most pernicious words in the lexicon of contemporary critical debate is *jargon*. It is used willy-nilly in order to separate groups, assign divisions of labor and exclude individuals from entry into guilds of readers and teachers. Clarity happens to be a current fetish of criticism. But why not? If the funds of university presses and specialized journals are shrinking with the inflation of the overall economy, a desperate strategy for survival entails selection of work that can please a broad and moderately informed public of readers. Quite possibly the growth of literary theory as a genre of criticism owes its success to the way it deals only occasionally with literature. The horizon of letters is generalized to the point that thematic approaches to the American and continental canon can foster adequate sales that, as administrative lingo of alibis usually puts it, will "meet the needs" of the market. In this condition we witness publication of more and more introductions and samplers; overviews of genres, authors and their oeuvres; or extended debate on issues that, as in the case of deconstruction, have been so far removed from the context which generated them that commentary has little mooring, if even pertinence, in contemporary thinking. Many seemingly important books of criticism are clear in exposition and statement, but also bland and insipid as the grant applications that no doubt brought them to their conclusions.

Much takes place under the spell of clarity, as if its illumination could cut through the limited motives and aspirations of critics writing articles to provide enough insulation—let us say, goose down—for professional garments that might stave off the cold bite of decisions about promotion and tenure cast in the winter months of an academic year. Like a boreal wind blowing across the Northern plains, clarity would allow classical writing its need to endure and survive. And its opposite, denoting obscurity, jargon would represent all that is nefarious to the classical ideal. Somewhere the precious meanings of *jargon* have been forgotten in the economy of criticism. The paragraphs to follow intend to give perspective to that word and to restore some of its repressed

beauty. That we have used a figure of winter to invoke the issue of jargon is not gratuitous, for the word is anchored in the dynamics of the toss and stir of seasonal change.

Yet most users of the term utter it without much sense of its history, as if its meanings were god-given, signifying a corrupt, deformed language made of disparate and heteroclit elements understood by a particular group and characterized by its complication and affectation of arcane words and styles of usage. Its occult dimension leads its critics to be envious or jealous at *not* being able to be part of the groups that proffer it. So those who exclude the practitioners of jargons simply express in their outrage the effects which it ought to elicit. Exclusion begets rage, envy and more exclusion. An example of the confusions, unconscious affiliations and incipient—and very militarized—hostilities ring forth from recent words by Edward Said:¹

If, as we have recently been told by Stanley Fish, every act of interpretation is made possible and given force by an interpretive community, then we must go a great deal further in showing what situation, what historical and social configuration, what political interests are concretely entailed by the very existence of interpretive communities. This is an especially important task when these communities have evolved *camouflaging jargons*.

(our stress)

Said seems to fear that a world-wide community of humanity may be sacrificed in a great return to Babel. He ostensibly joins hands with Stanley Fish, proponent of the idea that an "interpretive community" can absorb and digest a foreign element—a text—into its own concerns and problems in order to assure itself of continued existence. In hoping for an eventual clarity in the enterprise of analytical writing, he implies that criticism will have to be pragmatic, or it will not

¹*The World, the Text, and the Critic* (Harvard: University Press, 1983), p. 26.

be. It will be political and purposeful wherever it can, and will follow the example of the Zahirites who, in the eleventh century, subjected language to a severe institution of unambiguous meaning.² In the passage above, meaning and ramification of *jargon* are as classical as its most limited definitions in contemporary polemics. It is in no way used in the breadth of the history of its evolving meanings.

The task of the critic, we are told, is to set language straight, to divest it of its seasonal fluctuations, or to put it in a controlling environment where all change will be reported and accounted for as it occurs. But does not Said unconsciously regress to the nagging history of the word with his colorful adjective *camouflaging*? At the time of the writing of this article, on the eve of Christmas 1983, the national medias report that camouflaged outerwear—jackets, fatigues, parkas, caps, helmets, raincoats, tarpaulins, gloves, duck-hunting paraphernalia, vests, boots, and leg-warmers—have been selling at unprecedented rates. Since stock of Army surplus is not great enough to meet the needs of the American consumers, speculation turns to ask why the American population might be engaged in a collective revery of renewed war. Have the reports from Beirut and Grenada been spurring the populace into a clear sense of its mission and a need for meaningful combat against Cuban infidels? Are we acting out the nostalgia for humans pitted against each other, one side wearing buckskin and coonskin hats and the other in camouflaged gore-tex, in order to shunt away the truth

²In making his pitch for "everyday, worldly language" (p. 33), Said evokes ancestral critics: "The Cordovan Zahirites in particular went far in trying to provide a reading system that placed the tightest possible control over the reader and his circumstances. They did this principally by means of a theory of what a text is" (p. 37). The seizure of power implicit in this position makes a reader associate the statement with the crushing effect of a wing-tip shoe kicked in the mouth of the Zahirites' opponents. His militancy against "jargon" marks many of the pages of his essays. Some of the confusions of his book are so glaring that the reversals of the fortune of *jargon* have no better expression than in: "Each discourse, each language—of psychiatry, penology, criticism, history—is to some degree a jargon, but it is also a language of control and a set of institutions within the culture over what it constitutes as a special domain" (p. 219). Here it is at once in the service of self-defense and repression, or at best an analogue of control he admires among the Cordovan Zahirites. Or: "The invasion of literary discourse by the *outré* jargons of semiotics, post-structuralism, and Lacanian psychoanalysis has distended the literary critical universe almost beyond recognition" (p. 228). Now it is seen as a microbe causing intellectual dysentery or logorrhea.

of apocalypse and nuclear calamity? In magazines such as *Soldier of Fortune* do we have the fantasy of limited engagements in the suburbs, along the edges of golf courses or in the forests of Central Park?

And even, in the realm of the most unrepressed expression of collective daydreams, at the nation's capital thousands of Washington Redskin fans have dressed in camouflage to praise the brutalizing example of John Riggins, the bone-crushing fullback who has, as rumor goes, tailored a tuxedo in the same mottled drab for a splashing entry into the playoffs.³ All this leads to thoughts for the season on war and death: by clarifying a context and cleansing it of the palette of natural colors that confer a confusing or painterly edge upon issues, a person sporting camouflage or jargon will be seen in the glaring evidence of ill-planned or devious intention. Said's words are fraught with hesitations and equivocations about *jargon*, which the style and mode of camouflage paradoxically help to clarify. The abstract configurations of olive, brown, green and tan splotches of the style do

³See George Vecsey, "Football Fashion Note," *The Sunday New York Times*, December 18, 1983, p. 55, columns 1-3.

⁴It is useful to recall two principles of analysis which Roman Jakobson and Claude Lévi-Strauss have shared over the past thirty years. First: the *phoneme* achieves the indissoluble union of sound and meaning in given words, simply by being assigned a function without any conceptual content (as opposed to a morpheme, a word or a sentence). The various relations of oppositions among phonemes allows meaning to take place. If we extend the notion to *grapheme*, or a minimal unit of inscription that generates meaning through a play of figural oppositions on the surface of the poem, then the plastic dimension of verse acquires what its tonal registers can orchestrate in their verbal range. Second: given the differential logic at the basis of the function of a phoneme and grapheme, where manifold logical oppositions inform them (and which are less numerous than the phonemes and graphemes generated by the play of oppositions themselves), a cultural unconscious therefore cannot fail to have validity. For language now presupposes mental functions operating at levels unknown to its generations of users and which escape from the conscious control of speaking, thinking or writing subjects. (See Lévi-Strauss' precious review, "Les Leçons de la linguistique," in *Le Regard éloigné* [Paris: Plon, 1983], pp. 186-89.) Here onomatopoeia tends to be a hinge on which hang and revolve units of sound and meaning. An unconscious motivation linking the two modes can be discerned in the play of oppositions and identities shared between sound and the physical shape either of the referent in the composition, or the word itself as it reflects the tensions either in the referent or in other verbal patterns. Perhaps the best instance of this can be found in the power of denegation at work in Ferdinand de Saussure's adamant rejection of onomatopoeia in the *Cours de linguistique générale*.

have the effect of providing the beginning of a historical reading of the word.

When confused about the lineage of any term, quite often etymologists have recourse less to ancient language than the saving grace of onomatopoeia.⁴ Once a word is motivated as a direct imitation of nature, its history becomes timeless and its sonorities a truth assuring the infinite analogy of words and things. Webster goes to Old French onomatopoeia, citing *jargon* and *garçon*, as "a chattering, a warbling" and adds to the same noun a mineralogical meaning, "a variety of zircon" which, in turn, is defined as a silicate of the rare metal (ZrSiO₄). Paul Robert, the French analogue to Webster, does not reach back to *ancien français*.⁵ Dated in 1426, and associated with *gazouillement*, or chirping, its radical in onomatopoeia goes to *garg-*, or the gargling of the throat, as in the sound of "gosier." So the history of the word might embody the images with which critics of jargon have parodied its many users: as barbaric, incivil wretches, gibberish-ridden quacks or monomaniacal professionals, archaic scientists of sorts, who know none of the calm beauty of a classical or common mother tongue. The jargon addict, as the example of Rabelais' Limousin student reminds us, merits a slap in the face and a kick in the ass so that he will piss in his breeches and come to his senses.

Yet, if the common origins of the word date to the end of the first third of fifteenth-century France, it might be wise to study it in its first, most resonant, most common and most limpid literary expression, at the center of Charles D'Orléans' famous *rondeau* celebrating the arrival of Spring:

Rondeau LXII

Le temps a laissie son manteau	1
De vent de froidure et de pluye	2

⁵"A tetragonal mineral occurring usually in square brown or grayish prisms or pyramids. Transparent varieties are used in gems, esp. reddish kinds called *hyacinth*. Colorless, pale-yellow, or smoky varieties from Ceylon are called *jargon*." He adds that Zirconium dioxide, ZrO₂, is usually obtained artificially as a white, amorphous powder. "Because of its infusibility, and brilliant luminosity, it has been used in lighting, in making refracting crucibles, etc." The French *Robert* concurs but insists that *zircon*, from *zirkone*, dating to the French Revolution in 1789, is an alternative of *jargon*, or zirconium silicate "whose purest and most transparent varieties are used in jewelry." Its origin is Italian, in *giargone*, from the Old French *jacune*, *jargunce*, from the Latin *hyacinthus*, that grows into a *jacinthe* or *hyacinth*.

Et s'est vestu de brouderie	3
De soleil luyant cler et beau	4
Il n'y a beste ne oyseau	5
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie	6
Le temps a laissie son manteau	7
De vent de froidure et de pluye	8
Riviere fontaine et ruisseau	9
Portent en livree jolie	10
Gouttes d'argent d'orfavrerie	11
Chascun s'abille de nouveau	12
Le temps a laissie son manteau	13

Dating to about 1440, the poem is, like the title of its genre, written concentrically.⁶ A linear repetition of the first line thrice and the initial couplet twice arches the poem back upon itself so that the symmetries of its circular closure will bring into conjunction the arts of song and calligraphy. As poetry has always been fashioned from the ver-

⁶The text is rewritten in longhand, in modern typography to spell out the circularity of the poem. Accents and punctuation do not figure in the manuscript. A photographic facsimile is found twice in Pierre Champion, *Le Manuscrit autographe des poésies de Charles D'Orléans* (Paris: Champion, 1907), pp. 7 and 67. "For whoever has read a poetic collection in fifteenth century manuscript," notes Champion, "the *ms. fr.* 25458 must be a subject of astonishment. From the first examination we are surprised to see little pieces, copied in groups, and most often, different writings" (p. 13). Charles' coat of arms is found in the center of the ornate initial O on the first sheet, half red and blue on a golden background. Foliated scrolls emanate from the letter. Blue initial letters have the same background formed with red lines. On f. 365 of the famous *ms. fr.* 25458 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Champion adds that the original *ms.* was corrected by "the hand of the poet." "We read his writing, on line 3, *brouderie*, on an erasure and, on line 4, *luyant* in surcharge over *rayant*" (p. 6). He states that the *ms. fr.* 25458 is proof of the poet rereading, correcting and transcribing his work. He notes that it is one of the rare cases, Petrarch also included, where a medieval author took so much care in handling his own work. As we shall see, his remark seems doubly true, for if the author writes *luyant* over *rayant*, in a graphological sense he is acting out what he erases, illuminating the moment of barring or eradicating (*ray*) with a flash of line contained in the pun which is eradicated by its own act of scripture. *Luyant*, as we shall see below, is crucial for the inscription of the "cacographic" noise in the silence of its letters.

bal substance of language—at once of its vocabularies and its visual or even tactile elements—the lyric is both clear and opaque, both of intense communication reaching to unconscious levels of our ken and of obscurity knowing no end. This *rondeau* would seem to be a gem crowning its medieval heritage. Its discourse is at once narrative yet self-enclosing; it proceeds from the dark moment of winter, of the memory of our overwear, to the sparkle of spring; it sings of a community of man and beast who celebrate a return to life.

Because of its axial construction and the recurring incipit of the two lines, a certain number of words acquire favored positions in the patterns of verbal disposition. The virtual center of the text is found in the gap at the middle of *laissie* in the seventh line, framed between the two equal components of six lines of one stanza each (rounded off by the recurrent, identical thirteenth line which brings the text back both to its beginning and to its middle in the course of the seasonal change recounted in the narrative, where “le temps a *laissie* son manteau”).

Excentric, yet close to the virtual center of the poem, is the spell of *jargon*. Its uncanniness and its tonic position in the overall structure give the word a verbal jolt that upsets the smooth and sleepy rhythm of the octosyllable. The bizarre topical role it plays in the *rondeau* belies the tracing of a chiasmus which marks the axial center of the poem. For when we read,

Il n'y a beste ne oyseau
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie

all of a sudden the strange word seems to precipitate an inversion in the natural (or linear) order of things. In their discourse beasts are seen as singing and birds wailing, such that the simple crossover where

Il n'y a beste ne oyseau
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie

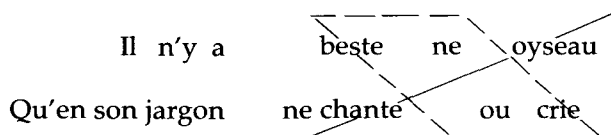
our readerly fantasm imagines a bear chirping, an elk warbling, a robin growling and a cardinal grunting, we find that the inversion is precipitated by the visual measure of *jargon*. It serves as a fulcrum for the inversion, and in such a way that its second syllable, *gon*, rings forth the echo of the substantive *gond*, meaning “hinge” of a door or, poetically, a *cheville*, an ankle or an added

foot (from the Greek *gomphos*). The *gonds* are of course the two *ne* of the couplet. Pleonastic shapes, they seem to provide the hinge for the successful turn about the chiasm that will twirl the world topsyturvy. Either, or neither, they provide the measure of order that lends a unity to the pairing of bird and beast.

Now if, in the semantic dimension of the poem, we are witnessing a dormant nature reborn after a long period of hibernation, in the imaginary—hence crucially important, if not virtually poetic—dimension of the word is seen an erotic, blatantly sexual arousal in *-gon* of *jargon*. The Greek *gonê* or sowing of seed, contained in anagram in *organe* or *gonad*, appears in the guise of animals engaging in the music of rutting. And *gon* can be heard, as it did in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, detaching itself from the semantic unit of *jargon*. *Jar*, *jars*, *jarre* or *jard*, a commonly used radical signifying chatter or *bavardage*, was a current analogue; in apocope or a literal synecdoche of sorts, summing up the meaning of *jargon* in its first syllable, its enunciation anticipates and concludes the meaning of *jargon* in the sound of its statement or *énoncé*. The music of the word is such that its overture contains its entire movement, theme and variation. And, too, the slang of a clan of thieves, a *jar*, also predicts its lusty, virile beauty in *gon*. A language of nature, *jargon* is more direct, more natural in the culture of its use than common language passed among men and women; it is poetry itself, unrepressed in the visible folds of its opaque force creased between its first and second syllables.

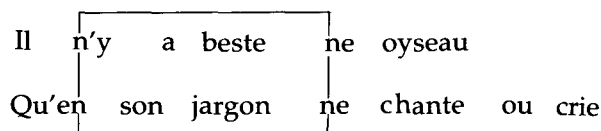
Paradoxically, along the gap between *jar* and *gon*, the two components of the word set its unity ajar in the faultless circularity of the lyric. For if also the excentric placement and overall effect of the word, as it avers in the visual order of the *rondeau*, resides in the infinite tension of its two parts, then *jargon* baits the reader into imitating the effect it precipitates among its users. It sends them out of their natural course or orbit. *Jeté hors des gonds* at the sight of the animals tossed about by the chiasm, the reader is crazed into recognizing a language of elegant sexual force. *Jargon* in effect scripts an evanescent *sexus* into the chiasmic play. Now the Latin *sexus* literally bears the tracing of a *chi* at its center, where *sex* is nothing more than the rewriting of its little *x*, its *petit'x* or, as Mallarmé would carve it in his famous sonnet to the *aboli bibelot d'inanité sonore*, with fingernails scratching the sky, a *ptyx*. In returning to the two

central lines of the *rondeau*, and in summing up the tensions observed so far, we can affirm that *jargon* is a visual and verbal stop which forces our eyes and ears to apprehend the visible but evanescent tracing of a chiasmus at once adjacent and within itself in the overall plan of the poem; to visualize a quadrant or anamorphic rectangle (a parallelogram) fashioned by the two nouns and two verbs of the series; to the axis of the x that is



the hinge between one language of culture and another of nature. In this last respect *jargon* spells in voice what the little x traces in script. In strictly Freudian terms derived from the dominant role that the hieroglyph plays in the *Traumdeutung*, *jargon* would, in a collided unity, be a rebus forming the two voiced syllables with the scripted shape displaced within its function both a) of its own manifold meanings (*jarre*, *gond*, *gonè*, *jarrer hors des gonds*, etc.) and b) of its structural function in the visual and aural pattern of the *rondeau*.

These hypotheses can be tested if we look to the words that confer a sense of decor and symmetrical order upon the two central lines. Once more, these are the recurrent *chevilles*, the two least significant words in the poem, *en* and *ne*. They acquire tremendous force when seen as visible vocables framing the inversion resonant in the narrative of awakening. In line five, *n'* falls on the second, and *ne* on the sixth of eight beats; in line six, *en* happens on the first and fifth, such that another slippage, or hastening even, of vocalic measure recurs, but all the while that their marks form a quadrant homologous to that of the comparison of bird and beast to their utterances:



A miniature mirror in the text, *en* and *ne* redound along both horizontal and vertical axes as they both close the lyric in its pattern and in turn open another, quasi-unconscious scansion of undifferentiated beats which pertain to the thumps of the force of natural language. These vibrations humans can only fathom or mime through a studied regression to instincts; they can only be seen and heard diacritically and most often in the

diction of poetry. Regress is contained of course in the *an* of *chante* which inscribes arousal as a vocalic analogue to the graphemes *en* and *ne*. When a language of poetry is visualized in this fashion, all of a sudden the myriad dimensions of violence are beheld in their containment of the collision of voice and script.

Jargon therefore unlocks the poem from the contingency of the history of Charles D'Orléans' *rondeau* deposited and anthologized as a piece summarizing the jewelled look of the age of illuminated manuscripts, the International School of illumination located in Paris, the flamboyant years of Franco-English-Burgundian strife during the Hundred Years' War, the "fifteenth century," or even "the latent Renaissance."⁷ *Mais alors qu'est-ce qui dort léans?* We know that the circumstance and the genre call for an ambiguity that can generate violence manifested along the cusps of seasonal change. The instability of climactic passage from Winter to Spring is at the basis of most nature poetry throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and this text is no exception. If the central chiasmus throws us off our bearings—*s'il nous déboussole, s'il nous désarçonne*—it encourages the momentarily displaced eye to find order where grammatical or simply verbal indications are reinforced in graphic fantasy. When we are free to escape from the assigned passages of meaning, meandering and lost for a moment, we paradoxically amplify its containment through displacement in other areas reflective of its order. So the liberation from Winter (or from a cloak of syntax) is tantamount to returning to it in other areas after a voyage within the temporary parole of *signifiante*.⁸ In a moment of poetic illusion when we think we are detached from the stricture of language, we discover that its rich timelessness derives from the wealth of association that can be ventured through phonemes and graphemes; but also from its poverty, the rude awakening of its reality, which we learn through the impoverished economy of its effects.

Thus the din of animals groaning and chirping

⁷"Charles d'Orléans est entièrement et seulement de son temps. Il n'innove pas, n'anticipe en rien," summarizes Paul Zumthor, *Essai de poétique médiévale* (Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1972), p. 279.

⁸This is common to Troubadour poetry (see Bertrand de Born) and projects forward into sixteenth-century lyric. See, for example, Terence Cave's alert analysis of meteorological ambiguities in *The Cornucopian Text* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1979).

in loud chorus forces the eye to see in the line, "Il n'y a beste ne oyseau," an extended mannequin of the figure of *noise* held in its grasp of

ne oyseau

and, in the rough shape of the beast the figure of its future and its past, the *e-s-t-e*, the summer that was relegated in

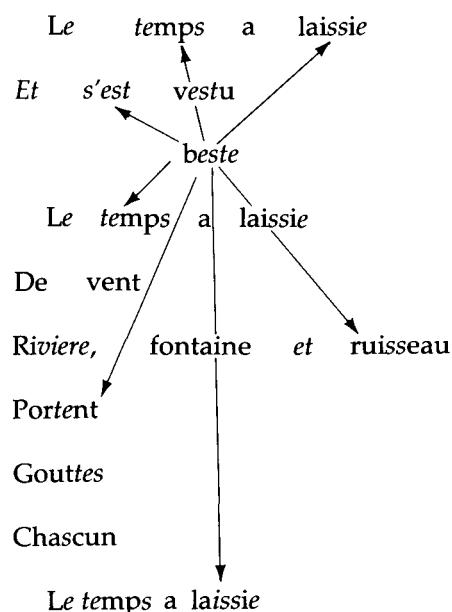
beste

to oblivion under the mantle of the winter months. In its mythic configuration the *rondeau* heralds the end of winter and offers in its unconscious folds—its down and its *doublure*, where *noise* is sewn into *n'oyseau* and, like the cover of *este* insulates snow, *este* insulates the cry of the *beste*—a baited premonition of untrammelled, febrile growth, of what Hugo would later write, in "Le Syrène,"

"La palpitation sauvage du printemps,"

in the strange clamor of the silence potentiated in the graphemes.

These anagrams can be charted along some of their repercussive waves in the poem, or in ricochet, but in such a way that their first irruption as it occurred in the center of the poem, in its most glaring evidence, chimes everywhere and along every cardinal direction. In the case of *este*, recourse to a schema is necessary:



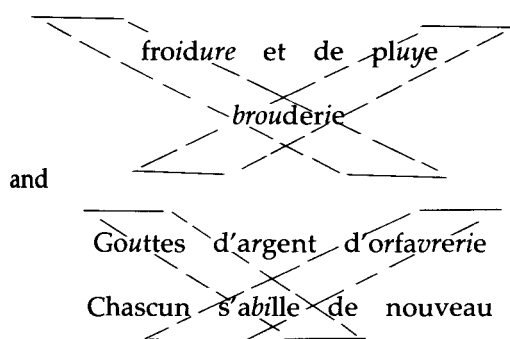
Unconscious figures of summer spring forth everywhere from the silence in the graphics, but the release, *en sourdine*, from the unconscious motivation, appears to depend on the crucial placement of *beste* adjacent to *jargon*. Since the text implies that users of jargon have an especially enlightened, and maddeningly literal sense of their vocabularies at its material range of harmonies, the substantive signals that a release, where eye and ear collide, takes place from the point where *jargon* is incised in the poem.

Yet the verbal dilation, so synonymous with the advent of the growing season, is tempered by the doubt and fear of closure evinced in an opposite series of vocables and graphemes, which cross through the same lines and regress to winter. They hold the entire poem in forever unresolved conflict between two almost magnetic fields of force. *Yver* is ubiquitous; it resides in the phonemic mass of the *rondeau* and retains the stupor of deadening intoxication and the awakening of poetry that its spirits have always provoked. Alcohol, insulation, potentiated energy, and snow: each warms the heart but also stupefies and congeals the body. They are also supremely erotic in their appeal to bodily license, as the palpitating, bare flesh in the cold is a fantasy of all literature and film (from Villon to Boucher and even to Welles' *Magnificent Ambersons*). The association between the boreal season, alcoholic deadening of the body and inspiration is longstanding through the Western poetic tradition, stretching from a famous line from the *Ballade de la grosse Margot*,

Tous deux yvres dormons comme un sabot
(*Le Grant Testament*, 1. 1613)

when the poet and his whore hibernate for time immemorial, to the *resveil* from Winter in the noisy motet of Rabelais' *les propos des bien yvres*.⁹ Here the omnipresence of winter, spelled *iver* but taken in analogical association with *ivresse*, counterposes the shapes of summer:

⁹Whose graphics and poetic dimension are the subject of our "Hiéroglyphes de Rabelais," *Hors cadre*, 1 (1982), pp. 96-115. The reference is not made for self-congratulation: rather, the mode of analysis in that text brings forth many of the same cultural issues in the unconscious rhetoric of *Gargantua*.



These projections of the same chiasmus generated beneath *jargon* have their proof in the echoes held in the portmanteau *brouderie*. For the word is not simply an archaic orthography representing *broderie*. Far from such a simplistic approximation of a thematic concern for the figure of clothing dominating the *rondeau*, the word weaves in its fabric the echo of *brou*, the ancestral *brout*, burgeon or erotic shoot (that, later, Ronsard would use with bawdy hilarity in his ribald figure of a forlorn shammy,

quand le printemps destruit
L'oyseux crystal de la morne gelée,
Pour mieulx *brouster* l'herbette emmielée,
Hors de son boys avec l'aube s'en fuit).

Here the verb signifies to browse, but in the sense of sniffing an erotically musky odor left on the icy crust of grass in early Spring. Yet *brou* was also the green shell of the *noisette*, the noisy hazelnut that cracks when it is shelled. The nut is also used to make an intoxicating liquor, a brew, called *brou de noix*, and an arousing perfume bringing out the *brut* of the human species. Sewn into *brouderie*, all these erotic affiliations are one with the lusty ring of *jargon* three lines below its initial inscription which agglutinates all the noise of the first stanza.

It would be tempting to find an overtly labial dimension in the uncanny pattern of alliteration dominating these lines, and all the more since there is none other elsewhere in the poem. *Brouderie*, *beau* and *beste* are all of the same initial shape. Seen graphically, their common grapheme would, as abecedaria later motivated the consonant, be synonymous with the mouth initiating speech or a *bruissement de la parole*. The capital B was later imagined as the upper and lower lips poised in the tension of their closure about to herald a string of b's. In the period of Charles d'Orléans, its sight brings to mind the echo of the *Beatus* remembered in *beste*.¹¹ These analogies would be equivalent to a graphic fan-

tasm proving that alliteration is never a purely vocal stratagem. In this poem alliteration is part of a general regress to half-visible teratological fantasy where confused and noisy shapes are released from lairs burrowed between voice and script everywhere in the *rondeau*.

If the bestial side of the text can be visualized through its sublime mastery of jargon, then so can the first and final metaphor opening and closing the lyric. "Le temps a laissie son manteau:" we are led to understand that the figure of time (or weather) as an old overcoat will be extended through the next twelve lines and will ostensibly be coded to match its progress with the twelve months of the year.¹² But since we are in a mode associated with meteorology and the divining arts, reference to the mantle must be assumed to be a sign of some kind of camouflaging language. For what covers up the clarity of things more than an old wrap? Or does the *manteau* shroud another, quasi-unconscious—and very clear—dimension of itself? The vestment of the prophet can be imagined in the word, where the mantic arts of prediction are seen being cast aside, now that, thanks to the arrival of Spring, they are no longer needed to catalyze the dormant forces of the cosmos. Prayer will come as naturally as the mantis, a sure sign of the warmer months and also a figure of the same beastliness. When the carnivorous *Mantidis* happens on the scene, *religieuse* that she is under her camouflaged cloak of green and brown, she will passionately devour flesh in guise of devout prayer.

This dimension of the text is proven by the manner in which words emerge from the chrysalis of themselves. Are we not wrong to hear and see the figure of the beginnings of agriculture praised recurrently in the rhyme which dominates the poem? *-Eau* returns consistently as the rains, but nowhere so decisively as in the refrain of *manteau*, where the horticultural arts of grafting, pruning and latticing the tendrils and shoots of vine—themes represented ubiquitously in contemporary woodcarvings, almanacs, manuscriptal paraphs and in the finely chiselled stone of flamboyant architecture—is seen in *ente*

¹¹Massin, *Lettre et image: la figuration dans l'alphabet du huitième siècle à nos jours* (Paris: Gallimard, 1973), especially pp. 30-68.

¹²Such supersaturated symbolism was current and widely practiced. On this score Johann Huizenga, *The Waning of the Middle Ages* (New York: Doubleday, 1954) and Erwin Panofsky, *Early Netherlandish Painting* (Harvard: University Press, 1953), provide an invaluable reference.

and *enter*; where it is sung in *chante*; where the haunt of the beast of nature, in its lair or *ante*, also forecasts the coming of flowers (*-ante* or *anthos*) from itself; or where the possessive, *son*, of *son manteau*, is transformed from the personal property of Time to the sound of growth, or even a mellifluous sound, *son*, apposed to *jargon*. Analogous shapes emerge from any number of words and their orchestrations of intervals between and within themselves throughout the lyric.

It might be useful to conclude with another look at the substantive that initiated the reading. *Jargon*, we noted, referred to a variety of zircon, that "tetragonal mineral occurring usually in square brown or grayish prisms or pyramids." It would not be unwarranted to see in the word a rich tonal range of luminosities that embody the shape of the text and also exude white, earthen, clear but also reflective tints of silver and gold filigree of *orfèvrerie*. An impasto of light embeds in the verbal pigment, especially in the reference to its own appearance and mode of presentation. Now we realize that zircon, as found in nature, is also found in the text, formally in its squarish shapes and its prismatic renderings of words in the jagged edge of the calligraphic style of fifteenth-century writing. Three metaphors are common to the three stanzas (the old overcoat, the flora and fauna of nature, and the reflective beauty of the goods of silver and fine livery). The third in the series brings the text to a recognition of its own decorative and self-illuminating worth. It has the effect of freezing the lyric both in the script of its meaning and in the monetary economy of itself.

Would it not be possible to study the chemical properties of the poem from the standpoint of zirconium silicate so obviously contained in *jargon*, so that we might see exactly what were the means of production of the decorated manuscript—that is, *ms. fr. 25458*—itself? Did not *zircon* figure in the materially reflective composition of the inks and dyes used among the jewelers of the International School who fashioned lyric as they did with such renown and prestige? Seen in this way, there is no gap between the final meanings of the text and the issues that concern the chemicals used in the workshops that will produce its *livrée jolie* and *gouttes d'argent d'orfèvrerie*. The poem not only accounts for a material reading before one can be begun; it also tells where and in what commerce (or atelier) that kind of analysis can be led. Its alchemical and astrological virtues of prognostication also contain its

scientific, materially inorganic science of particles and elemental compoundings.

Paroles regelées, the poem returns to the Winter at its terminus so that it may begin its career toward spring once more. But if one of the secrets of poetic language is the literal obviousness of itself, which is, that its metaphors always return to—and even short-circuit—the transparency of "figures of speech," it does so by incrusting them in the very act of their scripting a literal evaluation of themselves. Before returning to Charles, we might recall that the clearest example of the process might be found in Valéry's famous line from "Le Cimetière marin," in

Le vent se lève. Il faut tenter de vivre,

where we visualize the autonomy of the first sentence of the line summing up in its redundancy after the hemistich, since *levant se lève* can be read so that the gerund (literally) *bears* the indicative in a maddening closure. The thematic form disallows any temptation we may have to live outside of its logic of condensed and redundant voice and graphics. *Il faut tenter de vivre* can be seen as a futile temptation to egress from the closure of "levant se lève." Now if this postulate can be accepted, then the *livrée* of the poem can be no more than the economy of its livery. A blason of itself, a coat-of-arms or a coin left beside or in front of itself, *son manteau laissé devant*, the words herald their own jewelled, timeless stasis of twinkling self-illumination. A rondeau written, as its author says on the next sheet of the *ms. fr. 25458*,

Dedans mon livre de pensee,

it celebrates the cause of its own jargon: of a fortuitous language of natural self-completion, apart and within itself, of lyric that arouses and soothes its generations of readers in the garbled and warbled beauty of its bestiality tamed in sounds and graphics that forever give it renewed temper.

To say that the self-reflective dimension of the text develops in the regressive passage from summer in the second stanza (*beste*) to the gloss of Winter in the third (in *livree*) entails a tactic of self-recuperation, since the generative elements of the poem produce their own homologues in order to make it simply self-significant and of concern only to the community of its own configuration of sounds and figures. Seen in this light, the jargons of the poem lead it to a condition of

self-exclusion or, in Freudian idiolect, to a narcissizing strategy; the manifold forces of the words reveal the archaic function of *baiting* (or "*besting*") their spectator or reader. They provoke their viewer by stimulating, exacerbating, frustrating, cajoling, chicaning or defying his capacities to apprehend all of its suggestive tones in one, two or even three readings. Here "*Le temps a laissie son manteau*" becomes a supreme victory of jargon over the banal clarity of a tongue that would harbor the fantasy of being able to say what it means. The poem shows that jargon avers to be a glimmer reflected from the unconscious dimensions of language, and it proves that its clarity pertains to the orders unknown to meaning in its mimetic range.

Yet the condition of the text and the tact of our analysis reveal another and crucially important aspect of its limpid obscurity. So far the reading has followed a Franco-English course, marking conjunctions of tonal resonance in the gaps between multiple meanings and verbal configurations, which include mannequins and anagrams; the graphic scatter of marks shared by the two tongues; unconscious patterns loosely held in paragrammar or in the reader's affinitive fantasies. These are disengaged because the text does not resist a bilingual reading. If "*bait*" can be heard in *beste*, or "*noise*" in *n'oyseau* or an echo of "*brooding*" or a period of uneasy anticipation in *brouderie*, or a potion of "*brew*" that has not yet left its exhilarating effects in the alchemical transformations of the word, or even "*goods*" of silver or jewel in *Gouttes d'argent d'orfavrerie*, the economy of the lyrical mode becomes clearer. This is not quite to imply, because, like Beckett, Charles d'Orléans was bilingual and spent as much time in England as has the modern Irish writer in France, but that the text has a double

profile. It may be that *jargon* unconsciously refers to a poetic language mixed from several national tongues, and whose radiant force depends on the breadth of their evocative capacities. A poem that can support a polylingual reading offers the abstract and expressive beauty of its . . . camouflage. Its unsettling dapples and drab are colored in the law requiring it to transgress national boundaries at the same time it respects the grammar and idiom of both origins.

Now we are better able to grasp some of the historical range of the word *jargon*. A first modern resonance is found in this lyric of Charles d'Orléans but is dulled only by our familiarity with its place in most anthologies. No doubt the word acquires more nuanced and even violent force in Villon's *Jargon et jobelin* in the next decades. But even, a century later, when Ronsard asks his beloved Marie to awaken from the sleepy bliss of a pearly morning,

Ja la gaye alouette au ciel a fredonné
Et ja le rossignol doucement jargonné,

or in 1588 when Montaigne recommends poets to hear the clank and clatter of "*le jargon de nos chasses*," we realize that the word had rich, violent, noisy hues and tones that writers admired and strived to embody in the sound of their scriptures. A supreme and sublime paradox, a *language of nature*, jargon reaches back to the origins of poetry. This fact many of our modern critics of theory and literature would do well to remember. □

Tom Conley is in the Department of French and Italian at the University of Minnesota. He has been a Guest Editor for Substance, has published in diacritics, and has been anthologized in the Indiana University Press volume, Displacement, ed. Mark Krupnick.

CRYSTAL GAZING : SPENSER'S CINEMATIC APPARATUS

The perception of surfaces, I argue, is radically different from the perception of markings on a surface. The former kind of perception is essential to the life of animals, but the latter is not. The former is presupposed when we talk about the latter, and we cannot understand the latter unless we understand the former. [. . .]

The surface can be blank but it always has a certain grain. It may be clean or dirty, plain or decorated, and still be a simple surface, seen as such. But when it is treated so that it displays information about something other than a simple surface, the human observer gets a puzzling variety of new experiences. The displayed information can be about a real place or an imaginary one, an existing object somewhere else or a nonexisting object, a living animal or a mythical one, a past, present or future event, or an impossible event. The information can be facts of the world conveyed in verbal form, descriptions, or predications; or it can be information conveyed in the form of symbols, loosely so-called, referring to events in the world. Or the information can explicate laws of the world. The advantages of depicting, diagramming, formulating, and writing for the human animal are that they make available to the young of our species what the most discerning of our ancestors have perceived, or imagined, or learned. Knowledge thus accumulates inasmuch as it can be stored in art galleries, museums, and libraries.

—James J. Gibson,

"A Prefatory Essay on the Perception of Surfaces versus the Perception of Markings on a Surface"

In concluding, the author might refer to his interest in globes as dating from his early boyhood days, when, in that country school in western Illinois, bearing the name Liberty, for it had been established in the first years of the Civil War, he studied his geography and indeed his astronomy lessons with the aid of a terrestrial globe and an orrery. Can it be that we have revised our educational methods so far in this country as practically to have eliminated the intelligent use of aids so valuable in the study of the branches which globes concern? They enter in fact but little into modern methods of instruction. If this work could be made to encourage their extensive use, and serve in their rehabilitation as aids of inestimable interest and value in geographical and astronomical studies, it will have served the purpose which is most pleasing to the author.

—Edward Luther Stevenson,

Terrestrial and Celestial Globes: Their History and Construction

I. "FATALL LORE": Britomart's Primal Scene

In the first canto of Book Three of *The Faerie Queene*, the Redcrosse Knight and Guyon (heroes of Books One and Two, respectively) cross paths with Britomart, the woman warrior who is to be the heroine of the new book. She seems to have come out of nowhere; at the outset of Canto ii, she is asked "what uncouth wind / Brought her into those parts" and why she is "disguised" as a (male) knight. She explains that, from the moment she was taken "from nourses tender pap," she has been trained in combat; she has left her native Britain and ventured into Faeryland (with neither compass nor map) to seek revenge against a man named Arthegall, who has provoked her with "late foule dishonour and reprochful spight" (FQ III.ii.4-9).

Redcrosse Knight is surprised to hear the legendary Arthegall described as the villain Britomart makes him out to be. An argument ensues, regarding Arthegall's character. The narrator informs us throughout this discussion that Britomart finds greater and greater erotic pleasure in hearing her supposed villain defended. She does not know where to find him, and asks for some "markes" to identify him, in case they ever meet. But, the narrator tells us, she already knows what she is looking for (despite her feigned ignorance), because she has seen him "in a mirrhour plaine, / Whereof did grow her first engrafted paine."

At this point in the narrative—stanza 18 of Canto ii—Spenser inserts a lengthy flashback which spans two entire cantos, which not only explains Britomart's bizarre behavior with Red-

rosse Knight, but generates the narrative motivation for Books Three and Four as well. (If *The Perie Queene* were a movie, the image of the two knights would dissolve away at this point, and a new image would take its place.)

The flashback begins with Merlin building a special crystal ball at the request of Britomart's father, King Ryence,

That never foes his kingdome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debared.
(ii.20)

The globe shows everything in the world; it reveals the present state of affairs, uncovers the past, and projects the future.

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
What ever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heavens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd;
What ever foe had wrought, or frend had
faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd.
(ii.19)

Just as the globe keeps no secrets from Ryence, Ryence keeps no secrets from his daughter. [Nothing he from her reserv'd apart," (ii.22).] Britomart is playing in her father's closet one day when she discovers the crystal ball. She stares at it and sees her own image reflected on the surface. When she remembers the sphere's magic powers, she asks it—as a girl might ask a fortune teller—who her future husband will be. The narrator assures us that it is an innocent, asexual question:

Not that she lusted after any one;
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that
same knot.

(ii.23)

Immediately her question is answered:

Firstsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all armed in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle [visor] lifted
up on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,

And friends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Looked forth. . . .

(ii.24)

The knight's armor is adorned with golden cyphers which read ACHILLES ARMES, WHICH ARTHEGALL DID WIN, thus providing the mystery man with a name and a narrative. Britomart enjoys looking at him, but leaves the ball behind and goes her way.

The narrator explains (in a kind of voice-over) that because of her "unguilty age," she does not know that

her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound:
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse
wofull stound.

(ii.26)

By nightfall, she has become hopelessly melancholic; the metaphorical "Cupid's arrow" has left a very real wound. Young Britomart grows obsessed with pain and death, thus frightening nurse Glauce, who tries to treat the wound with various medicines and spells. When the girl explains that her pain is the result of the "shade and semblant" of a knight whose body she has never seen, Glauce is somewhat relieved:

Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrarie unto kind:
But this affection nothing straunge I find;
For who with reason can you aye reprove,
To love the semblant pleasing most your
mind,
And yield your heart, whence ye cannot remove?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.
(ii.40)

The nurse attempts to console Britomart with a series of stories about "the tyranny of love," but the girl's condition merely grows worse. Canto ii ends with Britomart near death and Glauce completely baffled after exhausting her supply of remedies.

Spenser interrupts the action at this point by beginning the third canto with invocations to Cupid (whose arrows germinate heroic actions)

and Clio (who records such actions in the “great volume of Eternitie”). We read that “this royall Maid of yore” and her “unknown Paramoure” will produce “most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre”—but we don’t know what any of this means yet, any more than Britomart understands her own condition.

Our story resumes in stanza 5, as Glauce decides to take Britomart to see Merlin. After a detailed description of Merlin’s dark, underground laboratory (in the course of which the narrator’s digressions take us to a point beyond Merlin’s death), we find “the dreadfull Mage”

Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing strange characters in the
ground,
With which the stubborn feends he to his
service bound.

(iii.14)

When Glauce begins to narrate the tale of Britomart’s plight, Merlin cuts her off; he knows the story already—because, like the sphere he built, he knows everything. Merlin seems amused by the whole situation. He knows something the two women don’t:

It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye,
Glauncing unwares in charmed looking glas,
But the streight course of heavenly destiny,
Led with eternall providence, that has
Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prowest knight, that ever was.
Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
And do by all dew meanes thy destiny ful-
fill.

(iii.24)

Fate has declared that Britomart will one day meet Arthegall, marry him, and give birth to a long line of heroes who will become the rulers of Britain. She is absolved of any *guilt* she may feel (because she is not responsible for what she has seen, what she desires)—but at the same time she is given a tremendous *responsibility* (to fulfill her destiny, obtain what she desires).

Merlin’s advice to Britomart is powerfully suggestive:

Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Has learned to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,

And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppres-
eth sore.

(iii.21)

The source of Britomart’s pain—her vision of Arthegall—is “*fatall lore*” because it is knowledge she has been fated to receive, knowledge she obtains against her will, the implications of which are completely unknown to her. And it is “*fatall lore*,” a story from which she “has learned to love.” She learns to love by seeing something she doesn’t understand, something which shocks her and hurts her. The vision is thus a primal scene enacted in her father’s closet.

“*Fatall lore*” also suggests that the vision is the *end of a story*: her own story. We could say, then, that Britomart’s story begins at its ending, and that her quest is to discover its middle. (At this point, the middle has yet to be written.) When Merlin refers to “the hard begin” (the primal, seen), he could be referring to

- 1) the beginning of Britomart’s own life story (her search for Arthegall), or
- 2) the beginning of British history (the stories of her “famous Progeny”), or
- 3) the beginning of *The Faerie Queene* (because Britomart will not even find Arthegall until midway through Book Four, in the midst of a long series of degressionary adventures, and because—reading backward—her quest intersects with those in Books One and Two).

The Faerie Queene itself is, after all, yet another kind of “*fatall lore*,” a self-styled “great volume of Eternitie.” Britomart must therefore “submit [her] wayes unto [the author’s] will”; she must follow “the streight course of heavenly destiny.” In ii.23, when the narrator tells us that “her life at last must lincke in that same knot,” he means not only the matrimonial knot (in order to provide a father for her overdetermined offspring) but the knot of narratives as well. In this way, to use a word we have already seen in ii.17, immediately before the beginning of the flashback, Britomart has been “engrafted” in—written into—the text called *The Faerie Queene*.

In other words, Britomart’s reading of the image in the crystal ball mirrors our own reading of the book in which she is a character. If we look at a passage from Maurice Blanchot’s *The Space of*

Literature, we can either interpret it as a description of ourselves reading Spenser's book, or we can substitute Britomart for "the reader" and the vision in the glass for "the book":

... The book which one recovers, the manuscript that leaves its drawer to enter the broad daylight of reading: is it not, by impressive good fortune, born again? What is a book no one reads? Something that is not yet written. It would seem, then, that to read is not to write the book again, but to allow the book to *be*: written—this time all by itself, without the intermediary of the writer, without anyone's writing it. [. . .] The reader is himself always fundamentally anonymous. He is any reader, none in particular, unique but transparent. He does not add his name to the book (as our fathers did long ago); rather, he erases every name from it by his nameless presence, his modest, passive gaze, interchangeable and insignificant, under whose light pressure the book appears written, separate from everything and everyone.¹

In both cases—Britomart's and our own—what is surprising here is Blanchot's assertion that *the book needs the reader*, as much as (presumably) the reader needs the book. Britomart has to get wounded, because her wound is an *opening* through which the "fatal lore" can flow, just as "the hard begin" meets her in the *dore*. In much the same way, *The Faerie Queene* depends on us to *open it up*, literally (to take it out of the closet, off the bookshelf) and metaphorically (to see it in a new light, untangle its knots, read it against the grain).

The "writer" of our book is obviously Spenser. But in Britomart's case, the "writer" would appear at first glance to be "the gods" or perhaps "destiny"—when, in fact, the real writer, the man who sets everything in motion, is Merlin. When Glauce and Britomart first find him, remember, he is

writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborn feends he to his
service bound.

(iii.14)

¹Maurice Blanchot, *The Space of Literature* (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska, 1982), pp. 193-4.

The spells he casts bind his servants to obey him, just as Britomart is bound to obey "destiny." He has written the inscription on Arthegall's armor, and he may very well be writing another canto of the book we know as *The Faerie Queene* when he is interrupted.

This last suggestion may seem a bit far-fetched—more appropriate to a tale by Jorge Luis Borges than one by Edmund Spenser—but it does highlight the degree to which this "primal scene" in *The Faerie Queene* can be taken as a meditation on the act of reading. Indeed, the word "read" (or "rede," or "reade," or "ared") appears throughout Cantos ii and iii—often with very different meanings (or "readings"). The editor of the Norton edition provides such glosses for "to read" as "to tell," "to know," "to perceive," and "to consider." And to read is also to understand, to interpret (as in *How to Read a Film*, or *How to Read a Person Like a Book*).

We have already seen something of the ways that the "knot" of the narrative is a tangled one: when the narrator attempts to tell us the background of Merlin's cave, for instance, he ends up flashing forward to Merlin's death; the invocations at the beginning of Canto iii and the description of Britomart's bizarre behavior when talking to Redcrosse Knight make no sense until we look back on them from farther along the storyline. In fact, our perspective on the entire scene is distorted, since the crystal ball which acts like a foreshadowing device in the eyes of young Britomart is introduced to *us* in a flashback. In *The Prophetic Moment*, Angus Fletcher links these "typological matrices" to the phenomenon of specialized perspective known as anamorphosis.²

But because *The Faerie Queene* is a world of words (and "pleasing words are like to Magick art, / That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay," [ii.15]), then we need to look not only at the images conjured up by the text, but *on the surface of the text itself*, to find anamorphosis at work.³ The anamorphic image occupies a completely different figurative space from the rest of a work; to see

²See Angus Fletcher, *The Prophetic Moment* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1971).

³Some interesting work linking anamorphosis and orthography has been done by Cynthia Chase (see "A Stroke of the Scythe: Marvell's Mower Eclogues as Anamorphosis" in *Enclitic*, Volume 5, Number 1, pp. 55-64; see especially footnote 6) and Tom Conley ("Retz of Love," *Yale French Studies*, Number 61, pp. 126-144).

it requires a change of perspective. This shift in focus might take the form of an acrostic, for instance, or an anagram, or the bad puns and false etymologies Fletcher cites. Spenser's destabilized spelling practices allow him to make various narrative and thematic linkages by shifting letters around, or adding new ones to existing words. (Thus, he can spell the word "read" at least four different ways—changing its meaning very subtly each time.) In iii.24 (quoted above), for instance, the "looking glas" is linked to Britomart's "guided glaunce"; moreover, her "glaunce" at the "glasse" led the lass to "Glauce" for a gloss.

Up to this point, I have been primarily concerned with the narrative implications of what I have called the "primal scene" of Spenser's text. But calling the passage a meditation on reading and an anamorphic text is only a first step, one which leads us to see the passage in a wider context. Spenser's story is not just "about" reading—it is about visibility, about what it means to see and to be seen, and it is about power in various guises. It is now time to re-confront the primal scene, to enter the sphere, record its repertoire of images.

The visitor explores a building by moving through it, that is, by constantly changing the relation of his own center to the structure of the setting. He tries to integrate the totality of the passing views he receives one after another and in doing so to construct the objective order around him. The precise sequence of views may be essentially irrelevant; it drops out of the final image in any case.⁴

II. "OF DIVERSE THINGS DISCOURSES TO DILATE . . .": Reflections on the Glass

To set up a film is to bind persons to each other and to objects by looks.

—Robert Bresson,
Notes on Cinematography

1. The crystal ball is a globe.

it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world it selfe, and seemed a world
of glas.

(ii.19)

⁴The quote comes from Rudolph Arnheim's discussion of spherical buildings in *The Power of the Center: A Study of Composition in the Visual Arts* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1982), p. 210.

The mirror of the planet is itself a planet; like an encyclopedia in Borge's Library of Babel it exactly reproduces the world, and it *contains* the world it reproduces.⁵ This paradox is more than just a metaphysical game; it symbolizes a very specific kind of power, an aesthetics of *ownership*. E. L. Stevenson, in his two-volume history of terrestrial and celestial globes, links the early construction of such globes to the growing interest in geographical exploration and colonial expansion.⁶ (Men need maps to conquer the world: to chart uncharted territory. By contrast, Britomart brings no map with her into Faeryland; she knows where she is going *by heart*.) By Spenser's day, these globes had accrued value as decorative objects, as symbols of wealth and power. Owning one became analogous to owning the world itself.⁷ King Ryence's closet is in this way a museum, a storehouse for accumulated knowledge, for the spoils of war.

2. But this globe is no ordinary one, no mere "famous Present for a [famous] Prince." With it, the king can survey his entire kingdom—past, present, and future. It is a surveillance device, a high-tech Central Command and Control sta-

⁵This cyclical book is God," Borges writes. The Library itself, incidentally, is "a sphere whose exact center is any one of its hexagons and whose circumference is inaccessible." ("The Library of Babel," in *Labyrinths* [New York: New Directions, 1964], p. 52.) See also two essays in the same collection, "The Fearful Sphere of Pascal" and "The Mirror of Enigmas," for Borges' reading of spheres and mirrors.

One of Willem Hesius' *Sacred Emblems* from 1636 similarly attributes divinity to the sphere:

A small globe encompasses endless skies
And captures what it cannot hold. Our mind
is large enough
Though people think it small
If only it believe in God, nothing broader
than that mind; never can he who believes
Appreciate the greatness of this mind.
The mind is larger than the largest sphere
because it is human.

Leonard Slatkes uses the Hesius emblem in his discussion in *Vermeer and His Contemporaries* (New York: Abbeville, 1981) of the glass globe suspended from the ceiling in Vermeer's *Allegory of Faith* (1673).

⁶Edward Luther Stevenson, *Terrestrial and Celestial Globes* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1921). For a discussion of the relationship between cartography and imperialism in the global village, see the introduction to Edward Said's *Orientalism* (New York: Vintage, 1979).

⁷See also John Berger, *Ways of Seeing* (New York: Penguin, 1972), pp. 95-7.

tion. Read properly, the crystal ball gives Ryence power over the spherical world (his king-dome), power even over death. The king's eye might therefore be compared to the one in a seventeenth-century perspective diagram explaining mirror anamorphosis.

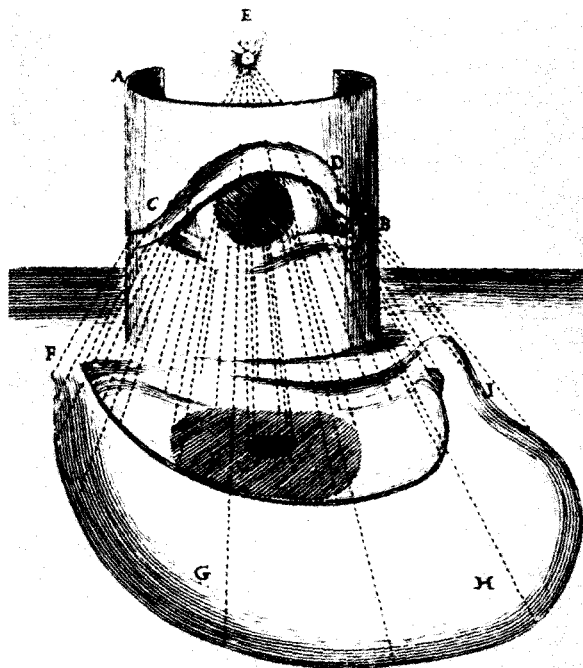


Figure 1. Phot. Bibl. nat. Paris.

According to Jurgis Baltrusaitis, the eye in the diagram belongs to Cardinal Colonna, the Archbishop of Bologna, whose every career move had been predicted by optical science. The mirror image of the eye symbolizes the cardinal's clear vision, while the anamorphic image represents souls who have gone astray through sin.⁸ Merlin's mirror ball serves a similar symbolic function for Ryence: not only does it foretell the fu-

⁸Jurgis Baltrusaitis, *Anamorphic Art* (New York: Abrams, 1977), p. 116. A picture drawn in ordinary perspective implies the vantage point of a single viewer fixed in space directly in front of the scene, and it incorporates this imaginary spectator in its presentation. Mirror anamorphoses—catoptrics—deconstruct this arrangement by demanding that the real viewer, the one *outside* the picture, likewise stand in a specific spot in order to decode the scene. Viewed from any other angle, or without the cylindrical "magic mirror," the picture makes no sense.

Jacques Lacan refers to the Baltrusaitis book in his seminar on the gaze in *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis* (New York: Norton, 1981). Lacan concerns himself more with simple, non-cylindrical anamorphoses—Holbein's painting *The Ambassadors* in particular—but his discussion is nonetheless relevant to this one. John Berger also has an interesting—although radically different—reading of anamorphosis and *The Ambassadors* in *Ways of Seeing* (see p. 91).

ture, it grants divine approval to all his past and present activities, all his conquests. The king's eye is enlarged through an illusion and projected onto the landscape via a screen. (The process depicted in the drawing is not unlike that whereby a strip of film is projected through an anamorphic lens onto a screen to create Cinema-scope.)⁹ As with many surveillance systems, this one works largely on the basis of preventative publicity: potential enemies of the state who know they are being watched by the "famous Present" are less likely to take action.

3. When Britomart discovers the magic globe in her father's closet, it has presumably been abandoned for some time. Her gaze is, therefore, comparable to that of the tourist who stumbles across some curiosity not listed in the guide-books.¹⁰ She has of course heard all about it, but perhaps never expected to actually see it. Stored away in the closet, the globe is a memento, a souvenir. It could as easily be another kind of crystal ball, another world of glass: round, but not hollow, filled with clear liquid and false snow and the plastic miniature of some landmark or other from the king's travels.

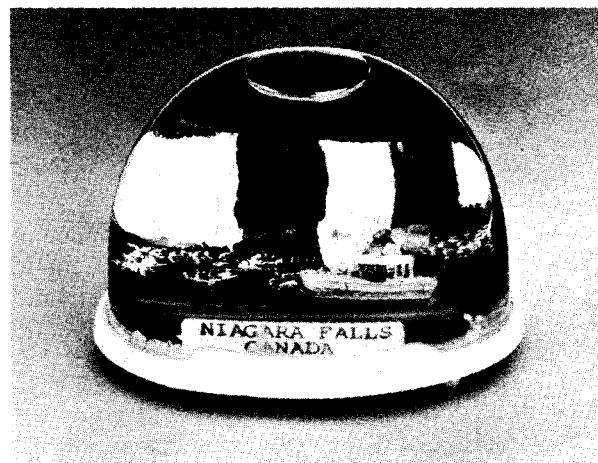


Figure 2.

⁹C. W. Ceram lists the anamorphic cylinder as one of the parlor toys prefiguring the movie screen and projector in *Archaeology of the Cinema* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1965).

¹⁰See Ludwig Giesz, "Kitsch-Man as Tourist," in *Kitsch: The World of Bad Taste* (New York: Universe Books, 1969), pp. 156-174; Dean MacCannell, *The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class* (New York: Schocken Books, 1976), esp. pp. 147-160; Guy Debord, *Society of the Spectacle* (Detroit: Black and Red Books, 1970).

As kitsch artifact, the sphere tries to keep the past alive, to keep the memory fresh. And, like the globe, it is there to be seen, not used: visual evidence of the buying power of the leisure class. But the project has been abandoned, the fetish shelved: it is a ruin now, a fragment. It has outlived its uselessness.

4. The first image to appear on the surface of the globe is Britomart's own reflection.¹¹ Surely this scene must resemble the one Parmigianino constructed for his *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, even to the point of details like the blank darkness of the background and the androgyny of the figure.



Figure 3. Vienna. Kunsthistorisches Museum.

(The gaze and the gesture in the portrait lend themselves to a modern reading they could not possibly have had when the artist conceived

¹¹*Ways of Seeing*, p. 51:

The mirror was often used as a symbol of the vanity of woman. The moralizing, however, was mostly hypocritical. You painted a naked woman because you enjoyed looking at her, you put a mirror in her hand and you called the painting *Vanity*, thus morally condemning the woman whose nakedness you had depicted for your own pleasure. The real function of the mirror was otherwise. It was to make the woman connive in treating herself as, first and foremost, a sight.

Spenser has Britomart gaze at herself "in vaine." Berger's comment applies only tangentially here, because Britomart is not naked, and Spenser is far from morally condemning her at this point. But the comment introduces a new twist into the catalogue of the sphere: *being seen* in the act of seeing oneself.

them: they seem to anticipate the now-clichéd photograph of the celebrity staring into a fish-eye lens, perhaps attempting to cover it with his hand.) John Ashbery's poem describing the Parmigianino work also comes to mind in this context:

The soul establishes itself.

But how far can it swim out through the eyes
And still return safely to its nest? The surface
Of the mirror being convex, the distance increases
Significantly; that is, enough to make the point
That the soul is a captive, treated humanely, kept
In suspension, unable to advance much farther
Than your look as it intercepts the picture.¹²

(The intrusion of direct address to the reader—"your look"—in the last of these lines serves as a handy reminder that the whole business of gazing into a mirror is after all a *fiction*, a device through which the reader is "allowed" to watch invisibly, transparently, as a character purportedly comes to terms with itself.) In the Ashbery/Parmigianino version, the initial fascination of the mirror inspires a kind of *fort! - da!* game, a testing of boundaries. The game is physicalized (hence the temptation to *touch* the sphere—to affirm its presence, or to challenge it?—and to touch the image as well, the marking on the surface), but it's visual as well: like the wound, it's all in the mind.

What Britomart sees in the world of glass is not her eyes, not herself, but her gaze: she sees herself seeing herself. Roland Barthes writes:

You are the only one who can never see your eyes unless they are dulled by the gaze they rest upon the mirror or the lens (I am interested in seeing my eyes only when they look at you): even and especially for your own body, you are condemned to the repertoire of its images.¹³

¹²John Ashbery, *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror* (New York: Viking, 1975), pp. 68-9.

¹³Roland Barthes by Roland Barthes (New York: Hill & Wang, 1977), p. 36.

"Seeing my eyes only when they look at you": I want to see myself seeing you: I want to see you and a mirror at the same time. Because the soul is held captive, suspended, it desires and requires a surface which is *simultaneously* a mirror and a window.

5. Moreover, Britomart sees herself seeing.¹⁴ (Seeing not just, not necessarily, herself; seeing anything and everything there is to be seen.) But what she sees, she cannot grasp. This lack convinces her that she is like Narcissus:

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
Can have no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire Affection, I doe languish and expire.
I fonder, then Cephisus foolish child,
Who having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguild;
I fonder love a shade, the bodie farre exild.
(ii. 44)

Glauce, however, argues that "that same wretched boy/Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure" (ii.45), while Britomart "lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight," an image other than her own.

No shadow, but a bodie hath in powre:
That bodie, wheresoever that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

The essence of Glauce's argument is that every shadow has a body behind it, a body which can be tracked down with the appropriate magic.

6. Britomart's guilt and Glauce's faith in the substance behind shadows are two closely related responses to the condition of the spectator. Both are reflected in the visionary architect Claude-Nicholas Ledoux's *Eye Reflecting the Interior of the Theater of Besançon*.



Figure 4. Phot. Bibl. nat. Paris.

Ledoux has chosen to frame an otherwise straightforward drawing of a spectatorial space as a mirror image on the surface of an enormous human eyeball. If we accept the illusion that the eye is a convex surface and that the theater interior is concave, then the space "between" the two surfaces gives us another sphere. (Really a sphere within a sphere, since the theater appears to be inside the eyeball.)

The theater is innovative for two reasons: pit seating and equal sight lines. Up to this point, overflow crowds simply stood, blocking the view of paying customers. Placing seats in the pit "will rid us of the heckling rabble," Ledoux writes. "And without the artificial enthusiasm of the pit, we will be able to judge our playwrights more soberly."¹⁵ For the first time, a clear distinction is established between the space of the play and the space of its viewers. Moreover, because the theater adopts "the strength of the semicircle, the only form to *reveal all the scenes* of the theater [*italics mine*]," each spectator has "the right to an equal sight-line."¹⁶ A beam of light extends in Ledoux's drawing from the ceiling at the rear of the house into the area we assume to be the stage (not pictured in the drawing). The spectators are all in darkness, and the spectacle is bathed in light: everyone in the house can see everything on the stage, and no one on the stage can see anything in the house. The audience is hidden from the reciprocal gaze of the characters (essentially shadows), just as Britomart spies her future husband in the glass without being seen by him in return.¹⁷

She is the Unseen Seer, alone in the darkness

¹⁴Compare an image from Dziga Vertov's *The Man with a Movie Camera*, in which we see on the screen a camera; through the lens of the camera we see the eye of the cameraman, and reflected on the lens is the image of the camera used to photograph the first camera. (The mirror stage of cinema, in 1929?)

¹⁵Quoted in J. C. Lemagny, *Visionary Architects: Boullée, Ledoux, Lequeu* (Houston: Gulf Print, 1968), p. 105.

¹⁶Quoted in Jean Clair, "Seven Prolegomenae to a Brief Treatise on Magritian Tropes," *October* 8, pp. 75-110.

of her father's closet. (ii. 11 compares Britomart's ecstasy at hearing Redcrosse Knight praise Arthegall to "the loving mother, that nine monethes did beare,/In the dear closet of her painefull side,/ Her tender babe" at last giving birth to a healthy child.) She is innocent, passive, invisible. The spectacle is frozen in time and space, and Britomart looks in on it as if through a window. This unseen spectatorial gaze is a convention of Western art rooted in the illusionistic space of Roman frescoes and reified in Renaissance perspective.¹⁸ The real space which separates Ledoux's audiences from the plays they see thus has its parallel in the imaginary depth, the "middle distance," which separates the observer from the painted scene. This middle distance is the realm of bourgeois contemplation, aesthetic appreciation, "sober judgement." It is the realm of visual pleasure. If we read Britomart's gaze at Arthegall in terms of Laura Mulvey's "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema"—substituting Merlin's sphere for Mulvey's movie screen—we begin to see the coy innocence of the tourist in a new light:

At first glance, the cinema would seem to be remote from the undercover world of the surreptitious observation of an unknowing and unwilling victim. What is seen of the screen is so manifestly shown. But the mass of mainstream film, and the conventions within which it has consciously evolved, portray a hermetically sealed world which unwinds magically, indifferent to the presence of the audience, producing for them a sense of separation and playing on their voyeuristic phantasy. Moreover, the extreme contrast between the darkness in the auditorium (which also isolates the spectators from one another) and the brilliance of

the shifting patterns of light and shade on the screen helps to promote the illusion of voyeuristic separation. Although the film is really being shown, is there to be seen, conditions of screening and narrative conditions give the spectator an illusion of looking in on a private world.¹⁹

The ease with which Mulvey's observations—the "unknown and unwilling victim," the magic unfolding of the sealed world, the voyeurism, the audience in the dark and the shadows cast on-stage—correspond to phenomena we have already noted in Spenser's story suggests that the best metaphor for the crystal ball passage comes from the world of film.

7. If Britomart can be compared to the viewer of a film, then Merlin is the filmmaker, the producer of the images she consumes. To understand her gaze we must examine his as well.

Michel Foucault, in *The Birth of the Clinic*, describes the analytic gaze in this way:

The observing gaze refrains from intervening; it is silent and gestureless. Observation leaves things as they are; there is nothing hidden to it in what is given. The correlative of observation is never the invisible, but always the immediately visible, once one has removed the obstacles erected to reason by theories and to the senses by the imagination.

[. . .] Experience was rightfully science; and "knowing" was in step with "learning". The gaze saw sovereignty in a world of language whose clear speech it gathered up effort-

¹⁷Jeremy Bentham's "Panopticon" is another visionary structure designed to guarantee the invisibility of the observer. See the chapter on "Panopticism" in Michel Foucault's *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison* (New York: Vintage, 1979). The Panopticon is cylindrical, with the spectator stationed at the center of the building. Visibility is determined by the contrast between lighted areas and dark ones; the power of the construction lies precisely in the prisoner's constant awareness that he is *being seen*.

¹⁸Samuel Y. Edgerton, "The Renaissance Artist as Quantifier," in *The Perception of Pictures*, ed. Margaret A. Hagen (New York: Academic Press, 1980), p. 185.

Rudolf Arnheim considers the viewer an important element in the composition of paintings. See *The Power of the Center*, pp. 12-16, 49-50, 185, 194.

¹⁹Laura Mulvey, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," *Screen*, Volume 16, Number 3, pp. 6-18.

But Mulvey's spectator is *necessarily male*, and the figure on the screen necessarily female. At the heart of her critique of scopophilia, grounded in Freud and Lacan, is the woman's lack of a phallus and the man's fear of castration. Teresa de Lauretis' "Through the Looking-Glass" (in *The Cinematic Apparatus*, ed. Teresa de Lauretis and Stephen Heath [London: Macmillan Press, 1980], pp. 187-202) confronts the contradiction inherent in Mulvey's attempt to generate a feminist reading from inherently phallogocentric theory. Perhaps it would be wisest to read Spenser's gender reversals in the scene as a parody of the classic construction of "visual pleasure"—in which case the wound Britomart receives from the False Archer could be taken as a kind of mock castration, a warning against the dangers of excessive crystal gazing. And the fact that the character is always *disguised*, often as a man, may have a significance beyond the scope of this paper.

lessly in order to restore it in a secondary, identical speech: given by the visible, this speech, without changing anything, made it possible to see. In its sovereign exercise, the gaze took up once again the structures of visibility that it had itself deposited in its field of perception.²⁰

Merlin's sphere restores the "clear speech" of the world in a "secondary, identical" representation; it enables the spectator to contemplate by giving him something to see, something to play with.

The globe is the product of Merlin's "deepe science, and hell-dreaded might," the physical manifestation of its creator's knowledge and power. Once it is handed over to the patron, Merlin effectively fades into anonymity. His is ultimately a bit part in the narrative spun out by the all-knowing crystal ball: in this way he is present both at the center of the story-sphere and on its periphery. Blanchot describes the process of writing in similar terms:

The work is the pure circle where, even as he writes the work, the author dangerously exposes himself to, but also protects himself against, the pressure that demands he write. Hence—in part at least—the prodigious, the immense joy which, as Goethe says, is that of a deliverance: a tête-à-tête with the solitary omnipotence of fascination which one has faced resolutely, without betraying or fleeing it, but without renouncing one's own mastery either. This deliverance, it is true, will have consisted of enclosing oneself outside oneself.²¹

In the same way, if we return to Parmigianino's *Self-Portrait*, we notice with Ashbery the painter's right hand

thrust at the viewer
And swerving easily away, as though to
protect
What it advertises.²²

²⁰Michel Foucault, *The Birth of the Clinic: An Archaeology of Medical Perception* (New York: Vintage, 1975), pp. 107 & 117.

²¹*The Space of Literature*, p. 52.

²²*Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, p. 68. Throughout the poem, Ashbery displaces his own autobiography, his own mirror image, by focusing instead on Parmigianino's image, the painting, art history and criticism, and so on; he, too, encloses himself outside himself, protects what he advertises.

This dialectic of advertisement and protection—enclosing oneself outside oneself—is central to the world-within-a-world, the unique state of (self-)representation Ashbery calls "life englobed."

8. It makes sense, then, that Merlin's laboratory should be housed in an underground cave, hidden from the light and from the human eye. It is a space we might call "death englobed."

There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld with his sprights encompassed round.

(iii.7)

Spenser's description should remind us first of the darkness of Ryence's closet, and then of the sphere itself. But the cave also anticipates another Ledoux structure: a spherical cemetery.

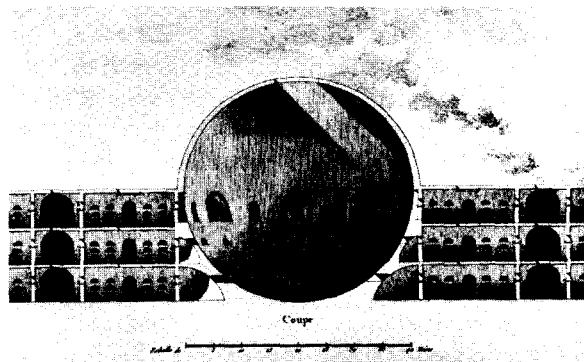


Figure 5. Phot. Bibl. nat. Paris.

The drawing of this building resembles the Besançon sketch in two important ways: the archways and niches running throughout the sphere and the adjoining buildings look strikingly like the curved spectatorial space in the theater, and once again we find a single beam of light radiating from the ceiling of the structure. Ledoux's discussion of the complex helps to explain both of these details:

A dark labyrinth of galleries in which the corpses are laid out in niches surrounds a vast cavernous sphere that is penetrated by a ray of daylight from the apex. From out-

side, only the upper part of the sphere, a stark and immense dome, is visible. Man recoils, terror-stricken, at the sight of this dreadful vault. . . . The picture of nothingness should offer the eye no relief—neither wood nor meadow nor valley nor stream, nor, still less, the life-giving benefits of the sun.²³

The theater is designed to facilitate the spectator's gaze; the cemetery is designed to advertise its own invisibility. This second project—to make manifest the power of the unseen—is what links Ledoux's cemetery to Merlin's lab. Each is a house of death. Uninvited guests are devoured by Merlin's sprites, and Merlin himself ends up buried alive in the cave while working on his very last invention (the "brassen wall" we hear about in a lengthy narrative digression). But neither structure is simply a receptacle in which to dump dead bodies: both are built with the living viewer in mind. What is striking about both accounts is the appeal to the eye. Merlin's cave is "farre from the *veue* of day," and the next stanza teasingly suggests that we "goe to *see* that dreadfull place." Likewise, Ledoux's description is full of visual metaphors: "The *picture of nothingness* should offer the eye no relief," and so on. This is why the ray of daylight is so important: because the picture gallery of death is yet another spectacle.

When Glauce and Britomart visit the cave, they are disguised "in straunge/And base attyre, that none might them bewray." (Britomart will again disguise herself when she meets and questions the knights of Faeryland.) "Base attyre" seems appropriate in this situation, for Britomart is playing a role we have already seen her enact in her father's closet: the tourist-girl. She and her nurse have come to visit the dream factory, to see how all the illusions work, how the magic has been worked on her. Like the tour guide at Universal Studios, Merlin offers to take her behind the scenes. But in the process he shows her only what he wants to show her, not everything there is to be seen, and his explanation doesn't break the spell or heal the wound. In fact, it only reinforces his initial power over her; this time, he works with words rather than images alone. He

tells her that the desire she feels is her fate, that she has no alternative but to succumb to it. (In the same way, Hollywood studio tours often feature a demonstration of elaborate special effects, well aware that this "explanation" of technology is in fact a further mystification of "movie magic.")

9. When I call Merlin a filmmaker, I don't mean simply that he is the "director" of the spectacle which ensues, because his role also incorporates that of analyst, writer, visionary architect, tour guide, and special effects man, as we have seen. His crystal ball is more than a movie screen; it is what contemporary film theory calls a *cinematic apparatus*.²⁴ As such, it forms the locus for a number of otherwise divergent disciplines: technological (Merlin's *deepe science*), economic (Ryence's patronage), and psychoanalytic (Britomart's narcissism, her voyeurism).

I have called the crystal ball a globe, an encyclopedia, a souvenir, a mirror, a window, a theater, a cemetery, a text. But behind each of these analogies lies yet another: the eyeball as sphere, the sphere as eye. I have described a variety of gazes cast upon the sphere; now it is time to confront the gaze of the sphere itself. We can begin by comparing the initial description of the ball in the ii.19 passage already quoted ("It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,/What ever thing was in the world contaynd . . .") with the self-descriptive monologue attributed to the movie camera by Russian avant-garde filmmaker Dziga Vertov:

I am eye. I am a mechanical eye.

I, a machine, am showing you a world, the likes of which only I can see.

I turn my face from today and forever from human immobility, I am in constant movement, I approach and draw away from objects, I crawl under them [. . .]

This is I, apparatus, manoeuvring in the chaos of movements, recording one movement after another in the most complex combinations.

[. . .] Freed from the frame of time and space, I coordinate any and all points of the

²³Quoted in *Visionary Architects*, p. 57. The sphere posed an attractive challenge to the visionary architects; they turned to it again and again in their building designs. Ledoux himself designed a number of spherical buildings (none of which could be built), but the most famous such structure is Etienne-Louis Boullée's Cenotaph for Newton (1784).

²⁴The foremost writers associated with apparatus theory include Jean-Louis Baudry, Christian Metz, Stephen Heath, Jean-Louis Comolli, Peter Wollen, and Laura Mulvey. See the two extremely useful anthologies, *Apparatus / Cinematographic Apparatus: Selected Writings* (ed. Theresa Hak Kyung Cha [New York: Tanam Press, 1980]) and *The Cinematic Apparatus* (ed. Stephen Heath and Teresa de Lauretis [London: Macmillan Press, 1980]).

universe, wherever I may plot them.

My road is towards the creation of a fresh perception of the world. Thus I decipher in a new way the world unknown to you.²⁵

Vertov's "Kino-eye" is

a victory against time. It is a visual link between phenomena separated from one another in time. Kino-eye gives a condensation of time, and also its decomposition.²⁶

Because the camera eye and the crystal ball eye are "free" from time and space, they are free to rearrange events when foretelling or retelling them. This is why narratives like Spenser's or Vertov's appear confused or disjointed: they reject human standards of judgement. Inherent in both cases is the supposition that the magic eye's vision is superior to, even *more real* than, that of the ordinary human eye. The perfect illustration for both of these eyes is the famous Magritte painting (apparently inspired by the Ledoux theater sketch) of an eye whose iris reflects infinity. But Magritte calls that eye "The False Mirror," because what it shows us is not reality but a representation of the real, a fiction.²⁷

Merlin's crystal ball and the camera eye are both examples of what Jean-Louis Comolli calls "machines of the visible." Comolli's essay of the same name is concerned precisely with the confrontation between the human eye and the machine eye, and the complex system of relations between the two.

Decentered, in panic, thrown into confusion by all this new magic of the visible, the human eye finds itself affected with a series of limits and doubts. The mechanical eye, the photographic lens, while it intrigues and fascinates, functions also as a *guarantor* of the

identity of the visible with the normality of vision. If the photographic illusion, as later the cinematographic illusion, fully gratifies the spectator's taste for delusion, it also reassures him or her in that the delusion is in conformity with the norm of visual perception. The mechanical magic of the analogical representation of the visible is accomplished and articulated from a doubt as to the fidelity of human vision, and more widely as to the truth of sensory impressions.²⁸

"Decentered, in panic, thrown into confusion . . .": this is, after all, Britomart's state once she is wounded by her vision. And Merlin's explanation to her more than "reassures . . . her . . . that the delusion is in conformity with the norm . . ."; he chalks it up to fate. The real value of Comolli's theory in terms of Spenser's poem is deeper than this easy alignment of the two texts, however, because what Comolli shows us is the way the entire mechanism depends on Britomart's initial shock and her resultant confusion—in short, her willingness to go along with what happens to her, her *openness* to the wound.

Comolli links the viewer's lack of faith in his own vision and willingness to accept machine-vision to the "hegemony of the eye," the "dominant ideology of the visible linked to western logocentrism" which makes sight the privileged sense.

The image produced by the camera can do no otherwise than confirm and reduplicate 'the code of specular vision such as it is defined by the renaissance humanism', such that the human eye is at the centre of the system of representation, with that centrality at once excluding any other representative system, assuring the eye's domination over any other organ of the senses and putting the eye in a strictly divine place. . . .²⁹

If we return for a moment to the diagram of mirror anamorphosis [Figure 1], we realize that it illustrates not only the eye of power, but the power of the eye: a power set in motion through machinery. There is a paradox here, because the eye *chooses* to be deceived, just as Britomart chooses

²⁵Dziga Vertov, "'Kinoks-Revolution,' Selections," in *Film Makers on Film Making*, ed. Harry M. Geduld (Middlesex: Penguin, 1967), p. 95. For the relation of the kino-eye to perspective and "visual reciprocity," see Berger, pp. 16-18.

²⁶Vertov, p. 111.

²⁷The Magritte connection was first suggested to me by Cheryl Brutvan. After completing an earlier draft of this paper, I discovered Jean Clair's "Seven Prolegomenae to a Brief Treatise on Magritian Tropes," which links Magritte's eye to Ledoux's (and, coincidentally, to the Colonna anamorphosis diagram) for the same reasons I do, but with a different point in mind.

²⁸Jean-Louis Comolli, "Machines of the Visible," in *The Cinematic Apparatus*, pp. 121-142.

²⁹Comolli, p. 126.

to accept beyond any doubt the truth of the illusion that her narrative is predestined, already written. Vertov writes that

To this day we raped the movie camera and forced it to copy the work of our eye. And the better the copy, the better the shot was considered. As of today we will unshackle the camera and will make it work in the opposite direction, further from copying.³⁰

In an ideal state, according to Vertov, the eye "obeys the will of the camera and is directed by it," but this act of obedience is by no means a passive acceptance, since the camera has to be *unshackled*, actively pushed in the opposite direction. Merlin plays this role when he creates the crystal ball and then fades into the background, goes underground, becomes one of an infinity of images. He, like Britomart, *allows* the apparatus to do its work.

Comolli calls this willing submission to the camera-eye "disavowal." In his schema, the disavowing spectator is as essential an organ of the apparatus as the camera or the screen; in fact, Comolli writes, the spectator is "the first agent of his or her own fooling."

We want the one and the other, to be both fooled and not fooled, to oscillate, to swing from knowledge to belief, from distance to adherence, from criticism to fascination. Which is why realist representations are

³⁰Vertov, p. 93. In appropriating Comolli the way I have, I run the risk of committing the same sin of omission feminists accuse him of: the erase of questions of sexual difference from film (and narrative) theory. Jacqueline Rose, for example, suggests that to reinsert these questions into the theory

is necessarily to recognize its phallic reference, how woman is structured as image around this reference and how she thereby *comes* to represent the potential loss and difference which underpins the whole system (and it is the failure to engage with this that is the problem with Metz's and Comolli's work).

(p. 182)

("The Cinematic Apparatus: Problems in Current Theory," in *The Cinematic Apparatus*, pp. 172-186.)

In this context, Vertov's rape metaphor, his bondage image, become significant. (And both have their parallels in the course of Book Three of *The Faerie Queene*.) The kinoks-revolution intends to "unshackle" visibility, reverse the rape, just as Spenser reverses the genders of his observer and his observed object. What is at stake in each case is the seizure of power through violence: hence the rapist, the False Archer with his wounding arrow.

successful: they allow this movement to and fro which ceaselessly sets off the intensity of the disavowal, they sustain the spectator's pleasure in being prisoner in a situation of conflict (I believe/I don't believe).³¹

"Disavowal," then, is really a twist on Coleridge's "willing suspension of disbelief": Comolli makes no secret of his indebtedness to narrative theory. Indeed, what is most provocative *about this work is the way it links narrative to omission*. Likewise, in *The Faerie Queene*, the crystal ball shows Britomart an image which generates the narrative of her life, the narrative she tells her fellow knight, the narrative Spenser tells us.

Moreover, Comolli views the whole process of seeing movies as a game, albeit a very sophisticated one.

It is necessary to suppose spectators to be total imbeciles, completely alienated social beings, in order to believe that they are thoroughly deceived and deluded by simulacra. Different in this to ideological and political representations, spectatorial representations declare their existence as simulacrum and, on that contractual basis, invite the spectator to *use* the simulacrum to fool him or herself. Never "passive", the spectator works. But that work is not only a work of decipherment, reading, elaboration of signs. It is first of all and just as much, if not more, to play the game, to fool him or herself out of pleasure, and in spite of those knowledges which reinforce his or her position of non-fool; it is to maintain—if the spectacle, its play make it possible—the mechanism of disavowal at its highest level of intensity. The more one knows, the more difficult it is to believe, and the more it is worth it to manage to.³²

A passage like this one forces us to reexamine Britomart's behavior, both in the closet and in her interrogation of Redcrosse Knight. In the first situation, the narrator takes such pains to explain that the "silly Mayd"—who only sees what she sees after she first dreams of it—is an innocent victim, that she appears coy. "Not that she lusted after any one," he tells us, answering our

³¹Comolli, pp. 139-140.

³²Comolli, p. 140.

question before we even have a chance to formulate it. And in the second case, Britomart's obvious pleasure at the game of twenty questions becomes a focal point. We hear in detail how the "royall Mayd"—no longer "silly"—

woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her Love so highly magnifide,
And joyd that ever she affixéd had,
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifide,
How ever finely she it fained to hide.

(ii.11)

Britomart disguises not just her physical appearance but her inner feelings; four stanzas later we read that

His feeling words her feeble sense much
pleased,
And Softly sunck into her molten hart;
Hart that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
With hope of thing, that may allege his
smart;
For pleasing words are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:
Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with fained gaine-
say;
So dischord oft in Musick makes the sweeter
lay.

(ii.15)

By the third line of this stanza, Spenser has suspended the flow of the narrative in order to present a series of three aphorisms: one about desire and lack, and two about the magic power of "pleasing words." In this way, the book pauses to reflect upon itself immediately before revealing the reflection of Arthegall in the crystal ball (which, as we have seen, generates the rest of the book). Spenser is thus playing a game with *us* at the same time and in the same way that Britomart plays with *her* audience.

So the crystal ball scene is a movie within a movie, or, to be more precise, an apparatus within an apparatus. And if Comolli's essay undermines the notion of the innocence and passivity of the spectator so crucial to theories like Blanchot's and Mulvey's, it is only to refine our understanding of the reader-viewer's role. "The more one knows,"—the more one opens the text, opens oneself to the possibilities of the text—"the more difficult it is to believe, and the more it is worth it to manage to."

10. In the preceding passages, I have used cinematic analogies to *The Faerie Queene* in a fairly general way, appropriating from recent film theory that material which seems to shed light on Britomart's primal scene. In this final section, I want to propose a more specific parallel: one which serves as a kind of summary of many of the concerns of this paper.

Merlin's equivalent in film history is the visionary filmmaker from the early days of the cinema. He is both the Thomas Edison figure (the technologist-inventor) and the George Méliès, the "magician" who achieves his fantastic effects through the innovative use of editing, rearranging chunks of footage to create the illusion of movement through time and space.

And Spenser has an analogue in the film world as well: Hans-Jürgen Syberberg, whose seven-hour long *Hitler: A Film from Germany* (1978) opens much like the flashback in *The Faerie Queene*, with

a tiny, starlike tear . . . coming closer. Within it is a lunar landscape (from a Méliès film), with a glass sphere in the midst of the landscape, full of snow and with a black house inside it.

The black house is the Black Maria, the first movie studio in the world; it was built by Edison in America shortly before 1900. The camera moves toward this house, that is to say, the film studio enclosed in the glass sphere; and after a lap dissolve, we are inside the studio, where the film begins.³³

Syberberg builds his epic from the ruins of film history (Edison, Méliès, Eisenstein, Leni Riefenstahl), just as Spenser constructs his from allusions to his literary predecessors (Ovid, Virgil, Tasso, Ariosto). Both works eschew realism and mimesis in favor of a style at once polemical and digressive; they provide their audiences with what Susan Sontag (in her essay on *Hitler*) calls "an overflow of information[,] the method of saturation."

Syberberg is an artist of excess: thought is a kind of excess, the surplus production of ruminations, images, associations, emotions connected with, evoked by, Hitler.

³³Hans-Jürgen Syberberg, screenplay, *Hitler: A Film from Germany* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1982), pp. 26 & 31.

Hence the film's length, its circular arguments, its several beginnings, its four or five endings, its many titles, its plurality of styles, its vertiginous shifts of perspective on Hitler, from below or beyond.³⁴

Substitute Queen Elizabeth for Hitler, and Sontag's words apply equally to Spenser. Both figures are in search of the Great Work; to achieve it, they proceed (to paraphrase Sontag) to exhaust, to empty their subject matter. They are "artists of endless speaking, endless melody—a voice that goes on and on." We find in their work an aesthetics of excess, of hyperbole, what we might call a kitsch sensibility. The work unfolds on a scale which is simultaneously epic and fragmentary; the finished product looks arcane, almost hermetic.

Syberberg writes, "I sought an aesthetic scandal: combining Brecht's doctrine of epic theater with Richard Wagner's musical aesthetics, cinematically conjoining the epic system as anti-Aristotelian cinema with the laws of a new myth."³⁵ He proposes, in other words, to overpower the spectator with a larger-than-life spectacle—and, at exactly the same time—to force the spectator outside the spectacle, to use the scene as a critique of its own power. His audience is *simultaneously* passive and deeply engaged in what it sees. Syberberg seeks to reconcile in film practice the opposition between Mulvey's theory of the

moviegoer as unseen seer and Comolli's theory of spectatorial disavowal. On its own, each of these theories might seem better suited to typical Hollywood entertainment films than to a work as difficult (as difficult to *endure*) as *Hitler*, but taken together they offer a very useful approach to the film—and, by extension, to our experience of *The Faerie Queene*.

Hitler, more overtly than Spenser's poem, directs its critique of power inward as well as outward; it reflects its own nature as apparatus. Like *The Faerie Queene*, it is on one level a meditation on visibility, on seeing and being seen. It makes no attempt to disguise the fact that it is being filmed in a movie studio; several lengthy speeches are devoted to subjects like Hitler's moviegoing habits and Eisenstein's career; the glass sphere containing the Black Maria acts as a motif throughout the film. Rear-screen projections play an important role: one which appears several times is a reproduction of Ledoux's eyeball sketch. Together with the countless paintings, tapestries, mirrors and windows (all four of these appearing in Spenser as well), these items produce an impressive catalogue of metaphors of vision. Furthermore, the sheer length of the film makes certain physical demands on the viewer; it challenges his role as invisible consumer of imagery.

Imagery: its production, its reproduction, its consumption, its relation to narrative and to power. These are the concerns Spenser shares with Syberberg. To investigate them, he has Merlin send Britomart into her father's closet; there she finds—becomes engrafted in—the cinematic apparatus which is *The Faerie Queene*. □

³⁴Susan Sontag, "Preface," *Hitler: A Film from Germany*, p. xiv.

³⁵Hans-Jürgen Syberberg, "Introduction," *Hitler: A Film from Germany*, p. 18. Syberberg followed *Hitler* with *Parsifal*, an adaptation of Wagner's opera based on the same Perceval legend Spenser uses in *The Faerie Queene*. Wagner's and Syberberg's versions are as specifically German as Spenser's is British, but the mythic material is essentially the same. (And Syberberg, like Spenser, casts a woman in the key male role.)

Ronald Ehmke is a graduate student at SUNY Buffalo, studying film and literature.

ATOPOS: THE THEATER OF DESIRE

In *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*, Roland Barthes argues that the beloved is never just a person but a figure characterized by resistance to articulation and comprehension. "The other whom I love and who fascinates me is *atopos*. I cannot classify the other, for the other is, precisely, Unique. . . ."¹ In the sonnet sequences of Petrarch, Ronsard, and Sidney, in the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser, or in *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, we are only assured of an evacuation of the beloved, a desperate figuration in which the beloved becomes thoroughly rhetorical, and, one might add, unrepresentable, atypical. Where the beloved is not, there "I" come to be, is Barthes' suggestion. This is true not only for Britomart in Book III of the *Faerie Queene* but for Don Quixote, as well. Both the absence of Arthegal and Dulcinea in their respective texts allows not only for the figure of the lover to become extremely substantial but provides that lack in the narrative whereby a plot is advanced, the atypicality of the beloved thus achieving the status of what Barthes in *S/Z* calls the hermeneutic code, a network of delays or lures whereby a narrative facilitates the sequencing of events.

Thanks to the beloved's absencings, the self discovers its desire, seeing itself in the reflection of what it cannot quite conceive. At the same time this absencing functions as a space where a wish emerges providing the rhetoric of love with a little romance or plot. Don Quixote not only fantasizes Dulcinea but goes out in search of her, too. And Britomart first sees her Arthegal in a mirror, what is for her the beginning of a quest for him. For Barthes this wish for the beloved and romance is not unambiguous, for it goes "beyond the pleasure principle." The wish is, quite simply, that the beloved is invoked and distanced simultaneously, thus opening a solitary space or trajectory within which the subject or lover can develop. Especially in *Don Quixote*, Cervantes is shrewd enough to recognize that such "desire" is both noble and self-destructive, a recognition which is thematized in the countless beatings the

Knight with the Sad Countenance receives. Still, literature comes to be in that space where the other is not. Perhaps this is why in Renaissance pastoral the most delicious moments occur when the shepherd weeps for a dead shepherdess. Absent from life, the beloved becomes a phantom whom the shepherd can mourn in order to delight in the satisfaction of an imaginary bond we would call melancholia. In the production of this tear-work, the shepherd as figure not only emerges but learns what to do: character becomes plot.

Perhaps more to the point, in Renaissance literature the lover wishes to be defined in the place of the other. Eros and Thanatos, then, work in the service of an atypicality of the beloved and mastery by the desiring subject. This is called *l'emprise* or captivation, a dominance achieved through tactical subjection. *Don Quixote* is especially insidious in this regard, downplaying Don Quixote's imaginary will to power as so much madness or folly while establishing Dulcinea in an imaginary field where the tactical subjection of the hero conquers all. It is more than merely humorous that Sancho Panza suffers the lashes for the disenchantment of Don Quixote's beloved, a disenchantment that, in fact, is made all the more impossible because of Sancho's realistic cynicism. Still, if Dulcinea cannot appear to Don Quixote except under an "enchantment," it is because he takes her place, investing it with endless romance. Because his mastery or desire is so strong, she cannot quite emerge, cannot come into being, even with the help of his Squire. There is good cause to call this the repressive side of *l'emprise*.

In Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* it is Hermia who says upon realizing Demetrius is attached to her, "I have found Demetrius like a jewel, / Mine own and not mine own." There is the implication that for the lover possession must always entertain itself as a modality of dis-possession. For neo-platonic lovers the other is always elevated, hence inaccessible, and, for pastoral figures, the other is often cruel and heartless, therefore similarly beyond reach or grasp. But whether the beloved other is elevated

¹*A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1978), p. 34.

or made horrible through outrageous resistance to entreaty, the beloved becomes all the more fascinating. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* there is the delicate syntax of an *embroglio* in which a lover's quartet begins to shuffle its parts. But this shifting is only possible because love includes the possibility of an atypicality, of not only the appearance of the beloved, but his or her absencings. It is the stuff out of which a little romance is made. One moment Lysander is present to Hermia's love, the next he is gone, and in his absence her passion burns. It is as if in order to capture him, he must first be made to go away, to be replaced by an imposter or actor, a replacement facilitated by a fairy spirit, a secret accomplice to Hermia's wants. In this way the beloved is always already disguised as a signifier, meaning that to some extent the beloved takes on an arbitrariness reminiscent of a Saussurean language model. This is also true in *Don Quixote* to the extent that the enchanted object of the knight errant's desire is more or less arbitrarily picked out by Sancho Panza from among the first rude peasant girls he comes across in Toboso. Were it not for what Barthes calls *atopos*, desire might not be so easily gratified.

Of course, we do not want to reduce tactics of Renaissance love to structuralism. After all, the beloved is never just a signifier, but a much more complex figure of the imagination in which the gaze of a certain reverie becomes trapped, since in this locus of the beloved, the subject intuitively at once too much and too little. In this way perception is always already traumatized, the place where the other is hurts. Still, the figure of the beloved is the enabling condition for a love that is constituted within a syntax which threatens to disclose itself within an ambit of arbitrary choice. That is, this figure is subject to a reduction into which it withdraws as signifier. The beloved as atypical can be defined as an inscrutable signifier, a withdrawal from that presentation in which the subject's desire is specifically directed. This is the enchanted Dulcinea who as a peasant girl vanishes into the distance of a Spanish horizon while Don Quixote is left to wonder how she belongs to his chivalric dreams. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* this atypicality contributes to the pathetic sweetness of loves both lost and found by way of Puck's rather careless charms.

It is, however typical of Shakespeare, still surprising to me that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* this atypicality is thematized in terms of theater itself. After all, from a theatrical point of view the

actor is precisely cast in the role of the beloved since an actor, too, is atypical. This characteristic of acting probably begins in very ancient times, and we already see it plainly in ancient Greece when actors wear masks. In other words, these actors knew how to withdraw behind their roles, becoming atypical, in order that a "figure" can be established in the space cleared by the *atopos*. There is reason to think that in Shakespeare's time, when men had to play women, that such an atypical figuration must have been a major characteristic that an actor would have had to master. Indeed, the actor must be both present but at the same time de-presented in order to make an appearance. In the face of the actor, then, we might say there is an analogy to the withdrawal or atypicality of the beloved, a withdrawal which makes the beloved infinitely fascinating to a lover, and hence heightened. Perhaps the fact that a woman's role was played by a person of the opposite sex even increased that fascination, problematized that relation between lover/beloved in terms of audience/actor, though, as Shakespeare himself comments somewhere, the sham of boys squeaking out ladies' voices can be detected as an annoyance. Still, this is the annoyance—Michel Serres would call it the parasite—of the beloved which retreats from captivity, just one more desiring lure. Without saying too much more about actors, let us acknowledge the role of makeup as part of the art of mastering the feint of the *retrait*: the retreat which is a retrace or emergence. If makeup allows the beloved to appear as desirable, is it not because makeup hides or veils, because it is the condition of atypicality for the actor? One thinks here of Greta Garbo and her more contemporary counterpart, Meryl Streep.

Having introduced the analogy between actor and beloved in terms of atypicality, we can turn to the play within the play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The company of actors, composed of Nick Bottom, Quince, Snout, and others, is, of course, worried that signifiers will be taken for signifieds. At the end of act one of Shakespeare's play, Bottom declares he would like to play the lion in the Pyramus and Thisbe story. "I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me," Bottom says. Yet, Quince points out that "you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies," and this would result in the company's hanging. Therefore, Bottom wisely says he will "aggravate" his voice in such a roar as "'twere any nightingale." For this rea-

son, the lion will never be anything but the representation of a lion, or, better yet, the failure of representing lions. It is in this failure, then, that the audience's pleasure will be, something mirrored in the ironic awareness of Shakespeare's audience that no matter how loud Bottom roars, he will never be taken for lionhood itself. Be that as it may, Bottom stresses the derepresentation of verisimilitude. This lion will roar like a dove or nightingale. And it will lose its strict topicality. By backing off from the signified, the signifier takes on force not as a substitute for the real but as illusion, theater, dream. My suggestion is, then, that with respect to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, we can see the condition of the beloved's atopicality mirrored in the acting troop of workmen and its theatrical practices.

This connection between the actor and the beloved is specifically made by Shakespeare when he conceives the transformation of Nick Bottom into a man with an ass's head. It is this ludicrous and monstrous figure with whom Titania will, of course, fall in love, what Bottom after his disenchantment will call "Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom." Apparently, the metamorphosis of Bottom declares the atopicality of the actor as beloved—in the role of the "sweet love." There is a wonderful pun, as is well known, in Bottom's line about his dream, because a bottomless dream is at once infinite and without the character or identity of Bottom. Again, the "no bottom" suggests a withdrawal or retreat of personhood, and I would hasten to add that this suits our interpretation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to the extent that the dream must be atopical (without Nick Bottom) and unlocatable (without topos or place). This dream is precisely what the lovers, Helena and Demetrius, Hermia and Lysander, experience, an atopical set of relations which is really quite monotonous: the plotting of desire. This dream has no bottom in the sense that character submits to a withdrawal (in short, *retrait*—retraction which is a retracing) through which desire is facilitated. We know that the substitution of a Helena for a Hermia or a Lysander for a Demetrius is part of a bottomless syntax of exchanges and confusions, though confined to a mere quartet. And it is as abruptly halted as it is initiated. What contributes to the humor and the pathos of the embroglio is that we know the characters are more like Saussurean signifiers than we might at first suspect. Puck is quite cynical on this point, telling Oberon that to him all Athenian men look the same. At another,

Puck sings,

Jack shall have Jill
Nought shall go ill,

The man shall have his mare again, and all
shall be well.

From Puck's perspective mortals are fools, because the objects of their love are all the same, and, anyhow, love is really motivated by lust. But this is expressed from the point of view of a subject who doesn't know sexual desire, someone much like a child in latency with a precocious intellect. To Puck, all Jacks and Jills are alike. A realist, Puck assumes things are nothing more than what they appear. A man is a man, a woman is a woman. Or, signifier = signified. And that's the bottom of the matter.

Ironically, then, the fairy prankster, or master of illusions, is indeed a dour realist who sees crude equivalences where we see very refined differences. But, then, we are the fools. A parallel to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* can be found in Book II of *Don Quixote*, one I have already mentioned. It is the chapter in which Sancho Panza deceives his master as to Dulcinea's identity. Sancho thinks,

I have seen from countless signs that this master of mine is a raving lunatic who ought to be tied up—and me, I can't be much better, for since I follow him and serve him, I'm more of a fool than he. . . . Well, he's mad—that he is—and it's the kind of madness that generally mistakes one thing for another, and thinks white black and black white, as was clear when he said that the windmills were giants and the friar's mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep hostile armies, and many other things to this tune. So it won't be very difficult to make him believe that the first peasant girl I run across about here is the lady Dulcinea.²

Sancho, not unlike Puck, knows an idiot when he sees one. And, he, too, believes that a mix-up of identities really should not matter. For, what's the difference? The gentle and profound irony of Cervantes is that in the long run this confusion

²*Don Quixote*, trans. J. M. Cohen (London: Penguin, 1950), pp. 527-8.

or arbitrary selection will make no difference, since if the beloved is atypical and inaccessible, her real being does not matter. She *can* be anyone. That is, *anyone can act her*. It is in this sense that the whole of *Don Quixote* is really theater from a certain point of view, something Cervantes specialists have noticed. In fact, one notices here that the enchantment or theatricality of Dulcinea is predicated on the arbitrariness of the actor as signifier. This is also Shakespeare's point, I think, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, both with respect to the way in which a foursome of lovers are matched and mismatched and with respect to the assigning of local rustics to a play about Pyramus and Thisbe. It is by "chance" that we are enchanted.

Love, enchantment, dream, and theater are all trace structures from a Renaissance perspective, that is, they come to be in a locus where the atypical ensures a disjunction between signifiers and signifieds. In the substitution of the rustics in Shakespeare for Pyramus and Thisbe, the substitution of Pyramus and Thisbe for the trials of the young lovers, not to mention the analogue of Oberon and Titania, we begin to see the relevance of Jacques Lacan's idea that a signifier is but a subject for another signifier, meaning that any "subject" whether lover or beloved is never anything more than a signifier, that is to say, a figure subject to a certain atypicality, erasure, or trace. Moreover, the subject is arbitrary. This is always the case with respect to Hermia, Helena, Lysander, and Demetrius who as lovers/beloveds are, finally, but signifiers for another signifier. This is mankind's folly, but it also reflects the no-

bility of an imagination. In *Don Quixote* we find that in Book II there are doubles for the hero both in print and on horse. Even when Don Quixote becomes once more Alonso Quixana, the trace structure left behind prevents the dissolution of the "subject," Don Quixote. This is why Cervantes can have so much fun with recanting his book. Its imaginary force cannot be disenchanting but has thoroughly captivated the reader in its farce. In short, reading has become, for us, a falling in love with words.

Similarly, with respect to Shakespeare's theater, it seems to me that much of the audience's response to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* replicates the condition of falling in love which the characters must endure. That is, even if the actors are from our perspective more or less there by chance as actors, we are captured in the atypicality of their presence. Even if we leave the forests of enchantment for the palace where reason resumes its tiresome reign, the future of an illusion still exists for the sake of the audience as a "subject." Like Cervantes, Shakespeare is not afraid to mock this condition, having established that theater is an imaginary condition which demands no particular stage in order to occur. Despite Deleuze and Guattari's attack on Freud's tendency to theatricalize representation and thus frame the imagination within limits too confined for a schizanalyse, we can see that theatricalization really permeates human psychology without being reducible to *mise en scènes* and discrete acts. In fact, desire and theater are inseparable in so far as in the failure of every figure there is the ambition to act. □

REMBRANDT AND THE PRAGMATICS OF SELF-REFERENCE THE 1660 *SELF-PORTRAIT* IN THE LOUVRE



In 1660 Rembrandt painted himself painting—a self-portrait which now hangs in the Louvre. One of more than 90 self-portraits by Rem-

brandt, it is also one of the very few which presents him as a painter.¹ Typically—as with other painters—Rembrandt pictures himself as if he

¹A companion self-portrait (c. 1660, Kenwood House, London) also shows Rembrandt as a painter, in this case facing us and standing beside his canvas—mahlstick, palette, and brushes in his left hand. X-ray photography shows that originally the artist held the brushes in his right hand—as he would have when he was painting. The 1669 *Self-Portrait* in the National Gallery (London) originally portrayed Rembrandt posed as in the Louvre *Self-Portrait* and holding a mahlstick and brushes. In the completed painting, however, both mahlstick and brush have disappeared. Rembrandt sits for his portrait with his hands folded. In the 1669 Cologne *Self-Portrait*, Rembrandt also seems to be carrying a mahlstick but is not apparently at work on a portrait of himself.

Two etchings exist of Rembrandt portraying himself: a *Self-*

Portrait with Saskia (c. 1636) and the *Self-Portrait: Drawing at a Window* (1648). A drawing in the Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin (c. 1635) depicts Rembrandt drawing himself. A drawing from around 1655 (Rembrandthuis, Amsterdam) shows Rembrandt in studio attire but not in the act of painting. A preparatory sketch for the Louvre *Self-Portrait* (c. 1660, Albertina, Vienna) includes a canvas to the painter's left.

A painting exists from the Leyden period, *An Artist in His Studio* (c. 1628, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston) which may portray Rembrandt painting or may portray his apprentice Gerald Dou. Two paintings of Rembrandt drawing himself exist (1653, M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco; 1657, Staaliche Gemäldagalerie, Dresden), but the authenticity of both is in question.

were only another of the models he portrayed. Here, however, as well as in a small number of other portraits, Rembrandt portrays what he must have witnessed whenever he portrayed himself: the reflection of the artist. Standing before his easel, his head turned to the right in a three-quarter pose, Rembrandt gazes at us. As he watches, he seems—in the act of painting—to pause and study his model. In his right hand he holds a mahlstick; in his left, a palette and brushes. Of the canvas on which he is working we see only a corner and that from behind, a vertical edge of light.

The position of the body and head, the gesture of the hands, the expression of the mouth, all suggest activity about to occur, action upon which we wait. The painting achieves this effect by portraying its painter between gestures and expressions, between moments of physical activity. The painter's head—almost in profile—will turn either toward us or away. His body—almost in profile—will follow. A momentary disjunction between the two will disappear. The hands holding the painter's tools will either return to work or else relax. An expression on the face will form; the lips—between expressions—will move. For an instant, however, all remain stationary, all wait as we do, while the eyes gaze intently at us. It is this moment which the self-portrait portrays and which the painting extends indefinitely: the moment held in suspense by the painter's gaze. In this instant what we see has the same relation to the gaze as we do.

There is, of course, nothing accidental about this coincidence which the painting designates as its address to us. To be a spectator of the Louvre *Self-Portrait* is to be addressed by the artist depicted in the painting. At the same time, what we see is held as we are by the painter's gaze because what we see he also sees. As he studies us, Rembrandt studies himself in a mirror, a mirror in which his reflection (the painter's model) occupies the same position we occupy. What he sees—what we see—is a play of reflections, reflections that he reads even as we do. A shadow which crosses the artist's face structures the text to be read. Establishing a foreground, arranging different intensities, the shadow designates spaces into which the artist can move, a movement at once physical and mental. To employ a Cartesian distinction, as we read these spaces, they seem intensive as well as extensive; their material dimensions are also dimensions of thought. The shadow marks different aspects of

the space in which the painting occurs, of the spaces which address us in the painting. As portrayed, the artist balances between these spaces in which his art takes place. In a moment, if he returns to the canvas on which he is at work, he will fade into shadow. On the other hand, if he turns further from the canvas, he will emerge more fully into the light. Apparently he cannot do both at once. As portrayed, the artist balances between these alternatives: to study his model or to paint. At the same time, he seems to read his alternatives and address them to us in order that we may read what he reads.

But of course what we see in the Louvre *Self-Portrait* is not Rembrandt himself but his reflection. We see what he saw when he looked into the mirror: a reflection of himself studying his reflection. Or—to be more precise—what we see is neither the painter nor his reflection but a canvas on which Rembrandt depicted that reflection; we do not see what Rembrandt saw when he gazed into a mirror but what he saw when he looked at his reflection in the painting before us. We see, in fact, what the painter in the painting might see if he turned from us to the canvas beside him. For the self-portrait seems to refer to itself, to depict its own composition; and the painting itself is an index of the activity it portrays. As a self-referential expression, it displays itself even as we look at it; it represents itself even as it addresses us directly. Looking at the painting, we see what the painter in the painting sees. Looking at the painting, we see him as he gazes at us and at what we see. The position of painter and painting, spectator and model, all are becoming conflated. Of importance here are not the distinctions which the painting tempts its spectator to make. Of importance, rather, is the play in which the painting engages these distinctions, a play of reflections, a performance in which artist, model, and painting, all address the spectator directly, address each other directly and engage us in their exchange.

Michel Foucault has described a somewhat similar design in *The Maids of Honor* by Velazquez, a self-portrait (also painted around 1660) in which the artist—at work—also appears to address us. *The Maids of Honor* can serve as a useful contrast to the Rembrandt since the relation of the Velazquez to the distinctions it presents is one of definition rather than conflation. At the same time, a consideration of *The Maids of Honor* and the Louvre *Self-Portrait*—of each in terms of the other—can contribute to an analysis of the refer-

ential aspects of any discourse, pictorial or verbal. While my primary concern in this essay is the address of the Rembrandt *Self-Portrait*, a related concern is the effect of this address on any theory of discourse. Briefly, what I would like to suggest is that the *Self-Portrait* in the Louvre can place in question those theories and practices which restrict semiotic reference to a play of representation.

"In appearance," Foucault writes of *The Maids of Honor*,

we are looking at a picture in which the painter is in turn looking at us. . . . And yet this slender line of reciprocal visibility embraces a whole complex network of uncertainties, exchanges and feints. The painter is turning his eyes toward us only in so far as we happen to occupy the same position as the subject. We, the spectators, are an additional factor.²

The Maids of Honor allows us to entertain the illusion that the painter it depicts is painting us. He looks at us, his brush ready to record what he sees. The illusion is enhanced by the canvas to his right which—as in the Rembrandt—has its surface turned from us. Because we cannot see what is painted there, we can imagine that we are the artist's models. Yet if *The Maids of Honor* creates an illusion of direct address between ourselves and the painter we see, it also disabuses us of the illusion. In the background, a mirror reflects the artist's true subjects, the King and Queen of Spain. Their reflection completes and closes the represented world of the painting, excluding the spectator from its realm. The painter, who seems to gaze out at us, does not address us at all.

Paintings are not simply artifacts at which we gaze but expressions which address us. Because propositions represent realities, Wittgenstein suggests, a proposition can be read as a logical picture; so long as we read paintings as representations, we seem to entertain the reverse as well: we read paintings as if they were propositions.³ Like propositions, representational paintings appear to affirm that what they depict is the

case; like any proposition such affirmation involves a particular pragmatics of address. Pragmatically, we might say, the Velazquez has the force of a metastatement. A painting about painting, *The Maids of Honor* represents an act of representation. As such—as Foucault notes—it seems to illustrate a performance which discourse in the 17th Century often enacted. Implicit in this performance ("which related all language to the representation that it designates") is the assumption that utterance does not address us *but is instead addressed to us*, that—as the *Port-Royal Grammar* implies—every statement comes embedded in an implicit metastatement which defines the performative context as it asserts the statement's truth (p. 95). When I say that "X is a painter," for example, what I voice is the expressed fragment of an unexpressed metastatement which affirms that "the statement 'X is a painter' is true."⁴ The metastatement—the same for every proposition—is constructed in the third person present; as Louis Marin suggests, while the present tense indicates the presence of the speaker, the third person masks that presence with an apparent objectivity.⁵ Both the speaker and his audience position themselves outside the range of the utterance. The neuter objectifies the statement it presents, transforming it from a direct address to a fragment of a judgment about it. "Representations . . . appear ontologically as the things themselves they represent," Marin writes; they appear as such because they have themselves become things—external to the interchange between speaker and audience and, therefore, capable of being represented in that discourse.⁶ The representational order envisaged by the 17th Century involves a regress of objective expressions. When we make

⁴See Antoine Arnauld and Claude Lancelot, *General and Rational Grammar: The Port-Royal Grammar* (The Hague and Paris: Mouton, 1975), p. 122. "[T]he verb is a word whose principle use is to signify affirmation or assertion, that is, to indicate that the discourse where this word is employed is the discourse of a man who not only conceives of things, but who judges and affirms them." If the verb indicates the activity of a statement and that activity is affirmation, then the statement affirms and judges what it says. Explicitly or implicitly, it makes a statement about the statement that it makes.

⁵Louis Marin, *Logique du discours* (Paris: Minuit, 1975), pp. 286-90. See Emile Benveniste, "La nature des pronoms," in *Problèmes de linguistique générale* (Paris: Gallimard, 1966), I, pp. 251-57.

⁶Louis Marin, "Puss-in-boots: Power of Signs—Signs of Power," *Diacritics* 7 (Summer 1977), p. 56.

²Michel Foucault, *The Order of Things* (New York: Pantheon, 1970), p. 4. Hereafter referred to by page number in the text.

³Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, trans. D. F. Pears and B. F. McGuinness (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1961), pp. 8f.

a metastatement explicit, it ceases to address us; its context—another metastatement—while remaining implicit, addresses us instead. Thus—according to this analysis—*The Maids of Honor*, an explicit metastatement, is addressed to us in an invisible performative context. As a self-portrait, the painting has a force comparable to the illocutionary force of the *Cogito* in Descartes. Like the *Cogito*, which does not address us (the force of the proposition is not to be taken as “I think,” but rather as “the proposition ‘I think’ is true”), *The Maids of Honor* affirms the truth that Velazquez paints.⁷

What distinguishes the Rembrandt from *The Maids of Honor* is that the performative context has become visible. What distinguishes the Louvre *Self-Portrait* as well is that all elements which it depicts participate in its direct address. The painting does not disabuse us of the illusion that the artist it portrays gazes at us. Whereas *The Maids of Honor* reveals its true models and excludes us, the Rembrandt evades this distinction. At the same time, whereas the Rembrandt portrays its painter, the Velazquez does not. Unlike the Louvre *Self-Portrait*, *The Maids of Honor* distinguishes itself from the canvas it depicts.

According to Foucault, Velazquez—as he composed *The Maids of Honor*—would have occupied the position that we occupy as spectators

⁷See Descartes, *Philosophical Writings*, trans. Norman Kemp Smith (New York: Modern Library, 1958), pp. 118-19. In the *Discourse on Method*, the *Cogito* is embedded in the metastatement which affirms it: “[T]his truth I think, therefore I am, was so steadfast and so assured that the suppositions of skeptics, to whatever extreme they might be carried, could not avail to shake it.”

In connection with *The Maids of Honor* and its order of discourse, see Svetlana Alpers, “Interpretation without Representation, or, The Viewing of *Las Meninas*,” *Representations* 1 (1983), pp. 31-42. Alpers argues against Foucault that “*Las Meninas* is produced not out of a single, classical notion of representation,” but out of the attempt “to embrace conflicting modes of representation”: the Albertian mode, in which the artist actively views the world; and the descriptive mode, in which the world seems to exist objectively, apart from what the viewer does (the painting appears as “a surface onto which an image of the world casts itself”). Alpers’ discussion tends to overlook the degree to which the classical notion of representation also embraces these two modes and orders any potential conflict by setting them in relation to each other. The descriptive mode, the presentation of representations as the things themselves, becomes overt while depending—implicitly—on the presence of a viewer who is always outside of what he sees. *The Maids of Honor*, which plays with the possibility that spectator and artist are included in the painting, by disabusing us of this notion, affirms the classical hierarchy in which any representation is placed. The viewer (artist, spectator) is not included in what is viewed.

and which—according to the painting—is occupied by Philip IV and his wife (pp. 14-15). This reflection not only excludes the spectator but—by relating the painting to the order of representation—necessarily excludes the painter as well: not the painter in *The Maids of Honor* who portrays his King and Queen, but the painter of *The Maids of Honor* who depicts himself in the painting. Joel Snyder and Ted Cohen (among others) have recently demonstrated that the geometric facts of the Velazquez do not coincide with those that Foucault’s interpretation requires, but a more accurate account of the geometry of *The Maids of Honor* will reinforce one of Foucault’s fundamental points: the absence from the painting of “the painter and the spectator when they are looking at or composing” it (p. 16). Nevertheless, we should distinguish what Foucault does not distinguish—the difference between the position of the artist who paints *The Maids of Honor* and the position of the subjects (Philip IV and his queen) whom the painter in the painting portrays. As Snyder and Cohen note, the point of projection for *The Maids of Honor* does not coincide with the point at which the painter in the painting gazes, a point—perpendicular to the mirror—where his models stand. For the point of projection to be perpendicular to the mirror, the vanishing point in *The Maids of Honor* would need to be in the mirror in the background, but the vanishing point is not the mirror. Rather it is the bent elbow of a figure who stands in a doorway to one side. The point of view of the painting, the point of view of the artist as he painted *The Maids of Honor* is perpendicular to the vanishing point and to the right of where Foucault imagines it to be. Furthermore, looking from that position, what the artist would see reflected in the mirror is not the King and Queen themselves—those who stand perpendicular to the mirror—but an image to the left, at an angle corresponding to that which the artist himself occupies in relation to the mirror. From the point of projection, what the artist sees—and what we see in the mirror—is the surface of the canvas on which the painter in the painting is at work.⁸ The Snyder-Cohen analysis suggests that to learn to read *The Maids of Honor* is also to learn to occupy the position of the artist—to learn not to occupy the position at which the painter in the painting gazes. The spectator

⁸Joel Snyder and Ted Cohen, “Reflexions on *Las Meninas*: Paradox Lost,” *Critical Inquiry*, 7 (1980), pp. 429-47. See, as well, Leo Steinberg, “Velazquez’ *Las Meninas*,” *October* 15 (1981), pp. 45-54.

and artist are not part of the world that the painter in the painting addresses. The painter in the painting depicts his models. The mirror in the painting depicts the painting in the painting. *The Maids of Honor* represents this chain of depictions objectively that we may observe it. The representation does not address us directly; the address of the painter of *The Maids of Honor* to the spectators is never the address of the painting itself.

As a meta-painting, a painting about the production of another painting, the Velazquez instances an order of representation in which direct address is implicit, masked by a presentation we learn to read as objective. To observe the painting is to have learned this objectivity. In other words, it is to have learned to read precisely what the Louvre *Self-Portrait* does not appear to display.

In connection with the Rembrandt, it is important to stress what we *may* see; unlike the Velazquez, any reading of the self-portrait involves a possibility rather than a necessity. The painting does not require a particular reading because it does not project an area outside the representation that it designates, a position from which that representation can be observed. The Rembrandt does not objectify its presentation; what engages us—what *The Maids of Honor* blocks—is direct address, expression not only in the present but in the first person. A self-referential statement, the Louvre *Self-Portrait* has a performative force comparable—not to the *Cogito*—but to the autobiographical utterance of a writer like Montaigne. Whereas Descartes wishes to present a self-referential statement as a certainty, Montaigne presents every possible certainty within the context of self-referential expression addressed directly to his reader. “[R]eader, I am myself the matter of my book,” Montaigne writes.⁹ Whereas Descartes, affirming the statement that he thinks, positions himself outside the self-referential statement, Montaigne tells us his thought. Because the author of the *Essays* is consubstantial with his text, he does not treat its expression objectively; he does not attempt to position himself or us outside it.¹⁰ Similarly, in the

Louvre *Self-Portrait*, a work in which direct address makes artist and painting consubstantial, a self-referential design provides no perspective from which we might observe what it objectively represents.

In *The Maids of Honor*, Foucault writes,

the painter's sovereign gaze commands a virtual triangle whose outline defines this picture of a picture: at the top—the only visible corner—the painter's eyes; at one of the base angles, the invisible place occupied by the model; at the other base angle, the figure probably sketched out on the invisible surface of the canvas.

(p. 5)

A similar triangle exists in the Louvre *Self-Portrait* with the painter, his canvas, and his model, each designating a corner. In *The Maids of Honor*, however, the mirror in the background makes the model visible by making the canvas surface visible. Three points of focus coexist: the artist's face; the canvas on which he works and of which we see only a corner; an empty space between which does not exclude the spectator from the painting's design. Rembrandt seems to have envisioned this coexistence from the beginning for his painting (a preliminary sketch of the artist's head is bordered by the edge of a canvas). Rather than define what we see, the coexistence offers us elements of a text to which we can respond with a variety of possible readings. From the perspective of the representational order, of the pragmatics which relates any expression to the representation it designates, each reading will also create an impossible fiction. For of what can the Louvre *Self-Portrait* be a representation? To imagine that it depicts Rembrandt painting any model other than himself is to imagine the impossibility of a painter who observes himself in an activity other than self-observation (Rembrandt can only see himself seeing himself as he paints). To imagine that the self-portrait represents the artist painting a reflection of himself, to imagine—for that matter—that the painting depicts a reflection of the painter portraying his reflection, is to engage in the practical impossibility of the canvas on which Rembrandt must be at work. Since he works on it, it cannot after all be identical with the self-portrait itself. Instead it would need to be the Louvre *Self-Portrait* in an earlier state—during the process of composition. In that self-portrait, a still earlier state of the

⁹The Complete Essays of Montaigne, trans. Donald M. Frame (Palo Alto: Stanford University Press, 1958), p. 3.

¹⁰Montaigne writes: “I have no more made my book than my book has made me—a book consubstantial with its author, concerned with my own self, an integral part of my life, not concerned with some third-hand, extraneous purpose, like all other books” (p. 504).

painting would appear, which in turn would present an earlier state still—a regress of paintings, stretching back through the history of the composition, moving back in time to the moment when the canvas itself would be empty, moving still further into moments that would have preceded the empty canvas. To read the Louvre *Self-Portrait* representationally is to create a *mise en abyme*; from the perspective of the representational order, the impossible nature of such a depiction—that impossibility together with the other we have considered—puts the order itself in question.¹¹ For if, as Descartes discovered, the only certainty in that order is a self-referential statement, then the Rembrandt *Self-Portrait* seems to illuminate the paradox inherent in that certainty. At the same time, however, like Montaigne's *Essays*, the self-portrait reorients expression from the representation it depicts to the performance it displays.

This reorientation should be stressed. Foucault suggests that Velazquez creates a paradigmatic instance of 17th Century discourse in *The Maids of Honor*. If so, then Rembrandt seems to present an alternative to that paradigm in the Louvre *Self-Portrait*, not so much an objective order—an order of things—but an order produced by direct address. If we interpret the order which direct address produces in terms of a representational model, we find the results paradoxical. We discover the *mise en abyme* or abyss structure so common in what for convenience might be called a Derridean reading. The Louvre *Self-Portrait* seems to exceed its ability to represent itself, to exceed the order of representation itself. The presentation of the painting in the painting seems to be forever diverted by the logic of representation itself; to borrow a passage which Derrida wrote in another context, "if the diverted presentation continues to be somehow definitively and irreducibly withheld, this is not because a particular present remains hidden or absent, but because" we are held "in a relation with what exceeds . . . the alternative of presence or ab-

sence."¹² But in the case of the Rembrandt self-portrait, we see what this excess is: the direct address of which the painting is the index. This address is not perhaps the excess that a Derridean reading would mark—such a reading would be more likely to mark the play of a text which evades any representation of itself—but it seems to me that what engages us in Rembrandt's painting is not an evasion of a diverted presentation but the operation of an expression. If the abyss structure of the work emerges when we try to interpret the painting in terms of a representational order, what the *mise en abyme* manifests is another order that is not first of all representational. To say that this order is indexed is to note a kind of reference that the representational order does not envision. An index signifies existentially: as Pierce suggests, it "marks the junction between . . . portions of experience."¹³ Among the portions of experience indexed by the Louvre *Self-Portrait* is the effect of its direct address. Wittgenstein notes that a picture cannot depict itself: "It displays it."¹⁴ At the same time that the Louvre *Self-Portrait* demonstrates the limits of representation, of what can be depicted, the self-portrait displays its design. How might we read this design in connection with 17th Century discourse?

Consider one example. "That he might displace the whole earth," Descartes remarks,

[Archimedes] required only that there might be some one point, fixed and immovable, to serve in leverage; so likewise I shall be entitled to entertain high hopes if I am fortunate enough to find some one thing that is certain and indubitable.¹⁵

What Descartes found was that he could doubt any statement except the *Cogito*, a self-referential proposition, certain and indubitable because what it indexes (thought) seems to prove what it asserts. Yet Descartes' certainty is itself fictional

¹¹A term originally from heraldry, *mise en abyme* (literally, a placing in an abyss as opposed to *mise en scène*, placing in a scene) was introduced as an expression in literary criticism by André Gide who used it to articulate the self-referential aspects of his writing. In heraldry, a *mise en abyme* is an escutcheon which depicts a duplicate of itself which in turn depicts a duplicate, etc. *Mise en abyme* involves the illusion of an infinite regress which structures the representation of representation and, therefore, any form of self-consciousness: I think of myself thinking of myself thinking of myself and so on.

¹²Jacques Derrida, "Differance," in *Speech and Phenomena and Other Essays on Husserl's Theory of Signs*, trans. David B. Allison (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1973), p. 151.

¹³Charles Sanders Peirce, *Elements of Logic*, in *Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce*, ed. Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1978), p. 161.

¹⁴*Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, p. 9.

¹⁵*Philosophical Writings*, p. 182.

because all the proposition indexes is *expression which presents itself as an ego who thinks*. What is certain is not the ego but the expression, and it is certain only within the context of its own utterance, the range of its address. To position oneself outside the expression, to judge its certainty, is also to formulate a metastatement which lacks the certainty of the expression it judges. What the metastatement indexes does not prove what it asserts. Yet only from an external perspective can the certainty which Descartes desired be established. What engages us in the Rembrandt is the authority of expression which is certain *because it does not seek to establish its certainty*. On the basis of this authority, a representational order can never be constructed, but on its basis—if not the whole earth—then at least the order of representation can be displaced. What displaces that order is a play of expression which engages us—in the Louvre *Self-Portrait*, a play of reflection in which we ourselves are reflected. The address of the painting to which we respond mirrors that response and addresses it back to us. In this interplay, distinctions between thought and thing, mind and matter, intensive and extensive space (those oppositions which Descartes also found to be inherent in the representational order), all dissolve.

An apprentice and critic of Rembrandt, the painter Samuel von Hoogstraten marked what he found to be erroneous in his master's art:

It is surprising that Rembrandt concerned himself so much with reflections. . . . [I]t seems that reflection of light was his true element. . . . [O]ne who trusts only in his eye and the imagined experience often makes mistakes.¹⁶

¹⁶In Horst Gerson, *Rembrandt: Paintings*, trans. Heinz Norden (New York: Harrison House, 1968), p. 470.

¹⁷In Gerson, p. 466.

What the apprentice fails to sense, however, is the scope of his master's trust. Another contemporary, also a critic, the poet Andries Pels, comes closer when he complains that Rembrandt "confines himself to no foundation and with no customary bounds and finds that he can discover everything in himself."¹⁷ The reflections—which von Hoogstraten found to be Rembrandt's true element—are not only light but also thought: in the Louvre *Self-Portrait* reflected light becomes reflected thought; reflected thought, light. The intensive becomes extensive and the extensive, intensive. In the process the spectator is left with the imagined experience and with what the eye envisions and projects—the eye of the spectator, the eye of the painter. The artist gazes at us, and we return his gaze. If his eyes watch us authoritatively, they also seem receptive. Peacefully, they accept our response, our reflections. And if the painter and painting are consubstantial as both address us, then as we address them, we are also consubstantial with their expression. Because we see what the artist sees (the artist in the painting, the artist of the painting), we participate in his vision. The result is an unending conflation of positions which the representational order would distinguish: between those engaged in a direct address on the one hand, and, on the other hand, that which their discourse represents. It is this distinction upon which the pictorial discourse of *The Maids of Honor* insists. And it is this distinction which the Rembrandt self-portrait dissolves. In a moment of direct address where painting and painter, model and spectator, all occupy each others' positions, no one will stand outside of what is seen. □

Robert Brinkley teaches at the University of Maine. He was recently Guest Editor of a special issue of *Mississippi Review* devoted to criticism and theory.

TAKING THE H OUT OF SHAME: THE BLEMISHED MIRROR IN LA TOUR'S MAGDALEN AND HERBERT'S "EASTER-WINGS"

Georges de La Tour's *Repentant Magdalen*, often referred to as the *Fabius Magdalen* after its owner (Plate 1), is widely known to students of seventeenth-century literature and art, perhaps to the first group largely through the influence of Louis Martz's *Poetry and Meditation* (1954), for which Martz selected the *Magdalen* as frontispiece. In reflecting on the similarities between seventeenth-century and twentieth-century thought, and on the twentieth-century rediscovery of Donne and La Tour, Martz proposes that our admiration for both derives from a common cause emblematically demonstrated in this painting:

I do not mean simply the photographic realism of the composition, but rather the way in which every detail of the work is controlled by a human figure in profound meditation. This person's thoughts are not abstract: the left hand, with its sensitive, tapered fingers, probes the eyesocket of a skull; the arm, so delicately clothed, conveys a rude sensation to the brain. Meanwhile the eye is focused on a mirror, where we are accustomed to pursue the work of preparing "a face to meet the faces" that we meet: yet here the inquiring eye meets "the skull beneath the skin," a skull that seems to devour the book on which it rests. Sight and touch, then, meet to form these thoughts, meditative, piercing, looking through the mirror, probing whatever lies beyond.¹

In this essay, concerned particularly with an analysis of La Tour's *Magdalen* and George Herbert's "Easter-wings," I intend to cast doubt on the notions of "control" and synaesthetic apprehension of the "beyond" that govern Martz's assessments here, and may be said to form the general thesis of his study. My topic, however, is not techniques of religious meditation or their

historic realization in poetic genres, but rather problems of textual or imagistic reduplication and the elision of meaning, the ambiguity of symbols and of their interpretation. Consequently, I have invoked Martz merely for introductory purposes and not as a general target, though it will become evident that my conclusions differ substantially from his. My intent here is simply to make strange two objects that have become familiar, to reclaim them from certain critical ideologies by means of another.

As a general point of departure, it is clear that both the *Fabius Magdalen* and "Easter-wings" are formally and thematically organized by overt reduplication, by mirror reflections. The painting achieves this by the representation of the mirror and its reflected image of the skull, and the poem (see Plates 9-12) does so by its duplicate figured stanzas (each of which itself features bilateral symmetry) which seemingly represent the two pair of spiritual wings the poem takes as its central concern. There are, needless to say, numerous other instances of doubling, echo, and mirror reversal in both poem and painting, several of which will concern us in due course. From the outset, however, it is simply worth observing that the "saying again" (or "showing again," if you prefer) so readily apparent in both pieces is a locus for critical reflection and constitutes a pass through which interpretive discourse aimed at either must necessarily go. Both poem and painting *organize* approach to them via such doubling, which in both cases is apparently conventional, unambiguous, and essentially heuristic.

Set beside this, though not necessarily against it, we also have featured in both poem and painting what I would call a sort of "intimate minimalism," a formal reduction whereby terms such as *stillness*, *immediacy*, *presence*, and *grace* begin to fill up our interpretive lexicon. I take this minimalism as determinative in some fundamental sense: that is, anything which might seem extraneous or incidental is erased or purged from both texts. In the La Tour painting, for example, we

¹Louis Martz, *The Poetry of Meditation* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1954), p. 1.

have only the barest traces of the iconographic trappings conventional in Magdalen studies—a hint of guilt on the mirror corners, the edge of a wicker basket, the tip of a lamp flame, skull and book merely silhouetted, everything but the lit table scene suppressed in darkness. Similar observations might be made about “Easter-wings,” where the sparse diction and syntax of the poem, conspiring with the rigorous and alternate pruning or engrafting of syllables from line to line, contribute to the sense that there is nothing idle or incidental in this language. It is just at this intersection of *presence* and yet *reduplication*, of *intimacy* and yet *refraction*, of *immediacy* and yet *say-*



Plate 1: Georges de La Tour, *The Repentant Magdalen* [Fabius], c. 1635.

ing again, that criticism and the attempt at determining meaning must lie, though such a structural intersection may be needlessly, or even hopelessly dialectical. Nonetheless, I take it as a useful point of origin for discussion of both pieces.

(1)

We can commence then with the *Magdalen* and with what its observer readily “takes to be so,” much as Martz does. What the painting allows us is a charmed place from which we observe Mary transfixed in meditations on beauty and death. Gazing into her mirror—obviously arranged so

as to allow it—she sees reflected by lamp or candlelight the skull she touches with her fingers, as well as the book upon which it rests. We are privileged viewers of both her and her meditations in that we see not only all she sees, but see her as well. What iconography remains here is transparent, and we are encouraged by our special status to take Mary’s reflections as our own: *stipendium peccati mors est*, or *in speculum veritas*, or something equivalent. In that we as viewers are also meditators of the painting, we reflect Mary in her meditation, so the framed painting can be said to be equivalent to Mary’s framed mirror. Hence the painting achieves a kind of



Plate 2: Laux Furtenagel, *Portrait of Hans Burgkmair and His Wife*, c. 1529.

formal closure and aesthetic validation: its mirroring makes us still before it, its stillness is but a mirror reflection of our own. Thinking along these lines, we might say that the painting engenders community among its observers, binds the phenomenological world of the viewer to its own symbolic grammar, and thereby clarifies our sight and directs our behavior. So, in any case, a formalist and humanistic argument might run.

And it is to this end that the “photographic realism” that catches Martz’s attention may be said to function, for this *Magdalen* is not an allegorical representation with explicit didactic ends, however much we may be lessoned by it. It is instructive in this light to compare the Fabius *Magdalen*

with a painting such as Laux Furtenagel's *Portrait of Hans Burgkmair and his Wife* (Plate 2), which predates La Tour's work by a century and works off a similar motif and set of conventions. Here everything is explicitly moralized, and the twin spectral images in the mirror a source of dismay to the couple, whose observations are public and their responses to the viewer demonstrative. To emphasize this point, Furtenagel includes two inscriptions in the painting—one on the mirror frame, which reads "Know Thyself," and one in the upper right corner, which reads "This is what we looked like, but in the mirror appeared only that." This seems greatly distant from La Tour's



Plate 3: *Vanitas*, unknown artist, c. 1620.

method. The *Magdalen* points us to the transcendental in an entirely different way: the "presentness" and intimacy we have already noted as determinative is wholly circumscribed by the concrete sensuality of Mary's engagement and our observation of it. Martz is then certainly right to emphasize the sensory weight of the painting and connect that with its realism.

However, if anything is readily apparent about this *Magdalen*, it is that the composition is achieved not by means of realistic reduplication, but by optical flimflam,² and this on two important counts: first, in the obvious reversal of the mirror image (we should see not the front of the

²Or skullduggery.

skull but its back), and second in the more disturbing realization that, given Mary's position, and given our line of sight, the angle of the mirror on the table, and the location of the skull and book, it is impossible that we see reflected in the mirror the same thing Mary sees, though we have assumed precisely that. The consequences attendant on the first of these realizations are clearly disturbing; the consequences of the second, however, are entirely disabling, for everything we have so far said rides on the presumption that we silently share Mary's vision. Therein lies the very heart of our privilege and the source of our authority as viewers. It is also, of course, exactly

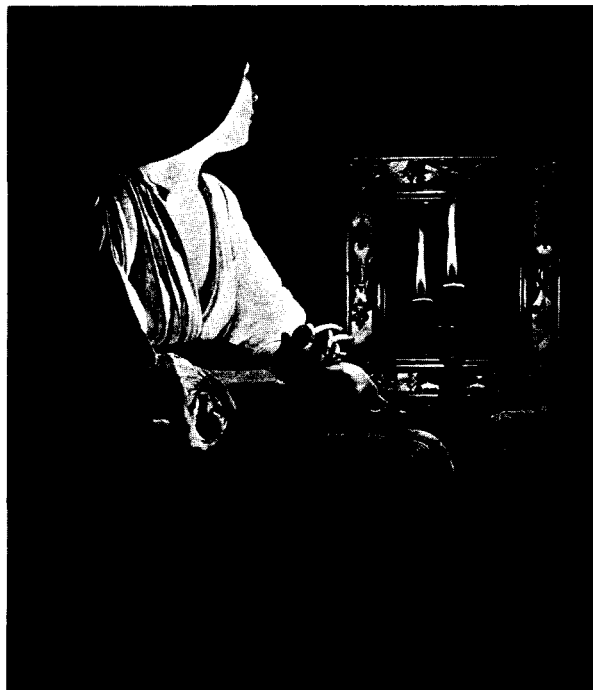


Plate 4: Georges de La Tour, *The Repentant Magdalen* [Wrightsmann], c. 1635.

where we have understood the juncture of the *immediate* and the *reflected*, the "now" and its sign, and so accounted for the formal and affective terms of the painting.

It is worth a pause here to recall the Furtenagel painting, which curiously now may be said to be more optically realistic than the La Tour, notwithstanding all its explicit manipulation and allegorizing. Especially curious is that what occasions this rupture in La Tour's *Magdalen* is not the mirror image (although, as we have said, the misrepresentation of the painting is to be located here) but the fact of its double—the "actual" skull Mary fingers with her left hand. This half of the double is especially insistent, for it strongly signs the mirror image as its own, even though, as we



Plate 5: Copy (painted) of a *La Tour Magdalen*, unknown artist [original presumed lost].

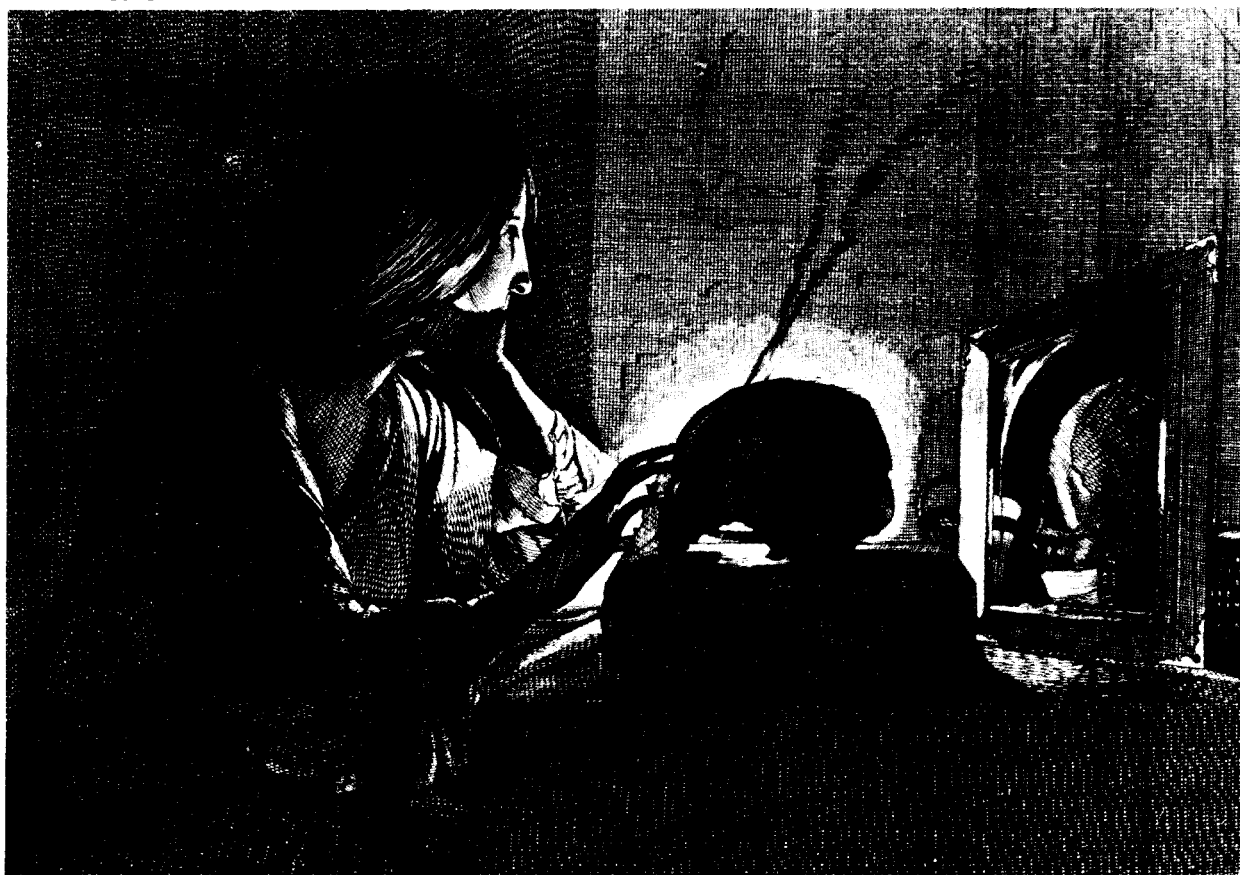


Plate 6: Copy (etched) of a *La Tour Magdalen*, unknown artist [original presumed lost].

have said, it does so with a blatantly fraudulent autograph. If by some further trick we were to erase the skull from the book, most (though not all) of our present difficulties would evaporate: we would presumably read the *Magdalen* similar to the way we do the Furtenagel painting. Given the skull on the back, however, we are left with considerable difficulties, with two countervailing and competing codes—one iconographic and one realistic—struggling for predominance and authority in our interpretation. They are not, to my mind, reconcilable, yet clearly both are necessary though neither sufficient. We cannot account for the mirror image realistically, yet we cannot erase the competing realism of the painting by iconographic rationalization.

The privileged vantage has now proven entrapping. We cannot shift to our right to make the mirror image a plausible reflection of the skull, and no amount of shifting can reconcile the reversal of the image in any case. Given these straights, we are obliged to entertain the only feasible explanation for the mirror image as it is given us, which is that we see in the mirror not the skull Mary touches, but in fact Mary's own face. This assumption simultaneously reconciles both the problem of perspective and image reversal, but of course it cannot reconcile the competing interpretive codes outlined above. If it is clear on the one hand that we *must* be seeing Mary's face reflected in the mirror, it is equally clear on the other hand that the painting strongly resists such a conclusion and insists that we understand the reflection of the skull as exactly and only that, though we are flatly prevented from doing so by the very terms in which it is insisted. And there is something more too, for if we allow the mirror image to be Mary's, then we must also allow that what she gazes at so intently cannot be the skull's reflection but only our own face, as we in turn stare back in the mirror at hers. But what does she see in our face? Does the mirror allegorize in both directions, or only in ours? To this question we are denied answer, held off by the same signs that drew us in.

I have set out to make La Tour's *Magdalen* problematic, to sabotage the critical equipment we bring to it. But in so doing, in *changing* the image as I have done, it may well be that I have violated boundaries by holding the painting too precisely to the limits of representation. To the question then, "Why does the viewer of this painting ignore its contradictory cues and contrary signs?" there are a number of possible an-

swers, one of which might be that they are not contradictory—or at least that they are allowably so in the context, to which a viewer must be sensitive and faithful. Of the numerous sixteenth and seventeenth-century paintings that employ conventions of mirror representation, any number of them exhibit mirror reflections that casually ignore the laws of perspective for overriding allegorical or moral intentions (often both).³ La Tour's study is, after all, wholly conventional, its subject and theme a commonplace, and the painting fully equipped with all the clues we need to decode it intelligently. Further, arguing that it is Mary's face we see reflected in the mirror causes no inconsistencies with the explicit moral intentions of the painting: Mary, skull, and viewer might be said to coalesce in the reversed mirror image, where all doubles are resolved and images dissolved in the hard truth of common mortality.

But this line of thinking, powerful though it is, cannot close up the *Magdalen* nor yet provide us with a criticism adequate to its object, if the purpose of this criticism is to ascertain meaning and construct a method that will lead us surely and regularly to it. To the historical and generic objections raised above, we must add that the mirror was equally treated by Renaissance and post-Renaissance artists as an object of exact imitation, and so to be exactly imitated. Van Ecyk's *Giovanni Arnolfini and His Bride* is simply the most well-known of paintings which combine exacting mimetic realism with a comprehensive iconographic grammar; and even flatly emblematic treatments of conventional themes, such as the anonymous sixteenth-century *Vanitas* closely related to La Tour's *Magdalen* (Plate 3), exhibit precise optical and perspectival exactness in treating mirrored reflections. The idea that the mirror was an instrument of truth, that it could not lie (as does language, for example) meant *both* that the mirror faithfully reproduced reality, and that the mirror penetrated the illusion of reality to reveal the truths hidden beneath. And the contrary idea, that the mirror was an agent of duplicity and deceit, meant both that it contained merely a two-dimensional illusion of reality, and

³See particularly G. F. Hartlaub, *Zauber des Spiegels* (Munich: R. Piper, 1951); Heinrich Schwarz, "The Mirror in Art," *Art Quarterly*, 15 (1952), pp. 97-118; Herbert Grabes, *The Mutable Glass: Mirror-imagery in titles and texts of the Middle Ages and English Renaissance* (Tubingen: Max Niemeyer, 1973), trans. Gordon Collier (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1982). Also generally useful is M. L. d'Orange Mastai, *Illusion in Art* (New York: Abaris, 1975).

that it concentrated attention *on* material reality and so diverted the viewer narcissistically away from the eternal verities of the transphysical.

Hence La Tour's use of the mirror must be seen as ambiguous, however conventional, its misrepresentations not easily decoded, but refracted endlessly, *en abyme*, to employ a popular term from post-structuralist criticism. A second of La Tour's *Magdalens*, the *Wrightsman* (Plate 4) underscores this point, for here La Tour has given us, as it were, the *reverse* of the *Fabius Magdalen*. Here what was hidden is disclosed and what disclosed hidden; and the painting exhibits an apparently unambiguous perspective and an unambiguous mirror reflection, as if evidencing that we are especially to note the optical hijinx in the later (earlier?) treatment. That of course overstates the case (all doubles being at root equally ambivalent), but it re-engages the question of the particular form of reduplication inscribed in the *Fabius Magdalen* and our attempts to come to grips with it by a critical methodology. It is now assumed by the scholars and critics reassembling La Tour's *oeuvre* that La Tour painted six studies of the *Magdalen*, four of which survive as originals and two of which are preserved in copies only. Of this six there are two unique compositions (of which the *Wrightsman Magdalen* is one) and two pairs of duplicate compositions (of which the *Fabius Magdalen* is one of a pair). Of the double of the *Fabius Magdalen* we lack the original but have several copies, two of which are reproduced here (Plates 5 and 6).⁴

A comparison of these two copies of a lost original with the *Fabius Magdalen* leads us to yet further difficulties. First, the engraved copy (aptly reversed) is not a mirror image of the painted copy but features several unique characteristics: a bright aureole about the skull, an object to the right of the mirror, tapered rather than flattened frontal bones on the skull. Secondly, comparison of these copies with their counterpart, the

Fabius Magdalen, further complicates the reversed mirror image that first alerted us that the *Magdalen* may be other than it seems. We especially note in the copies a change in the angle of the mirror, a change in the location of both book and mirror on the table, a change in the image reflected in the mirror. Here the treatment is much less radical, the perspective more credible, and the effect altogether different, a point to which we will return momentarily. Most significantly, we find in the copies that the image in the mirror now appears to be rightly shown us in reverse, the structure on the side of the image representing the zygomatic arch of the skull seen slightly from behind (Plate 7). Returning to the parallel reflection in the *Fabius Magdalen* (Plate 8), we encounter something very unusual. Here the zygomatic arch has been deformed, stretched out in such a way as to mimic a nasal bone, the row of molars distended until it suggests a set of front teeth, while a wholly ambiguous and amorphous shape (is it Mary's thumb?), brightly reflecting the lamplight, fills the space between. We were wrong to say we have in the *Fabius Magdalen* a reversed death's head reflected in the mirror. What we have instead is an *indeterminate* image, an equivocal form that will not even switch back and forth on cue, as does Gombrich's notorious duckrabbit, but remains in strange and disturbing suspension.

We can now appreciate more fully how powerful the conventional codes are in this painting and how difficult it is to resist them, how tempting to build a criticism on top of them, and yet how insistently the painting refutes them, and refutes our attempts to come to grips with it, to make it conform to our ideologies. Intimacy is here crossed with a kind of revulsion, presence with an impenetrable absence. Far from Martz's "plateau of assurance," we are given an image that signs the failure of thought, the failure of meditation. And yet the painting concedes none of its affect, remains compelling in a way that neither of the copies of its apparent twin manifests, and it must be principally to the blemished image in the mirror, the trace of a reflection, to co-opt a Derridean notion, that we attribute this characteristic.

The thought that the indefinite, luminous shape between "nose" and "teeth" may be a reflection of Mary's thumb redirects us to the way Mary is portrayed as touching both the skull and her own face, as if *hands, fingers, face* might compose an alternative language to that of the mirror

⁴For La Tour criticism and discussion of the six *Magdalens* and their copies, see Benedict Nicolson and Christopher Wright, *Georges de La Tour* (London: Phaidon Press, 1974), pp. 35, 38-41, 173-177; Jacques Thullier, *L'opera completa di Georges de La Tour* (Milan: Rizzoli Editori, 1973), pp. 92-93. Nicolson alone has noted the apparently reversed image of the death's head, which, he notes "happily defies the laws of plausibility" (p. 39). Nicolson's explanation is that La Tour wants the *Magdalen* to contemplate death at one remove, but "to present to her gaze the back of the skull's head would have been grotesque[!], so he turns it round in defiance of the laws of optics" (p. 40).

or to that of our attempt to account for its strangeness. Given its subject of a repentant Mary Magdalen, its theme of sexual sin and the hard path to salvation, its ideology of book, mirror, and candle, the painting aligns powerful forces to suppress or erase signs of the erotic, traces of the body and its language. Yet this it cannot do, for the erotic is everywhere articulate in the image, everywhere as powerful as the codes and conventions constructed to erase it. So if the painting fails to achieve the ends proposed by its dominant symbolic idiom, it might be said to succeed at giving voice to the suppressed mirror reversal of that idiom. Commentators on the *Fabius Magdalen* have frequently given themselves over to admiring what they term the particularly "poetic" quality of the composition, by which designation they tend to mean the prevailing introspection and immediacy characteristic of the image. But if lurking in this thought is the idea that the painting in some way exemplifies the other half of the *ut pictura poesis* formula, *pictura poema silens*, then we must allow the image to have written at least a double poem, a text and anti-text as strangely bonded as are Mary and the resistant image in her mirror. For mirror: *face*. For candle: *fingers*. For book: *hands*.

(2)

That Herbert was drawn to the problem of doubleness and to the endless dream of text as icon hardly needs acknowledgement, being evident in every corner of *The Temple* as well as in the conceptual plan of the collection and in the title itself. It is a commonplace, though a complicated one, of Herbert criticism.⁵ An especially curious and problematic feature of *The Temple* is its large number of double poems—poems written to the same topic and carrying the same title. Over one-fifth of the poems in the Bodleian manuscript belong to sets of doubles, including twelve pairs, two triplets, and one title ("Affliction") which produces five poems.⁶ There is even a strange anagram poem on the Virgin's name (MARY/ARMY) that is exactly reduplicated after a thirteen-poem intermission, a doubling too bewildering even to the editors of the first edition (1633), who elected to print only the second of the two (as have subsequent editors). There is something reminiscent here of La Tour painting six versions of the meditating Magdalen, or two versions of the same composition. In *The Temple* the effect of this doubling, or saying again, is muted

by the way Herbert distributes the twins throughout the manuscript (by "twins" I mean to include all groups of two or larger). There is no readily discernible logic governing their placement, although there is a knot of them early on and some long stretches where none appear at all. Of the dozen paired poems, four appear back-to-back, as do another pair from one of the two sets of triplets, all within an early eighteen-poem sequence that also includes five poems that are doubled later. But the remaining pairs are divided by intervening poems that number as few as eighteen to as many as sixty. The third poem of the triplet mentioned above occurs 140 poems after the pair, the second triplet is broken by

⁵The single most important critical study of Herbert's poetics is to my mind Heather Asals' *Equivocal Predication* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1981). Asals vigorously argues for the epiphanic and transformational power of Herbert's language, wherein otherness is dissolved, two made one. I understand doubleness in a different light. Three other important contemporary studies are Helen Vendler's *The Poetry of George Herbert* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1975); Barbara Harman's *Costly Monuments* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1982); Richard Strier's *Love Unknown* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983). The problem of the structure of *The Temple* is widely and variously treated among Herbert's critics. See Joseph H. Summers, *George Herbert: His Religion and Art* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1954); John David Walker, "The Architectonics of George Herbert's *The Temple*," *ELH*, 29, pp. 289-305; John Mulder, "George Herbert's *The Temple*: Design and Methodology," *SCN* 31, pp. 37-45, and Mulder's "The Temple as Picture," in "Too Rich to Clothe the Sunne": *Essays on George Herbert*, eds. Claude J. Summers and Ted-Larry Pebworth (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1980), pp. 3-14; Robert Higbie, "Images of Enclosure in George Herbert's *The Temple*," *TSSL* 15, pp. 627-38; and the collection of essays in Section Four, "The Unity of *The Temple*," of *Essential Articles for the Study of George Herbert's Poetry*, ed. John R. Roberts (Hamden, Connecticut: Archon Books, 1979), pp. 328-432. See also Roberts' helpful bibliography, *George Herbert: An Annotated Bibliography of Modern Criticism, 1905-1974* (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1978). Tuve, Martz, and Fish also take up the problem in various ways. For iconography and hieroglyphics, see Summers' widely reprinted essay "The Poem as Hieroglyph," (pp. 123-146 in *George Herbert*, above); Rosemond Tuve, "Images as Language," in *A Reading of George Herbert* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1952), pp. 112-137; Rosemary Freeman, "George Herbert and the Emblem Books," *RES* 17 (1941), pp. 150-65; J. Max Patrick, "Critical Problems in Editing George Herbert's *The Temple*," in *The Editor as Critic and the Critic as Editor*, ed. Murray Krieger (Los Angeles: Clark Memorial Library, 1973), pp. 3-40; and Margaret Church's general "The First English Pattern Poems," *PMLA* 61 (1946), pp. 636-650.

⁶The Williams manuscript (in 1977), the Bodleian manuscript (in 1984) and the 1633 edition of *The Temple* (in 1968) have each been reprinted in facsimile by Scholar Press, Menston, England.

eighty-five and then ten intervening poems, and the quintet is scattered over a sequence of fifty-five poems. It is difficult to explain the effect of this complex, seemingly random reduplication, especially given the reiterative echoing and doubling Herbert regularly employs within the individual poems, not to mention the theological and epistemological dilemmas of twoness that so preoccupy Herbert's thoughts. One has the odd feeling in reading through the poems in *The Temple* that she is perpetually being retold something and that this retelling is somehow very important—but exactly where the echo comes from and what it says continually elude definition. Isolating the double poems and reading them out of their context doesn't help, either: there seems to be no calculus adequate to capture the mirroring.⁷

The temptation in the face of this is to refrain from all speculation on the formal significance of *The Temple's* double poems, arguing instead that *The Temple* is an anthology composed over a number of years, that the poems are written to common recurrent motifs, events, and symbols in the life of a Christian, that five poems titled "Affliction," three "Praise," and three "Love" might rather be anticipated than not, and that the organization of the poems in *The Temple* reflects the spiritual progress of the Christian soul from doubt to acceptance in faith and love, a passage that is full of re-engagement and re-understandings. The central difficulty with this reasonable position (and its many variants) is that the Williams manuscript, which predates the Bodleian manuscript and contains an early but much shorter version of *The Temple*, demonstrates rather convincingly that at least at some point Herbert was writing poetry as if virtually every other poem required retelling, as if there were something alternative in the poetic idiom *itself*, or something fundamental to his conceptualization of the order and significance of the poems in *The Temple*, that recurrently fostered reiteration and redoubling. Of the seventy-eight poems in the Williams manuscript of *The Temple*, thirty are members of duplicating sets: eleven pairs and two quartets. This amounts to five fewer doubles than appear in the Bodleian manuscript (four fewer than in the first edition) but a much higher percentage of the total. And as is not the case in the Bodleian manuscript, the double poems are

here kept very close to their twins: of the eleven paired poems, nine appear back-to-back, and of the two quartets, one features a sequential triplet and the other a back-to-back couplet. Most significantly, the double poems are clustered tightly in the Williams manuscript, all but five of the thirty appearing among the first thirty-three poems of "The Church," a group which ends with the second "Trinity Sunday" poem and contains only eight poems (six of which are themselves grouped in pairs) that are not doubled in the manuscript. This partial table of contents warrants consideration (I have set the doubles in bold face):

OPENING POEMS IN "THE CHURCH"
(WILLIAMS MANUSCRIPT)

- 1: **Perirranterium**
- 2: **Superliminare**
- 3: The Altar
- 4: The Sacrifice
- 5: **The Thanksgiving**
- 6: **The Second Thanksgiving**
- 7: **The Passion 1**
- 8: **The Passion 2**
- 9: Good Friday
- 10: The Sinner
- 11: **Easter 1**
- 12: **Easter 2**
- 13: **Easter-wings 1**
- 14: **Easter-wings 2**
- 15: **Holy Baptism 1**
- 16: **Holy Baptism 2**
- 17: **Love 1**
- 18: **Love 2**
- 19: The Holy Communion
- 20: Church-Music
- 21: **The Christian Temper 1**
- 22: **The Christian Temper 2**
- 23: **Prayer 1**
- 24: **Prayer 2**
- 25: **Prayer 3***
- 26: **Employment 1***
- 27: Whitsunday
- 28: **The Holy Scripture 1**
- 29: **The Holy Scripture 2**
- 30: **Love 3***
- 31: Sin
- 32: **Trinity Sunday 1**
- 33: **Trinity Sunday 2**

(* Poems 23-25 doubled again at Poem 68;
Poem 26 doubled at Poem 51; Poems 17, 18,

⁷In this regard, John T. Shawcross, "Herbert's Double Poems: A Problem in the Text of *The Temple*," in the *Summers/Pebworth collection*, pp. 211-228.

and 30 doubled again at Poem 78. One additional double poem, "Affliction," appears as Poem 45 and 62.)

It is rather difficult to look at this list and maintain with any confidence the rationalist position as I have earlier characterized it. As a final comment on the Williams *Temple*, and on the kind of pervasive reduplication inscribed in its first half, it is worth considering the two "Trinity Sunday" poems, which celebrate the Trinity and divide the group of double from single poems in the manuscript (with exceptions as noted). They are poems number thirty-two and thirty-three in "The Church," face each other on opposite pages, the first being a poem of three three-line stanzas rhyming AAA/BBB/CCC, and the second a one-stanza poem of nineteen lines and ninety-nine syllables which treats the mysteries of the Trinity in the following code of one, two and three:

He that is one,
Is none.
Two reacheth thee
In some degree.
Nature & Grace
With Glory may attaine thy Face.
Steele & a flint strike fire,
Witt & desire
Never to thee aspire,
Except life catch & hold those fast.
That which beleefe
Did not confess in the first Theefe
His fall can tell,
From Heaven, through Earth, to Hell.
Lett two of those alone
To them that fall,
Who God & Saints and Angels loose at last.
Hee that has one,
Has all.

I have nothing to say about the structure of *The Temple* or the numerological schemata that may be encoded within it or imposed upon it; the issues, however, are probably not separable from the presence of the doubled poem in *The Temple*, a presence the Williams manuscript underscores most evidently.⁸ When Herbert altered the manuscript and produced the final version of *The Temple*, he diffused the tightly paired groupings

⁸For numerology, see Sibyl Lutz Severance, "Numerological Structures in *The Temple*," in the Summers/Pebworth collection, pp. 229-249. Martz is a poem-counter, as are several others.

of the earlier version by splitting poems up, combining pairs into single poems, retitling and deleting (the second "Trinity Sunday" for example). He also added ninety-five poems, creating in the process several new doubles, and produced the arrangement we discussed earlier. The Bodleian *Temple* can now be seen as a structure that might be treated archeologically, its present surface both concealing and revealing earlier inscriptions that the overwriting does not wholly master or reform. One is tempted to see in the double poems and in the more explicitly hieroglyphic poems such as "The Altar" a more elemental language everywhere speaking through the dominant idioms of the final version. The poem "Easter," for example, only barely veils its



Plate 7: Detail from Plate 5.

original doubleness and is only held together by the naked appropriation and authority of its title. "The Holy Communion" features for its first half a new poem and for its second the second of the sequential triplet "Prayer" from the Williams manuscript, while the earlier "Holy Communion" is deleted and the third "Prayer" converted into "Church-lock and key." The ideographic inclinations of the lines and stanzas, of particular concern to J. Max Patrick and others, can be treated similarly—it is not that Herbert's editors have "got it wrong" and misrepresented Herbert's intentions by failing to set stanzas typographically in the shape of crosses, urns, and so forth, but that the poems contain this ambivalence between being one thing or another, one poem or two, a cross or a wheel, a heart or a stone.

I am inclined to see *The Temple* as a linguistic activity captured at a particular state of evolution rather than as a finished anthology possessed of a compelling structure and deep governing logic

of organization. This evolution manifests itself as increasing complexity and sophistication, evident in the dismemberment and dispersal of the more elemental doubling and pairing apparent in the earlier manuscript, but in a very important sense, increasing complexity can simply be taken to mean the accretion of *more poems* and *more words*. And this, I think, must be understood in light of a countervailing tendency in Herbert's poems, which is towards the abolition of language altogether, or its reduction to single ana-



Plate 8: Detail from Plate 1.

grammatical words, to pictures, numbers, phonemes, letters. The address to God is hopelessly inarticulate yet helplessly imperative, which is the great anguish of Herbert's verse. Unable to say nothing, one says two things and then tries to unsay them both, tries to forge from the doubleness of language a *one* that is untreachorous: "Two reacheth thee / In some degree."

In this light the poem "Easter-wings" might be read as something other than a fully-realized hieroglyph, which is the argument Herbert's critics have presented to counteract the idea that pattern poems are quaint trifles hardly worth the interest or the engagement of a serious poet

(Puttenham was of this opinion, and the bias no doubt pre-dates him).⁹ Most recently, Martin Elsky has proposed that we approach the problem of Herbert's hieroglyphics in light of the Renaissance tradition that understood words—phonemes and graphemes—as *material* entities full of rich signification, at once derived from and pointing to the primal Hebrew sounds and characters that were God-filled. "Herbert sees meaning," Elsky says, "as divinely ordained in the sensible elements of language," and this, it seems to me, is essentially right, though Elsky is less concerned than I am with the heartache inscribed within this linguistic desiring, this awful rowing towards God, as Anne Sexton so movingly puts it.¹⁰

One difficulty with the argument that Herbert's pictographic pair of angelic wings demonstrates "intellectual control," or displays a precision and fitness which allows the reader to "respond fully to the active image and to the poem," is that it is difficult to determine exactly what form the hieroglyphic poem is to take.¹¹ Summers, who takes to task editors prior to Hutchinson for tampering with the typographical shape of "The Altar" (whereby, he affirms, the poem failed "to communicate its meaning to a number of generations"), uses without comment or reservation Hutchinson's version of "Easter-wings" (Plate 9), which replicates neither the Williams manuscript (Plate 10), the Bodleian manuscript, or the first edition (Plate 11).¹² Four distinct issues are involved here, each of which, it would seem, must be of serious concern to anyone disposed to make an argument for Herbert's precision and control and the material "fitness" of the meaning-filled hieroglyph. These are (1) the typographical arrangement of the lines, (2) the question of vertical or horizontal representation, (3) the layout of the figures with respect to pagination, and (4) the reading order of the two figures. The manuscript versions both represent the "stanzas" as duplicate images on

⁹For "Easter-wings," see Summers' "Hieroglyph" and Patrick's "Critical Problems," cited above; C. C. Brown and W. P. Ingoldsby, "George Herbert's Pattern Poems and the Materiality of Language: A New Approach to Renaissance Hieroglyphics," *ELH* 50:2 (Summer, 1983), pp. 245-260.

¹⁰Elsky, "George Herbert's Pattern Poems," p. 252.

¹¹The phrases are those first of Brown and Ingoldsby, p. 468, and secondly Summers, p. 243.

¹²Summers, *George Herbert*, p. 242.

facing pages, each poem carrying the same title, the first poem being "Lord, who createdst man," and the second "My tender age." In the Williams version, all of the lines are taken over to an even right margin, making the wings fly from left to right; in the Bodleian version, however, the left margin forms a shallow V and the right a deeper one, so the wings for both poems now fly from right to left. The 1633 edition preserves the facing-page and two-poem layout, but rotates each figure ninety degrees (so the lines run vertically and the wings now fly upwards) and uses the form of the figure given in the Bodleian manuscript. Because this arrangement requires that the reader turn the book to read, the effect is to reverse the order of the poems since the second ("My tender age") is now at the top—or else to require that we unconventionally read the bottom page first and the top second to preserve the order in the manuscripts. Hutchinson abandons this scheme and prints the lines horizontally, appealing to the manuscripts for authority, but then assigns a double symmetrical hour-glass shape to each stanza, stacks one on top of the other on the same page, provides a single title, and restores their initial reading order.

I dwell on this point to what doubtless seems great length, but I do so to question the notion that the figure is unambivalent, the hieroglyph under precise control, and to readdress the matter of reduplication and the elision of meaning in Herbert's poems. There are at least a dozen twentieth-century varieties of the hieroglyph available, all but one manipulating the image and the poem from the way it appeared in either of the manuscripts or the 1633 edition. A significant contemporary version that exemplifies the fundamental instability and polysemanticity of the hieroglyph is that of Mario Di Cesare, who elects to reproduce the 1633 form of the poem. He uses facing pages and rotates each hieroglyph (but not the title) on its page, so the lines read vertically, thus obliging the reader to turn the book to read the poem, simultaneously putting the second poem above the first. But then Di Cesare makes the two poems into one by deleting the second title and providing line numbers that indicate we are to read the bottom poem first, the top second. Di Cesare then remarks, not noting the alterations he has made, "The shape of the poem imitates not only the shape of wings and flight of larks, but also the spiritual acts of falling and rising, and the X shape of a cross which made possible the rising." Here lark

wings, angel wings, crosses, X figures, images of rising and falling, all become enclosed by the ubiquitous and protean symbol that seems willing and able to be and do anything.¹³ If we turn our attention from the hieroglyphics to the other instances of mirroring in the poems, it is evident

Easter-wings.

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poore: 5
 With thee
 O let me rise
 As larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this day thy victories:
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me. 10

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
 And still with sicknesses and shame
 Thou didst so punish sinne,
 That I became
 Most thinne. 15
 With thee
 Let me combine
 And feel this day thy victorie:
 For, if I imp my wing on thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in me. 20

Plate 9: George Herbert's "Easter-wings" [from the Hutchinson Edition, 1941].

that "Easter-wings" is one of the more curious of the reduplicating poems in *The Temple* in that the two very closely copy one another in more than figure—not as closely as the exactly repeated an-

¹³Mario Di Cesare's "Easter-wings" appears in *George Herbert and the Seventeenth-Century Religious Poets* (New York: Norton, 1978), pp. 16-17, and his note on p. 16. Despite the problems I cite, Di Cesare's version is in my opinion (as will become evident later in the essay) the best among its twentieth-century counterparts. A second good version (the "all but one" mentioned above) appears in the 1927 Nonesuch edition of Francis Meynell, printed from the Bodleian manuscript. Meynell's is the only version I know where the poems are clearly preserved as two, with one notable exception, that being Palmer's. He prints the poems as two but pulls them entirely out of context and then puts them on subsequent odd-numbered pages. Grossart, following earlier nineteenth-century editions, stacked the poems as two stanzas and then drew lines around the figures to emphasize the point (this was commonly done with "The Altar" as well). Grierson follows suit. A final contemporary mutation worth note is that of Patrides, who argues for the superiority of the 1633 edition over the manuscripts, and then proceeds to print on a single page a rotated version of the Hutchinson figure, topped with a single title center over both "wings," which gives the odd impression of an upright figure with outstretched wings (*The English Poems of George Herbert* [London: Dent, 1974]).

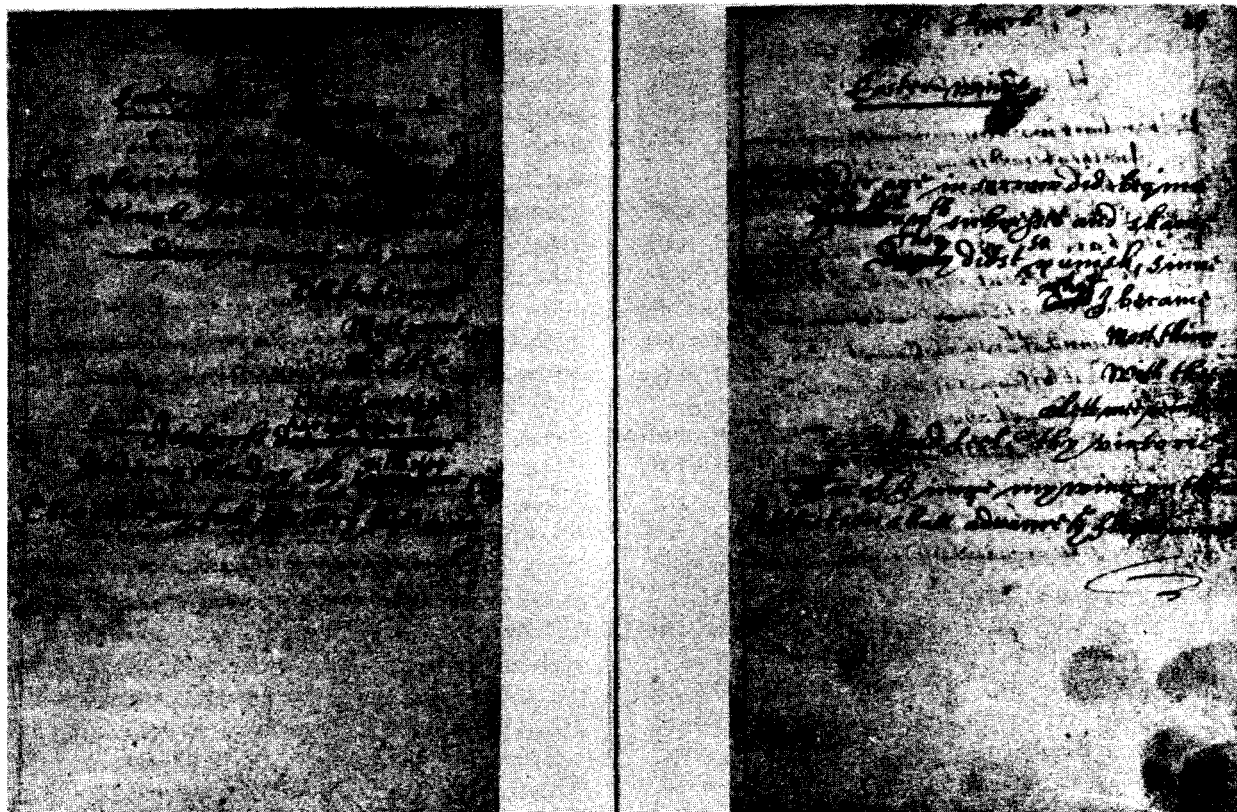


Plate 10: George Herbert's "Easter-wings" [from the Williams Manuscript].

34

The Church.

¶ Easter wings.

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poor:
 With thee
 O let me sit,
 As birds, harmoniously,
 And sing this day thy victories:
 Then shall the full feathered fowls be wits

Easter

The Church.

35

¶ Easter wings.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne
 And fill with sicknesses and flame.
 Thou didst so purify mine,
 That I became
 Most thine,
 With thee
 Let me combine,
 And sing this day thy victories:
 For, if I sing on thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in mine

H. Ba.

Plate 11: George Herbert's "Easter-wings" [from the first edition, 1633].

agram on Mary's name, but suggestively so (I use here the Bodleian version of the poems, though I cannot print them on facing pages):

Easter-wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poore:
 With thee
 O let me rise
 As larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this day thy victories:
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

Easter-wings

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
 And still with sicknesses and shame
 Thou didst so punish sinne,
 That I became
 Most thinne.
 With thee
 Let me combine
 And feel this day thy victorie:
 For, if I imp my wing on thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

In pattern, prosody, rhetoric, syntax, even at moments exact and near-exact diction and phrasing, the poems carefully mimic each other, almost as if each is written inside its counterpart. This close parallelism, the use of the figural wings, and the shared title in which "wings" are specifically designated, has led nearly everyone to assume that "Easter-wings" is not two poems but one. That this is almost certainly mistaken is evidenced both in the manuscripts and the first edition, where each poem is separately titled and each title given the same designating marker as every other title in the collection. The title does not refer to the two pairs of wings we see on the

page, one emblematic of the poet's longing and desire, the other of the risen Christ's angelic wings, but *each* title refers to the wings below it and the longing inscribed within it. Each *poem* is a pair of "Easter-wings," which then, in typical Herbert fashion, gets said all over again.

In concurring with previous editors (Grossart, for example) that the second poem was really the second stanza of a single poem and that the joined figure made up the hieroglyphic wings addressed in the titles, Hutchinson was ironically doing just the kind of thing Herbert himself did during the revision of the Williams manuscript, and so contributing to the ongoing evolution and archeological complexity of *The Temple*. Moreover, in counting it as one poem rather than two, he has caused incalculable repercussions among the numerologists and poem-counters who have been determined to crack the cipher of the collection's organization. Further, in continuing to treat the two poems as two stanzas, Hutchinson perpetuated among Herbert's readers the ready conviction that the second "stanza" with its individual concerns "followed naturally" from the first, with its cultural/historical preoccupations.

If instead we take up the poems as a pair and begin to investigate more closely the nature of the reduplication at work, we are led to somewhat different conclusions than those generally reached by readers of the Hutchinson poem. In light of the discussion of Herbert's reduplication undertaken above, it is pertinent to note again that as the poems double one another, each poem is built around an internal mirror which serves to organize each "wing" in terms of reduplicated syllabication, line length, rhyming patterns, and line location—thereby, of course, forming the hieroglyph. But these are more complex mirrors than they initially seem, for each mirror also controls in some way the reduplication undertaken by its counterpart, which is most apparent in the end words, doubled up rhymes or reiteration, and the phrasing, where word clusters get transferred from one poem to the other. It is as if one poem is yearning after the other or, conversely, distancing and distinguishing itself from the other, of the image but yet a blemished copy. In the case of the end words, this takes an unusual form, for though the mirrors internal to each poem faithfully duplicate the rhyming patterns from wing to wing (ABABA/CDCDC), they also capture words (you could say "liberate," too) from the facing poem, resulting in a complex

braiding or intersecting of the figures. This is best seen by setting the end-words out in the form of a chart (I use letters to indicate the rhymes and bold-faced letters to indicate the same word):

Easter-wings 1		Easter-wings 2	
1	A store : beginne	E	1
2	B same : shame	B	2
3	A more : sinne	E	3
4	B became : became	B	4
5	A poore : thinne	E	5
<hr/>			
1	C thee : thee	C	1
2	D rise : combine	F	2
3	C harmoniously : victorie	*C	3
4	D* victories : thine	F	4
5	C me : me	C	5

In the first half of each poem, it is the end-words of the even-numbered lines that are echoed. One pair (became:became) is identical and the other is almost so, but the interpolated "h" blemishes the reflection, makes "same" to "shame." It is the end-words of the odd numbered lines that are mirrored in the second half of each poem, the first and last (thee and me) exactly repeated and the third rhyming "harmoniously" with "victorie." This braided pattern of rhymes provides for the imping of one poem upon the other. But here we encounter something very odd, disturbing the symmetry of this arrangement, for "victorie," which we might anticipate would be reduplicated in its complementary line, is replicated instead in the fourth line (second half, first poem) and there rhymes not with "thee" and "me" but with "rise." This peculiar mutation of the word is underscored in the Williams manuscript of the poem, where Herbert's hand-written corrections show that the line in the first poem initially read "And sing this day thy sacrifice." By importing "victories" from the second poem and making it phonetically equivalent to "rise" and "sacrifice," Herbert sets in motion a chain of disturbances and echoes whereby the stability of language, the fixing of meaning by form, and eventually the symbolic stability of the hieroglyph, is eroded.

An identical kind of blemishing, closely interwoven with the appropriation of "victories," occurs in the syllabication of the "victorie" line in the second poem ("And feel this day thy victorie") where we discover that the mathematical rigor of the contracting and expanding lines is

transgressed by the imposition of two additional syllables, making what should be six into eight. When we discover in the Williams manuscript that the two additional syllables are "this day," and that Herbert has interposed these words on his original, borrowing from the same line in the first poem in which he earlier changed "sacrifice" to "victories," we begin to understand the problem of blemishing as somehow everywhere overwriting or counteracting the mirror reduplication in the poems. Now these two parallel lines, "And sing this day thy victories," "And feel this day thy victorie," are highly asymmetric, in defiance of their syntactic coupling. They are locutions which strive to come together under the pressure of Herbert's revisions but perversely resist, driven apart as they are forced together, as "same" becomes "shame" with the ingrafting of a single marker.

Of course, ingrafting or "imping" is the significant premise of the doubled poem, the speaker reasoning that his affliction will advance his flight if he could ingraft his wing on that of the risen Christ: "With thee / Lett me combine," he urges in the same context, having earlier proposed only "With thee / O lett me rise." But what kind of ingrafting does the speaker anticipate, and what is the wing he offers for this imping? Where the ingrafting has occurred is within the *language* of the poem, one set of wings (and one wing, especially) fits into the other as if to make one of two. But otherness, as we have seen, is more strongly affirmed the closer the wings are intercalated. In the first poem, the speaker thinks to rise without the need of combining, or ingrafting—he anticipates that he will "rise / As larks, harmoniously," a remarkable image that invokes with joy and longing the trilling of larks rising out of sight in the dawn, flooding the world below with rhapsodic melody.¹⁴ This is the dream of language, or at least Herbert's dream: the lark poet singing spontaneous praise, utterly freed of the blemishing mirror of nouns and verbs. And free too of the blemish of decay and death, which is the same thing.

The image of the risen and transfigured Christ, itself promised and inscribed in language, is held in the longing of two syllables, "With thee," which tell us where the speaker is not. The poem, not being lark song, is a poor analog or, to return to language I used earlier, a metaphor of anguish. It mimes the larks by miming not their

¹⁴I owe this observation to John Wallace, who is wise in the ways of lark song over the Salisbury Plain.

song, as it would, but a picture of their wings, which are then to be "imped" with the wings of the risen Christ in the second poem. Here the speaker does not want to *rise and sing* but *combine and feel* the "victories" of the Christ, one of those victories being triumph over language. He proposes to exchange the purified unobtainable grammar of lark song for the purified ontological grammar of *being* the other, assuming the body of Christ, as if by such direct discourse his own affliction would advance his flight. This is unobtainable too. Kenneth Burke has proposed that the self is the principle of individuation simply because one is unable to feel the pain of others, and something of this absolute loss is inscribed in the doubleness of "Easter-wings."

Both poems long for the eradication of language by language, manifest in the complex doubling and blemishing, in the way language is articulated and then re-articulated in the poems. But the result is slippage, ambiguity, not the stabilizing but the destabilizing of meaning, not the affirmation of oneness, but the terrible negation of the doubleness of symbol. I think, too, this reveals itself in the ambiguity of the hieroglyph, as it speaks to our critical-editorial inclination to organize the poem so its lines make a proper picture, or to point the wings up so as to affirm the juncture of the victorious soul and the victorious Christ, to take the "h" from shame. But the poem exhibits no such stability, and the urge to discover one within it or impose one upon it measures the shaping intellectualism of critical discourse and our zeal for "fitness," for

transcendence, which takes the form of denying the body, or triumphing over it with the fiction that language is redemptive, that two is one. "Easter-wings," I think, unsettles that fiction with its compelling traces of the body in the second poem, its reduplication of "victorie" as two different words, its making six equal to eight, its uncertain hieroglyphic cross/wings, its presence and its highly reflected absence. I cannot be persuaded, as is Heather Asals, that Herbert's language is sacramental, that "simplicity, which represents the oneness of God, is reconciled to complexity, which expresses the distance between heaven and earth and heaven on earth."¹⁵ Here too is the rhetoric of doubleness and the affirmation of similitude. At the least, Herbert's editors should return "Easter-wings" to the arrangement given it in the first edition, where the reader is obliged to turn the book in order to read, and then to turn it back, dissolving reading, in order to see the rising wings. When we close *The Temple*, Asals says, "we close the book not on a poem but on something more than a poem. . . . we finish with participating both in the act of worship and in the act of consecration." I am not sure what this means. She perhaps has in mind as I do here the folding of one's hands in prayer. But there is a book in between. □

¹⁵*Equivocal Predication*, p. 111. The subsequent citation is from p. 112.

Peter Morrison teaches at Saddle Back Community College in Mission Viejo, California.

PENETRATING "UPON APPLETON HOUSE"

If the reader dedicates himself or herself to Marvell's "Upon Appleton House," he or she follows the structure of the poem, as if "Upon Appleton House" is in fact a lover's discourse, secretly dedicated by an amorous subject. The poem is a dedication in the general sense, "designed to describe and praise a house, a family and a way of life."¹ There is a more personal dedication in the poem, but it is never spoken straight-forwardly: the speaker talks around it. In any case, a dedication is, in the image-repertoire, designed as a *phallus*, an amorous gift:

The amorous gift is sought out, selected, and purchased in the greatest excitement—the kind of excitement which seems to be of the order of orgasm . . . it will in and of itself betray the delirium—or the snare in which I am caught. The amorous gift is a solemn one; swept away by the devouring metonymy which governs the life of the imagination, I transfer myself inside it altogether. By this object, I give you my All, I touch you with my phallus.²

Marvell's discourse follows "the order of orgasm," it betrays "the snare" in which the lover, or viewer, is caught. It is "solemn." It is governed by the imagination. Although it seems to trace the history of the House between the earlier resident (Thwaites) and the contemporary Maria, it actually substitutes the first for the second. Linear exposition—history—bends into a circular discourse; Marvell's poem is phallus in search of womb. He gazes *upon* Appleton House and his discourse encircles it, but he desires to be inside Appleton House, to write its "essence" rather than its shape.

Penetration is resisted from the first: "Within this sober frame expect / Work of no foreign architect . . ." (1-2). The frame Marvell refers to is both Appleton House and his own poem, an im-

aginary construction; the onlooker (or reader) cannot impose upon either construction. The first stanza defines what is at issue throughout the forthcoming narrative frame: one wishes penetration and penetration is resisted. The subject, eager to understand, models his mind after the structure he gazes upon: he seeks to contain it in his own frame of reference by imitating the *figure* of something other. Marvell describes the viewer's exterior self, his eyebrows, as a reflection of the *surface* of the house, its columns.

Appleton House is literally supported by phalluses, for "Upon Appleton House" is supported by desire. Marvell is concentrating on the image of the House. Image reflects image. Metaphor recreates but does not explain.

Creating a structure analogous to the House he gazes upon brings the subject and his other together, but the analogy only repeats the *surface* of the other. The "essence" of Appleton House cannot be spoken but the subject seeks to capture it all the same, and so he builds an analogous construction, i.e., structural correspondence, Homology.

What circles do we have here? One draws a circle around the atopic other in order to encompass the other without reducing the other's atopic nature. The subject's discourse follows the other's form without capturing the other. The subject loses the other. The amorous discourse is like an embroidered slipper.³ When the foot is taken out of it, all the lover has left in his hands is the embroidery, his own decorative framework. No essence. The circle is hollow, of course, and its rhetorical analogue is tautology.⁴

Radical inversion is also circular in structure. Without synthesis, thesis/antithesis is negation. Because juxtaposition is at once part of the subject's image (his left arm is reflected as his right arm, etc.) the antithetical relationship is doubled in the mirror. One perceives his analogous image and his negated, reversed image simultaneously. Any attempt to rhetorically describe this process erroneously establishes a linear dialectic

¹E. S. Donno, *Andrew Marvell—The Complete Poems* (London: Penguin Books, 1974), p. 248.

²Ronald Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse* (New York: Hill & Wang, 1978), p. 75.

³*A Lover's Discourse*, p.78.

⁴*A Lover's Discourse*, p.21.

that does not exist; all of this happens *in a moment*.

The viewer discusses proportion in stanza two. Barthes describes structural correspondence as a means of escaping the mirror, since it reveals the *proportional differences* between object and analogue. Marvell sees the proportional difference in terms of excess space:

Why should of all things man unrul'd
Such unproportion'd dwellings build . . .
No creature loves an empty space;
Their bodies measure out the place.

(9-16)

The speaker realizes that his attempt to re-create the other will not absolve his loneliness. His discourse is not communicative because he speaks *inside* of his desire. Even so, he qualifies his speaking in stanza four by remembering—

That more sober age and mind
When larger sized men did stoop
To enter at a narrow loop:
As practising in doors so strait,
To strain themselves through heaven's gate.

(28-32)

The present discourse stoops. It does not transcend. It is a vertical line that bends and follows the narrow loop. The figure described is that of the impotent phallus. Appleton House's effect on the viewer is such that he cannot separate himself from its image. This *subjectivity* foreshadows the fact that "Upon Appleton House" is not a history, the narration of something that has happened, but a description of what *is* happening within the narrator's imagination.

In stanza five, Marvell connects the future and the past:

And surely when the after age
Shall hither come in pilgrimage,
These sacred places to adore,
By Vere and Fairfax trod before. . . .

(28-32)

By connecting both ends of the historical line, i.e., by bending the phallus, Marvell has created the figure of the womb. In the same stanza, he speaks of the House's "dwarfish confines," referring to the structural analogue of the vaginal canal, associating suffocation with copulation.

Humility alone designs
Those short but admirable lines
By which, ungirt and unconstrained,
Things greater are in less contained.

(41-44)

Here the speaker elaborates the association drawn in the preceding stanza. The phallus, as discourse, bends to enter the "narrow loop" to the entrance of Appleton House/womb. But, in so doing, the phallus *loses its identity* and becomes its opposite. "Humility" describes via euphemism the speaker's feeling of self-effacement in the course of the text. The circle is all encompassing. It obliterates the phallus. The narrative frame is engulfed by the circle:

Let others vainly strive t'ammure
The circle in the quadrature!
These holy mathematics can
In every figure equal man.

(45-48)

As this stanza closes, the speaker gives in to the womb. He is engulfed. The circle is greater than the quadrature, an orderly frame made of straight lines. But, the speaker retains his *need* for finite, phallic structure by creating the mathematical analogy and by asserting 'manhood' in the face of 'castration,' i.e., the impotence that always follows a giving in to the womb, the consummation of circle and straight line.

If we get the feeling that what we are viewing here is copulation, the speaker supports our suspicions in the next stanza:

Yet thus the laden house does sweat,
And scarce endures the master great:
But when he comes the swelling hall
Stirs, and the square grows spherical,
More by his magnitude distressed,
Than he is by its straitness pressed:
And too officiously it slights
That in itself which him delights.

(49-56)

Perhaps this is a description of consummation. The Master has penetrated the womb, and in this union, differentiation is obliterated. Both womb and phallus are distressed. Each takes on the qualities of the other: "The square grows spherical. . . ." The womb presses with "straitness." The sexes are inverted.

Stanza eight repeats the imagery of the bend-

ing phallus: "Height with a certain grace does bend, / But low things clownishly ascend . . ." (59-60). In other words, it is better to circumscribe the story behind Appleton House than to travel erroneously in a straight-line narrative.

Stanza nine:

A stately frontispiece of poor
Adorns without the open door:
Nor less the rooms within commends
Daily new furniture of friends.
The house was built upon the place
Only as for a mark of grace;
And for an inn to entertain
Its Lord a while but not remain.

No erection lasts forever; consummation destroys the powerful line in a twinkling of an eye. The Lord cannot remain indefinitely in the womb. The house is only a "mark of grace," an arbitrary sign of elegance, a momentary spectacle. The frontispiece Marvell speaks of is a book leaf. Its figure is made of loops. The text that adorns the entrance to the House is a tangled discourse.

The next stanza describes the House as Nature's product. "Art would more neatly have defaced / What she had lain so sweetly waste / In fragrant gardens, shady woods, / Deep meadows, and transparent floods" (76-80). A flood is an orgasm, but language is not liquid. Rather, it is a structure. Marvell juxtaposes the natural death of the womb (fragrant garden, shady wood, or deep meadow) and the artificial "death" of his own discourse: the *petit mort* which the speaker has figuratively described in stanza seven is not as sweet as the natural orgasmic experience. Writing about the "flood" is contrasted with real consummation: the former is reduced to nothing more than masturbation. The speaker is still alone.

The phallus is alternately vanquished and reaffirmed and vanquished again in the course of the poem. In the first stanza, the speaker had prepared us for all of this by a figurative example of anamorphosis inherent in orgasm, his description of the inverse reflection of the phallus: "Whose columns should so high be raised / To arch the brows that on them gazed. . . ." In other words, the erect phallus is reflected as the curved, impotent phallus. The viewer resists the curved figure of the phallus inherent in consummation by reasserting the phallus as he flees from the House. He describes a field of grass where men

are smaller than grasshoppers, so that the stalks all around appear as *giant columns*, colored green by hope (371). Unfortunately, mowers *castrate* each phallic figure with the figure of the curved or impotent phallus, the "whistling scythe" (393).

The viewer flees again to the wood, the stable, natural environment of stronger phallic figures: not stalks of grass, but trees. He resists orgasm: "But I retiring from the flood / Take sanctuary in the wood . . ." (481-482). The trees not only encamp the viewer, they are described as the viewer's discourse dedicated to Maria; she erects the structure: "'Tis she that to these gardens gave / That wondrous beauty which they have: / She straightness on the wood bestows . . ." (689-691).

The viewer's phallic environment, his very own discourse paradoxically blinds his view of her desired image: " . . . for a glass, the limpid brook, / Where she may all her beauties look; / But, since she would not have them seen, / The wood about her draws a screen" (701-705).

Maria is a narcissist for her behavior *bars* the phallus as the convent where her mother lived years before. That is why the speaker literally substitutes Thwaites for Maria in stanza ninety-four. In order for the viewer to resurrect the straightness of his discourse, he escapes the responsibility of imposing his phallus in spite of feminine resistance. He does not want to identify with the character Fairfax who had raged war against the convent to win Thwaites. Maria will remain at Appleton House " . . . Til Fate her worthily translates, / And finds a Fairfax for our Thwaites . . ." (747-748).

Ironically, the speaker does not see that he has indeed played the role of fate and *translated* Thwaites as Maria in his poetic use of analogy. He desires Maria. He imagines that his discourse could unite them, particularly when he describes his poem as a straight line uniting two pupendas: "This, like a long and equal thread, / Betwixt two labyrinths does lead" (621-622). This is the figure of the phallus between two "frontispieces," two tangled subjects, as mine between Barthes and Marvell. This figure is the structural analogue of the "inverted tree" referred to in stanza seventy-one. In that passage, the viewer laughs at his own *futile detachment* from Appleton House:

Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer . . .
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.

(561-568)

When the speaker affirms the straightness of his discourse, he resurrects the phallus, re-erects his structure; of course, orgasm must always follow—his discourse becomes *hollow*, spent and ready for another resurrection: “. . . signs (Love’s cannon charged with wind) . . .” (716).

Perhaps the speaker seeks to *create* anamorphosis in his description of Appleton House, decrying the death’s head in the womb, resisting the womb by asserting the phallus, the power of structures. . . . But, the very moment a phallus is erected, consummation is implied, and the

erect phallus is automatically spent, hollow, anamorphically curved in the image of the womb he seeks to escape. Escape is impossible. For the first time in the poem, the viewer does not resist the womb-like Appleton House even if it is like a tomb as well:

“Let’s in. . . .”

(775) □

Martina Sciolino is a graduate student at SUNY Buffalo.

Lee Crum
PORTFOLIO



Dix the Barber



Lucky Dog Man

When the speaker affirms the straightness of his discourse, he resurrects the phallus, re-erects his structure; of course, orgasm must always follow—his discourse becomes *hollow*, spent and ready for another resurrection: “. . . signs (Love’s cannon charged with wind) . . .” (716).

Perhaps the speaker seeks to *create* anamorphosis in his description of Appleton House, decrying the death’s head in the womb, resisting the womb by asserting the phallus, the power of structures. . . . But, the very moment a phallus is erected, consummation is implied, and the

erect phallus is automatically spent, hollow, anamorphically curved in the image of the womb he seeks to escape. Escape is impossible. For the first time in the poem, the viewer does not resist the womb-like Appleton House even if it is like a tomb as well:

“Let’s in. . . .”

(775) □

Martina Sciolino is a graduate student at SUNY Buffalo.

Lee Crum
PORTFOLIO



Dix the Barber



Lucky Dog Man



Flambeau



Vietnamese Elders



Sisters of the Holy Cross



Clarence J. Laughlin

Jean McGarry

SEVEN LAST WORDS

It's quiet. The last train left, came and left a while ago although I didn't see, not from here, and there aren't trains for them to leave a silence as easy as this. There's quiet, but a wind through the olives and olivets, a wind over the ground, in and around the men who stand around me; you've seen them, bulky bodies and rude garments, red flat robes and hair falling on the shoulder; everything is tied with ropes. It's quiet, but this is not saying no one is shrieking, or weeping, turning a yellow eye up to the chalky sky, ready to turn, as the sky always is at this moment, ready to turn violet to black, those sullen tints.

This is me in my beholding, my full self. If I or my father am a full imagining hole, a hot center with a spiraling wire, then what are you, all the dead stars, the motes, the empty wood houses, the feet padding on these rocks round and round? To say the one, is it to say the other? This is what you have always thought, but what I have always thought is a fullness entails an annihilation. To say one is to forget what you could be, to leave you unannounced with no memory to lift you from those other formless ideas. To say me is to say nothing else and this is what you always say, always thoughtless.

I have one hat and this hat of pain is my reminder that I have a contracting flesh and one full of doubt. This hat has a humorous design and is full of the pricks of conscience, the inwits, and the humor of a hat worn for study, for sorrow, for a kind of human science, even as you have your hats and some covering your eyes and down over the lips. *You've never seen me laugh but I have a laugh that is like a curtain of birds, a flowering stick, and I have laughed these many times when you would not watch.*

And what would I have to eat? A carved and roasted bird, an unction, something sweet on a metal probe, or just this liquid you have made for me and I sip with my tongue so swollen and lips rounded with the patterned speech of pathos. *Am I a mirror or an ape? And if I eat, is this another animal in my throat? My agony is also yours.*

There will be a brevity and a quietness. You think that this—I—will end but there burns in memory always this image, and it will not be burned out or scorched from the face of this flat dirt. I doubt, like you, of an end.

There is something inside me enlarging, if an egg could grow, and I could travel my days again and kiss, soothe, tantalize, and re-form my favorite cadence with outstretched finger. There is something of life that I would love.

Father?

AN INTERVIEW WITH STEVE TESICH

Conducted by Andrew Horton

Steve Tesich could be the guy next door: a flat midwestern accent, glasses, and casual clothes hung on the solid but not over-developed frame of an ex-wrestler and bike enthusiast. He would not be the first person at a party to catch your attention. Yet this quiet-spoken man in his early 40's happens to be one of America's best contemporary screenwriters. His credits include *Breaking Away* (1979; Academy Award for original screenplay), *Eyewitness* (1981), *Four Friends* (1981), *The World According to Garp* (1982) and, in 1984, *Eleni*, based on the popular true story by Nicholas Gage of the death of his Greek mother during the Greek Civil War (1945-50). Born in Serbia, Yugoslavia, he immigrated to Indiana in 1957 at the age of 14. A playwright and novelist as well, Tesich draws from his own life and his immigrant's optimistic view of America's potential despite its shortcomings to fashion screenplays that go beyond clichés, formulas and tried-and-true genres.

This interview was conducted by Andrew Horton and a group of film faculty and students from Brooklyn College in the Spring of 1982 as *The World According to Garp* was nearing completion in the editing room. The text is edited, condensed, and in some instances the chronology of the interview has been altered to add more continuity of theme and topic.

What was the process of your involvement with The World According to Garp [hereafter referred to as Garp]?

Actually, I had a very short conversation with the director, George Roy Hill, in 1980. The funny thing is, we both came to the novel in the same way. I read a hundred pages (this was before George called me) and said, "I don't like it." George had done the same thing. When he was approached to see if he wanted to do *Garp*, he read the whole book without saying that he had initially dropped it after the first hundred pages. He then called me. I read the whole book without telling George I had dropped it. I came to love *Garp*. Both of us did the same kind of thing.

How did you decide to narrow down the wealth of material in the novel Garp?

Well it's funny. I was in New York trying to think about the book, and I just couldn't think clearly at all. I went to East Hampton, and I swear to you, if I hadn't been there, I never would have written this. There was something about the fact that there were only three colors there. I was at the window playing with the Venetian blinds . . .

Oh, was that your scene?

They are *all* my scenes! So, while I was doing that, the image of the baby flying up and down came.

And from then on I realized that the whole business of flight was much more important in my conception of *Garp*. I wanted to see this kid taking off on a flight and following that arc of his life until he died. Once I saw that line, then things that didn't fit the line fell off. There were things I really loved, and I thought I was positively going to use, like Mrs. Ralph, but that I had to drop.

The character of Garp is a complex and difficult role for an actor to play. Were you satisfied with Robin Williams' interpretation of Garp, especially the emotional aspects?

What you must understand is that in all of my scripts, up until my last project, I don't think of actors; I make up faces. Of course I am very happy with the imaginary actors. But when you cast a movie, you cannot use these imaginary people. That is the first concession, the first giving up your vision. If you cling to your vision, the film is not made. You have to go with the real possibilities. Within those possibilities, those actors who are available, then you judge their performance. But it would be unfair to judge their performance against that imagined person delivering lines in a vacuum. I get my kicks writing and then I have to come back to reality. It's not as enjoyable as writing. Nothing is as enjoyable as writing because everything else is real.

At one point when Garp is a boy growing into a teen-

ager, the swimming scene in which every time he comes up for a breath, he is older, is cut out of the film. It is such a creative transition. In the ending of Garp, did you find that the passing of each stage of his life was deleted instead of having the smooth transitions that were in the script?

That's where God and reality screwed us up. There we were in the freezing ocean, and to shoot the swimming/aging scene, we would have had to change locations. George, for all kinds of reasons that had nothing to do with artistic reasons, was not in a position to do that.

There is a lot of violence in the novel Garp. Take the car accident; how did you decide to deal with that violence on the screen?

I knew I would not write the explicit version of what happened in the car. Now, if George Roy Hill wanted to shoot it, well. . . . In a book of five hundred pages of explicit sexual violence, the proportions are such that the violence is not what you're left with entirely. But in a two hour film THAT becomes the film; that image never leaves. For that reason I knew I was not going to show the accident scene explicitly. It was George's idea, not mine, to have the soundtrack continue with the noise of the accident while the visual focuses on the close-up of Walt. Once you take the interior explicitness away, then there is no point in showing the cars hitting each other.

Beyond the car accident, with the other two shootings, there was basically nothing to be done except to show them almost the way they were in the book. I did not feel I had the freedom to say, "We don't have any shootings in this movie." My natural inclination is that nobody should die in the end. I nearly asked, "Why does Garp have to die in the end?" but then I said, "Steve, come on, people die." My way out of it was to have the baby Garp flying in the beginning and the adult Garp flying in the end. It's a different feel than saying, "That's it, the guy is dead and I'm going to leave." There's something even in his being able to say he's flying at last.

Jenny seemed so much gentler, warmer, and human in the film than she did in the novel. How did her character evolve from book to script?

Well, I have a thing for mothers. I had a wonderful mother. She did everything and I just really like women. The way I saw it was, here is

a lady raising her kid, working, living; why should she be inhuman when there is nothing in the novel that explicitly says she is. You have to understand we all read things differently. When you read *Garp*, you had a point of reference. When I read it I thought, "Yeah, this is just like my mother, what a nice lady." Our past lives filter everything we read. I saw her as this wonderful, caring, sort of tough (because she had to be tough, she didn't have a husband) woman; if you read the novel with that in mind, the character of Jenny does correspond. That's why in the end I really felt like I was writing about myself.

Your other three films were original screenplays; Garp was your first adaptation. How did you feel about making an adaptation?

Originally, the thought of an adaptation was really frightening. But in this case it was different. First, *Garp* is a wrestler who wants to be a writer. I thought, "Well, that sounds like someone I know." Second, he was raised by his mother and didn't have a father—there again is something I lived through. In the end, there are moments in *Garp* that are much more biographical than in any other movies I've written. The nice thing is that only I know which they are. I was writing about myself to a large degree. By that, I mean my point of view of what a family is, my view of the balance of life. Like *Garp*, I can't think of anything nicer than writing and puttering around the house.

Your two films that have come out back to back, Four Friends and Garp, both have an epic sweep in the sense that they cover a lifetime. Would you like to continue exploring that format or try something else?

Actually, that was something I had been wanting to write for a long time, things with that epic sweep to them. Now I'm going back to stories that don't have that. The last screenplay I wrote takes place over a period of a month.

Do you get upset if people compare you with Frank Capra, that is, being an immigrant who is optimistic about America?

Well, somebody has to be optimistic; what does it matter who it is? No, I don't get upset by that. I get upset if there's a notion of direct influence because I don't feel that. I believe that optimism is a large enough category that nobody has a mo-

nopoly on it. But Capra has made some films that I just adore. I just saw *It's a Wonderful Life*, and in five minutes the audience was weeping. I couldn't get over that. Today, there's no way we can make movies like that. It takes a good half hour to get a tear out of anyone. Capra did it in five minutes!

When you began writing screenplays after writing for the stage, did you find that the writing task was different in that you had to make adjustments for film, that it's a more complicated medium than the stage, the dialogue being less primary?

Actually, because I'm very traditional in theater, there is a built-in frustration of not being able to use certain images at all. So, once I started writing screenplays, suddenly I could take advantage of all those images that I had been thinking of but unable to use in theater. In film, you can describe an image without the need of a whole scene. Also, it was very nice that I didn't have to be up there with the actors for half an hour before I could change a scene. In terms of logistics, the characters don't have to announce their exit from the stage. They just go; you're indoors, you're outdoors, and if you find the right rhythm it is a wonderful freedom rather than a problem. The only difficulty that I was aware of is that there is a certain language that is quite believable in the theater, an eloquent language that, if you put it on the screen, sounds horrible. I think I absorbed the style of screen dialogue from watching a lot of movies. But I knew about that adjustment because everything in the movies seems more lifelike. In a theatrical piece a character can have a half-hour monologue in beautiful language and it's fine. But I do try to sneak in something I would consider in that poetic category of language in almost every screenplay I write.

If you have a writer as a protagonist, as in Garp, does that give you more of an excuse?

Up to a point. But you can lose people very quickly if they start not believing what somebody is saying. That is why I think Neil Simon's comedies, on screen, just don't work. He uses theatrical language.

Was it your decision to minimize the writing process of the protagonist in the film Garp?

Yes, what can you do? I tried to visualize the

process because to show someone at a typewriter is a worn-out cliché. I was hoping we could do it so you never see him pull a page out of the typewriter. I hate that; you've seen it fifty times, so why do it? There's something very tedious about watching a writer at work.

How do you feel about voice-over narration?

The same way I feel about anything: if it can be done wonderfully, more power to them. I think anything can be done wonderfully if you get the right person to do it. Normally, I don't like voice-over. It was Arthur Penn's idea to try it in *Four Friends*. But the difference is that we had not one person, but different people doing it. By the time it was over there was something about it that I really liked. I'll tell you my last prejudice, and I'm sure somebody will talk me out of this one: starting a movie in present day and then the whole movie is a flashback. I can't bear it. I haven't seen a movie where that was needed.

In the movie Garp, there were a lot of beautifully funny lines that were lost because the laughter from a previous line would override them. Were you aware of that and is there anything to be done about it?

Actually a lot of that happens. My first response was to be sort of hurt by it. You say, "Idiots, you're laughing at this and it's not even the funniest line; you can't even hear the funny line." But you can't control the audience. It's their film.

Do you feel like directing or editing it so there are pauses between the lines?

No, you don't know which material will work. When you are shooting, it's such work. No one is saying, "Oh boy, that line is going to kill them." Lights are falling down, workers are saying that we are going into the "golden hours," and you just can't say, "Let's have a pause here because Steve wrote it so well." Even if we try we would guess wrong. Somehow, something happens by a certain point in a movie, and the audience just explodes when you thought they would have laughed at some other spot.

But the audience laughs even when there's something that isn't funny at all—as when the piano falls on Steven in "The Magic Gloves."

There's something of black comedy about that.

That's sort of funny. However, the audience laughs when they see Robin Williams after he's had the stitches taken out of his tongue and I find it a lovely, tender scene. I have a feeling that's a carry-over from people who watched too many *Morks*, and they think because he's talking differently that it must be funny. That one sort of hurt me at first. But I hated losing the "bitten off in the Buick" line.

John Irving goes back and forth between family scenes and scenes of violence. That is certainly in the script, but I think you have a tenderness and sensitivity that is not in the book.

You have to understand though, that is how the book affected me. What I was left with from reading the book is what I wrote about. It wasn't me deciding to cut back on Irving's harshness; that is just what resonated in me.

You have an ear for dialogue and a sense of comedy coming out of embarrassing, everyday events. Take for example Eyewitness and the scene in which William Hurt is with his friend's sister and they discover they don't love each other: he says, "I don't love you," she says, "I don't love you," and they embrace saying, "That's wonderful, we don't love each other."

I'm sure you have come close to moments like that. I certainly did. You are thinking, oh, she's pining for me and ugh! Then you find out it's mutual.

You wrote Breaking Away, your first screenplay, as an original screenplay. How did you get the idea for the story?

Actually, it was very easy. I used to race bicycles, and I was out on a training ride in the hills of southern Indiana. I was struggling up a hill and I heard this song behind me. And, you know, you are sometimes so tired you think you are hallucinating. I turned around and there was this guy singing this Italian song. He pulled up along side of me and was talking in broken English. I had an affinity for foreigners since it had been so hard for me initially as a Yugoslav immigrant, and I ended up telling this guy what it's like in America, trying to teach him something. . . . I found out the guy was born in Indianapolis. His parents weren't even of Italian origin. The Italians were the best bicycle riders, and the boy adopted that fantasy. There was something about it that I

loved, because I have many fantasies, but I haven't carried them out like he did. It was so admirable to go that far out with something.

The reason I wrote that particular screenplay is that Ray Stark, the producer, saw a play of mine and invited me to Hollywood. Just getting the airline tickets I thought I had made it! When I got there Stark said, "Well, there's this script and Barbra will do it," and like a shmuck, I asked, "Barbara who?" It was Barbra Streisand. He said, "If you can rewrite the script. . . ." I think only writers who have been writing for a while can rewrite anything. I was desperate for money but I didn't have the confidence to say I could rewrite anything. So I said, "No, I'm sorry, I can't do that." I felt like I was blowing my big hand. Then he asked me if I had anything of my own that I wanted to do. I really didn't. I simply hadn't been thinking about films at all. His phone rang just then, he went to answer it, and I said, "Shmuck, think!" He came back and I said, "Well, there's this guy who thinks he's Italian. . . ." We had a five minute talk. He said, "Fine, I'll give you some money." He mentioned a sum which I thought SO enormous that I couldn't believe it. It was six thousand dollars. I was getting five hundred dollars a play at American Players so this was an incredible promotion. I went off and wrote the first draft of *Breaking Away* really because someone telephoned Ray Stark.

How did you come up with the idea and name for the "cutters"?

When I went to the University of Indiana we called some of the locals "cutters." I didn't know why. I called them "cutters" for two years. You know, you come to a school and everyone tells you, "You see those people? They're called "cutters." And you say, "Yeah man, I know that. Oh, boy, look at those ""cutters."" You do that. You pick those things up. I was swimming at the quarry one day when they showed up and I was just staggered to find out that they were called "cutters" because their fathers mined the stuff that made the buildings where I was going to school, and they weren't going there. I felt terrible that I had been looking down on them and calling them "cutters" all that time; it was one of those horrible realizations. The moments that affect you stay in your head, like that fellow riding up the hill, those kids that day in the quarry, so then, when you start writing, they are inside you. You don't have to write notes for really good ma-

terial. Somehow it is always there: impressions are left. So, in a way, it's a boring story because it all comes from real life.

Did you research the life of the "cutters"?

Well, I made friends with some of them and went to their houses. I can't do research. If there is a project and I have to do research on it, it means I shouldn't do it. Maybe it is because of all the footnotes I had to do in school. I have developed an aversion to research.

*Would you go through the selling process of *Breaking Away*, from the day you finished the first draft to the first day of shooting?*

What you have to understand about *Breaking Away* is that the first draft was one movie but that the film was put together from two movies. I wrote a piece called *Eagle of Naptown* about a character who thinks he's Italian, his family, and his bicycle racing. I wrote another screenplay that had nothing to do with that character. It was called *The Cutters*. It was about what it's like to be in Bloomington and to be an outsider. Nobody wanted to do either movie. Peter Yates said, "Steve, I had a wonderful idea. Why don't we take those cutters and that guy from the *Eagle of Naptown* and put them together?" I thought Peter had been in Hollywood too long. It was the worst idea I had ever heard, but the fortunate thing was that I was broke. So I said, "You know, Peter, I think you've got something. That sounds good." To show you the film process, what happened was, there was a director attached to an idea and Peter and I had an agent in common who then called some people at Fox. Our agent said, "Look, you've read the one screenplay. He's going to put the two together. Would Fox like a three page treatment?" For the hell of it, I made it four pages. The word came back from my agent that they loved it and wanted to go ahead with the script. So, I wrote it. Here I'll jump ahead. After the movie was made, I found out Fox thought it was one of the worst ideas they ever heard of on paper and wanted nothing to do with it. It was only thanks to our agent being persuasive enough to convince Fox to advance me the money to write the script. They lied to me, but I would have gotten really depressed if they had said, "Go on, Steve, write it; we think it's the worst thing we've ever heard." Anyway, once the script was finished, things started happen-

ing kind of fast. Peter and I got together, started casting, got our big budget of 2.3 million dollars, and went to Bloomington.

There was a movie out at the time about pornographic co-eds or something and it was playing in town. We showed up and they thought we were going to do another pornographic movie about Indiana University, so we couldn't get permission. And I was thinking, "Son of a bitch, I went to school here. Don't I get any points for that?" Finally, the one who was really instrumental was the fellow in charge of the little 500 because he wanted to push the event. He talked to the president of the University. The president begrudgingly said OK. Then when the man from the little 500 was going to be in the movie, the president wanted to be in the movie. To tell you the truth, as far as the studio was concerned, it was one of those projects they approved but somehow they forgot it was even being made. They forgot about us. We also found out (and, again fortunately, I didn't know about this) that the movie was cancelled about a week before we were going to begin. Our agent and Peter went to L.A. and I thought maybe they had business there.

It was cancelled because Fox decided they had a sure winner. It was a sports movie called *The Dreamer*, and it was about bowling. *Breaking Away* was almost cancelled because of a bowling picture. Then we got the go-ahead, but they really decided they had their winner and *Breaking Away* was only 2.3 million dollars and maybe Peter would do something. Nobody came down there. I think when we called L.A. for some things, they had to look in the files to find out we existed. Then when they saw the movie at an executive screening, there was a rush to take credit for how they always knew it would be good.

But they ran into a problem. They just didn't know how to sell the picture. "Do we sell it like *Rocky*?" The people who decided the advertising campaign and came up with logos asked me which movie it was like and I said, "Well, I was trying to be original. I'm sorry I succeeded." They needed a point of reference just like some critics do before they can evaluate a film. It could have been seen by a lot more people if the audience had some idea of what they were in for. We did find out one terrible thing with the young kids, and that is that we had almost a hundred percent parent approval of the film. When the parents would say to their children that they just had to see the film and were pushing so strongly, the

kids went the other way.

In Breaking Away, the "outsiders" are watching the life of so-called mainstream American middle-class society take place before their eyes and yet are not invited to join it. All of your films seem to deal with this central question of what it means to be an outsider looking in. Do you see this as a pattern or theme in your work?

I don't think that when I sit down to write that I say, "I've got a good handle on this pattern." No.

No, I mean as hindsight, not as a process.

I have a feeling it's ingrained into me having come at age fourteen to the United States from another country. It's such a strong part of my own life that it's almost automatic. I'm on cruise control when it comes to that.

You look more comfortable on the outside.

That is where I am the most comfortable. I really like being there because then you can breathe. You have freedom. If you get tired of the view, you take off. If you are on the inside, you can't.

You are obsessed by the sixties. That comes through not only in your screenplays but in your play, Division Street. Is this something that you are working out through your scripts, and it will disappear, or is it so deeply ingrained that it will continue?

It will continue in the sense that that is when I began writing. I think it was one of the brightest decades we had as far as people deciding to cut loose from things they were doing and try new things. There was a certain eruption of emotions, of intellectual ideas. It was just one of those decades that is going to stay with me forever. I'm not going to be writing about the sixties forever, but I think it affected me in a way that no other time has and that my view of life is forever shaped by that time.

How do you feel about Eyewitness? You have said before that you don't like to do genre pictures. You like to have your pictures come out with everything light and yet doesn't genre give you a chance to open up, to hook people for one thing and then present them with something else?

It does that except that you have to understand that there are only a small number of people who

appreciate it when that happens. The majority of people want that genre to stay within those boundaries, and when you start doing things with it, they get very unhappy. I know that it sounds terrible but I'm not yet in the position where I feel like I can make those kinds of films just because they make me happy. I'm not where George Roy Hill is and able to make any film I want.

What did you major in in college?

Russian literature—talk about footnotes!

How do you feel about the directors who have worked on your scripts? Do you feel they have served you well? Arthur Penn, for example.

I actually think all of them have made much better films than if my idea of the screenplays had been realized. I've been very fortunate in that the collaboration was always on a level of equality. I don't think it would be a promotion for me to become a director. *You can't be anything higher than a writer.* In a collaboration you should be on the same level and able to talk to each other like friends. I have never experienced the kind of problems you hear about between directors and writers. Nobody shot a scene that I didn't want; nobody inserted material; nobody cut things without consulting me. Actually, nobody was even cast that I was not involved. I think probably one reason for this (and *Garp* is an exception) is that I always take the directors to areas and settings that I know much better than they do. I grew up in Indiana, but Peter Yates had never heard of the place. When he was there, he looked to me for advice. The same was true working with Arthur [Penn] on *Four Friends* in the Chicago area. Now, *Garp* was a different matter entirely.

But you are a wrestler?

Actually, everybody was: Robin [Williams] had wrestled in high school, obviously Irving was a wrestler, and I was.

How much of Four Friends is autobiographical?

Purely autobiographical, I would say about half of it. The scene where the father shoots the girl and the whole wedding were projections on my part: what would have happened if I had continued in this one family? But arriving in Chicago,

the type of father, the kind of friends, Georgia, those were from my life. I take a lot of almost everything I write about from my own experience.

*What was it like to sit in Belgrade in February of 1982 showing *Four Friends*, a film about a Yugoslav immigrant living in America, to a Yugoslav audience?*

At the theater there were about four thousand people. The movie came on, and when the initial music began, I would say about three thousand people started singing the song. For them, it is a *very meaningful song which came out of the First World War* when the soldiers were retreating and thought they would never see home again.

Is it a song you heard as a child?

Oh, yes! Plus, when I came to the U.S. many radio stations played it because everybody missed the mother country. I think the only problem we encountered in Belgrade was that they were positive, from what the audience had heard, that the whole movie would be about what it is like to be a Yugoslav in the United States. They thought they were going to hear their language spoken left and right and that it was all going to be about Yugoslavia. You could feel it in the audience: there was the song as a tip-off and the first word the child said was, "Tata," instead of "Daddy." When they realized it was not going to be like that, they settled in and enjoyed the movie. It was weird for me, though. I had just come from a month of total reunion. We had shown *Four Friends* in Chicago and all the friends that I went to high school with came; people from college came. Then, I went to Yugoslavia three weeks later and there were kids I was born and grew up with. I didn't know what time I was in anymore. I didn't know if I was forty or twelve.

Penn goes for the violent moment whereas you go for the human, tender moment. Was there a tension of Penn wanting more violence?

No, every moment of violence was in the script. In Yugoslavia they refused to believe that. They asked, "How did you feel when Penn told you to write that scene?" They were so sure the shooting at the wedding was Penn's scene, but that was always there. I would say that the big difference was not whether there was violence in it, but rather that Arthur went for a certain type of

realism. If left to my own devices, if the director that is in my head had done the film, I think it would have come out terribly sentimental. I get corny and become carried away. I love to weep as I write. Slavic people get very sentimental sometimes.

*If *Four Friends* was your most autobiographical work, were you happy with the final outcome or was it hard to watch?*

Well, I got so nervous. God Almighty, you get nervous. I will say I was happy. It's really only in the area of casting that I had any sort of qualms about it.

Was the poetry that Danilo wrote your own?

Well, I'm afraid it was, yes.

Four Friends ends with all the friends sitting around saying, we're a family. Garp is trying to hold a regular family together. Can you say something about the family in your films?

Garp was my first *regular* family because that was the situation given in the book. There was something nice for me in being able to get in touch with that. I don't know why I always avoid it. Even in *Breaking Away*, the family is the group of friends. In *Eyewitness* there isn't much family life; again it was friendships. It was really nice to discover for myself that I liked all that stuff, at least for other people. Friends and family—I cannot envision a screenplay in which family is not involved in some way. I look at some films and it's as if nobody has relatives. Where were those people born? Did they just drop out of elevators or what? Nobody ever has a mother who calls or a father or a sister. I think for most of us, at the oddest moments in the plots of our lives, there's that phone call, where what's important to you has to stop and you find yourself saying, "The washing machine? Didn't I tell you to buy a Maytag, Mother?" Real life intrudes like that. I like that intrusion in film, where it's not just plot. I don't know how many of us are living in a plot right now; I'm not. You don't have four elements in your life. You go home, things are happening, life goes on, there are things that are important and things that are less important, but they come together very often, and that is what I like writing about.

You started writing because you were in graduate school, and you took some writing courses. What courses would you like to see if you were setting up a program for budding writers?

I'm going to give you a rotten answer. I'll preface it by saying that anything that happens in my life after a while seems like a wonderful thing. I don't think it was anything specific about the way they taught the courses that was helpful to me. What was helpful was having an opportunity to have my work read to other students and to have a teacher. You need somebody to give objective criticism. You go through a period when you honestly can't evaluate your own work and so I drifted into a short story course, a playwriting course, and a novel course.

It was also helpful to me in this way: because that was there, I wanted to write so that the next week I would have something to read in class. I needed a reason, and that was a wonderful one. In the end I considered it one of the best preparations for writing I could think of: going through college, majoring in Russian literature and being exposed to one of the greatest literatures in the world. And not just Russian, but Shakespeare, Thomas Mann, Proust. I didn't think of it as preparation, but in the long run without that kind of floor under me, without that respect for ideas, I couldn't have written anything. You have to have something to say before you put that page in the typewriter so that you don't cheapen it; it's literature on the screen.

Do you think it's a good idea to start writing, as you did, at the graduate level or do you think it would be better to begin at the undergraduate level?

I honestly think that had I begun writing in college, not much would have come of it. Of course some people are exceptions, but I think a lot of people start too early. I honestly consider it valuable to have a life during that formative period, up to about twenty-four or twenty-five when you are not looking at experience as something you can then use, but that you are just having a life and being exposed to all kinds of things. Then let

those experiences build up and when you start writing, it's there; you are not scraping at yourself. There are a lot of young people who want to write without having the need to say something; it looks like a nice occupation. I don't see how it is possible. I have an almost absurdly religious outlook toward writing and it comes from those Russian guys, I'm sure. And that is, you don't just write ANYTHING, you have a need to say something and it must come out in this form. So, like I said, it's a terrible answer.

Did the burning of the American flag in slow motion in Four Friends come from an experience of yours?

Actually, the burning flag came from an experience that I remembered because it shook me up. I was with a group of people and was just beginning to, let's say, get on the fringe of people who do certain things. Suddenly, they pulled out a flag from somewhere and just set it on fire. I really recoiled from that because I couldn't understand it. I could understand that you don't like the way the country is going, but to perform an act like that . . . maybe it's a European characteristic, but you just don't do something like that.

Have you found your America?

No, you're never going to find that one that you thought was going to be there. That's still somewhere in my head. I think in the sixties I caught a glimpse of it. My favorite image of the country was at that time because everybody was thinking about their America. Even the hardhats were thinking about what kind of country they wanted. Now people are saying, "Don't talk to me about those things, I've got to worry about bills." That's understandable of course, but I find it is something I really miss, that concern about the kind of country you're living in, the kind of country you want, and larger ideas than just about how your careers will go. □

Andrew Horton is a scriptwriter and is on the faculty at the University of New Orleans.

Jack Butler

OUT OF THE GHETTO OF ANGELS

Heaven is a hilly town
where all the houses rise
white among the up and down
and curve and twist of street
on street of brick and green
the overhanging trees
and blue the overhanging skies
and yellow the light of afternoon
and nights the gangs of angels meet
in the coffeeshop saloon
and tell each other lies
and make their glasses clink
and all the angels kiss and tell
and all know what to think
and all their thinking is a flame
as blue as alcohol's
that blooms from bell to bell
and whispers in the gutters
and whispers in the walls
and all that's rank or stubborn
that flame it will sublime
and what it can't will suborn
and flame is all that matters
and boredom is a public crime
and I was once an angel there
but I got sometime bored
though I set my tattered tongue
to melody like the rest
I never met the Lord
and I missed my mother and father
who did not quite belong
I knew something was wrong
when I ate air I'd vomit air
and I got so depressed
they thought I was the devil
and I knew I was in hell
and that is how I fell
to the country I now travel
where half the roads are gravel
and half the flowers weeds
and a man halfway gets what he needs

Dennis Patrick Slattery

CRITICISM AND SOCIAL CHANGE BY FRANK LENTRICCHIA

Some critical eyes might glaze over on reading a central concern of Allen Tate's—that of the relation between literature and culture—alongside a discussion of Frank Lentricchia's new and synthetic work, *Criticism and Social Change* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983). Yet one of Tate's observations in his essay, "The Man of Letters in the Modern World" (1952) is an apposite point of departure for what I realize will be an inadequate review of Lentricchia's many-sided, many-voiced cultural critique of language, power, and the place of the intellectual in the university.

Tate ends his discussion of the public literary writer and critic by implicitly linking literary criticism with cultural change: "The true province of the man of letters is nothing less (as it is nothing more) than culture itself.¹ Distinguishing between the state and culture, Tate observes that while "the state is the mere operation of society, culture is the way a society lives. . . ." Therefore it is the "duty of the man of letters to supervise the culture of language, to which the rest of culture is subordinate, and to warn us when our language is ceasing to forward the ends proper to man" (p. 16). The southern agrarian ends his consideration of language and culture with what some may find a sentimental intention: "The end of social man is communion in time through love, which is beyond time" (p. 16).

Actually Tate's ideal is not far removed from another work dealing with language, culture and values from which Lentricchia's critique seems a most persuasive extension. I refer to Raymond Williams' *Culture and Society: 1780-1950* (Columbia University Press, 1958). The last ten pages of Williams' concluding chapter focuses on "the idea of community,"² at which point he calls for men to tolerate diversity, to accept what Michel Foucault describes as a "polyvalence of

discourse"³ which Lentricchia cites in his earlier *After the New Criticism* (University of Chicago, 1980), and to refrain from believing that any one ideology contains the entire truth of culture's direction, and to consider the fact that "the human crisis is always a crisis of *understanding*" (p. 336).

It would be fair to intrude at this juncture that *Criticism and Social Change*, by extension, seeks to show how the human crisis may be understood as a crisis of power, of how critical discourse is power-full and how it may effect change in culture.

If we move to the center of thinking embedded in each of the three writers' positions, we find that culture is indeed affected by language, both in its development and change, and more importantly, by the very language we use to speak about and so re-vision culture as an emblem of community. So said, I would want to focus on their differences.

While Williams' work illustrates the origin of the word "culture" itself and traces its rise from the Industrial Revolution in order, as he points out in his Preface, "to account for and interpret our responses in thought and feeling to the changes in English society since the late 18th century," Lentricchia wants to bring matters closer to home (p. vii). Specifically, he wishes his reflections as well as his very unequivocal personal statements about writing as a form of power to reside within the matrix not just of the United States but within the university academy—the classroom, the library, the study, for he is concerned with the act of teaching itself in its complete scope—writing, speaking, researching, thinking. His intention, it seems to me, is not just to continue working out the implications between literature/language and culture covered through to 1950 by Williams's study, but also to reveal, through a close critique of the thought of Paul de Man and Edmund Burke primarily (though I suspect the life blood of his text once flowed through the veins of Foucault), to illus-

¹"The Man of Letters in the Modern World," in *Essays of Four Decades* (Chicago: The Swallow Press, 1968), p. 16.

²*Culture and Society: 1780-1950* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1958), p. 336.

³*After the New Criticism* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980), p. 351.

trate how the act of writing is not just a rhetorical exercise but a trenchant political gesture. As Williams reanimates the word "culture," Lentricchia is intent on resuscitating the terms "rhetoric," "power," "consciousness." His book is about the place of power—rhetorical and political power—and its potential to change culture.

As such, writing, especially critical writing, is not a monastic but a parochial action and shares therefore in the creation of what Williams refers to in his study as "a common culture" (p. 127). Social change is both a cause and an effect of critical writing. I will be happy if, in the few remaining pages, I can, as Burke has remarked in a different context, "adjust my vocabulary to the situation," so to sufficiently map the rhetorical and cultural terrain of Lentricchia's meditations.

But before doing so, I would step back into more clearly charted regions, in particular to *After the New Criticism*, which in its scope and daring, serves as a 384 page prolegomena to the hermeneutic meditation of *Criticism and Social Change*, a work less than half the former's length. That Lentricchia wishes both his faithful followers as well as his detractors—maybe especially the latter!—to see the second work consciously entangled with the first I don't doubt for a minute, especially given a careful reading of the longer text's "Afterword."

While Paul de Man and Edmund Burke are the subjects of Lentricchia's fixed gaze in *Criticism and Social Change*, Foucault is the shadow of authority looming over the last pages of *After the New Criticism*. Discourse, power, culture: a trilogy by design—and all three terms are consciously appropriated and extended in their intertextuality by Lentricchia from Foucault's *The History of Sexuality*. Indeed, the last citation in *ANC* bears Foucault's footprints: "We must . . . conceive of . . . power without the king" (p. 348). The second work has already been launched with this quote. Lentricchia then ends his first critical work by bringing together such prominent contemporary voices in literary theory as Harold Bloom, Derrida, Foucault himself to reveal their perspectives on the activity of discourse itself and its ties with history and power: "The text, then, is not the translation of some 'sovereign solitude of the author'; it is a 'system of relations,' a 'sociality of writing as drama.'" Force (read power, rhetorical power) is at the base of each theorist's understanding of discourse.

But Foucault leads the pack with his insistence on the central place in culture of writing and

speaking as not just critical but power-full human activities. And so here, on the last page of *ANC*, one senses the incompleteness of Lentricchia's remarks on the discourse/power dialectic; one feels the sequel to his study here already being planned in 1980.

Foucault is, for Lentricchia, the hero who most trenchantly reveals that writing is not a "passive medium of representation" but an act of power which forces critical theory and theorists to cease contemplating itself as a world apart from other dimensions of culture. Instead, as Lentricchia insists in his parting shot at the theorist manqué, as "an act of power" marked and engaged by other discursive acts of power, the intertextuality of literary discourse is a sign not only of the necessary historicity of literature, but, more importantly, of its fundamental entanglement with all discourses (p. 351). That very entanglement creates the setting for criticism as an act of power, and for its potential effect to change society, which is the thesis of the sequel.

Criticism and Social Change, lest I misrepresent its scope, is not as ambitious as Williams' work in *Culture and Society* because more narrowly centered on the university intellectual, nor as labyrinthine as Burke's opus on rhetoric and history because more tightly annealed to illustrate how writing is an act of power: "Criticism, I am arguing, is the production of knowledge to the ends of power and, maybe, of social change" (p. 11). Lentricchia begins in a text much more informally structured in its packing than is *After the New Criticism*.

For example, there is no Table of Contents, no chapter headings, no more separations than a rather austere Parts 1-5, no index; indeed the photo of the author on the back of the dust jacket shows him without stacks of books behind him, no academic uniform, no glasses—he is, instead, up against the wall. We can't therefore tell from the outset whom he is citing or critiquing unless we, as readers, enter full face into the text, tangle with it, and emerge through tunnel's end. I was grateful, I'll confess, for the title, although maybe a titleless text is in the wing, which would be a most apt completion to a self-effacing text. Already the text is making in its format a statement of its intention, namely, to engage discourse in history with an end to changing its audience's perspective on the university teachers, to make them more aware of their power base in and through what they are trained to do.

The author's initial cue comes from Burke, who

argues, according to Lentricchia, that "the function of the critical literary intellectual . . . is to engage in ideological struggle at the discursive level: to absorb and then rearticulate the people with a new organic ideology, where it might serve a different collective will."⁴ At the heart of this discursive level is, of course, rhetoric itself, whose variegated means of persuasion through all the linguistic slights of hand should end in social change.

To speak of rhetoric in this originary way is also to recognize another historical voice in Lentricchia's conversation, Karl Marx, who understands that ideas, concepts are products of consciousness, and, as such, are intimately interwoven, as Williams points out in his essay on "Culture," "with the material activity and material intercourse of men." Marx continues:

Conceiving, thinking, the mental intercourse of men, appear at this stage as the direct efflux of their material behaviour. The same applies to mental production as expressed in the language of politics, laws, *morality, religion, metaphysics, of a people*. Men are the producers of their conceptions, ideas, etc.,—real, active men, as they are conditioned by a definite development of their productive forces and of the intercourse corresponding to these, up to its furthest forms.⁵

I think it would be fair to say then, that Lentricchia's text pulls Burke's ideas on culture and rhetoric through Marx's understanding of ideas as products of culture, and therefore linked to the material products of a society, in order to argue that as there is power in material wealth and ownership, so too is there power in discourse, of which the university intellectuals have heretofore remained largely unconscious.

Change, the end of critical discourse for the intellectual, must therefore inaugurate those strengths, skills, and knowledge most ready-at-hand in a Heideggerian sense—rhetoric and dialectic. And, as Williams' "work" is informed by his respect for diversity—indeed he encourages

it—especially in the writer as guardian or steward of culture, Lentricchia wants to make that diversity, that strength of the academy member more conscious of his or her rhetorical self; for in rhetoric is "the power to effect social change in order to move history in the direction of our desire" (p. 37).

Burke, for Lentricchia's money, is the most cogent ambassador to solicit because, to the ends quoted above, Burke "lays bare . . . the socially and politically enmeshed character of the intellectual" (p. 38).

Before engaging several of Burke's key texts to support what is certainly an emphatic personal vision of the American university's faculty, Lentricchia turns to what amounts to Burke's intellectual adversary of social power—Paul de Man. As adversary, de Man, espousing what Lentricchia calls "an epistemology of failure" (p. 42), suggests that effective social action, and therefore social change, is impossible. The reason for such dark defeatism rests in large measure on de Man's key term, "lucidity." Lucidity, self-insight on which grounded self-conscious action becomes not only possible but clearly intentioned, for de Man is never possible. The best that insight can reveal is the certain powerlessness "of the socially uncontaminated poetic mind" to know itself and, equipped with such knowledge, to effect change. Instead, the insulated self, separated from the social order, is doomed to a repetition of failure in a career dictated by determinism—Sisyphus without his stone, whose repetitive action with it at least encourages freedom. De Man's personal *zeitgeist*, Lentricchia observes, with its doctrine of ineffectualness, finds a place in the spiritual recesses of most humanists, themselves living out a "do I dare?" rhetorical question in the manner of Prufrock's malaise.

Enter Burke, who has no problem with lucidity because, as a closet phenomenologist, he begins "already in the world," who recognizes power "as always already there," to echo Foucault. Iconoclastically shattering the division between literary theory and rhetoric, Burke adds authority to Lentricchia's point: writing is a discourse of power, a work of will (p. 55). But what kind of writing? For Lentricchia, Burke means by literature, "any writing with any design upon readers" (p. 55) One might expect Composition programs to quake at such a breezy affirmative definition of literature; to say nothing of literature departments. But Burke is not through, nor

⁴*Criticism and Social Change* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 34. In this review I will cite where the quotes from different authors' works appear in Lentricchia's work, and not in the original work.

⁵*Marx: The First 100 Years*, ed. David McLellan (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1983), p. 31.

is Lentricchia, with advancing such a notion of literature. Literature, for Burke, is, in addition, "any use of language that has the effect of shaping and controlling attitude and behavior" (p. 103). To this definition let us juxtapose Burke's understanding of rhetoric: "Rhetoric is the use of words by human agents" (p. 105). A bit antiseptic, agreed, but we ought not lose the string of Lentricchia's argument here, namely, as he states, "in his rhetorical aesthetic, Burke will not separate literary form from political power" (p. 111), which leads us to Burke's grand hope (desire?): for the literary intellectual to become conscious of himself as a political force (p. 111).

As the speculative act is not autonomous, but is ensnared in a social web, itself part of the texture of history, so is writing a part of that same mesh, an historical action with politically potent consequences. In fact, perhaps more emphatically than any other intellectual interested in writing as an historically powerful gesture, Burke, we are shown, believes all intellection is a form of political action. Thus, to follow the argument, which I must admit to finding more persuasive with time, "rhetoric . . . is the action of a discourse saturated with figures, particularly with metaphor, figure of figures." In fact, it is metaphor that Burke believes "constitutes the discursive action of political intention . . ." (p. 113).

At this point I would want to remember that Lentricchia's gaze is not exclusively on Burke but, as I stated briefly before, on Marx, for as soon as we implicate history, we need to consider human beings in a social context. Williams clarifies our vision here. Again in *Culture* he cites Marx's idea that "we need to begin with human beings in all their evident and cultural diversity rather than from some abstract imagined and conceived concept of man [de Man here?]." "At the heart of Marx's theory of culture is man working within a social fabric. For Lentricchia, Burke, the focus of that second gaze, shows the necessity of rhetorical production; political power resides in the power of writing as socio-historical activity. Of course, to write is to engage history self-consciously, for without an explicit "sense of history," one is no more "than an agent of the status quo" (p. 119). To paraphrase Pope, whatever is, one is stuck with. For Burke, not to have a sense of history constitutes a cardinal sin of omission because one then loses his credentials as a possible "agent of social change" (p. 119).

⁶*Culture and Society*, p. 24.

To keep his intellectual I.D. card valid, the university intellectual, Lentricchia strongly affirms, must be reminded or, even first, made conscious of his own political position, his own very critical role (as critic) as a maker of tradition by means of his rhetorical force as generator of history within the academic camp. For the university intellectual suffers, often unknowingly, from a wound inflicted first by Longinus, Lentricchia believes, citing Ernst Robert Curtius.

Longinus, Curtius argues, "first cut the ties between literature and rhetoric, and literature and mimesis" proclaiming the high creative spirit "beyond all politics and economics" (p. 128). The strength of Lentricchia's observation on this very point, which, incidentally is being discussed, if not argued today in such excellent collections as Winifred Horner's (ed.) *Literature and Composition* (Chicago, 1983) or Richard Lanham's *Literacy and the Survival of Humanism* (Yale, 1983), resides in his illustrating the link between Longinus up through Curtius himself, and finally to the quiet giant of cultural utterances, T.S. Eliot.

This last figure succeeded, Lentricchia believes, in segregating culture, whose base is spiritual, from the grosser, more secular soot of economics and politics, the latter a "dirty activity" for Eliot, because "it gave us the war; it disrupted Europe" (p. 129). Incidentally, this splitting culture into segments is an activity that the New Critics—Ransom, Tate, Davidson did not engage in.

The upshot of Eliot's splitting culture from—what shall we call it?—society? reveals that "tradition-making functions precisely to hide class conflict by eliding the text's involvement in social struggle" and with it, can we affirm, the place of the writer as a connected vital impulse in the process of social change (p. 131). Here lies the pulsing center of the book's life—to raise the consciousness of the writer as social force, to put him/her back into the realm of discourse with other dimensions of culture. And Burke is the vehicle in which the intellectual as writer may crash through the barrier separating the university from society in order once more to be an agent of social change. Because for Burke, "the cultural and the political are, for him as for classical thinkers, two expressions of a single human economy" (p. 137).

And within this arena of human economy, in the act of writing, one of the key cultural sites where past and present are crossed, the present is experienced as history" (p. 139). Not to rec-

ognize the perspective offered here, that writing, society, and history create a unity (I almost wrote "a university") of effect is to remain unconscious of all cultural forces creating tradition. Such a condition, Lentricchia suggests, leaves one permanently culturally "duped" (p. 136).

Hence a call to rhetorical consciousness. Enter here *A Rhetoric of Motives*, a central informing text to Lentricchia's enterprise because in it Burke illustrates that "wherever there is persuasion there is rhetoric, and wherever there is meaning, there is persuasion" (p. 145). As such, to write and to teach is to engage in some form of power play; to deny the force of these acts becomes unconscionable behavior on the part of the intellectual in the university.

I find this last section (5) of the book the most exciting because of its inclusive, almost epic understanding of rhetoric and the power of utterance to shape culture. We need look only at Homer's work for explicit certification. As Lentricchia moves from Burke to Nietzsche and back, he interrogates the German philosopher's idea of rhetoric to suggest that "to write is to know is to dominate," but writing is not without a self consciousness of its own power base (p. 147).

Burke's essential virtue, for Lentricchia, is that the former's insights on rhetoric, culture and history, as well as on his understanding of the intellectual's place within a hegemonic system, reveal that the traditional liberal norm of *autonomy*, especially, "is not only deceptive for the intellectual; it permits him to deceive the sheep as well" (p. 150). Called for, as Lentricchia wishes to promote it through the clarion call, indeed under the Banner of Burke's fervor, is an act of persuading the university intellectual to see that his work is far from autonomous, to make him more responsible and therefore responsive to "the social whole, . . . an effort to bring to birth, out of our fragmented existences, an organic identity that would be rooted in a critical power to coordinate and integrate the separate levels of our lives: to make us whole again, beyond confu-

sion. That is a redemptive project . . ." (p. 151). I would see it as well as a necessary task to save the humanities *within* the university.

The base out of which this colossal superstructural statement grows, it seems to me, is freedom; in fact, persuasion is a dead bedfellow without freedom, choice, will according to Burke (p. 162). Within such an enterprise of freedom is action, which soul is rhetoric itself. What provokes, even incites rhetoric's action is, in Lentricchia's words, "the potential for community" (p. 162). I hear Tate once again. And then a quick slippage to Marxism, whose fate in the United States is of intense interest for the author of *Criticism and Social Change*. Do we see the end of the books' movement as a plea for tolerance toward a political, economic, social perspective of the Jewish philosopher (in the spirit of Williams?), or do we understand that Marxism's fate (socialism's fate), as is true of the fate of any idea, vision, will be decided finally on the persuasive ground of rhetorical utterance?

I sense two endings to this provocative text: the parenthetical one of socialism's end; and the larger one of any belief's end—the controlling trope for both is of course language itself. This last point is that toward which the entire book has argued; and here Tate's earlier quote and the intention of Lentricchia's book drift closer, not further, apart. The writer, call him the man of letters, in the modern world, call it the post-modern world, to be with it, is to safeguard the culture of language by uttering/writing the language of culture "to which the rest of culture is subordinate."

In the speaking of both writers, there is in language the impetus for redemptive acts that can save community and lead us toward wholeness. A persuasive theme in-deed. □

Dennis Slattery teaches in the English Department at Southern Methodist University.

Barbara Moore

DRIVING HOME IN WINTER

Something glows over the dwindling century,
not political: I fear it, driving home
through the cold, New England mountains,
the face of my mother who is dead,
swimming toward me along the highway.
She ran away once, in her senility,
down a Vermont road, catching on bird scar
in the stumbly woods, looking for another
country. There is snow and trembling,
my mother leaning, muttering, trying to
make out her face in the smoky spoon of the world.

A silo stations itself in black wind, pours
twilight, as I pass, over the uncanny fields.
Home is a long way, I don't know how
I will get there, the first idiom extinguished,
the winds hoarse with eternity, inventing
this long mother who runs beside me.
What was she saying all those years?
The hills don't know, folding back
brown, silver, like old valises, and
I don't stop anywhere to think, the road
hurling itself steadily toward a low star.

Michel de Benedictis

JAMES DEAN THE REBEL: HIS CAUSE AND EFFECTS

JAMES DEAN¹

*James Dean, James Dean
I know just what you mean
You said it all so clean
And I know my life would look alright* chorus
If I could see it on the silver screen

*You were the low down rebel if there ever was
Even if you had no cause
James Dean
(chorus)*

*Well you talk about a low-down bad refrigerator
You were just too cool for school
Sock hop, soda pop, basketball and auto shop
The only thing that got you off was breaking all the rules*

*James Dean, James Dean
So hungry and so mean
James Dean
(chorus)*

*Little James Dean, up on the screen
Wondering who he might be
Along came a Spyder, and picked up a rider
And took him down the road to Eternity*

*James Dean, James Dean
You bought it sight unseen
(repeat)
You were too fast to live, too young to die
Bye bye*

The questions that surround the emergence and establishment of cultural heroes are answerable only by a close examination of the society that creates them, that society's achievements and aspirations, and the overall influence of the self-reflexive attitudes fostered within the given historical context. In the case of James

Dean, the adulation and mystique accorded him prior to his death in 1955 were the products of conflict between a firmly entrenched middle class which sought to make its economic influence felt as the basis of its national superiority in the global sphere, and a defiant faction characterized by the appellation "teenager," openly disdainful of the hypocrisy inherent in the trend toward cultural conformity and class exclusivity. The critical question that arises is, simply, where does James

¹"James Dean" written by Jackson Browne, Glenn Frey, Don Henley, J. D. Souther, 1974. Benchmark Music, ASCAP.

Dean, a method actor playing the rebel hero in Hollywood, fit into the clash of ideologies of post-war America? By careful consideration of the sources of conflict between the middle class and youth in the fifties; the extension of their respective principles to the movie industry; and that industry's creation of requisite heroes to present the problem to the critical world of the film audience; it becomes possible to evaluate Dean's position in the culture which accorded him legendary status.

America in the late forties and early fifties found itself under intense self-imposed pressure to set the example of a model society for its newly acknowledged allies as well as to match its substance to the nationalistic fervor of its own people. Victory in war coupled with the development of the atomic bomb and the return to peacetime production precipitated the establishment of a superior industrialized culture bent on justifying the principles of capitalistic enterprise. Horatio Alger myths, prevalent since the turn of the century, were pumped into a revitalized economic system which prided itself on having an uneducated tailor's son in the White House. It was commonly assumed that one could do or be anything with a little hard work and a lot of heart. The beneficiary of such an attitude was the rapidly expanding middle class, the backbone of American capitalism, armed with the ideal of the American Dream and intent on enjoying its position and the deserved riches accrued from faith in God, country, and the status quo. The pervasive influence of this dominant middle class with its attempt at self-justification and preservation by redefining social values to fit adjusted lifestyles, effected a sharp division between those who benefited from the system and derived their identity from what they had, and those who were excluded from the system and defined themselves by their understanding of that exclusion. The former group consisted primarily of white, suburban, career oriented, middle-aged adults of northern European extraction whose families had struggled in America since the turn of the century. The latter group comprised among others all major ethnic minorities, recently arrived immigrants, non-Protestants, self-supporting women, and youth. Of this latter group, the most visible element was youth, that segment of society actually produced in many cases by the middle class and nurtured by the very principles which excluded them.

The adolescent in the fifties was a study in

contradiction and frustration. Torn between what he was told to believe in ("gospel truth") and what he saw, the individual sixteen to twenty-four years of age experienced confusion in terms of morality (what was said to be right vs. what most people believed and acted upon) and frustration in terms of success (expected to support free enterprise though denied access to its benefits). John Steinbeck, commenting on post-war American culture, concludes in *America and Americans*:

What all these problems of youth and age—and of women—indicate is that we are living in two periods. Part of our existence has leaped ahead, and a part has lagged behind, because the problems have not been faced as problems, and the mores have not kept up with methods and techniques. The youth dread to grow up, the grown dread growing old, and the old are in a panic about sickness and uselessness. As for the use of leisure, we are due to feel that pressure more and more as automation and increase of population force more and more leisure on us; and so far, in human history, leisure has caused us to get into destructive and unsatisfactory trouble.²

Americans were told to relax now that the war was over, and they had gained supremacy over their environment. They were expected to relax and conform to a lifestyle they were learning to be comfortable with. Forget the past, its miseries and complexities, said the media, and relish the new, the comfortable, the technological. The adolescent, compelled to view the good life from the outside until he could assume his place, recognized the price of the product sold (WW II, Hiroshima, the Cold War), rejected mass morality, and retreated into the world of the self and personal worth intrinsic to one's character. As Edgar Morin states in his article on Dean, the devotion and optimism of victory in battle gave way to individualistic withdrawals and "a generalized nihilism which is a radical interrogation of all official ideologies and values. The ideological lie in which contemporary societies live, pretending to be harmonious, happy, and uplifting provokes in return this 'nihilism' or this 'romanticism' in which adolescence both escapes and

²John Steinbeck, *America and Americans* (London: Heinemann, 1966), pp. 105-6.

discovers the reality of life."³

The social outlet which best expressed this romanticism of the individual divorcing himself from the mass control, the most effective gauge for measuring the ideological distance between middle-age and youth, the haves and the have-nots, was the American movie. Movies in the fifties reflected the tension between the need to reaffirm the values established in the past, and escape from the anxiety of the present (Westerns, gala musicals); and the urge to recognize the problems and conflicts inherent in a society capable of self-destruction and deception. This latter category, which ranged from Biblical epics and science fiction films concerned with mass destruction from without to crime and spy films depicting the enemy from within, included movies deemed "socially relevant"; that is, characterized by a realistic approach to contemporary crises demanding public attention. These films quite often portrayed an individual or a small group of individuals attempting to seize control over a larger group of innocent citizens in order to exploit their immediate and selfish aims. As in the spy and Red Scare films of the period, the intentions of the individual or small group were held suspect, immoral and anti-democratic. Any movement beyond the larger acceptable group was cause for alarm and immediate redress.

Yet it was in the ideals of this individual that adolescent society found its needed champion. That individual, confronted by what appeared to him as the self-serving hypocrisies of a decadent culture, was seen by the younger audiences as someone trapped by an unjust system, attempting to emancipate himself and his principles, and forced to submit to undeserved punishment. Despite the fact that, oftentimes, the individual in these films felt compelled to resort to violence in order to achieve his goal, such actions, considered criminal and neurotic by the middle class, were deemed a necessary consequence by the adolescent of having to defend oneself from a society capable of vengeful destruction at the press of a button. Inevitably, Hollywood, aware of the popularity of iconoclasts like Garfield, Cagney, and Bogart in the youth markets (due to their individualistic approach to real problems) projected younger and more stylized heroes (Brando and Clift) whose quest was inextricably tied to liberation from the threatening forces of con-

formity. Again Morin points out, "since its origins, of course, the movies' greatest audience has been composed of adolescents. But it is only recently that adolescence has become conscious of itself as a particular age-class, opposing itself to other age-classes and defining its own imaginary range and cultural models."⁴

The product of such "role" films (*The Wild One*, *On the Waterfront*, *Blackboard Jungle*) and directors focusing on themes of social conscience (Kramer, Robson, Wise, Zinneman) was the character of the rebel hero. As opposed to the screen hero of the past, that standard bearer of the status quo whose strength lay in the conscious recognition of his duty to society (a world morally just though occasionally fallible), the rebel hero in the fifties realized his innate antagonism to the principles of the existing order and, rather than attempt to change that world as the foolish idealist, sought instead to save himself from its restrictive influences. As Morella and Epstein point out in their book on rebels in film, the characterization, while not indigenous to the fifties (the tradition goes back to Garfield, at least) was nevertheless intensified by the socio-political climate of the time: "Whereas films during World War II had distinct enemies with distinct heroes battling them, the post-war generation found its enemies were not so clearly defined. Idealism was dying. People accepted the world as it was and identified with those who survived, by whatever means. They realized there were no answers—just questions. Since he could save no one else, each man sought values to salvage his own soul."⁵ In an environment with no discernable distinction between friend and enemy, right and wrong, the conventional hero would have been hard pressed to exact either sympathy or understanding by picking up the flag and marching forth unafraid, or filling his adversary full of lead to obliterate a social menace. To the youthful audience of the fifties, the former course would be considered foolhardy while the latter would be deemed hypocritical or perhaps totalitarian. The rebel hero was rarely a man of action; rather he appears to have "dropped out" of society. As delineated in post-war films, he is sensitive and often inarticulate, the latter quality a product of his refusal to tolerate hypocrisy.

⁴Morin, p. 7.

³Edgar Morin, "The Case of James Dean," *Evergreen Review* (Summer, 1958) pp. 9-10.

⁵Joe Morella and Edward Z. Epstein, *Rebels: The Rebel Hero in Films* (New York: The Citadel Press, 1971), p. 35.

Filled with a great sense of pathos, this new breed of hero possessed innate virility and intelligence. Lacking ambition, companions or grand idealism, he remained true to his individual credo marked by pride and nobility. Finally, as Sam Astrachan notes, the rebel hero is devoid of "directions and aims, dominated by the utter helplessness of [his] position, and unwilling, or unable to win even one victory."⁶ To the younger generation, the character of the rebel hero was far better suited to the political ambience of contemporary society, more realistic in his expectations and abilities, and thus more personal in appeal. Above all, he symbolized the same sense of helplessness and frustration felt by the youth culture which flocked to the drive-in to vicariously live out their experience with alienation through him.

The demand for a hero who could respond realistically to his particular situation, discovered its parallel in Hollywood's search for actors whose style and delivery conformed as closely as possible to the film roles envisioned by the writers and directors. The ideal actor to portray the rebel hero would be someone whose dedication to the part would be on par with the fanatical. It was fortunate at this time that the strong influence of Italian neorealism was making itself felt in the States, and with it, an acting style (heavily influenced by Magnani) commensurate with the demands of both the studios and the public. That which became known as Method acting (Stanislavsky was regarded as its boldest practitioner) wherein the actor searched his own experience and borrowed patterns of behavior from others to create characters through emotions was recognized as the perfect compliment to the realism sought after by the directors. In the parts of the ex-fighter, Malloy, and the novice militaryman, Prewitt, audiences in the early fifties reveled at Brando's and Cliff's ability, respectively, to totally embody the despair and aimless rebellion of men facing ungovernable situations and compelled to resist the pressure through the raw power of unbridled passion. As Leo Braudy points out in *The World in a Frame*, "compared to the vengeful cool of the self-contained actors, the Method actors and actresses explored the traps and explosions of emotions. They brought into film experiences and feelings that official culture either ignored or actively attacked. By representing and articulating the feelings of insecurity and impotent rage felt by so many in what was

being billed as a secure and settled society, the Method actors allowed their audience a sense of release. By identifying with them, the audience could organize its confusions."⁷

The audience was not alone in its confusions. Hollywood found itself in the position of having to choose between conformity to patriotic principles as the subtext of their films, and the challenge to show the world as they observed it. With the congressional purges of the early fifties, the latter course was fraught with complications too complex to detail here. The significant point to be made is that the same clash between individual rights and social censorship that arose from the antagonism between the middle class and youth was likewise present in the film industry. Braudy states that "the attack made on the American actor by the post-war government—and post-war society in general—as a potential danger to the stability of American values was in essence an attack upon individual energy and eccentricity." It assumed, like the Westerns and musicals of the period "... that the best values came from the structure of society rather than from the individuals who made up the society. The image of the politically delinquent actor that emerged time and again in the HUAC hearings was the image of the child, the innocent, the clown caught in matters he knows nothing about."⁸ It is this image of the actor as a child sheltered from the real world which ironically melds with the adolescent as malicious prankster who refuses to ignore that world, and which inevitably coalesces in the figure of James Dean.

James Dean was in many ways the key cultural symbol of post-war America. He was 24 when he died which made him exactly the right age for disenfranchised youth. He was brought up with a strong attachment for a mother whose memory lingered with him and a father who released him to relatives. He roamed the country, working at odd jobs until he landed in New York to train with Strasberg in the Actor's Studio, known for the Stanislavsky "Method." His first film, *East of Eden* (1954), made him a star. His second film, *Rebel without a Cause* (1955), elevated him to a legend. He was dead before *Giant* (1956) was released. It was Dean's natural sense of himself as just another kid growing up in difficult times, and

⁶Sam Astrachan, "The New Lost Generation," *New Republic*, Vol. 136, No. 5, Issue 2201 (4 February 1957), p. 18.

⁷Leo Braudy, *The World in a Frame: What We See in Films* (Garden City, New York: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1976), p. 241.

⁸Braudy, p. 240.

his true understanding of the techniques and philosophy of method acting which catapulted him to stardom. Dean not only played the rebel hero well; he seemed to reverse the strategy and reflect his roles back onto his real life. Astrachan writes "... in each of the Dean roles, the distinguishing elements are the absence of his knowing who he is, and what is right or wrong. Dean is always mixed up and it is this that has made him so susceptible to teenage adulation ... the dangling cigarette, the slurred uncommunicative speech, the half amused smile as he says without enthusiasm in that language derived from Hemingway through Dizzy Gillespie, 'man, that's the greatest,' are the accepted passports of the directionless rebels of Dean's generation."⁹ Dean's acceptance into the realm of American folklore was ordained from the moment he stepped in front of Kazan's camera as Cal Trask, the prodigal hero in *East of Eden*. Kazan declared, "I chose Jimmy because he *was* Cal Trask. There was no point in attempting to cast it better or nicer. Jimmy was it. He had a grudge against all fathers. He was vengeful; he had a sense of aloneness and of being persecuted. And he was suspicious."¹⁰ It was a case of actor vs. director, son against father, the individual opposing society, and Dean, as a 23-year-old student of method acting from Indiana in his first Hollywood role, able to shape both the on and off-screen characters into one distinct personality.

"In his persona, the electrifying young actor ... combined traits of Cagney, Bogart, Garfield and Brando. In *Rebel without a Cause*, he crystallized the smouldering discontent of U.S. youth in the Age of Anxiety, the age of the 'organization man', of sexual awakening (the Kinsey reports), and of Riesman's 'other-directedness'."¹¹ *Rebel without a Cause* was the vehicle which transformed Dean into the archetypal rebel hero for youth in the fifties. Out of the mainstream of social conscience films, *Rebel* dealt with the frustrations and alienation of the modern adolescent directly and sympathetically, avoiding the clichés of tough hoods inflicting senseless violence for pure sport (*The Wild One*). The shift in point of view effected by Nicholas Ray, the director, along with Stewart Stern who wrote the script, was the

result of first-hand research into the causes and means of rebellion on the part of teenagers. This attention to detail allowed Ray and Stern to capture the realism necessary in order to invoke a positive response from their young audience. William Zavatsky, in recalling his initial reaction to the film, notes "it was the stills from *Rebel without a Cause* that absorbed me—kids who looked real, with real clothes, real hairdos and customized cars."¹² Due to the compassion and warmth displayed toward youth, the blame ascribed to society and specifically, parents, *Rebel* was an extremely disturbing and, therefore, effective film capable of counterbalancing the tendency of the more "adult" movies to shy away from the gray areas of controversial domestic issues. The middle class was portrayed as the dominant economic force in society whose apathy in social issues, lack of faith in political leaders, loss of religious faith, and reversal of familial roles indicated a radical ideological shift from democratic principle to blatantly crass materialism.¹³ This led one critic to query "what is going to happen in a society that seems to drive its inhabitants into a desperate search for personal happiness to the exclusion of other factors?"¹⁴ Such questioning underlines the relevancy of the film.

James Dean, in his portrayal of Jim Stark, the new kid in town who must prove himself a man in the eyes of a watchful world, brought forth all the pent-up frustrations of his personal life and the hostile suspicions of his society shared by his contemporaries, filtered them through the acting techniques he had mastered, and improvising on a well-documented script, dramatically compelled *Rebel's* audience into examining the issues presented. Due to his age and the corresponding social climate in which he lived, Dean was able to embody the passions and skills of the rebel hero, the model of alienated youth, more fully and convincingly than anyone before him. The slouching grace, the lazy impatient postures, the hesitant inflections and sudden giggles were no longer a method actor's approach to character. They were the mannerisms of an individual who firmly identified himself with his

⁹Astrachan, p. 17.

¹⁰David Dalton, *James Dean: The Mutant King* (San Francisco: Straight Arrows Books, 1974), p. 162.

¹¹Neil P. Hurley, *The Reel Revolution: A Film Primer on Liberation* (Maryknoll, New York: Orbis Books, 1978).

¹²William Zavatsky, "Epitaph for a Rebel," *Rolling Stone*, issue 328 (16 October 1980), p. 52.

¹³Robin Bean, "Dean—10 Years After," *Films and Filming*, Vol. 12, No. 1 (October, 1965), pp. 12-13.

¹⁴Gavin Lambert, "Rebels and Causes," *Twentieth Century*, Vol. 159, No. 949 (March, 1956), p. 280.

social class and its principles. The wardrobe of red jacket, jeans, and engineer boots which by association reflected a single cultural attitude did more than authenticate the situation. It emblemized the American teenager, realized his dissatisfaction with conformity, and established his position in the protest tradition. As Morin points out, "James Dean has invented nothing; he has canonized and codified an ensemble of sumptuary laws which allows an age-class to assert itself, and this age-class will assert itself even further in imitation of its hero."¹⁵ Zavatsky in estimating Dean's influence on American youth at the time augments Morin's position: "*Rebel without a Cause* and James Dean stand at the center of a decade that found more ways than any other era to persuade its sons and daughters that they would never have to grow up. We were selling ourselves, and were being sold on the idea of *teenager* when *Rebel* came along with its unmistakable warning: grow up or die."¹⁶

James Dean's influence extended beyond the adulation of youth, a minor though significant portion of the population. The individualistic, uncompromisingly honest attitudes of the social outcast dissatisfied with his position affected middle America's image of itself as seen in the critical response to *Rebel without a Cause*. The character of Jim Stark created primarily by Dean's performance polarized the critics into two camps with opposing views on the interpretation and significance of the film as a whole. On the positive side, there were those who saw Stark as a confused, sensitive young adult, who similar to his peers, was neglected by parents unable to convey any moral advice which would be meaningful by the present standards. His only alternative, offered no direction or loving understanding from home, was to seek out friendship and approval from the outside world. This search is mythologized into the hero's quest for personal truth and understanding which leads to his sense of identity. The situation approaches that of Meursault in its existential implications, the innocent lost in an absurd universe. Stern, commenting on his delineation of Stark, declared, "If you could break through the stereotype and break through the roles you imposed on yourself and that you felt other people were imposing on you, then you could 'get off it'. And Jim was constantly trying to get off it, almost from the begin-

ning of the film. He was trying to get out of a role he felt he was being shoved into, whether as a son or as a bad boy. Whatever it was, he wanted to be *himself*."¹⁷ Stark's position, by the end of the film, given the senseless death of his only friend, the total rejection of parents and symbols of authority, and the powerful love felt for a woman he met twenty-four hours ago, prompted these critics to bemoan the conditions of modern culture which rejects its future members and forces them into impossibly complex and unjust positions from which there is no escape. Society was turning its youth into full scale neurotics, no longer capable of adjusting to the demands of the system. This is Gavin Lambert's position in "Rebels and Causes" when he concludes "in the American film, society is a restrictive force; an instinctive antagonism exists between the adolescents and their families, their teachers, the police. The 'hope' for Jim at the end lies in his love for Judy, and his parents' reconciliation to it. Only through an intense personal relationship can life in this society, it appears, become bearable. . . . Broadly speaking, the young Americans in *Rebel without a Cause* are neurotics, victims of deep personal maladjustments."¹⁸

Critics, who took a more negative approach to the Stark character and the film, dismissed the charge that society was responsible for the problem of juvenile delinquency and by extension the problem of youth in general, and concentrated on the Freudian implications of *Rebel*. The crisis in the film for these reviewers centered around the relationship of Jim to his father. Jim was simply suffering from the usual case of growing pains, was misunderstood by his parents (owing in part to his mumbling speech patterns), and sought to assert control over his life by joining the neighborhood hoodlums. With the death of a friend who took the law into his own hands and was unbalanced to begin with (he shot puppies for kicks), and the establishment of a love interest, Jim was viewed by these critics as having learned his lesson not to stray too far from home, and returned to his parents for their forgiveness and approval of his girl. This is Robert Brustein's position in "America's New Cultural Hero": "The antagonism which the boy feels toward society, convention, law and order is, of course, merely an extension of hostility for the father. . . . In *Rebel without a Cause*, for example, the crucial

¹⁵Morin, p. 7.

¹⁶Zavatsky, p. 53.

¹⁷Zavatsky, p. 53.

¹⁸Lambert, p. 276.

scene occurs when the boy lashes his father for his weakness and for having no effective advice to offer him in time of trouble."¹⁹ Brustein draws a parallel between Stark's attack on authority and the inarticulacy of the character which represents an attack on language: "To reject it [speech] is to find consolation in raw feeling, in mindlessness, and in self indulgence, to seek escape in sex and violence. In the hero's inarticulacy, we find represented the young American's fear of maturity, for to speak out—to be a speaker—is to be a man. It is to replace his father, to take the consequences of his hostility toward him, symbolically to kill him."²⁰ Brustein concludes by asserting that Stark was indeed attempting to enter society recognizing its security but that his rebellion became a self-created obstacle which had to be overcome by perseverance. The proper speech, dress, and code of ethics had to be adapted in order to facilitate the process as the current trend inspired by James Dean was counterproductive to the workings of a healthy society.

The diametrically opposite viewpoints on *Rebel without a Cause* is indicative of the pervasive influence of the rebel hero James Dean canonized in Jim Stark. While the more conservative critics like Robert Brustein dismiss this hero as an inarticulate, immature social aberration who seeks admittance into the middle class, and therefore whose rebellion is somewhat ephemeral and harmless, the more progressive observers like Gavin Lambert considered the hero's asocial tendencies as indicative of the duplicitous nature of

post-war America, and the threat to contemporary cultural values posed by the individualist who turns his back on conformity and pursues his personal goals as a serious attack on prevailing democratic principles. Such debate provoked a more involved introspective look at the moral standards by Americans of all classes and age groups. By presenting a more realistic picture of the values of the younger generation, James Dean precipitated the recognition of the positive ideals of the child, the innocent uncorrupted in society as Truffaut pointed out: "In James Dean, today's youth discovers itself. Less for the reasons usually advanced: violence, sadism, hysteria, pessimism, cruelty, and filth, than for others infinitely more simple and commonplace: modesty of feeling, continual fantasy life, moral purity without relation to everyday morality but all the more rigorous, eternal adolescent love of tests and trials, intoxication, pride, and regret at feeling oneself 'outside' society, refusal and desire to become integrated and, finally, acceptance—or refusal—of the world as it is."²¹ James Dean, in fusing the acting technique of expression through emotion with his personal sense of honesty and dedication to principle, elevated youth to a respectable position in society, revealed the significance of the rebel hero as the gauge of moral hypocrisy, mythologized his stature, and resurrected through film the basis of America's protest tradition. His significance to the culture is undeniable. □

²¹François Truffaut in *Arts* (26 September 1956) as quoted by Edgar Morin, *Evergreen Review*, p. 9.

Michel de Benedictis is a lecturer in the Department of English at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln.

¹⁹Robert Brustein, "America's New Culture Hero: Feeling Without Words," *Commentary*, Vol. 25 (January - June, 1958), p. 128.

²⁰Brustein, p. 129.

Jack Butler

A SONG FOR EASTER

I couldn't think of Jesus for thinking of water.
So I went down where sun gave way to cedar,
and fit my body to a curl of stone
not carved for my body, or for any one,
but carved by water. And I let the creek explain
the creek, three yesterdays of rain
in one long artery of voice and fall,
a voice like friends' voices in the hall
in memory, that day you can't recall
whether they came on in the half-open door,
or what happened next.

Where was the water's voice before?
How could the rain have held off speaking these
three days, as if to think of mysteries
of meaning and delay in the deep ground,
and get them right before it made a sound?

Any yet there was no more thought than there is speech.
There's nothing here to memorize or teach,
nothing to carry off in a formula or tune.

Only the morning heightening to noon,
the comma gaudy on a rack of bone-
white fallen sycamore, chameleon-stir,
jay-call, a wet spot drying . . . flit, stop, chirr,
and change.

But the light, nailed to the water's change,
stays, burning, an emblem, does not derange
or fail, and surely there is a voice, or a choir
of voices: *I am that fountain whose desire*
is fountaining, the fountain of desire . . .

Bubbles dance,
translucent spheres, jewels that chance
might swivel its movement on, in a backswirled
slide over stone.

Down in her muddy world,
a crawdad waits, claws ready, under a rotted
leaf-edge.

And the light does change, the uncertainly fretted
voice alters its unstable note
in the creek's self-altering throat.

There's sun. And water. Wide moments that have no center.
Too many lives to save, or enter.
Nothing can save them, not even the water's *Eloi*,
commending its last energy to the sky.

Everything's lost, and nothing sacrificed.
There's no Christ here. And nothing here but Christ.

THE OTHER AGENCY

The Italian Railways had failed me: I got to Bordighera an hour after the Hotel Biancamano had stopped serving lunch. I dropped my suitcase in the lobby and dashed down the hill to a restaurant near the beach, whose pasta had left happy memories. When I had stuffed myself with tortellini, I strolled back toward the hotel, looking at whatever there was to look at—which, even in the prime of the resort, had never been very much.

Bordighera had resisted the allurements of modernity that had seduced its French sisters on the other side of the border. The Mediterranean seemed less Homeric than I recalled from my last visit, but no high-rise apartments blocked it from view. No clippers had desecrated the hedge around the British Library. The striped awnings of palace hotels and *pensioni* had raveled, and plaster had flaked from the orange and blue fronts. Some were shuttered forever; others still harbored a flicker of activity, which one glimpsed darkly through half-open windows. In the somnolence of September, the rattle of dishes had replaced the farting of motor bikes; the deep-lunged cries of German tourists had yielded to the liquid histrionics of old women, gossiping in Byron's soft bastard Latin. After the to-and-fro, the promiscuous hurly-burly, of a diplomatic conference in Rome, I was glad to be back here among the shabby palm trees, with the gentle wash of the sea in my ears and the smells of salt and jasmine in my nostrils.

Just seven years before, driving back to Marseilles, where I was assigned as consul, I had stopped off here by pure chance. I had needed a breathing spell after an interlude with a bogus Italian countess and her set of iron butterflies in Venice. The doldrums of Bordighera had restored me. And now here I was again, still single but, at forty, less inclined toward nine-day wonders.

Back at the Biancamano, weekends were filling up the ranks. My scruffy suitcase—why does the company of other luggage bring out the worst in one's own?—was surrounded by bags in canvas and leather, flaunting the labels of prestigious travel. Some were crucified on wagonettes;

others, equipped with wheels, trailed their leashes like obedient dogs left waiting for their masters. Then, just as I stooped to rescue mine, I spied one that gave me a jolt. I stared; I marveled. This bag too was worn; its antecedents were impeccable—Mark Cross surely, or Nieman-Marcus—but its tattered labels spoke of passages through many airplane holds and customs sheds. Like the eyelids of Pater's *Mona Lisa*, the corners of that bag had grown a little weary.

What startled me, though, was the bold lettering in gold above the lock: W. R. S. No room for doubt: the bag belonged to Walter Roberto Strawbridge. Seven years ago I had wheeled that bag for him (it was somehow typical of Strawbridge that it kept capsizing) across the tiles of the railroad station. And even though the details of his brush with the occult had passed into the back of my mind, that suitcase brought them forward again in all their lively colors.

Why the hell had Strawbridge returned to Bordighera? For a second, I had the suspicion, grotesque but irresistible, that his antennae had tracked me here to the Biancamano, where we had met once before.

I was just leaning down to examine the tag when the director of the hotel popped out from a little postern door behind the reception desk and came forward to greet me. Signor Antonio vaguely remembered me; I distinctly remembered him. During my previous stay, he had presided over the dining room, opening bottles and fileting fish with operatic manipulations of corkscrew and knife—and always in full evening dress. But if you let your eye travel down the silk braid on his trousers, you encountered tennis shoes of blue canvas. Unrelenting sportsmanship? Or sore feet? Whatever the reason, Antonio's footgear had produced the first exchange of smiles between me and Strawbridge.

II

Walter Roberto Strawbridge had drawn my attention on my first evening at the Biancamano. In the semi-darkness of the bar, he had turned on his stool—deliberately, I think—so that his ele-

gant profile was etched against the lighted ranks of aperitif bottles. He struck me as the right kind of client for this little hotel. I had taken him at first for Italian, even Florentine: the tight cap of curls, the pallid skin, the thin and aquiline nose, the eyes set deep in a long skull face. Later, under the chandelier of the dining room, I detected threads of white in the reddish curls, and wreaths of something—was it laughter or self-indulgence?—at the corners of eyes and mouth. Decidedly the Bronzino physiognomy was approaching its silver age. And when he asked Antonio for *vino rosso*, I realized that if the carefully rehearsed syllables were Italian, the twang was that of a compatriot. Although my interest took a drop, I was glad at that moment to have someone other than my magpie countess to anatomize.

It was during this first meal that Strawbridge's eyes and mine zeroed in, from our separate tables, on Antonio's tennis shoes. The flash of shared amusement led quickly to our exchanging good-mornings in the lobby, holding the gate of the ancient elevator for one another, nodding in the street. On our third day, throwing off Anglo-Saxon reserve, we joined forces in the bar.

In American style we exchanged the names of our hometowns (mine Minneapolis, his Philadelphia) and our professions. When I said that I was a Foreign Service Officer, he told me, with a Machiavellian grin, that he had already guessed it. He too had been a member of the Service but had retired three years ago and now lived in Bern with his wife. "Switzerland in peacetime is Dullsville," he said. And as his wife had gone home to Germantown to visit her mother, he had decided to make an excursion to the Italian Riviera. "I've always liked it better than the Côte d'Azur. I'd rather smell carnations than gasoline."

I agreed with enthusiasm.

Strawbridge told me that his paternal grandfather had married a girl from Turin, so that his father, an American admiral, was really half Italian. That was why his own middle name was Roberto.

I couldn't recall anyone in the Service named Strawbridge, and he looked well below the age for retirement. I therefore assumed that he had belonged—perhaps still belonged—to what, in the field, we used to call "The Other Agency." From a swift gyration of his yellow-brown eyes, I sensed that he had caught my assumption, but we both held fast to fraternal taboos: neither of

us mentioned the C.I.A.

By the end of the week we had arranged with Antonio to seat us at the same table. That was how we came to share our experiences—or to be exact, Strawbridge's experience—of adventure in foreign parts.

It was on a Monday evening. Other weekenders had already left. Strawbridge would return to Switzerland the next morning. I had taken a good soak in the tepid sea and a walk through the twilight streets, which had ended at the unkempt villa that housed the British Library, a vestige of pre-war colonization now re-baptized the *Biblioteca Internazionale*. I had lingered too long over one of the mildewed novels—I think it was *The Garden of Allah*—and I had come back late. Strawbridge had finished his pasta; Antonio was dissecting a sole as if it were the corpse of an enemy. I remarked, as I unfolded my napkin, that the derelict hotels along the Via Romana, with their rows of shuttered windows, were rather spooky in the summer dusk. "Who knows," I said, "what Sleeping Beauty may lie hidden behind those overgrown hedges?"

Strawbridge looked up from his fish. "Italy is full of Sleeping Beauties, but not all of them are behind hedges."

Thinking of my countess, I said, "Not all of them sleep soundly either."

"It's funny you should say that. Of course, there are different degrees of sleep."

"I don't follow."

"I mean that in a strange place you may run into someone who everyone thought was asleep forever."

"Asleep forever?" I took a sip of wine. "Are you talking about ghosts?"

He looked at me with relief, even with gratitude, as though I had clapped him on the back and cleared his windpipe of a fishbone. "Precisely," he said. "Don't you believe in ghosts?"

"That depends."

"You're hedging. How can it depend?"

"Well, I've never seen a ghost myself." I hesitated. "I can't deny the testimony of honest witnesses. Those two British schoolmarms, for instance, who wandered down a side path at Versailles and got whisked back into the eighteenth century. But without any evidence—"

"No evidence! They saw Marie Antoinette, didn't they? What do you want for a nickel?"

"Maybe they did see, although we don't know how. What's more to the point, we don't know why."

"How about superstitions?" He put down his fork and leaned toward me, like a doctor on the trail of symptoms. "Do you walk around ladders, for instance, or under them?"

I felt trapped. "I try not to walk in places where I might have to choose."

His eyes lighted. "Now we're cooking with gas. Let's say you *can't* avoid it: the ladder's in your path. Do you ever walk under it?"

"Sometimes."

"And you don't feel uncomfortable?"

"A little, yes."

"Well, there you are. If you walk under on purpose, it's a counter-superstition, but that's no different from a superstition."

"I suppose you're right, Walter. It's absurd, of course, but deep down I *am* afraid of something, of some irrational element in the universe." I reached again for the wine. "So here we are at the same table: a pair of crazies."

This made him smile with a touch of condescension, more Philadelphian than Florentine, more Walter than Roberto. "Can't you show the same indulgence for ghosts?"

"Only in fiction. In Henry James, for instance."

"Ah, but nature copies art, you know."

I found this fatuous. The hell with my own weak-minded amiability: I would shift the monkey to his back. "I take it you've had—what should I call it?—an encounter of some kind."

His superior smile faded. He had accepted my challenge, but he held his fire until Antonio had served our coffee.

"I was twenty-five at the time," he began. "I had just joined the Foreign Service. They assigned me to Berlin; it was in the winter of 1949."

"Attaché or second secretary?"

His gaze thickened: he saw I was probing for his affiliations. "It's been so long ago I've forgotten. All I can tell you is that I hated Berlin: bomb craters, shells of buildings, cold wind with nothing to stop it. And the Berliners: quacking and hissing and making sly digs because we'd won the war. Even ten years later I had the willies when John Kennedy said, '*Ich bin ein Berliner*.'"

"Spring was almost worse than winter: little shoots of green in the rubble and those sickly linden trees. My work went out of focus. I thought of quitting. And I was tired of wrestling with the frauleins: their angry eyes and their big feet. I had to get away."

"As luck would have it, an Italian cousin of my father's asked me to spend my leave with him

and his wife at their castle in the Piedmont. Father may have put them up to it: I knew he'd stayed in Vanese himself, although he'd never talked much about it. I'd always thought of his cousins as hideously old, rattling about in sparse grandeur. But after all, Italy was Italy. So I leaped at it.

"Cousin Umberto had been a provincial governor in Ethiopia before the war. He wore his white hair cropped close and strode around the fields in heavy boots, flicking at weeds with a riding crop. Giulietta was from Palermo, dark, smiling, with a slight mustache and an air of mystery. When we first shook hands, she seemed taken aback: I sensed astonishment in her appraisal. She darted a look at Umberto, and he shrugged. Maybe they thought I was off the beam to spend my hard-earned leave in a Piedmontese backwater with a pair of crumbling solitaires.

"Actually I took to the place: vineyards and orchards and green hills and the big orange cube of the *castello*. After the neurotic grimness of Prussia, the sweet and simple Italy of Longfellow. Or so I thought.

"The pride of Vanese was the fresco with which an unknown painter of the early fifteenth century had covered the walls of the *sala d'armi*. On my second day Umberto and I climbed up to the top of the castle to view it. The figures in the panels—there were dozens of them—represented characters from the Old Testament, but my cousin told me each one was also a member of the family. The gold backgrounds had tarnished; noses and fingers and even one whole head—appropriately that of Holoernes—had flaked off. But the faces had kept all their Quattrocento drama: a blue Noah staring smugly at a toy ark; an agonized Abraham with his knife poised above Isaac's curls. The central figure was King David: Umberto told me he was really the first Duke of Vanese. He was scowling ferociously at his slingshot. I had seen exactly the same creases between my father's eyes when he examined Navy promotion lists.

"On David's left Bathsheba was crouching in her tub, but she wasn't at all like the innocent slob of Rembrandt. Her hair was all snakes, her eyelids hooded and puffy. Clearly an adulteress: Leonardo gives the same features to the Magdalen. I asked if the painter hadn't been indiscreet.

"That's Emma," Umberto said. "The first Duke's mistress. She was Venetian."

"Emma?"

"Not very romantic, is it? The Duke didn't treat her like Bathsheba: he never made an honest woman of her. She's supposed to have brought misfortune on the house."

"Under my cousin's jocosity, I detected a note of malaise. But why should this ancient scandal make him uncomfortable? When I looked in the mirror in my bedroom, my forehead was creased with perplexity: my frown was just like David's."

"My cousins left me mostly to my own devices. Giacomo, the hired man, helped me to repair a rusty bicycle, which I pedaled all over the estate and down into the village. I even found a bedraggled disco-bar behind the town hall, where I picked up a girl named Graziella. She was blonde and bird-happy, and although she turned out to be the daughter of the Communist mayor, she seemed flattered that anyone from the *castello* should invite her to go walking in the woods. But she resisted trial-and-error methods and dampened me down with her giggles over my Italian. The women of this region were more complicated than my father had led me to believe."

"On rainy days I wandered around odd corners of the castle. One wet afternoon, yawning over Berenson by the fire, I felt the urge to have another go at the frescoes. But when I asked Umberto for the key, he hung back. 'You don't mind climbing around up there all by yourself?'"

"Don't you think I'm old enough? You don't want to wait around while I'm hunting for Berenson's tactile values, do you?"

"Whatever you say, dear boy. Be careful with the shutters."

"Umberto rummaged behind the pillars and tiny doors of a cabinet encrusted with nacre and brought out a hoop of keys, one with enormous teeth, like the crossed keys of the family escutcheon. He started to separate this one from the others, but the steel ring resisted and, catching my puzzled glance, he thought better of it. 'Here you are. The big one is for the *sala*.'

"I spent a long time up there, roving from Adam and Eve to Noah to Judith, but I kept circling back to David and Bathsheba—or Emma, as I now thought of her. Her medusa hair seemed almost to ripple. But what drew me most was the sheen of the eyelids: coming close, I saw how the painter had made them sexier by touching in fine striations like the marks on mussel shells."

"The sky was brightening now beyond the windows. Between two of the trompe l'oeil arches, I saw a low door, unframed and flush

with the wall, camouflaged by painted flowers. I pulled it open and found myself in a narrow corridor, lined with rough stone. On the right, four open doors led into disused servants' cubicles, each with an iron bedstead. The returning sun had set the flies buzzing at the windowpanes."

"The fifth door was locked. I tried the handle and quickly let it go. I had the sense—had it struck some inner chamber of my ear, like a voice pitched too low for ordinary hearing?—that someone was muttering against my intrusion. I remembered Umberto's hesitancy, but I was too much of a Paul Pry not to try his keys. The first one fitted the lock."

"This room was much larger than the Spartan cells alongside it. The washbasin had gilded taps; the floor was covered with worn Aubusson carpeting, the walls with yellowing paper. The bed was rather grand, with a baldachin, damask curtains, and a counterpane of red silk, elaborately embroidered but dusty and rumpled. On the dressing table I was astounded to find a pair of silver hairbrushes, engraved 'R.S.' Those were my father's initials."

"And then, just as the window cast a square of watery sunshine on the bed, something happened that made me stumble out into the corridor and slam the door. I remember falling back against the wall, with my nails scrabbling at the rough stone, while I tried to catch my breath. I had seen the counterpane stir: in the stab of sunlight it wasn't merely rumpled. The bed curtains had concealed the head of the four-poster, but surely that heaving under the spread came from a living creature, moving perhaps in its sleep."

"I was in too much of a panic to look for explanations. All I knew was that I had to get that door locked again. Absurd, you'll tell me. And you're right: how could any bar or lock shut away the thing I suspected? But I pulled myself clear of the wall and, bending down, got the key into the lock and turned it. I listened for a voice or a footstep. But there was only the buzzing of flies at the windows."

"I covered my fright by making a great clatter with the bars and shutters of the *sala d'armi*. Umberto and Giulietta were not in the drawing room, so I put the keys back in the cabinet and went to my room. I took off all my clothes in front of the cheval glass, as if I wanted to make sure that the real me was still there. Then I slipped into my track suit and went for a long ride on the bicycle, as far from the castle as I could go. I didn't turn back until the sun dropped behind the hills and

the last rooks were cawing overhead.

"My relations with my cousins showed no cracks. I didn't want to tell them or anyone what I had seen—or not seen: it cast a shadow of reticence over my whole simple-minded universe. I even stayed away from Graziella. But the strange thing was that much as I wanted to get away from Vanese, I wanted even more to get back into that room."

Strawbridge's fingers closed around his coffee cup as if he meant to crush it. "If I tell you what I did, you'll think I'm an absolute louse."

"If you don't drop that other shoe, I'll think you're even more of a louse, Walter."

He scowled—was this the scowl of King David?—but presently picked up the thread.

"The whole game now was to find an opportunity. I couldn't ask for the keys again; to sneak them out of the cabinet would be too risky. But as the last day of my leave drew nearer, I went completely haywire. I had to open that door once more, and once more—and forever—close it. Finally on the eve of departure I got my chance.

"Once a month, usually on the last Saturday, my cousins went off on their own to Turin; they shopped and visited relatives and, as lord and lady of the manor, shook hands all around. But this time they set the visit back to Friday so that they would be on hand the next day to take me to the station.

"As soon as I heard the wheels of their Fiat crunching at the bottom of the gravel drive, I went straight to the cabinet that held the keys. I listened to make sure that Giacomo and the cook were off in their wing of the castle, and then I headed up the stairs on tiptoe—ridiculous, wasn't it?—and into the long corridor. Once I'd got the fifth door unlocked and forced myself to go in, my dread melted. Total calm: bright sunlight and no sound except from the trapped flies. This time I could see the whole of the four-poster. There was a shape under the counterpane all right, but when I came closer I burst out laughing: it was a dressmaker's dummy. The oval head, for fitting hats and scarves, poked out just at the top of the spread; its canvas surface was cross-stitched in black like one of those pallid footballs that haunt the canvases of de Chirico.

"I went to the window and looked out at the bright sky and the trembling tops of the poplars. But as I stood there, chewing over my delusions, I caught again—this time just at the tail of my eye—that watching presence. As fast as I had turned away from the bed, I turned back again.

And then the questions really did come crowding in around me: for a few seconds I was pinned there as if a wall had collapsed."

Strawbridge paused; his face was livid.

"What questions?" I asked.

"How can a dummy's head swivel around," he whispered, "and lift itself from a mattress? Who ever fitted a mound of canvas and wire with bits of black hair? Or with shiny eyelids like shells? And when eyelids open, what if there's nothing—only white light pouring through?"

"I made a dash for the door, banging it behind me, and ran headlong through the corridor and the *sala*. Grabbing the iron stair rail, I went down so fast that the metal burned my palm. At the bottom I fainted and fell on the marble floor.

"The cook found me there when she came in from the kitchen. She called Giacomo; they helped me to a sofa in the drawing room and left me with a bottle of brandy and a cold compress for the bump on my forehead.

"My cousins returned just before dinner. This time I told them everything. Giulietta went off for a fresh compress. Umberto came straight to the point: 'You're wondering why neither of us warned you.'

"'And you're wondering why I should poke my nose into other people's secrets.'

"He dismissed this with a flip of his hand. 'We have no secrets. There was nothing we could tell you.'

"'I thought you looked at me a little sideways when you gave me the keys the first time.'

"'Caro mio, I hadn't thought about it seriously until now, but '—Umberto weighed his words—'the odd thing is that your father also—well, something happened; we never knew what. He slept in that room when he stayed here. One morning he showed up at breakfast as pale as if he'd seen—well, he looked about as you do now, minus the bump on the forehead. He asked us to move him to the other end of the castle—claimed the cook's cats in the garden kept him awake.'

"'I guess he moved in a hurry. His hairbrushes are still there.'

"Giulietta had come back with the compress. 'I'm not surprised,' she said. 'He wouldn't go near that room again. He's never come back here.'

"'And neither of you has seen anything at all?'

"'Nothing. Emma has never bothered us.' She might have been speaking of some tiresome maiden aunt, whose visits had to be endured now and then as a family duty.

"'But why me?' I asked. 'And why Father, of all people?'"

"Umberto sat down beside me; he put a hand on my knee. 'You're very like your father, you know. Eyes, hair, forehead—especially the forehead. Giulietta noticed it the minute she saw you.'

"Then I remembered David's scowl, and my own. 'And both of us look like the first Duke, is that it?' I sat up and removed the compress. 'Do you think the dead can make mistakes?'"

"'Who knows? The urge to experiment is pretty strong, isn't it?'"

"I blushed. Giulietta smiled. 'Maybe it even survives death.'

"'I doubt,' said Umberto, 'that Emma will operate outside of Vanese, but maybe you'll feel better if we keep her where she belongs.' Gently, almost stealthily, he picked up his ring of keys from where it lay on the cushion beside me.

"The next day I left for Berlin. My cousins saw me into my compartment and waited until the train had gone chuffing off. They were taking no chances."

Strawbridge closed his eyes. After a minute he opened them and got up from the table. He seemed unsteady: I put a hand under his elbow and steered him out onto the terrace. We stood leaning on the chipped balustrade. Behind us Antonio muttered as he cleared our table. Below us glimmered the scattered lights of Bordighera and the wrinkled silver of the moonlit sea. The air was drenched with the scent of bougainvillea.

"So you see," Strawbridge said, "that I do have evidence."

The next morning I found him devouring croissants. He had put on collar and tie for travel. When he caught sight of me, his face went beige; his cup clattered in its saucer. Thinking of his cousins' precautions, I insisted on driving him to the station in Ventimiglia. I pretended I had errands of my own. It was then that I had helped him wheel his lopsided suitcase across the tiles and out to the train.

Awkwardly we shook hands through the compartment window. I tried to be waggish. "Go straight to Bern. No stopovers at Vanese."

This was the wrong note: "If you talk like that, it means you don't believe me. You think I'm a nut."

His eyes were wild, his brow deeply creased. He was like someone who presses on an abraded tooth to see how much pain it can pro-

duce. I didn't want to part in that mood: I had enjoyed his company, even his troubles; they had distracted me from mine. And I didn't relish a scene on the platform. "I don't think you're nuts, Walter, any more than I am." Quite sincerely—but without spelling out Freudian whys and wherefores—I added, "I believe you absolutely."

He looked relieved. "We must keep in touch," he said. He sank back in his seat and the train slid out along the tracks toward Switzerland. I hadn't heard from him since.

III

And now here was his damned bag again. When I queried Signor Antonio, he confirmed Strawbridge's return; he said he had gone out. To avoid me perhaps?

I watched for him that evening in the dining room. He came in hesitantly and took his place in another corner. His long torso seemed stooped; the Bronzino profile had gone a bit watted.

At the end of dinner we had to face it: we might turn down the lamp of recognition, but sooner or later it was bound to flare up. In the doorway of the *salone* we affected simultaneous astonishment.

"Escaping from Dullsville?" I cried.

"More travel adventures?" Strawbridge asked brightly. "More countesses?"

Neither of us answered with any precision. The tedium produced by someone else's journeys or love affairs knows no limits, and I think we were both anxious to remain within the pale. But as the vision of Strawbridge's Emma-Bathsheba percolated back into the top of my mind, I wondered about sequels. I felt that he owed me a word or two. Damned if I would take the initiative.

After an exchange of inanities about Italy and the Italians, Strawbridge cleared his throat. "It was nice of you to take me to the station that day. I should never have gotten us into such a swivet."

I don't like being called nice, and I don't admit to swivets. "What did you expect?" I asked sharply. "You were the one who was upset. And you know, I kept wondering whether the whole business wasn't your own psyche playing dirty tricks."

"So that Emma was the creature of frustration—death and sex combined, is that it?"

"Something like. And of course you were

overworked and swamped by Berliner *schadenfreude*."

He gave me a pitying half-smile. "You're still trying to be helpful. I'm embarrassed."

"That's just what you shouldn't be. Shame is for the ego, not for the id."

"But that's exactly why I'm embarrassed." We had reached the terrace where I had tried to calm him down seven years before. The same twinkling lights, the same smell of bougainvillea. "Because it really *was* my ego that was responsible."

"What in God's name are you talking about?"

"Emma wasn't real. She wasn't there."

"That's just what I was telling you."

"Not quite." He took a deep breath. "I wasn't there either," he blurted. "There's no *castello*. No Italian cousins."

I stood there with my mouth open, watching hundreds of shiny little wheels spinning around without any cogs. "Well, you made a monkey out of me, didn't you? I'd really feel better if you'd never told me."

"But you're still worried. I couldn't presume any longer on your kindness."

"Hasn't it occurred to you, Strawbridge, that what you've just told me might worry me more than the load of bullshit you dumped on me years ago?"

He flushed. "But you were the one who threw down the gauntlet. You behaved exactly like an ambassador who shuts his ears to any information that might make trouble for him. You made me feel as though I was back in Berlin or Sofia or Palermo, fighting with the doubting Thomases of the Foreign Service. In my career I had to train myself to become a salesman of the improbable. A supersalesman. And sometimes my info was sound."

"Sometimes!"

"After I retired, I missed all that, especially among all those sobersided Switzers. I don't like to cause complications for anyone, and certainly not for my wife. But once in a while I like to test my wings again. And Italy is still the best terrain: there are so many skeptics."

"Including me." I had no interest now in ripping off his cover. "I guess I should be flattered. I had no idea I represented such a challenge."

"Oh you did, you did. All that nitpicking about Marie Antoinette."

"I never nitpicked poor Marie Antoinette!" We were beginning to overheat, like opponents in a staff meeting. I started laughing. "Your timing was perfect."

He turned from the railing to face me: he seemed positively cheerful. "Let's call it quits. I don't intend to relapse, so let's not talk about anything but the weather and the food."

"That will restore the status quo ante."

"Ante what?"

"Ante the tennis shoes of Antonio."

"Exactly. Let Anglo-Saxon reticence be our watchword."

"Anglo-Saxon? You're not going to tell me that your middle name isn't Roberto?"

He gave me a Quattrocento frown. "That would be going a bit far, wouldn't it?"

After that we only nodded in the lobby. If we met at the beach, I smiled and Strawbridge, unsmiling, touched the brim of his panama. We ate at separate tables; sometimes I hid behind a musty novel from the British Library.

From Antonio's register I learned that Strawbridge would leave before me. It would be uncivil not to address him a word of farewell. I found him in the bar, seated as once before with his profile to the lighted bottles, but with less advantageous results. I bought us an Americano and we talked about the pleasures of Bordighera. Everything rolled along in unbroken banality until I happened to mention the diversion I had found in forgotten Edwardian novels from the British Library.

Strawbridge swiveled around on his stool. "You mean the *Biblioteca Internazionale*. The Fascists appropriated it from the Brits, you know, during the war."

"I've noticed there's nothing in it later than 1939. But now the town council has made it international. Always the grand gesture."

"You find it a grand gesture?"

"Well, they could have sold the whole caboodle. Or burned it."

"And probably would have if"—he fixed me and then looked away—"if they hadn't found the most amazing document: a letter tucked away in one of the volumes—*Little Dorrit*, I believe it was."

"A letter from whom?"

"From Mussolini. Really extraordinary."

When he had finished his story, I agreed that it was most extraordinary.

In the morning I saw Strawbridge's suitcase, with its scuffed corners and gold initials, standing unfriended in the lobby. I did not stay to volunteer. I dashed out into the Via Romana: there I was sure to find, on benches before the decaying villas, old ladies in black, indulging in gossip that they had no intention of sharing with me. □

Francis Jammes

IT'S GOING TO SNOW . . .

Translated and Dedicated by Dennis Tool

(for Gary Wilson)

It's going to snow in a day or two, and I'm thinking back
To last year, remembering this gloomy haze around the fireplace.
If someone had asked me then: "What's the matter?"
I'd have said: *Leave me be. Nothing's the matter.*

I thought it over carefully late into last year,
Snow outside drifting deeper by the minute.
Thought it over uselessly: Here I am again,
Smoking my corn-cob pipe—with a little amber in it.

Here still is the rich fragrance of my oaken chest of drawers . . .
What a waste of time it was! The past can't change.
How futile and vain to try to drive
The memory from our very brains!

Why bother then to think and speak?
Tears and kisses don't talk. Odd—
Yet we hear and know them. And the nearing footfalls of a friend
Are truer than the poets' words.

We named the stars and never thought
They'd have no need of names. And the figures, the formulas and sums
We use to prove that graceful comets' tails
Will sweep from darkness—*they* don't make the comets come.

What's become of last year's famous sadnesses?
I scarcely can remember them . . .
I'd say: *It's nothing. Leave me be.*
To one who'd said: "Now what can the matter be?"

RE-VIEWING *THE RAIN PEOPLE*

I want to suggest that *The Rain People* (1969) is Francis Ford Coppola's most fully realized, if least spectacular film. Stanley Kauffmann inadvertently touches on the reason for this in the following criticism of the director's career:

Where Coppola is short is in thought. He stumbles when he thinks, when he thinks he's thinking. . . . *The Conversation* faltered in its idea-structure. *The Godfather*, both parts, was strongest in its execution (also its executions), not in its adolescent implication of analogy between the Mafia and corporate capitalism. In *Apocalypse Now* the attempts to dramatize private moral agony and general moral abyss are disjointed, assumptive, weak.¹

The Rain People is more successful artistically than the films that follow because it is filled, not with thought, but with feeling.² It has been called a "personal" film, and it is more than the others in

¹Stanley Kauffmann, *Before My Eyes: Film Criticism and Comment* (New York: Harper and Row, 1980), p. 108.

²Coppola's most recent film, *One From the Heart* (1982), has neither thought nor feeling behind it. Shot wholly in his Zoetrope Studios for \$26 million, it attempts to create through optical effects the illusion that the audience is watching a musical comedy on the Broadway stage. The plot and characterization are minimal. Robert Hatch wrote that Coppola made the film to show off the resources of Zoetrope (*The Nation*, 6 March 1982, p. 282); David Denby called it "bizarre and pointless" (*New York*, 1 February 1982, p. 54).

There are precedents for *One From the Heart* in Coppola's work prior to *The Rain People*. *You're a Big Boy Now* (1967) was a light comedy, and *Finian's Rainbow* (1968) a rendition of the Broadway hit musical; both made ample use of visual effects. (Coppola's first film was *Dementia 13* [1963], a low-budget contribution to the horror genre financed by Roger Corman.) Unfortunately, the director has come full-circle back to his beginnings, and thus this seems an appropriate time to mark the achievement of *The Rain People* and hope that he will return to it. Considering how much money *One From the Heart* has lost, this may not be such wishful thinking: Coppola may be forced to make films on comparatively low budgets again, on soberer themes that call for real characters in real settings.

two senses: Coppola made it on a relatively small budget, unencumbered by his own publicity and huge financial strains; and he seems to have produced it out of felt or at least imagined experience as opposed to the indirect kind: his ideas about the experience of the Vietnam War, of the Mafia in America, of electronic surveillance in the post-Watergate era. The result is a "road picture," one woman's journey of self-discovery, that was overshadowed at the time of its release by films like *Easy Rider*, *Midnight Cowboy*, and *Alice's Restaurant*;³ that draws some of its inspiration, to go back only 30 years, from *Of Mice and Men* (novelette, play, and film); and that is far superior to the once highly touted *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* (1974), which resembles it in many ways.

The picture begins the day Natalie Ravenna (Shirley Knight), newly pregnant, leaves her husband, Vinny (seen once in the present, asleep, and a few times in silent flashbacks), and their comfortable Long Island home. She tells her parents, and him by phone, that she intends to return, but has to get away for now. She feels trapped, overwhelmed, by her role as wife and childbearer. Natalie is no feminist; she is, rather, a confused young woman who sees her life mapped out and decides to take a temporary detour or vacation from it. On the road she picks up a hitchhiker, Jimmy "Killer" Kilgannon (James Caan), a former outstanding college football player who immediately has something in common with her: both are traveling nowhere in par-

³*The Rain People* was a commercial flop, disappearing quickly after its release. Joseph Morgenstern panned it in *Newsweek* (8 September 1969), while Stephen Farber and William S. Pechter wrote sympathetic, though finally negative, reviews in *Film Quarterly* (Winter 1969) and *Commentary* (February 1970) respectively. Stanley Kauffmann, incidentally, in a rare lapse of critical judgment, wrote this of the film: "[It] is a tedious and affected piece about a wandering young wife who 'finds' herself through her experiences with a simple brute, the most painful bit of preciosity since Jack Garfein's *Something Wild* (1961)" (p. 202 in his *Figures of Light* [New York: Harper and Row, 1971]). Kauffmann's remarks are all the more surprising in light of his fine insight into Coppola's subsequent films, quoted at the start of my essay.

ticular. What seems to begin as a trite sexual adventure—Natalie says later that she picked Killer up hoping to “make it” with someone new—turns into much more. The hint of sexual liaison hangs over the two until we, and she, finally discover, perhaps 45 minutes into the film, that Killer has been left slightly retarded by a football injury, has been given \$1,000 to leave his campus job as a groundskeeper (at which he was wholly inadequate, and in which position he was an embarrassment to college officials), and is without family. He is looking for a friend, a mother, not sex.

Having just left her husband, Natalie is of course reluctant to take on the responsibility of looking after Killer. She was even more reluctant to pick him up, stopping her station wagon yards ahead of him, then driving away as he approached, then stopping again to let him in. She tries to leave him at four other points. She drives him to his former girlfriend’s house in Pennsylvania, where Killer thinks that he will get the job her father promised him at a game two years before. The father is willing until he learns about his prospective employee’s mental state (not so obvious, because Killer does not say much) from his cruel, selfish daughter. Natalie and her charge hit the road again, and after a night in separate motel rooms, she says that they must go their separate ways. She drives off, then stops, waits for him to get in, and drives on. There will be no easy getting rid of Killer: she likes him, and she knows that he is helpless.

Finally, Natalie thinks that she has found the place for him: the “Reptile Ranch,” somewhere in Nebraska. She gets him a job there cleaning up, provided he entrusts his money to the owner; she knows that he will never see the money again, but feels the loss will be worth it if the man takes care of Killer. She speeds off, wanting to get as far away from him as possible, but happy to have found him something resembling a home. Gordon (Robert Duvall), a policeman cum sexual opportunist, stops her for speeding and takes her right back to the Reptile Ranch curio shop, where she must pay the fine. Killer is fired for freeing all the animals, especially the chicks in their cramped and dirty cages; his boss drops charges of malicious mischief against him in return for \$800. Natalie abandons him in this place again, this time for cutting the telephone lines while she is talking to her husband, whom she calls periodically throughout the film to agonize over what she has done and what it is doing to him. She

goes off on a date with Gordon, in whom she thinks she “sees something,” then retires with him to his trailer to spend the night.

Through this all, Natalie’s relationship with Killer has deepened, despite her desire to be free of him. He says at one point that he loves her; we know that she loves him, but will not admit it. He is, of course, a child, and she acts like his mother. Early in the film, in a motel room, she commands him to do various things and he does them without question. She is puzzled, though happy to dominate a man after being dominated by men all her life; *we* think we are about to witness some kinky sex. We realize later that, as a man with a child’s mind, Killer wants to be told what to do, wants to have his life arranged for him by someone else. He eventually follows Natalie to Gordon’s trailer, where he plays outside with the latter’s young daughter, Rosalie. She is Killer’s opposite: an eight- or nine-year-old who would be an adult, parading around in an oversized brassiere, staying up late, and possessing intimate knowledge of the lives of the grown-ups who reside in the trailer park. Her mother is dead; her father regards her as an obstacle to his sex life.

Gordon wants no more than to sleep with Natalie. When she rebels, disappointed by his lack of tenderness and repulsed by his treatment of his daughter, he attempts to rape her. Peeping through the window with his new playmate, Killer sheds his gentleness, bursts in, pulls Gordon outside, and proceeds to use him as a kind of tackling dummy. He is on the verge of beating the policeman to death when Rosalie shoots Killer twice with her father’s service revolver. He dies in Natalie’s arms as she pathetically attempts to drag him away to some type of safety, saying in desperation that they can go back to New York and live as a family with Vinny. The neighbors have come out and look on passively.

Natalie’s journey is at an end. She has come, with difficulty, to love Killer, and is made to realize just how much she loves him by his death. He has given her the experience that will enable her to reunite with her husband and have her child.⁴ She has not “found” herself in any easy, euphoric sense; her anticipated return home to Vinny hardly gives the film a happy, forced end-

⁴Natalie has two other children, but after she looks in on them, asleep in their bedroom, in the opening moments of the film, they are not seen again or spoken of. So it is as if she is pregnant with her first child: the first one to whom she will be able to give herself fully, as a consequence of her relationship with Killer.



ing. She has paid, and *had* to pay, a terrible price in order to learn that she is able to love and care; in order to learn that freedom can be its own form of dead end, and confinement its own form of liberation. Therein lies her tragedy and the film's achievement.⁵ Her experience is paralleled by Gordon's, who uses his police motorcycle to propel his life as a "free spirit." His wife died when their house burned down. He says that he did not love her before her death, and felt no love for her after it. It takes his daughter's murder of Killer to penetrate the thick wall with which he has surrounded himself. By the end of the film, there is a broken spirit inside his broken body, but there is at the same time, paradoxically, a spirit elevated by his little girl's act of love toward the father who showed her so little.

Natalie is one of the "rain people" of the title; Gordon is not. These are figments of Killer's childlike imagination, people with whom he can talk, have adventures, and exchange secrets. The opening shot of the film is of the rain falling in puddles outside Natalie and Vinny's house, which is on an island. We see the water refreshing, even purifying, her in the shower as she prepares to leave her husband. She drives off in the rain, and it falls intermittently during her trip with Killer. It is as if she was a figure of his imag-

⁵At least four critics have called Killer's death melodramatic or unnecessary. John Coleman in *New Statesman*, 15 December 1978 (p. 835); Robert Phillip Kolker in *A Cinema of Loneliness: Penn, Kubrick, Coppola, Scorsese, Altman* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1980), p. 157; and Joseph Morgenstern (p. 82) and William S. Pechter (p. 81) in publications already cited in these notes. I am arguing for the necessity of Killer's slaying on the grounds that it is responsible for Natalie's recognition or spiritual transformation. Aside from this, though, the death makes perfect sense within the context of the final scene: Rosalie has no choice but to shoot Killer, because he will doubtless kill her father if she does not. Natalie's meeting in the first place with the little girl's father is charged with inevitability: she wants so badly to rid herself of Killer that she speeds away from him, only to be pulled over by Gordon.

There are also ironic foreshadowings of Killer's death. He received his nickname because of his football prowess, but the name, combined with his size and the \$1,000 he carries around in a bag and shows off naively, makes him appear initially as a criminal to those he meets. Like most film criminals, he is headed toward demise; unlike them, he is neither a thief nor a real killer. At one point he and Natalie pass a movie theater showing *Bonnie and Clyde*. Except in the sense that they're both on the road, and that Natalie is running from something, these two do not appear to have anything in common with the main characters of Arthur Penn's film. The very idea of comparison between the couples seems ludicrous. Like Bonnie, however, Natalie has sexual yearnings that her road companion cannot satisfy; and most important, Killer, like Clyde, dies from wounds inflicted by police bullets.

ination from the start, destined to find and then be contained by him. When they reach Nebraska, it becomes hot and dry. The Reptile Ranch owner wants only to take advantage of Killer, and Gordon views him in the same way he does his daughter: as a nuisance. The flashbacks to Gordon's burning house underline the idea of this man, and this area, as hot and hostile, as the antithesis of the sympathetic woman from Long Island. The policeman is hot in two other senses. He is "hot" to have sex with Natalie, whereas Killer, with his child's mind, has no sexual interest in her, is "cool." And, as an official of the law, he is the "heat" to Killer's detached and unintimidating private citizen; his daughter uses his pistol, his "heater," to shoot the oblivious former football player.

Paradoxically perhaps in a film of felt experience, Coppola's camera work is cool and almost distant: as if in imitation of the shy Killer and the rainy-day world of his mind. Like the camera work, the colors of *The Rain People* are cool and muted, not hot and lush—even in Nebraska, where Coppola uses light to fade instead of to enhance color.⁶ The editing is for the most part

⁶Robert Phillip Kolker mistakes the intent of the cinematography and camera work in *The Rain People*. He writes that

[The film] never achieves a working relationship with the viewer. . . . [Coppola] does not know just how much distancing . . . [is] needed. . . . Missing . . . is a clearly defined and coherent *mise-en-scène* for [the] characters to dwell in, a space for them and for us to share. . . . Its appearance with such power and presence in *Godfather I* is remarkable. Its presence can be partly accounted for by the care Coppola begins to give each image in the film. . . . [He] achieves a richness based on an ability to control light and dark, balance color patterns. . . .

(*A Cinema of Loneliness*, pp. 156-157, 158)

Obviously, the *mise-en-scène* that was appropriate to *Godfather I* is not appropriate to *The Rain People*. Kolker of all people should realize this, since he writes:

[In *Godfather I*] it is not so much characters to whom we are joined and from whom we are separated but situations, states of being, and places. The film is structured by our desire to move into a world portrayed as being warm, attractive, and protected. . . . The characters . . . function less as individuals than as representatives of an attractive and dangerous world. . . . Our attraction to them, our fears for them, are controlled and are controllable because of the fact that they represent a situation we wish to be part of.

(*A Cinema of Loneliness*, p. 160)

The camera in *Godfather I* invites us into a *mise-en-scène*, invites us to inhabit a place.

The camera in *The Rain People*, by contrast, identifies us with

easy and extended: giving the characters time to move around within the scene as opposed to manipulating them through lots of cutting. Since this is a road film, the camera is outdoors much of the time, where Natalie seeks her freedom. When it is indoors, even inside her spacious station wagon, we are made to feel the claustrophobia that drove her from home.

In the first scene, Natalie is literally confined in her bed by her sleeping husband's arm, which is draped across her chest. At the Reptile Ranch, she is appalled by the chicks' cramped and filthy cages, and she herself looks trapped in the cluttered, gaudy curio shop. In the scene inside Gordon's constricting and dingy trailer, she resists his attempts to embrace, to confine, her from the start. He wears tight jeans; she, a loose-fitting white dress. Coppola shoots much of an early scene in a motel through mirrors, to emphasize Natalie's feelings of entrapment. She views Killer as an extension of that entrapment, so when he enters the room, he is seen in the same mirrors that enclose her. In her car's rearview mirror and in the one in her compact, Natalie confronts the real source of her problems, and their only solution in the end: herself. Significantly, she ap-

the point of view of a character detached or excluded from a *mise-en-scène*. Just as Killer is slightly distanced from the world, we are distanced from it by the camera: for example, from the home life, at the start of the film, that he will never know again and to which Natalie will ultimately return; and from the phone booth where she calls Vinny shortly after leaving New York. The camera remains outside Natalie and her husband's house in the rain for a long time before haltingly going in to find her awakening. And it never places us inside the phone booth with her; we remain outside, listening and observing, in a very long take. Later Killer will be excluded from a phone booth in which Natalie again talks to Vinny, and he will cut the lines in a fumbling attempt to span the distance between himself and other human beings. Just as his perception of his world is not rich in variation, in *difference*, neither is the one we see on screen: its colors are subdued. This film lives by the long take, and so does Killer: in his now simple life, he does not take in a situation by leaps, moving restlessly from one person or object to another; rather, he concentrates his gaze deliberately on the scene before him, struggling to fathom its complexities.

Kolker speaks above of "the care Coppola begins to give each image in [*Godfather I*]," and of characters functioning in it "less as individuals than as representatives of an attractive and dangerous world." The director does not give less care to the images in *The Rain People*; it's simply that he gives excessive care to those in the later films, or in any event emphasizes scenery and lighting over character, which he harnesses to facilitate ideas. Characters *do* function less as individuals than as representatives of something, to the detriment of the films after *The Rain People*. By the time we get to *One From the Heart*, they function as neither: the visuals finally become everything, and nothing.



plies make-up in these mirrors. This can be seen as an act of concealment, nullified by the tears she sheds on the phone talking to Vinny, and by her weeping in the final scene as she holds the dead Killer.

Just as the “rain people” are figments of Killer’s imagination, this film is the figment of Coppola’s. It is the second film that he wrote and directed; *You’re a Big Boy Now* (1967) was the first. Killer’s mind is incapable of generating thought: his instincts tell him to like Natalie and dislike the owner of the Reptile Ranch, and they are right in both cases. Similarly, the young Coppola trusts his feelings about the characters, not his ideas about the world that produced them. He trusts, if he is not in fact in awe of, his actors, permitting the story to be told more through them, as acting instruments, than through editing and camera movement. He is right to do so: Shirley Knight, James Caan, and Robert Duvall give excellent performances.

Restraint is the hallmark of all three. Caan could easily have milked his role for sympathy, but he does not. His Killer is touching less because we feel sorry for him than because we admire his blind resiliency. Duvall’s ability to transform himself in character roles has become legendary: we see an early reason why here. He doesn’t enter the film for quite a while. I kept hoping that I would recognize him when I saw his face. I didn’t: that’s acting. Before Gordon pulls Natalie over for speeding, Coppola shows us some directing, characterizing the policeman in one shot. The camera is behind a billboard, in front of which sits Gordon on his motorcycle. We see him only from the waist down—we see, that is, his essence.

Shirley Knight has been criticized in the past for exhibiting Sandy Dennis-type hysterics. None of that here. Her “oh, no” after Killer is shot reminds us of what “less is more” really means: to give less not for economy’s or ellipsis’ sake alone, but so that the audience can imagine more. She says the line almost in an offhand way, as if she has just remembered that Gordon would naturally keep a gun on hand at all times. What we see her realizing is that this is the same weapon she had pointed at Gordon in an attempt to make him leave her alone. He quickly grabbed it, tossed it aside, and tried to rape her. The ease with which Natalie pulled it from its holster on the wall is the same ease with which Gordon’s precocious daughter picked it up and fired at Killer. Natalie is not to blame for the girl’s act; she com-

prehends its fatefulness, and we see her doing so. We imagine its fatefulness through her, through just two simple words that she speaks, and that Knight gives subtle inflection to. Had the character said more, explained herself, in this sentence, or had the actress done more with it, the moment would have been lost; either literalness or theatrics would have killed it and excluded us. In the same way, had Knight fallen into hysterics on the line, we would have felt the character's suffering far less than we do. We feel it so much



because we are enabled to watch the affection for Killer rising up in the woman to break on her face and display itself only for a few moments before he dies. She quietly shows us what she could have given rather than screams about what has been taken from her. She expresses her love for Killer rather than her grief for herself. We feel her pain so greatly precisely because she does not, or has barely allowed it to surface: her own pain is the last thing on her mind; and because her love achieves its greatest expression at the moment Killer can least benefit from it.

Knight did not appear in another Coppola film. Duvall and Caan went on to achieve stardom in *The Godfather* (1972), as did its director. The measure of his actual decline is in his use of the two actors in the later film. Duvall is again on the side of the law, so to speak. He's cast as a lawyer

who defends the Mafia's financial interests: Coppola is interested less in his character than in his function as someone who can beat the system at its own game. Caan is again a simple brute, but this time he is riddled with bullets and covered with blood in his death scene. Nothing is left to the imagination: not his agony, not the guilt of those inadvertently responsible for his murder, and not, finally, the film. Perhaps the image from *The Rain People* that remains with us above all others is precisely the one of Killer's death. The



sound of the gun is natural; the volume is not increased, as it is in most films, with the result that we take a moment, just a moment, to realize that a gun has been fired. It is dark outside. We see no blood. Killer falls and writhes, but barely makes a sound. Gordon and his daughter look on silently. Natalie has spoken her "oh, no" and continues to speak to the dead Killer as the screen fades to black. This is masterly directing. The scene seems eerie, because it is not filled with film clichés. In fact it is quite realistic, the work of a man who has looked at as well as lived in the world, and who has since seemed content primarily to expound upon it. □

Bert Cardullo is a teaching fellow in film at Yale and a regular contributor to the New Orleans Review.

Eugenio de Andrade

NAMES

Translated by Alexis Levitin

Your mother gave you little names, as if the tide brought them with the periwinkles. She would have liked to call you tributary-of-June, purple-where-the-night-washes-itself, white-slope-of-wheat, all this in just a single syllable. Only she knew how to make it all work out, my-little-silvery-bay-pony-to-hang-upon-one's-breast. That's how you were loved. Sometimes by me.

SEEING, SAYING, KNOWING: HAMLET AND THE TENUOUS PROJECT OF DRAMA SEMIOTICS

Hamlet begins with a *watching* (the action of Act one, scene one), and ends with a *telling*. Between that which is first seen and that which is finally said lies a host of other specific and pointed sights and sounds; indeed, the strands which weave the play's fabric are numerous processes of seeing, watching, showing, hiding, saying, telling, listening and hearing. The predominance of this class of activities locates the play at the heart of semiotic theory, engaging the complex question of the relative roles of verbal and visual codes in dramatic signification. The coexistence of words and things in the dramatic universe—or, to put it differently—the existence of a verbal discourse within a non-verbal, physical context—is the crucial distinguishing characteristic of drama, setting it apart from all other art forms. It is also—from a theoretical point of view—its most troublesome characteristic, for it enjoins a “double-layered” approach to dramatic messages, requiring attention to two altogether different kinds of signs (words and things) which, while they are constructed from utterly different material continuums, nevertheless function simultaneously in dramatic signification, submitting their material differences to a non-material (fictional) similarity: the dramatic code which governs them both. The dramatic code consists of two sub-codes, the mimetic code (using iconic signs that *stand for* “actual” speech and objects) and the diegetic code (using indexical signs that *point to* “actual” speech, events and objects). The diegetic code governs verbal signs exclusively, whereas the mimetic code governs both verbal and visual signs. It is to the variance and congruence of these two codes and these two sign-systems that the semiotics of drama must address itself, for it is this relationship that is responsible for dramatic meaning. Yet this relationship is, as we shall see, profoundly complex and problematic, suggesting an ultimate impossibility for the semiotic project.

The initial and final moments of *Hamlet* enclose an exemplary demonstration of this possible impossibility, for at these moments—moments of apparent stability, of seeming

certainty—the verbal and the visual exchange places, one turns into the other, leaving the spectator hearing sights, seeing words.

Let us begin at the end. As the play draws towards its conclusion, Horatio is prevented from suicide by Hamlet. The reason Hamlet gives for denying his friend the “felicity” he himself is soon to taste is, in the light of the traditional critical view of Hamlet's detached and providential final state of mind, a rather surprising one: he is concerned about his posthumous reputation:

O God, Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus unknown, shall live
behind me!¹

Horatio understands his friend's request as one involving a detailed, analytical and accurate narration of past events, which, before long, he prepares to provide:

And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world
How these things came about. So shall you
hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced
cause
And, in the upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads.
All this can I truly deliver.

(V,ii,380-387)

As it turns out, however, Horatio never gets beyond this prefatory stage of his narrative mission. Nor does he need to: the preceding play, having already *enacted* his projected story, has made its telling redundant. Horatio's (and Hamlet's) desire to *contain* the play through narrative summary, to overtake mimesis, is naive and impossible, for what's done is indeed *done*: both

¹William Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, ed. Edward Husler (New York, Signet-Classics, 1963), V,ii,345-346. All further references to the play are to this edition and will hereafter appear in the text following the quotations. All emphases are mine.

acted out and finished. "The play's the thing."

So, it is actually not with a speech that the play ends but with a *sight*: or, to be very precise, with a speech that simultaneously emphasizes and questions what is seen: "Such a *sight* as this becomes the field," says Fortinbras in the play's last lines, "but here shows much amiss" (V,ii,402-3). The corpse-strewn stage before us is characterized by the soldier Fortinbras as an "ungrammatical" sight, a violation of the conventions of death. To him (and here he is a spokesman for many) this sight is a visual sign of disorder—it "shows much amiss." One is doubtful that any narrative of Horatio's could re-order matters to Fortinbras' satisfaction: the play ends with an image of chaos, beyond diegetic salvation. What is *seen* refuses to be domesticated by what can be *said*: already the problematic of dramatic *interpretation*—indeed, the question of its very possibility—begins to appear, for the discourse of interpretation is forever locked into the diegetic mode, claiming (but failing) to contain mimesis.

Let us return now to Horatio's first action in the play, one in which he seems to share Fortinbras's semiotic preference for visual signs over verbal ones. Horatio is introduced as a skeptic, his disbelief directed at the *account* he has heard of the ghost's appearance—"this dreaded *sight* twice *seen* of us," as Marcellus calls it (I,i,25). Horatio, we learn, "says 'tis but our fantasy, / And will not let belief take hold of him"—he has come to *see* for himself (I,i,23-24).

The situation at this point may be described as a conflict of, or a competition between, two signifying systems: the auditory-verbal and the visual (or, from the characters' point of view, and the spectators', between hearing and seeing). At this point, at least as far as Horatio is concerned, the former system (the verbal) lacks force and credibility—as Barnardo says, Horatio's ears are fortified against the story of "what we have two nights seen." It is without much conviction that Horatio allows his fortified ears to be once more assailed—"Well, sit we down," he says, "And let us *hear* Barnardo *speak* of this" (I,i,33-34). His tone and manner hold out little hope that this repetition of the narrative, in spite of the addition of a suitably eerie setting, will sway his fixed belief against it. Nothing less than the actual appearance of the ghost can do that, and it does. After the ghost stalks away, Horatio acknowledges his position:

Before my god, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own *eyes*.

(I,i,56-58)

It is also, or it has become, the spectator's position: the ghost—no matter how much its veracity may be questioned later—has entered the dramatic matrix as a "reality" by virtue of its visible presence. By moving out of the diegetic realm and into the mimetic it has attained a higher or more secure position in the hierarchy of dramatic sign-systems.

However, Horatio's prejudice (one that is shared, we should note, by the global system of theatre) is put into serious question in the course of the play. Indeed, the instability of visual signs and their dependence on verbal supports is suggested by the play's very first lines: "Who's there?" asks Barnardo, voicing the failure of sight in darkness (I,i,1). As *Hamlet* opens, nothing can be seen—only heard.

Thus I was wrong to say that the play begins with a watching, just as I was wrong to say that it ends with a telling. The opposite is the case: it actually ends with a watching and begins with a telling. The darkness of scene one requires verbal conversion of even the most physical signs—such as the characters' presences. Thus Francisco's spatial (and hence visual) metaphor for identification—"Stand and unfold yourself" can only be complied with verbally (I,i,2): one must unfold oneself in words. (Later, the ghost will make a similar sight-to-speech conversion when he tells Hamlet that he could "a *tale unfold* whose lightest word / Would hallow up they soul.") Words seem to be taking over the signifying activity of the play, replacing visual signs.

Moreover, when the ghost—of whom Horatio's skepticism and ours has made a privileged visual sign—does appear, it is speech rather than sight that becomes most significant. "*Speak* to it, Horatio," urges Marcellus (I,i,42); "It would be *spoke* to" says Barnardo (I,i,45); and Marcellus repeats— "*Speak* to it Horatio" (I,i,45). Horatio tries—"By Heaven I charge thee, *speak*," and again (I,i,49): "Stay! *Speak*, *speak*. I charge thee, *speak*" (I,i,51).

In this scene, of course, the ghost itself remains silent. Its silence provides a convenient illustration of a unique feature of the dramatic code: the fact that each of its signifying systems can be temporarily arrested altogether, giving rise to a phenomenon known as the "zero-sign." The zero-sign of the speech system is silence, just as

darkness is the zero-sign of the lighting system, and nakedness that of the costume system. The interesting thing about zero-signs in drama is that they signify with equal if not more force than other signs. Indeed some plays—and *King Lear* may be one—may be said to derive their strongest effects from their use of zero-signs. Cordelia's voiced "nothing" is terrible indeed, but not as terrible as her unvoiced nothing from which her father wildly draws her out into speech. Once Cordelia says "nothing" the play can proceed; when she is merely silent, saying nothing, the play seems to teeter on the brink of dissolution. It is worth noting, in this regard, that Lear cannot stand silence—he dies *seeing* something on Cordelia's lips. (Another zero-sign used to great effect in *King Lear* is nakedness, the zero-sign of the costume system; and in one production, darkness, the zero-sign of the lighting system, was also powerfully used: as each of Gloucester's eyes was put out, in turn first one half and then the other half of the stage was plunged into darkness.)

In *Hamlet*, the ghost's silence in scene one illustrates the power of the zero-sign: it unleashes a torrent of speculations from the onlookers, all of which are destined to haunt the spectator's—and Hamlet's—reactions to the ghost for the rest of the play. By refusing to "unfold itself," the ghost forces action: he is a more competent dramaturge, as we shall see later, than the players—who, as Hamlet says, "cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all" (III,ii,146).

Later, however, with Hamlet present, it is the ghost who urges hearing, and in so doing, seems to emphasize speech.

Pity me not, but lend thy serious *hearing*
To what I shall unfold.

(I,v,5-6)

To which Hamlet responds: "Speak. I am bound to hear" (I,v,7). Now, it would seem, words, binding, clarifying words, will be forthcoming.

Curiously enough, the ghost's first extended utterance once he has secured Hamlet's hearing concerns the *unspeakable*: he tells Hamlet that he cannot tell him something. The ghost uses language to signal the existence of a realm of experience beyond language, beyond signification:

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would hallow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood

Make thy two eyes like stars start from their
spheres . . .

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

(I,v,15-22)

The ghost's method here deserves scrutiny. He is using language to describe the effects of hearing the unhearable. By speaking of the unspeakable, he is using language to bypass itself, to overcome its own limitations. This is something that Hamlet too will do later; in fact, it will become his chief technique for dealing with the problem of signification and interpretation. It is a torturous method, and one that goes to the heart of semiotic theory, because it is necessitated by the nature of language—particularly language in drama. For Horatio's skepticism about what he hears is by no means eccentric or unreasonable; it is entirely in keeping with the hierarchical arrangement of sign systems in drama, an arrangement that (in spite of the traditional critical attention to language) privileges the visual. In the play itself it is soon approved and validated by the ghost's account of its death, which took the form of what might be called "auditory homicide." As the ghost tells it, his poisoned ear is only the physical version of a more wholesale poisoning going on in Denmark—a poisoning of truth by falsehood:

Now, Hamlet, hear.

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard
A serpent stung me. So the *whole ear of Denmark*

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused.

(I,v,34-38)

According to the ghost, what is rotten in the state of Denmark is what is being said and heard. To that "forged process" he wishes to oppose his own true account; unfortunately, he has no other means to make his claim but those used by Claudius to make his: words.

The ghost's narrative puts Hamlet in a semiotic quandary: the signs he must rely on are the very ones already stigmatized as poisonous and unreliable. Hence, perhaps, the exasperation with which he later answers Polonius' simple question "What do you read, my Lord?" "Words, words, words," says Hamlet wearily, his repetition enacting the ceaseless proliferation of verbal signs around him (II,ii,192-194). Moreover,

the punning that increasingly dominates his discourse is another sign of the fact of being trapped in a verbal system, the signs of which are unstable, ambiguous, always capable of meaning more or less than they should.

That the ghost's words set up a semiotic problem for Hamlet—the problem of what signs to interpret, and how—is evident from the outset. Hamlet's reaction to the ghost takes the form of a textual displacement: pulling out his notebook, he vows to erase from it and from his memory all the conventional texts he has gathered there and to replace them with a single, new text—the ghost's injunction to remember:

Remember thee?
Yea from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures
past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all above shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.

(I,v,97-104)

Significantly, however, the new, privileged text that Hamlet installs in the "book" of his brain as well as in his notebook is not derived directly from the ghost's utterance—rather, it is the end-product of a process of association that the ghost's words have sparked off in Hamlet's mind—and it takes the form of a proposition particularly relevant to drama semiotics. What Hamlet wrote is: "One may smile, and smile, and be a villain" (I,v,108).

Hamlet thus shows himself to be aware—and makes *us* aware—of the gap between signifier and signified, in this case between behavior and moral character, smiling and villainy, that drama usually tends to ignore or deny or disguise. The dramatist's art is the art of *showing*, of providing visual signifiers linked by various theatrical and social codes to corresponding signifieds: thus the physical stage space, furnished with objects or images, comes to signify a fictional place; the expressions on an actor's face or the gestures of his hands come to signify his emotional or psychological state, and so on.

Hamlet's view of signification challenges this optimistic dramatic model. To him, signs—including visual signs and including so-called 'natural' signs, like a smile—are deeply suspect: they can *signify* without *meaning*, lie instead of telling

the truth. This conviction comes to govern Hamlet's entire thinking and is responsible for the paradox that this most questioning and probing of dramatic characters is also the most deliberately and programmatically *enigmatic* of characters.

Having become the subject of a massive diagnostic investigation instituted by the king and staffed by those closest to Hamlet—including his prospective bride—the Prince insists upon the impossibility of their project and rails against their attempts to pluck out what he calls "the heart of his mystery." For those who seek to draw him out and discover "the cause of his distemper," he has nothing but scorn. "Sblood," he swears at Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, "do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me" (III,ii,377-380).

Hamlet's confidence in his own ultimate unknowability, his conviction that he possesses an inner inviolable core that is impervious to interpretive assaults from without, rests on a model of the self that can be described in semiotic terms: to him, a person is a bi-level structure, consisting of a surface of signifiers linked to a core of signifieds, the former (the signifiers) inviting interpretation of, and promising success to, the latter (the signifieds) but never delivering up these signifieds whole and unaltered. The process of moving from signifiers to signifieds is, for Hamlet, deeply problematic, producing uncertain and unstable trust-constructs rather than truth itself.

The reason for this lies in the nature of the *relationship* of signifier to signified. The two parts of the sign exist on different existential planes which are brought together not by necessity but by convention: that is, they are linked by a *code* rather than by nature; their relationship is arbitrary rather than necessary. Thus the problem of interpretation derives not from signs themselves but from the codes that govern signification. The problem of deciphering signs is the problem of discerning codes—which ones apply, and when. A single signifier can, under different codes, be linked to one of several signifieds, often mutually contradictory ones. For example, a chair placed in a living room can simply be a "comfortable seat"; the same chair, placed in an office facing other chairs can, during an interview, be a "hot-seat," decidedly uncomfortable for its occupant. In both cases the material signifier (the chair) is the same; what is different is the non-material code operating on it, linking it to two

opposite signifieds. Since codes are always non-material, i.e., *conceptual*, all decoding activity, all attempts to pin a signifier to a signified presumed to lie beyond or behind it is an exercise in guessing, and as such entirely dependent on the prejudices, expertise, intuition and inspiration of the decoder. It is an activity more akin to speculating than to knowing, more apt to play upon or with the signified than to pluck out its hidden heart.

Lest I seem to be playing too fretfully on a single note of Hamlet's—and one he strikes in a mood of petulance and irritation—let me turn to another instance, one that more clearly shows the relationship between Hamlet's model of the self and the semiotics of drama. Following the first of many attempts by characters in the play to read Hamlet's state of mind from the outward signs—or signifiers—of his deportment, Hamlet delivers what might be considered an anti-semiotic manifesto: "Seems, madam?" he asks his mother, "Nay, it is. I know not seems" (I,ii,76). He then goes on to itemize the signifiers that naive onlookers have been too quick to attach to the signified "grief":

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected hair or of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of
grief

That can denote me truly.

(I,ii,77-83)

At one level, Hamlet's statement points to the fact that the theatre is a polysystem, which brings together signs from a variety of systems—such as (as here) the costumed, the gestural, the expressive, the aural and the verbal or linguistic—to formulate its message. Thus theatrical signification is often characterized by semiotic waste: a single signified being conveyed by a multiplicity of signifiers.

The polysystemic nature of drama (since it allows many opportunities and ways to drive home every point) would seem to insure a high degree of communicative accuracy, and so it does—as long as the various sub-systems complement and support each other. Hamlet's speech, however, sets up a conflict between systems. It puts the most powerful system—the verbal—at odds with the others, for while Hamlet's words point to and

highlight non-verbal signs like costume and expression, they also finally undermine their signification function: "I have that within that *passes show*/These but the trappings and the suits of woe" (I,ii,85-86). So saying, Hamlet like the ghost earlier, is signalling towards some hidden, mysterious, unknowable realm—a self that surpasses its surface, that forever escapes signification. A self beyond semiosis is also a self beyond drama, for it cannot be captured by signifiers, no matter how numerous, how polysystemic they may be. Indeed, this is precisely how Hamlet distinguishes his outward from his inner self—the former is *theatrical*, capable of dramatization: "These are actions that a man might *play*" (I,ii,84). The latter is not. Hamlet's statement is of far-reaching importance to drama semiotics, for it characterizes the dramatic code as inherently deceptive, a lying surface dedicated to distorting—or at least simplifying—the hidden truth of experience.

To Hamlet, then, the self is structured in terms of a spatial opposition: outside vs. inside. It is hardly an eccentric model. Claudius subscribes it, for he speaks of "Hamlet's transformation" by which neither "th' exterior nor the inward man/ Resembles what it was" (II,ii,5-7). The difference is that for Hamlet the two parts are not congruent—the inside always outstrips or 'passes' the outside. As such, Hamlet differs not only from Claudius but also from Polonius, who believes that the apparel proclaims the man, and who is ridiculously and fatally confident of his interpretive powers.

Polonius' foolishness is largely a matter of semiotic naiveté, and the reason that Hamlet can play on him so easily. Being unsophisticated and uncritical about semiosis, Polonius can easily be given false messages, as he is when Hamlet sends him, via the equally naive Ophelia, a whole panoply of behavioral signifiers designed to lend support to his theory that Hamlet's antic disposition is caused by lovesickness. Drawing upon contemporaneous psychological and iconographic codes, Hamlet uses a series of non-verbal signifiers—costume, make-up, gesture, facial expression—to produce a composite theatrical sign, the sign for lovesickness. The experiment is totally successful: "This is the very ecstasy of love" Polonius sagely concludes, showing himself to be the creature of convention that he is (II,i,102). At the same time, it shows Hamlet to be the opposite: a master rather than a slave of signs, his mastery being the result of

his awareness of the *arbitrariness* of signs. Hamlet knows that "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain," and this gives him the semiotic edge over those who, like Polonius, persist in reading signs naively, tacitly holding a positivistic and tautological view of signification whereby the signifier is the signified.

Thus it is Polonius, rather than Hamlet, who is the play's real *truth*-seeker: "Give me up the truth," he commands Ophelia, unaware of the vicissitudes attending such an attempt (I,iii,98). Although he claims that his method is that of "by indirection find(ing) direction out" yet the play furnishes few enough instances of any indirection on Polonius' part (II,i,66). In the presence of Hamlet's mother and stepfather, who give all indications of being puzzled by and helpless before Hamlet's behavior, Polonius boasts that he "will find/Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed/Within the center" (II,ii,157-159). One need only recall Hamlet's model, where the inside surpasses the outside, to see how foolish and simple is Polonius' model, where truth resides at a stable center and can be fished out directly from the outside, and we remember his orders to his spy Reynolds—"[Let] your bait of falsehood take this carp of truth" (II,i,63).

To Polonius' fishy view of interpretation we can oppose Hamlet's. He himself characterizes it as a kind of carefully aligned insanity: being mad north-by-northwest (II,ii,387). From a certain position—but from that position only, and for that moment only (when the wind is southerly)—a special kind of certainty is possible: not the absolute certainty of knowing the essence or truth of something, not the dream of plunging to the center and bringing truth up to the surface, but a certainty about and based on the *difference* between signs. Then, Hamlet says, he knows a hawk from a handsaw: two ambiguous signifiers linked, in different contexts, to two pairs of signifieds. A hawk is a bird which is different from a hennshaw, which is different from a handsaw, which is a tool which is different from a hawk, which is different from a tool when it is a bird. Thus, for Hamlet, semiosis pursues a play of difference, and meaning can be apprehended, as it were, on the wing, but never captured.

Hamlet's willingness to countenance the flighty nature of meaning sometimes translates into a pedagogical impulse, as when he tries to educate Polonius in the subjective process of sign-construction, using a passing cloud as floating signifier. The cloud is found to resemble in turn

a camel, a weasel and a whale, the resemblance being largely a matter of *agreement* between the onlookers rather than a matter of objective fact—it is clear the list could be extended indefinitely. Hamlet's point is lost on Polonius; his understanding remains clouded, and his failure to give up a model of the world as unambiguously marked text leads him, eventually, to an unmarked grave.

That death is the ultimate source of semiotic ambiguity is indicated not only in the gravedigger's scene (the gravedigger is Hamlet's only equal in the play, for equivocation) but has been suggested already by the behavior of the ghost. After the ghost has revealed his secret, sending Hamlet into an interpretive wilderness, he does one more curious thing: I am referring to the strange swearing scene, in which the ghost, now no longer visible but purely auditory as a stage presence, keeps interfering with Hamlet's attempts to swear his friends to secrecy. Every time the assembled group prepares to "swear on his sword," the voice of the ghost is heard from below, and causes Hamlet to *move* his group to another location. The meaning of this action is extremely obscure, but its effect on stage is relatively clear. It is a literalization of a verbal cliché—the cliché here being "shifting ground." Here, the ghost makes Hamlet shift ground physically; later Hamlet will do so figuratively—and radically—denying that there *is* any ultimate 'ground' to which meaning can be finally and unambiguously referred.

The gravedigger, who, like the ghost, speaks from below ground—subversively—makes a similar point in his own way. Hamlet, he says, has lost his wits. "Upon what *ground*?" he is asked—that is, by what *cause*?—to which he answers punningly—"Why, here in Denmark" (V,i,62-63). *Groundlessly*, that is, for the ground of Denmark, as the ghost has shown, is fluid and shifting—not ground at all but *surface*, beneath which lurks the unspeakable realm of death, swearing the living to silence.

Death is, in *Hamlet*, a state of unbreachable ambiguity. All messages emanating from it come accompanied by a meta-message of uncertainty, all access to it entails confusion and error. The ghost itself, by returning from the "bourn" from which "no traveler returns" is suspect (III,i,79-80): for as an earthly villain can smile, so also "the devil hath power/T' assume a pleasing shape" (II,ii,611-612). Nor is the ghost death's only ambiguous sign. Polonius comes by his death acci-

dentally; so fond of concealment when alive, he first becomes a missing corpse and later a hidden one, interred "in hugger-mugger" (IV,v,84). Ophelia's death robs her of identity (and hence of certainty), for, as the gravedigger says, she is now neither man nor woman but "one that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead" (V,i,137-8). Rosencrantz and Guildenstern unwittingly request their own deaths, and the deaths of Gertrude, Hamlet, Laertes and Claudius are all results of "purposes mistook."

On the other hand, as Hamlet's graveyard reflections seem to indicate, death is the great *leveler* of difference, a morbid source of certainty. "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come" (V,i,194-196). Politicians, courtiers, lawyers, jesters, Alexander the Great and "Imperious Caesar"—all are reduced to worm-eaten skulls, "jowled" to the ground by a lowly knave.

At the same time, death's certain eradication of difference increases rather than lessens human uncertainty. Its effect is to call into question not only man's social hierarchies but also his most private memories. The jester Hamlet loved as a child is now a source of revulsion, "abhorred in my imagination" (V,i,188). Thus death is the ultimate code-jammer, changing all signs into their opposites, confounding all signification.

Hamlet, skull in hand: it is probably drama's most famous image. What it encapsulates is drama's essential ambiguity, its play on presence and absence, its technique of taking false images and "speaking" them into truth.² To be *and* not to be is drama's essential nature: to *seem* to be by being *said* to be or *seen* to be, a tenuous seeming indeed, exposed as such as soon as the hidden gap between what is seen and what is said is revealed. And this is precisely the gap into which Hamlet's search for truth leads him.

It will be objected that for someone who places little faith in signs Hamlet is rather eager to interpret them in others, particularly in Claudius. However, compared to the other characters in the play, Hamlet is remarkably *inactive* as sign-reader: indeed, he may almost be said to be suffering from an interpretative paralysis. While Claudius and Polonius, aided by others, constantly set up situations in which they can observe and interpret Hamlet, Hamlet himself does little except throw them a series of red herrings. Moreover, his one hermeneutic endeavor differs significantly

from his opponents' attempts to "read" him. Whereas Claudius and Polonius always choose some *hidden* vantage point from which to observe Hamlet—that is, they watch while suppressing the fact of their watching—Hamlet uses a pre-eminently un-hidden or ostensible form of watching—play-watching—as his occasion to "read" Claudius. In other words, Hamlet chooses to interpret within a context of shared, familiar codes: the codes that operate at a dramatic event.

Nevertheless, Hamlet's choice of a play as the final and crucial instrument of his interpretive quest does seem paradoxical. We have seen that Hamlet subscribes to an un- or anti-dramatic model of personality. How does this belief sort with his sudden proclamation that "the play's the thing"? In placing so much faith on the play's affective—and indeed revelatory—power, is Hamlet not falling back into a naive view of dramatic signification? Is the whole play, in fact, not pulling away from the general problematic "knowing" that it has articulated from the start?

It is possible to read the play-within-the-play episode as an instance of straight-forward, unambiguous dramatic signification: a dramatic image of "truth," its accuracy vindicated by Claudius' apparently guilty reaction. However, such a reading requires that we ignore at least one feature of the play: the fact that the murderer in it is not the king's brother but his *nephew*. If the play's signs are *directly* related to actual events, it is Hamlet, not Claudius who is cast as the villain, and Claudius, not King Hamlet, as the victim. This is particularly puzzling in light of the fact that Hamlet had artistic control over the production, and would easily have ordered the relationship in question altered. Was his failure to do so a simple oversight? or did distortion creep in here, as elsewhere, with death? or is this ambiguity part of a more profound ambiguity that informs Hamlet's whole project with the play?

A closer look at the circumstances surrounding the play, as well as its actual enactment, reveals that it is not as disconnected from the play's overall dubiety about signs and sign-reading as may at first appear. Indeed, in the play-within-the-play Hamlet, and Shakespeare, may well have furnished a paradigm of dramatic signification, a demonstration of how drama can be meaningful—and also of how it can *fail* to be so.

It is worth noting, to begin with, that Hamlet conceives the idea for the play-trap in a mood of tremendous distress, at a time when he is desperate, beside himself with self-loathing. More-

²Perhaps the best demonstration of this principle is Edgar's cliff creating speech in *King Lear*.

over, his plan is based on *hearsay*, and hence participates in the play's global suspicion about speech:

Hum—
I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a
play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.
(II,ii,600-604)

Murder, Hamlet knows, has "no tongue," yet, he desperately hopes, it "will *speak*/with most miraculous organ" (II,ii,605-606). Thus the play-within-the-play is born in uncertainty, and dependent on chance.

The performance of the play is preceded by Hamlet's advice to the players, which, though it has traditionally been read as evidence of Hamlet's belief in the possibility of truthful representation, can just as easily be seen as evidence for a *lack* of any such faith, for it contains many more instances of the bad or distortive kind of acting than the good or "truthful" kind. (Besides, "truthful" acting as Hamlet's soliloquy following the player's Aeneas speech suggests, has little to do with truth: "What is Hecuba to him . . .?" II,ii,560-576.) No matter how well suited the action be to the word, the dramatic code—the code of deception—precludes total honesty.

Finally, the performance itself seems to be far from Hamlet's liking. It begins with a dumb show which he seems not to have expected and which he denounces angrily as "*miching mallecho*"—sneaking mischief. He greets the Prologue with similar irritation: "The players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all" (III,ii,146-147). When Ophelia asks him if the Prologue will explain the dumb show, Hamlet bitterly responds, in terms that recall the sight-speech dichotomy of scene one: "Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be not ashamed to *show*, he'll not shame To *tell* you what it means" (III,ii,149-151). To Hamlet, for whom truth is that which "*passes show*," the players' tendency to overshadow and overtell, to overdetermine the dramatic message, is a betrayal, and threatens to ruin his plan.

This plan, then, would seem to *require* an element of ambiguity, to suppress part of the message. The play Hamlet seems to have intended is one that creates a space of uncertainty, in which

Claudius' carefully constructed facade of innocence might reveal its chinks. The fact is that Hamlet fully expected Claudius to sit through the whole play, after which "we" (i.e., Hamlet and Horatio) would "both our judgements join/In censure of his seeming" (III,ii,88-89).

To Hamlet, then, the drama is no automatic mechanism of revelation; it can only bring into the open certain signs to be interpreted, not the meaning of these signs. And this the play—thanks to the players' predilection for telling—fails to do.

Claudius cuts short the performance, an action that *could* signify his guilt but could also just as well have other causes: he may be reacting to the *insulting allegation* of the play just as much as to any inherent truth it may have. After all, the king rises not when the murder is enacted but when Hamlet (interrupting the play) says that the murderer will get the love of his victim's wife. Although Hamlet soon after tells Horatio that he'll "take the ghost's word for a thousand pound," his phrase reveals that he will still be gambling with the truth.

The play-within-the-play, then, is a failure (though only as far as Hamlet's interpretive project is concerned; at the level of plot it unleashes a flood of actions which comprise the final wave of the play, bringing it to an end). What has failed is the attempt to use drama as an instrument in the quest for certainty, and it has failed because the diegetic mode tried to overtake the mimetic: the players were too eager to tell all, too explicit. The play's failure vindicates Hamlet's early anti-semiotic stance which opposed "actions that a man might play" to "that within that passeth show."

The ideal dramaturge in *Hamlet* is the ghost, who speaks without saying, hinting at truth yet acknowledging its inaccessibility. Having returned from the bourn from which no traveller returns, the ghost straddles the line that divides the possible from the impossible, absence from presence, drama from meaning. Like Yorick's skull, like the equivocating gravedigger, the ghost is a sign governed by a mysterious code, a *generator* rather than a decipherer of signs. Its presence on the ramparts unleashes a chain of signifiers which, while they originate in and ultimately culminate in death, temporarily inscribe a trajectory of acts of signification which is the play.

In *Hamlet*, Shakespeare has embodied an idea of theatre as semiotic activity par-excellence—

theatre as a domain of signs and hence of deception. The project of drama semiotics unfolds precisely within this model: of signification haunted by the non-signifiable, a ghostly communication which shows more than it can tell, and tells less

than we—the Poloniuses and truth-seekers—would want. □

Una Chaudhuri teaches in the Department of English at New York State University.

Jack Butler

KEEP THE FAITH

I think perhaps there is some darkness somewhere
in which you do not love me. Falling to sleep,
I cross that simple zone in which I keep
my solitary vigil. I am there,
and the blue truth of my being is also there,
that I am worth nothing, a heatless flame.

I am that territory and its name.
It is no place for strangers: *Beware, Beware*
floats over its dark coast in letters of blue fire
that are not reflected in the dark water lapping rock.

Falling to sleep, I think there is some darkness somewhere
in which you do not love me, dark within dark within dark.
I think, *Maybe my wallet, folded like a heart*
in the dark of my locked briefcase, in the dark of our bedroom.

And then tomorrow, standing in stink and fume
at the daylight gas pump, all of us hurrying to work,
my blunt fingers will be astounded to discover
only green bills, that I love and have a lover.

William Virgil Davis

THE LEDGER

Her father would meet her at the station. She was not surprised that he was late. Beyond what he called his natural proclivity for making people wait and his position which allowed him to practice it liberally, it had snowed heavily during the night and the roads would be, she knew, difficult. She wondered if they even would be passable since they had never been improved and the winter would already have had its will with them by now. It was late for snow.

As she sat on the long bench in the station she knew she might have to wait a long time. Somehow, this didn't bother her. Things seemed to have changed pace for her, slowed down. When she realized it, she realized how she had been coming to sense this all along since she had decided to come back home. She realized that she had not come back home for any of the fancy reasons she invented for her friends who had been incredulous, as incredulous as she herself had been when she first thought of returning, but for a slower pace.

She placed her hands in her lap and her feet together. Her long coat fell in wide gray folds about her. She had kept the cape on. Her small satchel beside her looked like a nineteenth-century hatbox. She thought how anyone seeing her sitting there might think she was a young girl leaving for her first appointment as school mistress in one of the neighboring villages. It would have been 1890 or 1902. She thought how curious it was. When she left she hadn't gone by train. Here she was, retrogressing as it were. Her friends would think it was nothing like her.

The man behind the barred window, the station master himself no doubt by now, was Tommy Wilson. She knew he didn't recognize her even though she saw through his years immediately. He had been one year ahead of her in school. She always had to help him with his math. Every so often he looked up and out through the bars at her. He always found her staring back and would adjust his glasses or only smile and bend back to his work. She thought he must be wondering if he knew her. She smiled at her secret.

Her father stamped snow from his boots and

then, turning, stopped when he saw her. He embraced her briefly.

"Have you been here long?"

"Not long. I didn't mind waiting."

"The roads are hell."

"I wondered if you could get through at all."

He smiled and she knew he knew how much it meant. They had always shared some of their secrets, without words.

Tommy Wilson came out of the door beside the ticket window with her bag.

"Jane?" he said tentatively.

"Yes. How are you Tommy?"

"Fine. I didn't recognize you."

"Good to see you Wilson," her father said. "My best to your father."

"Thank you. Yes, I'll tell him."

Her father picked up her bag and opened the door. She stepped out into snow.

They drove without speaking, her father concentrating on the drifted road. He said nothing when she lighted a cigarette. His cough, she knew, suggested his disapproval. In other circumstances, she knew, he would have had something to say. She knew she was taking unfair advantage. She knew he knew she knew.

The house hadn't changed, nothing was re-arranged. She knew her father had insisted on keeping things the way they were when her mother died. Jane was pleased because it made things comfortable. She wouldn't have to rewrite her memories. She had worried about that. Her father seemed to see that she approved. He smiled.

"Does Mary still come three times a week?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And Helen. Helen is well."

"Hardy as ever."

And so there would be nothing new for her, nothing she had to do.

"Of course, you will have charge of the menu," her father said. "If you don't mind," he added to soften it a bit.

"Not at all. I will want something to do." She paused. "That will do nicely."

"Good."

Her father turned toward his study. His habits had not changed.

Jane knew she was at home.

When she was unpacking Helen knocked at the open door. She turned.

"Welcome home," was all Helen said.

"Hello, Helen." She knew it was awkward. It was awkward for both of them. To have known each other for so long and never to have anything really in common. But, too, it was another relief, another given, unchanged. "I suppose you will want the week's menu?"

"Yes."

"I'll see to it as soon as I unpack."

She was pleased with that. The menu. Such a simple thing. She had never thought of it. She had no notion of such things. Her mother was good at them but she had never paid much attention. Now it would be her responsibility. She looked forward to it with the first real pleasure she had felt in over two months. She wanted to tell her father how much it would mean to her to have this responsibility. She knew he had thought of it. It would be awkward for Helen for a while, since she had had a free hand for so long, but that would pass quickly enough. Besides, she would seek Helen's advice. She would need to. She would have to buy a menu book.

The little store in the village didn't have any menu books. It would take six weeks to order one, if there were such a thing. Mr. Graham said he had never seen one. Jane knew he didn't want to say he had never heard of one, even though it was clear that that was what he meant. She bought a ledger, a wonderful one in black leather and wide red lines along the top of the page. It was, she thought, almost better. It would be something else to do. She would have to adopt the ledger to her menu planning. Beyond that, she liked it for herself, the heavy leather, rough to the touch. It was like so many of the books in her father's library. She would use it and keep it with her around the house. Things were working out so well, so much better than she ever imagined.

Many evenings, after dinner, she and her father would retire to the library. They had, at first, almost fallen into the habit. Probably this was because of the circumstances of her return. They had not really spoken about it. On the second evening after her return her father had said, after dinner, that she was welcome to join him in the library if she was going to read. She knew that

he always read for several hours after dinner. She understood that it was an open invitation. Once or twice a week, since then, she had taken a book or some sewing to the library and sat for an hour or two with her father. The fire was always lighted, even in summer, and the turning of the pages of his book was a kind of comfort, like the metronome had been when she took piano lessons. She knew that no matter how far afield she got, in terms of time, the metronome, kept to the right time, spaced it out evenly.

Often, when she sat with her father in the library, she found herself remembering things. Her book would lay in her lap. Her father, if he ever noticed, said nothing. Sometimes they would talk briefly before he went to bed, but never about anything of real consequence. She thought he was waiting for her to bring up things, if they were to be brought up. She wondered if she would, in some unguarded moment.

One evening, by accident, instead of the book she intended to bring into the library, she brought the ledger. When she noticed her mistake, she said nothing. Her father had spoken briefly and was back to his book. It was not worth disturbing him. She watched the fire and ran her hand along the leather binding. There was a low embossed relief on the cover and she traced out the patterns of the design with her fingers without looking at it.

As she stared at the fire and ran her fingers over the cold cover of the ledger she remembered the time she closed her eyes and traced out the names on the stones in the cemetery, trying to read them with her hands. The metronome beat in her head. It seemed to be saying your husband is dead. Your husband is dead.

Then she remembered something else. An old book, bound in leather. A ledger kept by a young woman over fifty years ago. She had found it one day in the attic. She had forgotten it and now it came back to her clearly. It was bound in dark green. The edges of the binding were curled and some of the pages foxed. She remembered the thin lines of figures, the lack of erasures, the strong thin lines. She wondered what had ever happened to it.

The next day she went up to the attic and searched. She could not find the old ledger. That evening, at dinner, she asked her father about it. At first he didn't remember. She described it in detail.

"It was dark green, like water filled with weeds, and the corners were bent back, three of

them. The pages were crisp, some of them were foxed. The numbers were so exact, the lines so thin, don't you remember?"

"There are so many books. I keep reading them. Are you sure about this? Of course, it's not the kind of thing you read."

"But it is, don't you remember?" She spoke before she knew what she was saying, what she knew. "It had those sayings, I guess they were quotes, at least some of them were, strewn throughout it. Carlyle, DeQuincey, maybe Mill, I don't remember for sure. But don't *you* remember it now."

"Perhaps I do, after all. Still . . ."

"I can't find it in the attic. I searched all day, yesterday. I wonder where it could be. I thought you might know."

"No."

"Would it be in the library?"

"I don't think so."

They both paused, trying to remember. Her father spoke first.

"Wasn't she a very strange young woman? Didn't your mother think she was mad? Such a mixture of things. The figures and then those quotations. She must have been obsessed with something."

"Yes. I knew you would remember. We must find the book, that ledger. I feel as if I must have it, to put my mind at rest, now that I can't help but remember. Some of the pages are so vivid that I feel I can see them, read them."

"I do remember it," her father said. She knew that he was satisfied with that. That it was enough. He turned back to his book.

For the next week, Jane searched the house over. She looked through the library, one book at a time during three days when her father was away. The ledger was not there. She looked again in the attic. She checked each of the bedrooms. She even asked Helen and Mary. Neither of them knew anything about it. She remembered how her mother wanted her to burn the ledger because of what she thought of as the morbid personality of the young woman, a fact substantiated by the young lady's death, at twenty-eight, according to the old family Bible. It was suspicious, intriguing. Her mother insisted that the young woman had not died of natural causes. Jane wondered if her mother had destroyed the ledger. After a while she thought she forgot it.

One afternoon when the house was completely quiet, because it was Helen's afternoon off and not one of Mary's days, she was in her own

room reading. She had been unconscious of the hour and was startled when, on looking up, she saw that the sky had grown dark. It was the wind that interrupted her reading. A storm was growing. She sat watching the dark clouds scuttle past the window. At the back of the house the old oak brushed against the back window.

Before she knew the voice, she was surprised to hear the words *This accursed gift I have, as regards thought, that in the first step towards the possibility of a misfortune I see its total evolution*. She had not been thinking of the ledger but she knew immediately that these words were inscribed in it. She could see the very page they appeared on, there, toward the bottom, beneath a column of fourteen figures, added to equal \$3.86. She knew it was not only the wind which had startled her.

She had not thought of the ledger for several weeks. She had given up ever finding it. She thought she had even forgotten the sad young woman she imagined to have written it. She had seen her face one morning in her mirror and known immediately who it was, even though she had hardly admitted it. She had even invented some of the circumstances of this young woman's life. Then, when she went to look in the Bible and discovered that her name had been the same as her own name, she had tried to put that and everything else about her out of her mind. She had been pleased at how successful she had been. Then to have it all back upon her so suddenly, without warning.

After that, at first she was fascinated. She found that she could remember whole pages of the old ledger, see the columns of figures as vividly as she saw her own calculations of the week's grocery bill. She too had had the habit, as a girl, of putting down quotations in her diary, passages in her reading she wanted to remember. The young woman, her namesake, had such a habit. She had only the one book, her ledger, and so she copied out passages in the midst of the figures, passages so wonderful and strange that when Jane remembered them she knew she had never read them, or even seen them before, still they hung in her memory as if she knew them as well as she knew anything. She found that the passages from the old ledger crept into her conversation and infused themselves with her memories. She would be thinking of something quite different and suddenly she would realize that her thoughts were taken from a page in the old leather ledger. She would see the page be-

fore her, and would see herself, as if in a photograph, seeming to be reading from the ledger rather than speaking in her own voice.

The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived: I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognized them instantaneously.

This passage was underlined and appeared to have been poured over. The page on which it appeared was worn thin, or so it seemed to her, seeming to see it, to see it so immediately that she seemed at the same time to be able to touch it. Immediately beneath the above passage there was a line drawn across the page. Beneath the line were more words, which seemed to be a continuation of the above.

I feel assured, that there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil—and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Jane said the words aloud, conscious now of the fact that they were not her words, not even the words of the young woman who wrote them in her ledger. Nevertheless she found the words

as much her own as she imagined the young woman found them. Saying them as if from memory she felt how right they were on her lips, how they spoke for her in the same way that they must have spoken to the young woman before her.

Two days later she found herself saying more of the words as she sat in her room. "Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore."

Her father was worried about her. She had seen him watching her closely at dinner the last few days. On those rare occasions when she ventured into the library after dinner her father would look up from his book and ask if she was feeling well, if there was anything he could do for her. He wondered if there was anything bothering her. She always answered that she was fine, that she needed nothing, that she was content.

One afternoon a young man came to the door when no one else was home. He introduced himself and asked for her father. She told him her father was out, although she suspected that he knew that already since she suspected that her father had asked him to come. She was polite with him but did not invite him in, as he suggested, to wait for her father to return. She did not mention the young man's visit to her father, and he never said anything about it to her. It never happened again.

By now it was winter again. Snow lay deep on the limbs of the oak. A pair of rabbit tracks came right up to the house, to the pile of wood along the side, and disappeared under it. She was sitting in her room. The wind twitched the bare branches of the birches together and the sound filled the hollow behind the house. It was as if someone was speaking. □

Michael J. Rosen

READING ON THE ROOF

The posted sign is so . . . weather-reproofed
that we decide to trust the elements
(who've always known warnings to be ignored),
unbolt the double doors, and claim the roof.
It's obviously safe: an asphalt floor,

a waist-high wall of bricks (a welcome gift)
and no distractions save extremities
of office towers, aerials, and chimneys—
there *is* the tattling of the chimney swifts,
and the concentration that makes you beautiful.

The reek of heated tar, the tepid beer,
my laughing, mostly to myself—not once
do they impinge. Yet trying-not-to invents
its own exceptions: How is Tchelitchew pronounced?
Is there sunscreen on your nose? You have to hear

this fool's rebuttal, this sobering fact. Oh well.
Interruption's the medium in which I work.
The door continues slamming open and shut,
and I'm the one who starts, confirming it's just
the wind, ill-tempered in the stairwell.

FOUCAULT AND MARX:
A CRITICAL ARTICULATION*
OF TWO THEORETICAL TRADITIONS

Je weniger du isst, trinkst, Bücher kaufst, in das Theater, auf den Ball, zum Wirtshaus gehst, denkst, liebst, theorisierst, singst, malst, fichtest etc., um so mehr sparst du, um so grösser wird dein Schatz, den weder Motten noch Staub fressen, dein Kapital. Je weniger du bist, je weniger du dein Leben äusserst, um so mehr hast du, um so grösser ist dein entäussertes Leben, um so mehr speicherst du auf von deinem entfremdeten Wesen.

—Karl Marx, "Bedürfnis, Produktion und Arbeitsteilung," *Ökonomisch-philosophische Manuskripte* (1844), in Marx/Engels Gesamtausgabe, Erste Abteilung: Band 3 (Berlin: Dietz Verlag, 1932), p. 130

The less you eat, drink, and buy books; the less you go to the theater, the dance hall, the public house; the less you think, love, theorize, sing, paint, fence, etc., the more you save—the greater becomes your treasure which neither moths nor dust will devour—your capital. The less you are, the less you express your own life, the greater is your alienated life, the more you have, the greater is the store of your estranged being.

—Karl Marx, "The Meaning of Human Requirements," *Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844*, translated by Martin Milligan (New York: International Publishers, 1964), p. 150

Ce que je cherche, c'est à essayer de montrer comment les rapports de pouvoir peuvent passer matériellement dans l'épaisseur même des corps sans avoir même à être relayés par la représentation des sujets. Si le pouvoir atteint le corps ce n'est pas parce qu'il a d'abord été intériorisé dans la conscience des gens. Il y a un réseau de bio-pouvoir, de somato-pouvoir qui est lui-même un réseau à partir duquel naît la sexualité comme phénomène historique et culturel à l'intérieur

*Michael Ryan introduced the concept of a "critical articulation" in his *Marxism and Deconstruction: A Critical Articulation* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1982) in order to suggest the tentative alignment of two disparate traditions. Somewhat the same sense is meant to be suggested by the title of this paper.

duquel à la fois nous nous reconnaissons et nous nous perdons.

—Michel Foucault, "Les rapports de pouvoir passent à l'intérieur des corps: Entretien avec Lucette Finas," *La Quinzaine Littéraire* 247 (1-15 janvier, 1977), p. 5

What I want to show is how power relations can materially penetrate the body in depth, without depending even on the mediation of the subject's own representation. If power takes hold on the body, this isn't through its having first to be interiorised in people's consciousnesses. There is a network or circuit of bio-power or somato-power, which acts as the formative matrix of sexuality itself as the historical and cultural phenomenon within which we seem at once to recognize and lose ourselves.

—Michel Foucault, "The History of Sexuality," in *Power/Knowledge: Selected Interviews and Other Writings, 1972-1977*, ed. Colin Gordon (New York: Pantheon, 1980), p. 186

1

Why theory? New ways of regarding language and the grounding of human activities in language derived from structural linguistics and semiotics have gained the attention of the humanities and the social sciences and have begun to redirect the attention of scholars in those fields to the most fundamental, and therefore the most profound, questions: What is language? How are meanings produced? What happens when one writes? What happens when one reads? How should texts be read? Cannot what we habitually call "society" be, in a sense, read as a "social text," i.e., as a field of signification or of discourse? Such questions are at best only implicit in Marx, although they have been rendered explicit by contemporary theorists reacting to, among others, Michel Foucault.

The posing of such questions unsettles the autonomous status of traditional disciplines con-

ceived, as one writer puts it, as "islands of epistemic authority."¹ For post-structuralist inquiry, of which Michel Foucault is a leading example, originating as a negation of the ahistorical character of structuralism, necessarily ranges widely across disciplinary boundaries. Previously trapped within the synchronic escape from chronology endemic to structuralism, new critical theory, exemplified by Foucault's approach to history and by ongoing Marxist theoretical development, calls increasingly for a rethinking of historical method and, for an intellectual historian, for new textual strategies with which to interrogate the texts of our canon.

These are by no means the only examples of new critical approaches. Feminist theory, fields of rhetoric, communications, or media studies, new social theory derived in large part from the Frankfurt School tradition, *Annales* historiography, and post-Lacanian psychoanalysis should certainly be cited. But for historians, Foucault and Marx provide comprehensive theoretical approaches to history, though these approaches are commonly taken to be diametrically opposed to one another. One of the chief concerns of this paper will be to resist the assumption that these two do not belong together, and to suggest what might be gained by way of synthesis from them.

One aspect of this articulation involves Marxist theories of alienation and ideology (in the latter case, relying on the perspectives of 20th-century Marxist theorists such as Antonio Gramsci and Louis Althusser) thrown more sharply into relief through an examination of Foucault's concept of *pouvoir-savoir* (rendered in English as power/knowledge). A second aspect juxtaposes the Hegelian-Marxist conceptualization of history with Foucault's somewhat more Nietzschean method of genealogy, and what he has called the archaeology of knowledge.

Commentary on Michel Foucault has typically been concerned with (1) the development of his historical method: first archaeological, then, *à la* Nietzsche, genealogical, (2) his preoccupation

with certain aspects of language and textuality, explored through essays on various writers,² (3) his place within or without that phenomenon known as "structuralism," or (4) the link between his writings and his political activism in the wake of the events of 1968 in France. This latter category has produced a spate of interviews and a series of attempts to characterize what one writer calls Foucault's "semi-identity" with Marxism.³ As for Foucault, he usually has been loathe to have his name mentioned in association with any intellectual movement or school. He has staunchly resisted all attempts to label him a "structuralist," for example. Long before structuralism had emerged, by the mid-1960's, as the dominant force in French intellectual life, he had first flirted with and then broken with the two most dominant "isms" of the post-war French Left: Marxism and Existentialism. In interviews, he has referred to these modes of thought as one might regard the experiences of one's adolescence: something to explore, understand, assimilate, but then move beyond.⁴ Foucault wants his work to be evaluated without recourse to conventional theoretical categories, and much of its merit is that, in large part, it can be. We can best do this by describing the elaborate theory of *pouvoir-savoir* that has emerged principally within the studies of prisons and sexuality and in the frequent interviews Foucault has granted in order to explain these works. But, having done so, it will then be necessary to return to the question of Foucault's odd stance vis-à-vis Marx and Marxism.

2

Power, for Foucault, is the hidden social apparatus that "produces reality" and inaugurates a certain "regime of truth."⁵ This production is carried out, largely unwittingly, by intellectuals

³Michael S. Roth, "Foucault's History of the Present," *History and Theory* XX:1 (1981), p. 45.

⁴*Conversazioni con Claude Lévi-Strauss, Michel Foucault, Jacques Lacan*, a cura di Paolo Caruso (Milano: U. Mursia & Co., 1969), p. 94.

⁵Larry Shiner, "Reading Foucault: Anti-Method and the Genealogy of Power-Knowledge," *History and Theory* XXI:3 (1982), p. 392. See Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, "Concerning the Production of Consciousness," *The German Ideology*, Part I, in *The Marx-Engels Reader*, Second Edition, ed. Robert C. Tucker (New York: W. W. Norton, 1978), pp. 163-175.

¹Frank Lentricchia, "Derrida, History, and Intellectuals," *Salmagundi*: 50-51 (Fall, 1980-Winter, 1981), p. 291.

²See *L'Ordre du discours: Leçon inaugurale au Collège de France prononcée le 2 décembre 1970* (Paris: Gallimard, 1971) and "What Is An Author?" in *Language, Counter-Memory, Practice: Selected Essays and Interviews*, ed. Donald F. Bouchard (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1977), pp. 113-138, or in *Textual Strategies: Perspectives in Post-Structuralist Criticism*, ed. Josué V. Harari (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1979), pp. 141-160.

who do not even realize that their theories constitute *praxis*.⁶ By "intellectuals," we should understand that Foucault refers not exclusively to academic types, but to all sorts of "professionals," from physicians to social workers, paraphrasing Foucault: "all our judges."⁷ But what of intellectuals who seek to oppose themselves to the forms of power? Foucault says they are caught up in a contradiction due to the fact that their very discourses are saturated with the relations of power; they are caught in its fine meshes. Thus, to speak against capitalist society it is necessary to adopt the language of that society so that, by employing its discourse, the intellectual unavoidably sanctions social reality.⁸

Yet this is not meant to create an image of the intellectual as power's "hatchet man," for Foucault insists that much of the confusion about power stems from the habit, cultivated since the *Ancien Régime*, of assuming that power operates only in negative, prohibitive, oppressive ways. If this were the only truth about power, we would all agree to oppose it. But, Foucault argues, prohibitions and exclusions form only a relatively small part of the apparatus of power. Above all, the relations of power are "productive,"⁹ in the sense that power produces knowledge and performs services for us that lead us to tolerate its exclusionary functions, which themselves are "part of a complex economy along with incitements, manifestations, and evaluations."¹⁰ Foucault criticizes, as an example, Herbert Marcuse for his excessive emphasis, as Foucault sees it, on repression in society. Marcuse's thought encourages a notion of mandarin-like elites in society who wish to keep knowledge hidden from "the people," and this image Foucault finds hopelessly crude and inadequate:

If Power is strong, this is because it produces effects at the level of desire—and also

⁶"Reading Foucault," p. 383.

⁷Michel Foucault, *Surveiller et punir: Naissance de la prison* (Paris: Gallimard, 1975), p. 311. Hereafter to be cited as *SP* with page number in the text.

⁸"Intellectuals and Power: A Conversation between Michel Foucault and Gilles Deleuze," in *Language, Counter-Memory, Practice*, pp. 207-208.

⁹"Power and Sex: An Interview with Michel Foucault," *Telos: A Quarterly Journal of Radical Thought* (Summer, 1977), p. 157.

¹⁰"Power and Sex," p. 152.

at the level of knowledge. Far from preventing knowledge, power produces it.¹¹

Where is this power located? Foucault's attempts to provide answers for this question allow him to reject another set of conventional explanations. "It is everywhere," he replies, throughout society. What we call "power" is only the sum total of an infinite number of relationships.¹² In this way Foucault's theory resembles Marxist attempts to trace the relentless encroachment of capitalist commodification throughout all social levels. The most common mistake has been to locate power in the apparatus of the state itself, a mental habit formed during the age of political absolutism. Such thinking encourages the simplistic view that the world is somehow divided, in a "binary opposition," between the dominators and those who are dominated (*VS*, p. 124), or, as Foucault says, "We need to cut off the King's head: in political theory that has still to be done."¹³ In his polemics, Foucault argues that there are no discrete units of power, only *rapports de pouvoir*. This is of course analogous to the Marxist observation that there are no isolated economic units, only economic relations. Foucault, however, seems largely unaware of the central importance Marx assigned to the concept of the "relation."¹⁴ He is dissatisfied with the exemplary modern attempts to understand power from the perspectives either of the study of capitalist development or of the psychoanalytic investigation of repressed desire:

. . . Marx and Freud cannot satisfy our desire for understanding this enigmatic thing we call power, which is at once visible and invisible, present and hidden, ubiquitous.¹⁵

If power is ubiquitous and thus cannot be lo-

¹¹"Body/Power (An Interview with the Editorial Collective of *Quel Corps?*)," in *Power/Knowledge: Selected Interviews and Other Writings, 1972-1977*, ed. Colin Gordon (New York: Pantheon, 1980), p. 59.

¹²Foucault, *La Volonté de savoir: Histoire de la sexualité 1* (Paris: Gallimard, 1976), pp. 122-123. Hereafter to be cited as *VS* with page number in the text.

¹³Foucault, "Truth and Power," in *Power/Knowledge*, p. 121.

¹⁴Bertell Ollman, *Alienation: Marx's Conception of Man in Capitalist Society*, Second Edition (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1976), pp. 12-40 and following.

¹⁵"Intellectuals and Power," p. 213.

cated precisely, how can Foucault, who cannot hope to proclaim himself an expert on all topics, study its operations? A temporary solution came as the result of his involvement with the cause, in the early 1970's, of French prison reform. His radical *engagement* on behalf of prisoners led him to the researches which produced his most important book: *Surveiller et punir: Naissance de la prison* (1975).

In 1971 Foucault had helped to found *le Groupe d'Information sur les prisons* ("G.I.P.") in response to prison riots that, for the first time, moved beyond the usual goals of piecemeal reforms and improved conditions and opposed the legitimacy of the entire penal system. This development took place as part of the aftermath of 1968, the events of which produced a new prison population of "political prisoners" who, in unprecedented fashion, established *cause commune* with those regarded simply as "criminals."¹⁶ This seems to have provided the source of Foucault's preoccupation with the nature and historical development of the social apparatus of "correction," and, from his prestigious chair of "The History of Systems of Thought" at the Collège de France, he began to conduct research seminars in the area of "criminology" and penology.

Surveiller et punir (1975) was the grandest result of this series of investigations. Foucault has said that he chose the prison as an object of study because there, "power doesn't hide or mask itself."¹⁷ Foucault had found a way, within a conveniently enclosed space, to study the productive operations of power. The modern prison, since the age of Bentham, whose "Panopticon" serves as Foucault's grotesque image of the surveillance that is so relentlessly practiced, has become a social laboratory whose stated goal is the production of citizens. Here, power operates in all its forms. The prison should not be viewed, according to Foucault, simply as a means of incarceration or as an expression of the domination of law-abiding citizens over trapped and caged criminals. Instead, the prison, it must be recognized, incorporates all other social institutions, bringing the concerns of the educator, the physician, the psychologist, and the social worker within the prison walls. The modern prison, established in order to encourage the "rehabilitation" of prisoners, is in the business

of manufacturing model citizens (*SP*, p. 233). The prison's lack of success in this regard does not concern Foucault. What does concern him is the ability of the prison to encapsulate the knowledge-producing discourses of power.

One of the most riveting images featured in the French edition of the book is a plate that depicts a 19th-century lecture in a prison auditorium at Fresnes. The prisoners, each enclosed within a curious sort of combination cage and spectator's loge, are being harangued by a speaker on the evils of alcoholism as watchful prison guards stand by.¹⁸ In this scene we glimpse the importance for Foucault of the prison as a place of instruction and indoctrination. The prisoners who, one suspects, look forward to their eventual release, are being told to cultivate sober habits and to discipline themselves. Why? Because society needs a sober self-disciplined work force. This accords well with Foucault's vision of the prison as a place that exists in order to attain the goal of "a complete transformation of the individual" (*SP*, p. 128). Thus, the prison serves Foucault as a metaphor for all of society:

Quoi d'étonnant si la prison ressemble aux usines, aux écoles, aux casernes, aux hôpitaux, qui tous ressemblent aux prisons.

(*SP*, p. 229)

Noting the concern that many 19th-century penologists demonstrated for the prisoner's well-being—urging the provision of adequate meals, exercise yards, and medical attention, not to mention alarm over the practice of homosexuality within prison walls—Foucault's meditation on prisons led him to a theme he has increasingly come to emphasize: the use of the body itself as a field of operations for the circulation of *pouvoir-savoir* in society. Having introduced this theme in *Surveiller et punir*, he developed it much more extensively in his work of 1976, announced as the first of a projected six-volume study of sexuality: *La Volonté de savoir: Histoire de la sexualité* 1.

Familiar to nearly everyone is the tendency to contrast a Victorian world of sexual repression with permissive 20th-century society, particularly in our age of what passes for "sexual liberation." This is another of the dialectical oppositions that Foucault has so gleefully shattered. Building upon his concept of "the order of discourse," first pronounced in December of 1970 in

¹⁶Marc Kravetz, "Qu'est-ce que le g.i.p.?" *Magazine Littéraire* 101 (1975), p. 13.

¹⁷"Intellectuals and Power," p. 210.

¹⁸*SP*, Plate #28.

his inaugural lecture upon assuming his professorial chair at the Collège de France, Foucault argued that Victorian statements prohibiting sexual expression and post-Victorian "frank" and "open" statements with regard to sexuality *both* lend themselves to the creation of a functioning apparatus of knowledge-producing power that most significantly allows power to intrude into ever-more intimate areas. Early in *La Volonté de savoir*, Foucault states

il s'agit de déterminer, dans son fonctionnement et dans ses raisons d'être, le régime de pouvoir-savoir-plaisir qui soutient chez nous le discours sur la sexualité humaine.

(VS, pp. 19-20)

Clarifying himself in a subsequent interview at the time of the book's publication, Foucault stated that, in his view, what was essential in his new book was his attempt to re-elaborate the theory of power he had begun to develop in his work on prisons.¹⁹

As in the Marxist view of ideology, power works best when we are oblivious to its very operations. The concept of "sex" assists the circulation of power in society by deluding us into actually believing that our sexual activity is a form of rebellion against social norms. (*Ne pas croire qu'en disant oui au sexe, on dit non au pouvoir* [VS, pp. 207-208].) In the last sentence of his book, Foucault smirks:

Ironie de ce dispositif: il nous fait qu'il y a de notre "libération."²⁰

What has really happened, we are told, is that, through the proliferation of new discourses concerning sex, the body itself has become the network through which techniques of power are applied. The real violence and gratuitousness that can find expression in power are thus hidden from sight.²¹ Power, which prefers to work where

¹⁹"Les rapports de pouvoir passent à l'intérieur des corps: Entretien avec Lucette Finas," *La Quinzaine Littéraire* 247 (1-15 janvier, 1977), p. 5.

²⁰VS, p. 211. A bizarre development under the Pinochet regime in Chile somewhat reinforces this point. Pinochet has made widespread use of pornography to divert the population. Video-cassettes and pornographic books and magazines are easily available, and newspaper supplements carry pornographic photos. See "Vague de porno chez Pinochet," *L'Express* (31 janvier, 1981), p. 59.

²¹Philippe Ariès, "A Propos de 'La Volonté de savoir,'" *L'Arc* 70 (1977).

it cannot be observed, now inserts itself through "capillary action," (see introductory Foucault quote) establishing a multitude of *micropouvoirs* within our most intimate networks.²² This "cellular" image, as of a cancer we cannot eradicate, is meant to be chilling (SP, p. 169). Some angrily charge that Foucault has only led his readers to utter despair,²³ but he at least occasionally suggests that he is trying to call attention to these complex operations of power in order to begin a search for ways to escape them, though we shouldn't underestimate the difficulty of doing so.²⁴ But what are we to do, if *pouvoir-savoir* has made us its agents in ways we cannot even detect? The force of Foucault's development of the theme of *pouvoir-savoir-plaisir* recalls what Lévi-Strauss has written about the operations of myths as they constitute an "order of discourse" in society:²⁵

Nous ne prétendons donc pas montrer comment les hommes pensent dans les mythes, mais comment les mythes se pensent dans les hommes, et à leur insu.²⁶

But, Foucault says, before resigning ourselves to complete despair, we had better make a determined effort to trace the origins of power, and to this end he proposes a method suggested by his much-revered Nietzsche: a "genealogy of power"²⁷ that would have as its objective

une généalogie de l'actuel complexe scientifique-judicaire ou le pouvoir de punir prend ses appuis, reçoit ses justifications et ses règles, étend ses effets et masque son exorbitante singularité.

(SP, p. 27)

²²SP, p. 32 and VS, p. 192.

²³Geoffrey Hartman, remarks during discussion period following Stephen Greenblatt's paper "Shakespeare and Exorcism," at The Ninth Alabama Symposium on English and American Literature, October 15, 1982. The title of the conference was "After Strange Texts: The Role of Theory in the Study of Literature."

²⁴"Foucault's History of the Present," p. 43.

²⁵Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Le Cru et le cuit* (Paris: Plon, 1964), p. 15.

²⁶*Le Cru et le cuit*, p. 20.

²⁷Foucault, "Nietzsche, Genealogy, History," in *Language, Counter-Memory, Practice*, p. 147.

The passage refers to prisons but the goal would be similar as regards "the history of sexuality." This historical method, designated *wirkliche* ("effective") *Historie* by Nietzsche, differs substantially from a linear, dialectical approach and, by preferring Nietzsche, Foucault reveals something of the way in which he chooses to distance himself from aspects of Marxist theory he finds objectionable.²⁸

But weren't Marx and Engels concerned with calling attention to the circulation of power relationships in society and with unmasking the tendency of "the bourgeois ideology" to "mystify" us into mistaking the ideological for the objective? Isn't that what Foucault is arguing, in different terms? These are the kinds of questions I wish to explore in the following sections. Are there not occasions on which Foucault might acknowledge Marx's influence on his own thought? Perhaps we could apply Harold Bloom's concept of the "anxiety of influence," ignoring its stated applicability to poets, and argue that Foucault, as a "strong theorist," is forced to "misread" Marx deliberately in order to stake out his own claims; citing Bloom to the effect that all "creative interpretations" are "misinterpretations."²⁹ The fact that Foucault is usually silent toward Marx would then serve only to underscore Bloom's point, as when he offers this quote from the Second Century (A.D.) Gnostic teacher Valentinus: "It was a great marvel that they were in the Father without knowing him."³⁰

3

I wish now to point to the kinds of things Foucault has been willing to say about Marx, often in interviews when he is pressed to clarify his own political beliefs. He has typically been impatient with such questions, even as he has tackled them, and he has been known to castigate the French left for its insistence that every prominent intellectual must define the particular stream of Marxist thought from which his ideas flow.³¹ Moreover, Foucault has charged modern communist intellectuals with failing to criticize those

ideas of Marx that have become outmoded or are obviously in need of revision.³² On other occasions in interviews, Foucault has impatiently shrugged Marxism off as something that has simply become *passé*.³³

In a different kind of remark that must be understood within the context of an academic milieu where referring to oneself as a "Marxist" causes few eyebrows to be raised in astonishment, Foucault complains that whatever revolutionary force Marxist ideas may once have had, they have come to be assimilated into "official knowledge,"³⁴ or, as Julia Kristeva has written, "neutralized" by academic discourse.³⁵ After the 1968 upheaval, the French educational system set up an experimental university at Vincennes, designed to accommodate the demands of the revolutionary students (some, however, argued that this was done to give the students their own "playground"). Foucault was one of the first to charge that Vincennes had become a "trap" for radicals, even though he also consented to join the faculty. In an interview, Foucault complained that the most significant writers—Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud (his oft-invoked triumvirate)—had been stripped of their revolutionary potential by their inclusion in the new curriculum.³⁶

At any rate, Foucault has argued, the notion of the role of the intellectual in the service of the proletariat is a tiresome holdover from a "faded" Marxism.³⁷ Intellectuals, says Foucault, are "abandoning their prophetic function."³⁸ And, in a pattern of thought similar to that exhibited in his equation of a discourse of sexual repression and a discourse of sexual liberation, Foucault asserts that the most painful contradiction within which Marxist intellectuals are trapped is

²⁸"Foucault répond à Sartre: Entretien," *La Quinzaine Littéraire* 46 (1-15 mai, 1968), unpaginated.

²⁹"Michel Foucault explique son dernier livre," *Magazine Littéraire* 28 (avril-mai, 1969), p. 24.

³⁰Foucault, "Revolutionary Action: Until Now," in *Language, Counter-Memory, Practice*, pp. 219-220.

³¹Julia Kristeva, "Psychoanalysis and the Polis," *Critical Inquiry* 9 (September, 1982), p. 77.

³²Foucault, "Le Piège de Vincennes," *Le Nouvel Observateur* (9-15 février, 1970), p. 35.

³³Foucault, "Vérité et pouvoir: Entretien avec M. Fontana," *L'Arc* 70 (1977), p. 22.

³⁴"Power and Sex," p. 161.

²⁸"Nietzsche, Genealogy, History," p. 153.

²⁹Harold Bloom, *The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry* (London: Oxford University Press, 1973), p. 43.

³⁰*The Anxiety of Influence*, p. 3.

³¹Foucault, "Entretien sur la prison: Le livre et sa méthode," *Magazine Littéraire* 101 (juin, 1975), p. 33.

that "to imagine another system is to extend our participation in the present system."³⁹ Thus, no "alternative politics" can exist, according to Foucault.⁴⁰

As for his specific statements about Marx, they are both negative and positive, dismissive and respectful. To begin with Foucault's criticisms, he objects to the exorbitant force attendant upon the "discourse that possesses an author's name."⁴¹ This is to be understood within the context of Foucault's celebrated attack on the tendency of our tradition to privilege authorship rather than the textual realm of discourse ("What Is An Author?"). Because of all that his name now conjures up for us, Foucault says "Marx" as a specific author and personality no longer exists.⁴²

In another kind of criticism, Foucault clearly privileges *himself* as a theorist over Marx. In the interview "Power and Sex" with Bernard-Henri Lévy, Foucault accuses Marx of failing to focus sufficiently on the "struggle" in class struggle, hinting that the theory of *pouvoir-savoir* provides for subtler understanding of the tensions produced by the relations of power.⁴³ Alternately, Foucault characterizes himself as one who, unlike Marx, does not "try to elicit the effects of power at the level of ideology," wondering whether the effort to elicit those effects by posing "the question of the body" might be a more profound "materialism."⁴⁴

Foucault prefers his Nietzschean method of "genealogy" over what he regards as the crude, inadequate approach of dialectical method. In his one book (*L'Archéologie du savoir*) devoted to explaining his earlier "archaeological" method, Foucault condemned Marx as a proponent of "uninterrupted" history.⁴⁵ Elsewhere, he has savagely parodied the dialectical approach by comparing it to the process of carelessly draping

historical reality in the form of a suit of clothes over a "Hegelian skeleton."⁴⁶ The directional differences here must be explained more carefully. The Marxian dialectical approach is linear, to Foucault's mind recklessly skimming over the profound ruptures and discontinuities of history. Genealogy as a method takes the form of vertical descent, not totally unlike the concept of the "abyss" developed in the works of Jacques Derrida. The descent allows for both broken and unbroken lines, for fits and starts; for Foucault's cherished *coupures épistémologiques*. In an image that suggests an inverted funnel or cornucopia, Foucault calls his readers to the task of tracing a "genealogy of power" that will demonstrate through the process of descent the gradual development of the "microphysics of power" which, ever since the 17th Century, has spread itself over more and more domains, casting its net ever more widely (*SP*, pp. 140-141).

Foucault does the greatest violence to Marx when he places him within one of his eccentric constructs in order to minimize his uniqueness and to place him within a broader epistemological field, where he by no means stands out as the exemplary figure. This he did in his *tour de force* of 1966, *Les Mots et les choses: Une archéologie des sciences humaines*. In this book, certain writers are associated with the early 19th-century *coupure épistémologique* that Foucault believes inaugurated the modern "human sciences." In the area of political economy, David Ricardo and not Marx plays the vanguard role for Foucault. Foucault was, I believe, justly criticized by Althusserian Marxists like Dominique Lecourt for this maneuver.⁴⁷ By not placing Marx at an epistemological threshold, Foucault lumps him together with an odd collection of characters whom he argues share the same modes of consciousness.⁴⁸ Thus, he can speak of Marx and Comte, unflinchingly, in the same breath.⁴⁹ This construct further allows Foucault to minimize the polemics with which Marx engaged himself in his day. They were, Foucault sneers, nothing but "storms in a children's paddling pool."⁵⁰

But the Marx whom Foucault is unwilling to

³⁹"Revolutionary Action," p. 230.

⁴⁰"Foucault's History of the Present," p. 45.

⁴¹Foucault, "What Is An Author?," p. 123.

⁴²Foucault, "Questions on Geography," in *Power/Knowledge*, p. 76.

⁴³"Power and Sex," p. 161.

⁴⁴Foucault, "Body/Power," p. 58.

⁴⁵Foucault, *L'archéologie du savoir* (Paris: Gallimard, 1969), pp. 21-22.

⁴⁶"Vérité et pouvoir," p. 19.

⁴⁷Dominique Lecourt, *Marxism and Epistemology: Bachelard, Canguilhem, and Foucault* (London: NLB, 1975). See especially the final chapter on Foucault. See also *L'archéologie du savoir*, p. 230 and p. 245.

⁴⁸Foucault, "History, Discourse, and Discontinuity," *Salmagundi* 20 (Summer-Fall, 1972), pp. 228-229.

⁴⁹"Foucault's History of the Present," p. 36.

place at the point of epistemological rupture with regard to economic theory is the very Marx whom Foucault praises as a trailblazer in historical analysis. For example, he expresses real admiration for Marx's studies of key events in French history (*The 18th Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, *The Paris Commune*),⁵¹ and says glowingly, "Marx refused the customary explanation" (as does Foucault).⁵² And, in the strangest point of seeming contradiction, considering what he has argued elsewhere, Foucault praises Marx for avoiding the typical mistake of "locating power in the state apparatus."⁵³

In other circumstances, Foucault seems willing to link his work with certain of Marx's concerns, as when he compares his analysis of sexuality, a project just barely begun at this point, with the exhaustive Marxist study of capital (*VS*, p. 81). In his book on prisons, Foucault finds a point of contact between Marx's description of the organization of the worker's day in Volume I of *Capital* and his own description of a prisoner's daily routine (*SP*, pp. 165-166). And, as one who is associated with a certain "anti-humanism," Foucault feels a certain kinship with those aspects of Marxist thought that expose humanism and the tendency to focus on the individual man as convenient ideological props for the dominant bourgeoisie. "Humanism," for Foucault, "prohibits the desire for power and excludes the possibility of power being seized."⁵⁴

There have been times in Foucault's interviews when, upon being asked to define his position with regard to Marx, he has responded in the spirit of one who would say, "Of course I have been influenced by Marx. Hasn't everyone?" The most interesting statement of this kind is one in which Foucault, responding to a question about why he so seldom mentions Marx, asks whether one who works in the field of physics should be required to refer explicitly and frequently to Einstein or Newton.⁵⁵ Foucault goes on during the same interview to assert that

⁵⁰Foucault, quoted in "Foucault's History of the Present," p. 37.

⁵¹"Questions on Geography," p. 76.

⁵²"Power and Sex," p. 152.

⁵³"Questions on Geography," p. 72.

⁵⁴"Revolutionary Action," pp. 221-223.

⁵⁵"Entretien sur la prison," p. 33.

Marxist interpretations of history are so essential for a historian of today that we might well ask whether to be a historian is not simply to be a Marxist.⁵⁶ A related point of intellectual kinship has been acknowledged by Foucault in the area of prose style. Foucault, as a master stylist of French prose who has been poorly served by some of his English-language translators, appreciates Marx for *his* innovative approach to written language, linking him with Lautréamont and Mallarmé as great writers for whom "ideas do not exist apart from language."⁵⁷

Finally, Marx assumes great importance as a member of the Foucauldian trinity of "Nietzsche, Freud, Marx," of which each member is credited with the founding of an exemplary "discursive practice (especially Marx and Freud)"⁵⁸ and with having set in motion an "infinite task" of interpretation.⁵⁹ Of course, Foucault's genealogical task of interpretation announced in *La Volonté de savoir* looms formidably on the horizon of the infinite. For one known for his attack on the "author-function" in Western culture, Foucault seems at times surprisingly willing to place Marx in a position of special significance.

4

In short, we have a contemporary French theorist of power and official knowledge or truth in society whose very concerns cannot help but remind us of the Marxist effort to understand and interpret the relationships between what Marx called the "bourgeois ideology" and bourgeois society, or between "ruling ideas"⁶⁰ and the ruling economic and social forces of a state deliberately constituted as a "committee for managing the affairs of the whole bourgeoisie."⁶¹ And yet, Foucault insists that his work should be judged solely on its own merits, rather than be

⁵⁶"Entretien sur la prison," p. 33.

⁵⁷*Théorie d'ensemble* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1968), pp. 7-8. See Julia Kristeva, *La Révolution du langage poétique* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1974).

⁵⁸"What Is An Author?," pp. 131-132.

⁵⁹Foucault, "Nietzsche, Freud, Marx," in *Nietzsche, Cahiers du Royaumont* (Paris: Éditions du Minuit, 1967), pp. 185-187.

⁶⁰*The German Ideology*, p. 172.

⁶¹Marx and Engels, *The Communist Manifesto* (New York: International Publishers, 1948), p. 11.

evaluated within or against a given tradition or school of thought. This cuts both ways: we can admire Foucault's quest for originality even while holding suspect his claim to it. We also note that, as a citizen of a country where intellectuals are repeatedly called upon to plot their specific coordinates along a Marxist axis, he had not been able to avoid offering his observations concerning Marx. This, in turn, has generated, to sum up the preceding pages, a somewhat contradictory array of comments ranging from a denial of Marx's unique position within the 19th-century epistemological field envisioned by Foucault to a condemnation of the short-sightedness of contemporary Marxist intellectuals. In addition, there is Foucault's rather diffident claim that we no longer need to acknowledge our intellectual debt to Marx, any more than we need to cite Darwin or Einstein in order to justify our view of reality.

This leads us to a critique of Foucault's interpretations of Marx, and it is altogether appropriate to engage in this even while asserting that Foucault supersedes Marx in some important ways. For Foucault's hybrid term *pouvoir-savoir* conveys a subtler understanding of the force of "self-evident" truths or "common sense" than does the Marxist concept of "bourgeois ideology." The degree to which Foucault ought to acknowledge his indebtedness to the latter concept must remain undetermined at this point. For Foucault's part, however, he misrepresents some key features of Marx's thought, giving us a burlesqued, often grossly distorted version of the way in which Marx viewed power and domination in capitalist society. This would seem to be the most serious lapse in Foucault's reading of Marx, along with his contorted positioning of Marx within the ranks of lesser practitioners of the human sciences and Foucault's own failure to consider private property within his archaeology/genealogy of power. This has led one critic to accuse Foucault of a "neo-Marxism that lacks Marxist formulations."⁶²

Marx was not, as Foucault seems to imply, some crude theorist of power who announced its precise location (VS, p. 124). Nor did Marx indulge in the simplistic binary opposition between the powerful and the powerless. Like Foucault, Marx practiced ably the demolition of such distorting abstractions as "fact-value, cause-effect, freedom-necessity, nature-society, and

reason-feeling."⁶³ Foucault appears to be totally unaware of the vital role played by the concept of the "relation" in Marxist theory, which Bertell Ollman sees as the real essence of the thought of a social philosopher who studied society "relationally," rather than offering a static picture of social reality.⁶⁴ For Marx, it could only be meaningful to focus upon the fluid nature of the relations between things in capitalist society, never simply on things in isolation. Marx would argue that life is lived relationally, and that questions of class, wealth, and power must be approached within the context of the internal and social relations through which they are able to operate. When Foucault asserts that power is "everywhere" and that its discourses circulate continually, it is not at all difficult to imagine Marx nodding in assent.⁶⁵

While the followers of Althusser reacted to Foucault's eccentric handling of Marx in his 1966 opus *Les Mots et les choses* with a vehemence that was counter-productive, they have been right to express astonishment at Foucault's apparent denial of Marx's claim to originality.⁶⁶ Whether this treatment is the result of the particular strategy adopted by Foucault for that book, or is indicative of a major oversight, it is certainly mystifying. For example, on the occasion of Foucault's first public lecture as a professor of the Collège de France, he cited the influence of his philosophical mentor Jean Hyppolite, and the extravagance of his praise of Hyppolite's interpretations of Hegel causes one to suspect him of being unaware of the degree to which Marx himself wrestled with Hegel.⁶⁷

Foucault assigned Ricardo, and not Marx, the role of chief political economist in his study of the emergence of the human sciences in *Les Mots et les choses*. Thus, Ricardo is treated as the one who presides at the point of epistemic rupture, and Marx, Mill, Comte and any number of others become interchangeable characters upon the philosophical stage whose curtain Ricardo has been given the honor of raising. Althusserians have found this distasteful, but Foucault has countered by asking why Althusser would place Marx

⁶³*Alienation*, p. 231.

⁶⁴*Alienation*, p. 14.

⁶⁵"Reading Foucault," p. 391.

⁶⁶*Marxism and Epistemology* (see note #47).

⁶⁷Foucault, *L'ordre du discours*, pp. 74-79.

⁶²Edith Kurzweil, *The Age of Structuralism: Lévi-Strauss to Foucault* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1980), p. 236.

precisely at the point of *coupure épistémologique*.⁶⁸ In fairness to Foucault, however, he has never seen himself as one whose business it is to produce actual interpretations of a Marx, or to provide updated guides to "meanings" in the body of any author's work. Or, as Foucault put it in his essay "What Is An Author?,"

I had no intention in *Les Mots et les choses* of describing Buffon or Marx or of reproducing their statements or implicit meanings, but, simply stated, I wanted to locate the rules that formed a certain number of concepts and theoretical relationships in their works.⁶⁹

Realizing this, we are again in the ambivalent position of being at once unnerved by Foucault's placement of Marx and cognizant of the uniqueness of his aims. One also realizes, sifting through Foucault's essays, that most authors he invokes become barely recognizable to one more respectful of traditional notions of *authorship* and *authority* than Foucault is. Indeed, Foucault seems to exempt Marx, as well as Nietzsche and Freud, from much of the decentering effect of his celebrated emphasis on discourse.

Foucault is noticeably silent on one of the most important aspects of Marx's thought: his revolutionary vision. Marx provided much more than a description of social reality; he described the process through which he believed its transformation would come about. In noting that many revolutionaries implicitly accept the principle of state power, Foucault is by no means alone, but he seems to have overlooked those writings of Marx that envision the future "withering away" of the state.⁷⁰ Probably the most important text in this regard is the *Critique of the Gotha Program* (1875), in which Marx dissociated himself from German socialists who were quite willing to accommodate themselves to state power in pursuit of their aims.⁷¹ Equally telling is Foucault's silence concerning the revolutionary strategies necessary to overcome the oppression to which he himself is opposed. Certainly the reasons for

his pessimism are clear from the way he has developed the concept of *pouvoir-savoir*, but his indifference to praxis both frustrates those political activists who would champion his ideas and allows others to refuse to take his ideas seriously. Michael Roth subtly characterizes this phenomenon as follows:

Foucault's appearance to some on both the left and the right as a "self-indulgent" political actor stems in part from his uncanny ability to see the limits of our present discourse from a point sometimes beyond it, and his inability, or refusal to enunciate a praxis appropriate to that beyond.⁷²

Whether or not one condemns Foucault's failure to point in that particular direction, it becomes evident, in examining writings of Marx and Engels alongside those of Foucault, that by failing to consider such key Marxist themes as capital, he misses opportunities to develop his analysis and genealogy of power further. The next section of this paper will be devoted to the juxtaposition of certain ideas of Foucault and Marx in order to suggest that one set of concepts might supplement and correct the inadequacies of the other, leading to a possible synthesis of the perspectives one can gain on power and knowledge in society from these two writers.

5

Literary or philosophical juxtapositions, even one as eccentric as the interaction between texts of Hegel and Genet in Jacques Derrida's *Glas*, can yield interesting and surprising insights. Points of similarity or agreement, as well as points of conflict, may not quite turn out to be the ones that were anticipated. Beginning, in the case of Foucault and Marx, with their common features, we are aided by some important intellectual traditions within which Foucault's work has emerged. Foucault is heir to modern structural and semiotic views of language that have alerted us to the fallacies of separating content from form; of distinguishing between "what" an author says and "how" he says it. One focuses upon the text itself, rather than trying to use it as a window through which to glimpse the consciousness or intentions of the author. Applying this to both Foucault and Marx, it becomes impossible to

⁶⁸Foucault, interviewed in Raymond Bellour, *Le Livre des autres* (Paris: Union Générale d'Éditions, 1978), p. 101.

⁶⁹"What Is An Author?," p. 114.

⁷⁰See, for example, Gérard Chaliand, *Revolution in the Third World* (New York: Penguin Books, 1978).

⁷¹Karl Marx, *Critique of the Gotha Program*, in *The Marx-Engels Reader*, pp. 525-541.

⁷²"Foucault's History of the Present," p. 45.

separate what is communicated from the force and form of the language itself. Readers new to Foucault often express irritation at his baffling, difficult terminology, as if to blame the terms for muddying the otherwise clear waters of Foucault's thought. But Foucault's distinctive prose style is precisely what allows him to explode the conventional categories of thought from which one can only suppose he would like his readers to be liberated. Similarly, as Bertell Ollman argues persuasively in his study of Marx's concept of alienation, Marx's words themselves were his weapons aimed at the bourgeoisie; his idiosyncratic use of certain German nouns the very bludgeons with which he shattered conventional categories of meaning.⁷³

Both Foucault and Marx, then, offer clear examples of ways in which the use of language shapes consciousness in a very specific manner, determining the way in which we see things and the form in which problems are stated. As Ollman points out, Marx's deliberate use of certain key terms and phrases creates a vivid set of images of the predicament of man in capitalist society. This can be grasped especially well by turning one's attention to Marx's early writing. In such texts as *The Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844*, *The German Ideology*, and *Wage Labour and Capital*, Marx's use of the words *Entfremdung* ("estrangement"), *Entäusserung* ("alienation," or even "divestiture"),⁷⁴ and the phrase *die Teilung der Arbeit* ("division of labor")⁷⁵ drive home an indictment of life and labor under an economic system that cannot abide wholeness; where human beings are split asunder, reduced to their mere productive capacities while work, a fundamental human activity, is sub-divided *ad absurdum* into increasingly meaningless, unsatisfying, dull repetitive tasks. Life becomes perilously fragmented and unintegrative, producing a kind of entropy of the human spirit.

Marx, as can be seen from the kinds of specific terms he employs, views the worker as having become grotesquely and cruelly separated from the more important aspects of human existence,

⁷³*Alienation*, pp. 3-11.

⁷⁴Karl Marx, "Die Entfremdete Arbeit," *Ökonomisch-Philosophische Manuskripte aus dem Jahre 1844*, in *Marx-Engels Gesamtausgabe, Erste Abteilung: Band 3* (Berlin: Marx-Engels Verlag, 1932), pp. 72 & 83-84.

⁷⁵Karl Marx, "Die Teilung der Arbeit," in *Marx-Engels Gesamtausgabe, Erste Abteilung: Band 3*, p. 139.

most importantly the creative and intellectual spheres. Foucault, on the other hand, in coining the term *pouvoir-savoir*, and referring to its endless proliferation and circulation through discourse, creates an image in the minds of his readers that is diametrically opposed to the effect produced by the language of Marx. Whereas Marx suggests, most clearly in his earliest writing, that an ideal human wholeness is held in check by the splintering effect of capitalist work, Foucault's terms depict a monstrous kind of human totality in which individual human beings are composed of and constituted by the dominant discourses that assure social and political control. Human beings, in Foucault's scheme of things, retain the intellectual and imaginative functions that Marx assumes have been taken from them, thus serving to channel the very discourses that allow for ever-more-thorough, polymorphous forms of domination and control. We could scarcely find more contradictory images of the human subject than these, but we will postpone further our examination of them until we have first explored some of the common ground Marx and Foucault may be said to share.

Marxism is known, among other things, as a critique of ideology, while Foucault has frequently dismissed the concept of "ideology" as outmoded and lacking in subtlety.⁷⁶ Yet Foucault shares with Marx a preoccupation with the production of consciousness in society; with the functioning of a "regime of truth." While his careful elaboration of the various, especially exclusionary, operations of discourse⁷⁷ may well offer greater subtlety than the Marxist concept of ideology, he is nevertheless concerned, as were Marx and Engels, with "ruling ideas," which they argued were invariably the ideas of the ruling class.⁷⁸ Foucault, too, views society in terms of class domination. In fact, on at least one occasion he has characterized society as the dictatorship of a ruling class using all available institutional means at its disposal to sanction a particular view of reality.⁷⁹ This might remind some of the Gramsci elaboration of his concept of "hegem-

⁷⁶"Body/Power," p. 50.

⁷⁷A theme explored most fully in *L'ordre du discours*.

⁷⁸*The German Ideology*, pp. 172-173.

⁷⁹Noam Chomsky and Michel Foucault, "Human Nature: Justice versus Power," in *Reflexive Water: The Basic Concerns of Mankind*, ed. Fons Elders (London: Souvenir Press, Ltd., 1974), p. 170.

ony." Perhaps most specifically, Marx and Foucault share an interest in "legitimation," to borrow a term from the contemporary German philosopher Jürgen Habermas, of certain ideas and beliefs that then serve a ruling social order most effectively precisely by appearing to be utterly "self-evident," inhabiting the realm of "common sense."

Foucault's view of the role of ideas in society is also Marxist in the sense that, in different language, he echoes passages in Marx and Engels dealing with the degree to which consciousness is determined by social being. Foucault has spoken of consciousness as being "located" in "economic and social situations."⁸⁰ As for the role of the proletariat in combatting the bourgeoisie, and thus the ruling ideas that serve its interests, Foucault is more characteristically ambivalent. He believes in supporting the proletariat in its class struggle, even hoping for its eventual revolutionary victory.⁸¹ However, he is by no means confident that such a victory will bring forth a more just society, since revolutionaries have no choice but to express their denunciation of a social or political system in the very language already sanctioned by that system.⁸² With typical irony, Foucault asserts that, in the case of the Soviet Union, opposition to the bourgeois order has only had the effect of making "universal" the values that formerly were identified with that specific class.⁸³

In other words, Foucault is arguing that a truly autonomous revolutionary consciousness can never form, whereas Marx envisioned the creation of revolutionary class consciousness as the dialectical negation of the *Weltanschauung* of the propertied class. Whose is the more deterministic view? Marx, convinced of the overwhelming influence of class interests on consciousness, nevertheless left open the possibility of one's taking a step beyond such a condition. Didn't he view himself as one of the exceptions who proved the rule? In his famous passage in *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, Marx wrote of human beings "making their own history," even if the materials they had to use were inherited from the

past.⁸⁴ There would still be room for innovation. The point for Marx was that, in any social or political situation, class was the most salient ingredient in the mix of influences that produced consciousness. But Foucault, even while presenting himself as one who would lead us out of the traps society has placed us in⁸⁵ (acknowledging all the while that he cannot yet formulate a plan for doing so), is not betting that we will be able to achieve anything qualitatively different from what we seek to escape.⁸⁶ Once *pouvoir-savoir* lays claim to us, it's there to stay. It should be remembered that, except for a few passages in the *Critique of the Gotha Program*, Marx never really describes what will come to pass after the bourgeois ideology has been eradicated. Readers of Marx have, instead, adopted the practice of searching between the lines and assuming that what Marx means to say is that, once capitalism has been overcome, the contradictions it has fostered will be themselves dissolved, so that human beings will be restored to wholeness. I know of no way in which Foucault's texts encourage such a reading. Certainly, he is not looking at society and telling his readers, "anything would be better than this." At best, what he says is "nothing could be worse."

6

Both Marx and Foucault supply formidable critiques of "humanism" as an ideology and an illusory belief in autonomous human subjects, encouraged by an economic system that depends for its survival on isolated individuals as producers and consumers. Each, in his very distinctive way, surveys the physical and psychic damage visited upon people through the socio-economic systems in which they are caught up. We might even say that they are both concerned with human suffering and unhappiness, whether or not those who suffer are fully conscious of their plight.

When Marx writes of the various ways in which human beings are victimized by the capitalist mode of production, the images he invokes are

⁸⁰"Human Nature," p. 160.

⁸¹"Human Nature," pp. 177 & 184.

⁸²Foucault, "On Popular Justice: A Discussion with Maoists," in *Power/Knowledge*, p. 34.

⁸³"Human Nature," p. 174.

⁸⁴Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *Der achtzehnte Brumaire des Louis Bonaparte*, in *Ausgewählte Schriften in Zwei Bänden, Band I* (Berlin: Dietz Verlag, 1951), p. 226.

⁸⁵John K. Simon, "A Conversation with Michel Foucault," *Partisan Review* 38:2 (1971), p. 210.

⁸⁶"Human Nature," pp. 170-171.

all of theft and divestiture, with human qualities, activities, and privileges being stripped away (entäussert), leaving only the kernel that can serve as grist for the industrial mill. In a moving passage in the third of his *Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts*, Marx delivers a jeremiad on the grim spectacle of people eating only the coarsest food, unable to go to the theater, or to "theorize," "read," "sing," "paint," or make love as human beings.⁸⁷ Capitalism must be destroyed in order for these rights and activities to be restored to its victims. For Marx, then, the predicament of man in capitalist society is one of estrangement (*Entfremdung*) from what he ought to be and alienation (*Entäusserung*) from that which has been stolen from him.

Foucault's imagery, as we have seen before, is all of human subjects who have been invaded and taken over, becoming thoroughly saturated with *pouvoir-savoir* through the capillary action produced by society's endlessly circulating discourses. This means that they can no longer be regarded as independent human subjects or individuals. Power, inseparable from knowledge, thus enters and colonizes human beings with the same awesome finality suggested by the psychoanalytic theories of Jacques Lacan, where language, in the Oedipal struggle, takes up residence in the individual unconscious as the "discourse of the other."⁸⁸ We no longer belong to ourselves, though in a sense notably different from Marx's alienated laborer.

Let us try to determine what the juxtaposition of these two sets of images might yield in terms of a new understanding of the human subject within a historically specific social formation. Thinking of the individual human being, as viewed by both Marx and Foucault, in relation to the social forces to which he is subjected, we could remark that two contradictory dynamics are envisioned: with Marx, the motion is centrifugal, moving away from the human subject as center in a socio-economic landscape. With Foucault, on the other hand, the motion is centripetal, moving toward that same center. In both cases, the image is overdetermined, much of the overdetermination being accomplished through the use of certain recurring words or configura-

tions of words. But perhaps each motif could serve to counteract the excesses of the other: for example, it could be argued that Marx, unlike later Marxist theorists such as Gramsci or Habermas, underestimates the degree to which his "alienated" workers have actually internalized the values and perspectives of the owning class; have been entered into, in the sense that Foucault speaks of *micropouvoirs*. On the other hand, the traditional Marxist theory of alienation could serve as a corrective to the trajectory of Foucault's social thought, demonstrating that, because he has been so intent on showing how human beings absorb *pouvoir-savoir*, he has lost sight of the fact that many people really do experience social institutions and official knowledge as something utterly alien to them.

In effect, what Foucault's theory might then provide, by synthesizing elements of the Marxist theory of alienation, is a new, more comprehensive and complex theory of the alienation of men and women in advanced technological society; men and women subject to both kinds of effects with regard to official knowledge and the discourses of power.

We have seen that Foucault credits Marx with having contributed a potentially "endless" method of interpretation. We have sensed as well that Foucault's announced project for a "history of sexuality" looms ahead as an inexhaustible process. Now that Marxism is more than ever before coming into its own as a source of perspectives for the interpretation of culture, we can well imagine the methods of Foucault pursuing lines of investigation in a somewhat opposite direction, even while sharing some of the most vital concerns of Marxism.

The methods, respectively, of Marxian analysis and Foucault's theoretical interrogation of discourse viewed in circulation within a spatial field or grid both hold promise for historians seeking to characterize the historically specific social relations that will allow them to dismiss the unwarranted separation of ideas from social life. Viewed either from the perspective of a Foucault or an advanced 20th-century Marxist framework along lines theorized by Gramsci and Althusser, it will no longer be sufficient to postulate the isolated existence of something called "ideology," whatever its relationship to power. Ideology or, if you will, "power/knowledge," should rightly be seen as the very condition of our existence in the world and of the past lives we seek to recover as historians.⁸⁹ It informs all social practices, and

⁸⁷Marx, "Bedürfnis, Produktion und Arbeitsteilung," in *Marx-Engels Gesamtausgabe, Erste Abteilung: Band 3*, p. 130.

⁸⁸Jacques Lacan, "Le Séminaire sur 'La Lettre volée,'" in *Écrits I* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1966), p. 24, and Sherry Turkle, *Psychoanalytic Politics: Freud's French Revolution* (Cambridge, Mass.: The MIT Press, 1981), p. 58.

inhabits the processes of signification, both linguistic and non-linguistic, about which intellectual and social historians must make judgments.

I will conclude this paper by referring to three contrasting pairs of concepts derived from Marxist theory, the work of Foucault, and other post-structuralist theorists that are meant to suggest some of the most challenging features that make up the present agenda for theory in the rethinking of intellectual history.

The first paired set is none other than the old duality of space and time. If the post-structuralist theories of Foucault and others are seen as a dramatic reassertion of diachronic time and therefore of history, it must also be admitted that Marxist thought has long provided a coherent, consistent view of historical time. What Marxist theory has until very recently *not* offered is an adequate theorizing of space and, for example, a critique of the ideological use of space in late capitalist society.⁹⁰ Only in the sections of his notebooks treating of "Pre-capitalist Economic Formations," some of which were later published as the *Grundrisse*, does Marx seem to think in spatial terms, and even there not very explicitly.⁹¹ The Marxist anthropology of Pierre Bourdieu and Maurice Godelier, as well as other contributions of recent French theory have illuminated Marx's own text in this regard.⁹² But Foucault *does* pro-

vide a way to re-orient social theory spatially: by envisioning the human subject as a nodal point within a grid of intersecting social forces and situations or, in a way that bears the stamp of Heidegger, as inhabiting a perceptual field within which knowledge is immanent rather than transcendent.⁹³

Thus viewed, Foucault's human subject exists not as the product of a continuously unfolding tradition, but as the heir of an indirect and discontinuous genealogy of *pouvoir-savoir*. This Nietzschean *Herkunft*, or descent, moves perpendicular to the more horizontal, linear trajectory of the dialectic. Perhaps it will be futile to attempt to reconcile or synthesize these two intersecting axes, but the one might serve to check excessive emphasis on the other. Foucault cautions historians not to skim too quickly over the complexities of specific formations in their desire to demonstrate the continuity of tradition, while the dialectical approach nevertheless remains the best way to theorize social and historical change in a way that avoids the illusion of transcendence.

Finally, Foucault's valuable contribution of the concept of discourse can stand as a corrective to the dangers of infinite regress seemingly lurking within such post-structuralist activities as the deconstructionist practice of Jacques Derrida, or especially of his American followers. Derrida's controversial concept of the operation of *différance* in written language has too often led to the practice of reading texts in such a way as to show how meaning is always undermined, always "deconstructs" itself, in a kind of Nietzschean self-negation or cancellation. But by focusing on discourse, an equally textual emphasis should be able to demonstrate some of the ways in which meaning is produced, even if it is multiple and at times contradictory, within texts.⁹⁴

Each of these brief examples points to a much larger consideration: we in intellectual history are in a time of enormous theoretical ferment; what one contemporary critic influenced by T. S. Kuhn's concept of "paradigm crisis" considers an ongoing Copernican revolution in theory.⁹⁵ This

⁹⁰See Louis Althusser, "Ideology and Ideological State Apparatuses," in *Lenin and Philosophy and Other Essays* (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1971), pp. 127-186, and Jorge Larrain, *The Concept of Ideology* (London: Hutchinson, 1979).

⁹¹Two of the most recent efforts to do this are those of Fredric Jameson, "Modes of Production and the Spatial Text," a series of lectures given at the 1983 summer teaching institute "Marxism and the Interpretation of Culture: Limits, Frontiers, Boundaries," sponsored by the Unit for Criticism and Interpretive Theory of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, and Donald M. Lowe, *History of Bourgeois Perception* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982).

⁹²Karl Marx, *Grundrisse: Foundations of the Critique of Political Economy* (New York: Vintage Books, 1973), pp. 483-498 and Marx, *Pre-Capitalist Economic Formations* (New York: International Publishers, 1964), pp. 67-82.

⁹³See Pierre Bourdieu, *Outline of a Theory of Practice* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1977), pp. 89-95, Maurice Godelier, "The Concept of the 'Asiatic Mode of Production' and Marxist Models of Social Evolution," in *Relations of Production: Marxist Approaches to Economic Anthropology*, ed. David Seddon (London: Frank Cass, 1978), pp. 209-257, and Barry Hindess and Paul Q. Hirst, *Pre-Capitalist Modes of Production* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1975).

⁹⁴Lowe, in the work cited, pp. 17-18 & 165-166.

⁹⁵Lentricchia, *After the New Criticism* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980), p. 170.

⁹⁶See especially the collection of essays in *Modern European Intellectual History: Reappraisals and New Perspectives*, ed. Dominick LaCapra and Steven L. Kaplan (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1982).

same writer, Catherine Belsey, makes another perhaps obvious point, but it is an important one that should be reaffirmed: even as we overcome our fear or distrust of totalizing theory, we ought to recognize that no one body of theory, whether Marxist, Nietzschean (as extended by Foucault, Derrida, Deleuze, etc.), feminist, or structuralist, need claim one's total allegiance.⁹⁶ As in the

⁹⁶See Hayden White, "The Politics of Historical Interpretation: Discipline and De-Sublimation," *Critical Inquiry* 9 (September, 1982), pp. 113-137.

decades during which Kepler, Galileo, and others wrestled with the Copernican legacy, critical theorists must continue to create those articulations and syntheses that offer the greatest promise.⁹⁷ □

⁹⁷Catherine Belsey, *Critical Practice* (London: Methuen, 1980), p. 145.

James A. Winders teaches at Appalachian State University in North Carolina. He has published in the *Journal of Popular Culture* and has essays forthcoming in *Magill's Literary Annual*.

Alex Argyros

BEFORE THE BEGINNING

Last night a strong wind toppled the tree. It is full of white flowers. She is looking for the doll house her mother had hung on the upper branches. She walks all through the library. No more wind. There are flowers in the aisles, and the fragrance of scented candles. She picks up the little girl and kisses her pudgy cheeks. It is time to take her outside for the first time. Her mother wants her to feel the brown grass of summer and the texture of limestone. She must see birds nesting, and rotting deer along the side of the road. Most of all, she must see all the different kinds of leaves before she names them.

She cannot remember. When they lived in the house it was like any other house. It had a garden out back, and a magnolia in front. When the wind blew, it swung audibly, especially at night when the stars were out. She searches through the branches for the doll house. It was there before she learned to speak; it was a space in which leaves had been arranged, in which the sensations of the flesh and the cycles of nature had been articulated.

Her mother is a young girl; she is in a library, in a doll house, on a tall glass tree.

GIMME SHELTER: THE DOCUMENTARY FILM AS ART

The evening after the Altamont concert an emcee on a San Francisco underground radio station invited his listeners to call in and "tell us what you saw." He had been among the crowd but hadn't seen the reported killing, and he was voicing his interest, an interest so many shared, in finding out just what had occurred and what significance it all held. The Maysles brothers include the emcee's request in the first few minutes of *Gimme Shelter*. It embodies the thematic intent of the film. But what they "saw" was more than the Hell's Angels' brutalization of the spectators and their beating and knifing of an eighteen-year-old black boy named Meredith Hunter, a shattering enough experience in itself. What the Maysles saw at Altamont drew implications from all they had seen of the Stones' U.S. concert tour, its business machine, and the Stones themselves as they moved toward Altamont and what was to be a "spontaneous" and magical free happening—a western Woodstock. What they saw drew implications from their observations of the Stones watching themselves and the events of the tour on portions of the final film.

The matter must have been further complicated by the projections of sociologists, historians and other observers that the sixties counterculture was courting danger in "its self-proclaimed flight from reason, its exaltation of self over society, its Dionysian anarchism"; and that this Second Coming of history, like other Second Comings may be easily creeping towards a "New Barbarism rather than the New Jerusalem."¹ It must have been complicated by the unrest generated by the tumultuous convention riots of the preceeding year, which had been compared to a Rolling Stones' concert, and the Chicago conspiracy trials with their accompanying ideological confrontations. And then there was the image of the Rolling Stones as depicted in the popular media. The following is an excerpt from an article by Ellen Sander which appeared in the *Saturday Review* on November 29, 1969, eight days

before Altamont:

Violence? The Stones typify it; they don't imply it. A Stones' concert is a raging assault, a fiery menace of music and freneticism choreographed by the devil's disciples. The Stones confront their audiences; they don't mess around. Jagger on vocals, and various rhythm instruments, dances like a dervish, moves like a matador, teases, threatens, and taunts his crowd into submission; half the show is in the fight they give him. Performers and audience are one in a desperate, cathartic drama, and everyone loves each moment of the fray. The energy is siphoned off, the crowd breathless, elated, spent. The group stalks dramatically off stage.

They have carved an identity with their special brand of *machismo* and stoned soul sorcery; they've paid their dues and the result is the world's best performing rock band. Also, they've always been the underdogs of pop. . . . Misunderstood, misused, and, in many ways, classical misfits even in their own milieu, the Stones are the original outlaw bluesmen . . . the only real rebels left. Their recordings, their performances, their antics, their anti-style make no concession to order or predictability . . . their product has never been uneventful. . . . Their act, onstage and off, is an art built on sexuality and anger. The effect is chaotic release.²

The Maysles' subject for their documentary indeed had a cultural and political interest and immediacy in itself—even before Altamont. But what raises *Gimme Shelter* from stunning reportage to a work of documentary art is the creative interaction of the filmmakers with their subject; it is the form and structure imposed upon the footage they recorded which gives the Maysles brothers' record of what they saw coherence and significance as film art.

The film unexpectedly opens in total dark-

¹Ralph J. Gleason, "Aquarius Wept," *Esquire* (August 1970), reprinted in *The Conscious Reader*, eds. Caroline Shrodes, Harry Finestone, and Michael Shugrue (New York: MacMillan, 1974), p. 354. Hereafter referred to by page number in the text.

²"The Stones Keep Rolling," *Saturday Review* (November 29, 1969), reprinted in *The Conscious Reader*.

ness, a device that immediately draws our eyes to the screen. The first shot of the film then appears showing us a cameraman in readiness behind his camera set on a tripod; behind him is a police car. The Stones then appear walking down the street, obviously for the benefit of the cameraman. One of them is mounted on a donkey and dressed in what appears to be a classical soldier's robes or a toga; he is carrying a spear and wearing a striped Uncle Sam hat. This single shot conveys several motifs that are developed in the film: the differing planes of camera reality (as there are obviously two cameras in operation here, the one in the image and the one recording the camera in the image); the imagistic undertone of law and order; the crucified Christ/warrior image, and the ambiguity of the posturing of the Stones themselves. Are they simply self-consciously horse-playing with the media or do their actions, their dress, their attitudes convey something more arresting and important?

The scene then shifts suddenly to the Rolling Stones in concert. Their faces move against the darkness and the sound of their music as though existing in isolation, free in a time and space of their own. As the scene continues, conflicting and disturbing tonal qualities emerge. The sounds and movements are exuberant and young, but a spotlight tinges their figures, particularly Jagger's dark form, in blood red, exposing a frenetic othersidedness. This image is supported by the lightening-like flashes of camera lights from the audience. We cut to the crowd bathed as well in the red light, and the whole sequence takes on, if not an inferno appearance, at least the appearance of some dark ritualistic event that inextricably binds artists and audience.

We then pull out of this image until it appears on a small viewing screen in a screening room. We have simply and easily moved from one plane of reality into another. The camera studies the faces of the Stones as they watch the viewer. They look older, tense; the conversation between Charlie Watts and the filmmaker in the room and the subsequent tape of a radio broadcast indicate the time is post-Altamont, and they are watching a compilation of the footage being assembled for *Gimme Shelter*. We discover that we are all going to relive Altamont and its surrounding events. It's almost as though we are going to witness the Stones' trial-by-ordeal—a fragile and personal conception that the Maysles handle discreetly, sensitively and without sensationalism.

We study the faces carefully as we listen to the radio commentator note the reported death at Altamont, and we continue to watch as we hear Ralph "Sonny" Barger, chief of the Bay Area Hell's Angels, give his account of the Angels' presence at the concert. He tells of being invited by the Stones' manager to sit on the stage and drink beer supplied by the managers and keep people back. He claims everyone was having "a good, good time" while the Stones were performing until an Angel's bike caught on fire:

"We moved them people to save that bike. And, after that, they tried to destroy our bikes, and we're not gonna stand for it. And that made it personal. . . . You know what? I'm a violent cat when I gotta be. But I don't really want to be. But there ain't nobody gonna take anything I got and try to destroy it. Mick Jagger he put it all on the Angels." (p. 359)

The camera catches Jagger's wince at Barger's accusation, and the implications of the involvement of the Angels at Altamont begin to emerge:

"Look I ain't no cop. I ain't never going to ever pretend to be a cop. I didn't go there to police nothing. They told me if I could sit on the edge of the stage so nobody would climb over me, I could drink beer until the show was over. That's what I went there to do. . . . I'm no peace creep, by any sense of the word, and if a cat don't want to fight with me, don't want to hassle with me, I want to be his friend. If he don't want to be my friend, then out of sight, don't even talk to me. But if he don't want to be my friend and he's gonna get in my face, I'm gonna hurt him, or he's gonna hurt me." (p. 359)

In the quiet of the screening room following this tirade, Charlie Watts, confused and obviously upset, struggles to verbalize his feelings. He can't understand; "there were a couple of those guys who were really nice to us. . . . Oh dear, what a shame." The statement is at once so naive, perhaps even stupid, yet it is so sad. On that note the film's title appears, and we cut back to the Stones in concert performing "I Can't Get No Satisfaction."

The structure, the complex rhythms, and several of their supporting motifs are established in

this first section of the film. The screening room will provide the stable frame of reference and judgement. We will continually return to this intimate documentary as the Stones watch the progress towards and the events at Altamont. The performance sequences, a rock document, will attempt to define the group as phenomena, as business reality, as people; it will examine their function as artists and their relationship to their audience. The camera will follow the Stones' U.S. concert tour, attending performances, intruding in the recording studio, following them to their hotel rooms and catching pre-performance activities and jitters. The sequences dealing with the creation of the Altamont "happening" will expose in succinct fashion the reality of the Stones' machinery—the expensive, complicated legal and diplomatic wheelings and dealings that support successful public images and "spontaneous" events of the magnitude of Altamont.

All three of the documents, the screening room, the tour and the Altamont "happening," are intercut in the film; often they bump and clash against one another, sometimes they complement and support one another, but all three move in uneasy inevitability toward the Altamont concert and Meredith Hunter. In all three the camera acknowledges its own presence. We are confronted with a light meter thrust into the image, or a team of filmmakers cluttering the lawyer's office, or a lens suddenly confronting the lens we are looking through (an affront to our voyeuristic pleasure as we watch the young women move in slow motion ecstasy to the Stones' music).

One of the most pointed uses of imagery in the film is the exploration of Jagger as symbol; the most blunt example is the use of images of snake and crucifix as possible objective correlatives for Jagger. At one point, a camera shot creeps slowly down one of the group's snake-skinned boots, finally focusing in a tight close-up on the toe which takes on the appearance of a living snake's head. It then cuts suddenly to Mick Jagger's face, making a jarring equation. Later we watch Jagger changing clothes before a performance, and the camera suddenly zooms in on the crucifix he is wearing. These apparently divergent interpretations become important in view of the events to come. They are unanswerable hypotheses, of course, that in reality finally blend in some kind of ironic and indecipherable manner. But they do, nevertheless, capture the public's polarized conceptions of Mick Jagger as public symbol. It is to the Maysles' credit that these attitudes are only

suggested and no resolution is filmically attempted. We are finally left to interpret alone, to draw whatever significance we can from the evidence itself and from Jagger's frozen face at the end of the film.

The relationship between content and form is perhaps most evident in *Gimme Shelter* in the faithful filmic reflection of the ambiguity and irony which permeate the entire Altamont experience. If we break down the major sequences from the morning preparations at Altamont, through the Stones' appearance on stage, to the film's resolution in the final frame, this irony and the artistic finesse with which it is captured become readily apparent.

The evening arrival of volunteers to set up the concert apparatus and the early audience arrivals are caught in impressionistic composition and earthy tones. There is the immense scaffolding set against the intense shades of the evening sky and the gathering of kindred souls, backlit by the bonfire and sharing, in obvious communal good feeling, the grass and jugs of wine. There is a feeling of loving effort in these images and the promise of the dawning of a beautiful happening for these pilgrims. These are played off of the following stark daylight scenes of the crowd and the garish presence of the Hell's Angels.

Suddenly we find ourselves swept along in rushing movement and deafening noise as we travel in the helicopter with the Stones over the crawling crowds and unending stream of cars lining the road to the concert grounds. The Stones are smiling and appear hopeful, and their ability to fly effortlessly above the worshippers gives them a kind of heroic stature. But the mood radically changes as the copter lands among the barren hills and massed crowd. Mick Jagger is attacked by a man who cries, "I hate you," and the camera, now among the crowd, is jostled about, creating a claustrophobic, tense quality in the image. Jagger and the Stones are rushed to their trailer under the protection of the Angels. It is difficult to decide whether they are prisoners or escapees when they disappear into the trailer and the Angels position themselves at their door. They stand between the door and a young girl who appears so vulnerable next to their brutish figures. This image of the Angels as barrier between the artists and their fans will be replayed again and again, suggesting by its mere repetitiveness its importance as a causative factor in the disruptive nature of the concert.

The images in the scenes shortly before the concert begins are fraught with potential and real violence. These images are set against opposing impressions of good feelings. The clash of the opposites generates a sense of sadness and fear. The ironic nature of the diverse qualities of the ideologies of the audience, these representatives of the 60's, is caught in the perfect graphic association of the outstretched arms of the man beseeching the heavens in a mythic gesture and the outspread lines of the blanket as a couple settles it gently to the ground in a gesture of earthy gratification. As the camera explores the crowd it reveals scenes of complicated technological structures, of a casualty at a medical vehicle, of a freaked-out man laughing at a filmmaker and the moment of their sudden recognition of the "realness" of one another. There are scenes of the sacred territory of the stage being defended as though this were some kind of bizarre war game. There is the disillusioned man trying to set up aid stations like at Woodstock and meeting with a negative response from the Stones' manager, Cutler. "Someone's hurt," and bubbles float off into the air as a flute plays, suggesting the vanishing of ephemeral hopes. A white-masked, mocking, death-like face fills the screen opposing such images as the dancing technician on the scaffolding and the dancing man in white ribbons. Which is the truth here? Cutler makes an absurd remark, "I've had enough of being polite; get off the stage." And the pre-performance scene is invaded by the Hell's Angels on their choppers.

The concert begins. Frisbees, balloons, paper fill the sky in joyful release; a girl makes bubbles, faces laugh. People want to groove, to let go with the musicians; the announcer says, "Let's have a party, a good time." But it won't, it can't, happen at Altamont, not now. The violence begins to accelerate, and it soon becomes apparent that what we are experiencing is an ideological clash. The Angels become heady with their position of power, and the barrier between artists and audience grows almost insurmountable. The Rolling Stones appear; their arrival and their strange new alliance is signalled by the parade of Angels on their motorcycles separating the crowds as they forge a path to the stage. Jagger's opening remarks are tinged with knowledge of the impossible crowd conditions and the seething unrest in the air: "Be cool in front, keep still, keep together." They begin to play, but the old cohesion is gone. The music, for the most part, doesn't

seem to penetrate the Angels; it apparently doesn't mean the same thing to them as it does to most of the crowd; it doesn't work the same ideological and mystical magic for them. A new image of Altamont begins to take shape. The "New Left," if that's what we recognize in the Rolling Stones, cannot finally absorb everyone; such radically disparate views simply cannot co-exist peacefully. The images can be construed as pointing dangerously to the need for more active revolutionary tactics if the movement is to survive. The images are now dominated by the forms of the Hell's Angels crowding and dwarfing Jagger and the Stones. The artists are increasingly pressed in and made small, weak, ineffectual elements in the images. Their music is continually disrupted by the fighting, and there are perplexed, insistent cries from Jagger to his "brothers and sisters" to "keep it together—it's within your power to be all one—we can get it together—every other scene has been cool." But this is not like every other scene. An image of a girl with a flower in her mouth suddenly appears silly. It is somehow all summed up in the two faces lifted up out of the crowd—the girl silently crying next to the smiling boy (almost like the dual faces of drama). They seem to speak of dashed hopes and the loss of idealism. Yet they speak as well of naive resiliency that is no less appealing because of its ability to live a chosen moment to the hilt.

And somewhere in all of this Meredith Hunter is moving towards death. On reviewing the film I was appalled when his green-suited form appeared clearly among the crowd moments before the killing—I watched in fascination for the moment when I would experience his death again. The following comments by Amos Vogel certainly help explain the power and fascination of a filmed real event like this murder of Hunter in *Gimme Shelter*:

The cinematic image—the meticulous reproduction of whatever is before the camera—has a way of looking "real" even if fictional; how much more powerful its impact is when portraying a true event. It is our unconscious perception of the gap between actuality and invention that gives the accidentally filmed knife murder in *Gimme Shelter* such tremendous power. For when we witness the unstaged, real death in the cinema we are frightened, caught in the sweet and deadly trap of the voyeur; mixed feelings of

attraction and repulsion take hold of us as we actually watch the actual end of another human being and search his face for hints of the mystery or proper rules of conduct.³

But it is important to note the absorption of Hunter's death in the chaotic image. It is only when that moment is frozen on the viewer in the screening room and replayed that we really "see" it. In one way the manipulation of the fragment of footage deprives the killing of some of its impact. But our awareness that we may have missed the killing altogether if it weren't for the technical manipulation of the film heightens our appreciation of film as a recorder of events which may otherwise become invisible, and therefore seemingly insignificant, in the chaos of human experience. Actually, the only one who seems to experience Hunter's death appropriately in the film is the girl who reaches out for him when he is stabbed and who cries for him as he is carried away on a stretcher. The Maysles' manipulation of that footage is what offers us some insight into the "mystery" and a model for "the proper rules of conduct" in the face of death.

Finally, we watch the Stones, scared and vulnerable, escape into the waiting helicopter and fly off, leaving the crowds of Altamont behind. We move back into the screening room to study Jagger's face which is frozen on the screen for us as he leaves the room. We search for some kind of answer, some acknowledgement of responsibility, or sorrow, or some discernible attitude to-

wards what we have just witnessed. There are no easy answers, but the last image of the film carries a disturbing suggestion of finality. A few figures, in silhouette against the bland tones of the sky at dusk, disappear across the lower right-hand corner of the screen. They look like saddened travelers wearily removing themselves from an unreal world that lacks any perceivable point of reference.

Mark Shorer maintains that "the difference between content, or experience, and achieved content, or art, is technique."⁴ Certainly, the emotional power and the completeness of the vision which emerges from the fabric of *Gimme Shelter* are achieved through the form and structure, the technique, with which the Maysles have rendered their experience of the Rolling Stones and Altamont. As a work of art, the film forces us to engage imaginatively with the documentary material; we are asked to participate in interpreting what the Maysles saw. The filmmakers themselves do indeed take a stance towards the events they document in this film, but that stance is a recognition of the complexity, not only of the staging of a happening like Altamont, but of the social, political and moral issues which take shape from the events. The artistic manifestation of that recognition is the achievement of *Gimme Shelter*. □

⁴"Technique as Discovery," *Hudson Review*, I (1948); reprinted in *The Theory of the Novel*, edited by Philip Stevick (New York: Free Press, MacMillan, 1967), p. 66.

Sheila Johnson is currently completing her dissertation at the University of Utah.

³"The Ultimate Secret: Death," *Film as a Subversive Art* (New York: Random House, Inc., 1974).

THE CITY AT NOON

Paul is thin, awkward, perhaps a little too old to be here in this city at this time, something he knows and is self-conscious about. Now he is also lonely.

Last night Johnathan and Maria went to the edge of the battle zone and they have yet to return. It is barely sunrise, too early to worry, but the Director has frightened him by saying, "It's stupid. It's dangerous. They deliberately chose to ignore my orders."

The Director pauses, looks sideways at Paul, and amends his statement, "My warning. My suggestion."

He goes on, "We're here to try to save the children. There aren't any over there. Or if there are, they're in too poor condition for us to help." The Director has the habit of restating what everyone knows.

It doesn't help that everyone is tired, a little dirty, on edge.

The fighting was not so bad yesterday, which makes everyone believe it will be worse today.

In front of the hotel they live in and use to shelter what children they can find, Paul watches a column of armored personnel carriers grind past. The vehicles are covered, cluttered, with weapons, boxes of ammunition, and soldiers in indolent poses. Standing in the shade of the hotel entrance with the only person (besides Johnathan and Maria) he can talk to, a former officer in some army some time in another place, Paul studies the faces of the men. The soldiers ignore them, except for one, who makes a half-hearted obscene gesture and grins charmingly at them.

Paul says to the former officer, "I wonder how they feel about all this."

The former officer says, "They're young," as though that explains them and what they are doing.

The former officer is in an unpleasant mood; this morning at their breakfast of mush, fried canned meat, and canned fruit, he had a quarrel with the doctor. Against the doctor's wishes, last night the former officer brought in a hurt child, carrying her several blocks in his arms. The doctor has told them over and over, "If they're not ambulatory, don't bring them here. I can't help

them. I don't have the facilities. You're just bringing them here to die. I can't waste my time on the moribund."

But the former officer carried in the little girl anyway.

The doctor worked all night trying to save her. She died just before breakfast.

Now the doctor is angry at all of them, but most particularly at the former officer. The doctor will have to fill out forms, arrange for the body to be removed, and he is exhausted. The two of them, doctor and former officer, shouted at each other over the bowls of mush, spoiling everyone's appetite.

The former officer is still wearing his shirt from yesterday, stained with his own sweat and with blood, vomit, sullen evidence he does not have to take orders from the doctor.

They watch the last of the vehicles pass and turn to go to the Supply Room to pick up food for their lunches.

There is a heavy thudding noise from the direction of the battle zone. The sunlight has barely reached down to the surface of the street. "A bad day. Maybe," the former officer says.

The Supply Room is in what was once the hotel ballroom. There are piles upon piles of sacks of flour, cartons of dried or canned food, jerry-cans of water, bags of beans, and anonymous bundles of clothing and blankets. They all have watched the supplies come in, the bellies of the giant cargo planes swinging open, revealing these sacks, cartons, bags, and crates, and revealing at the same time the crated weapons, rockets, and ammunition.

Ironically, they have more supplies than they know what to do with or even properly store. The problem is somehow getting all this abundance to people who need it. With the fighting, the columns of tanks, trucks, and personnel carriers blocking the streets, there is no way to move supplies around. They can only go out into the city and tell people about the food, water, and blankets. No one trusts them very much. Few come, except for the children they lead in by the hand or carry in to die.

The Supply Room also has a stack of boxes of

hand grenades. Last week the Director told Paul and the former officer to get rid of them. The former officer just laughed. "How? There're over a dozen of those crates. They're heavy. It'll take us most of the day to move them. And then what do we do with them? Bury them in the garden by the pool?"

The former officer is absolutely right, of course. So the boxes of grenades stay in the Supply Room. Someone has opened one of them, exposing the oblong olive-drab shapes. Two or three are missing. The former officer says, "Concussion grenades. Just pull the pin and toss or roll them where you want them. Good killing radius. And, as far as that sort of thing goes, a clean way to die." He wrinkles his brow, "Makes sense to carry one as a matter of fact," but neither he nor Paul takes one.

They select cans of fruit and meat to put in their sacks.

Paul has a child's schoolbag that he found on the street, in which he carries a flashlight, a pad of toilet paper, a roll of cotton bandages, and a bottle of iodine, as well as his food. The former officer has a real haversack, with several useful pockets, that hangs comfortably from the shoulder.

The former officer goes off, leaving Paul to go to his district. Paul has now had District Five-A for ten days. He knows the Director assigned it to him because it is one of the nearer ones, one of the safer ones. He has shared it with Johnathan and Maria; until they return it will be his alone. He doesn't mind, except for there being no one to talk to. Having to work with any of the others would only be difficult. They all think he's too old, too weak, too slow to be much use.

He believes he does as well as the others, as well as anyone can.

Almost a full quarter of the city is now in ruins, especially over where the heaviest fighting is going on. Another quarter, the one where their hotel is, is damaged, some places more badly than others. The remaining half of the city is still occupied by the residents, partly so anyway. Late one evening last week he walked over there, looking at the tall pale buildings, lit by the setting sun, people standing on the balconies of their apartments. They held drinks and watched the black clouds of the battle rising from the ruined district. Seeing them did not make him feel bitter or cynical. At night, from his own room, he often watches the fighting, too. The arc of tracers, the tails of the rockets, the sudden orange flare of an

explosion, accompanied by throbbings, clatterings, roars, and thumps have a fascination, even a charm. It is a little like a celebration.

Five-A is one of the more badly damaged parts of their area. It is really very improbable there are any children left in it, although one can never be sure. Usually the still healthy children are attached to adults. It is only the ones who are seriously wounded or too far gone from malnutrition, dehydration or illness who are alone. And these are the ones the doctor insists they should not bring back. Still, once in a while, a solitary, ambulatory child appears. Paul found one three days ago.

He has brought extra cans of meat and an extra canteen of water, and four plastic bowls. At noon yesterday, he found a shadow by a shell of a building and sat to eat his lunch. It was quiet. Somehow, every day at midday, the fighting dies down, as though the soldiers and fliers, honest workmen, stop to eat their lunches, rest a while smoking cigarettes, and chat sleepily before going back to their jobs.

As he was having his own lunch, squinting in the glare of the empty spaces around him, he saw a dark shape coming down the street toward him. It was a dog. It had been injured somehow, its right hind leg dragged, but it had seen him or perhaps smelled his food. Its ears were down, its long black tail moved a little, its pink tongue out.

He stood to toss it some of his meat. The dog turned, stumbling on its bad leg, trying to run away. It did not go far. Moving slowly, Paul left his meat and filled the can it came in with water from his canteen. He did not look back, but he hoped the dog found the food and water.

The rest of that day he saw, for the first time, all the animals. He knows very little about dogs, the different breeds, for he has never owned a pet. The nearest he has come is the cat owned by a woman he lived with for half a year a long time ago. When she left, the cat went with her. He doesn't know how long cats live, but he supposes the woman and the cat could still be together, probably with another man to look after them.

With the memory of that half year, he walked the streets. He had gained a respect for cats then. Now, here in this ruined city, he sees they appear to be healthier, less pathetic than the dogs. Perhaps they can feed on mice and rats, perhaps they are more agile in avoiding injury, perhaps they are just more clever. All are obviously hungry and frightened, but the dogs are starving,

their ribs showing, some with festering wounds, the flies clustered on torn back, sides, or legs. He even saw one, a poodle he thought, wearing a little coat of some kind, but with half its head destroyed, the eye hanging loose.

They, the cats and dogs, seemed to be everywhere, once he learned how to look for them. All were afraid, creeping from one hot shadow to another, only rarely rushing (or limping frantically) across the blank white open streets. The memory of that other cat sleeping on his lap followed him around Five-A all afternoon.

So, last night, watching the fighting from his window, he decided he could try to feed some of them. It would hardly interfere with his looking for children, especially as there seem to be so few children left in Five-A.

Now, today, the weight of the extra cans of food and water in his awkward little sack drags against his shoulder and tires him. Sweating more than usual, he stops, finding a fragment of wall to sit on and rest.

It is once again quiet over in the ruined part of the city. Looking up at the hollow blue sky, he sees a trio of jet aircraft go by, silent, their sound trailing behind them. They fly slowly, hunting he supposes, a dark smudge coming from their tailpipes. They pass out of sight, blocked from his view by a husk of a building.

He walks on, wishing he might meet the black dog again. He comes to the place he saw the dog yesterday, and the empty meat can is there, on its side. He is shocked. Nearby there is an automatic rifle, dusty and fouled, and next to it a rusty patch of blood.

He knows what the rifle means: a patrol, an ambush, probably late last night. A young soldier shot, his comrades so desperate or frightened they could only drag the wounded man away, for no one leaves a weapon behind if it can be helped. Their enemies equally driven by fear (or they would have recovered the rifle themselves). He is shocked because it's a bad sign. The rifle, the blood mean the fighting has broken out of the ruined part of the city. More of the city will be destroyed.

He begins to pry open cans and empty them into the plastic bowls, using his pocket knife as a spoon. The meat is thick, greasy, and flies appear immediately. When the cans are empty, he fills each one with water. Then he moves down the street to a broken wall where he is in the shade to stand as still as he is able.

Masses of flies gather. Suddenly, a small white

dog, his nose up, one paw raised, is standing there, a few yards from the food. Suspicious, it creeps toward the food, then makes a dash to bury its face in one of the plastic bowls.

In a few minutes, four dogs and three cats are at the food bowls. He is pleased to see the cats and dogs eat together. Once a dog tries to nudge a cat aside and gets its nose boxed. He smiles as the dog accepts the rebuff.

The food goes quickly. The animals lick the bowls, shoving them about. As though by agreement, they begin to move off, but he can see the lumps of undigested food in their stomachs and knows that they will be able to sleep with the comfort of full bellies.

Almost immediately he is sorry he has not brought more food. Two more dogs and another cat appear but there is nothing left for them. Except his lunch and water. He gives them both up happily, sorry only the black dog has not come.

During the afternoon he tries to think of a way to carry more food and water as he wanders through the dusty streets. He finds it difficult to concentrate, for the fighting is heavy, heavier than it has been for several days. Flight after flight of jet aircraft go by, flying low and purposefully. Once in a while the hot smell of high explosives comes to him. He stays away from the main thoroughfares but he can hear the vehicles clattering around him.

When he gets back to the hotel, he finds there is no water in the plumbing again, which means they will all have to endure another dirty, sticky night. Worse, there are no cigarettes and no whiskey or gin. Why they can have supplies of all kinds and quantities and yet run out of these essential staples is a mystery to them all, including the Director. Even those who are normally non-smokers or non-drinkers, want, need actually, a drink before dinner, a cigarette afterwards. Otherwise no one sleeps well.

Johnathan and Maria still have not returned. As it is now more than twenty-four hours since they last went out, Paul knows they are gone for good. Anything can have happened to them. A building collapsing, a trigger-happy soldier, a stray rocket. They may be prisoners of one side or the other, trying to explain what they were doing so close to the fighting. They may have given up and left. They are not the first to go away and everyone believes (although of course no one knows) that some just leave, out of weariness and disgust. It is easy enough to do. One just hitches a ride, or walks, to the undamaged part of the city

and flies out. People leave the city all the time. Paul does not believe Johnathan and Maria would do this, but he has no way of being sure.

And the former officer does not appear at dinner, unusual for him. Too shy to ask if anyone has seen him return from the streets, Paul is more lonely than ever, for now there is no one at all he can talk with.

He does tell the Director about having seen signs of fighting in Five-A. The Director is upset, "That means we'll have to get out of here, and soon."

The Director pulls at his cheek with one hand, "We can't move everything at a moment's notice. They ought to know that. They must know that. They should give us fair notice. Very well."

The Director speaks with that sort of precision, he is the kind of man who says, "Very well." The others make fun of him, but he handles the strain of position better than most could, Paul believes. Certainly better than anyone else here.

He watches the Director rush off to try to get hold of whoever is supposed to make decisions. Waiting for dinner, he continues to wonder how he can carry more food and water to the animals without overburdening himself. There doesn't seem to be any solution, and he supposes it doesn't matter much as they will not be here but a day or two more.

As though to make up for the lack of bath water, alcohol, and tobacco, the evening meal is unusually good, fresh meat mixed in a thick stew with potatoes, onions, and greens, fruit with canned milk. The conversation is louder, more good-natured than is customary.

Then the fighting comes to life again, only more insistently than it has been all day. The heavy thumps rattle the windows and make the tables quiver. They look at each other wide-eyed, the conversation drops to a few mumbles, almost whispers. Paul realizes how they all have changed. Only a short while ago they would have made brave jokes or mocking comments about the fighting. Now, they are afraid and are not afraid to acknowledge it to themselves.

As they finish eating, they hear a flight of aircraft go over, followed by the hateful slapping noise of the helicopter gunships. Some leave their desserts only half-eaten.

Even after it is fully dark, the fighting continues.

Paul is nervous, restless. The others gather in the lounge to read, play cards, or write letters.

Lonely as he is, he does not want to be with them. Usually he can sit, pretending to read, until it is bedtime. With Johnathan and Maria and now the former officer gone (and he is sure the former officer is as irrevocably gone as his other friends), he knows he will find no companionship in watching the young men and women pass the time.

He stands on the front steps of the hotel for a short time. Against the dark sky the even blacker columns of smoke are visible, mounting and spreading.

Inside the hotel the electricity flickers and goes off. Curses and mock screams. It happens once every three days on average, but it is exasperating. Since his room is on the sixth floor, he has to choose between walking up or waiting in the lounge, half napping, until the electricity comes back on, if it does. He prefers to take the stairs as do most of the rest.

Even with the window open, the air in his room is stale, smelling of unwashed, perspiration soaked clothes. The drapes move to the sound of the fighting, and as he undresses to his underwear, the glare of explosions lights the room.

He has not expected to rest much. As soon as he lies down, however, he sleeps. He then wakes at some vague time. The air is a little cooler, fresher, so without looking at his wristwatch he guesses it is early morning. The fighting is now sporadic, muted.

He thinks of the animals and is suddenly sick with shame and responsibility. He has fed them once. They will certainly remember. They will return, needing to be fed again and again. Surely even they can remember a time when they were fed every day, comforted, loved, and that people, some person cared for them. He has given them this again, but soon, in a day or two or three, he will take it away from them, finally and completely. He cannot explain it to them; he can only carelessly and arbitrarily present them with hope and their lives and then return them to despair, fear, desperation.

Perhaps he never should have fed them to begin with; perhaps it is better that they have one day of freedom from hunger than none; perhaps he should merely shrug his shoulders. He doesn't know. He wishes he has someone he can discuss it with, someone to share the responsibility.

He tries to sleep again, but the animals, the injured black dog, a woman with a cat, Johnathan and Maria, the former officer are too near. So he waits, lying on his back, sweating, watching the

ceiling of his room reflect the early sun, feeling the air become warmer, denser.

He hears the others begin to move around. From their complaints as they pass his room he learns there is still no water, still no electricity. Feeling more tired, more soiled than usual, he follows them down the stairs.

All through the cold breakfast he tries to decide what to do about the animals. The Director moves among them, talking to one or another, organizing this one to drive a truck, another to serve on a loading crew. Obviously the Director believes they will be leaving soon. He does not speak to Paul about any of this.

Paul makes his decision as he drinks his tepid canned juice. He goes to the Supply Room and fills his sack and then goes outside.

The sky is a frightening blue, but the air is pallid, gorged with shimmering particles as though tiny specks of white dust have forced their way among the atoms of air. His sack is heavier than he thought it would be. He has overfilled it, the thin strap cuts into his shoulder, the load chafes

his hip. He is panting, sweating, tired before he has gone two blocks.

The fighting has swelled again, a continuous muffled bellow that echoes among the empty buildings. It seems closer, but he is not sure of that, it may only be more intense.

After many stops to rest, he reaches the place where he fed the animals yesterday. He thinks he sees them hiding in the shadows, but the glare, the strange glow in the air, half blinds him.

It is nearly noon. He empties the cans into the plastic bowls, pours the water, working slowly. Again the flies appear first. He backs a short way down the street.

The cats and dogs come immediately and go to the food without hesitating. He watches them eat.

Then, he takes the hand grenade from his sack, pulls the safety pin, and, with an effort, tosses it at them. He turns and does not look back. The explosion is a small noise, lost in the sound of jet aircraft going over. □

Alex Argyros

THE PAST

He is caught in the third row of candles. There is no glass partition, or it yields as if it weren't there. Blue smoke.

So he retraces his steps to the second, trying to find another route. It was easier centuries ago, when the levels were steadier, when he had to learn French in order to understand Latin.

No second row; no first. He can see clearly, libraries, churches. Perhaps there is no fourth, or perhaps there never was a second, just the third forgotten. Perhaps it is a prison because it is so easy to leave. Like the second, it is tempting to forget that you have forgotten.

FOUCAULT, HISTORY, AND SOCIAL ORDER

Foucault's work has defied all the early predictions and has emerged with full force onto the American scene.¹ His influence is presently felt in a wide range of fields, including sociology, criminology, psychology, and political science. Mostly he is seen as providing a historical review of these disciplines, thus illustrating their developmental problems and social significance. In fact, Foucault is currently considered by many to be the premier historian of social thought. Nevertheless, this designation poses problems for those who take the study of history seriously. To some writers Foucault's work strongly suggests that he is an "antihistorical historian," for they claim that he has not outlined a theory of history.² They say this because he does not invoke the traditional explanations or justifications for social change, and actually is loath to discuss the issue of historical "origins."³

Elsewhere the reader is reminded that Foucault uses unorthodox terms to describe his view of history and historical analysis, such as "archaeology," "discontinuity," "genealogy," and "anti-science."⁴ The use of this style of language is thought to be destructive, since it does not promote a concrete image of history. Therefore, it is assumed that Foucault has left history without a ground, thereby contributing to the nihilism that is ubiquitous to the modern world. For as Löwith argues, if history has no ground it also has no purpose or meaning.⁵ Yet, if the reader looks closely at his work, it is not at all obvious that Foucault has usurped history of its ground or undermined the meaning of human exist-

tence. Rather, in true post-Nietzschean style, Foucault establishes a new ground of history, one that is not obscure or abysmal but "dances" with the rhythm of human movement. In other words, for Foucault the base of history is intimately associated with human action or experience, but remains unknown to those who he feels lack integrity and need an absolute principle to supply their lives with meaning.

This renewed ground of history is referred to by Foucault as the "present."⁶ He contends that history has no ultimate origin or goal, and therefore emerges from and returns to the present. This present, however, has a unique meaning for Foucault that must be apprehended if his image of history is to be properly understood. For Foucault the present is neither an object nor a subject, but a dimension that subtends the two. Because this ground of history is omnipresent, it is also provided an "*a priori*" status. Yet this is not the *a priori* that is traditionally assigned to guide history, simply because it is not rarefied. However, inasmuch as Foucault's ground of history is *a priori*, it is thoroughly capable of providing change with direction and meaning. Like Nietzsche with his "eternal return," Foucault envisages history to be meaningfully directed yet contingent, without relinquishing its purpose simply because it is rhythmic.

In order for the general implications of Foucault's view of history to be appreciated, it must be compared with the two traditional ways of accounting for historical development. As a variety of writers have suggested, the locus or "origin" of history can be classified as being either "endogenous" or "exogenous" to the historical process.⁷ Simply put, both the endogenous and

¹Bernauer, James, "Foucault's Political Analysis," *International Philosophical Quarterly*, 22:1 (1982), pp. 87-95.

²Poster, Mark, "Foucault and History," *Social Research*, 49:1 (1982), pp. 116-142.

³Shiner, Larry, "Foucault, Phenomenology, and the Question of Origins," *Philosophy Today*, 26:4 (1982), pp. 312-321.

⁴Shiner, Larry, "Reading Foucault: Anti-method and Genealogy of Power-Knowledge," *History and Theory*, 21:3 (1982), pp. 382-398.

⁵Löwith, Karl, *Permanence and Change* (Cape Town: Haum, 1968), pp. 36ff.

⁶Roth, Michael S., "Foucault's History of the Present," *History and Theory*, 20:1 (1981), pp. 32-46.

⁷Murphy, John W., *The Social Philosophy of Martin Buber* (Washington, D.C.: University of America Press, 1982), Chap. 5; Strasser, Hermann and Susan C. Randall, *An Introduction to the Theories of Social Change* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1981), pp. 36-87; Mickunas, Algis, "Human Action and Historical Time," *Research in Phenomenology*, 5 (1977), pp. 47-62.

exogenous positions demand that history be orchestrated by a principle which is unaffected by situational exigencies. According to the former the origin of history is immanent to change, while the latter assumes that an exalted master benevolently oversees all development. Because both views isolate the core of change from direct contact with the events that comprise a trend or era, history is provided continuity and purpose. That is, an abstract, unadulterated principle is posited which can unite the disparate occurrences that constitute history. Due to its abstract nature this principle is assumed to have universal validity, similar to a Platonic archetype. Therefore, social life is not thought to be a product of chance and without justification, but is supplied with indelible meaning.

The exogenous position is advocated by writers such as Plato, St. Augustine, Hegel, or, more recently, Karl Löwith. Each of these writers erect a sacrosanct base from which history receives its orientation. For example, Plato's Demiurge, Augustine's God, Hegel's *Geist*, and Löwith's reference to an ultimate aim all serve a similar purpose of providing history with an inviolable source of legitimacy. Specifically, all events gain a sense of significance because they are considered to be part of a grand historical plan. Because it is the product of an ethereal agent, the present arrives on the scene fully structured and is able to claim an objective or absolute status. Subsequently, each present is considered to be the incarnation of history and is united with others into an arrangement that has a semblance of order.

Endogenously conceived, history is also motivated by an ahistorical principle, but one that is immanent to this process. Writers such as Aristotle, Spencer, Comte, and Talcott Parsons come to mind as proffering this conception of history. For them, change embodies an evolutionary *a priori* that inaugurates the movement of history and is realized in each stage of development. History, stated simply, has inherent potential which is allegedly brought closer to fruition with each new revelation. Nonetheless, like the exogenous view, history is basically ahistorical simply because its impetus is divorced from situational contingencies. As a result, history is "soulless" and responsible only to an abstract fate, as Martin Buber contends.

A key question must be asked at this juncture: what is the ontological status of the social world that is the scion of both the endogenous and exogenous views of history? The answer to this

query is that social existence is always realized *ex post facto* or, as Hegel declared, subsequent to Minerva's flight. All the social actor can do is to survey a world that can only be characterized as an impregnable edifice. This is because a social structure is encountered that is thought to be the product of historical necessity and thus has an objective status. And according to the Western tradition this type of objectivity is allotted the power to control human action, simply because subjectivity is believed to be capricious and an unreliable source of knowledge. In this sense, objectivity represents Reason, while all other social dimensions are thought to embody irrationality. Therefore, the world's denizens must perceive themselves as projected into a world which is their adversary and legitimately able to usurp them of their dreams and ambitions.

When the social world is viewed to possess this type of objectivity, it takes on the constitution of a thing. It is pure extension, pristine matter, a lifeless domain of statistical fact. Yet if human experience is prevented from inhering to the world, the meaning of life is lost. All that is left, to use T.S. Eliot's poignant imagery, is a "wasteland" of discarded facts and numbers. This barren world, however, is nowadays given immense power to control human action because of the claim that it is scientific and devoid of opinion. Yet this view has deleterious social consequences, particularly in terms of reifying human existence.

Because social structure can demand this type of slavish conformity, two static metaphysical principles usually emerge. The first is represented by what C. Wright Mills calls "crackpot realism," whereby the social world is thought to exist as a historical demand. When this is the case, language is silent, action is debilitated, and the flesh is petrified, for the touch of the world is frigid because it does not need humanity to lend it significance. The second is actually a response to the first, and takes the form of ennobling the human being. This image of *Homo sapiens* conveys the idea that humans have an eternal essence which is referred to as subjectivity. Usually this subjective element is not active, like the *praxis* described by Marx, but is pressed against the objectivity of social structure and cast into a rigid form. Understood in this way subjectivity and objectivity are both timeless and lifeless, as measured against the guardian of history. History is certainly secured, yet it is inadvertently undermined since the human impulse is ren-

dered impotent, as the rhythm that sustains social continuity is turned to granite. With these problems in mind, why should Foucault want to write a traditional theory of history if that entire process is simultaneously denied?

What this means is that both the endogenous and exogenous views of history are basically ahistorical, since they deny the human element a prominent position in promoting or understanding change. For without human action history would merely represent the passage of autonomous events which have no existential importance. Conceived this way, however, history would remain unknown, while human life is eviscerated. Without knowing it, the advocates of absolute principles to justify history are the nihilists, and not those who want to ground all change in human action, as is most often argued. This is why Foucault suggests that this rendition of history lacks integrity, and that only the dimension of human experience is an appropriate reference point for judging the legitimacy of change.

Accordingly, Foucault chose to articulate a historical version of history, one that is by implication non-traditional. Using Foucault's term, he has "transgressed" the usual conception of history in order to be historical.⁸ To make history possible, he subverts the strictures imposed by the abstract *a priori* that is typically used to sanction history. He proclaims the world to be open and secure, historical and meaningful, human and still capable of sustaining a destiny, yet by doing this he assumes the role of Nietzsche's "madman." Traditionally such combinations are believed to be impossible, yet for Foucault their unity is essential for history to exist at all. Yet, how does he present his historical non-history?

While relying on Nietzsche, Foucault provides an opening for properly understanding change by distinguishing between "effective" and "traditional" history.⁹ For Foucault, effective history is desirable simply because it contains no ahistorical principles that deny human action. He reminds the reader, however, that conceiving history effectively has extensive social repercussions. Specifically, the usual abstractions that are invoked to provide history with the illusion

of continuity and uniformity have to be dismantled, since their seignorial status cannot be justified if they are to be understood as a part of history. What Foucault means by this is that the traditional renditions of history legitimize change by actively denying the historicity of events. As a result, history begins to resemble a mechanically ordered chronology of periods that basically removes the drama or adventure from existence. To Foucault, this is not history.

In *The Order of Things*, Foucault says that natural history is "nothing more than the nomination of the visible."¹⁰ In other words, the origin of history is not hidden and should not be obscured behind a subterfuge of obscure principles. History, for instance, has no "first seeds" or "last traces." Stated less poetically, history does not have a first or final cause, both of which are thought to lend it respectability. On this point Foucault agrees with Nietzsche's critique of Paul Reé, and states that history does not have the "monstrous finality" that is guaranteed by teleology and linearity.¹¹ History does not resemble a "long curve" that strives to reach an ultimate truth, but, like Nietzsche's version, is composed of "insignificant truths" and has no "essence." These itinerant truths, because they are illusive, must be constantly reinforced by props.¹² As Foucault remarks, history "transforms documents into monuments," thus allowing societies to recollect their destiny and place their fate in perspective (p. 7). This travelog, however, does not reflect historical demands but creates and sustains itself.

According to Foucault history has no meaning *sui generis*, for there is no "general history."¹³ The world is not organized by a transcendental subject or ultimate ground of Sameness, which serves as a rallying point around which history can coalesce. As Niklas Luhmann suggests, the utopian image of history as a *Gemeinschaft* writ large has been shattered, as the social world is not homogenous. Events are not pristine, immaculately conceived, but are tainted by the passion

¹⁰Foucault, Michel, *The Order of Things* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1970), p. 132.

¹¹*Language, Counter-Memory, and Practice*, p. 139.

¹²Foucault, Michel, *The Archaeology of Knowledge* (New York: Harper and Row, 1972), p. 123. Hereafter referred to by page number in the text.

¹³Foucault, Michel, *Power/Knowledge* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1980), p. 114.

⁸Lemert, Charles C. and Garth Gillian, *Michael Foucault: Social Theory as Transgression* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1982).

⁹Foucault, Michel, *Language, Counter-Memory, and Practice* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1977), p. 153.

of human labor. Historical events do not provide a glimpse at the light of pure Reason, but instead must vigorously struggle to retain their finite identity. For Foucault, these identities are thoroughly political; they are born and nurtured by discourse. Political order is not a Leviathan, but dialogue; history is not hegemonic, but discursive. As Foucault says, a historical period is not an "object," a "horizon," or a "basic unity," but a particular set of "discursive practices."¹⁴

Foucault is bringing history down to earth, so to speak, when he suggests that events are not the product of historical revelation, but are directly or socially constituted. However, this view of history does not necessarily culminate in relativism, as many writers believe. Normativeness, at least to Foucault, is possible without relying on ahistorical standards to promote social order. And, maybe more important, meaningful order is possible without summoning hegemonic principles to secure historical or social regularity. As Buber might say, Foucault grounds history on a "narrow ridge" that does not know the highs and lows of traditional metaphysics, a dimension "between" the usual subject and object of history. This new base of history is the concrete universal of accessibility, and not the usual abstract *a priori*. Thus Foucault believes that the generality which is essential for historical continuity is still possible, yet without the standard metaphysical baggage. In fact, Foucault's ground is also *a priori* because it is a prerequisite for history, but it is not isolated from the flesh of human action.

Nevertheless, in a very traditional way Foucault argues that history represents the unfolding of Logos, which is a strategy that was used by the ancient Greeks (p. 121). The key implication here is that language is the foundation and inspiration of history. This theoretical gambit should be no surprise, for Foucault openly admits that every historical period is actually sustained by a set of discursive practices. What is new about this proposition is the way he understands language and the impact that it has on shaping the world. Logos is not abstract Reason, an eternal light which guides history, but concrete dialogue—embodied language. Dialogue enlivens the individual while providing the means for securing historical continuity, otherwise known as a transhistorical presence. Thus communication unites human action and his-

tory, society and the individual, thereby allowing for both personal freedom and social responsibility. This will eventually be referred to as order without control—concrete and not abstract order. It must be remembered, however, that social or historical order is traditionally believed to result only from an abstract principle which is thought to exist *sui generis*. Foucault argues that this is untenable, and in fact deanimates history and renders it meaningless.

According to Foucault, language does away with "things" and "depresentifies" every situation, since discursive practices eschew establishing the world on such "primal soil" (pp. 47-48). The linguistic tradition inaugurated by the Vienna Circle, which underpins the modern view of (positive) language, would find such an assertion to be heresy, simply because the goal of all linguistic analysis is to outline protocol statements which reflect the objective features of social life. An accurate *reflection* of these characteristics is defined as necessary for revealing the truth about a setting. According to Foucault, instead, a historical configuration is a "field of presence" and not a mirror image of an underlying *telos* (p. 57). Language does not have an objective correlate for him, but rather is an "enunciative act" that presents a perceptual referent that is also thoroughly linguistic. As Foucault says, language "leaps" across to what is signified, thereby imbuing all signification with passion.¹⁵ Language is not a sign but a passionate embrace, which, as Merleau-Ponty contends, is the "prose of the world," or the world as incarnate flesh.

History, as Sartre suggests, no longer requires a "serious attitude," a belief in a historical destiny that is objectively inscribed. Instead, the human enunciation of Logos specifies a particular "modality of existence," which means that a statement is not a fact but an "assignment" (p. 107). To Foucault, the rules of social order cannot be discovered outside of discourse in an objective or alinguistic event, or they would be as ineffable as Kant's noumenon. Language embodies every event and thus each event is "excessive"—that is, each present evades circumscription but not identification. This suggests that a present can become universal, or historical, but only as thoroughly mediated by language. What this theoretical move accomplishes is to identify history as the human domain exercised by language, so, as Nietzsche

¹⁴The *Archaeology of Knowledge*, p. 176; see also *Power/Knowledge*, p. 191.

¹⁵The *Order of Things*, p. 94.

says, history becomes a human dimension. Historical objectivity, therefore, does not exist *sui generis*, but is a "set of conditions in accordance with which a [social] practice is exercised" (p. 208).

*Nonetheless, although Foucault initially denies an objective ground to history, he does not eventually resort to invoking other equally ahistorical principles to direct change. As he states, history has an "author function," but not one that is immune to the rhythm of the flesh.¹⁶ The subject is not timeless, since the author of history is not "interior" or "exterior" to the process of change. In other words, the human self that guides Logos is not dualistic and pure in nature (p. 115). Unlike Plato, for example, Foucault establishes the subject of history at the level of the statement; the eye is not a fissure into which the world is projected, but instead the eye is the world.¹⁷ In many ways like Merleau-Ponty, Foucault unites the actor and the world to form the most fundamental *a priori*—historical experience as the corporeal embodiment of finding oneself. The subject, subsequently, is only found in action and not the space or recess that is supplied by objectivity. Simply stated, at the level of the statement also resides the subject and history. This is the "lived time" described by Minkowski, which is oriented from the present, as opposed to the aimless meandering of events that is generated by an unknown *telos*.*

Foucault, like Buber, establishes history on the dimension that exists between the objectivity and subjectivity which the old metaphysicians employed to justify change. The between is not a pure Archimedean point, yet it is still the basic or *a priori* condition of history. Stated simply, if history is not thoroughly corporeal, or inextricably intertwined with the flesh of human movement, then it has no existential fate and charts an unknown or timeless trek. As Foucault notes, history would literally be faceless if it did not embody the *a priori* of the flesh, the corporeal rhythm that mediates time and recollects it as human destiny.

Dialogue or discourse, therefore, does not emerge from a transcendental subject or obtrusively objective empirical conditions.¹⁸ The rules of discourse are not the product of a "sentence"

or "proposition," as the analytical school contends, but emerge from the trial and error of discourse itself. Because discourse is "excessive," or continually "reduplicates" itself, all rules represent an attempt to settle this flux of expression. Language is not therefore a tool to be manipulated, but is a field that is all-encompassing and always expending. Subsequently, a discursive formation is neither "ideal" nor predicated on the "surface" (empirical) characteristics of social phenomena (p. 155). Instead, as Foucault maintains, discourse is based on "multiple dissensions," or, as Jean Gebser and Niklas Luhmann might argue, the immediate recognition and reconciliation of difference. Clearly Foucault is not advancing the traditional consensus theory of communication, where the commonness that is required for discourse is assumed to be based on rules that reflect Reason, or an ultimate *telos*. Instead, social interaction is predicated on the idea that the world is not solipsistic and that persons have *direct* access to one another, thus allowing them to recognize and understand their differences.

According to Foucault, the order of a particular period represents the *recognition of social differences*, although many times this realization is not appreciated. By recognizing differences social order is provided in the form of understanding the Other, without having to reduce the Other to a set of conditions that are assumed to be valid *sui generis*. This means that order is a social accomplishment and not merely a structural characteristic, and is maintained by persons "reactualizing" (and not merely repeating) the understanding that originally produced a state of commonality (pp. 104-105). The boundary that *unites* understanding and misunderstanding, referred to by Foucault as a condition of polysemia, allows the self and other to recognize each other even in their differences. This recognition, moreover, is discourse and serves as the model of normative existence for a particular historical period. Both the beginning and end of this process are totally mediated by language, thus suggesting that the ground of social order is fundamentally negotiated. The possibility of discourse resides in itself, and serves as the concrete universal that is essential for a common social order to be established. This entire process, however, is humanly and not structurally maintained. This is not to say that discourse necessarily entails mutual respect among persons, as the discursive formation that underpins a concentration camp

¹⁶Language, Counter-Memory, and Practice, p. 125.

¹⁷Language, Counter-Memory, and Practice, pp. 42-46.

¹⁸Power/Knowledge, p. 117.

shows, but that all types of order embody a relationship of self-and-other and not a structure which exists *sui generis*.

In point of fact, Foucault shows in his books, *Discipline and Punish*, *The Birth of a Clinic*, and *Madness and Civilization*, that the socially repressive conditions that have emerged throughout the history of Western societies were merely discursive formations. This is not to diminish their harsh reality, but to emphasize that they were not historically or socially necessary. Instead, they were the product of a particular, linguistically substantiated discursive activity. As Claus Mueller demonstrates, the Hitler Period developed its own texts, lexicons, language, and philosophy to legitimize a type of social reality that certainly was not ontologically justified. Although the resulting period of history was clearly inhumane, its origin and justification were supplied by a discursive formation and not some ultimate principle. Yet because this heinous social reality was fundamentally discursive, it could eventually be overthrown. If it were representative of an atemporal style of Reason, as many Nazis thought, then humanly motivated, non-repressive social change would have been impossible. Foucault continually argues that the belief in an atemporal ground of history serves to sustain oppressive conditions, because the flesh of the Other is terrorized and not acknowledged as having the same temporal (or limited) legitimacy as an oppressor.

For example, when a particular world-view is not considered to have the contingent nature inherent to a discursive formation, then it can arrogate to itself the power that is necessary to dominate positions which are tainted by temporality. Foucault's image of "effective history" denies this possibility, since Nietzsche's notion of "amor Fati" sustains it. Therefore, history is not the ultimate caretaker of human events, but rather through social discourse order is created in the likeness of particular periods. As a result of human action certain discursive formations are able to "hold sway" over others, but none represent an ontological imperative. Each period is simply a "system of enunciability," which rests on a human dimension that is sustained by sight and flesh and reverberates with enthusiasm. Therefore, history is not Reason but body and soul; destiny is not teleological, but a matter of the human will striving to remake itself.

It is with this in mind that Foucault claims that "man" makes history.¹⁹ History is not a struc-

tural imperative, but a discursive formation. However, "man" is not a natural principle, but incarnate action. While referring to Nietzsche, Foucault declares that "man" is the "ground space" where history happens and all things find their meaning in human action. Thus both God and Man are dead, thereby opening the world for the play of existential rhythm, the activity that announces history. In short, human action subtends all discursive formations, thus allowing history to be concretely manifested. This image of "man" is certainly decentered, as some critics of Foucault contend, but is not eviscerated. For according to Foucault, history is pregnant with human action which perennially overflows itself, as life is supplied with an unlimited range of openings. This image of history dazzles the imagination, since possibility precedes certainty and all possibilities represent coalesced flesh and not Reason.

As noted earlier, this version of order does not devolve into relativism, for it is sustained by an Absolute ground. However, this is not the unmediated or abstract Absolute that is assumed to exist *sui generis*, and usually takes the form of a reality, social laws, or biological principles that are considered to be objective and inviolable. The Absolute that this rendition of social life is based on is similar to Buber's Eternal Thou, although it might be better transliterated as Always Thou.²⁰ What this means is that no person exists as a pure Cartesian *cogito*, an ego unto itself. Yet when this is the case a reality *sui generis*, one that is superordinate to these disparately acting egos, must be invoked to bind them together. Nevertheless, persons are self-transcending and directly present to others, or always related to another Thou. In short, persons are not windowless monads but intersubjectively linked to each other. And it is this dialogical openness which prevents social discourse from resulting in relativism.

This is not an Absolute in the usual sense, but a principle which is based on human action instead of one that denies it. In this sense, actions always take place in the presence of the Other and cannot be treated as idiosyncratic. The axiom that "anything goes" cannot be considered valid, since only actions that do not violate the Other are deemed appropriate. Any act that transgresses the sanctity of the Other is by its very nature unacceptable. Accordingly, ethical propri-

¹⁹*The Order of Things*, p. 318.

²⁰*The Social Philosophy of Martin Buber*, Chap. 3.

ety can be established without having to adopt an abstract universal that is used to coordinate human behavior. This more concrete Absolute can accomplish a similar aim without jeopardizing an individual's ability to be self-directing. Marcuse, for instance, refers to this as non-repressive toleration, while Kant calls it a "sensus communis" that embodies enlightened action. The key point with both authors is that intersubjectivity represents an Absolute principle for guiding personal actions, yet one that does not deny history a human destiny. In fine, each individual act must be self-effacing so that the Other is always simultaneously revealed.

In sum, Foucault offers a theory of history that corresponds to his historical studies. Yet, as his critics say, Foucault does not follow the usual path in developing a theory of history. Like Nietzsche, he does not understand the origin of history to be an Idea or Nature, but the human will reshaping itself. Of course many readers will find this image of history disconcerting, since it can no longer be unquestioningly invoked to justify the human condition. Instead, as Buber suggests, history becomes that narrow ridge where life is lived and decisions are made that affect the destiny of humankind. No certainty is guaranteed to history, except that it must be lived. In Sartrean language, history is condemned to be open, as abstract absolutes come to represent principles that cannot be theoretically or practically sanctioned. According to Foucault, history is an "irruption" where particular acts efface those of the past and become the future. No explanation of this process is possible, other than that provided by the effervescent character of the human dimension. Nevertheless, simply be-

cause history cannot be explained in a traditional way does not mean that it is meaningless or directionless, but only that its future remains a secret buried in the flesh of human action.

This is why the present is so significant for Foucault: from the present the past is recollected and the future is made. Each present is a past-future and each past charts the futures that have been realized. As in Nietzsche's "eternal return" the human present serves as the center of the historical process, from which history begins and returns. It is in the present inscribed by human action that all futures and pasts return to be reconciled with each other, so that history has social significance. For Foucault, only flesh that carries the scars of the past and anticipates the future can serve as a viable ground of history, for neither Ideas nor Nature possess this type of memory. Foucault's version of history does not justify anything, but demands "authentic" action on the part of those who exist. Accordingly, action can only legitimize itself, since all eternal rewards are denied. In this sense, history for Foucault is thoroughly historical and not a device for justifying whatever occurs. History provokes both the future and the past to be lived and realized, and does not protect them like an archive. Stated simply, history is the embodiment of human action that avails itself to public scrutiny, as human flesh becomes the texture of the historical present. □

John W. Murphy teaches in the Sociology Department at Arkansas State University. His book, *The Social Philosophy of Martin Buber*, was published by the University Press of America, and a book on the philosophy of technology is forthcoming with Greenwood Press.

FEATURED ARTISTS

Eugenio de Andrade, Portugal's leading lyric poet, has published over twenty volumes of poetry.

Alex Argyros, who has published in such journals as *Diacritics* and *boundary 2*, teaches French at Rutgers University; his monograph on Albert Camus will be published by Editions Trintexte in Toronto.

John Bovey is a former American Foreign Service Officer, who served in Rotterdam, Casablanca, Paris, Oslo, and elsewhere; his fiction has appeared widely.

Jack Butler's poetry has appeared in the *Mississippi Review*, *New Yorker*, *Poetry*, *Poetry Northwest*, and has a long piece due out from the *Atlantic*.

Lee Crum has exhibited his work at the New Orleans Museum of Art, the Contemporary Arts Center, and the Historic New Orleans Collection. His photographs have appeared in *Forbes*, *Business Week*, *Sports Illustrated*, *People*, *Rolling Stone*, *Money*, and elsewhere. Mr. Crum is represented in New Orleans by Galerie Simonne Stern. He is well known for his advertising photography.

William Virgil Davis lives in Waco, Texas, where he teaches at Baylor University.

Francis Jammes was born in the Pyrenees of Southern France in 1868 and spent most of his life in his native province. His poetry—immensely popular during his lifetime and praised for its lyricism and fidelity to detail by Claudel, Mallarmé, Loti, and other contemporaries—supports the poet's claim that he belonged to no school but that "of the hedgerow, of the fields and flowers." He died on November 1, 1938.

Alexis Levitin has published translations in over sixty journals, including *American Poetry Review*, *New Letters*, and *Fiction*; his *Selected Poems of Eugenio de Andrade* will be published by Perivale Press.

S. J. Makielski, Jr. teaches political science at Loyola University.

Jean McGarry, whose work has appeared in *Sulfur*, *Antioch Review*, *Painted Bride*, and elsewhere, teaches at The Johns Hopkins University.

Barbara Moore has published poems in *North American Review*, *Missouri Review*, *Georgia Review*, *Poetry*, and elsewhere.

Michael J. Rosen's collection of poems, *A Drink at the Mirage*, is forthcoming from Princeton University Press.

Dennis Tool, whose poems and translations have appeared in *The Carleton Miscellany*, *The Southern Review*, *Poet Lore*, and other magazines, teaches at the University of Wyoming.