the luminary

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Hidden Voices: Whispers, Silences, Undersides

Issue 4: Autumn 2014

This issue explores the muffled or silenced voices that can be found in art, literature and culture. These are the voices that are hushed or even silenced, voices that whisper at the edges of conversations. Each of the pieces in this issue - both critical and creative - explore silences or uncover conversations going on underneath the hubbub.

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Cover art by Vivien Leanne Saunders, Lancaster Institute for the Contemporary Arts, Lancaster University.

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Creative Pieces

suddenly, wordlessly called to leave her tower and go down to the river's shore. This rewriting also brings in the voice of Emily Dickinson in 'Wild Nights,' a poem whose primary symbol is also the sea and which similarly features a speaker yearning for the forbidden love that calls her. 'Where the Wild Things Were' brings all three works into dialogue thematically and linguistically. 'The Giving Trees' is also a rewriting of a classic children's story by Shel Silverstein, *The Giving Tree*. Though beloved among many generations of readers, the inherent message of this story is problematic from a feminist perspective. This rewriting gives voice to the 'giving trees' by explicitly calling into question the traditional narrative of femininity as selfless, silent martyr.

Chuck and Di (Creative Writing - Monologue) 32-38

Lisa Blower

'Chuck and Di' pays homage to Alan Bennett's *Talking Heads* and, in particular, the way Bennett wanted to capture 'how life generally happens elsewhere and in hearsay.' This monologue focuses upon the ailing marriage of a retired working-class couple in Stoke-on-Trent for whom the demise of the Potteries has had a long-standing effect upon their way of life. It attempts to recapture the working-class voice, silent stories, and rigorous work ethic of a fading culture: its tone is reflective of how women gossiped on their front doorsteps yet evaded any intimate disclosure; careful to always conceal the woman who really existed beyond the surface of oral storytelling.

Critical Essays

motivations and knowledge not verbally acknowledged in the television program itself. Audiences, then, might look upon 'anachronisms' and disruptive elements in scripted television epics such as The Borgias not as detracting from the viewing experience, but as opportunities to examine unspoken messages and assumptions that may resound just beneath the surface of the fictional narrative.

In the film adaptation of *Sarah's Key* something other than Sarah's brother calls out from behind a secret closet, at least in terms of film history. It is the voice of blacklisted Joseph Losey who addressed the topic of the *Vel d'Hiv* Roundup much earlier in his 1976 film *Monsieur Klein.* This is a part of film history that has been repressed or forgotten. But Losey's voice, still especially under-recognized in the U.S., can be made out in the works of a director widely appreciated in American culture, Ridley Scott, particularly in his masterpiece, *Blade Runner.* This article discusses how Scott alludes to or borrows Losey's imagery in ways subtle and not so subtle. It closely scrutinizes imagery, themes, and tropes of eye-examinations, of psychological tests, of photograph and mirror inspections, of state-altered memories, of the animal nature of man, of the Brechtian man-as-machine formulation, of gender roles and doll-associations, and of *film noir*-like room and backstage-dancehall inspections used as metaphor for examinations of the unconscious. This article will identify within *Blade Runner* an array of allusions and homages to Joseph Losey's *Monsieur Klein, The Boy with the Green Hair*, *Time Without Pity*, *Modesty Blaise*, and *M*. If the general public no longer remembers Joseph Losey's contributions such as *Monsieur Klein*—formed long before *Sarah's Key*—then some of us will have to sustain his memory knowing fragments of his influence are left to us, however hidden, within the works and psyche of some the finest contemporary filmmakers.

Ben Wheatley's 2013 film *A Field in England* charts the haunted movements of five English Civil War deserters through a field in search of treasure. Using the techniques of deconstruction from the philosophy of Jacques Derrida, this essay explores the underpinnings of the narrative structure of the film to describe the characters haunted aspects through a circumventable time that renders the film as a never ending loop. The beginning of the film is physically the ending of the film as far as narrative is concerned. The characters are spectres in this plight through the field in which they are trapped, outside of which the English Civil War rages on outside. With reference to Derrida, this essay will show how Ben Wheatley turns traditional, linear, narrative upon its head.

The close sororal bond between the artist Vanessa Bell and her younger sister, the writer Virginia Woolf, was a fundamental element of their professional practice. It enabled their emancipation from restrictive Victorian social codes, the formation and endurance of the Bloomsbury group, and their respective creative processes. The idea that Woolf's ekphrastic writing style is in part influenced by Bell's visual aesthetics has been investigated by a number of critics, including Diane Filby Gillespie in *The Sisters' Arts*, Jane Dunn in *A Very Close Conspiracy*, and Jane Goldman in *The Feminist Aesthetics of Virginia Woolf*. This paper will examine Bell's embellishment of the 3rd edition of Woolf's short story *Kew Gardens*, published in 1927, in order to further explore this collaboration

between artist and writer, image and word, silence and speech, and the effect of these collusions on the reader's experience of the story. It will build upon previous studies to show that this reciprocity was not simply theoretical, but that Bell's images – which are not merely illustrations directly reflecting the content of the text, but designs that act as borders, punctuation, bridges or disruptions – significantly modify the process of reading the page, in comparison with the previous two unadorned editions of the same text. They become an important feature of the text, acting as a visual meta-commentary that allows the complex pre-cognitive emotions hinted at in the writing to be more fully realized.

This paper explores the view that interpretations of silenced aspects of history influence the editorial process. This argument is based upon my reading of Dermot Bolger's, *A Second Life*, a novel that interrogates Ireland's legally-enforced wall of silence between birth mothers and their adopted children. Originally published in 1994 and then rewritten and republished in 2010, amongst sweeping changes in Ireland's treatment of unwed mothers and adopted children, Bolger's decision to rewrite *A Second Life* will allow this paper to analyse the changes in context and literary technique between the two versions of the novel in order to argue that the revision process is determined by changing perceptions of silences in social history. Taking a Marxist approach, this paper will argue that historical interpretation and the revision process are mediated through class stratifications in the capitalist system and are therefore inherently subjective.

The crisis of modern philosophy identified by the thinkers Alain Badiou and Quentin Meillassoux – where a supposed end of absolutes has in fact delivered us to a new form of absolutism – parallels a similar crisis in contemporary poetry. 'The end of metaphysics,' writes Meillassoux in *After Finitude*, 'understood as the "de-absolutization of thought,"… consist(s) in the rational legitimation of any and every variety of religious (or poetico-religious) belief in the absolute, so long as the latter invokes no authority beside itself' (45). According to Badiou and Meillassoux, contemporary philosophy finds itself, today, trapped helplessly within a 'correlational' loop, wherein all meaning is rendered subjective and relative, and the idea of truth is eliminated entirely. Contemporary poetry parallels this philosophical crisis. An increasingly entrenched distance divides poetry as an expression of absolute subjectivity and poetry as a 'truth procedure' (Badiou). Following Badiou and Meillousaux, I will argue that poetry remains a valuable truth procedure not via its commitment to absolute subjectivity but rather via its commitment to the multiple, linear, contingent, and incoherent events that constitute it.

This article will focus on branding and the film industry, and how branding works to conceal individual actors' identities. My central focus is Daniel Craig and his portrayal of the character James Bond in a range of advertising campaigns. The article considers the prominence of branding in contemporary society and the way branding operates in relation to popular film franchises, such as James Bond. Various products attach themselves to the brand of James Bond, a brand that has a specific actor - Daniel Craig - at its centre. Consequently, the actor comes to be associated with the brand on a more permanent basis. This article argues that the actor himself is covered over by the different layers of the brand until the two are indistinguishable from each other.

A Secret of No Import 165-174

Daniel Sander, New York University

This paper explores the queer work of the aesthetic realm in terms of mimesis and a depathologized melancholia. It takes as its two primary theoretical interlocutors the Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick of *The Weather in Proust* and the collages that comprise artist Henrik Olesen's *Some Illustrations to the Life of Alan Turing*. The paper works toward such an exploration through these interlocutors by charting the various non-dualisms that appear in Sedgwick's book. These non-dualisms are then diffracted through actor-network theory so as to make the work of the aesthetic realm analogous to that of the technological instruments of data mining and mapping.

A note on the contributors

David Garrett Izzo is an English Professor emeritus in Raleigh North Carolina who has published 17 books and 60 essays of literary scholarship, as well as three novels, two plays, a short story, and poems. David has published extensively on the Perennial Spiritual Philosophy of Mysticism (Vedanta) as applied to literature. He is inspired by the work of Aldous Huxley, Bruce Springsteen, his wife Carol and their five cats: Huxley, Max, Princess, Phoebe, and Luca. Website: www.davidgarrettizzo.com

Jan Carson is a novelist, short story writer and playwright currently based in Belfast. She has had stories published in *The Bohemyth*, *The Open Ear*, *The Honest Ulsterman* and various other journals on both sides of the Atlantic. Jan is current recipient of Arts Council Northern Ireland's Artists' Career Enhancement Bursary. Her first novel, *Malcolm Orange Disappears* was published by Liberties Press, Dublin in June 2014. Follow Jan on Twitter @jancarson7280

Richard Barr's writing surveys the edges of the esoteric, specifically the occult aspects of some intelligence agency practices and how this relates to modern day Realpolitik. He writes speculative fiction dealing with said themes and his work has been published in various online/print magazines. Email: ziral@hotmail.co.uk

Lisa Blower is a novelist and short story writer with a PhD in Creative & Critical Writing (Bangor University, 2011). Lisa's short story 'Broken Crockery' won The Guardian's National Short Story Prize in 2009, and 'Barmouth' was shortlisted for the BBC National Short Story Award in 2013. 'Johnny Dangerously' was published in *The New Welsh Review* Spring Issue, 2014, and 'Pot Luck' - a monologue for Radio 4's *State of the Nation* series was recently broadcast in April, 2014. Email: lisablower@hotmail.com

Elizabeth Johnston teaches writing, literature, and gender studies at Monroe Community College in Rochester, NY. Her poems have been featured in *The Muse: An International Journal of Poetry*, *Organs of Vision and Sense*, *Trivia: Voices of Feminism*, *B* (a collection of poetry inspired by Barbie), *Yellow Medicine Review*, the forthcoming anthology *Veils, Halos and Shackles: International Poems on the Abuse and Oppression of Women*, and *The Journal of South Texas English Studies*. Her scholarly work likewise tends to focus on representations of female sexuality in literature, television, and film and has been published in collections such as *Disjointed Perspectives on Motherhood* (Lexington Books, 2013), *How Real is Reality Television* (MacFarland, 2006), and in the forthcoming *Mythology and Modern Women Poets: Analysis, Reflection & Teaching* (MacFarland, 2014). Her poems tend to reflect her experiences as both mother and feminist scholar. When she is not grading papers, writing poetry, helping her daughters with their homework, or hiking in the Adirondacks with her partner, Brian, she facilitates writing workshops for breast cancer survivors at the Breast Cancer Coalition of Rochester and for survivors of sexual assault within the Rochester community. Email: ejohnston@monroecc.edu

Melissa R. Sande received her PhD in May of 2013 and her current research focuses on twentieth century African American and Caribbean literature by women. She teaches composition and literature at Union County College in New Jersey. Email: melissa.sande@ucc.edu

Vivien Leanne Saunders is currently working on her PhD on narrative and the temporal arts at Lancaster University. She is a member of the Society of Musical Analysis (SMA) and the International Gothic Association. Her research interests range from: discussions of soundtrack dissonance in contemporary film; explorations of the Gothic genre in literature, modern music, art and film; analysis of sound and image in video games; and the effects of temporal perception on our understanding of narrative. She is currently preparing a co-written paper on

the uncanny and its defamiliarising effects in *Dear Esther* (2012) for publication. Email: sivvus_leanne@hotmail.co.uk

Maria M. Kingsbury is Assistant Professor of Library and Interdisciplinary Studies at the Southwest Minnesota State University. She also works on her PhD in Technical Communication and Rhetoric at Texas Tech University. Email: maria.kingsbury@smsu.edu

Stephen A. Kingsbury is Director of Choral Activities in the Department of Fine Arts and Communication at Southwest Minnesota State University. Email: stephen.kingsbury@smsu.edu

Vincent Joseph Noto studied film under Dr. Michael G. Tate at CSU Fresno in the San Joaquin Valley of California. While there he also studied poetry under Pulitzer Prize winner, Philip Levine. Noto has managed bookstores, and taught in high schools. After many years of living in Southern California, Noto recently moved to Portland, Oregon with his ever-reading librarian fiancée, Melissa. There he enjoys nature walks, engages in autodidactic inquires, and scribbles into a panoptic book about archetypes in film, literature, drama, and mythology. Noto has published a creative non-fiction essay in *Halfway Down the Stairs Quarterly.* He has recent and forthcoming poetry published in *The Connecticut River Review*, *The Camel Saloon*, *Contrary, Spillway*, *Waterhouse Review* (UK), *Pedestal*, and *Pearl* magazines, as well as a short story forthcoming in an anthology from *Marin Poetry Center Press.* Links available at: https://sites.google.com/site/vincentjosephnoto/. Email: omittamusstudia@gmail.com

Ryan Arwood is a MA student studying Contemporary Literatures at Leeds Metropolitan University. His research interests include the built environment through the lenses of art, film and literature as well as contemporary English literature. He is currently working on his Master's thesis on the topic of the built environment shaping identity in post-Thatcher literature in the North of England. Email: ryan.arwood@gmx.co.uk

Hana Leaper holds a BA in English Literature and the History of Art, and MA in Cultural Studies from the University of Leeds. She has recently completed a PhD in the English Literature department at the University of Liverpool and is now based at Charleston, Vanessa Bell's house museum, working on cataloguing and researching unseen works by Bell and Duncan Grant. As well as continuing to work on Vanessa Bell and Virginia Woolf, she has recently begun to research dynamism in the work of Anglo-Canadian printmaker Sybil Andrews. Email: Hana.Leaper@liverpool.ac.uk

Erika Meyers is a third year PhD candidate in Irish Literature at the University of Edinburgh. Her current research focuses on the alienation of the individual in Dermot Bolger's fiction. Email: erika.meyers3@gmail.com

Johanna Skibsrud is an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Arizona. Her scholarly reviews and articles have been published in *Mosaic*, *The Brock Review*, *antiTHESIS*, *Hyphen*, *The Volta*, and *Reviews in Cultural Theory*. She is also the author of two books of poetry (Gaspereau Press), a collection of short stories, and two novels (Penguin/William Heinemann/Norton). Email: jskibsrud@gmail.com

Elizabeth Nichols is studying for a PhD in Film at Lancaster University's Institute for Contemporary Arts. Her research focuses on spectatorship, and, in particular, the figure of the 'distracted spectator' or cinema-goer. Email: e.nichols@lancaster.ac.uk

Daniel Sander is working towards a PhD in the Department of Performance Studies, New York University, Tisch School of the Arts. His research interests include the philosophy of desire, the psychopathology of deviance, libidinal materialism, and queer nihilism. Email: gorimbaud3@gmail.com

Thanksgiving, no Thanks

DAVID GARRETT IZZO

1979

Timing is everything— and juxtaposition.

If something bad happens followed by something good, the good takes the sting out, like if you get an unexpected bill that you can't afford to pay followed by a check in the mail you didn't expect. The opposite happens too and is much, much worse. For example, your girlfriend is thirty and still lives with her mother. She won't stay overnight 'cause she's got to get home before dawn. Like I said, she's thirty; I'm thirty one, and haven't done this dance since I was a teenager: I want her to move out. Her younger sister who is already out wants her to move out. After six months of long rides driving her home—she lives in North Jersey; I'm in Queens—she agrees to move out. I'm happy. I rent a truck, and we ask her sister to help out and we move her into a two bedroom apartment still in Jersey—no more long drives in the middle of the night. After we finish, I'm smiling. She's not smiling.

She says, 'What's that stupid grin for?'

I figure she's kidding; she's not.

She says, 'I suppose you're gonna want a key now?'

This cannot be real. I bust my back moving her in and now this.

She says, 'We're over!'

She brushes me off like a piece of white lint on a dark sleeve. In essence, she tells me to get lost and that I can remove the knife in the back myself. Her sister is still there I guess as a witness if I try to kill her. A band tightens around my head. I can feel its pressure at the temples. My inner temple is now a sacrilegious abyss where pride and ego have been buried alive. I cry, I beg. The pitiful wails are unbearable because they are mine. Her face is unyielding; there is hatred there. Could there be a crueler ending? Move her in and get dumped. That is it.

'We're Over!'

She steps on my corpse with six-inch stilettos to make sure I am dead.

The Blue Angel is a woman. The Blue Angel is a Devil. The Blue Ice is her heart. The Blue Lips are for the frozen kisses. I'm next to death, no heartbeat, no rhythm, no music.

I grovel and beg, and taste the sweat off the floor. It is bitter, like her words. Before, she'd said I was the lover she'd always wanted. Then the moon went full five times and I went from undisputed champion to bum of the month. How will I ever recover from the humiliation? My pride goes down with the ship, tangled in sea weeds, sadness, and a little madness as well.

While I weep and beg, she says: 'So what that I told you how wonderful you were? So what? It was six months ago; I changed my mind.'

And to think I had been looking forward to great sex tonight.

I feel like a martyr. Reality check: No one wants to know martyrs.

I stumble away, get in the car, drive off. The booming bass I hear is my heart reaching through the windshield into the desperate night in front of me. Pedal to the metal, I scream. Primal rage. Final betrayal. 70, 80, 85 - welcome to a high speed nervous breakdown.

Death wish/death kiss/kissed off/did I have the balls to kill myself?

No! Too bad!

'You've changed,' her sister had said to me just a month before this apocalypse, meaning my jovial self had degenerated into self-loathing since I began seeing the calculating bitch.

I'd become a valium-head being jerked on a chain. The only sight more pitiful than me was how much the bitch enjoyed her whip. The more I shrivelled up into a quivering slinky, the more her horns grew. The loss of my pride was the rise of her power. She enjoyed it. And now she thought it was get even time.

On me? Nooooooooooo... On the nightmares only her sister and I knew about. The hate harboured against the vicious past that robbed her sleep. From this, her barely subconscious wish was to get even. Never put your hands on her neck, even with affection.

The fear on her face, the cold sweat, her hand slapping my hands away, the whelping 'No!' like a child frightened by a spider. I'd only done it that one time; the reaction assured no second. I didn't know why, and I didn't ask. I found out from her sister.

Twelve years earlier, a virgin Catholic innocent, eighteen, away from home for the first time at Marymount College outside D.C. Warm night, open dorm window, she was asleep. Two hands choke her throat; two hands cover her mouth and tear at her Mickey Mouse pyjamas. Four hands end her childhood. Now she was a statistic. Catholics don't get therapy. Catholics don't tell anyone. Catholics stop going to church because they're ashamed. The shame gouges out the heart, scarring it, hardening it. Twelve years later, don't touch her throat. Only her sister knows … and me. Too bad. The craziest thing was that she was wild for sex - animalistic. Her sister said she had not been that way before me. Go figure—any theories?

There better be pot at home. God help me; this is the easy part. We're over. It's a forty minute drive. A long time to scream.

Oh, did I mention it's Thanksgiving?

I'm home by midnight, take the elevator to the fourth floor in this pre-war building with walls as thick as Hitler's bunkers. That's what I need now, a bunker for my siege mentality.

From the bedroom I hear the rabid traffic rumble below on Union Turnpike. Honking horns, cutting off, screeching brakes, cursing mouths, terrible sounds. The grace of Turkey Day and the imagined concomitant good feelings have a legacy lasting no longer than the five minutes it takes to resume the manly art of dodging potholes. This outside franticness is not helpful. People are nuts—and mean, too.

For some, Thanksgiving means empty homes.

'Holy hypocrisy, Batman!'

'Robbin'' is a high art form. Most certainly on a day and night when many homes are vacant—burglars know this. Come home to that nightmare, sucka, and let's see how far good-will goes.

Meanwhile, from my fourth floor tower of a room, a clear view of the Manhattan skyline seems a matte backdrop rather than any reality I knew. It is fake. An image glamorized by distance and Frank Sinatra: 'Start Spreading the News'

What News?

Frankie's news is like so much of New York, a jello glimmer that fades up close into so many grimy cells of solitary confinement in distant APART-ments or for the trek on the steel cages of the A Train -- Duke Ellington has it wrong too -- don't take the A Train filled with the other smelly cattle who make their way to the corporate slaughter where the 'going green' has nothing to do with ecology. They sit with their feet stepped on, asses in their faces, no room to open a newspaper except to hide behind. Others escape into rows of headphones to ward off the deafening roar of dark tunnels. Yet, the woman next to me had said -- after getting my attention -- 'You know, I can hear that,' as if she preferred the tunnel beast's roar to Springsteen. What a moron.

Thanksgiving alone is a helluva bone to chew on - or smoke.

I chant: Cannabis stupendous, profundus humungous.

I've got a Ziploc bag and plenty of matches.

Hey, Mon!

GANGA !!

McLuhan's Wasteland beckons. Click, Click, Click. There's nothing on the idiot box but The Waltons ('Goodnight John-Boy; don't jerk off too much or you'll go blind'). What a mood-breaker. I eviscerate them as the TV screen goes black. I need a dark womb.

Instead I've got maniacal drivers and family viewing. This will not do.

I find a line of heavy bass on the stereo. I fondle the Ziploc bag with the special stash. I won't be moving for a while. Don't think! Especially of HER. Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! Lionel got no choo choo train better than this.

Why am I not passing out?

It's not for a lack of trying.

The bass is inside me now--Senssurround--tingling down to my fingers: My left fingers.

The pounding bass is riding me hard, syncopating with the dissonantly enraged car horns now manically enhanced by the Doppler Effect:

HHHOOOOOonnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnNNNNNKKKKKKKK!!!!!!

The screaming banshees are trying to get in my window. One of them has me by the balls. Every twist wrenches my internal Fender Bass. Ever heavier throbs eat my testicles. Giles Corey said, 'More weight!' Miller and I know how he felt.

Shit! I'm trapped in a fucking mammoth, reach-the back-row-of-the-Meadowlands- arena-sized gonzo rock speaker.

It's as big as a house in direct converse ratio to my marble-sized ego.

The Pinball Wizard has my number. The little, tiny, puny, pathetic marble is ricocheting inside my brain, which is ricocheting inside the speaker, which is ricocheting inside my room, which is spinning around my head. The ballerina trick of not getting dizzy doesn't work for two left feet.

I can't fucking breathe! My left arm is going numb! Dumb! Dumb! Dumb! Steam is coming out of my ears. I'm tight. A corkscrew is in my chest and twisting. Each turn pulls my extremities towards my heart, which is being yanked from four corners in a massive coronary tug-of-war. The concept of 'drawn and quartered' has new meaning. All sides are losing, especially my left arm, which is tourniquet dead to the touch from my right fingers.

The bass keeps pace with my accelerated heartbeat. The bass is my heartbeat. Why haven't I passed out? The room is too small. I pace the long foyer punching my left arm to find life in it.

Where? What life?--in it? In me? In the universe?

Shit!

The little persecutor/prosecutor inside my brain taunts me big time: 'You're dead, dickhead!'

He is lovin' this. His bug eyes peer into the abyss like a cockroach Freddie Krueger.

'Are you from Texas?' the little Elm Street prick asks rhetorically. 'If you're from Texas, you must be an asshole from El Paso.'

I need help! I need help! I need help! I need help!

God, this is so humiliating.

I'm out in the fourth floor hall. Anonymous red/brown steel doors line up left and right. The elevator is across the Atlantic. I need help, but I don't know any of these motherfuckers! I'm out of control.

Fools panic! Panic rules!

Somebody's screaming. It sounds like me.

'I'm having a heart attack.'

'I'm having a heart attack.'

Multiple eyeholes click open to watch the show - no one comes out to deal with the madman. This is so pathetic. I don't know any of these motherfuckers. Wait! 4C is Josh; I met him once on the elevator.

'Josh! Josh! Help! Call somebody! I'm having a heart attack.'

No answer.

A door behind me opens a crack; a voice calls out, 'An ambulance is coming,' and slams shut.

I'm prone on the cold stone-tiled floor. I'm on ice, waiting to die. My head recites a mantra: 'I'm sorry. I'm sorry.'

Over and Over. My eyes are closed. My eyes are open. Light green EMS tunics hover over me like I'm a frog in Bio I. Condemnation registers on their faces.

I think, *what an inconvenience I am*.

I cough out, 'I'm sorry.'

Over and over.

'Tell my mother I'm sorry. Tell my mother I'm sorry.'

One EMS says, 'Oh shit, here we go.' In that uncompassionate instant I realize I'm not going to die - how humiliating.

Later:

'Do you hear voices?'

'Do you speak in tongues?'

'Who is plotting against you?'

'Do you think of suicide?'

'Are there people you want to harm?'

I think but do not say, 'Get in line!' Which brings to mind a short list of potential victims: Judy who is a new woman, fresh minted from EST - Erhard Seminar Training - where she learned that she could demand what she wanted. If no one would say 'No!' to her scorched earth incursion that was not her responsibility as in (only semi facetiously) If I ask you to jump off a cliff and you do it, that's your problem, not mine. I taught her to drive stick shift and she drove me hard; Barbie, who just dumped me, denied that she ever said she loved me, and that I shouldn't let the door hit me on the ass on the way out; my ex-wife who had given me the clap; any of my bosses past or present.)

They'd done an EKG to confirm what I already knew: I'd smoked myself into a psychosomatic heart attack and nervous breakdown.

The Dr. says, 'You know you need therapy, don't you?'

Verily, I think, *No shit!*

I knew. I'd always known, but guilt and denial are formidable warriors against truth.

My brother comes and I cry in his arms.

Then I go home again - alone.

The Good Post Man

JAN CARSON

It takes approximately half an hour.

In the two week run up to Christmas it can take almost twice as long. For this reason alone, he hates Christmas.

(He is quick to point out to the religious lady who lives next door that this hatred of the Advent season is work-related, and in no ways anti-Christian. 'I like a bit of the Baby Jesus as much as the next bloke,' he claims, when accepting her annual Christmas card, '*Away in a Manger* and Cliff Richard and all that Christian guff; it's nice for the kiddies isn't it?' The religious lady who lives next door, nods earnestly and congratulates herself on the appropriate nature of this year's Christmas card, carefully selected for its coupling of a non-offensive snow scene with a strongly evangelistic text. She says nothing out loud, but prays the silent fear of God into the envelope before releasing it into her neighbour's hand).

On normal days it takes approximately thirty minutes.

Every morning he follows the same route; up the left side and down the right. He has long since abandoned the notion of cycling. A bicycle is a liability keeping him anchored to the same pillar, retracing his steps after every third house.

He carries a heavy, tarpaulin bag, slung like a seatbelt over his right shoulder. Over the years, (twenty two on this route alone), the strap has worn a deep, religious groove across his shoulder blade and breastplate. At night, in bed, he likes to trace this line from beginning to end, quietly reminding himself of who he is and what he does. He has never been the praying sort, but this solitary ritual has kept him humble and penitent for the better part of three decades.

There are forty seven houses in all: twenty four odds on the right and twenty three evens on the left. The going gets easier around the mid-twenties; by house number forty six, (the last on the even side), his bag is generally half empty. He works his way along the odd side from greatest to least, enjoying the marked decline to house number one.

He prides himself on finishing the street by seven thirty am.

The early start allows him to avoid human contact with everyone aside from the man in twenty six. Even then their relationship runs to little more than a casual wave, or at very most, 'Good morning,' as the man backs his car out of number twenty six's gravel drive.

No-one in the street knows his name though the little girl in number thirteen, influenced by the children's program of the same name, has taken to calling him Pat when she speaks of him over the breakfast table.

'Pat has been again,' she sometimes says, while depositing the morning's mail on top of her Father's cereal bowl, 'But it's only boring, grown up letters today.'

'Please, don't drop the post into my cornflakes,' her Father answers, exasperated by her morning routine.

His name is not Pat. No one in the street knows his real name. Names are not necessary in his line of work.

He enjoys his work and has never considered a career change.

Two weeks after Halloween, his Mother dies. She is ninety two years old at the time of her death. It is hardly a tragedy. He tells himself this, 'She was very old. It's hardly a tragedy.'

He takes a week off work.

'Take a second week,' the Boss says, but he refuses.

He does not enjoy holidays as people with small children or dogs enjoy holidays. He is not a traveller or a watcher of television. He takes two weeks (compulsory), leave in the summer and five days at Christmas. He uses these weeks to paint various parts of his house which require painting and to fix things which, over the course of the year, have come unfixed. An extra week's leave would be quite unnecessary.

'No thank you,' he says when the Boss insists upon a second week's leave, 'one week will be quite adequate. She was very old, after all. It's hardly a tragedy.'

Nevertheless, the death of his Mother throws him slightly. He finds himself on one occasion, pouring orange juice over his morning cornflakes, and, on a second, leaving the house still wearing a pair of tartan print slippers.

The religious lady next door is concerned. She makes him a chicken casserole and leaves it on his front doorstep with instructions for reheating. (She also takes the opportunity to slip through his letterbox a bereavement card. On the front of this card are a pair of white-sheathed lilies, embracing a Celtic cross. 'Sorry to hear of your loss,' the inside reads. Of course the religious lady does not miss the chance to include a timely Bible verse, hand-printed on the reverse. She smiles to herself as she slides the card through the letterbox, imagining all sorts of eternal possibilities).

He eats chicken casserole for dinner three nights in a row and, on the morning of the fourth, finding the dish still one quarter full, fashions himself a pair of fat, casserole sandwiches for lunch time eating.

He positions the bereavement card, unread, upon the mantelpiece, shifting his grandfather's retirement clock two inches left to make room.

He phones his elderly aunt in Eastbourne.

'I'm terribly sorry for your loss,' he says. At the time he means it.

Thirty seconds after the phone call has ended, he begins to question his own good sense. 'Surely,' he thinks, 'She should have been sorry for my loss. I'd assume that a mother is a larger loss than a sister. Perhaps I should have waited for her to phone me.'

After seven days official mourning he returns to work. Nothing has changed. There are still forty seven houses: twenty four odds on the right and twenty three evens on the left. It continues to take approximately half an hour to progress up the right side and down the left. Nothing has changed, but the man feels completely different.

He feels younger first thing in the morning.

In the five minute gap between eyes open and empty bladder, he considers the possibility of taking a night class. Though not quite convinced to action, the night class remains a recurring thought twenty odd mornings in a row.

He makes the switch from tea to instant coffee. He feels terribly European. He starts taking showers in the morning. Previously he has always showered in the evenings; making the most of the ten minute gap between the local news and *Coronation Street*. Now he showers in the morning, standing up with a shower cap on.

He experiments with unauthorized subtractions and additions to the official uniform. On Monday he wears a pair of sky blue socks, on Tuesday a Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young button - left over from his youth - pinned to the strap of his shoulder bag. On Wednesday he replaces his uniform shirt with the top half of a Tottenham Hotspur kit, hidden beneath his waterproof jacket. On Thursday it rains, so he wears Wellington boots. On the heavily-inclined even side his feet sweat uncontrollably. He smiles to himself, greatly enamoured to have a brand new sensation attached to each ankle.

No one notices any of these additions or subtractions.

On Friday, liberated by the previous four days, he leaves home without his standard issue postal hat. Standing on the welcome mat he entertains a brief moment of restraint, running his finger lightly along the plastic brim before hooking the hat over the banister and, for the first time in almost thirty years, leaving home bare-headed.

All morning he feels odd and naked and capable of remarkable things. He begins to notice things he has never noticed before.

The downstairs lights in number twenty one are always on. The man in number sixteen has left, leaving his wife's Volkswagen alone on the gravel drive. The people in number seven still have their Christmas wreath pinned to the front door. The lady in eleven has taken up cycling.

'Now,' he asks himself, pondering the mountain bike which has suddenly replaced her silver, grey Vauxhall, 'Do you suppose she's cycling on account of the recession or is she just trying to lose weight?'

He considers carrying a notebook to record his questions and the occasional, appropriate observation.

Mrs. Hamilton in twenty nine is pregnant again. The children in thirty five have outgrown their swing-set. Mr. Ellis in forty one is still sleeping on the sofa. The cat from number fifteen is in cahoots with the cat from thirty two. They do it loudly in the bins between five and three every morning at seven fifteen.

Though banal, these observations might form the bedrock for conversation should he ever chance to come upon one of the street's residents in a different situation; Tesco's for example, in the waiting room at the health centre, or down the local pub after work.

He begins to fantasize about being one of those friendly postmen who receive shortbread biscuits and cards at Christmas.

For the first time in thirty years he allows himself to wonder about the people behind the front doors. He pictures them fat and thin and getting on in years, doing cooking and sex and calisthenics off a VHS tape; arguing in their dressing gowns and drinking beer in tins and playing *Trivial Pursuit* with the grandkids. He imagines them waiting for his arrival, opening their letters and parcels, smiling and frowning and reluctantly paying off this month's slice of the credit card bill.

For two weeks he is delighted to realise that he is boring and predictable and part of the monotonous rhythm of the street.

'They'd miss me if I weren't here,' he tells himself, 'Things would fall apart without me.' For two whole weeks this realization is more than enough to keep him grinning in his Wellington boots.

Halfway through the third week, things change.

He finds a bicycle bell in the street, outside the library. It's in perfect working order and still rings shrilly when pinched. He slips it into his pocket and takes it home. The bell is wasted on him. He doesn't own a bicycle. However, the lady in number eleven owns a bicycle without a bell.

He places the bicycle bell on his bedside table and falls asleep staring at the streetlamp, reflected in its shiny surface.

He is in two minds about the bicycle bell. He dreams of ringing bells - large church bells with ropes and towers - and wakes to find the bicycle bell has not moved a solitary inch.

He slides out of bed, pulls on his dressing gown and slippers and pads into the bathroom for a piss. When he returns the bicycle bell is still there, watching him voyeuristically throughout the dressing process. Once dressed, he pockets the bell, sliding it into his jacket pocket where it will be blind and incapable of passing judgment.

He considers phoning his elderly aunt. 'If you found a bicycle bell in the street,' he'd ask, 'Would you deliver it to a lady you don't know who doesn't have a bicycle bell?' The idea of phoning his aunt is ridiculous. She will not understand. She is not a postman. Besides, it is 6:30 am and the aunt is a late riser.

He has a slice of toast and leaves the house still chewing. He has not yet made his mind up about the bicycle bell.

He walks all the way up the even side and halfway down the odd side. Outside number eleven, he puts one hand in his pocket and gives the bell a final pinch. It rings dully, muffled by two layers of cloth. He lifts it out and looks at it carefully. He can see the outline of his own head, like a foggy, out of focus cloud, reflected in the brass dome. He walks over to the door of number eleven, slides three letters through the slot and hangs the bell, by its leather strap, from the door handle.

He feels like a Christmas candle inside.

The next morning he brings Jaffa Cakes for the kids at thirty five. He has no idea whether they will eat them or find it odd, and faintly unsettling, to discover chocolate biscuits waiting on their front door step. He doesn't care. He feels remarkable all morning and well into the evening news.

Over the course of the next week, he leaves pickled onion crisps on the doorstep of number forty six and two dozen roses, scattered across the windshield of the solitary Volkswagen now parked outside number sixteen. Perhaps the lady who lives there, driving her Volkswagen to work and back five times a week, will assume her husband has returned bringing Marks and Spencer's roses as a peace offering. He imagines her smiling, colouring slightly perhaps as she arranges the roses in a cut glass vase.

He cannot see the harm in it, so he continues: tinned soup for the elderly lady in number eight, a kitten for the little girl in thirteen who still insists upon calling him Pat, a subscription to *Women's Realm* for the nice lady with the well-kept garden.

He cannot stop himself. He feels fifteen years younger than his last birthday. He starts to take a night class every Thursday afternoon at the local Tech.

At night he lies awake admiring the cut of his ceiling and inventing new ways to creep into their homes and kitchens.

He hangs handmade snowflakes from the edges of their doorposts. He bakes a birthday cake for every adult in the street; a proper birthday cake with lightable candles. He opens credit card bills and pays this month's instalment and the next month's in advance. He videos a particularly good wildlife documentary off the television and leaves the VHS cassette, already rewound, on a front door step. He drives fifty miles out of his way to send holiday postcards home. 'Missing you, more than you'll ever know,' he writes in a purposefully indistinguishable hand, and neglects to sign his name.

The religious lady next door notices his new demeanour. At first she attributes it to alcohol. 'Men of his age often hit the bottle,' she reminds herself. However, she is then reminded of her bereavement card and also her Christmas card - posted characteristically early - and realises that the man has become converted and is now full of the 'Joy of the Lord'. She says nothing to the man, but tells everyone at her Wednesday Night Prayer and Bible Study. All the brothers and sisters rejoice with varying degrees of visible enthusiasm and subsequently insist that the man be brought along to the Wednesday Night Prayer and Bible Study the following week. The religious lady next door instantly regrets her eagerness. 'I think he has night class on a Wednesday,' she says. It is the truth but it may as well be a lie.

As Christmas approaches a strange thing begins to happen in the street. The man notices it first on the odd side, but within a few days the phenomena is equally apparent on the even side.

At first it is one loaf of bread on the doorstep of number twenty one.

The man picks it up, examines it, noting the blue mould, furring over the exterior slices and, realizing it is intended for him, slips it into his shoulder bag and leaves.

Two houses down, a broken vase is waiting for him, leaning against the red, patent door. He pockets the vase and also the dead flowers waiting at number six.

As the week continues, all manner of unwanted treasures are left out in anticipation of his arrival: a dead goldfish in a soup bowl, a large leather-bound Bible, a pile of faded love letters from the lady at number thirteen and a child's bicycle, featuring a cartoon character once popular in the 1980s.

He is forced to bring a wheelbarrow to work, piling it high with all the things people wish to get rid of.

It now takes approximately one and a half hours to do the street. He doesn't mind. He simply sets his alarm clock for an hour earlier, and returns to the old practice of showering in the evening.

Each morning he loads his wheelbarrow high with good, good things and wearies his way up the even side and down the odd, depositing a treasure on each doorstep and silently removing whatever has been left for him.

On rare occasions, he is able to make a swap; one person's sadness for a second person's delight. Thus, a child's bicycle rejected by the middle-aged couple at number two finds its way unto the front door step of number twenty three, only to be greeted with wild, childish enthusiasm. For the most part, however, he simply removes the unpleasantness and replaces it with something more palatable.

He is a service provider; not only necessary but capable of blessing, and if he should so wish, also souring the early morning moments of those he visits.

On the Wednesday morning of the following week he picks up his first human being; Mr. Ellis, the sofa sleeper from number forty one, still wearing last night's pyjamas. He arranges Mr. Ellis carefully in the bottom of the wheel barrow, butt first to form a kind of right angle. He does his best to avoid eye contact, picks up the handles and attempts to continue on his round.

'Aren't you going to ask what happened?' Mr. Ellis asks, twisting to meet his eye.

'No,' he replies. It is the truth. He has no desire to know why Mr. Ellis has found his way into the wheelbarrow.

'Maybe I want to tell you.'

'I don't want to know.'

'Listen here, mate, you can't just swan up our drives every morning and take things off people. It's not what postmen do.'

'I give things back too.'

'A packet of biscuits or a bunch of carnations is no fair trade for carting off someone's husband of thirty five years.'

'Look, Mr. Ellis I didn't ask for you. I just take the things people want to get rid of. I make it easy for them. I'm a nice person. I make things easy for people.'

'You just take the things that people aren't strong enough to get rid of by themselves. There's certain things that should be hard to get rid of. Do you know what I mean?'

'Yes,' he says, and lifting the handles of the wheelbarrow tips Mr. Ellis, nose first, into his very own rosebush.

He finishes delivering the morning letters and, ignoring the cast-offs waiting on the doorsteps of each house he visits, completes his round in record time.

He feels like a hospital inside. He sleeps on his sadness and the next morning feels equally unremarkable.

He drives across town, parks his car at the bottom of the street, and beginning on the even side, progresses backwards and forwards across the street, delivering the day's mail. As he criss-crosses yards and fences, tarmac drives and perfectly manicured lawns, he steps over the shrapnel of everyday sorrow: two broken pushchairs, a dead Labrador, last year's holiday snaps, a particularly difficult phone call, a whole box full of wigs.

He resists the temptation to get involved. Instead he weaves as he walks, unfurling a large ball of red yarn so it reaches backwards and forwards across the street, tying one door to the next, tangling all the yards together in a glorious Christmassy crow's nest. And, where the yarn has become entwined with the broken things - the ex-husbands and dead pets, the old diaries and incomplete degrees - he simply leaves it be, allowing the knots and tangles free reign of the street.

When finished, he looks at his watch. It is only 6:45 am. This has been the earliest round of his career.

He glances up the street towards number forty seven, where the first bathroom lights are beginning to blink, and notes the red, red yarn, running like telegraph wires and turtle doves between the odds and the evens and yards which hold them apart.

'That's the way it should be,' he says. He feels like a long weekend inside.

21 Yr. Old Mass Murderer

RICHARD BARR

Dear Sir(s):

My good men, there needs to be brought to your attention a very dangerous yet virtually invisible state of affairs occurring right under our very noses. I request that you spare me a little of your time to consider the information contained herein.

As you are no doubt aware, there has been, in these last 12 months, a number of what the mass media like to refer to as spree killings which have taken place across the length and breadth of this country. Many have been killed - kids, the elderly and everyone in between. The locations of these foul acts are as random as the victims – schools, shopping centres, carnivals, fun parks...I could go on. People, some people, pay close attention to these incidents and what happens afterward. They notice anomalies, things that don't add up. I am one of these people.

My own various lines of enquiry have brought me to some strange places. But these places, while strange, are very real and very tangible to me. I have distributed this research far and wide. There are others that share my beliefs. To them these strange places, beyond the comprehension of many, are also very real and very tangible.

If, in the aftermath of one of these incidents, your primary source of information on what happened is the TV news and/or print media, you are on one level already engaging in a type of research, though you may not be aware of it. If you are a savvy media consumer you will not fail to be astonished by the lack of parity in the opinions and pronouncements of the various branches of law enforcement as well as the expert talking heads of Television. In the 24-48hr period after the incident has occurred you will find yourself bombarded by a mishmash of claims, facts, updates, confirmations and, finally, by day's end, summaries.

Sometimes, in the midst of all this information, one must stop and stand still, and if he is an inquisitive man, must turn over every rock and explore every avenue, meticulously applying a keen discernment be it informed by simple common sense or something more significant. In an awake and healthy citizenry, every man must reach his own conclusions free of the mendacious encroachment of those that would like to sculpt our reality for us. But every man, in reaching those conclusions, must do so in a manner that is thorough and completely fearless of the truth, no matter the repercussions. It is by adhering to these principles that I am able to understand and, by extension, chronicle what is occurring in this country today.

It is my contention that these killers, these mass murderers, are, in many cases, not acting alone. Eyewitnesses, lucky to escape the scene of the crime, often tell of gunshots coming from various locations. We have footage caught on camera phones that go some way in verifying these claims – the audio pickup on these devices being of such high quality nowadays that we are able to isolate particular aspects of the soundtrack and enhance them.

So you could therefore assume then that in some (but not all) of these incidents, there is more than one shooter. Yet our law enforcement officials issue and repeat the 'lone-gunman' line time and again, just like clockwork, regardless of evidence to the contrary. However, for the moment, we will leave aside any speculation as to the number of shooters on-site and instead we will focus on those facilitating things sub rosa. In a broader sense, let's take a peek behind the curtain and witness those intelligent controllers at work, pulling the leavers behind the scenes of common times.

Once the first 48 hours have passed, and things have to a degree settled down, some semblance of what is commonly referred to as the narrative is established, almost subliminally, in the minds of the watching public: killer, 21 yr. old white male, troubled domestic circumstances.

Interviews are conducted with colleagues and acquaintances, 'He was a kinda quiet, kinda weird kinda guy. Always had his hood up and he spent all day in his dorm listening to death metal.'

The rolling news channels will freeze all normal services briefly (but often), and with their swoosh FX and an accompanying loud graphic, they will excitedly issue newly released pictures of our 21 yr. old white male mass murderer. In one of these pictures he stands among friends; all members of some after school club. In another it's just him, mid-shot, standing under a tree. He would like to pose, natural and cool, but his eyes tell a different story. People like me study these expressions of his for signs of trauma based mind control or something akin to that. There are programs running in this country, at the behest of evil men, which specialize in developing techniques used in the creation and continued control of the completely, unanswerably obedient - total human slaves. We've all seen it on the television or at a cabaret club, mesmerists putting some unwitting dupe into a trance and commanding them to act like a dog or speak in a funny voice. That is what this is; only infinitely more advanced in its execution and infinitely more evil in its intention. There are many of these programs in operation today. This is all well documented.

But these photos, they are our starting point and we are very quick in noticing discrepancies. Technology today is an invaluable aid in our fight against _____. Technology allows us to uncover those little puzzle pieces that previously went unseen.

This last episode we had in that mall, a buddy of mine, a guy that's in the same line of work as me, flagged up a few inconsistencies in the first batch of photos they issued of that particular kid. There were two pictures

to be exact – the first one he's at a table in some restaurant, his parents sitting on either side of him. You'll have seen the one. Well, in that photo his eyes are green. The second of the two photos shows him at work on a small engine. He is looking up and he's staring directly at the camera. In this photo his eyes are blue. My buddy hit a real home run on this one: subjected the images to a whole battery of tests...the results are irrefutable. This has led me to arrive again at one of those strange places I spoke about earlier. This, though, I have to say, is the strangest of the strange, and something I will now elaborate on.

It is my firm belief that the controllers, oligarchic elite, call them...it what you will, create in these shooters, like the kid described above, what I like to call an anti-celebrity. A fiction. A general antagonist to bring the horrors to us all. When you look for a history of them, be it in the public records or whatever, many a time you will not find one. Their Social Security Numbers and their school records, all elusive. Then you realize that the amount and type of weaponry found on them, after the shooting's stopped, would massively exceed in terms of cost what he could afford in his capacity as a student/barman/veteran – take your pick. So you ask yourself then, whose project has this been? Who has sponsored this heinous thing?

It is in taking these deductions onto their next logical stage that you will find yourself arriving at those same strange places, too. For these 21 yr. old white male mass murderers, standing alone under a sycamore tree or eating with their parents, theirs is an invented life with invented histories that are vast in their detail and commonplace minutiae. And the kids paraded past waiting television cameras, being led into and out of courtrooms, they are husks of people, their minds fragmented and highly susceptible to the most absurd and injurious of commands, be they, 'plead guilty' or even 'kill yourself'.

We watch as they have their charges read out to them, we watch, with growing morbid curiosity, as they, in response, stare dead ahead, nonplussed. But what we do not know is that the real and most times tragic background of the sad case they've got playing the accused bears absolutely no resemblance to the history attributed him by the propagandists of our eminent fourth estate.

And so this is where the circle meets: the lie, the fiction, is given a face and a Google search ranking and many hours of TV exposure.

In some musky Pentagon basement, experts in fields of research & development totally alien to the likes of us are plotting to conquer all that lies on that next horizon. The realization of their diabolical masterpiece will come with the fundamental emasculation of everything that does or will exist; for now and the rest of time. To bring this about a discreet and fragmented putsch is being mounted, culminating in our complete and total acquiescence. These incidents I have spoken of here are but the initial

stages in a criminal and tyrannical exercise more grotesque, more baneful than words can tell...

Might we be able to overcome what lies before us? Might the ants defeat the elephant? Based on what I have seen of the citizenry in this country of late, it pains me to say that we can't. If we could, we would be our own best solution, as it is we are our own worst enemy. We are our own jailers; the inquisitive man I spoke of earlier is on the point of extinction in this country today. Enquiry, critical thinking, even our incredulity has been stripped away. They know that we outnumber them, and have designed their contingencies accordingly. We police ourselves and each other: no colouring outside the lines, don't pursue that line of questioning, that belief system is bogus, if the majority say it and the majority know then it is right. This is the program seen from a distance. This is how they keep us on the periphery of their web. So it has ever been, I suppose.

Despite the fact I have little to no faith in the general public or their ability to fight this onslaught, I nevertheless feel it is my duty to inform them of the coming dangers. One must of course take into consideration that things in this country for the average family are tough, real tough at the moment. People are having a hard enough time keeping up with the rent and the bills to fret over what they would no doubt consider the paranoid, rambling delusions of a madman. But I, unlike them, am not preoccupied with caring for my family or holding down a 9 to 5. Those things are long past me now. It is this work which is what keeps me going, and I hope that if even a few people take heed, then all my efforts will not have been in vain.

I should be proud of this work I've done. I should be on every major TV station in the land. Headline news. But instead I am afraid.

Last week, going out to get my groceries, I spotted a car sitting directly across the street from me. There were two men in the car. They were watching me. There are many nights the phone rings and when I pick it up there is no one there.

I am an old man and I am afraid.

So I implore you, good Sir(s), to assist me in this, my hour of need. My work for you in the past has been invaluable and I feel that I have earned the right to call in a few favours.

I await your response with great anticipation.

Yours truly,

¬¬PO Box 43920518-A,
Altoona, Pennsylvania

Where the Wild Things Were

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON

'She has heard a whisper say / A curse is on her if she stay'

—Tennyson, 'The Lady of Shalott'

When, long ago, he wore her down
and wanting love, she promised vows,
a forest grew inside her bower,
a web of vines, so many flowers
the walls a world around her turned,
for wild things no longer yearned
and she saw only shadows,
in the mirror only ghosts.

'Til one day from far away,
she heard a song, a wild song,
a wild, dark, and drowning song,
and then she knew, as some wives do
a curse was on her if she stayed.

And so she crept to siren's shore,
unloosed a boat, and rowed unmoored
into the noises of the night,
so buoyant was her sense of right,
so desperate was her moonlit flight.
Now done with compass, done with chart,
led only by her thrumming heart,
she sailed through months, and weeks, and days,

through parted willows, fields laid waste,
until at last she found that place,
where creatures horned and snaky-haired
dance a wild rumpus.

And she thought not of right or wrong,
at last was certain she belonged
among the howling, sharp-toothed throng,
the triple-headed beastly strong.
She stayed awake the whole night long.
She ate their feast and sang their songs,
and to the cadence clapped along
and she knew all the words because
once even she was wild.

But when he found her empty room,
the mirror cracked, the lonely loom,
the water lily's wild bloom--
his heart grew faint, he flashed his sword,
he swore an oath, and called his horse,
and rode down to the sea, of course,
for, prince or no, he needed her
to love him best of all.
He followed and he found her there.
Her eyes were black, and loose her hair.
She sang in tongues, she raged, she raved,
but he was strong, and he was brave
and knew the words to break the spell,
to ward off wild, make her well--

And so he took her hand and cooed,

But what is here? And who are you

To moor in such a wild space?

This tender heart, this lovely face?

This dark and darker savage place?

His dinner cold and left for waste

back home where she belonged?

And though she gnashed her teeth and cried,

and roared her roar and rolled her eyes

and even tried her song to sing,

it was a terribly futile thing.

He did not blink, but said: Be Still.

And tamed her with his trick.

Yes, we know how this story goes:

the bride who runs, the girl who roams,

how in his arms he'll brings her home,

like Peter to his pumpkin shell,

like Jacob with his bride in veil,

like Hades to his ghastly hell,

and in his tower keep her well,

and sometimes let her story tell

his wild thing, he loves.

The Giving Trees

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON

'Once there was a tree. And she loved a little boy.' - Shel Silverstein, *The Giving Tree*

'Women are measured by what they endure' - Meryl Streep

The Giving Trees:
the myth with which our veins run thick--
how thirsty, thin, they
weather freeze,
grow tall, branch out,
and bear the weight,
surrender wide,
and count their years in wounds.

We're told that they are rooted,
evergreen.

In time we find we cannot be
all giving trees,
begrudge the blossom
plucked, the ripe fruit gathered,
the bowing low, the binding,
resent the lending
limbs, our fruit, our shade.

We should not worship, only grieve
these whitened, branchless trees,
boneyard of saints who, yet in death,
still shelter those who crawl inside,
or, trunkless, offer stumps.

Unhappy myth!
Let us seed new growth,
measure our worth in words instead of scars,
take what we want and when we want
say no and turn away,
disrobe ourselves of guilt,
sweep from our roots apology.
And in this wide and quiet place,
this damp and darkling space,
breathe.

Chuck & Di

LISA BLOWER

DI IS IN HER KITCHEN PEELING POTATOES AT THE SINK. IN FRONT OF HER IS THE KITCHEN WINDOW WHICH LOOKS OUT ONTO A SMALL BACKYARD.THERE IS A SHED, TOO BIG FOR THE YARD, AND IT STOPS THE KITCHEN FROM GETTING ANY LIGHT. BEHIND HER IS A TABLE WITH TWO CHAIRS: THE TABLE SET FOR ONE.

I found it in his shed. Sat on his good toolbox it was, with the price tag left on. Minton. Grasmere. 40 pieces. Five hundred quid all boxed up never used. Not ever going to be either.

Course, there was no way I could've said anything. I shouldn't have been in there in the first place. I could've said I was getting the emergency chairs out ready for Sunday, what with his sister and her brood coming for their dinners. And we all know what Chuck's sister's like when she's sat on my three-piece airing her views after a couple of her afternoon sherries. Chuck won't be able keep his trap shut when he's got the chance to play the martyr. But there was no point going down that road when I'd been promising Monica I'd turned a corner.

I still called Monica to tell her what I'd found. She told me to breathe - *breathe, Di, in, out, in, out* - then asked me where he was.

I said – 'You know where he is. I should kick the bloody door down.'

She said - 'Blind eye, Di, and keep your fists in the suds.'

I said - 'Monica, it's a spare room is that. Not a bloody museum. And that's another 40-piece dinner service he's just bought.'

She said - 'I'd be careful about who you're telling when you call it a spare room. If the council get wind you'll have to find yourself a lodger.'

I said - 'I'm already a housekeeper to a landlord.'

She said - 'Well just remember what happened last time. You meet him halfway.'

Because last time this happened there was no halfway. Wedgewood Florentine Blue it was. Beautiful to look at but it cleaned us out and broke my heart.

I said - 'What the hell were you ever thinking Chuck buying that lot?'

He said - 'Di, however hard you cherish them you've got be prepared for discolouration in a dinner service. And trends. Grasmere. Persian Rose. Florentine Blue. They're in and out of fashion like a dipper's drawers. You need replacements just in case.'

I said - 'Doulton, Minton and Wedgwood, Chuck. No-one gives a damn about men like you anymore or for what you made. And whilst we're on the subject, cherish *me*.'

He went all doe-eyed on me then. His big left eye watering as he started wittering on about some article in *The Telegraph* he'd read about how a generation of collectors were dying off; everything royal losing its sparkle.

'No respect anymore,' he said. 'Even Cameron was late seeing our Queen.'

And because I'd upset him, he went and spent the whole day with his collection, dabbing at their faces all tender with that rubbery chamois he'd paid the earth for, wrapping them up again, putting them away. Then he came out of his room, all sunshine and smiles with newspaper print and somebody else's stories all over his hands, except he was heading for my armchair.

I said - 'Whoa, daddy, whoa! Not on my cream armchair you don't' - because his hands were as black as the night.

He sat down anyway, all defiant, strumming his fingers on my cushions. It was no wonder I saw red.

But he'd started it.

He always does.

DI PUTS THE POTATOES INTO A SAUCEPAN AND PLACES THEM ONTO THE STOVE. IT IS ONLY 4 O'CLOCK BUT THE KITCHEN IS DARK. SHE WIPES HER HANDS ON A TEA TOWEL, FLICKS ON THE LIGHT AND GOES TO SIT DOWN AT THE KITCHEN TABLE.

The thing about my Chuck is that, once upon a time, he had a hand in making all those crocks. He used to bring them home - 'porcelain babes' he'd call them - and they'd be as warm as rock cakes out the oven. He'd show our boys, tell them how it'd been made from clay to oven from dip to glost - I can see him now on his whirly stool with his magnifiers, that pencil-thin brush of his steady-as-she-goes as he enamelled around the rim. He was a fine looker back then, all dapper and natty, shirt, tie and waistcoat every day of his life - flashing me a wink with his big left eye as I went for my break with the girls.

'He's got his eye on you again, Di,' nudge, nudge, wink, wink. 'Never lets you out of his sight.'

Should've known then. Shouldn't I?

Course, he'd only have to pass me on the stairs and I was pregnant. And in them days being a mother was your job so I never went back the factory after we were wed.

Anyway, we ticked along until Charles and Di went and tied the knot. And believe me when I say it, it was a true fairy tale for the likes of us. That much work on we nearly went Tenerife for us holidays. Except Chuck went and fell. Patch of black ice down the Dividy Road. Broke his right wrist and snapped the bone that bad it mended with a kink that used to shiver when he held a brush. Shop steward offered him no end of jobs. You could do this Chuck. You'd be blinding at that. He said, 'I were blinding at bloody gilding,' and he were on the sick for the best part of a year. Couldn't get out of bed. Wouldn't see a soul. Then they stopped his money. I started losing my temper because folk were talking and I'd be making meals out of onions.

'You can fix a broken wrist, Di,' he'd say. 'But not a broken mind.'

And I'd look at Lady Di's face on his mug of tea and think - I hadn't a clue for what I was getting myself into either duck, though it's written all over my face in the wedding photographs; Chuck's sister aside of me

wearing her bloody claret and all mouth. It was a bit too crowded even then. My mother said - 'I don't like the look of her, Di. Face like a bag of spanners with one eye on her brother all the bloody while. They're watchers that family. On the lookout for themselves.'

But that was my mother for you. Never saw the good in no-one. Like I said to her as me and her watched Chuck overanalysing the gilding on our wedding crockery - 'A true potter flips over a plate and checks where it's been born. Rare breed my Chuck. One in a bloody million.'

'Then keep your fists in your pockets and your kicks in your head if you want him kept,' my mother said, tapping her nose like she did. 'And don't give up work either. Because men like that won't keep a woman like you for all the crocks in bloody China.'

Pause.

Chuck was just shy of his 65th when his brother-in-law went and died out of the blue. Carked it on the bathroom floor from a fatty liver. Course, Chuck's sister was over the moon because he was that much in debt she was having to take blood pressure tablets. Liked a flutter, you see. He had a tab that big down the Bookies it took all his insurances clean his slate. He'd have been buried in cardboard if it wasn't for us. Not a single hymn, of course. One of them humanist affairs. Robbie Williams on cassette. *Angels.* Volume turned up like it was a disco.

I said - 'I'm sorry Nora. I know you didn't love him but he was your husband.'

She said - 'Husband? We've lived separate lives for over thirty years. Not all of us got as lucky as you.'

Except Chuck took it real hard. Disappeared from the funeral and didn't come home 'til the Saturday. Three days he was gone. I'd almost got the police dredging the canal.

I said - 'If I wanted to live with a lodger I would've advertised for one. Where the bloody hell have you been?'

He said - 'I've been ruled by us past for far too long now Di and let you get away with blue bloody murder.'

And straight off he took charge like I'd never seen. Told me he'd retired early, walked away with what pension was in the pot and spent a bit of it already.

I said - 'You've done what?'

'Computer,' he said. 'I've retired and bought a computer.'

He took over the spare room. Wires going all up my walls, Argos lorry outside the house ferrying in cabinets. That's without mentioning the credit cards.

I said - 'What fool has given you those?'

He said - 'Banks like you spending Di. It's how they make their money.'

But when I went down the bank to have a word I got told that the cards weren't anything do with me. No payments coming from our account - I'm sorry Mrs Windsor. But your husband must've opened a separate account.

So I tackled him that night. Said - 'What are you doing having your own bank account? I thought me and you shared everything?'

He said - ‘My pension Di. I’ll spend it how I want.’ Then says I’ve done ‘nowt more with my life than live off him. Said I’d have his wages spent before he even got them home. Cleaned him out with my fancies and what-not.

I said - ‘If it were left up to you Chuck, I’d have lived a sparse little life with not so much as a dolly peg to call my own.’

But that’s the thing about peacocks. They don’t flash their feathers to mate. They’re just reminding you who rules the roost.

DI TAKES OUT A BAG OF FROZEN PEAS FROM THE FREEZER AND REMOVES A MEAT AND POTATO PIE (HOMEMADE) FROM THE FRIDGE. SHE SETS ABOUT PUTTING THE PEAS INTO A PAN, THE PIE IN THE OVEN. SHE THINKS ABOUT HALVING THE PIE, HOVERS OVER THE CRUST WITH A KNIFE.BUT THINKS BETTER OF IT, PUTS THE WHOLE PIE IN THE OVEN AND SITS BACK DOWN.

He put locks on the door of the spare room. Bolt on the inside. Yale lock on the outside. I hardly ever saw him. Months went by. I packed a bag in the end. Told him a fib. Said I was going in the City General for some tests.

I said - ‘This secret life of yours Chuck. It’s making me ill.’

He said - ‘It was meant to be a surprise.’

I said - ‘Only surprise I want is to know I’m not dying and you’ve not lost your marbles.’

He opened the door then. ‘Nest egg,’ he said. ‘What do you think?’

It took me quite a while to tell him that I couldn’t believe my bloody eyes.

Most of it was Charles and Di memorabilia, ashtrays, thimbles, commemorative plates and mugs, but there were other pieces, prize pieces, that he’d bid for on the computer. And then there was the rest of it: Anything that’d been fired in Stoke. It were like a car bloody boot sale in there all laid out. I thought - I’ve given this man 41 years of my life and three sons, hot dinner every night, kept the house nice, never once thought about leaving him, and he wants me to appreciate this?

‘This is our destiny,’ he said.

I said - ‘I’ll give you bloody destiny and ram it where the sun doesn’t shine.’

And that’s when it went and happened.

The bit when I didn’t feel very lucky at all.

Pause.

Afterwards, he sat me down and told me that it was the last time.

I said - ‘I know.’

He said - 'I mean it, Di.'

I said - 'I know. I heard you the first time.'

'Because next time I don't want to do something I shouldn't.'

I said - 'Alright Chuck. You've made your point.'

He said - 'Have I Di? Because I don't want it to happen again.'

I said - 'Alright, don't keep on.'

He said - 'I'm not on about you. I'm on about me. What I did.'

I said - 'I know. Do you want a cup of tea?'

He said - 'Because I can't live with myself Di if it happens again. Do you understand?'

I said - 'Yes. Now go and wash your face. There's some plasters in the cupboard.'

He said - 'I don't know what you want, Di, but I can't keep on like this.'

I said - 'A holiday would be nice. Somewhere abroad. So I can send postcards.'

He said his sister knew someone - Monica he thought her name was - friend of the family - 'You should go see her,' he said. 'Have a word.'

Except he'd already made me an appointment. Every Tuesday, 10 o'clock, for 10 weeks.

I said - 'What's that costing us?'

And he said - 'Exactly Di. You're costing *us.*'

DI IS WEARING RED OVEN GLOVES. SHE CHECKS THE PIE, TURNS DOWN THE HEAT. THE PEAS ARE STILL SIMMERING, THE POTATOES ARE DONE. SHE DRAINS THEM, FETCHES MILK AND BUTTER OUT OF THE FRIDGE, CHECKS THEIR LABELS FIRST TO CHECK THEY'RE HERS, THEN BEGINS TO MASH.

She was American the woman who bought it. I got her number from one of Chuck's collecting magazines. *Randy* her name was*.* Sounded like she kept cats. Said she couldn't offer me what she'd offered a few months back because these type of collections were starting to lose their value and she could get it much cheaper if she bought from Canada.

I said - 'What do you mean a few months?'

She said her and Charles had been trading crockery collectables now for the best part of a year and she was sure that, genealogically speaking, we were all related to the royals one way or the other. I thought - that'd be right, duck. Remind me of the life I didn't get because I wanted a man so tight he creaked. So I told her that some of the stuff was signed by the gilder himself, put the price up and wouldn't budge. She had the lot.

Charles. Only time my Chuck answered to Charles was when that young parson came to see him on the ward after he'd had his stomach pumped. *Charles.* Like I told him - 'You need to pull your bloody socks up Chuck and remember you're a dad.'

Pause.

A week on the QE2 is what Chuck's crock collection bought me. Royal as you'll ever be made to feel and the bed linen is beautiful. Though I did think it was a bit much changing your towels every day. Not that I ever saw them peg out, even with all that sunshine, and we docked these couple of times, Valencia someone said, then somewhere opposite the Canaries, but I never got off. I'd paid to be on that boat all week and there was enough sights keep me busy on board. All I'll say is no quality control. Riff raff isn't the word. Like I said to the bloke in the next-door cabin - flicking his fag butts into the sea - 'There's fish in there, sunshine. Endangered species. Lifetime conscription's what you lot need, because a class like you doesn't know the meaning of bloody work.'

And he started goading me - people like you? What about people *like you?* - so I chinned him up the chops shut him up. Told him to have some bloody respect: I'm a pensioner still paying her way and my Chuck was a gilder to royal crocks. Except his wife came out of nowhere and knocked me flying. I went down like a stack of plates.

I don't think I've ever felt as lonely as I did when floored on that deck with everyone looking down on me. I cried my heart out actually.

DI IS SITTING DOWN AT THE KITCHEN TABLE WITH HER TEA IN FRONT OF HER: MEAT AND POTATO PIE WITH MASH AND PEAS. SHE HAS FORGOTTEN TO MAKE GRAVY. SHE CURSES AND MAKES A FIST WHICH SHE THUMPS DOWN ON THE TABLE. SHE DABS AT HER EYES WITH HER APRON. PICKS UP HER KNIFE AND FORK. PUTS THEM DOWN AGAIN.

Monica says that you might pop a pill and hope the headache will drift but you can't sedate a past and hope it won't remember you. I said - 'I'm a lot of things, Monica. My hands have done a lot of things, but I'm not a bad wife.'

She said - 'Did you send any postcards?'

I said - 'No. Not a one.'

She said - 'Why?'

I said - '41 years of marriage, three sons, hot dinner every night, I've kept the house nice, and never once thought about leaving him.'

Pause.

'You've got a bit of colour in your cheeks,' Chuck said, and I clocked the white tape straightaway. On the carpet it was, stretching between the rooms.

I said - 'What's all this, Chuck? It'll pull the pile.'

He said he'd been doing some careful thinking, what with me being away, and he'd had to make a decision.

I said - 'Is that us now, Chuck? Split in two?'

He said no. The council had been round. Heard a rumour that we'd got a spare room.

I said - ‘What spare room?’

He said - ‘That’s what I said. But I put down the tape all the same,’ and he went and shut himself in his room.

DI BEGINS TO EAT HER MEAL. SHE HAS HER MOUTH FULL. SHE TALKS TOTHE PIE IN FRONT OF HER.

Course, we’re as right as rain now. All forgotten.

‘Still here then?’ I say when he comes out of his room of a morning looking old.

‘I am,’ he says. ‘And so are you.’

And we meet halfway between the tape before going our separate ways.

DI CONTINUES TO EAT HER EVENING MEAL. FADES OUT.

Female Subjectivity, Sexual Violence, and the American Nation:

Toni Morrison's *The Bluest Eye*

MELISSA SANDE

The American 1960s, a long and chaotic decade of war, social change, and second wave feminism, is one that certainly extends thematically into the early 1970s. This essay will consider women's writing of what I will term 'the long 1960s' to be broadly concerned with presenting decentering genealogies of the period, or narratives that bring the hidden, marginalized voices of the decade, to the centre. Specifically, this essay considers how Toni Morrison's portrayal of gender, through a somewhat experimental literary form, is able to present such a genealogy. Morrison's novel effectively questions how and why a silenced character like that of Pecola Breedlove might hide behind the notion of white beauty and what the consequences of such an action would be not only for Pecola, but for the community in which she lives.

While male writers like John Updike, Kurt Vonnegut, Neil Simon and others dominated the American literary imaginary of the decade, exploring loneliness or the search for meaning in contemporary society, Toni Morrison's first novel, *The Bluest Eye*, published at the turn of the new decade in 1970, explores race, gender, and the aforementioned powerful notion of beauty and its social construction. Morrison began writing the novel in 1962 because the reclamation of racial beauty at that time forced her to question how the damaging internalization of racialized notions of beauty is able to consume and even break (especially young) women.[1] Set in the Midwest during the Depression era, Morrison explicitly links this historical moment with the one in which she is writing, calling attention to the themes of hunger, wanting, and repression during the Depression as they repeated during the difficult battle that was the Civil Rights Era.

Selecting the year 1940 as the novel's setting allows Morrison to highlight several important historical moments: first, the obvious Depression era in the United States, which, according to Michael Rogin, caused Americans to look past domestic concerns to what their role might be in a growing international debacle;[2] and the efforts to sabotage black literacy (as marked by the Dick and Jane primers that begin each chapter of *The Bluest Eye*), beginning during Reconstruction and extending through Jim Crow. Rogin contends that issues of ethnicity and class were central to American politics from 1870 to the New Deal, but with World War II they became more exasperated and 'provided the occasion for the emergence of the national-security apparatus' (246). Because we see these issues framing Pecola's story, and the tale of this small community in Ohio in which she lives, the novel easily ties to other works produced by women writers across the Americas responding to the 1960s. Plath's *The Bell Jar* is also concerned with a war-time setting and its relationship to gender roles; similarly, Marie Chauvet's

Love, Anger, Madness, published in Haiti in 1968, draws readers' attention to the effects of national politics on women's experiences. In addition, writing about the 1940s and publishing the work in 1970, Morrison makes a connection between these two periods, perhaps similarly to what Jean Rhys does in her 1966 postcolonial novel, *Wide Sargasso Sea*, causing readers to ask whether racial and gender relations actually improve or change with second wave feminism or the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Readers of Rhys and Morrison are forced to see the relevance of the themes both within the historical frame of the novel and in their current moment. Indeed Morrison's critique seems to be that while 1940 inaugurates a literary demonstration against racism with the publication of Richard Wright's *Native Son*, the 1970s were a time when 'America had already begun to assemble nostalgic myths about suburban life during and after WWII' (Werrlein 56). Morrison chooses to focus on the American myth of childhood innocence then as a means of exposing the 'white nationalist hegemony' that had helped to perpetuate it through several decades (Werrlein 56).

More important than Morrison's paralleling two historical moments is her grappling with the sexual violence committed against protagonist Pecola Breedlove in the novel by her father, Cholly, and how this serves to constitute her subjectivity as a female. While the other authors mentioned here pose questions about where women who purposely participate in sexual autonomy fit into the nation's narrative,[3] Morrison proposes that readers look at the experience of a young girl who does not choose to participate in a sexual act, but is still ostracized from the community and the state when the act is done to her. Because this small community that surrounds Pecola in the novel acts as a microcosm for the nation, we are left to question what the implications are for Pecola's belonging within and to American society. Additionally, while Sylvia Plath's novel inaugurated the decade with questioning the role of women as producers for their nation in their roles as wives and mothers with *The Bell Jar*, Morrison closes the American decade by taking this question to the next level: why does childhood innocence represent national innocence in American culture? What does it mean to make Pecola the face of childhood innocence? Pecola Breedlove is of course demonstrative of what a child who completely lacks innocence, who is denied a childhood at all, might look like. Other children in the novel though also serve to deconstruct the myth of childhood innocence by way of their experiences of racial and gender discrimination, Claudia MacTeer being the best example as a young girl who feels the need to physically destroy white dolls she is given. The novel goes to great lengths in demonstrating that the relationship drawn between childhood innocence and national innocence is a construction of American culture that must be questioned.

The sociopolitical history of the 1960s as a whole is often proffered as a positive period of change. By the mid- to late-1950s, America's Cold War print propaganda began focusing on the rising living standards and on 'people's capitalism' or 'classless abundance for all' (Yarrow 3). College campuses began to host debates and protests over the draft, the war, and other political issues. The Civil Rights movement is frequently framed as a time of great positive change, despite the fact that that change did not come easily or quickly. Nonetheless, we frequently reflect on the 1960s as a period of progressiveness. Though feminist works like *The Feminine Mystique* or activism like Gloria Steinem's inaugurated the women's liberation movement, a frequent critique made of

second-wave feminism is that it often failed to take into account race, and was mostly based on the experience of white women. Morrison focuses on gender disparity as informed by race in *The Bluest Eye*, presenting readers with a decentering genealogy of second-wave feminism: while white women were able to focus on how patriarchy was generally oppressive, black women in this text find themselves doubly oppressed by white men and black men. As narrator Claudia tells us, the three things that have greatly affected her are being a girl, being black, and being a child. We see the importance of childhood as young black girls, like Pecola, but even Darlene and Claudia, are oppressed not only by the white aesthetic, as well as white men and women, but also by black men, women, boys, and at times, even other black girls. Morrison makes race a central component of the discussion about gender, and is careful to make youth an important part of her look at oppression as well.

Told as a year in the life of one young black girl, Pecola Breedlove, the novel begins with the narration of Claudia, who, along with her sister Frieda and their parents, take Pecola into their home, because Pecola is a young victim of her parents' constant physical and verbal fighting. Because even Pecola's own mother has repeatedly called her ugly, she has a strong desire to change her eye colour from brown to blue; her thinking being that blue eyes, as they correspond to a notion of white beauty, can once and for all make her pretty in the eyes of others. Readers come to understand that Pecola's ideas about beauty have been handed down. When her mother Pauline was young, she would go to the movies alone, and 'Along with the idea of romantic love, she was introduced to another – physical beauty. Probably the most destructive ideas in the history of human thought' (Morrison 122). Later, living with her husband Cholly and their two children, Pauline not only disengages from the children, only feeling happy when she is working for a rich, white family and spending as much time away from her own home as possible, but she also falls out of love with Cholly. Cholly has, over the years, become quite the drunkard, and his troubling childhood in which he was left with his aunt because his father wanted nothing to do with him, comes to be seen as part of his failing as a parent. When Pecola is busy doing dishes one day, Cholly rapes her. After a second rape that results in Pecola's pregnancy, Cholly flees the town, as Claudia and Frieda plant marigolds in hopes that if the flowers bloom, Pecola's baby will be born. The flowers, however, never rise above the soil, as Pecola's pregnancy never comes to fruition.

The Dick and Jane Primers and the Cyclical Nature of the Novel

Morrison, like the other writers discussed earlier, is concerned with how much a given social system dictates and controls. For Rhys, writing about a post-Emancipation society in Jamaica, the system was an oppressive patriarchal one. For Morrison, patriarchy indeed plays a role as readers see not only Pecola but Frieda abused by an older man as well. But this novel is primarily concerned with social dictates of white beauty in America and the damage they are capable of causing. The novel opens with William Elson and William Gray's Dick and Jane primer, which comes to provide a contrast between Pecola's experience of oppression and abuse with the national ideal of white middle class childhood. Other critics have pointed out the significance of these primers for the novel. Werrlein's essay is similarly concerned with the difference between the '1940s models of childhood' presented in the primers and the 'local culture' that pertains to Pecola's story (56). Mark Ledbetter has argued

that these vignettes create a 'masterplot' for the novel (28). Nancy Backes is concerned with the fact that the primers represent an ideal unobtainable even to the white middle class children that they were obviously intended for (47). I agree with Werrlein that the 'masterplot' posited by these primers is one that defines Americanness and the 'parameters of innocent white middle-class childhood,' but I also think Morrison goes even further than that (56). As the novel goes on, the primers begin to fall apart: words run into each other, the use of grammar dissipates until, by one of the final chapters of 'Fall,' it is no longer present. In other words, the primers begin to resemble the content and the form of the novel. In manipulating the primers this way and showing them fall apart alongside Pecola's childhood, Morrison demonstrates just how tenuous and untenable these masterplots actually are. She also shows readers, by running these primers together nonsensically, how much they do not make sense in Pecola's life, how opposite Dick and Jane are to Pecola Breedlove. Creating a parallel between their disintegration and that of Pecola's childhood also shows the interdependence of these two narratives. Because the narrative of an innocent and pristine childhood for privileged white children defines itself against the experiences of a lower-class, African American Pecola, Morrison's use of the primers indicates an interconnectedness of these two seemingly opposite stories.

The Dick and Jane stories originated with the pre-primer books, *Dick and Jane*, originally published in 1930, and the popularity of the texts grew into the 1940s. Werrlein aptly describes how the authors 'characterize safe American childhoods that thrive in families that defy depression-era hardships with economic and social stability' (56). Though the primers are not at the beginning of every chapter, a piece of one does precede the final chapter of the novel in which Pecola, arguing with herself, though she assumes she is speaking to a friend, addresses the fact that her father raped her.[4] The primer to this chapter is:

LOOKLOOKHERECOMESAFRIENDTHE
FRIENDWILLPLAYWITHJANETHEYWI
LLPLAYAGOODGAMEPLAYJANEPLAY (193)

Readers are made to assume throughout the novel that if Pecola is unfamiliar with the Dick and Jane primers, she is at least familiar with something quite similar to them. How else would a child so young be so immersed in the ideals of white beauty and perfect middle-class childhood? The irony of this piece of the Dick and Jane narrative preceding this chapter is that while Pecola likely wishes herself to be Jane, she is quite her opposite. She has no friends. No one has ever come to play with her. In this chapter, the 'friend' that comes to play with Pecola is Pecola's other self. The only 'playing' that this other self does with Pecola is to pester her about the rape. A strange moment occurs when Pecola admits that an additional rape had occurred when she was reading – shortly after the first rape in the kitchen. This was of course not part of the narrative of the rape scene from several chapters before.

The detail that Pecola was raped a second time while reading on the couch one day then makes a further connection at the end of the novel between the Dick and Jane primers and Pecola's experiences, especially her experiences of sexual abuse. Because the Dick and Jane vignettes represent the white aesthetic, part of their repetition throughout the novel is to remind readers of Pecola's obsession with white beauty. Indeed, all she

wants is to have blue eyes, to be beautiful by white standards. The idea of Pecola's reading of these primers, of her absorbing the white aesthetic so much so that it is all she can think about, is shown in this final scene, in which reading is directly correlated to the rape, to be as detrimental to Pecola as a young girl as is the sexual violence committed against her by her father.[5] In other words, Pecola's reading of and absorption of notions of white beauty is as destructive as the rape committed by Cholly. When readers are shown through flashbacks to Pauline's youth that the white aesthetic first destroyed her, and then her daughter, we are reminded of this novel's obsession with the cyclical nature of human behaviour, and how very destructive it can be. This then connects to Cholly's experience of sexual violence when he was a teenager, and how it ruined him early on. Later, when he is a parent, he imparts the same kind of harm and ruination to his daughter, Pecola.

Narration and Literary Form

Beginning with a vignette about a perfect and happy family with a dog and a perfect green and white house, which, contrasted with Pecola's story organized by the four seasons, demonstrates the extreme difference between socialized stories about white bourgeois and 'ideal' childhoods and the one we see Pecola experiencing. Claudia's narration in the Autumn section dissolves into a third-person narration in the Winter, while also exploring counterpoint moments through the incorporation of Pecola's and Soaphead Church's perspective. The inclusion of flashbacks to Pauline's early adulthood or Cholly's childhood and teenage years, while the story simultaneously moves around the American Midwest, explains the complex web of events and geographical locations that all contribute to Pecola's experience of childhood. Because Morrison spends so much time on the experiences that brought Cholly and Pauline to their present lives, I will elaborate on how critic Donette Francis's notion of transgenerational time enriches my feminist approach to this text.[6] The various narrators and points of view also demonstrate that Pecola's seemingly unnarratable experience of sexual violence and trauma at the hand of her own father is the story of a community, born out of the participation of many more people than just her and her father.

With its organization around female subjectivity and the sexual violation that determines it in the novel, I seek to emphasize that through Pecola's experience, and the experiences of so many others in the novel, the novel offers a decentering genealogy in that it brings to the fore the responsibility of the society and complacent people who enact injustices based on race and gender. Focusing on this one year in the life of a young black girl who is deliberately ignored and marginalized in her community, at school, even when she is buying candies, [7] Morrison, similar to Chauvet and other women writers of the period, is bringing a powerless and often voiceless figure to the centre of attention. Morrison is scrutinizing a flawed system of gender relations, and by telling the story of every person involved, she makes readers aware that it takes an entire community, not just a single perpetrator, to drive to madness this young girl who has been led to believe (and allowed to continue believing) that beauty is only equivalent to being white and having blue eyes.

I do, however, contend that the novel offers hope and not just a bleak and somber conclusion. Though critics like Agnes Surányi highlight the 'gradual descent into schizophrenia of the young black protagonist,' we

must also pay attention to the other young black girls in the text who are survivors of the racism and cruel disenfranchisement of their community: Claudia and Frieda MacTeer. Though angry, the girls use their anger in a productive way – to fight the boys at school who are abusive to Pecola and to defy Maureen Peal's superiority complex because of her lighter skin tone. The sisters not only represent hope, but because they are constantly trying to thwart racism and to protect and defend Pecola, they represent action and movement forward. Morrison centres on Pecola Breedlove and readers bear witness to the tragedy of an entire family who imbibes themselves with the white aesthetic so much so that it destroys each one of them. However, with Frieda and Claudia, readers are given a glimpse into the hope offered by two young women who decide to defy the social power of white beauty. The story of the MacTeer girls verifies that with a strong support system like that offered by the MacTeer parents, who *act* when one of their children is abused unlike Pauline Breedlove, two young black girls need not fall victim to the demands of white beauty.

This contrast between Mrs. Breedlove's and Mrs. MacTeer's practices of mothering serves to further emphasize Mrs. Breedlove's obsession with whiteness, an obsession that becomes cyclical in her family and is passed down to her daughter. Mae C. Henderson describes two theoretical perspectives on mothering in her essay, 'Pathways to Fracture: African American Mothers and the Complexities of Maternal Absence.' The first, termed the biological imperative, aligns most with Mrs. MacTeer. This perspective argues that, for some women, there is an 'instinctive (innate) desire to mother above all else' (30). The notion of 'maternal instinct' dominates this theory as well. We see examples of this when Mrs. MacTeer takes Pecola into her home to save Pecola from her own family, or when Mrs. MacTeer feels compelled to take over the situation and avoid Pecola being embarrassed when she begins menstruating, dismissing all the other girls so that she may comfort Pecola and explain to her what is happening; or when Claudia remembers getting sick in the fall, and says, 'So when I think of autumn, I think of somebody with hands who does not want me to die' in reference to her mother (12).

Mrs. Breedlove, however, behaves in sharp contrast to Mrs. MacTeer. With her own children, Mrs. Breedlove is either absent or silent. She barely interacts with either of her children (after all, her son ran away countless times before he was a teenager), and she refuses to acknowledge the situation when Pecola reports the rape to her. Henderson writes that even when virtually absent as parents, 'African American low-income mothers maintain ideals of mothering' (29). Indeed, Mrs. Breedlove does this, as seen in her interactions with the little white girl for whom she is a nanny. She treats this little girl as if she were her own, exhibiting a caring, gentle attitude and paying close attention to the girl. When Pecola accidently tips a berry pie over in the white family's kitchen, Mrs. Breedlove reprimands Pecola, ignoring the burns on her legs from the hot berries, and immediately assures the little white girl that she will quickly bake her a new pie. This demonstrates to the reader that Mrs. Breedlove is not an incapable mother, but she actively chooses to ignore her own children, who are outside the narrative of the white beauty aesthetic, in favour of white children, who better match her ideals.

Building Upon Relevant Criticism

This essay builds upon and extends other existent criticism on *The Bluest Eye*. Susmita Roye's 2012 essay, 'Toni Morrison's Disrupted Girls and Their Disrupted Girlhoods: *The Bluest Eye* and *A Mercy*' is concerned with Morrison's thematics of 'deprived and disrupted girlhoods' across her oeuvre, focusing on Morrison's first and latest novels. Roye's most important observation is that by juxtaposing these two works, we see that 'Morrison's feminist ideology accommodates *universal* girlhood, crossing frontiers of race, class, culture, ethnicity, continents, and centuries' (225). The argument Roye makes here is central to how I have conceived of this novel as one that offers a decentering genealogy, to get at the experience of women who fall outside of national narratives or state-approved womanhood. I also contend, like Missy Dehn Kubitschek, that this is an inherently feminist novel, as it 'focus[es] on a twelve-year-old African American girl…few adult books up to 1970 had considered girls' lives (especially those of black girls) important enough to be a novel's central interest' (30).

This essay nevertheless diverges from other critical treatment of Morrison's literary form. Kubitschek, along with Pin-chia Feng and Phyllis R. Klotman, categorize the novel as a bildungsroman. Anne T. Salvatore argues that Morrison has fashioned, in this and other texts, like *Sula* and *Beloved*, a new bildungsroman, one that is more capable of representing the female protagonist and frequently pairs her with a non-ironic alternate anti-hero[8]. But as Jennifer Lee Jordan Heinert has written, categorizing the novel as a bildungsroman at all 'is problematic because, while there are narratives of education and development in the novel, its narratives are unconventional and subversive' and 'furthermore, none of the characters in *The Bluest Eye* arrive at the conventional conclusion of the bildungsroman: self-actualization and fulfilment' (12). In my reading, Morrison is revising the bildungsroman, as she highlights her protagonist's complete lack of fulfilment in the end, as well as the lack of fulfilment that others around Pecola experience. Even the most hopeful and determined characters, Claudia and Freida, are disappointed when their marigolds do not sprout in the final chapter and Claudia notes that they 'failed' Pecola (204). And in the end, they cannot, as adolescents, make complete sense of what happened to Pecola, nor can they fathom *why* it happened. Morrison is experimenting with form and narration to try to more successfully convey the experiences of someone whose story falls out of the frame of nation-building.

Curiously, readers do not hear from Pecola throughout this novel. She is only briefly given a voice in the final chapter when talking with her other self about the blue eyes that she finally got. Though it may seem strange not to have Pecola narrate her own story, readers are likely denied direct access to Pecola as a means of illustrating that there is nothing to access. Early on in the novel, when Pecola gets her first period and she, Frieda, and Claudia fall asleep that night wondering how such an event leads to having a baby, Pecola asks the other girls, 'how do you get somebody to love you?' (32) When a deviant neighbourhood boy, Junior, throws his black cat at Pecola and traps her in his dining room, calling her his 'prisoner,' all Pecola can do is focus on the cat's blue eyes: 'The blue eyes in the black face held her' (90). Because Pecola's desire for blue eyes and white beauty rules her life, and because she has been brought up in a family and a community that is content to completely ignore her existence, she does not know love, and she doesn't even care about the torment she receives from a cruel

neighbourhood boy. Readers are not given Pecola's voice throughout this novel because she simply does not have one. Her experiences of oppression, neglect, contempt, and scorn have taken that away from her.

The Backdrop of the American Midwest

Segregation and discrimination of African Americans was thought to be especially atrocious in the Midwest and Southern states after the American Civil War. This is the subject of ethnography by anthropologist Carol B. Stack entitled *All Our Kin*, in which the author explores a poor and distressed community of African Americans outside of Chicago in the 1960s. Her research is instructive to this essay in that she makes clear the necessity of family networks for the African Americans sustaining the hardships of this time period. She also discusses how men would more often rely on friendship networks to offer them solace after losing a job or facing some other similar struggle, while women tended to rely more often on kinship ties when they needed some form of support. Though Stack provides myriad examples of such in her work, providing case study examples of each, Morrison shows us something entirely different in the novel. The Breedlove family, ironically named such by the author for they breed nothing that even slightly resembles love, almost completely lack a support network of any kind, and certainly not one that coincides with that described by Stack. One might apply Benedict Anderson's notion of the imagined community to discuss the twentieth century nation that excludes certain women from its narrative. In *The Bluest Eye*, we might also think of Anderson's concept as applicable to family.

Readers come to understand that the Breedlove family barely fits the definition of such. They live in an abandoned store in town, just below an apartment occupied by three prostitutes. Early descriptions of the Breedloves describe a lack of a cohesive life together: 'Each member of the family in his own cell of consciousness, each making his own patchwork quilt of reality – collecting fragments of experience here, pieces of information there' (34). Even the furniture in their 'home' is described as 'having been conceived, manufactured, shipped, and sold in various states of thoughtlessness, greed, and indifference' (35). There are no cherished objects within the 'home' and the item described as the one living thing in the house is a coal stove, 'In the morning, however, it always saw fit to die' (37). Readers are told that the family chose to stay in such an environment because they believed they were ugly.

We gather more history on the family through flashbacks that occur throughout the novel. Cholly was, for example, abandoned by his father and left to live with an aunt. When he sets out to find his father, he locates him playing dice in a small town. He tries to explain that his name is Cholly, he is his father's 'boy,' but is only met with his father shouting, 'Tell that bitch she get her money. Now, get the fuck outta my face!' (156). With Cholly's experiences, we are able to see how this novel is cyclical. Without being provided a healthy and safe upbringing, Cholly is unable to provide one for his children. After the brief altercation with his father, Cholly finds himself trying to recuperate in an alley, holding back tears: 'While straining in this way, focusing every erg of energy on his eyes, his bowels suddenly opened up, and before he could realize what he knew, liquid stools were running down his legs' (157). Though he never has the same kind of quarrel with Pecola, his raping his own daughter is cause for the same kind of shame and humiliation his father forced him to feel. This flashback to Cholly's meeting

with his father ends with him sleeping next to the Ocmulgee River for the night, hiding, so that his father never knows that he caused Cholly to soil himself, much like an infant would. This short, final paragraph on the altercation is obsessed with the silence that surrounds Cholly: he 'ran down the street, aware only of silence' and 'seeing only silent moving things' he runs to the shallow water of the river's edge (157). His day ends with 'no sound, no sight, only darkness and heat and the press of his knuckles on his eyelids' (157). Readers see that this traumatic experience being rejected by his father is what has pushed Cholly to silence. After all, within the present of the novel, Cholly barely speaks. His audible noises consist of drunken grunts. Similarly, after Pecola has been raped by Cholly, she is silenced as well: 'She spent her days…walking up and down, up and down, her head jerking to the beat of a drummer so distant only she could hear' (204). Pecola's hearing music that no one else does is an indication of her having gone insane after the experience of the rape. Thereafter, Pecola is not heard from again. She moves to the edge of town with her mother and is never heard from, only occasionally seen searching through garbage.

In his work, Anderson discusses scenes from Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and takes issue with the presented image of Jim and Huck as American 'brothers' even though Jim remains a slave. Anderson is struck by the 'imaginings of fraternity' in a 'society fractured by the most violent racial, class and regional antagonisms' (203). We can think of the Breedlove family similarly. When Pauline first discovers she is pregnant, Cholly 'surprised her by being pleased. He began to drink less and come home more often' (121). Pauline actually stops concerning herself so much with her work as a housekeeper and begins taking care of her own home in anticipation of starting a family. But as we learn later in the passage, Pauline's notions of happiness and beauty are dictated by what she has seen in the movies, not by anything real.[9] The concepts that Pauline and Cholly had of family during her first pregnancy were not based on their actual experiences, such as Cholly's being rejected by his father or sexually abused by a white man who finds Cholly in a field with Darlene as a teenager.[10] One thing made explicit in the novel is that the Breedloves are an imagined community. They are not brought together by love or support. As was mentioned earlier, they stay together and they remain living in a storefront because all that truly unites them is their thinking that they are all ugly. When we discover Cholly's upbringing and his being rejected by his own father, we see, furthermore, that instead of being a family, the Breedloves are people who remain together trapped in the cyclical nature of violence, abuse, and silence.

The novel begins with Claudia telling her own story, which is certainly meant to contrast Pecola's disturbing story to follow, as well as Pecola's inability to tell her own story. One of the first memories she details is of getting sick and being afraid of her mother because she 'd[id] not know that she [was] not angry at me, but at my sickness' and that Autumn will always remind her 'of somebody with hands who d[id] not want me to die,' even though as a younger child, she had always thought of her mother's hands as too rough (11, 12). We also learn early on in this section of Claudia's repulsion for dolls. She says, 'I was physically revolted by and secretly frightened of those round moronic eyes, the pancake face, and orangeworms hair' (20). She goes on to recognize that she was supposed to see these dolls as models of beauty, that even magazines and window signs, along with

girls and women of any age, based their standards of beauty on these blue-eyed and yellow-haired dolls, but she did not. Pecola, however, bases her entire understanding of female beauty on these dolls. She is obsessed with having eyes like they do. The contrasting family stories demonstrate that Claudia's family, one clearly based on caring, concern, and real connections to the other members, gives her the foundation to question the dolls, to not feel ugly or undesirable because she does not look like them.[11] Pecola's family, though, acts as an imagined community in the novel. Though they all imagine that some kind of communion exists between them, there is rarely actual communication or meaningful exchange. All that truly unites the Breedloves is a circle of violence, and oftentimes, complete neglect.

Though some of what Stack writes about kinship ties in the Midwest applies to the Breedlove family, it is clear that readers are meant to pay special attention to what they lack. Stack describes, for example, the practice of 'shared parental responsibility among kin' in which African American women would share the parent role with other women in their families because they had to work so much to stay afloat (62). This sometimes extended to sharing the parental role with other mothers whom they may be close to, both emotionally and in physical proximity. Mrs. MacTeer takes Pecola into their house temporarily, not because of Pauline's work schedule, but because Pecola was a 'case' or a 'girl who had no place to go' and her father 'had burned up his house, gone upside his wife's head, and everybody, as a result, was outdoors' (16-17). While Stack describes this time as economically difficult for African American families, coupled with the experience of prejudice, we see in the Breedloves not, for example, a mother who cannot spend time at home due to work, but a mother who simply wants nothing to do with her family and willingly allows work to take all of her time. Stack's work can be summarized as a study of how family came to be an important and successful coping mechanism for African Americans living in the Midwest during one of the most trying moments for race relations in the country. The story of the Breedloves proves to be one in which family hinders several individuals already facing harsh racial (and gender) discrimination and *reinforces* feelings of ugliness and inadequacy for these people, especially for young Pecola.

Race and Sexual Violence

Before turning to scenes of sexual violence and abuse in the novel, I situate a (very brief) history of rape in the United States and the relationship the act has come to have with race and racialization. Estelle B. Fredman's essay, ''Crimes Which Startle and Horrify': Gender, Age, and the Racialization of Sexual Violence in White American Newspapers, 1870-1900' provides some necessary background on the subject. Fredman addresses early on the political implications for late nineteenth-century newspapers printing rape narratives: 'they served to shore up white male privilege through constructions of dependent women and dangerous African Americans, groups that remained excluded from full citizenship rights because of their alleged incapacity for self-government' (464). Thomas A. Foster explains that as far back as colonial Massachusetts, newspaper coverage of rape posed a threat to patriarchal order as 'transient and marginal men who assaulted women' were brought to the public's attention (465). It is worth noting that what Foster and Fredman both make clear is that victims of rape, as well

as perpetrators, were seen as unable to defend themselves or self-govern, and were therefore excluded from the national narrative. I have addressed how the sexual autonomy of other female characters seemingly justifies their exclusion from the nation earlier in this essay. Morrison presents us with a character who is denied that decision and is ostracized in a similar way. The description of Pecola at the end of the novel living on the outskirts of town and silently picking through trash is testament to this exclusion.

Fredman contends that the white press of the late nineteenth century helped to racialize rape, identifying a violent, beastly black stranger as an assailant who often preyed on white women and children (473). Commentary on white men was limited; indeed most coverage was devoted to naming white men as infrequent exceptions, too 'civilized' to commit violent sexual crimes at all. The archetypal sexual assault then was a black man of a young, innocent white woman, an image that has been long-standing in the media portrayal of African Americans. However, absent from these narratives of sexual assault and violence are considerations of same-sex violence, or violence within the same racial communities. While Fredman comments that there was a brief period in the nineteenth century where attention was paid to southern black rape, it only served to further enforce the notion that rape was arguably only a problem in the African American community, deserving of little attention otherwise. It is problematic that this prevalent idea of rape as a 'negro crime' was presented by the press and asserted 'white men as exceptional rapists but black men as natural predators' because it removes white men from a discussion of sexual crimes in general (Fredman 472). These ideas, circulated in newspapers and supported by the state, served to disregard the cyclical nature of intra-racial rape and sexual crimes shown by Morrison in the novel.

Sexual Violence and National Narrative

The rape committed by Cholly of his own daughter is the most significant event in the novel: it speaks simultaneously to the exclusion of women (especially African American women) from the national narrative by the refusal of the state or community to address the violation immediately and seriously, as well as the fact that the cyclical nature of sexual abuse in the novel is ignored or attributed to class, when it actually speaks to larger issues of race and gender discrimination. Pecola's story exposes that national narratives concerned with the Civil Rights and feminist movements of the 1960s fail to convey the horrific experiences of many African American women, whose contributions to either were often downplayed by African American men, who, feeling emasculated by white society as a whole, adopted overbearing patriarchal roles in their own communities, sometimes resorting to violence and abuse, or what Kobena Mercer describes as how 'the repressed returns through the means of repression' ('Decolonisation and Disappointment' 121-22).

African American women have had a long-standing feminist tradition that is not frequently considered – and was often overlooked by the feminist movement's narrative. Nineteenth century activists like Sojourner Truth or Maria W. Stewart set the stage for the movement. In addition, the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs was established in 1896, with the National Council of Negro Women following in 1935. Indeed there were myriad other committees and organizations founded in the 1960s alone. Of especial importance to the conversation here, though, was the Black Women's Liberation Committee of 1968, founded by, amongst others, Francis Beal. Beal's 1969 essay, 'Double Jeopardy: To Be Black and Female' appeared in the anthology entitled *The*

Black Woman. In the essay, she discusses deep fissure between African American men and women: 'It is true that our husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons have been emasculated, lynched, and brutalized. They have suffered from the cruellest assault of mankind that the world has ever known. However, it is a gross distortion of fact to state that black women have oppressed black men' (4). Beal's discussion here makes clear that a persistent problem in the African American community at this time was the blaming of women for the oppression and injustice often experienced by men, socially and economically. This goes a long way in explaining Cholly's behaviour towards not only Pecola, but Pauline as well, who he is often physically abusive to, seemingly for no reason at all.

Aside from the degrading and difficult work of the steel mills, which obviously cause Cholly to drink more often, or come home and just fall asleep instead of spending time with Pauline and the children, we discover towards the end of the novel that Cholly has experienced sexual degradation at the hand of a white man. This scene from his youth speaks further to the cyclical nature of sexual violence in the text. Having experienced this as a young adult and never having addressed the trauma of it, Cholly repeats the same behaviours with his own daughter.

At the funeral for his Aunt Jimmy, Cholly runs off into the woods with another teenager, Darlene, with the intention of having sex with her. As Darlene cries out, 'staring wildly at something over his shoulder,' Cholly turns around to find two white men staring at them as they are naked under a tree. When he 'jumped, trying to kneel, stand, and get his pants up all in one motion,' Cholly discovers that the men have long guns and flashlights pointed at his rear (147). Holding him at gunpoint, they tell him to 'get on wid it, nigger' and 'make it good, nigger, make it good' (148). When the men finally get distracted by a barking dog in the distance and leave Cholly and Darlene in the woods, Cholly begins dressing himself in silence and instead of feeling badly about what had just happened, he feels hatred for Darlene, even wanting to strangle her. It is as though Cholly immediately blames her for what has happened. Afterward, we follow Cholly as he goes about his chores the next day, never mentioning to anyone what happened to him that night.

By literally being silent about the violence, it is as though Cholly is making an effort to deny that it ever occurred. This sexual violence also equates with other kinds of violence perpetrated against African Americans at this time. Because they know they are free to do so and that they would never be held responsible for their actions, the white men physically stand over Cholly and force him to have sex with Darlene as they watch and giggle. When they hear their dog barking, they casually wander off to locate it, still chuckling about the sex act that they just witnessed. At other points in the novel, white characters shamelessly mistreat Pecola, or the MacTeer sisters, like light-skinned Maureen Peel, for example, because they know they will get away with it. The shame is then seemingly absorbed by the victim, which explains why Darlene covers her eyes, disengages emotionally from what she is being forced to participate in physically. Seeing how this scene in many ways silences Cholly is an integral part to understanding how his misplaced shame and anger is able to then drive him to do the same to his daughter.[12]

Morrison's Decentering Genealogy

> **'***There were no books about me, I didn't exist in all the literature I had read…this person, this female, this black did not exist center-self.' (Toni Morrison)*

Morrison's necessity to write African American women into American literature derives from her critical attention to the canon as a whole, and her conclusion that other critics and literary historians have contended that 'traditional, canonical American literature is free of, uniformed, and unshaped by the four-hundred-year-old presence of, first Africans and then African Americans in the United States' (*Playing in the Dark* 4). Furthermore, she contends, that it has previously been assumed that 'this presence – which shaped the body politic, the Constitution, and the entire history of the culture – has had no significant place or consequence in the origin and development of that culture's literature' (5). This novel, like so many of her others to follow, offers a story which challenges dominant beliefs of white culture, and places all narrative focus on the usually marginalized and ignored figures. Most importantly, Morrison also draws attention to another too often marginalized subject: sexual violence against women, especially African American women. In the conclusion of the novel, readers see that Pecola is further ostracized from the community because, to no fault of her own, her father raped her. Similar to what Donette Francis professes at the conclusion of her chapter on rape and sexual abuse, 'Love in the Age of Sex Work, Secrets, and Depression,' I am not intending to assert that this fictional work is a substitute for or on par with actual human experience. I do however contend that in many ways it is reflective of history and society, and Morrison often makes clear in her criticism the relationship between American politics and social injustices and how she chooses to write her novels. While work like Michelle V. Rowley's 2011 *Feminist Advocacy and Gender Equity in the Anglophone Caribbean: Envisioning a Politics of Coalition* is a social science project which explores gender equity within developing societies by analysing reproductive rights, projects implemented by the U.N. in the Caribbean, etc., analysis of literature born out of similar concerns still complements our feminist investigations of the past and present. In addition, rereading texts like Morrison's from the perspective of current feminist criticism allows us to fill in existent critical gaps in feminist thought and to think through how significant novels like Morrison's inform our present political moment.

Morrison's focus in this work on the past and how it greatly informs the present resonates with Chauvet's novella and Rhys's as well. Like them, Morrison employs the notion of trans-generational time 'by re-chronicling and reconstructing the past… [in order to] explore the sociocultural mechanisms of daily life responsible for females' apparent defeat' (Francis 7). This is how the novel's obsession with cyclical human behaviour (what was done to Cholly and Pauline is what they end up doing to their own children) broadly connects to other feminist novels of the time. For Chauvet, Haiti's past haunts its present, but for Morrison, the sexual abuse inflicted on Cholly or the misguided experiences of youth for Pauline come to be the experiences of the next generation. Francis contends that the use of trans-generational time in fiction 'demonstrates how current and future generations learn the defeats of their elders' (7). In the case of Pecola, a young girl who has been given no support system and has always been considered ugly and ignorable even within her own family, she does not

learn the defeats; she simply repeats the same patterns. Pecola, like Pauline, falls victim to the white aesthetic so much so that it ultimately defeats her. The possibility and optimism for young women of the next generation in this novel to learn the defeats of the previous generation and to practice 'remembering in an attempt to possibly chart better futures' lies solely with Frieda and Claudia. The marigolds that they plant for Pecola become a metaphor for Pecola's unborn child. When the flowers do not sprout, consequently, Pecola loses the baby before it can come to term. In the final lines of the novel, Claudia narrates:

> I talk about how I did *not* plant the seeds too deeply, how it was the fault of the earth, the land, of our town. I even think now that the land of the entire country was hostile to marigolds that year. The soil is bad for certain kinds of flowers. Certain seeds it will not nurture, certain fruit it will not bear, and when the land kills of its own volition, we acquiesce and say the victim had no right to live. We are wrong, of course, but it doesn't matter. It's too late. At least on the edge of my town, among the garbage and the sunflowers of my town, it's much, much, much too late. (206)

Here Claudia first acknowledges that she understands the entire community is to blame for the tragedy that is Pecola. She says the 'entire country' was hostile to the marigold flowers that she planted that year. In other words, beyond the town, the state as well is to blame for Pecola's marginalization, for her being allowed to wither away. Certain people will not be nurtured; certain people will not be recognized as belonging to the state, in Claudia's summation. Claudia makes sure to point out that when this happens, our greatest folly is to blame the victim and to claim they had 'no right' to be alive in the first place. She makes note of the fact that this kind of thinking is wrong, but in the instance of Pecola Breedlove, it is too late to correct it, as the damage is already done. The white aesthetic and the cycle of abuse she is involuntarily brought into have already destroyed Pecola. While these concluding lines are devastating, and are mournful of Pecola, they also indicate that Claudia *has* learned from the mistakes of the previous generation, including the rejection of the white aesthetic, and that she recognizes the error by the town and the larger nation in ignoring the plight of a young black girl exposed to sexual violence before she is even a teenager. Because the novel ends with Claudia's observations and lessons learned, and because she is narrating and imparting such to readers, to a large audience, the novel ends on an encouraging note for the next generation of young women.

Notes

1 See Morrison's in-depth discussion of this theme in her introduction to the *Vintage International* edition of the novel, published in 2007.

2 Morrison's use of this time period and its accompanying implications for Americans who were questioning their global role links to other female writers of this time, like Sylvia Plath, who uses a nameless Russian female character in *The Bell Jar* to question what womanhood looked like outside of the United States.

3 Marie Chauvet's protagonist Claire in the novella *Love* is perhaps the best example of a character practicing sexual autonomy, though Plath's Esther Greenwood can arguably be seen in the same vein as Claire.

4 Interestingly, this scene in which Pecola argues with herself is the only time in the novel that the rape is directly acknowledged by Pecola.

5 Carol Boyce Davies' notion of the 'politics of location' identified in *Black Women, Writing and Identity: Migrations of the Subject* is instructive here. Davies situates agency amongst themes of racial, gender, and sexual boundaries (amongst many others) and explains that black women's analysis of these themes has demonstrated the multiplicity of the individual subject. The moment of connection between rape and reading in the text is somewhat meta, in that Morrison is injecting herself as author into the fiction in order to establish writing as a means of identity creation. This connection is also important, though, because it demonstrates the dismantling of the idea of a unitary subject. When rape is connected to the act of reading, Pecola's obsession with the white aesthetic (and her reading of it in the Dick and Jane primers) informs her sense of self as much as the abuse does. One is as dangerous to her destruction as the other.

6 This concept appears in Francis's 2010 book, *Fictions of Feminine Citizenship*.

7 When Pecola goes to buy candies from Mr. Yacobowski's store, she senses a 'total absence of human recognition – the glazed separateness' (48).

8 Salvatore's essay is 'Toni Morrison's New Bildungsroman: Paired Characters and Antithetical Form in The *Bluest Eye*, *Sula*, and *Beloved*.' *Journal of Narrative Theory* 32.2 (2002): 154-78.

9 In this passage, it is noted that, 'She was never able, after her education in the movies, to look at a face and not assign it some category in the scale of absolute beauty, and the scale was one she absorbed in full from the silver screen' (122).

10 I will discuss this scene in greater detail later, especially as it relates to Pecola's sexual abuse by Cholly.

11 This scene is especially interesting in that even Claudia's mother desires the white dolls—she is upset when Claudia dismembers them because she herself wanted them as a child. However, even while participating in desiring something related to impossible white beauty standards, Mrs. MacTeer has not disowned her own blackness and beauty—or her daughters'.

12 The rape scene is complicated by other emotions from Cholly as well. He has a strangely awkward feeling of love for Pecola right before the rape—he looks at her and remembers Pauline as a young woman—and that feeling becomes so powerful that he rapes his own daughter. And, as mentioned above, there is shame, but also a complete lack of understanding of parental love.

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We Sing our Lies through Empty Sounds:

Hidden Voices in Gothic Music

VIVIEN LEANNE SAUNDERS

Overview

This essay has three objectives. First, I will identify and construct a working definition of non-lyrical, yet narrative songs which for the sake of clarity within this essay I shall term 'inarticulate' works.[1] Second, I will discuss how both inarticulate works and their analyses can be linked to features of the contemporary Gothic genre. Finally, I will explore this connection through a case study of *Five Years* by Sugar Hiccup. It is my argument that our investment in the hidden voice of the singing narrator in these inarticulate works can affect our reading of character, plot, emotion and truth. Our precarious relationship with these untrustworthy voices gives rise to the experiences of displacement and the uncanny which are symptomatic of the Gothic.

Inarticulate Vocal Music

If music descends from language, why are we so mute? (Jourdain 277)

The song *Five Years* by the contemporary Gothic rock band Sugar Hiccup (*Oracle* 1995) narrates a story of a man and his abandoned lover. The woman becomes convinced that he will never return to her, and ultimately surrenders to her grief. As the song develops, it describes the hope, desperate passion and, finally, the crushing loss that the woman feels. In less than three minutes of music, Sugar Hiccup effectively portray every one of the eponymous five years drifting past. This narrative is hardly exceptional; the story of the abandoned lover is so common it is almost a cliché. But *Five Years* sets itself apart from the norm by the unconventionality of its use of narrative devices. In those three minutes, exactly five words are uttered by the singer. The rest of the vocalisation consists of humming, fragmented sounds from the few coherent words, and, finally, screaming. The musical devices are just as restrained as the lyric, with little harmonic or melodic development throughout the performance. How, then, do Sugar Hiccup manage to tell us any story at all? How might we understand the nuances of this work, and – perhaps most importantly – how might this give us insight into how to approach *any* narrative constructed by deliberately subverting all of our expectations?

Human beings are capable of producing semantically coherent words. Removing these words but retaining the human voice, such as in *Five Years,* means that our attention is redirected. We have to consciously interpret the expressive features of the voice (whether these are performative choices or part of the notated/dictated work) in order to understand the narrative. This interpretation is not an unusual or even difficult process: humming, screaming, laughing and sobbing are all wordless sounds whose meaning we can interpret easily, if not

entirely accurately, and all are commonly employed in contemporary Gothic music, even as it transcends traditional genre definition.[2]

In musical analysis we might order the coherence of these kinds of wordless signifier as they move away from the literal use of speech sounds towards the metaphorical: from laughter, to scored uses of the morpheme /ha/, to lilting semitones forming a representative topic or expressive motif. Through connection, association or representation we can interpret sounds as communicative symbols. In this scenario, the need for interpretation does not necessarily interfere with our understanding of the narrative.

Of course, the more ambiguous these symbols become, the more we rely on some form of explicit explanation within the work. Mozart's Queen of the Night laughs maniacally through her virtuosic cadenzas, but we know that at any moment she will return to normal speech and tell us why (1791). Lucia sings nonsensical vowels because she is mad, but she kindly explains her delusions to us before the closing refrain (Donizetti). The Animals may begin their description of the *House of the Rising Sun* (1964) with a wordless scream of anguish, but it only takes four lines of verse for them to justify the outburst. In all three cases wordless extremes of emotion are justified by their juxtaposition to the words that surround them.

This association system, while functional, is not without its flaws. As Robert Jourdain points out:

> What constitutes a word in ordinary music? Is it an individual note? A grouping of notes? Speech sounds like… 'ah' have no meaning until combined into words, and then their meaning is very stable… A single D-flat can stand as an entire musical assertion in one context, yet in another it makes sense only as part of a musical figure. (276)

The musicologist Leonard B. Meyer argues the same event in structural terms:

> Since musical structures are architectonic, a particular sound stimulus which was considered to be a sound term or musical gesture on one architectonic level will… no longer function or be understood as a sound term in its own right. In other words, the sound stimulus which was formerly a sound term can also be viewed as a part of a larger structure in which it does not form independent probability relations with other sound terms. (1956 47)

Identical musical devices – even speech sounds - are thus capable of representing entirely different things within the same musical work in the space of a few bars, let alone when compared to larger intramusical systems or other musical works. We must not seek to find any empirical definition of a musical device, but rather to contextualise the meaning of the musical devices by their relation to the words and devices that surround them.

As Jourdain tells us, lyrical works (those 'combined into words') often provide us with a stable interpretation. Inarticulate music distinguishes itself from this practice. We are presented with a work that denies us this stability– whilst still teasing us with its potential to occur – and we encounter issues of meaning. These

issues would not occur in a wholly instrumental work, nor one possessing an empirical lyric or libretto. As much as we might describe the violin or the clarinet as possessing a 'voice', we do not delude ourselves that such instruments ever actually form concrete words. We listen to the clarinet with no expectation that it will ever form words, and as such we are able to make sense of the music without reference to vocal language. However, works which can be identified as 'inarticulate' (as listed in the footnote) are taken from traditions (that is, lyric music) that heavily rely on the word-music binary to form communicative sense.

Sugar Hiccup do not rely on the communicative traits of standardised language in *Five Years*. They provide us with no stability. They never explain to us what happened to their protagonists, nor do they outline any narrative beyond any emotional depiction the performer enacts. We cannot group the sonic properties of the piece into a stable meaning, as Jourdain would have us do, yet we equally cannot ignore the impact of the lyric, however inarticulate it may be. So how might we interpret what it communicates to us? Immanuel Kant describes music as something which:

> …speaks by means of pure sensations without concepts, and so does not, like poetry, leave something over for reflection, yet it moves the mind more variously and, though fleetingly, with more fervour; but it is certainly more enjoyment than culture (the neighbouring thought-play excited by its means is merely the effect of a sort of mechanical association). (339)

We can see in Kant's statement the skeleton of an argument which we might begin to use to address our inarticulate works. *Five Years* is undoubtedly emotional, utilising and expanding on the very trait that Kant claims music is devoted to. We could even argue that music is the most logical and effective media to project emotional narratives such as *Five Years* to an audience. Since (in Kant's definition) music is formally predisposed to appeal to the emotions, and text is not, removing the textual component of a song will bring its musical, emotionally evocative traits to the foreground, communicating them more efficiently than poetry or literary text. However, this does not explain the effect of the *deliberate* removal of coherent language from the work. It only asserts the effect of its absence, and is an argument we might as well apply to a purely instrumental work such as a piano concerto.

As the musicologist Lawrence Kramer points out, however, music does possess *some* properties which indicate that it can communicate something other than emotion: 'Kant's phrase 'leave something over for reflection,' … quietly points up the weakness in the formalist attitude. Where does this incitement to reflection come from when language is in question?' (1990 3) Like Kramer, I would like to argue that music does communicate. True, it cannot tell stories in the same manner as other narrative arts, but that hardly means it does not narrate. Rather, this suggests that it does so through the demands of its own language. Where a painting or a film can explicitly show, music must suggest. What we can describe in a novel, we must represent in a score.

In Onega and Landa's collection *Narratology*, narrative arts are described as any forms that convey and represent information to us in a temporal and causal way. I have no wish to argue that this is a finite definition of

the much-contested term, but rather that Onega and Landa provide us with the most appropriate perspective to take in this study. Crucially, this definition makes no demands for many of Kant's 'conceptual' elements, which might be considered vital in the analysis of a written or visual work: i.e. the nature of any characters or narrators, or descriptions of scene or landscape. This means that music can be classified as a narrative art, and that we can assume it is communicating a narrative through the system of its temporal and causal features, if not through any objective truth claims or concepts, as Kant suggests. Please note that this essay makes no claims towards the extensive discourses of musical meaning, metaphor, or semiotic systems, but is rather taking this perspective of musical communicativeness to allow us to focus on the specific dialectic in the text/music binary of inarticulate works.

So, by this definition, music possesses some communicative system. This might be emotional or more explicit. The text of a lyric has another distinct system, allowing for the construction of empirical claims and conceits. My argument is that, since it is deliberately placed between these two narrative systems, inarticulate music effectively subverts our expectations of both. Michael Jenne argued in *Music, Communication, Ideology,* that 'the occurrence of a communication system requires of the partners involved the mastery of the appropriate code system' (59). The emotional construction of music can be considered such a pattern. As Zentner tells us:

> Since emotions require an intentional object and music does not provide such objects, specific emotions cannot be felt in response to music. Psychologists and neuroscientists… have relied on… chiefly basic emotion theory, or the circumplex model of affect. Basic emotion theory posits that all emotions can be derived from a limited set of universal and innate basic emotions. (102)

To this end, once again we are denied any empirical comprehension of the musical meaning; we cannot portray 'specific' emotions, yet we can determine where in the subset of basic emotions our comprehension is supposed to lie. In some ways this determination might enhance the emotional impact of the work: the conventions of structural features (underlying patterns) and suprasegmental codes (surface level manipulations) are often identified as formative features of salient musical emotion (Scherer & Zentner; Juslin et al).

This emotional construction is the communicative convention in which inarticulate works become effective. In these works, once we are comfortable with one of the established systems - or, at the very least, complacent in our expectations of what the system *ought* to be – inarticulate works tear it away from us. We are not gradually presented with a secondary system, but instead left with the lingering anticipation that our familiar form might return, and that we can return to a more comfortable, passive engagement with the artwork.

Our analysis of inarticulate works should not defer to the unexplainable features of wordless refrains, but instead draw out the conflict between our existing expectations (suggested by either our predisposition or the work itself) and the deliberate (and conscious) withholding of meaningful words within the musical narrative. In this struggle between the expected and its subversions, we are forced to find meaning in the idiosyncratic, in the

strange, and in the uncanny. Simply put, in inarticulate works we are forced to engage consciously with *Gothic* devices, in order to comprehend the narrative at all.

The lack of empirical narrative information within a musical work becomes especially relevant when trying to define something which is as notoriously ambiguous as the Gothic: a field Pinker describes as victim of the 'inexplicable oddities of the arts' defined by 'words that are both period labels and terms of abuse' (Pinker 126). As Chris Baldick describes it, the Gothic plays with 'inherited confusions' derived from a 'common source'. It is no coincidence, either, that his criteria draw from words such as 'fearful' and 'sickening' – the Gothic is an evocative and impressive genre, much suited to the emotional traits of music (Baldick xi). Gothic theorist Fred Botting clarifies this, telling us that the genre typically 'evoke[s] excessive emotion' (Botting 4). This suggests that, in our Kantian understanding of it, music is the ideal media in which to discover the Gothic. The emotional traits of music may trounce the conceptual in a general narrative reading, but since emotion is a core component of the Gothic then this means that, if anything, the genre should be more explicit in music than in text.

To this end, if we remove the empirical narrative component from our categorisation, the general discussion of the Gothic as described by theorists such as Botting, Baldick and van Elferen draws from a list of (often conflicting) features. These suggest rather than define Gothic criteria. They can range from brash heavy metal timbres to the ethereal singing of disembodied infant voices. Due to the literature-based tradition of the genre, it remains that many of the features that Baldick describes are more fitting to the written text than to music. This is especially true of descriptive narrative sections. We cannot, for example, listen to the haunting sound of Edgar Holst's *Egdon Heath* and identify enough information in it to describe it as a ghost story. We cannot even claim that it is using any conventionally evocative tropes that we might find in an eerie story. There can be no characters, nor revelations of dark secrets or skeletons emerging from closets in a work describing nothing other than its own soundscape. However, the dark timbre of that work as the lower strings play against the upper wind, and the unsettled harmony throughout, give us a lack of closure and a sense of endless, haunted space that truly befits the ghostly countryside of Hardy's landscapes, for which the piece is named.

It is my suggestion that we combine our identification of Kantian affective emotional features with an examination of our responses to the anticipated norms and their subversions. Botting describes the Gothic as 'producing emotional effects on its readers rather than developing a rational or properly cultivated response' (Botting 4) by using 'transgression… as an interrogation of received rules or values' (Botting 8). If the inarticulate works do indeed create a conflict of interpretation then they will fit neatly into this description. The fact that inarticulate works deliberately subvert the standard rules of communication means that we can make the argument that bands such as Sugar Hiccup are intentionally evoking Gothic effects in their audience, and hence leading them to irrational conclusions. This perspective effectively provides us with a framework for discussing the Gothic genre as enacted in these works as an empirical conceit, rather than as an abstract idea.

From this discussion, therefore, we should take these main points: That music is a narrative art form, using an emotional (Kant), temporal and causal communicative system; that we have prerequisite knowledge of this system, and anticipate how it will develop; that inarticulate music subverts this anticipation, creating a distancing, uncanny effect; that inarticulate music's subversion can be directly linked to the Gothic.

***Five Years,* Cio-Cio-San and Other Liars**

Five Years (Sugar Hiccup *Oracle* 1995) presents us with an interesting challenge. The song, including its title, consists of exactly one sentence: 'Five years, but he will never be back.' This simple statement is then deliberately fragmented:

'(Five years).....mm.....oo.....uh.....eh.....ee.....but he(ee) will never be ba....aa....aa..'

The composition of the piece is deceptively simple. A ponderous bass guitar drifts between Fm and Cm. It is accompanied by a steel string guitar accenting the ends of phrases with Cm^9 chords. Singer Melody del Mundo enters after four bars by humming a melody in Cm. This is very simple, moving in intervals of thirds or by steps, and although it is ornamented in some phrases it never loses this simplicity. It becomes a sequence, repeated throughout the entire work and never becoming more harmonically complex (Figure 1).

Every time the melodic sequence increases in pitch, the singer's phoneme changes. The single line of lyric begins, 'but he will never be back'. However, the singer never articulates the final word; the final /a/ turns into a scream, falling back into the same melody as she rises through another octave. The song ends on a protracted shriek. This is the same melody we opened with, undergoing an alteration entirely to do with the physicality of the singer, mutating the segmental properties of the predictable work through suprasegmental development. Scherer and Zentner define this as the 'systematic configurational changes in sound sequences over time, such as intonation and amplitude contours in speech' (364). However, *Five Years* subverts the norm: there is nothing systematic about this development, as it is presented without any structural context besides its own growing mutation from closed-mouthed singing to open-mouthed screaming: a gentle, hopeful hum into a piercing shriek.

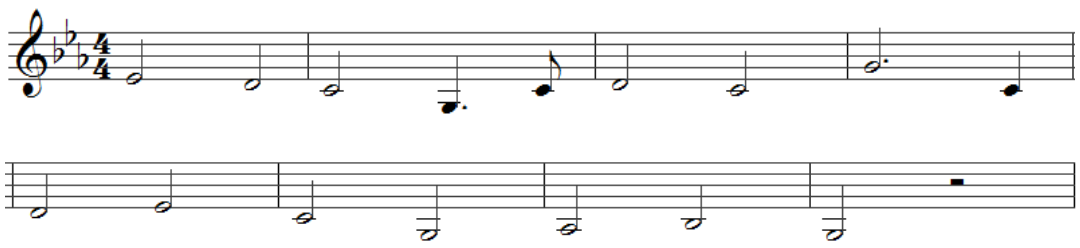

Figure 1: Basic Melodic Shape in Five Years (bb. 5 - 12) Transcription by VLS

The repetitive nature of the accompanying instruments brings the subtle nuances of Mundo's voice into sharp focus. We become keenly attuned to every hint of emotion and every flaw of articulation and tuning. A similar

effect can be found in the soundtrack from *Pan's Labyrinth:* the piece *Mercedes' Lullaby* (Navarette 2006) requires actress Maribel Verdü to hum a repetitive tune as part of a lush orchestral score. Unlike *Five Years,* the humming outlines a complete melody (with conventional structural divisions) and is not a catalyst for the development of the work. Instead, growing intensity is created by the expressive affectations of the orchestra, while the humming stays constant throughout.

The nuances of Verdü's singing are not dictated by the demands of the music, but mirror the film from which the track is taken: towards the end of the song, the actress begins to cry. Where Mundo's emotion is representative, Verdü's is very literal. In these last few bars the music draws from the filmic narrative, explicitly drawing us towards the diegesis and away from our intramusical comprehension. Verdü becomes Mercedes, grieving for a dying child. The effect is jarring. Having established the singer as a simple instrument within the ensemble, and not drawing her out as a vital determinant of the narrative, the sudden switch forces us to refocus and establish a new sense of order in our listening practice. As a piece of narrative music it is flawed, simply because of this moment. There is no justification, no closure or completion. Meaning is intentionally extramusical, and our recourse is clear: if we wish to understand the narrative, then we must watch the film.

We do not have this issue with Mundo; from the outset it is clear that her voice is the driving force of the work, and its organic growth is wholly predictable, if a little stylistically unconventional. In a very Kantian manner, *Five Years* revels in its extremes of emotion, but the effect is achieved intra-musically. This is not a unique trait for the piece, coming as it does from a long traditional of lyric music. However, it is my argument that Sugar Hiccup's use of this technique subverts the conventional form of emotional expression found in lyric music, as I will demonstrate by comparing it to the operatic aria 'Un bel di'. This comparison should illuminate some of the differences between an articulated narrative (in an operatic form) and an inarticulate equivalent.

Lawrence Kramer describes the point in this aria from Giacomo Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* (1904) where the singer, performing the role of Cio-Cio-San, becomes increasingly inarticulate, despite the lyrical line being 'initially unbroken… autonomous in its imaginary gratification' (1997 126). As he goes on to tell us, 'by the end of the aria, her lyricism has become hysterical… Her closing words… mean just the opposite of what they say; they project the anguish of a loss already suffered but not yet avowed, and this not only in the strident agitation of the orchestra, but also in the vocal stridency needed to make the words heard above that agitation' (Ibid.) Like Cio-Cio-San, Mundo becomes increasingly hysterical and strident, employing the full range of her voice, and as with the Puccini, this is not entirely done for symbolic effect, but also fits the technical demands of the score. It would be physically impossible for any singer to hum at the high pitch which the piece ends on, nor to scream at the deep rich level which the opening stanzas demand.

Fundamentally, both works are presenting us with the same basic story. Each singer refers to a man who has not returned for several years. However, while Cio-Cio-San insists that he will return and that her 'faith is unshakable,' Mundo declares the opposite. In many other respects the musical narratives, while not stylistically

similar, are analogous. This is true in terms of structure, initial lyricism, building hysteria, the directed focus on the performance of the soloist, the breakdown of textual coherence, and so on. How might this similarity fit in with our understanding of the overall narrative, given the polarised texts?

If Kramer is correct in claiming that Cio-Cio-San is contradicting herself, revealing to the listener her unspoken despair of her husband's return, then it follows that Mundo is presenting us with the opposite. If we believe her claim that 'he will never come back,' then her story is hardly compelling. It is the absent undercurrent of hope which fuels her story, giving richness to the narrative and demanding our empathy. Using an inversion of Puccini's technique, *Five Years* paints a story of such hopelessness that our only recourse is to project the missing voice into it: hope. Kramer glibly comments that his reading of 'Un bel di' is an automatic response to so much emotion: 'Sadism certainly demands this story. However compassionate it may feel, the audience occupies a sadistic position here' (1997 126). Similarly, we are encouraged to contradict the excessive emotion in *Five Years.* Compassion must overcome the agonies of Mundo's declamation, or the piece becomes genuinely uncomfortable to listen to. We move from sharing in a woman's story to celebrating her emotional torture with no recourse to any hope of closure or redemption. If we do not contradict the blatant narrative and instead take the song at face value, then we are left with nothing to engage us.

I previously mentioned that we have to deliberately refer to the Gothic devices in these works, in order to understand them. In this instance, we are left with a decidedly unreliable narrator, and our response to this unreliability is to refer directly to the nuances of the voice, and not the form or lyric. We do not trust Mundo, but through her untrustworthiness we are convinced that her story is compelling.

By arguing with our expectations and detaching ourselves from our implicit connection with the woman's voice, we can reconstruct the story with the kind of conclusions Baldick suggested were wholly Gothic: this is a story which leads us through time, giving us a sense of some hidden origin story at the outset of the work and leading us to an undisclosed, horrific conclusion by the finale. This is a work with no context or setting; removed from any sense of place or space, we are left drifting in an empty landscape. 'Gothic music always represents haunting,' as van Elferen tells us; *Five Years'* landscape is haunted by an invisible woman whose untrustworthy storydrags us irrisistably into her own journey (van Elferen 6). We must engage with this ghostly presence to find our path, and we must try to understand her story to find our bearings, but as the work closes we can understand nothing beside the fact that we are drawn irresistably towards the woman's screams.

Notes

1 The term 'inarticulate' is not an empirical term, but is rather used throughout this essay for the sake of clarifying the difference between the works under scrutiny and those whose vocal lines remain fully articulate within the music-lyric tradition of pop and rock music. It refers to works that suggest that a comprehensive lyric is being deliberately withheld from the audience. It is not intended to

reflect the performers' ability to communicate, but the deliberate construction and presentation of narrative within the work itself.

2 As a very sweeping overview of examples: in the pop/rock/metal genre we might find works such as *Bells* and *My Shadow* (Sugar Hiccup *Womb* 1998), *And She Sang* (Puppini Sisters *The Rise and Fall of Ruby Woo* 2007) or *Even in Death* (Evanescence *Origin* 2000) ; in film soundtracks we might consider *Suspiria* (Goblin) or *Mercedes Lullabye* (Navarette) ; in video game soundtracks we find *Room of Angel* (Yamaoka and McGlynn) or the *Dear Esther* soundtrack (Curry), and so on. This essay situates *Five Years* within the pop tradition of lyric-song, and within the (less rigorously defined) contemporary Gothic, as described by writers such as van Elferen (2012).

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Of Spectacle and Grandeur: The Musical Rhetoric of Private vs. Public Ceremony in Showtime's *The Borgias*

MARIA KINGSBURY AND STEPHEN KINGSBURY

Season One of the Showtime series *The Borgias* premiered on April 3, 2011. Created and written by Neil Jordan and starring Jeremy Irons, Francois Arnaud, Holliday Grainger, Joanne Whalley, Lotte Verbeek, and David Oakes, the series colourfully relates the story of the Italian dynasty of Spanish origin, which, through the ascension of Rodrigo Borgia (Irons) as Pope Alexander VI, rose to power in the late 15th century's Catholic Church. Through means of political machinations, as well as nefarious acts of simony, bribery, adultery, incest, rape, and murder, the Borgias become one of the most influential, as well as notorious, families of the age. In the process, they amass great power, wield vast influence, and become important patrons of the arts.

A significant feature of the pilot episode of the Showtime series lies in the visual techniques differentiating ceremonial public scenes from ritual in private spaces. The dichotomy between exterior and interior, however, is complicated by the musical selections underscoring the visual narrative. Strikingly, the pilot episode of *The Borgias* utilizes music from two very distinct sources. The first source is original music, composed specifically for the series by Trevor Morris.[1] As one might expect, Morris' score provides the backbone for the episode's soundtrack. However, at several key points music from other, historical, sources is employed.

In sum, four other works are used at five significant points in the narrative. These points are particularly noticeable, as the music is remarkably distinctive from that of Morris' score. Although Morris' music employs elements that suggest reference to the place and time in which *The Borgias* is set, it is distinctly contemporary in approach and affect. Conversely, the music that is drawn from other sources is distinctively historical in nature, serving to create a different and distinct rhetorical referentiality. The use of this historical music takes on specific import because the scenes in which it is used are transitional and highlight the tension between public and private space as well as public and private knowledge, and ultimately prove to be an ethos-driven appeal to the viewer's interpretation of the narrative.

Although Morris' score and the manner in which it is used in the pilot is a subject that is worthy of study, this paper will focus instead on the historical music, particularly as it relates to the dichotomy between public and private ceremony. While both public and private spaces are utilized for ritual-spectacle, the difference in the music that is employed delineates the nature of each space. This paper examines the dialectic created by these differences, particularly through the use of irony and anachronism, in order to determine the rhetorical message presented by the series' writers and producers regarding the nature of private ceremony and public spectacle.

Further, the implications of this rhetorical message are examined as it pertains to the emergence of new media forms within contemporary popular culture.

As mentioned, the pilot episode of *The Borgias* employs four pieces that were not composed by Morris, used over the course of five distinct scenes (Figure 1). Of these, the use of Handel's *Zadok the Priest* is particularly striking. This piece is used quite prominently and is extremely easy to identify. The other historical works, at least upon first viewing, seemed of a period with the setting of the show, whereas the Handel, distinctively Baroque in style, even to a non-expert in music history, clearly did not. While television audiences regularly accept anachronistic modern scores in historical dramas, the use of the Handel score, with its use of orchestral strings, strident brass fanfare figures and choral parts presented in clearly enunciated English, suggests that the television show's producers have a more nuanced intention than simply including mood music; the Handel piece is greatly out of context—but only to an astute viewer. Such a realization calls into question the nature of the other works that are employed. A close reading of the episode yields that none of the music employed is from the same time period as the setting of the narrative. In addition to the Handel, the producers chose to employ two works by Carlo Gesualdo, and one example of plainchant. Why are these pieces, which may sound to casual viewers in keeping with the 15th century Italian setting, employed as opposed to Trevor Morris's original score? Or, if the creators' intent is to startle the viewer into allowing the music to become a greater dramatic presence, why select pieces that are relatively obscure?

	A	B	C	D	E	F
1	Start Time	End Time	Piece Title	Composer	Amount of piece used	Narrative Context
2	2:07	4:28	O Vos Omnes	Gesualdo, Carlo	measure 23 (m1-14 repeats)	Innocent VIII on his deathbed
3	22.47	23.56	Jerusalem, surge	Gesualdo, Carlo	Beginning through measure 25	Rodrigo addresses the crowd in St. Peter's Square for the first time as Pope
4	29.18	31.15	Zadok the Priest	Handel, G.F.	Measure 11-measure 60	The procession to St. Peter's for the corronation
5	31:16	33:20	Jerusalem, surge	Gesualdo, Carlo	Beginning through m35	The corronation of Rodrigo as Pope Alexander VI
6	33.27	34.37	Requiem	Plainchant	N/A	Cesare and Lucrecia talk about the future at Alexander's coronation

Figure 1- 'Historical' Music Employed in Episode 1

In order to answer these questions, and to offer potential insights into the incorporation of anachronistic music into the broader array of period television shows that are presently proliferating on network and cable, we undertake an investigation of the 'historical' musical works incorporated into the first episode of *The Borgias.* Combining an historical musical analysis with rhetorical analysis of the placement of those pieces within the narrative structure indicates that viewers may be afforded valuable thematic and dramatic insights into the melodramatic spectacle of the Borgia dynasty.

These four pieces, with their rich and storied history and contexts outside the realm of *The Borgias,* simultaneously indicate the dramatic importance of the scenes and suggest complicated historical and dramatic truths concealed beneath the surface appearance of the characters and events. It is only when viewers employ their own knowledge of the musical context, moving beyond unstudied consumption of seemingly authentic

musical selections, can the episode's (and, arguably, the series') themes be thoroughly explored. Strangely, then, but in keeping with the series' ongoing subtext of subterfuge and concealment, the musical anachronisms provide timely and relevant insights into *The Borgias'* narrative.

The Historical Music

Carlo Gesualdo (1566-1613) was a prince of the Italian city of Venosa; he was extremely wealthy and very well connected with both the church and the aristocracy. As a composer, Gesualdo is best known for his madrigals, but even his fame stemming from these stunning works pales in comparison to the infamy created by his life story, a decline which ultimately bears upon the selection of his work for this particular episode of *The Borgias*. He is most notorious for having brutally killed his first wife, his cousin Maria d'Avalos, and her lover, the Duke of Andria, on October 16 1590 when he found them *in flagrante delicto di fragrante peccato.* Because of his princely status, no legal action could be taken against him; however, Gesualdo remained the potential victim of revenge plots carried out by his victims' families. In order to avoid such plots, Gesualdo withdrew to his estates in the town of Gesualdo, where he resided until his death in 1613. During this time, he made several trips to Ferrara, where he was greatly inspired by the famed musical establishment maintained by the D'Este family. He deepened this connection to Ferrara when he married Leonora d'Este, a niece of the Duke of Ferrara, Alfonso II, d'Este.[2] Towards the end of his life, Gesualdo's physical and mental health deteriorated drastically. He was extremely masochistic, and suffered from violent asthma. His only surviving son with Leonora died at the age of five. Additionally, he was abusive towards Leonora, who was apparently carrying on an affair with a Cardinal.

As a composer, Gesualdo's music is 'mannerist' in approach, although it is unique in aesthetic. It simultaneously exhibits both conservative and *avant garde* traits. It is conservative in that it does not look forward to the structures and techniques of the Baroque period and *avant garde* in that Gesualdo often abandons the established conventions of composition in order to create music that underscores the extreme emotion within the texts being set.

Both of the works by Gesualdo heard within the pilot episode date from the period of declining health at the end of his life where this emotional drive finds its most profound and dramatic expression. Both are settings of texts from the Tenebrae Responsories for Holy Saturday that were published in 1611 in Gesualdo's *Responsoria et alia ad Officium Hebdomadae Sanctae spectantia. Tenebrae,* meaning *darkness* or *shadows*, is a Christian service held during Holy Week on the evening before or in the early morning hours of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday, respectively. In the Catholic tradition, these services take place during the canonical hours of Matins and Lauds (held at midnight and three o'clock in the morning, respectively). The service features a series of readings as well as the recitation or chanting of psalms. Additionally, over the course of the service, candles are gradually extinguished, eventually leaving the celebrants in total darkness. These services take on a particular poignancy on Holy Saturday, as this service commemorates the time between the death of Jesus on the cross on Good Friday and his resurrection on Easter Sunday.

The first of Gesualdo's works to appear in the pilot is his six-voiced motet *O Vos Omnes* (Figure 2). This work is Gesualdo's second setting of that text, which is the fifth Responsory from the Holy Saturday Tenebrae Service.[3] The text, which depicts the prophet Jeremias' lament over the fall of Jerusalem and the ensuing Babylonian Captivity, is based on Lamentations of Jeremiah 1:12. It reads as follows;

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,	O all you who pass along this way,
attendite et videte:	behold and see
Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.	if there is any sorrow like my sorrow.
Attendite, universi populi,	Behold, all you peoples of the world
et videte dolorem meum.	and behold my sorrow.
Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.	if there is any sorrow like my sorrow. (Jeffers 182)

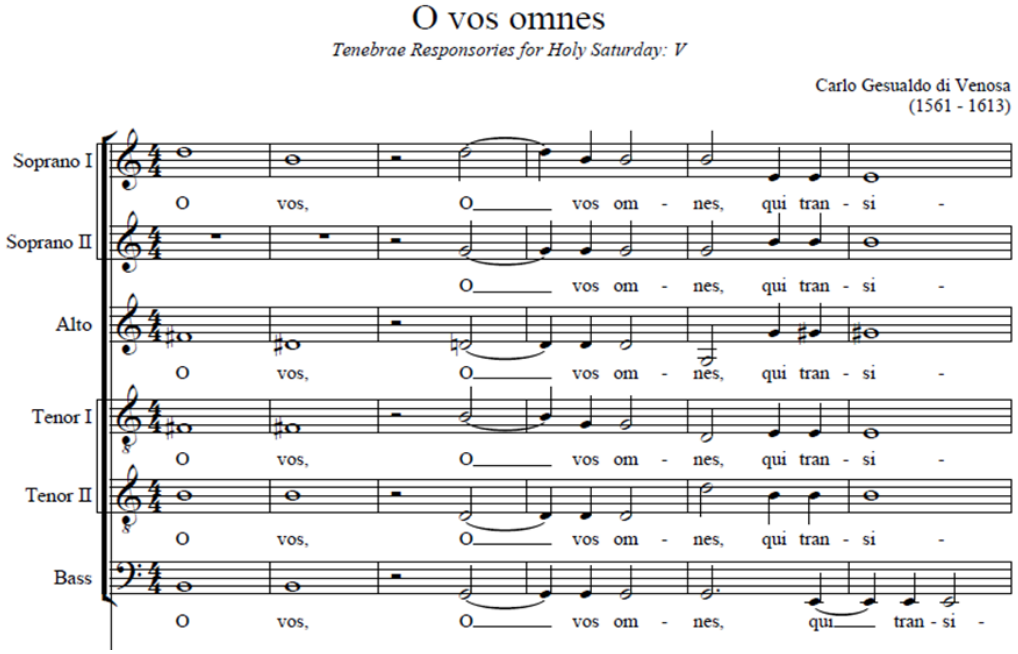

Figure 2- O Vos Omnes, by Carlo Gesualdo

Like *O Vos Omnes,* Gesualdo's *Jerusalem, surge* (Figure 3) was composed for six voices (SSATTB). The text of *Jerusalem, surge* serves as the second Responsory of the Tenebrae Responsories for Holy Saturday. Here, Jerusalem is admonished to mourn the death of Christ. The text is based on Jonah 3:6 and Lamentations of Jeremiah 2:18 and reads as follows;

Jerusalem, surge, et exue te vestibus	Arise, O Jerusalem, and put off your garments of
jucunditatis; induere te cinere et cilicio:	rejoicing; cover yourself with sack-cloth and ashes:
quia in te occisus est Salvator Israel.	for the Saviour of Israel has been slain in your midst.
Deduc quasi torrenem lacrimas	Let your tears run down like a river,
per diem et noctem,	day and night,
et non taceat pupilla oculi tui.	and let not the apple of your eye cease.

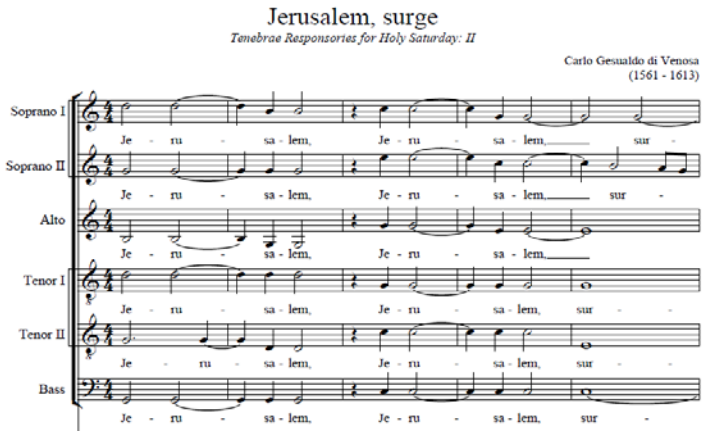

Figure 3- Jerusalem, surge by Carlo Gesualdo

George Frederic Handel (1685-1759) stands as one of the most significant composers of the Baroque period. His anthem *Zadok the Priest* was written for the coronation of England's King George II. King George I died on June 11, 1727. Four days later, his successor was proclaimed King George II. Preparations were immediately underway for the coronation of the new king and his consort, Queen Caroline. Under normal circumstances, the music for the ceremony would have been entrusted to the Organist and Composer of the Chapel Royal, who was at that time William Croft. However, Croft himself died soon after the King. Four days after Croft's passing, the Bishop of Salisbury recommended Maurice Greene as Croft's successor, but it soon became clear that Greene would not be asked to provide the music for the coronation. Instead, on personal appointment from the King, George Frederic Handel was commissioned to compose the anthems. Contemporaneously, Handel held the appointment of Composer of the Chapel Royal, having been named to the post by George I in 1723. There is some evidence to suggest some ill feelings between Handel and Greene as a result of this set of circumstances. Greene may have felt slighted by the King's insistence on having Handel compose the music, and Handel may have coveted Greene's position. However, tradition held him ineligible for this position, as it was reserved specifically for a native Englishman, and although Handel spent much of his career working in Britain, he was a native German by birth.

All told, Handel composed four anthems for the coronation service; *Zadok the Priest, Let thy Hand be Strengthened, My Heart is Inditing,* and *The King Shall Rejoice.* He chose his texts for each anthem from the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, and, in the case of *Zadok...* and *Let thy Hand...,* from the texts of the 1685 coronation, which had recently been reprinted.

Despite some confusion at the coronation ceremony in regards to the logistics of their performance, the anthems became an immediate popular success.[4] In each anthem, Handel's background as an opera composer served him well. He seems to demonstrate a comprehension of the dramatic needs of the moment. His complete understanding of the nature of the human voice, as well as the immense artistry with which he constructed his melodic lines, makes for a set of works that are uniquely suited to the goal for which they were conceived.

However, they are not representative of the composer at his most profound; they simply do not possess the more subtle characteristics of the operas or the oratorios. Instead, they are perfectly suited to their purpose; highly ceremonial music designed to match the grandeur of the coronation ceremony as well as the opulence of Westminster Abby, the space in which they were performed.

Zadok the Priest (Figure 4) is the shortest of the four anthems that Handel composed. Written for seven-part chorus and orchestra, the work is divided into three structural segments; an opening fanfare, a triple-time dance, and a joyous 'alleluia.' Used at the anointing portion of the ceremony, *Zadok* has been performed at every British coronation since it was first composed. The text is drawn from I Kings I, King James Version and depicts the anointing of King Solomon:

> Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon King.
> And all the people rejoic'd and said:
> God save the King! Long live the King! May the King live for ever, Allelujah, Amen. (I Kings I 39 and 40)

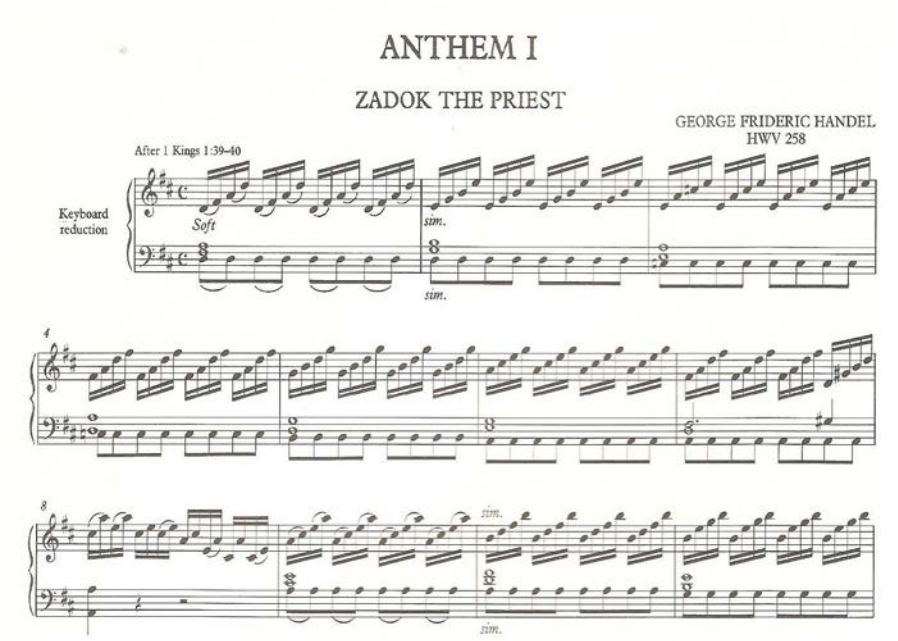

Figure 4- Zadok the Priest by George Frederic Handel

The last piece of historical music employed by the producers is the plainchant, *Requiem aeternam* (Figure 5). Plainchant is a body of monophonic song used in the liturgies of the Catholic Church. [5] Although the main body of western chant is also referred to as Gregorian Chant, after Pope Gregory I who lived in the sixth century A.D. when the music was popularized, the majority of the plainchant repertoire actually evolved over the course of the Middle Ages, from the 3rd century onward. The *Requiem aeternam* chant is the introit for the second Roman Catholic mass for the dead: Mass on the day of the Death or on the day of Burial.[6] The text, which comes from the apocryphal book IV Esdras, sometimes referred to as '*The Apocalypse of Esdras'* is a prayer for peace for the deceased (Liber Usualis 1807).[7] It reads as follows;

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine:	Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.	And let perpetual light shine upon them.
Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion,	A hymn befits thee, O God in Zion.
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem:	and to thee a vow shall be fulfilled in Jerusalem.
exaudi orationem meam,	Hear my prayer,
ad te omnis caro veniet.	for unto thee all flesh shall come.
Requiem.	Rest. (Jeffers 64)

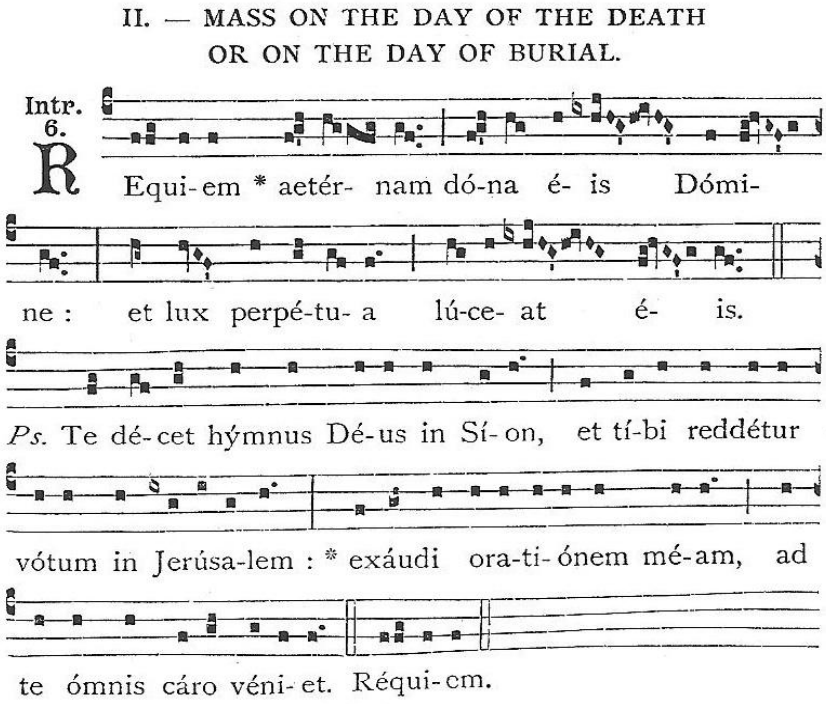

Figure 5- Requiem Plainchant

Rhetorical Intent- Anachronism and Muffled Meaning

Anachronism, used as a dramatic device, is not a recent phenomenon. Aristotle identified what is widely believed to be anachronism in his *Poetics* as 'an instance of improbability,' especially as it occurs in dramatic productions. For the purposes of the rhetorical exploration of anachronism in this article, we will be defining the term as Merriam Webster does: 'an error in chronology, especially a chronological misplacing of persons, events, objects or customs in regard to each other.' Significantly, Aristotle does not disparage anachronism's use, and anachronism as a rhetorical device appears throughout Greek drama, presumably accepted by contemporary Greek audiences and playwrights well aware of the reality of the historical situation being dramatized. In fact, anachronism frequently serves as an indicator of the drama's heroic setting; situating narrative components 'out of time' encourages an audience to ascribe special significance to the scene. Anachronism, like all rhetorical figures, works best when it contributes to, not detracts from, the successful conveyance of an idea.

Aeschylus in *The Persians* constructs a democracy for the city of Argos, a distant, heroic realm. Democracy was unique to the Athenian state in which the play was performed, and its audience would certainly have recognized it as such: an imposition of contemporary events and culture onto a dramatic rendering of documented past events. By engaging this anachronism, Aeschylus simultaneously validates the fledgling democratic political structure and imparts upon Argos a laudable similarity to Athens.

Famously, too, many Greek dramatists depict their illiterate heroes of ages past sending and interpreting messages in a written form, which the emerging literacy of the ancient Greek audience would have understood as a detail conflicting with the actual circumstances of the setting. P.E. Easterling, in a 1985 article written for *The Journal of Hellenic Studies*, concludes that 'it is part of the imaginative design by which... [a text] is made to seem heroic and homogenous while at the same time reflecting the present-day concerns of contemporary Athenians' (Easterling 1). In other words, anachronism was not, in ancient Greece, actually at odds with the structure, purpose, and reception of theatrical events. Instead, it is deliberately employed to enhance the performance's themes.

Anachronism continues in all manner of dramatic forms, from Shakespeare's inclusion of a chiming clock in *Julius Caesar* to Queen's *We Will Rock You* opening the 15th century setting of the 2001 Heath Ledger film *A Knight's Tale.* These anachronistic elements can (and do) elicit accusations of sloppy writing or inattention to detail, but theorists beginning with Aristotle will point out that dramatic historical productions are intended for an audience living in the author's present. To best convey their message, then, authors must necessarily speak the language of their audience, giving that audience elements that it can recognize and grasp onto—or recognize as out of place.

Twenty-first century television relies equally on the visual and aural faculties of its viewers, who also have at their disposal, as audiences in past decades did not, a multitude of ways of determining the veracity of the representation of a given time or person. Television transmits layers of meaning and multiple messages not only in the narrative content, but through features such as the airing time and the broadcast station framing the program. Neglecting to interrogate artistic and logistical choices flattens what might otherwise be a richly textured and nuanced audience experience; by treating disruptions in viewing expectations as impositions that detract from a program's integrity, audiences potentially silence voices and repress narratives or themes beneath the surface of the television spectacle, in essence muffling the complexity of the situation portrayed.

Of course, there are instances in which anachronistic features of a television show are inadvertent and cannot be considered to lend meaningful layers to a given program—except to reinforce that fallible human beings are guiding the creation of the show. Consider, for instance, the 'Goofs' section found for entries on the online Internet Movie Database (IMDB.com). This site, relying on content contributed by viewers, solicits and displays under the heading 'Goofs' 'Anachronisms' and 'Factual Errors' (the line between the two is unclear). For the first episode of *The Borgias,* the anachronistic 'Zadok the Priest' is addressed — but so is the presence of

Cesare's (François Arnaud) Capuchin monkey, the colour of Rodrigo's (Jeremy Irons) garments, the colour of the 'holy smoke,' and the kissing of the papal ring as the deceased pontiff lies in state. However, no commentary appears about why these anachronisms, none of which undermine the intent or themes of the narrative, might have intentionally been included.

As we have argued, anachronism historically has not been perceived as a rhetorical flaw or fallacy. Rather, employing the audience's logos — their pre-existing knowledge of the setting of the drama -- and what does not belong in that setting -- acknowledges the role of the viewer in co-creating the experience alongside the writers, production team, and actors, and encourages viewers to explore multiple layers of meaning. Most television and movie music appeals to the pathos of the narrative, contributing to the viewers' feelings toward the characters and events. The use of anachronism, because it primarily produces a sense of surprise and disturbance in the viewer, can serve as a knowing wink, a shake to wake up the viewer, or a commentary on the unfolding events. However, it is up to the viewer to speculate as to *why* the anachronistic choice was made to fully comprehend its implications.

Contemporary television consumers have a craving for 'authentic' programming. In an article in *The Journal of Consumer Research,* Randall Rose and Stacy Wood explore the experience and motivation of television viewers watching reality television. 'Authentic' things, according to Grayson and Schulman, 'have a factual, spatial connection with the special events and people they represent' (Grayson and Schulman 17). After investigating the perceptions and reflections of a multitude of reality TV consumers, Rose and Wood conclude that, counter to appearances, writers and producers are not the sole creators of a program's authenticity, but that 'we accept as authentic the fantasy that we co-produce' (Rose and Wood 296). However, when a writer interjects an element at odds with the perceived 'authenticity' of the television programming, a richer viewing experience can be achieved by grappling with the meaning behind that choice than by abruptly dismissing it as 'inauthentic' and disruptive.

Consider, for instance, the notoriously detail-oriented Matthew Weiner's *Mad Men.* In an article published in June 2012 in *The Atlantic,* Charlie Wells examines Weiner's use of a historically inaccurate Burt Bacharach song in the premier of the show's fifth season. Wells admits that Weiner tends to be slavish in his approach to the show's historical setting, but that he does occasionally deviate from that approach. When Weiner does, the song choices are revelatory, should the audience choose to accept the music as just as 'authentic' as any of the other set pieces bolstering the narrative's verisimilitude. After all, this *is* television; audiences are tuning in to experience a deliberately crafted fiction.

The anachronisms in *The Borgias* are the responsibility of both writer and audience: a moderately well-educated viewer finds jarring *Zadok the Priest'*s Baroque and English incursion into Renaissance Italy, but it is only when the viewers interrogate superficially 'authentic' elements of the dramatic production that the possible implications of the intrusive anachronism become clear. The accessibility of these 'muffled' messages is indicated in the pilot by the set location of the music; the subtlest anachronisms occur in closed spaces dense with symbolic

ritual performed by the select few. However, comprehending the messages embedded in the anachronistic musical texts reveals to an astute viewer other messages obscured beneath shiny, tightly controlled surface appearances.

Understanding the context of the majority of these musical compositions, especially the Gesualdo and the plainchant, is itself a demanding endeavour, necessitating not only a background in music history and political history, but also a facility for understanding Latin. Because of the peculiar difficulty in identifying both the anachronistic qualities and the original meaning of the historical music in *The Borgias*, an additional layer of rigor is forced upon the curious audience, and their logos is deeply engaged.

O Vos Omnes, the careful viewer may conclude, is an appropriate anachronistic choice on a number of levels. The work is used to set a scene wherein Pope Innocent VIII is on his deathbed. Its derivation from the Holy Saturday service reflects the interspace, the period of waiting in between dramatic events: in the music's case, the space between is the death of Christ and his resurrection, and in *The Borgias,* it constitutes the passage of power from one pope to the next-- but it also suggests a growing darkness, given the extinguishing candles implied in the work's liturgical setting, at odds with the purifying hope for the Roman Catholic Church verbally promised in the same scene by Rodrigo Borgia. Subtler implications of the scene are further revealed as the piece's text is examined alongside its original context. As mentioned, Jeremiah, in this piece, mourns Jerusalem's fall and inevitable captivity, and even though his words, 'behold my sorrow,' could be applied to the emotions of the mourners around the bed of the dying pope, a more apt interpretation suggests that Rome herself is about to go the way of Jerusalem, falling and becoming subject to outside forces - not Babylonians in this case, but, rather, a Spaniard.

O Vos Omnes occurs during a scene that is private and guarded: the bedchamber of a dying pope. Certainly not many are permitted into a pope's bedroom under ordinary circumstances, but when the pontiff is so near his audience with God, the space becomes increasingly privileged. The figures surrounding Pope Innocent VIII are, then, highly favoured cardinals; Rodrigo Borgia is among them. The knowledge held by these figures about the sacred mysteries of the Church and the personal and political machinations underlying her functioning is of the most private sort. These men are the few who could rationally anticipate and subvert the corrupt pontifical regime of the Borgia family. An audience member of the show, too, in order to fully appreciate the gravity of the situation, to grasp the meaning in the exchange of power, must have privileged, personal knowledge of Church history and tradition and the Borgia reputation. The necessity of this knowledge is emphasized, with a nod, in the anachronistic musical choice. Notably, the viewer must work very hard in order to hear the music underlying the dialogue. This obscurity forces the viewers to experience first-hand the closed, tightly guarded nature of the knowledge held by this space. It also bears mention that the piece is obscure even for many musicians: the composer is much better known for his madrigals than for his sacred compositions.

Jerusalem, surge, is again a Holy Saturday piece, and it occurs twice in *The Borgias,* both in semi-public/semi-private settings. The first instance is Rodrigo Borgia's first public address to Rome as pope-elect and the second instance is Rodrigo's official coronation as Pope Alexander VI. Both of these scenes feature physical movement between interior and exterior space. The text of the anachronistic piece reflects partial, partly interior and insightful and partly superficial and ignorant, understanding of the complex narrative situation at hand. When the piece first commences, Borgia is dressed in the garments of a pope privately within the bowels of the Vatican, transforming him visually, at least, from a cunning, power-starved, foreign cardinal to a glorious, holy pontiff. *Jerusalem, surge* continues with his passage along a hallway, until he eventually stands at a balcony and addresses the worshipful throng below. Borgia is presenting his new public face for the first time.

Contrastingly, the second instance of *Jerusalem, surge* occurs as Rodrigo Borgia passes from his outdoor procession into the Cathedral. This physical movement will legitimize, making spiritually and materially real, Borgia's public face, no matter how false it might be. Borgia certainly looks authentic, performing all of the correct movements, receiving the papal tiara, and humbly accepting the blessing of the church. In the eyes of the throng, and, by proxy, of the television audience, Borgia is legitimately pope and his actions ought not be further scrutinized. Of course, the twenty-first century television consumers have the benefit of hindsight—and the salacious Showtime previews of the program— but even if they have no understanding of the future of the Borgia dynasty, the anachronistic score that accompanies these scenes makes a clear comment on the complicated truth behind the appearances.

The music's text does not reflect a personal sorrow, as does *O Vos Omnes*, but instead the potential sorrow of an entire city since it implores, 'Arise, O Jerusalem, put off your garments of rejoicing; cover yourself with sack-cloth and ashes... Let your tears run like a river day and night.' The implications of this choice are fascinating: to the uninformed viewer, and the uninformed 15th century Roman, the ascension of Borgia to the papacy is entirely fitting, just as the music is. However, when the public, or the viewer, acquires the knowledge of what the text is actually saying, the scenes take on an ominous cast. The writers conflate Rome with Jerusalem, a deliberate and arguably ironic choice given the charged history between the two cities, while simultaneously making a commentary about a beautiful appearance masking a distorted, dangerous reality. The text's mention of 'sack-cloth' reinforces the deceptiveness of Borgia's papal garments and the grand visual spectacle of the processions and rituals that the pilot episode depicts.

Understanding the sensational history of Carlo Gesualdo further presages the fate of the Roman Catholic Church under Borgia leadership. Gesualdo's similar descent into a vortex of revenge, intrigue, and murder and the peaceful, holy music he creates seem as diametrically opposed as Rodrigo's black spirit to his white papal garments. In addition, Gesualdo's family held strong sympathy for the French and antipathy for the Spanish, adding yet another layer of irony to his compositions' use in the program (Bianconi 776).

Zadok the Priest is, of course, the most anachronistic of the pieces in the program, and the blatancy of its placement indicates for the audience the weight and complexity of the scene. Handel's work occurs as Rodrigo, as much a Spaniard to Rome as the German George II was to Great Britain, is processing down the streets of Rome to St. Peter's Cathedral on the way to his coronation. The anthem begins to play under a character's spoken inventory of the material wealth necessary to produce the spectacle of the procession, and it continues playing in the background as Rodrigo's mistress and mother of his children, Vanozza, and his son, Cesare, borne in a brocaded carriage, converse. Cesare observes, 'You look beautiful, Mother, but you must try to remember that you're not in mourning.' His mother replies, cryptically, and in keeping with the musical texts of *Jerusalem, surge* and *O Vos Omnes*, 'But perhaps I am.' Cesare clarifies, 'You're mourning your family, the life that you've lived.' 'But what are we gaining?' Vanozza asks. Cesare responds, hesitantly and sceptically, 'The future.' The camera then cuts to Rodrigo Borgia looking grand and almost otherworldly, elevated high on a carriage, as the crowd on the street must have seen him, as uncorrupted and above the clamour of material concerns and reality. Significantly, following the perspective from the ground level, television viewers are afforded a glimpse of the crowd scene from Borgia's own perspective as the singers of *Zadok the Priest* command, 'Rejoice.' The use of the 'rejoice' is ironic as well, since, of course, Rome has every reason not to rejoice in a corrupt, rapacious, and murderous Holy Father.

The use of this particular, startlingly anachronistic piece can be interpreted a number of ways, but an interesting approach is its traditional association with the ascension of secular British monarchs. According to the precepts of the Church of England, since the time of Henry VIII, the head of the country is also the head of the Church of England, but this only became so after the Reformation, when Henry, and Great Britain along with him, rejected the supremacy of the Vatican and the Pope. Critics of the Roman Catholic Church cited, in keeping with the Renaissance humanist spirit, the corruption of the Church and its essential wrongness of its insistence that God can only be reached with the facilitation of a priest. Therefore, its use in a scene conveying the crowning of a pope is ironic and complicates the apparent primacy of the Holy See.

The text, in another meaningful layer, references the crowning of Solomon of the Old Testament, the son of David and Bathsheba, renowned for his wisdom and hailed as a prophet. The parallels between Solomon and Rodrigo are rife: both inherit a mighty throne and both are notably intelligent and shrewd. However, Solomon's eventual decline into idolatry and blasphemy is not yet evident in the statuesque, stylized image of Borgia, but listening to the music, digging beneath the surface of the anachronism, foreshadows Borgia's sinful future, as well as his place in the stories and legends of the age.

The final historical work, the plainchant, occurs when Rodrigo Borgia has been given the papal tiara. Two of his children, Cesare and Lucrezia, speak about the changes in their identity that must inevitably occur as a result of their father's coronation. What should be a moment of rejoicing in the new status is instead accompanied by a requiem chant, exhorting God to grant rest to the presumed dead. The ominous nature of an ostensibly restorative occasion, as Borgia vowed to give new life to the Catholic Church, is, through the music, not

only implied but flatly stated. The Borgias would go on, both in history and on cable, to poison, murder, fornicate, and scheme through their lives, leaving a long trail of corruption and death behind.

Interestingly, some of the pieces are not only heard in the scenes, but their performances are witnessed by the viewer, further emphasizing the Roman public's unspoken or obscured knowing acceptance of the Borgia papacy's corruption; the mood of the pieces seem appropriate and the performances earnest, but the underlying message is at odds with the surface appearance. For instance, as *Jerusalem, surge* is heard as Borgia is being crowned, the camera captures a choir singing, and during the grand procession, trumpets are raised to correspond with the fanfare in *Zadok the Priest.*

The historical music on *The Borgias,* this small study suggests, is inherently palatable and fitting, until a viewer digs beneath the surface, examining the context from which the elements, including the music, making up a dramatic spectacle emerge. Additional, significant layers of meaning can be discerned through personal, individual engagement, investigation, and acquisition of knowledge. Anachronisms in *The Borgias* subtly but strongly make the case for questioning the palatable surface of spectacle, be that spectacle the ascension of a new pope or the historical music of an expensive cable television drama.

We occupy a moment when complex communicative surfaces abound-- the internet, through social media, television, film, magazines, and online publications, to name a few-- but so does the opportunity to peer past appearances and understand the meaning of the objects and people that make up what entertains us. Engaging our logos, alongside our pathos and ethos, as the construction of *The Borgias* demonstrates, yields a far more interesting, rich, and compelling experience than simply accepting as truth the face of what we are given.

Notes

1 Morris came to the project with a well-established resume, having had a great deal of experience and success as a soundtrack composer for period dramas. Prior to his work on *The Borgias*, Morris worked on programs such as *The Tudors*. His music for *The Pillars of the Earth* earned him an Emmy for 'Outstanding Music Composition for a Miniseries, Movie or A Special (Original Dramatic Score)'. His music for *The Borgias* has proved to be equally successful, earning him a fourth Emmy Award nomination, this time for 'Outstanding Original Main Title Theme Music'.

2 Alfonso II was the grandson of Rodrigo Borgias' daughter Lucrecia by her third husband, Alfonso I

3 This setting for six voices (SSATTB) was predated by another that was scored for five voices (SATTB), published in 1603.

4 Five the ten boy sopranos in the chorus had recently been dismissed due to their voices changing. For that reason, the canto parts may have been supplemented by some Italian sopranos from Handel's opera company. Further compounding the issue was the performers' disbursement on two specially erected galleries, designed to increase space for the larger-than-usual number of

performers as well as guests. The sight-lines between these two galleries were interrupted by the altar. Performers who were unable to see may also have been further confused by two, alternate orders of service that had been circulated.

5 Consisting of a single melody line without harmony.

6 Information on the Roman Catholic liturgical calendar can be found in *The Liber Usualis* with Introduction and Rubrics in English. *The Benedictines of Solesmes*, eds. Tournai, Belgium: Desclee & Co., 1952. Print.

7 Esdras was a Jewish 'Second Moses' who is credited with the organization of the synagogues as well as with contributing to the determination of which books would become Jewish canon. However, IV Esdras considered to have been written by two anonymous Jewish writers working in the first and third centuries, respectively. (Ron Jeffers. *Translations and Annotations of Choral Repertoire, Volume 1: Sacred Latin Texts*. 1988: Corvalis, OR, Earthsongs., 64.)

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Ridley's Key:

The Forgotten Influence of Joseph Losey in *Blade Runner*

VINCENT JOSEPH NOTO

Not long ago two seemingly unrelated items in film news garnered a good deal of media attention: success and popularity of the film *Sarah's Key* (2010)[1] and Alcon Entertainment's announcement that Ridley Scott will do a prequel or sequel to *Blade Runner* (1982).

Sarah's Key

As for the first of these items, the success of *Sarah's Key* made painfully clear the public's forgetfulness, not only of Holocaust history, but also film history. *Sarah's Key* reveals a subtle conspiracy, especially among the French, to bury or tacitly agree to ignore the unpleasant memory of France's complicity—albeit under great duress—in *La Rafle du Vel d'Hiv.*[2] The grisly, if somewhat heavy-handedly melodramatic, metaphor of the brother locked away, but inescapably not forgotten on a psychological level, represents well the horrors of suppressed memory on the national, perhaps international, conscience. Though in the end *Sarah's Key* won no Academy Awards, the film's popularity and commercial success brought excitement and praise, but many had to remind the general public that this dark event in French history had been addressed on film before, namely through Joseph Losey's *Monsieur Klein* of 1976.[3]

Losey's *Monsieur Klein* met with much criticism in its day but nonetheless managed a Cannes Film nomination in 1976. Its reputation has been improved in some critical circles, much as the majority of Losey's artistic output has been rehabilitated. For example, *The Guardian's* David Thomson extolled Losey's merits as director and urged that we remember him on what would have been his 100th birthday in June of 2009 (Thomson). In that article Thomson praised a trove of Losey's films, including *Monsieur Klein*. Thomson wrote that 'In Britain, [Losey's work]… now stands at the head of lines of work by John Schlesinger, Lindsay Anderson, John Boorman, Stephen Frears and so on.'

Despite a continued interest in Losey's films in the UK and within academic circles, Losey's films enjoy a nominal following in the US. The blacklisting of Joseph Losey during the Red Scare actually succeeded, in its rough

way, even with the passage of what should be more enlightened time, to keep Losey from blossoming fully in the US.[4] Perhaps blame lies on another dark part of history too easily forgotten.

Still, the influence of Losey on cinema history, as David Thomson seems to suggest, can also be measured in the works of contemporary directors who make use of Losey's images in powerful allusions for the purpose of developing their own themes, characters, or even driving the action of their plots. It is a truism that the success of the student complements the master. And indeed, it is in the popular works of the British director and student of film history, Ridley Scott that we find the influence and admiration of the master, Joseph Losey, most fully epitomized. An editorial comment from the *Irish Times* concerning *Prometheus* (2012), Ridley Scott's prequel to *Alien* (1979), confirms Scott's continuing interest in Losey's films:

> Fassbender, who plays an android, explained that, while preparing for the role, Scott had pointed him towards the great Joseph Losey picture *The Servant*. (Clarke)

The careful observer of *Blade Runner* should not be surprised by such direction from Ridley Scott. Indeed, careful examination will reveal that Scott imbeds or layers tropes, codes, and motifs from Joseph Losey films as various as *Monsieur Klein, The Damned* (1963), *The Boy with the Green Hair* (1948), *Modesty Blaise* (1966), *Time Without Pity* (1957), and *M* (1951)—Losey's American adaptation of the Fritz Lang classic—into *Blade Runner*. Furthermore, careful examination will also reveal that, in fact, these allusions to Losey's films lend their thematic content to further enrich Ridley Scott's already meaningful narrative, subtext, and *mise en scéne*; and by so doing reassert Losey's place in film history.

Background and Introduction

Ridley Scott, who honed his skills in advertising, in British Television, and in making the tightly budgeted film *The Duellists* (1977, with limited US release), rose to fame by directing the science fiction films: *Alien* (1979) and *Blade Runner.* Losey too made a brief foray into the science fiction genre, loosely adapting H. L. Lawrence's novel *Children of Light* (1960) for Hammer Films in his cult classic, *The Damned*. Regarding *The Damned*, it has even lately been said that 'the thematic contrast between the impulsive, interpersonal violence of Reed's Teddy Boy character [King] and the chilly, authoritarian violence of Knox's government functionary [Bernard] is echoed in Kubrick's 1971 film, *A Clockwork Orange'* (Kehr). I think it doubtful this echoing went unnoticed by Ridley Scott, who has been known to emulate and revere Stanley Kubrick to whom, after all, he had gone to for the controversial recycled footage tacked on to the end of the original *Blade Runner* (Clarke 2002 77).

These themes of troubled adolescent self-image and rage might be compared to the cold-hearted government and corporate interests and be inferred to have correlative elements in *Blade Runner*. In such a reading the Replicants could roughly correspond to the angry and violent youths and the blade runners, cops, and corporations—like Tyrell's—represent governments with their scientific accomplishments serving the established

military-industrial complex. But in the works of Ridley Scott other more visual elements common in Losey's films and, perhaps, more incontestable, may be discovered.

A Tangential Case: Losey in the Futuristic Apple Ad

Before we delve further, examining the influence of Joseph Losey in *Blade Runner,* let us first inspect a tangential case in order to better understand the kind of borrowing we should expect to see. Ridley Scott's infamous and futuristic 1984 Super Bowl Sunday ad for Apple Computer, Inc., created just two years after *Blade Runner*, provides an excellent example of Scott borrowing from Losey and illustrates the kind of allusion and homage this analysis will explore.[5]

The ad depicts a grey version of the future world described in George Orwell's *1984* (1948) and leads us to a movie theatre with the image of a dogmatist spanning the screen. A tall blonde woman in white and red, looking rather like the model of an Aryan out of a Leni Riefenstahl documentary, carrying a large hammer enters the theatre filled to capacity with drab, grey uniformed workers like those of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (1927). She spins, and then hurls the hammer, Olympic style, toward the gigantic screen shattering it. Though the Apple ad campaign is purportedly advocating independence and originality, ironically an antecedent to this Apple Macintosh ad scene may actually be found in Losey's *The Damned,* which features the story of radioactive-immune children in school uniforms, bred in high government and military secrecy, in a movement of juvenile upheaval and rebellion. While his fellow students fling paste, smear paint, and cover over observation cameras, one of the boys hurls an inkwell, like Martin Luther's inkwell toward the devil, at the large screen and the two-way camera of their authority figure, their 'teacher,' who is actually a military commander of high rank.

Figure 1: Charles (John Thompson) slings his inkwell at the devil camera.

Figure 2: Classroom, The Damned, 1963.

Figure 3: Ad for Apple Computer, 1984.

Figure 4: futuristic theatre.

A similar scene exists in Stanley Donen's *Saturn 3* (1980) —another of Scott's influences— in which Kirk Douglas does the hurling. However, Ridley Scott expands the size and scale of this trope. He adds an explosion to the screen upon the hammer's impact and shows its audience in a near gale-force wind, outdoing both of his predecessors to make a surprisingly stunning image of opposition to authority in the face of placid acquiescence and conformity.

Parental Photographs

Ridley Scott does a similar kind of visual borrowing from Joseph Losey's *The Damned* for his film *Blade Runner*. If one were looking for shared imagery (in this case mise en scène) between the two films, one could cite the presence of a unicorn. In *The Damned* the monument and unicorn-statue hangout of King's Teddy-Boy-like gang, seen early on in the picture, compares vaguely to various unicorn references in *Blade Runner*. But more persistent and thematically significant is Scott's use of photographs, modelled after *The Damned*. The Replicants of Blade Runner obsess over their photographs. They seem to believe the photographs demonstrate that they are real humans by showing their early life, especially scenes of them with their parents. This motif is remarkably reminiscent of scenes depicting the pictures and photographs with which the radiation-immune children of *The Damned* have plastered the walls of their 'hideaway' cave. They too are obsessed with their parents and photographs or images which might depict their likeness.

Figure 5: The Damned, 1963. Radiation exposed King rests while Joan finds the children's photographs of make-believe parents.

Figure 6: Rick Deckard's (Harrison Ford) supposed family photographs, Blade Runner.

There is a sly thematic link at work here, a motif correlating to many older works of literature and film. This plot element, together with its theme, is shared with theatric and film versions of Goethe's *Faust*, with Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and its related plays and film and television adaptations, with the film *Revenge of the Homunculus* (1916), and with Hans Ewers's novel, *Alraune* (1911), and its various film reworkings.[6] It is a theme related through stories of extraordinary, even dangerous, children (or beings in fully-formed adult bodies) who are overwhelmed and resentful upon discovering the ghastly secret of their parentage as much as the Replicants of *Blade Runner*.

Ridley Scott draws upon still another of Joseph Losey's films for more inspiration along these same thematic lines. In *The Boy with the Green Hair*, Peter is shocked when another boy lets slip the horrible truth about Peter's parents and about Peter himself. Before Peter's hair turns green, we see a scene in the school gym where a clothing drive for war orphans is about to take place. In the gym, teachers encourage the students to display posters of orphaned children. After Peter hangs his poster the following dialogue takes place:

BOY: He looks like you. He looks like you.

PETER: He doesn't look like me.

BOY: Yes… he does.

PETER: He's a *war orphan*.

BOY: Well, you're a *war orphan* too.

PETER: I am not.

BOY: Yes you are. We asked Miss Brand where your mother and father was, and she told us they were killed in the war.

Figure 7: Peter (Dean Stockwell) displays his poster in the gym, The Boy with the Green Hair.

Figure 8: Peter with poster of boy 'like him' in background.

In much the same way that Peter discovers he is an orphan, the Replicants of *Blade Runner* find out that they have no parents; indeed, the Replicants find that they are not human at all and are subject to limited life spans or built-in obsolescence. The scene and dialog in *Blade Runner* bear marked similarities to this scene in *The Boy with the Green Hair*—including the proximity of a photograph about which the dialog hovers:

> RACHAEL: You think I'm a Replicant, don't you?
> *Deckard takes off his wet raincoat and throws it on a chair.*
> RACHAEL: Look.
> *She goes to him holding a picture in her hand. Deckard looks at it.*
> *It's an old snapshot, a little girl with a mother*.
> RACHAEL: It's me with my mother.

Figure 9: The photo of a girl with her mother—whom Rachael (Sean Young) was programmed to believe was herself. In Deckard's hand the snapshot appears to come to life for a moment.

From there Deckard (Harrison Ford) goes on to explain that Rachael's memories are implants, that the woman in the picture is someone else's mother and that, in fact, she has no mother. Her reaction, much like Peter's, is one of first denial and then anger.

Furthermore, Rachael's photo, viewed a bit after the dramatic scene above, appears for a moment to come alive with movement. The shadows of trees on the porch flutter in a gentle breeze, and the mother and child sway ever-so-slightly toward each other. This is clearly another link to Losey's *The Boy with the Green Hair.* Indeed, we find that toward the end of *The Boy with the Green Hair* all the orphans in the poster photographs come to life for Peter in a reverie or surrealistic vision. This was a scene Losey wanted to be of 'absolute beauty' but with the actors 'static and composed in ways that could be related to the war posters in the gymnasium.' It was a scene Losey regretted for not having gotten quite right without proper budget, animation, or the right special effects team—the kind of team Ridley Scott never lacked in shooting *Blade Runner* (Losey and Milne 69-70). And for Scott, the photograph became a metaphor for creations or memories appearing real, yet not quite alive as with the Replicants.

Eye and Other Examinations

Since Darwin, our vision and our eyes have become a symbol of evolutionary development. Science-and-philosophy-obsessed Philip K. Dick makes reference to evolutionary theory by use of extensive eye imagery in *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (1968). Ridley Scott faithfully carries this imagery into *Blade Runner* and adds the ancient image of the all-seeing, all-knowing, and protective eye of Horus through the continued placement of Egyptian iconography. The DVD commentary suggests he is also referencing George Orwell's Big Brother of *1984.* But Dick and Scott also rely on another idea pervasive in Western thought: that the eyes symbolize our empathy and judgment of others through perception, and that we form our concept of ourselves by seeing what lies in the crucible of another's eye. Translator Benjamin Jowett summarizes Socrates' explanation of this phenomenon in Plato's *Alcibiades I*: 'Self-knowledge can be obtained only by looking into the mind and virtue of the soul, which is the diviner part of a man, as we see our own image in another's eye' (Jowett 9). Centuries after Plato, Guillaume du Bartas would proclaim the eyes as 'windows to the soul' and Shakespeare's Berowne refers to an eye as 'the window of my heart' (du Bartas 277; Shakespeare 5:2). Philip K. Dick builds on this symbolism and then alludes to the action of Dr. Gall of Karel Čapek's *R. U. R.* (1920), the first drama including android-like creations. In a key scene, Gall searches for signs of humanity in the eyes of the robot Radius (Čapek 67-68).

It is therefore not surprising that this gazing into the eyes in search of emotion or empathic response is *Blade Runner*'s most prevalent image. Of course the gigantic eye in the introduction and recurring imagery of eyes throughout *Blade Runner* refer also to *Metropolis*, *Frankenstein* (1931), *Crime without Passion*, (1934), and the playful musical, *Just Imagine* (1930), but they allude to Losey's *Monsieur Klein* and Losey's *M* as well. In fact, Losey's *M* contains a telling scene in the Bradbury Building—the same building Scott chose to use as J. F. Sebastian's apartment and for the big Deckard-Roy showdown in *Blade Runner*. In this building Losey shows an

ophthalmologist's window—with an eye painted on it—being shattered by a thug pretending to be a security guard. One effect is a commentary on the process of viewing a film. The other effect may even have correlative connections—allusory and thematic—to the plethora of shattering glass throughout *Blade Runner*: Pris's elbow through the mini-van's side window, Deckard thrown by Leon against a windshield, Zhora shot as she runs through a series of shop windows, Leon viewed—as he regards dead Zhora—through a glass-winged spinner door, and so forth. Though indeed, in *Blade Runner,* this breaking glass seems to symbolize something more: the fragility of identity and of life.

Figure 10: The eye shattering motif, from Joseph Losey's M.

Monsieur Klein also begins with an examination—a rather invasive one. A French doctor measures, prods, and orders about an ordinary looking middle-aged woman He examines and dictates notes concerning her teeth, lips, jaw, nose, ears, lobes, and the pupils of her eyes. Figuratively the doctor's actions dehumanize the woman. But the purported goal of the examination, a literal interpretation of the text, is clearly the same as the eye exams in *Blade Runner*: to determine the 'humanness' of the individual. It is an evaluation which will establish whether or not an individual is to be treated as less-than-human. In *Monsieur Klein* twisted Nazi standards of Aryan Master Race decide the outcome. A non-human posing as human in *Blade Runner* equates with a person of Jewish descent 'posing' as a person of non-Jewish descent within the mass of the 1940s German population under Nazi rule in *Monsieur Klein.* The end result of the exam will ultimately lead to slave labour or extermination in a concentration camp. In *Blade Runner* the non-humans are enslaved to begin with but, if they return to Earth, they are 'retired.' In either case the subjects must first be identified.

Figure 11: The opening scene of Monsieur Klein. A woman endures a racial examination.

Of course examination of Leon's eyes, of pupil-responsiveness during provocative psychological questioning of the so called Voight-Kampff test, constitutes the opening scene of *Blade Runner*.[7] The motif occurs again when Deckard gives Rachael a lengthy version of this test. In *Monsieur Klein,* Losey too dramatizes a second examination—this time of the eyes and lips—in a scene in which Florence (Jeanne Moreau) confronts Klein about his true nature, about his egoism, and about his sense of superiority. She explains that Klein's double, Robert, makes a game of naming animals to represent people.

Animal Nature

Florence goes on to describe Klein's animal as the vulture and his doppelgänger's as the 'hibernating snake.' She lights a match and looks carefully at Klein's eyes. This purposeful lighting of the match to illuminate Klein's face is closely paralleled in *Blade Runner*.

Figure 12: Florence (Jeanne Moreau) lights a match to illuminate and examine Klein's (Alain Delon's) eyes and face. The images and dialog bare conspicuous similarities to Blade Runner.

Figure 13: Rachel in Blade Runner.

Rachael can be seen deliberately flicking her lighter open just before her Voight-Kampff test. As Rachael lights her cigarette she seems to be manipulating the prospective outcome of her test toward a human result by glancing furtively into the flame of her cigarette lighter, perhaps in the hope that this will open her iris before the test begins. It appears a rather pathetic attempt to confound the Voight-Kampff machine's result, on the one hand demonstrating she still has doubts about her superiority—in other words, doubts about her own humanity—and, on the other hand symbolically making an allusion to Losey's *Monsieur Klein*.

In Ridley Scott's hands, the animal associations of *Monsieur Klein* become another opportunity for a cunning bit of allusion. Scott accomplishes this by giving the Replicants similar associations to animals as though they were endangered species in a way that Philip K. Dick never did: Rachael in her feathered coat as owl, Deckard as the unicorn he dreams of, Roy as the white dragon often seen in his background shots, Leon as turtle or tortoise of his Voight-Kampff questions, Zhora as the snake she dances with, Pris as a raccoon like her black-eyed facial cosmetics, and—because early scripts had Tyrell (Joe Turkel) as a Replicant—Tyrell as crane like the design on the curtains in his room. In this way Scott manufactures an allusion to *Monsieur Klein*. He gives the allusion further credence by tying it to themes present in the original Philip K. Dick novel—endangerment of animal life, real and mythological and biblical, on the Earth. And, in keeping with the rest of his script, he emphasizes that the Replicants should be considered sympathetic characters through these animal associations.

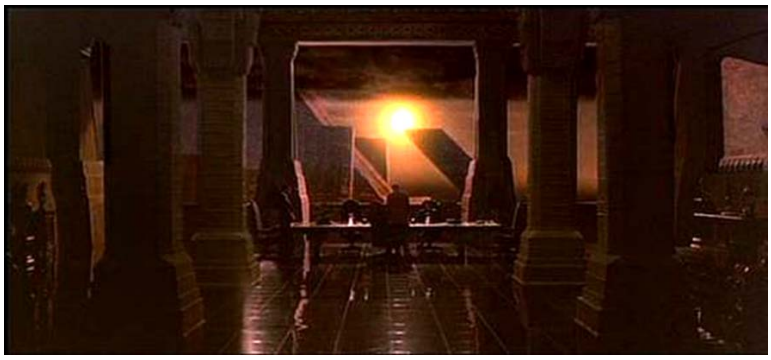

Figure 14: Before the Voight-Kampff examination can be administered, a giant lid-like shade lowers over the 'eye' of the bright sun. Symbolically Rachael enters the realm of her own unconscious, a sleeping or hypnotic state where she cannot lie, even to herself.

Examination of the Psyche

Different kinds of associations are also present in Losey's films and borrowed in *Blade Runner*. The use of psychoanalysis, psychological testing, word associations, Rorschach inkblot tests, thematic apperception tests, and so forth can be found in post WWII *film noir* such as *Crossfire* (1947) or the double or twin-filled *Dark Mirror* (1946). Indeed from 1940 on, especially toward the end of WWII, the use and popular knowledge of psychology began to spread and had begun to enter the province of cinema (Santos xii). Psychological testing before soldiers entered the war and treatment for shell shock afterwards was also a part of common experience.

> Psychiatry was just being discovered in this period. Refugee psychologists coming from Europe came to Hollywood, spread the faith, and so it reached the filmmaker (Friedrich).

Joseph Losey's remake of *M* follows this trend of dramatizing psychological tests. He and his screenwriters (including Waldo Salt) add psychological testing of suspects to their version of *M* which had otherwise been extremely faithful to the original film directed by Fritz Lang. Something very like Losey's motif of psychological testing becomes the centerpiece of *Blade Runner*; the Voight-Kampff test of empathic response. Philip K. Dick's

novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* is a deliberate genre hybrid of science fiction and *noir* detective fiction. The wave of popular interest in psychology had also caught Philip K. Dick in its wake. His mother had sent him to therapy in 1942 and from this experience Dick became obsessed with advances in psychology and psychological testing (Carrère 7). He tried outsmarting his psychologist's tests and devising his own tests to administer to his classmates in fun (Carrère 8). In fact, according to Paul Sammon, stumbling across a lack of affect demonstrated in the diaries of certain Nazi concentration camp SS men concerning the cries of children in the night, inspired Dick to write *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (Sammon 16)

Figure 15: In Joseph Losey's remake of M the police round up the usual suspects and give them psychological tests. Here actor William Schallert portrays a suspect taking a Rorschach Test.

Dick's novel focused on this lack of affect in certain individuals and created the Voight-Kampff empathy test to fulfil that emphasis. In adapting Dick's novel it is as though Ridley Scott recalled the effectiveness of Joseph Losey's incorporation of psychological testing in *M* and so devised ways in which to make it an integral part of *Blade Runner.*

Room Searches, Photograph and Mirror Examinations

Provocative questioning, searching the eyes, examining the interior of rooms (metaphor for probing the mind) and rummaging their contents for telltale clues are the stock-in-trade of detectives, of psychologists, and of blade runners. But the scene of Deckard going through Leon's apartment also has antecedents in other important films, particularly Roberto Rossellini's *Roma, città aperta* (1945). In that film, pivotal in the birth of Italian Neo-realism, photographs also bear a strong connection to plot. The scene of the Nazi officer going through Giorgio Manfredi's (Marcello Pagliero) apartment and bureau drawer bears a striking resemblance to the scene in *Monsieur Klein* in which Klein inspects the drawers at the apartment of his double. This scene in *Roma, città aperta* is important because it, and the scenes just after it, have parallels to *Blade Runner*. In *Roma, città aperta*, a telephone rings following the drawer-search, and the Nazi answers it pretending to be a friend of Georgio's, in the same way in which Deckard—brutal and unfeeling as a Nazi—pretends to be an 'old friend' of J. F. Sebastian's when he calls Pris from his police-spinner videophone. With this in mind, we should do well to notice that the hands of the Nazi in *Roma, città aperta* and of Klein in *Monsieur Klein*, as they rifle through drawers, are *gloved* while Deckard's hand in *Blade Runner* is not. This is a code of which Losey makes precise use. It is code which

Ridley Scott appropriates. In *The Damned* for example, the gloved hands of military men in radiation-proof suits who tend the children and the gloved hand of King (Oliver Reed) when he performs his violent, antisocial acts, equate the coldness of the state to that of the sociopath. So, here, Deckard's bare hand demonstrates that he is beginning to 'feel' for the Replicants he is supposed to kill. Indeed he will feel sympathy for Zhora after killing her, and ultimately love for Rachael.

Figure 16: No trench coat here but still perhaps a similarity. The unfeeling, gloved hand of a Nazi SS man goes through Manfredi's drawer, Roma, città aperta.

Even more striking similarities occur in *Blade Runner*'s scene of Deckard searching Leon's apartment. Both Klein and Deckard wear a trench coat—the iconic symbol of the detective and of the warrior returning from trench warfare to a kind of warfare at home.

Figure 17: Pretending to want to rent the apartment, a trench-coated and gloved Klein goes through his double's drawers.

Figure 18: Blade Runner. Examining Leon's apartment a trench-coated Deckard finds photographs in a drawer. His un-gloved hands—in contrast to the films above—symbolize that he is beginning to 'feel' for the Replicants he is supposed to kill.

Like a detective each is engaged in a bit of self-detection or introspection, namely, 'How is a Jew any different than me?' or 'What is it that makes a man a man?' In his search, Klein finds a negative to a photograph; Deckard finds a stack of Leon's photos. Klein takes the negative to a photographer to have it developed and enlarged.

Figure 19: Here Klein, looking rather like a noir-style detective in trench coat and fedora and like the man pictured in the photograph, watches on as a photographer examines the redeveloped print.

Deckard takes Leon's photos home to closely examine and enlarge them using his ESPER machine. The scene in which Deckard analyses Leon's photo, and even more so the photo itself, is yet another reference to yet another Joseph Losey film. Deckard uses a futuristic computer called ESPER to analyse the photograph. The photograph is of a convex mirror against a wall. But the photograph is futuristic so it has greater depth

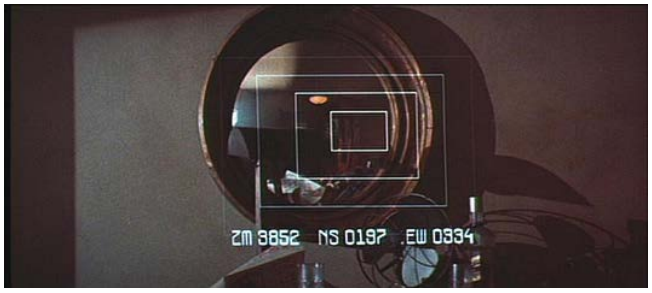

Figure 20: Deckard uses the ESPER machine to examine Leon's photo in great detail.

This futuristic photo suggests a kind of high tech version of Jan Van Eyck's painting *The Marriage of Giovanni Arnolfini*[8], but at the same time makes reference to the mirror in Losey's *The Servant* (1963) or even *Modesty Blaise.*

Figure 21: Jan Van Eyck's The Marriage Giovanni Arnolfini

Figure 22: Detail of mirror from The Marriage Giovanni Arnolfini. The window, the couple's backsides, as well as the artist himself are visible in the convex mirror.

Figure 23: Convex mirror in Joseph Losey's The Servant (1963). The servants and the masters change roles.

Figure 24: Convex mirror in Modesty Blasie. Modesty (Monica Vitti), at far left, breaks into Paul Hagan's (Michael Craig) flat.

The significance of this reference lies in the connection between the two film's themes: servant as master, master as subservient. Roy Batty, even at four years of age, for instance, is clearly superior to the ordinary human, yet he is the expendable pawn in the chess game of his human master and creator, Tyrell.

Identity

As Peter Mayer puts it, 'an examination of films such as *The Servant* would reveal that Losey relies rather heavily on the use of mirror shots' (Mayer 36). Robert Phillip Kolker agrees with Mayer and writes of *Monsieur Klein*: 'on a number of occasions when Mr. Klein hears about his double, his first reaction is to glance at himself in a mirror' (Kolker 380). Peter Mayer also gives a Lacanian-psychology-based interpretation of Klein, and Klein's

habit of mirror glancing, which seems to just as aptly apply to Deckard examining Leon's photograph of the convex mirror in *Blade Runner*:

> For Lacan, the crucial moment in the life of the individual psyche occurs in the 'mirror stage' when the human infant 'still sunk in his motor incapacity and nursling dependence' confronts the imago of his own body in the mirror… The subject finds himself engaged in an ever increasing struggle to possess his being, to establish his own identity… In his labour to construct his being for another, he realizes that all his confidence in his newly constituted being is continually under the threat of dissolution, because the other, for whom his being has been constructed, can strip him of his identity. (Mayer 36)

Of course use of mirrors occurs naturally in stories and films involving doubles, including: Edgar Allan Poe's short story 'William Wilson' (1839), Thomas Edison's film *Frankenstein* (1910), and the Paul Wegener and Henrik Galeen versions of *The Student of Prague* (1913, 1926). But Mayer goes on to quote Jacques Lacan describing for the character Klein just the sort of process occurring for the character Deckard of *Blade Runner*: 'the subject finds himself 'caught up in the lure of spatial identification, the succession of phantasies that extends from a fragmented body image to a form of its totality' (Mayer 36). Undeniably Deckard's process involves a literal search for fragments of the Replicants—Roy Batty's (Rutger Hauer's) elbow, Zhora's arm—within the frame or other hidden elements of the photograph and then rooting out their full forms. For example in the ESPER analysis of the futuristic photograph scene, Zhora's full reclining body and tattooed face are reconstructed.

Backstage and the Unconscious

Allusions to *Monsieur Klein* continue in *Blade Runner*. Their use conjures mirror images and doublings in other aspects with a variety of implications. We see this when Klein seeks information about the girl in the photograph backstage at a club where female impersonators and other entertainers prepare to go on stage. Here the trope is of actors preparing to play at being something they are not, and of non-women posing as women before a set of mirrors, practicing and evaluating themselves. It is also here that Klein, puts on a mask, so to speak. He behaves here in a false, yet charming, way to get the information he seeks. It is an odd counterpoint to an earlier scene at a club where a skit has a masked actor playing the role of a heavily stereotyped Jew. And so we find a Jew, Klein's double, posing as a non-Jew in Vichy France. We also find a man—mercenary, acquisitive, insensitive, arrogant, womanizing—our all-too-human Monsieur Klein - posing as a complete human being in a world of Nazi-thinking. These are all actions not unlike those of the Replicants posing as humans.

The idea of this intrusion into *the backstage* also represents examination of the unconscious mind. How does one regard one's self? How does one reconcile one's inner belief to one's identity with the outward *self* one sees reflected in mirrors and in the eyes of others? The hypocrisy of Klein, like that of Rick Deckard, becomes apparent to him within his own reflection and self-inspection. Exploiting a Jewish need for fast-cash in a mad political climate to your own absurdly overinflated financial benefit represents the height of hypocrisy and a lack of empathy. So does retiring Replicants when you don't know what defines you or them as being human. And so it

is that the entire backstage scene of *Monsieur Klein* is imitated in *Blade Runner*. Again the trench-coated outsider intrudes into the backstage, prying and investigating.

The backstage scenes of Deckard going after Zhora find strong parallels not only in *Monsieur Klein* but also in Losey's earlier *Time Without Pity.* Here images show recovering alcoholic David Graham—this time played by a trench-coated Michael Redgrave—amateur-gumshoeing. Graham, whose son has been found guilty of murder and is sentenced to die, goes backstage attempting to follow up leads to the murder. Under the pressure of time, he finds himself in the absurd situation of trying to cajole or wrest vital information from chicken-costumed dance and chorus girls. Ridley Scott echoes this sequence.

Figure 25: Klein questions a performer amongst a bustling backstage ambiance of circling showgirls and female-impersonators.

The symbolic implication here is implied with a twist. In *Time Without Pity*, the girls are too *chicken* to give information. David Graham is afraid time will run out and his son will die for a murder he did not commit.

Figure 26: Time Without Pity, 1957. Amongst the backstage dancehall bustle a trench coated David Graham (Michael Redgrave) seeks information. The showgirls in their chicken hats contrast Graham's seriousness and desperation.

In *Blade Runner* a snake—Zhora—slithers among the hens. At this point in the plot it remains to be seen if Deckard himself ought to turn chicken and run. He too has, after all, something to fear a good deal more than Zhora: the fact that he may indeed be a Replicant himself.

Figure 27: Blade Runner. Deckard leans against a neon star. The busy backstage is an allusion to Losey's films. Note the girl in the chicken hat as in Time without Pity and (a bit out of focus) the girl in the background with the cumbersome headdress not too dissimilar to the one in Monsieur Klein.

Enter trench-coated Deckard probing, questioning the bartender, then trying to appear nonchalant—reading his newspaper as chorus girls in chicken hats shuffle past. Once Deckard finds Zhora backstage, the imagery again becomes remarkably similar to *Monsieur Klein*. Among the bustle of backstage activity, both Deckard and Klein assume a character and attempt to wring much needed information out of stage performers. Klein pours on the charm and is friendly. Deckard impersonates a Chandleresque, sleaze-ball voyeur pretending to be with the 'American Federation of Variety Artists Confidential Committee on Moral Abuses.' Layers of pretending are demonstrated. Zhora too pretends to be human so as to survive. Even Zhora's snake pretends to be a bona fide reptilian snake. This is a potent aspect of Scott's allusion to *Monsieur Klein.* Like Losey, it perpetuates the use of major characters and stage performers as pretenders. Klein pretends to be unaffected by the suffering or exile of Jews from France, or later he pretends not to have a Jewish strain in his family lineage. Deckard goes on killing Replicants, putting off the real question at hand, trying to pretend that he isn't afraid to confront the possibility that he too is a Replicant.

Through allusion to Losey's *Monsieur Klein* and *Time Without Pity*, Ridley Scott's frenetic backstage represents the unconscious considering the *self*, peeling away at outward identity, posing and pretending, and assuming roles in order to prepare to act on the stage of life and in order to survive.

Thighs and Eyes

Eventually Zhora loses patience with Deckard's act. She attempts to strangle him before witnesses arrive in the room. This scene and the one that follows later when Deckard attempts to 'retire' Pris, bears resemblance to Losey's more popular movie hit, *Modesty Blaise*, a tongue-in-cheek send-up of spy vs. spy thrillers based on a comic strip (1963) and novel (1965) of the same name by created Peter O'Donnell and Jim Holdaway. If this scenario in *Blade Runner* seems rather cartoonish consider that Ridley Scott upon more than one occasion has said that he regarded the process of making *Blade Runner* as much like filming a comic, and that much of the look of *Blade Runner* was based on comics such as those in the magazine *Metal Hurlant* (1974-1987, aka *Heavy Metal*) (Park 57-58).

> This film is not a warning in any sense of the word. At the moment I choose not to do films which are loaded in that way. This film is, hopefully, good fun. The films that have fascinated me the most in the last couple of years tend to have been films which are derived from comic strips. I've chosen to go in that direction, and therefore, there are a lot of broad strokes, fast, bold action, and colourful characters. (Ridley qtd. in Kerman 151)

Interestingly, Losey described his *Modesty Blaise* in nearly the same terms:

> I wanted to make a film full of *fun*, full of laughter of various kinds and at various levels, which would at the same time make the amorality of the James Bond films… apparent [my italics]. (Losey and Milne 145)

For all its faults, *Modesty Blaise* certainly serves as model for one making a film in good fun. But, as with all of Losey's films, *Modesty Blaise* also contains serious themes—particularly the brutality and unwavering conviction of the established governments. In *Modesty Blaise*, only the villains such as Gabriel (Dirk Bogarde) or McWhirter (Clive Revill), and sometimes those in between such as Modesty and Willie Garvin (Terence Stamp), repeatedly question and consider the morality of their actions and the people they put at risk, whereas governments and their minions never do. At lunch self-designated villain, Gabriel, covers his ears as servants sear his lobster in boiling water and says 'I can't bear to hear them screaming', while his right-hand man, McWhirter, sounding at first like Rene Descartes argues: 'it's a proven fact that lobster feel no pain; it's just wind escaping.' And a few moments later when Gabriel learns of his henchmen's death in an underwater diving exercise, he says, 'How can I eat lobster… when the lobsters are eating Borg?' *Blade Runner* shares this motif of blurred lines of villainy. The allusions to *Modesty Blasie* go beyond just 'good fun' since Replicants, blood thirsty as they are, are presented more sympathetically than the forces of government aligned with the Tyrell Corporation. Indeed, Gabriel's boiled lobsters might just as well figure into a Voight-Kampff empathy test question as any patio luncheon debate.

Figure 28: Pris with Deckard between her legs.

A similar scene to the one depicted in Figure 28 also appeared as an action sequence in *Modesty Blaise*. Mrs. Fothergill (Rossella Falk) murders the clown faced mime, Crevier (Joe Melia), in a scene designed to demonstrate her complete lack of empathy and perverse infatuation with killing for fun. Pris's cart-wheeling and thigh-squeezing struggle with Deckard seems cartoonish at first too. But the symbolic value of death between the thighs of woman, a reversal of conception and birth, may hint at a less fun, less pop-culture oriented origin.

Indeed the image's nascence might well be in Bertolt Brecht's introduction to his early play, *Baal* (1922), which begins:

> And that girl the world who gives herself and giggles
> If you only let her crush you with her thighs
> Shared with Baal, who loved it, orgiastic wriggles.
> But he did not die. He looked her in the eyes. (Brecht 20)

Figure 29: Mrs. Fothergill (Rossella Falk) chokes the turncoat mime, Crevier (Joe Melia), to death between her thighs.

Figure 30: This time, it is mime-faced Pris in Blade Runner that has Deckard at her mercy and between her thighs.

Losey of course, collaborated on a staging of Brecht's *Galileo Galilei*, in 1947 and again on a screen version, entitled *Galileo* in 1975. We do well to note here the rhyming words *thighs* and *eyes* in many English translations (though it's closer to knees in the German), with all their implications for *Blade Runner* symbology and themes. And so it is that, once again, we find Scott borrowing from Losey: this time for matters of cartoonish action and—somewhat abstruse—matters of thematic enhancement.

Man as Machine in Bertolt Brecht

The origin of the Replicant animal associations we saw earlier in *Blade Runner* correspond with those of Losey's in *Monsieur Klein*. These associations reference endangered species on the earth in modern times and diluvian animals saved (or not saved if we include the unicorn in some legends) by Noah or Utnapishtim (of

Summarian mythology) in Western religious traditions (Hathaway 37-38). But these associations in both films also derive from Brechtian sources. As critical filmographer of Joseph Losey, Colin Gardner, points out, the idea of man as machine is one of Brecht's favourite tropes (215-216). Gardner also mentions the example of auto manufacturer and race-car enthusiast Robert Stanford (Leo McKern), in Losey's *Time Without Pity* who:

> is able to block out any residues of past guilt by translating the psychological ramifications of sex and violence into purely machine-like metaphors 'Well, she stood up to it', he excitedly tells his engineers after testing his new prototype: 'She took everything I could give her (unlike, of course, the car's flesh and blood equivalent, Jenny Cole [Christina Lubicz]). (Gardner 50)

This man-machine (or woman-automobile in this case) trope has its analog in the Replicants of *Blade Runner*. Ridley Scott, according to Paul M. Sammons, said of a half-abandoned idea concerning Roy Batty: 'We experimented with some tattooing that was supposed to suggest something like demarcations in an engine' (Sammon 188). So, again, we have imagery suggestive of man as machine.

In his analysis of Losey, Gardner later delves into the Brechtian trope of man or soldier as a perfect fighting machine—for us, another analogous description of Roy Batty and the other Replicants—which occurs in Bertolt Brecht's *Mann ist Mann* (1926), a play with themes, significantly, concerning the individual's loss of identity in modern mechanized society:

> In *A Man's A Man* (1926, Eric Bentley's translation of *Mann ist Mann*), the political clown Galy Gay, a humble Irish porter in Kiplingesque India, is transformed into the replacement soldier Jeraiah Jip, literally a human fighting machine. The play boasts that, 'Mr. Bertolt Brecht will prove that one can / Do whatever one wants to do with a man: / a man will be reassembled like a motor-car tonight in front of you / And afterwards will be good as new.' (Gardner 215)

Similarly it becomes clear, if we go back to Losey's film, *Modesty Blaise*, that Losey's assassin/clown, Crevier, is probably the immediate progeny of Brecht's Galy Gay of *Mann ist Mann*, however indirectly, and so therefore the clown-faced gymnastic-assassin, Pris, represents Galy's more distant cousin. But, as Gardener goes on to point out, the *animal* nature, counterpart to *machine* nature, of man is also part of Brecht's formulation. While 'man-becoming-machine' is Brecht's favourite trope of conceptual self-discipline, 'man-becoming-animal' is its dialectical counterpart. During the 1947 Hollywood production of Galileo, for example, Brecht wrote a short-story outline, *From Circus Life* [1938], for the pantomimist Lotte Goslar, the play's choreographer. This piece describes

> a 'terrible scene' in a circus when a clown inadvertently finds himself trapped in a lion's cage. The clown attempts to frighten the lion, but something curious happens—the lion hypnotizes him with a gaze and gradually induces him to perform the very tricks the trained lion had once done. The transformation of man into beast is so complete that when the lion turns its gaze from the clown for a moment, the clown

> springs on it. Disregarding attempts by attendants to divert him with pistol shots and iron hooks he proceeds to bite the lion to death.

This parable expresses one of Brecht's favourite political themes, that if one fights a tiger (i.e. capitalism, or the master in a master-slave relationship) one becomes a tiger. Man takes on the characteristics of his oppressors (Gardner 215-216).

This idea of Brecht's is echoed in the crux of Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*? After studying Nazis and SS journals, Philip K. Dick made the androids [Scott's Replicants] metaphors for people with a lack of affect or a Nazi mentality and he envisioned a time when there might be:

> a contest to see whether the humans won or the quote androids unquote won. [And then] the problem then would be: Would we become like the androids in our very effort to wipe them out?... Would we inhale a contagion in the very act of trying to abolish the contagious element?... so a further problem is then created—the paradox of if you kill a person, if he is inhuman, do you not then become inhuman in the act of killing him? (Dick in Sammon, 1981)

Ridley Scott adopts aspects of this theme in *Blade Runner* in the scene where Roy Batty goads Deckard to accept a latent Replicant nature and to be the *tiger* that he himself is.

Another of Brecht's characters, of Sergeant Bloody Five of *Mann ist Mann*, castrates himself in order to maintain focus on his soldiering, paralleling the impotence of the Replicant Leon in *Blade Runner* who, in some early scripts, lacks the reproductive potency or organs but, even in the Final Cut release (2007), still has 'an itch' he can never scratch (Heldreth 313).

Also, if we again take license to include deleted *Blade Runner* scenes in our analysis—we have near parallels to Galy Gay's soliloquy at his own coffin. The first occurs when Deckard visits enfeebled Holden in his coffin-like 'iron-lung' in a hospital—a scene that was cut from the film but included in the *Blade Runner Final Cut* DVD extras. The second parallel occurs when Roy Batty visits the coffin of the real Tyrell in a scene that never made it beyond script and sketches—a version in which the Tyrell who gets his head crushed is a Replicant duplicate of the deceased Tyrell.

Finally we have both Galy Gay and Rick Deckard beginning their journey of self-discovery, at the fish market. In *Mann ist Mann*, Galy Gay goes to buy a fish and gets accidentally conscripted into the army and ultimately goes to war (Brecht 123). In *Blade Runner*, Deckard goes to the fish market to find out that a scale he found in Leon's bathtub is not a fish, but a snake scale, and then he's off to battle with the Replicants. Both characters begin a journey in which they make discoveries about themselves and the nature of identity.

In referring to antecedents in the films of Losey, Scott indirectly alludes to Brecht. These Brechtian allusions carry myriad codes and thematic links regarding the nature of human identity as animal moving

increasingly toward mechanization in modern times. Mechanization programmed, as Sergeant Bloody Five, Galy Gay, or Rick Deckard are programmed, to be the best killing-machines (or blade runner) and to believe whatever those in power wish them to believe. This control goes beyond identity even to invade memory. And so it is that in *Mann ist Mann* the importance of identity cards is emphasized: 'Identity cards are such a good thing. The best of us has an imperfect memory' (Brecht 188). *Blade Runner* also engages with notions of identity through the manufacture of implanted memories. Through these allusions Scott has cycled back to Philip K. Dick who writes about political control of individual and historical memory in his short story 'We'll Remember It for You Wholesale' (1966), in his outline for a proposed novel *Joe Protagoras Is Alive and Living on Earth* (1967), and in his philosophical essay 'Cosmogony and Cosmology' (1978), to name but a few. It is also clear that Dick had read and been influenced by Brecht (Carrère 27).

The recruitment of Galy Gay to replace Jeraiah Jip in morning roll call, and later as effective soldier, in *Mann ist Mann*, presents a doubling. Confronting *his* coffin Galy Gay says: 'So how could I open this crate? I'm afraid. And who am I? I am a Both: there are two of me' (Brecht 182). Roy Batty demonstrates how he is Tyrell's equal—symbolically at least—by besting him at chess. Captain Bryant recruits Deckard as a replacement for Holden after Leon incapacitates and nearly kills him. These represent more doublings.

Though, indeed, it is possible that some of these parallel codes in *Blade Runner* are unintentional, structurally they are linked nonetheless. At the very least, their geometry, their *mise en scène*, and their narrative structures contain strong similarities. The presence of a coffin, the proximity of dead or incapacitated perceived doubles, equals, or ready replacements, all work toward a common code of thematic implications reminding characters of the impermanence of identity and of their own mortality.

Figure 31: Deckard confronts his mortality in meeting Holden in his crypt-like 'iron-lung.' Holden too has become man and machine: 'He can breathe okay as long as nobody unplugs him.'

Dolls

Consistent with themes concerned with identity, the characters of Brecht's play, *Mann ist Mann*, are prescribed to be masked. In some performances of the play, the characters are mime-faced much as Joseph Losey's character Crevier in *Modesty Blaise*. In *Blade Runner*, Pris uses her mime-like face to pose as a doll among dolls, hiding. Doll imagery is common in many examples of *film noir*, including the life-size forensic doll of Richard

Fleischer's *Follow Me Quietly* (1949) and Frennessey March's doll collection in Robert Aldrich's *World for Ransom* (1954). Traditional elements of *film noir*—high contrast light and dark, shadows, venetian blinds, tilted camera angles, innovative use of sound—are passed down from silent films and European expressionist cinema—often by expatriate directors, or other workers in film, themselves. These types of traditions are easily seen in films such as *Cabinet of Dr. Cagliari* (1920), *Nosferatu* (1922), and the *Dr. Mabuse* (1922, 1933) series, to name a few well know examples. So it is not surprising for Joseph Losey to use doll imagery much like the silent and talkie versions of *Alraune*. The eponymous character, Alraune, is an alluring, cold-hearted woman created through eugenics and artificial insemination experiments. She is also an important prototype of the *femme fatales* so common to *film noir* (Pringle 665-666). Losey created a number of films in the *noir* vein. The colourful *Modesty Blaise*, made in 1966, is hardly in that category, but does retain this prevalent doll imagery.

Doll imagery is also related symbolically to eye imagery—so much a part of *Blade Runner.* The Latin *pupa* is, after all, the origin of the word *pupil*—meaning the centre of the eye. This is because the tiny mirrored image one sees of oneself in the eye of another was said to be a doll-like reflection of the self. Additionally, in ancient Greece and Rome young girls were traditionally given dolls—adolescent dolls somewhat like a *Teen-Barbie* doll—which represented their virginal adolescent life. These dolls more than represented them symbolically; they were in fact the girl's 'virginal double' (Bettini 226-227). The dolls were then given up to the goddess Venus or Artemis as part of their marriage rituals on the eve of their wedding. In *Alraune* and *film noir,* dolls have a similar function, representing the outward cold and plastic projection of the female objectified and perhaps dead inside. They may also signify the death of innocence as, for example, in the character of the no-longer-innocent, world-weary Frennessy March (Marian Carr) of *World for Ransom.* This motif involves a kind of paranoia of 1940s men off fighting in wars, troubled about the 'helpless-without-them' women they have left behind. Men preoccupied about the kind of independent, left-to-themselves (or other men), women to whom they might return. Doll imagery also signifies sterility, the childlessness of unmarried women. It represents coldness and lifelessness and death generally. Recall that in Joseph Losey's *The Damned* the children's bodies were cold and that when King (Oliver Reed) feels the face of one of the boys he exclaims 'He's dead. He's dead, I tell you!' The children in *The Damned* are adorable and doll-like, yet they represent the lethalness of nuclear warfare. They are in fact, deadly in themselves, projecting their own body-generated nuclear radiation.

Figure 32: Brigitte Helm as Alraune (1928), among dolls and teddy bears.

Figure 33: Helm again as Alraune (1930) with dolls and puppets.

Figure 34: Frennessey March is left alone with only her many dolls for company toward the end of World for Ransom, 1954.

Figure 35: Frennessey cradles a girl doll dressed in a man's suit just like the one she wears on stage.

Losey also peppers *Modesty Blaise* and *M* with doll images. The alluring Tina Aumont, portrays doll-like Nicole as helpless, a foil to Vitti's unflappable, though still doll-obsessed, Modesty. Similar to this *mise en scéne* surrounding Nicole, dolls in *M* convey the vulnerability and fragility of the child victims of child molester and murderer Martin Harrow (David Wayne).

Figure 36: Modesty Blasie (Monica Vitti) holds dolls of herself and Paul Hagan (Michael Craig) in Losey's Modesty Blaise, 1966. More dolls line the wall.

In *Blade Runner* the attractive 'pleasure model,' Pris (Daryl Hannah), also associated with dolls, is not, evidently, equipped to reproduce children—a theme also explored by Philip K. Dick in his presentation of the android character, Rachael in *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* This Rachael asks, 'How does it feel to have a child? How does it feel to be born for that matter?'(Dick, 1987 169)

Figure 37: Modesty Blaise, 1968.

Figure 38: M, 1951.

Dolls shown in parts or broken, such as the mannequins in *M,* are codes for objectification and violence against women. But, in the case of Pris from *Blade Runner*—in one scene holding up a sexually mature, Barbie-like doll, vivisected, lacking her lower half, her reproductive anatomy—the code is one of barrenness, envy, resentment. She's a Replicant with no childhood playing with a doll, but knowing she will bear no children. Pris is however, like

Losey's Modesty Blaise, better equipped to defend herself physically, having apparently picked up some of Zhora's 'Off-World kick murder squad' skills.

Other references, similarities, and homages to the works of Joseph Losey can be found within Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*. Use of industrial fans, use of plastic, use of mannequins, use of famous poetic interjections in the mist of ordinary dialogue (Losey: Thomas Grey in *Modesty Blaise*; Lord Byron in *The Damned;* William Blake in *Blade Runner*[9]), Scott integrates them all. They layer themes, open doors in plot, aid in characterization, and contribute to the film as a whole.

Figure 39: Pris holds up a doll from Sebastian's collection, which has been vivisected and is lacking reproductive anatomy.

Like the eye through the prison door from *Modesty Blaise* pictured at the opening of this article, they reflect a self-conscious view. They represent a film ever mindful of its own language, codes, idioms, and clichés—and call out for a kind of self-examination. These allusions and homages to Joseph Losey by Ridley Scott are ultimately complimentary and demonstrate the viability of the Losey legacy in film history. If the general public no longer recognizes or remembers Joseph Losey's films as they did with *Monsieur Klein*—created long before *Sarah's Key*—then at least some of us will have to sustain Joseph Losey's memory and ourselves otherwise. Some of us will have to become a little like Deckard with his ESPER machine, detecting fragments of Losey's thinking and imagery—with perhaps their greater depth of thematic focus—hidden but kept alive, like a haunting guilt or memory, within the works and psyche of some the finest contemporary filmmakers such as Ridley Scott.

Notes

1 The film adaptation of Tatiana de Rosnay's New York Times bestseller, *Sarah's Key*, grossed $21,118,093 world-wide total gross profits: *Sarah's Key* (2011) - *Box Office Mojo*. Web. 22 April 2012 [Accessed 17th July, 2014]; Kristin Scott-Thomas was nominated for the French César Award for best actress for her performance in *Elle s'appelait Sarah* (original title of *Sarah's Key*): Lévesque, François. 'À voir à la télévision le jeudi 12 avril - Ma soeur, cette inconnue,' *Le Devoir*, 7 April 2012. Web. [Accessed 17th July, 2014]

2 Known in English as the *Vel d'Hiv Roundup*. *The Vel d'Hiver Roundup* marked its 70th anniversary in July of 2012. *The New York Times* referred to this anniversary as 'the latest reminder of a past that resists burial.' Riding, Alan. 'When past is Present.' 20 July 2013. Web. [Accessed 17th July 2014].

3 For an example reminding the public see: Kenneth Turan, 'Movie review: *Sarah's Key*,' *Los Angeles Times*, July 22, 2011. Web. [Accessed 17th July 2014] Note also that *Monsieur Klein's* 1976 release puts it 19 years before Jacques Chirac's 1995 speech which is famous in France for being the first public mention of the Vel d'Hiv Roundup since WWII.

4 US Congress approval ratings 'dropped to historic lows (9 percent, according to a New York Times-CBS poll), which sent wags looking for anything ironic that enjoyed more favourability: [this included] "US going communist" = 11 percent, (Rasmussen poll)'. See: Sullivan, Christopher. 'In Year of Cataclysms, a few faces stand out.' *The Guardian*. 23 Dec 2011. Web [Accessed 14 Aug 2012].

5 The company would not be known as Apple Inc. until 2007.

6 *Alraune*, c1918—Hungarian silent; *Sacrifice*, 1918—German Silent; *Alraune*, 1928—silent (*Unholy Love*, *Mandrake*, or *A Daughter of Destiny*); *Alraune*, 1930—talkie; *Alraune*, 1952 (*Unnatural*).

7 'Voight-Kampff test' in the film; 'Voigt-Kampff Altered Scale, Personality Test, or Apparatus' in the book, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* In the novel, the term refers less often to the test or machine but to how the results of such a test are interpreted, and it is presumably named for its mathematician inventors (for example: the Voigt Profile named for Woldemar Voigt [1815-1919]). The name 'Kampff' is hypothesized to be a reference to Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and, at the same time ironically emblematic of an individual's 'struggle' within the context of morally provocative questioning, see Joseph Francaville's essay, 'The Android as Doppelganger' in *Retrofitting Blade Runner*, edited by Judith Kerman. (Bowling Green State University Popular Press, 1991).

8 See Marie Lathers' *The Aesthetics of Artifice: Villier's L'eve Future* (University of North Carolina Press, 1996, pp. 140-141) for an insightful analysis of *The Marriage Giovanni Arnolfini* and Leon's photo in *Blade Runner.*

9 Thomas Grey's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard'; Byron's 'The Prisoner of Chillon' –a recording of this poem is in the children's curriculum. It is a poem whose speaker is the last survivor of a family, whose hair has gone grey with shock, and as a prisoner like the children in *The Damned*, has been one for 'whom the goodly earth and air /Are bann'd, and barr'd'; Roy Batty's version adapted from Blake's long poem, 'America: a Prophecy.'

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The Haunted Voice and Spherical Narrative of Ben Wheatley's *A Field in England*

RYAN ARWOOD

'The frothing of the hedges I keep deep inside me.' Jean Wahl (Poème)

A slasher-cum-hallucination-cum-haunted period drama, Ben Wheatley's 2013 film pits ghosts against time, spectre against conjured and voices against narrative. *A Field in England* is set in a monochromatic field at the fringes of a battle during the English Civil War, following a group of deserters (Whitehead, Cutler, Friend and Jacob) who walk, almost aimlessly, through a field in rural England after having met during a noisy battle. Their actions begin to be marked by disputes and fatigue fuelled by the effects of hallucinatory mushrooms, having been fed to them by Cutler, to make them more manageable to his demands. They are then forced to search for treasure by the Irishman O'Neil until the deserters rage a war of their own against him.

The viewer is dropped, without context, into the film's eponymous field. The characters' actions and reasoning are not explained because, in their point of view, they are not out of joint. The viewer is the one out of joint in the film, time travellers to this field in the past. Like a science fiction film set in the future we, the viewer, are left to put the historical puzzle pieces together.

The film questions the evil of the haunted and, by imposing this position upon the viewer, influences and modifies the meaning of the plot and its repetitive nature (Derrida *Of Grammatology* 41). What, in the film, makes up the living world of the characters? Why do the aggressions that arise so fervently towards each other dissipate seconds later without question or remembrance? Why should the characters have narrative but not history? According to Derrida the being 'is announced as such... as 'non-living' up to 'consciousness,' passing through all levels of animal organisation' (Derrida *Of Grammatology* 47). In the entire field, the field as physical space and the field as narrative, the being-present starts from an occulted movement of trace. But what is its trace as the characters are concerned?

Physically these characters are bound to a singular point in time and space; the film is set during a battle and it is filmed entirely on a field. But constructively, or rather de-constructively, they move about not only within the field, in search of treasure, but also outside of it by haunted means of the conjuring (Derrida *Spectres* 49). However, despite these agonising questions the characters remain relatively un-inquisitive. Friend asks questions of his life's meaning but ultimately rests his decision that God's plan is unquestionable. It could be stated that the characters' lack of questioning lie in the fact that interrogated space is haunted space (Wigley 201) and that the structure of the crypt, later to be seen as the pit in which they dig for treasure, is built into the

structure of space - the field. Cutler, Friend, Jacob and Whitehead need not ask questions verbally for us, the viewer, to hear for they exist already in this interrogated space: the field.

So what makes this film a hauntology? Where are these characters' voices emerging from and how these voices tie together? Upon the first viewing this film simply seems to be a jumbled lexicon of camera angles, strobe light effects intending to replicate mushroom induced hallucinations. But it is a much thicker mix of arrival and timeliness that is out of joint (Derrida *Spectres* 49). Derrida's out of joint, here quoting Hamlet in Spectres, concerns the film's aspects of the 'noted,' the 'represented' and the 'figured' (Derrida *Of Grammatology* 52) that correlates with the characters perceived ghostliness and their provenance.

'Noted' because their provenance, along with their perceived futures, is everything except noted, 'represented' because the characters' presentation of themselves change as they move throughout the field and within each conjuring, and 'figured' because, due to the difference of the deferred moments in the film, the characters go about marking different levels of representation that can be read as a figuration of their time on the field.

Thinking de-constructively about the film I began catching myself courting the haunted thoughts of Jacques Derrida throughout my many viewings of this film. In the narrative there are five characters: Friend, Cutler, O'Neil, Jacob and Whitehead. Except for O'Neil, the characters all meet each other at the fringes of a battle as Whitehead is seen fleeing his soon to be dead master. Physically the fringes of this battle are delineated by a hedgerow whence Whitehead is seen fleeing. Spatially the characters never break this delineation for the focus is on the field itself; the field of tall grasses and heather that will shield, later, the characters from the haunted images they face.

So, upon this first 'sight' we could ask ourselves of an arrival, if indeed Whitehead is arriving here on the field past the hedgerows, and what the future-to-come may bring. Are we going towards the future or are we escaping it? Interestingly I don't believe that this question becomes posed to the viewer until much later in the film but that is what makes Wheatley's narrative so rich with possibility and confusion. Each viewing brings to question the provenance of each character and their previous actions that, perhaps, we were unaware of in an earlier viewing.

Narratively the film acts like a circle, or a rolling sphere (the narrative's turns rolling forward but non linearly), of which we are not aware yet. If the question of the narrative comes from the future what does that make of the past? Also, what stands in front of us if we already think we know of the future-to-be? Like any kind of provenance we become aware of the crux of the question I pose through a learned experience (Derrida *Spectres* xix). Whitehead leaves the hedgerows and enters into the field and, despite previous viewings of the film, I ask myself whither instead of whence because he is a spirit in the film that must come to be reckoned with. I already know where he comes from even though the film never leaves the field in order to venture past the

hedgerows. As Derrida questions, 'How can it come back and present itself again, anew, as the new? How can it be there, again, when its time is no longer there?' (Derrida *Spectres* 49)

Despite these questions, or perhaps in order to fuel these questions, the film progresses around these characters as they venture out, yet still hemmed in by the field, in search of an alehouse. The alehouse positions itself as this preposition that refers to a time and a place. We know, or at least we think we know, that the characters have a place that needs to be got to in the future. It is a matter of telling ourselves to pretend to certify this time in space of which we cannot be certain. For briefly after this we encounter a type of conjuring that, upon first glance, takes part at a specific time in the narrative. Upon first viewing the film does progress linearly. Whitehead is fleeing someone. The characters meet each other and go in search of an alehouse. Now, the character Cutler convinces the other characters to do a task in gratitude for being taken to this alehouse.

Here the film takes a surprising turn. Any sense of linearity we saw in the narrative journey to the alehouse is gone. Instead we find ourselves back in a web of a provenance we can't be sure of. Instead, we find ourselves in a film concerned with the 'commerce and theatre of gravediggers' (Derrida *Spectres* 40). We will soon find the characters positioned around and inside a pit in a search for treasure. But as I aim to show, this pit is more than a hole in the ground potentially filled with treasure. It is also a provenance of the characters and, as well, a destination point.

Narratively in the film the characters Jacob, Whitehead and Friend are following Cutler to an alehouse of which Cutler has told them. They follow him blindly and exchange stories of their past. We learn little of them, of their lives outside of the field. But what we will learn is that Cutler drugs them with mushrooms – an historic fact Wheatley wanted to play upon in his narrative of the English Civil War – and convinces them to unearth the Irishman O'Neil. Then O'Neil drugs Whitehead and through powers of the occult gives away the location of treasure somewhere in the field. The characters, under the guidance of Cutler, begin to dig. They dig a pit and from this pit they conjure themselves.

The pit signifies the film's encircling, that is to say murky, digression and deferral. Digging in the pit in their search for treasure they eventually find bones. These bones, in this unimportant field, conjure the digression of the characters' ultimate demise. These five characters come from this grave they dig themselves. They will return and they will act out their fiendish plights again and again for our hungry bewitched eyes from the bottom of this pit.

At the beginning of the film, the viewer sees Whitehead turn and look into the background to see two figures shrouded in the mist of gunshot; here we see the last scene as ghostly revenant. We, as the viewer, speculate the meaning of these figures and that is the fascination that bewitches the spectre for they, themselves, are a speculation of exchange because they dream of a pure exchange (Derrida *Spectres* 40): An exchange that will perhaps lift them from this spherical narrative that sees them replaying this battle over and over again.

At this scene we find the characters, at Cutler's request, pulling at a rope wrapped around a stake. They pull and the stake turns. After some time Whitehead gives up and we see a man in the middle of the field ahead. This is the first time in the linear progression of the film we see a conjuring.

O'Neil's appearance in the film is truly one of arrival. And a beautiful arrival at that, for it wonderfully illustrates a key point of the ghostly revenant. Derrida's Spectres asks of the ghost not only if it is going to come back but also, if it has not already begun to arrive, where is it going and what is its future? O'Neil's arrival asks of the film if the question of the spectre is whither or whence? (Derrida *Spectres* 37) For, according to Derrida, the future can only belong to the haunted and may even, as this film may prove, be the past as well.

O'Neil is conjured by physical force, the tug of war by the group of men. Convinced by Jacob to tug upon a rope wrapped around a stake of wood, the friends work laboriously, unravelling a length of rope from this stake in the ground. Wheatley gives no hint at all in the film to the stake's provenance nor to its meaning. After Whitehead gives up, the camera finds a bearded man lying in the grass covered in the rope that was wrapped around the now absent stake.

The turning of the stake is marked by the added tenseness of the drug induced stupor. But let's remember: 'This not-knowing is not a lacuna' (Derrida *Spectres* 37). Had he, O'Neil, not announced himself already would his appearance, his re-naissance, have meant anything more? We are unaware at this point in the film O'Neil's provenance. Has he been mentioned before this point in the film? Was he the expected arrival of the stake's turning or a mistake? Whitehead did give up early after all. What if he had kept going?

For Derrida this lack of progressive knowledge saturates an opening that would have little, if any, effect upon the heterogeneity of the affirmed. The future will be its memory and therein lies the lacuna pitted into the film I find to be so delicious in this cinematographic work. Ben Wheatley's film is a loop. A conjured loop where any act of conjuring is merely an await without any fulfilled horizon of one (Derrida *Spectres* 65). The characters are haunted figures of the field. They are possessions of the field and the borders, the hedgerows, are their boundary from constructed time and deconstructed time.

The rhythm in which the characters act out their narrative is built into the structure of the field they inhabit. By placing them in this space Wheatley gives the film a sense of interior, instead of an exterior whereupon they would merely drift. I say this because in their interior, the field, they seem to drift aimlessly as they can't figure out why they are there or what is going on. This rhythm questions the inhabited space that frustrates them. The conjured O'Neil, appearing at the moment when they are most confused, sees their weaknesses and gives them all a project. This space, the field, is a container of treasure. They will dig it up and he shall claim it.

O'Neil, at this juncture of the film, becomes a threat. Stereotypically the conjured, or more aptly the ghost, is felt as a threat. This is because there is always a question of a present of the spectre and its history.

Derrida asks: where is the linear succession 'between a "real time" and a "deferred time"?' (Derrida *Spectres* 39) In this film, then, where is this linear progression and when will this deferred time sprout up and reveal itself? Looked upon in this way, I say that it never will. This film's end is its beginning and vice-versa.

O'Neil denotes upon the characters a sense of the spectral while grave digging. This digging for treasure is a dimensional interpretation marked by age. They dig for a treasure that isn't there. Instead they dig up old bones. But what is old? What is the present? Whose bones are these and is that important? Derrida begs us to examine the essence of the present, 'the presence of the present' (Derrida *Différance* 23). Superficially the viewer can see the present of the film as the moment the images happen on the screen; the physical, temporal present we inhabit. However, Wheatley deconstructs this essence of presence by placing the spatial happenings of the film in a singular, static location: the field. Playfully he tries to hide the essence of the emergence, this future we try to find in the film, blurring the relation between 'presencing and what is present' (Derrida *Différance* 23).

Wheatley presents the narrative as a linear progression laid out flat like a map projected from a globe. Edges are bent and disorientated. Some events become smaller, some larger. What remains omnipresent is the field itself. The field is this haunted locale in the film where beings hide. Characters hide in the tall grasses. There may be treasure under here. There may be nothing. By this definition only the space of the field can be haunted, the word 'haunting' etymologically tied to that of 'house' (Wigley 163). The field denotes its haunted aspect to the conjured ghosts that traipse its surface.

Seeing the field through the lens of Derrida is about seeing space, or rather, a spacing between scenes within the field. A type of indigestion (Wigley 174) that sees the characters moving about these structures, let's say points of interest, they make up for themselves, or rather find themselves stuck in. I say indigestion because, firstly, Derrida concerns himself with the act of mourning as eating. Digestion, spatially, is a convoluted crypt that configures and de-configures the body passing through it. Secondly, I say indigestion because the characters spend a great deal of time in the film eating hallucinatory mushrooms. This literal sense of indigestion is important not only due to Wheatley's interest in the historical qualities of mushroom taking during the battles of the Civil War, but also because it marks places in the film where the characters go.

When talking of deconstruction in a film one needs look for what is buried in the entrails of the actors that allows them to move through the spaces we see on screen. The haunted, according to Derrida, is 'accentuated, accelerated by modern technologies like film, television, the telephone... When the very first perception of an image is linked to a structure of reproduction, then we are dealing with the realm of phantoms' (Derrida *The Ghost Dance* 60-73). The deconstructive image here is the characters' wanton dance through the frame of the camera. These characters only have vague recollection whence they came and know no more about whither they go.

Whitehead is convinced he is a on a mission given to him by his occult master but he is unconvinced in himself to carry the plan to fruition. Friend, the bumbling fool, was thought to be dead at the beginning of the film but arose at the slightest voicing of beer. Friend questions his position on the field and wants to know why God has brought him here. Of the other characters we are given even less information.

Like a loop road, the characters walk only to eventually find themselves where they started. The deferral in this film cannot settle down in any particular 'epoch' because, as mentioned earlier, these ghosts exist outside of time, away (conjured) from the spectral temporality of time. The difference of time and space, as it is ingested by the characters, is an aspect of unfolding of the Being (Derrida *Différance* 22) and their spatial relativeness to one another during different moments in the film.

These figures move about the screen haunting one another and exchanging positions of power. O'Neil needs Whitehead because Whitehead has knowledge of the occult and can pinpoint where in the field the treasure is. The others are needed for their sheer power, their naivety and innocence in the face of doom, or even their ruthless desire to be in charge. All of these qualities move about from character to character, a deferral that keeps this sphere of a film rolling along the track. Always differing and deferring, the characters help each other and hurt each other.

Friend, for instance, dies twice in this film. He is thought dead at the beginning but, perhaps, is merely knocked out. He dies next when he is accidentally shot by Cutler during a scrap with Jacob whilst digging in the pit for the treasure O'Neil has forced them to unearth. He rises again later during one of the final scenes as Jacob and Whitehead fight with O'Neil. Upon waking, Friend draws attention to Jacob and Whitehead, hid behind a table, whilst O'Neil searches for them amongst the field. After the divulging of their hiding place he runs through the field carrying a spike in order to kill O'Neil in an effort to win back the affections of his friends. He is shot though by O'Neil, and dies again.

The trace here is beyond that which may link the physical goings-on between the characters and the phenomenology, what we as viewers see. This trace we see is never as it is in the representation, or indeed presentation, of what it is (Derrida *Différance* 23). These characters are constantly erasing preconceived and learned notions of themselves through the film. As the spherical ball of plot rolls along the path the writing becomes rubbed out only to reappear, to be conjured again, later.

This rolling ball effect creates a resistance in the film drawing the viewer into a sense of unease. The narrative, at times, becomes hard to watch. Wheatley intentionally uses drunken camera effects where the visual narrative is obscured by darting camera moves. During one scene of the film the narrative focus is on the battle between Jacob and Whitehead against O'Neil. There is no sound except for the sound of the wind, which, for some reason unknown, is nearly cyclonic. The imagery reverts between split screens as if a mirror has been placed down the middle of the lens. There are flash backs darting back and forth in the style of strobe lights. This physical resistance can be elaborated as a sense of rhythm that haunts the space of tradition. The space of

tradition, as elaborated upon earlier, is the space of the house, the oikos (Derrida *Différance* 27) that is haunted by the displacement of the domestic.

The field that the battle the characters find themselves in is a graphic deferral from the historical battle of the Civil War. The English Civil War rages on at the fringes of the field, outside of this specific time temporally but contemporaneous in their memories. Dropped in the middle, the viewer removed historically from the events taking place, we see the characters plucked from the time in which they navigate. The Civil War has a very temporal beginning and end, whereas this field with these haunted spectres does not. For these reasons this graphic difference between the battle from which they fled and the battle in which they find themselves now vanishes and extends into an invisible relationship (Derrida *Différance* 5).

As I mentioned earlier, this is the scene where Friend dies another time. Friend arises from the hiding place behind the table and runs to O'Neil brandishing a pike only to be shot point-blank. O'Neil, lying in the grass wounded, is then left temporarily vulnerable as he needs to reload. Here Whitehead's emerging voice comes to the foreground. The film's coward, the character that found the non-existent treasure, lifts up from the grass, hid like a ghost, and shouts 'The coward is here!' and shoots O'Neil dead.

This deferral, in the pre-dominate voice, marks a presence in the film that always could have been found. This deference does not mark the beginning of a new stage for Whitehead but instead is a head nod towards the investment that thoughtfully delayed its perception in order to profit from its specific moment of emergence (Derrida *Différance* 20). For at this stage of the film Whitehead is then seen burying his companions, Jacob and Friend, and walking through the field. He wears a cape, carries a rifle and dons a hat. Foreboding music plays in the soundtrack. He then finds himself amongst the hedgerows seen at the beginning of the film, the same hedgerows demarcating the edge between Civil War Battle and the struggle between the central characters. Finally, as this is the final scene, the camera's movement obscures our view. We cannot tell if Whitehead is clear to the other side of the hedgerow or not. However, what we are afforded in this final scene is Whitehead, Jacob and Friend, together again to re-emerge as the central spectres in their own conjuring.

So what is the origin? Why are these characters back after having been buried by Whitehead? Did Whitehead ever die? These are questions of an origin that never existed in this film. The ending of the film, where the characters are seen standing, marks the beginning of the film where Whitehead turns and sees two shrouded figures in the dust. This ending is a deletion in the final writing of this particular epoch (Derrida *Of Grammatology* 23) that is destined to repeat itself.

Physically a roll of film must have a beginning and an end but our narrative histories and futures do not. The sense of being in this film originates from the field whence all the characters emerge. We see this emergence now at the films physical end. We saw Whitehead burying his friends. We saw the shrouded figures at the beginning of the film. We saw O'Neil conjured by the grass. In regard to the deferral we see a derivative. What is

being deferred? The leaving of the field, of course. The characters are derived from the field and they will not leave.

The field is the terminology making up the films perpetual start and re-start. The field is the last and first signifier. Wheatley encompasses in this film the semiology of what this field is to the characters. It proposes to retain its own meaning, this flat field where grass grows, to designate the whole and replacing the meaning of death, start and finish (Derrida *Of Grammatology* 31).

These words, in relation to their meaning in the narrative, will always be on the outside, the fringes, of the narrative just like known reality beyond the hedgerows of the field. As long as we pose the question of provenance and position of the beginning and end the representation of these will remain blurred. By ceasing to posit these meanings with a concept of their provenance the film begins to make sense as a circular narrative. To designate the beginning and to replace it with the end constitutes a unity, an effect of drawing attention to the films ambiguity and articulation of the haunted voices slipping in and out of their differing power and deferral of time and spatial constructs (Derrida *Of Grammatology* 31).

Wheatley's film plays on our constructed sense of alterity in the person and the haunted, the ghost, and their voices. The structure of the film delays our desire to recognise a stereotypical sort of haunted image, or haunted being, and how it is presented in a typical narrative form of beginning, middle and end. The film is not concerned with the conscious horizon of past or future. Instead it modifies it where the 'past' has never been present, will never be present, and whose future to come will not be a production because it has already happened (Derrida *Différance* 21).

A Field in England mixes trace of historic-fiction concerned not only with the presentation of itself through cinematic prowess but also a tangible resonating of difference and deferral of the occult and the uncircumventable meditation of voice (Derrida *Différance* 23). Instead of imposing his own questions upon the viewer Ben Wheatley's film instead begs the viewer to ask their own questions about the events, and their meanings, unravelling before them. Through the melding of speech and being in the film's colourful script, Wheatley's characters' provenance from the titular monochromatic field continue to haunt us even after several viewings coming round to haunt us again and again.

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Sisterly Silences:

The Unveiling of Hidden Voices in Vanessa Bell's illustrations for Virginia Woolf's *Kew Gardens*

HANA LEAPER

'Voices, yes, voices, wordless voices, breaking the silence…breaking the silence? But there was no silence'

(Virginia Woolf Kew Gardens*)*

The close sororal bond between the artist Vanessa Bell and her younger sister, the writer Virginia Woolf, was a fundamental element of their professional practice. It enabled their emancipation from restrictive Victorian social codes, the formation and endurance of the Bloomsbury group, and their respective creative processes. The idea that Woolf's ekphrastic writing style is in part influenced by Bell's visual aesthetics has been investigated by a number of critics, including Diane Filby Gillespie in *The Sisters' Arts*, Jane Dunn in *A Very Close Conspiracy*, and Jane Goldman in *The Feminist Aesthetics of Virginia Woolf*.[1] Gillespie's study explores her claim that: 'Much of Woolf's self-conscious exploration of her medium arises from her continual awareness of what her sister and other modern painters are doing' (8); whilst Dunn sees their relationship 'complementary and impassioned, as the source at times of an almost mythic power' (5-6); and Goldman views Woolf's writing of the twenties and thirties within a 'contextualising account of the emergence and development of theories of Post-Impressionism,' theories which were, for a time, at the heart of Bell's practice (2).

This paper will examine Bell's embellishment of the 3rd edition of Woolf's short story *Kew Gardens*, published in 1927, in order to further explore this collaboration between artist and writer, image and word, silence and speech, and the effect of these collusions on the reader's experience of the story. It will build upon previous studies to show that this reciprocity was not simply theoretical, but that Bell's images – which are not simply illustrations directly reflecting the content of the text, but designs that act as borders, punctuation, bridges or disruptions – significantly modify the process of reading the page, in comparison with the previous two unadorned editions of the same text. They become an important feature of the text, acting as a visual meta-commentary that allows the complex pre-cognitive emotions hinted at in the writing to be more fully realized.

In July 1926, a year before the 3rd edition of *Kew Gardens* was published, Roger Fry, a close colleague of Bell and Woolf, considered by both to be the leading art critic of the age, described the relationship between 'the Author and the Artist' in book illustration, as 'a battle-ground, a no man's land raked by alternate fires from the artist and the writer, claimed by both, sometimes nearly conquered by one but only to be half recaptured by the other' (9). Fry had extensive experience of these struggles, having illustrated several books for friends, and publishing four more under the Omega imprint.[2] He went on to propose that although: 'real illustration in the sense of reinforcing the author's verbal expression is quite impossible,' it may be possible to 'embroider' the

author's ideas. Such enriching marginalia, Fry suggested, encourages deeper discourse between the reader and the text. He called leading graphic artist E.McKnight Kauffer 'the most witty of interrupters' – not interpreters, but *interrupters*. Fry proposes that, in the case of Kauffer's woodcuts for Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, the graphics, which embroider, and in the process, interrupt the text, speak to the reader about the author's writing 'in a voice which the old man cannot overhear.' The 'old man' in this case has been dead for hundreds of years, but this concept of silent imagery possessing the agency to speak about the text in ways that the author has not consciously licenced is just as relevant to Woolf and Bell's 1927 *Kew Gardens*, a text produced by contemporary artists working collaboratively. However, in the case of *Kew Gardens*, author and artist collude together to release these voices, with the author agreeing to the artist's presence on the page.

It is striking that despite Bell's supposedly active role as a pioneer of 'Significant Form' – that is, of eliminating story telling in visual artwork – she provided artwork for a number of her sister's short stories and designed all of her book jackets.[3] Bell's letters show she was sensitive to the nuances of her sister's more experimental writing, revealing in a letter written in 1927: 'it is so shattering to find oneself face to face with those two again that I can hardly consider anything else' after reading Woolf's novel *To the Lighthouse* (Bell *Selected Letters* 317). Her response to Woolf's more conventionally realist novel *Night and Day* was less warm. In 1917 she wrote to Roger Fry: 'I think the most interesting character is evidently my mother, who is made exactly like Lady Ritchie, down to every detail apparently. Everyone will know who it is, of course' (Bell *Selected Letters* 205). Bell's accompaniments to Woolf's works show that despite her rejection of illustrative or allegorical painting, preference for Woolf's less realist writing, and her silence on many subjects, she recognized the expressive, pre-linguistic potency of visual art, and the capacity of marks on a page to extrapolate further meaning from a text. Woolf, as we shall see, was convinced that Bell's formally premised artwork held 'no truck with words,' yet Bell's images communicate strongly to us, showing that silences, and wordless voices, carry powerful expressive charges (Woolf 'Foreword'). *Kew Gardens*, as the quote at the beginning of this essays shows, is a story that carefully considers the rich meanings latent within silence, just as much of Bell's artwork articulates human and aesthetic experience using formal, rather than verbal or representational means.

The Hogarth Press, owned and run by Virginia and Leonard Woolf, often incorporated images into narrative structures, a practice inspired by Woolf's sensitivity to the visual world. The nuances of human existence and behaviour that there are words to describe are a major theme of her writing and Patricia Ondek Laurence argues that, in their own way, Woolf's novels also hold little 'truck with words.' She posits that they are in fact, structured by several different categories of silence, the 'unsaid,' the 'unspoken,' and the 'unsayable':

> Distinctions are made in her [Woolf's] novels between what is left 'unsaid,' something one might have felt but does not say; the 'unspoken,' something not yet formulated or expressed in voiced words; and the 'unsayable,' something not sayable based on the social taboos of Victorian propriety or something about life that is ineffable. (1)

Woolf experimented with articulating different kinds of silence within *Kew Gardens*, and the young couple in the story, themselves plant-like, 'in that season which precedes the prime of youth,' struggle to understand one another verbally:

> 'What's "it"–what do you mean by "it"?'
>
> 'O, anything–I mean–you know what I mean.' (Woolf *Kew Gardens* 15)

'Long pauses came between each of these remarks' uttered in 'toneless and monotonous voices' (Woolf *Kew Gardens* 15). Their broken conversation is compelled by several categories of silence: the 'unsaid' things they both feel, but do not speak; the 'unspoken' not yet fully formulated ideas of their youth; and the 'unsayable' pronouncements they are unable to make due to the prohibitive social codes of the public park, and also due to the inability of language to express the life within and around them. Woolf's description of the 'unsayable' nature of their conversation reveals language as being simultaneously limiting, and also containing within it vast realms of possibility. The couple exchange:

> words with short wings for their heavy body of meaning, inadequate to carry them far and thus alighting awkwardly upon the very common objects that surrounded them, and were to their inexperienced touch so massive; but who knows (so they thought as they pressed the parasol into the earth) what precipices aren't concealed in them, or what slopes of ice don't shine in the sun on the other side? Who knows? (Woolf *Kew Gardens* 16)

Their joint actions throughout this conversation aid their voices, bringing them towards a moment of knowledge – a moment where language may be transcended and the other become comprehensible. Pressing her parasol into the flower bed together (Bell's page border creating an evocative semi-circular gap beneath the description of this action), with his hand on top of hers – a subtly subversive action that can be read as both containing sexual overtones, and defying park rules – 'expressed their feelings in a strange way, as these short insignificant words also expressed something' (ibid.). The young man 'felt that something loomed up behind her words and stood vast and solid behind them,' but as 'the mist very slowly rose and uncovered,' we are cut off mid-sentence (ibid). The revelation does not arrive, as he is distracted by the café scene before him. In the 1927 version, Bell's imagery articulates this unverbalised, but pivotal snap in continuation for the reader, interrupting this nascent unveiling with a space at the bottom of the page, bordered by circles within circles and a scalloped edge. The next page begins with Bell's double border, separating the young man's unrealized internal moment on the previous page with his external observations on the next page. Illustration, Fry seductively posited, 'lures the imagination on... on a loose tether' (12). Bell's arrangements for *Kew Gardens* guide the reader through the text, and on occasion, leave blank spaces within the field of the page for this discourse between reader and page to proceed, undirected by the writer; Bell's images accompany the reader through realms of silent contemplation that the writer cannot convey through language.

The 'sisterly silences' of the title operate on two levels within *Kew Gardens*. As Gillespie elucidates in *The Sisters' Arts,* 'Woolf and Bell formed an artistic sisterhood and practiced in art media conceived of, metaphorically, as sisters' (4). Silence is an important structural component and tool for creating spaces of reflection within each woman's work, and lives, and so the silences within their collaborative project can be conceived of as sisterly in both the sense that they were engineered by sisters, and that the media used complement one another, and speak to one another's silences. The 'unsaid,' 'unspoken,' and 'unsayable' elements that these silences articulate, or 'unveil' (just as the young man felt an imminent rising of a shroud of mist, an uncovering of the 'vast and solid' something 'behind her words' (Woolf *Kew Gardens* 16)) are not desolate wastelands, but fecund gardens of ineffable human experience, revealed by the human activity of the story. The 'wordless voices, breaking the silence' are rooted, like the Stephen sisters' relationship in the most fundamental areas of the human mind and soul (Woolf *Kew Gardens* 21).

The relationship between the Stephen sisters was as complex as the relationship between text and image in their work. A mystique of impenetrable silence surrounds accounts of Bell, partly engineered by Woolf as a counterpoint to her own reputation as a wordsmith and quicksilver conversationalist. Woolf was ever willing to fill these silences, mythologizing her enigmatic and immensely attractive elder sister in the process, and we must be cautious of allowing her to speak over Bell – even, or perhaps, especially when her commentary springs from their sustained exchange of ideas and mutual aesthetic appreciation.

Spalding connects the silence attributed to Bell by her sister to her artwork and contrasts this with Woolf's felicity for verbal expression: 'Her [Vanessa's] private, inner life, connected with the silent realm of form and colour, was set against Virginia's chatter and love of words' (Spalding 20). Yet, this seemingly clear opposition between the silent and visual, against the verbose and literary is called into question by the reciprocity between Bell and Woolf's aesthetics, by the silences in Woolf's fiction, the vocality of Bell's letters, and by Woolf's admiration for silence and attempt to master this realm: 'everyone I most honour is silent – Nessa, Lytton, Leonard, Maynard: all silent, and so I have trained myself to silence; induced to it by the terror I have of my own unlimited capacity for feeling' (Woolf *Letters IV* 422). She grudgingly, though patronisingly, admired 'talkers' for what she imaged was their lack of access to this realm of feeling, unprotected by the filter of language: 'They don't know what feeling is, happily for them' (Woolf *Letters IV* 422). Contrary to any straightforward opposition between Bell and Woolf, silence and words, image and text, Patricia Ondek Laurence suggests that Woolf incorporated silence in her novels 'as if silence were of the same order as the readable, the same order as words on the page. She seeks...to express silence, its nature, its meanings, its uses' (Ondek Laurence 5).

Whilst there are many examples of Bell's silences, her inability, or unwillingness to communicate was not considered a defect in her chosen social circle, nor was it a preserve of Bell alone. She noted: 'Virginia, in fact, in those days, was apt to be very silent, nor could Lytton be relied upon to take any trouble in conversation' (Bell 'Notes on Bloomsbury' 102). This indicates that within their friendship group, silence was recognized as a space of

reflection rather than as a mental absence. But this was not always an austere, soundless world; conversation flourished. Debunking the myth of her silence somewhat, Bell recalled:

> Talk we all did, it's true, till all hours of the night. Not always, of course, about the meaning of good. Sometimes about books or painting or anything that occurred to one – or told the company of one's daily doings and adventures. (Bell 'Notes on Bloomsbury' 101-2)

Bell could obviously be an active talker at times, and although she did not produce a manifesto to explicitly define an aesthetic system, she constantly exchanged thoughts, aims, appreciations and criticisms in her letters and memoirs, which in effect detail her aesthetic agenda.

Woolf's writings about her sister's artwork show her fascination with Bell's silent art, but also the frustration she felt in attempting to describe it in words. She proposes to gain 'some idea of Mrs Bell herself and by thus trespassing, crack the kernel of her art' but finds her efforts at invasion futile. She declares herself, and verbal language, defeated in the attempt to describe in words works which undo the primacy of the signifier:

> The puzzle is that while Mrs. Bell's pictures are immensely expressive, their expressiveness has no truck with words. Her vision excites a strong emotion and yet when we have dramatised it, or poetised it or translated it into all the blues and greens, and fines and exquisites and subtleties of our vocabulary, the picture itself escapes. It goes on saying something of its own. (Woolf 'Foreword')

The potency of Bell's ability to extrapolate expression from the order of language, giving form to the 'unsaid,' the 'unspoken' and the 'unsayable' (Ondek Laurence 1) is symbolised by the silent, mysterious integrity Woolf attributed to her: 'But Mrs. Bell says nothing. Mrs. Bell is as silent as the grave. Her pictures do not betray her. Their reticence is inviolable' (Woolf 'Foreword').

Bell's atmospheric and enigmatic 1913-16 painting *A Conversation* demonstrates this 'inviolable' reticence. It creates a dynamic tension between the talk of the women pictured and the silence of the painting, which Gillian Beer sees as 'teasing' the viewer (Beer). This work provides a strategic starting point – an opening vista – for an investigation of the way conversation and imagery are brought together by Bell and Woolf in *Kew Gardens*.

Woolf praised Bell's *A Conversation* (which Woolf refers to as *Three Women*), admitting to feeling a hint of envy at Bell's ability to synthesize form and psychological acuity. 'I think you are a most remarkable painter' she wrote, high praise in itself. 'But I maintain' she went on, at a time when Bell was at the peak of her Modernist formalism, an aesthetic movement defined in opposition to narrative content in painting, that:

> … you are into the bargain, a satirist, a conveyor of impressions about human life: a short story writer of great wit and able to bring off a situation in a way that rouses my envy. I wonder if I could write the *Three Women* in prose. (Woolf *Letters III* 498-9)

Woolf's insistence that Bell was a 'story writer' initially seems at odds with the non-anecdotal premise of Bell's work. When one begins to understand that Woof's conception of storytelling is as much about relaying an experience of the world than creating a narrative, one can see why she was so deeply fascinated by Bell. Fittingly, as Jean Hagstrum notes, the relationship between visual and verbal artistry is a competitive one; Likewise, Bell and Woolf's relationship held competitive elements – especially on the younger sister's side. Woolf felt that professional success was her due, as her sister had had the children she was denied 'Nessa has all that I should like to have' (Woolf *Letters I* 334). Gillespie notes that Woolf's habit of attempting to master her sister resulted in the recuperation of the very silences she attempted to translate:

> Virginia interrupts and interprets Vanessa's silence with words; yet paradoxically, by writing about what transcends language and by choosing and arranging her words with care, Virginia aspires to a parallel silence. (Gillespie 8)

These 'parallel silences' produced a formalist painter who can be described as 'a short story writer,' and a wordsmith whose work is structured around silence.

A few years after Woolf's admiring letter, Bell became one of the first readers of Woolf's 1918 *Kew Gardens*. She read it in manuscript form in July 1918 (it was first published in May 1919) when she suffering from morning sickness four months into her third (full-term) pregnancy, living frugally on war rations, troubled by servants and vexed by her brother Adrian's relationship crisis. 'It's a relief to turn to your story,' she informed her sister, 'although some of the conversation – she says, I says, sugar – I know too well!' (Bell *Letters* 214) She thought it 'fascinating and a great success' and her thoughts immediately turned to illustrating it: 'I wonder if I could do a drawing for it' (Ibid).

These responses to one another's work show that both sisters understood each other's quest for balance between formal arrangement and conveying 'impressions about human life' (Woolf *Letters III* 498-9). Woolf understood that though Bell's work did not carry an overtly political message, her formalism arose from the desire to distil, to present a concentrated vision of life, rather than discount or deny experience.[4] Their implicit and unique sympathy to one another's aesthetic aims resulted in an inevitable symmetry in their desire to augment one another's work: 'I wonder if;' 'I wonder if.'

Although enthused about the project to produce woodcuts for *Kew Gardens*, Bell was wary of allowing Woolf's publishing house, the Hogarth Press, to handle her work. Dora Carrington's woodcuts for *Two Stories* (containing Leonard Woolf's short story 'Three Jews' and Virginia Woolf's 'The Mark on the Wall,' (1917) had received little sympathy or respect, with Woolf confessing to vandalising them to fit the press: 'Our difficulty was that the margins would mark; we bought a chisel, and chopped away, I am afraid rather spoiling one edge' (Woolf *Letters 2* 162-63). The Hogarth Press had been due to publish prints by artists from the Omega workshops, but due to the fundamental lack of deference shown to Carrington's work, Bell vetoed this joint project between the writers and artists.

Despite these misgivings, Bell changed her mind, perhaps convinced by Woolf's enthusiasm that her woodcuts would receive better treatment. Unfortunately, they did not, and the experience of working on the first edition of *Kew Gardens* was not reciprocally enjoyable. Although they were in constant correspondence regarding the woodcuts ('I see that these woodcuts make almost daily letters necessary' (Bell *Letters* 219)), Bell was left 'infuriated by the uneven printing of the woodcuts' (Spalding 159). Woolf recorded Bell's ire in her diary:

> Nessa and I quarrelled as nearly as we ever do quarrel now over the get up of *Kew Gardens*, both type & woodcuts; & she firmly refused to illustrate any more stories of mine under those circumstances & went so far as to doubt the value of the Hogarth Press altogether. (Woolf *Diary I* 279)

Bell's indignation was provoked by what she perceived as the amateurish over-inking and poor positioning of the prints, indicative of a fundamental lack of respect for their value on Woolf's part. Woolf's cavalier treatment of both Carrington and Bell's woodcuts suggests that she perceived them as ancillary to the text. This treatment left Bell feeling silenced and relegated to a badly printed footnote, whereas her vision had been for a mutually sustaining dialogue between text and image.

A second edition of *Kew Gardens* was published through a professional printing press in June 1919, but Woolf felt that the results were not that much better than those she and Leonard Woolf had achieved. Under the circumstances, it is unclear why Bell changed her mind about working with Woolf again, though she went on to provide four woodcuts for the short-story collection *Monday or Tuesday* (1921), and, in 1927 for a third edition of *Kew Gardens*.[5] Published by the Hogarth Press this new edition featured an entirely fresh set of woodcuts that enhance the text in a very different manner to the more representational images of the first edition.

When Bell had first started to discuss the possibility of providing illustrations for *Kew Gardens* in 1919, she had half warned, half informed Woolf that they 'might not have very much to do with the text, but that wouldn't matter' (Bell *Letters* 214). The 1927 designs do not actually illustrate any of the 'action' of 'Kew Gardens.' Since it is essentially without plot in the traditional narrative sense and simply meanders through the gardens, giving us glimpses of the lives of various sets of people, this unconventional approach is entirely sympathetic to the ethos of the writing. Instead, they provide a silent companion during our sojourn in the space and a gently stimulating space of extra-linguistic reflection.

Awareness of the subtle way these woodcuts function to enhance the experience of Woolf's short story can be heightened through comparison with the first edition prints. The *Kew Gardens* 'sugar conversation,' as it has become known, is situated on the sixth page of the writing (page 10, that is, the tenth numbered page) of the 1919 edition, and the twelfth page of the 1927. In the 1919 version Bell's accompanying image is situated on page four of the booklet, before the story begins on page five. It is not included anywhere in the 1927 version. It recounts a conversation between 'two elderly women of the lower middle class, one stout and ponderous, the other rosy cheeked and nimble:'

> After they had scrutinised the old man's back in silence for a moment and given each other a queer, sly look, they went on energetically piecing together their very complicated dialogue:
>
> 'Nell, Bert, Lot, Cess, Phil, Pa, he says, I says, she says, I says, I says, I says-'
>
> 'My Bert, Sis, Bill, Grandad, the old man, sugar,
>
> Sugar, flour, kippers, greens,
>
> Sugar, sugar, sugar.' (6/10 in 1919 version; 12 in the 1927 version)

The nature of this exchange appealed directly to Bell, and it was this aspect of the short story that she proposed to her sister that she should illustrate: 'Do you remember' she asked Woolf, whilst referring directly to 'the sugar conversation,' 'a picture I showed at the Omega of 3 [sic] women talking with a flower bed seen out of the window behind? It might almost but not quite do as an illustration' (Bell *Letters* 214). Bell's instantaneous association of 'the sugar conversation' with *Three Women* [*A Conversation*] not only indicates that Woolf successfully achieved her ambition (as we saw earlier, Woolf had wondered 'if I could write the *Three Women* [*A Conversation*] in prose' (Woolf *Letters III* 498-9)), but highlights the reciprocity of their aesthetic ambitions.

The Sugar Conversation (one of two woodcuts Bell produced for the first edition of *Kew Gardens*) closely follows *A Conversation*, which depicts three women in front of a window. The women's heads are bent together, the one on the left gesticulates, the two on the right observe avidly. Through the window, bright flowers in three colours bloom from a petrol-green field. The curtains frame both the women and the flowers; the orange sky and the ground meet at an intersection that defies the laws of perspective, putting the flowers and women onto the same plane. The flowers then, are not background detail, but a vital part of the scene. This, along with the careful use of complementary tones, suggests a dialogue between the inside and outside. However, the viewer is cut off from their exchange by the position of the foregrounded woman's body, as the curves of her shoulder and knee meet with those of the woman on the left, blocking any attempt to join their conversation. The woodcut *The Sugar Conversation* again foregrounds the women with a background of flowers; however, the perspectives are, again, flattened so that the women and flowers share the same plain. It is hard to differentiate the women from their surroundings, just as in the writing it is difficult to work out their conversation. The reader must accept that their conversation is schematically imperfect, fragmentary. It relies upon the women's intimate knowledge of one another's personalities and lives – and the reader's intuitive recognition of this, and of the fluctuating relationships between language and meaning. The perceived and the spoken, the unconscious and the conscious, and interior and exterior worlds, meet and meld within the scene – as people and environment do within the story.

Bell's additions to the 1927 version do not include either of the prints from the 1919 edition, and the page numbering and layout of the type are completely redefined. Instead of illustrating episodes, the woodcuts function to make the scene-by-scene cinematic structure of the story clear. Each scene becomes distinctly defined by its new borders, and the pace of the story is re-set as the images enclose or separate, or loop in and out of each scene. These border devices control the flow of the text, subdividing the story into specific episodes. The

1919 edition is printed in a small sixteen page booklet (not including the jacket – itself a fascinating visual statement); page one is a title page with the author and illustrators names; its verso, page two, contains publishing information; page three is blank; page four is 'the sugar conversation' woodcut; pages five to fourteen contains ten pages of writing. On the final page, the writing takes up about a third of the page and 'the caterpillar' woodcut takes up about the same amount of space underneath it. However, in the 1927 version the writing takes up twenty-one pages, all divided carefully into independent units by type-setting and accompanying images. A striking example of how this restructures the reading experience comes on the first page. The first page of the 1919 version ends, somewhat clumsily, with only one sentence left of a paragraph: we were being guided through the park by a 'summer breeze', but here the action of the breeze is truncated. The reader must disrupt the flow in order to turn the page. In contrast, the first page of the 1927 version consists of only the first sentence:

> FROM THE OVAL-SHAPED flower-bed there rose perhaps a hundred stalks spreading into heart-shaped or tongue-shaped leaves half way up and unfurling at the tip red or blue or yellow petals marked with spots of colour raised upon the surface; and from the red, blue or yellow gloom of the throat emerged a straight bar, rough with gold dust and slightly clubbed at the end.

Bell's print takes up much more of the page space than this richly heliotropic sentence, introducing the mutually supportive relationship between text and image from the beginning. The flowers and swirling leaves are semi-abstract, yet from 'the throat' of just a couple emerge a 'straight bar,' as described in Woolf's writing.

E.M. Forster's 1919 review of Woolf's stories *The Mark on the Wall* and *Kew Gardens* recognizes and strongly foregrounds the visual nature of the stories. Forster began his review by paying close attention to the word 'vision,' 'rescuing' it from its common English use, which he defined as: 'to mean something that ought to exist, but certainly doesn't, like a legacy or an angel' and re-establishing what he called its 'proper sense,' as 'merely something that has been seen, and in this sense Mrs. Woolf's two stories are visions' (Forster 68). He firmly recuperates vision from the realm of the supernatural and insists on it as an observed, if undeniably subjective phenomenon, seen from the pages of Woolf's text.

Forster's definition of vision here veers towards the aesthetic theories of Roger Fry and Clive Bell. Forster claims that 'Vision' is outside of the bounds of conventional morality, that its value is in appearance, rather than meaning, the:

> …verdict whether right or wrong, is not in the least value. For in this queer world of Vision it is the surfaces of things, not their names or natures that matter; it has no connection with the worlds of practical or philosophic truth, it is the world of the Eye. (Forster 68)

'Vision,' and the associated 'world of the Eye' – of form, colour and line, not denotation and connotation – is key to Bell's visual practice. In her 'Lecture Given at Leighton Park School' – one of her few direct statements about art – she told her audience that:

> Some of the greatest painters, in my opinion, that have ever lived have often been contented to try to tell us only how exciting and moving to them have been the formal relations of a few kitchen pots and pans, fruits and vegetables [here she showed slides of still lifes by Chardin and Cezanne]. It is so exciting and so absorbing, this painters' world of form and colour, that once you are at its mercy you are in grave danger of forgetting all other aspects of the material world. (Bell 'Lecture Given at Leighton Park School' 157)

In Bell's artistic 'painters' world,' as in Woolf's writerly 'world of the Eye,' perceptual experience overrides the practical concerns of the material world. When these two worlds are brought together in an integrated whole, a heightened realm of vision ensues.

The unified vision expressed through visual and verbal collaboration in the 1927 *Kew Gardens* offers access to a realm of human feelings and experiences, which are extremely difficult to transpose. Bell's interventions around 'the sugar conversation' restructure the page, clarifying Woolf's vision through interrupting and mediating her text. This episode shares a page with two other scenes in the 1919 publications, but becomes an independent scene, set across one page in the1927 edition. In the 1919 text the page starts and finishes midway through sentences. In the 1927 version, the page begins with a complete sentence, introducing a fresh paragraph about the two women. The end of the page signals the end of their conversation. The next page also focuses on the same two women, yet the barriers interposed by the woodcuts guide us to the understanding that this is a different scene, a different psychological space. The conversation has ended, as one of women (the stout and ponderous one) has entered a different mood: she 'looked through the pattern of falling words' and eventually 'ceased even to pretend to listen to what the other woman was saying' as she found herself having what can be interpreted as an aesthetic experience (Woolf *Kew Gardens* 13). That is she saw the 'Significant Form' – the essential and unmediated vision, the 'painters' world of form and colour' – in the visual scene before her, in a similar way to which the reader experiences the words on the page.

Woolf has taken care to situate the class and implied lack of education of these women on the previous page ('women of the lower middle class... Like most people of their station they were frankly fascinated by any signs of eccentricity betokening a disordered brain, especially in the well-to-do') showing that this kind of experience in vision is a common human one, and not the preserve of a social or intellectual elite. The hidden voices of the 'world of the Eye' are a simple, egalitarian pleasure that do not require an extensive education in the Arts to access. She describes this experience in terms similar to those used by Clive Bell and Roger Fry to describe the accessibility of post-impressionist visual art. Woolf uses a simile which involves a simple household object, a candlestick – the woman saw the flowers anew 'as a sleeper waking from a heavy sleep sees a brass candlestick;' Clive Bell employed a coal scuttle to describe the Post-Impressionist's aesthetic process: 'How then does the Post-Impressionist regard a coal-scuttle? He regards it as an end in itself, as a significant form ... not means of suggesting emotion but objects of emotion… plastic not descriptive' (Bell 'Second Post-Impressionist Exhibition' 10). Fry also used a candlestick to describe how different artists have different visions: 'Walter Sickert is likely to have a Sickert in his eye when he gives us a panegyric on a bedroom candlestick' (Fry 51).

Bell accompanies the woman's visual experience, her profoundly moving 'aesthetic emotion,' by punctuating the text with visuals, which guide the reader's appreciation of this experience (Bell *Art* 3). Simple interlaced curves consisting of a single line each form an arch at the top of the page. The writing does not curve with this arch, but crosses straight across the page leaving a small, blank semi-circle hanging above the action taking place further down the page, creating a space for reflective contemplation. The reader has a space to rest their eyes as their thoughts bubble up from the page, a space contained within the page by this arch so that one does not have to leave the confines of the book in order to contemplate the story. At the edges of the main body of writing, the curves meet up with small bunches of flowers interlinked by thicker, furry vertical black lines. Every few lines, one of these smaller flowers impinges on the regular pattern of the writing, causing a word to become indented – guiding the stresses in the passage. At the centre of page one, a single, large flower stands 'cool, firm and upright,' dividing up the writing into two columns, one on either side of it. The writing on the page is guided, centred by this flower, as the woman's (and post-impressionist painter's) experience is by the candlestick. At the bottom of the page, in the final four rows of written text, small single flowers further disrupt the continuous flow of the writing, evoking the way in which the woman 'looked through the pattern of falling words and flowers,' and suggesting the trance-like pattern of the woman's state of mind:

> backwards and [flower] forwards, [central flower] looking at the [new line] flowers. [small flower] Then [central flower] she suggested that [new line] they [small flower] should [central flower] find a seat [new line] and [small flower] [small flower] have [central flower] their [small flower] tea.

These interruptions in the flow of writing introduce pauses which further integrate the visual experience the woman is undergoing into the reader's imagination – perhaps to a more fundamental degree than the descriptive language could alone. The fragmentation suggests that the woman's focus is weaving between the interior and exterior worlds; the world of flowers and aesthetic emotions; and the world her friend is anchoring her in, of tea and conversation. Yet, this weaving shows that they are parts of the same world, just as silence and speech are.

Whilst the top four fifths of the page seems to rise up, growing heliotropically like its central flower, the design at the bottom suggests root-like growth into a bed. This again links the exterior and interior: this bed is both soil and the imagination, the fertile space beneath the surface, the sustaining silence beneath the patina of speech. Each of the pages has its own 'bed.' Most differ slightly from the designs on the remainder of the page – signalling an end to the scene – a repository of its ideas, its consciousness, its silent being.

Bell's images are not used as a subservient party, reiterating Woolf's words with a visual equivalent. Instead, they further expand the world of the story and the meaning of the writing, creating an integrated text. Despite the problems with the technical production of the 1919 edition, the notion of furious struggle between author and illustrator is laid to rest in the 1927 *Kew Gardens*. Bell's decorations significantly alter the reader's experience of Woolf's short story, without simply proposing to interpret it in a visual format. *Kew Gardens* becomes a vision shared across two formats, deepened and enriched in the process, not merely a translation,

under siege from both sides and belonging properly to neither. [The sisters' collaboration on *Kew Gardens* – born of a deep appreciation of one another's art – did not re-stage Fry's vision of embattled antagonism between word and image, sound and silence, but created a further discursive space through embroidering the text, a punctuation of silence that allows the hidden voices of the work to become tangible, and interrupts the text with further voices.

Notes

1. Nuala Hancock's rich and evocative work - *Charleston and Monk's House: The Intimate House Museum of Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell.* Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2012 - reads the sisters' house museums for biographical traces of their lives, finding embodied resonances of each at both locations; whilst Susan Sellers' *Vanessa and Virginia* (London: Two Ravens Press, 2008) fictionalises the relationship between the pair.
2. Fry's work included illustrations for CR Ashbee's *From Whitechapel to Camelot* (1892) and the title pages for Robert Trevelyan's 1901 and 1908 collections of poetry. Books with illustrations published by the Omega included: Arthur Clutton-Brock's Simpson's *Choice*, with woodcut illustrations by Roald Kristian, published 1916; Pierre-Jean Jouve's *Men of Europe*, with woodcut illustrations by Roald Kristian, published 1916; Titus Lucretius *Carus' Lucretius on Death*, translated by R.C. Trevelyan, cover design by Roger Fry, executed by Dora Carrington, published 1917; and *Original Woodcut* by Various Artists, Fry (4), Bell (2), Grant (2), McKnight Kauffer (1), Kristian (2), Wolf (2), 75 copies published 1918.
3. Bell's husband, the art critic Clive Bell, defined significant form as: 'lines and colours combined in a particular way, certain forms and relations of forms stir our aesthetic emotions. These relations and combinations of lines and colour, these aesthetically moving form, I call "Significant Form"; and "Significant Form" is the one quality common to all works of visual art' (*Art* 8).
4. See Lisa Tickner 'Vanessa Bell: Studland Beach, Domesticity and 'Significant Form' in *Modern Life and Modern Subjects* (Singapore: Yale University Press, 2000. 117-14) for analysis of Bell's distillation of experience in her Studland Beach series.
5. *A Society, A Haunted House, An Unwritten Novel* and *The String Quartet* each correlate to a short story in the collection *Monday or Tuesday* (1921).

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Revision and Revisionist History in Dermot Bolger's *A Second Life*

ERIKA MEYERS

The 1994 publication of *A Second Life,* a novel that focuses on the legally and socially enforced wall of silence between adoptee Sean Blake and his birth mother Lizzie Sweeney, emerged just two years before these silences were becoming actively addressed in Irish society. The closing of the Magdalene Laundries,[1] where '(up) to 30,000 young women and girls are estimated to have been sent to such laundries (the last one in Drumcondra, Dublin, did not close until 1996[2]), many for the 'crime' of being unmarried mothers, simple-minded, assertive, pretty or even having suffered rape and talked about it' (Ferriter 538) could mark a change in the public's attitude towards the treatment of unwed mothers. However, the lack of change in the 2010 Adoption Policy from the 1952 Adoption Policy helped to maintain the stigma of adoption that was used to enforce silence between birth mothers and their children. According to the 1952 Irish Adoption Policy:

> 24. -Upon an adoption order being made- (*a*) the child shall be considered with regard to the rights and duties of parents and children in relation to each other as the child of the adopter or adopters born to him, her or them in lawful wedlock; (*b*) the mother or guardian shall lose all parental rights and be freed from all parental duties with respect to the child. ('Effect of Adoption Orders, Acts of the Oireachtas' 1)

This means that once the child has been placed for adoption, the birth mother has no further contact with that child. As Dr Aisling Parkes of University College Cork's Law faculty claims:

> The Adoption Act 1952 was the first piece of legislation governing adoption law and practice in Ireland. It enshrined a closed adoption system whereby children had no right to know the identity of the birth parents and vice versa. It ensured that all legal ties between birth parents and biological child were permanently severed. The 1952 Act represented law and policy. There are no statutory provisions allowing a child to have access to records of any nature - identifying and non-identifying.

Therefore, the changes in public attitudes and opinions towards the treatment of unwed mothers were incongruous with antiquated legal mandates initially used to uphold gaps within an individual's personal history. This contradiction between the contemporary social attitudes and historical legal mandates comprise the basis for Bolger's 1994 publication and what would become his 2010 revision of the appropriately titled *A Second Life.*

While Theodor Adorno claimed that 'The forms of art reflect the history of man more truthfully than do documents themselves' (Adorno 105), this paper seeks to take this notion further by arguing that one of the most striking aspects in Bolger's revision process concerning the silences of Irish adoption is not necessarily what has changed between 1994 and 2010, but also what has remained. Primarily, Bolger adheres to a nonlinear structure as the backwards-forwards movement of the novel reveals personal and historical conflicts that have yet to be

resolved and therefore continue to protrude from the structure waiting to be reconciled. It is interesting to note then, that the lack of structural change in Bolger's 2010 version coincides with the lack of structural change in the legal policies as the 2010 adoption policy came into effect. As Parkes claims: 'The 2010 Act merely consolidated the 1952 Act together with the six Acts that followed without introducing any changes.' Therefore I will argue that, while Bolger's subtle revision to the punctuation and the themes of immorality may suggest aspects of change in his work and to the Irish social consciousness, the prevalence of his surface-level edits present an illusion of change that is undermined by the same nonlinear framework used in both versions. This contrast is a parallel to the illusion of change provided by the 2010 Adoption Policy that is, in fact, just a restatement of existing legal frameworks and mandates.

While the overriding structural and thematic concerns of the novel remain intact between both versions, further inspection of the subtle aspects of the content reveal quiet shifts on traditionally taboo, and therefore silenced, topics such as sexual immorality. This can be recognised in a scene where Sean is contemplating the lives of former tenants of his house while he is still medicated and recovering from a car accident. In the 1994 version Sean states:

> I know that the painkillers had left me disoriented, but it felt as if the walls were breathing those lives back out, the way leaves expel oxygen at night, and that this moment, which I took to be the present, was just one random fragment of a progression stretching backwards and forwards. If I could only see it, the hallway would be one continuous blur of movement. Children in black boots stomping across patterned lino; a toddler proudly shuffling out in his father's shoes; a women cooking a pig's head, passing right through me to open the black door at the sound of a bicycle in the lane; a girl allowing herself to be pressed back against the door and kissed, her skirted legs opening and closing around a boy's spread hand. For eighty-five years people had been passing in and out of that same front door before me-women with the stigma of childbirth leaving the house for the first time to be cleansed by being churched; scrubbed children waiting to join the Corpus Christi procession at the church gates. A jigging boy cursing his sister before rushing out into the frosty morning to climb over the wall of the roofless toilet in the park; a father and son joining the throng walking down to see Drumcondra play Shamrock Rovers. All those lives which I could only guess at by names and dates on the deeds, and all the others, the sergeant's tenants whose names were not recorded. Their sounds of laughter and of poverty, of bulging pay packets and of tickets for the boat train to London. (Bolger 1994 35-36)

However, Bolger rewrites the 2010 version in the following way:

> This house had been built in the 1920s. I sometimes wondered if the ghosts of previous owners still existed here; if they had been among the welcoming faces I saw when my heart stopped. Perhaps the painkillers were disorienting me, but some nights I sensed that the walls were breathing back out these past lives; that, if my eyes could readjust, this empty hallway was a blur of continuous movement. Black-booted

> children stomping across lino; a toddler shuffling in his father's shoes; a woman opening the door to allow her husband wheel his bicycle through the house; a girl allowing herself to be pressed back against the hall door and kissed. The past lives that I could only guess at by the names and dates on the deeds. I should be gone too, but I had been given this second chance. So why could I not rejoice instead of sitting in the dark, framing imaginary self-portraits as if I desperately need to prove that I still existed? (Bolger 2010 29)

Several points can be recognised when comparing the 1994 version and the 2010 version of this excerpt. Firstly, where the 2010 version maintains its focus on more family-oriented glimpses into daily life such as children and spouses, the 1994 version extends beyond conventional family roles by contrasting them with less sanitised notions of Irish social life: the 'skirted legs opening and closing around a boy's spread hand,' the 'women with the stigma of childbirth leaving the house for the first time to be cleansed by being churched.' Bolger uses these anonymous females to call attention to ideas about family life and those who exist on the margins of received ideas about what constitutes a proper family and social life. A contradiction occurs when acknowledging that, while Bolger uses the 1994 version to address the sanitation of Irish society, his own revision process led him to sanitise the 2010 version from previous sentences that directly addressed the moral cleansing of sexually active women. So where Bolger uses *A Second Life* to actively address silences in the social consciousness of Irish society, his revision process also reveals his own susceptibility to contributing to these silences.

Secondly, noticeably absent is the direct reference to a specific decade, which, in the 1994 version, is merely referenced as 'for eighty-five years' and therefore predates the 1920s. So where the 1994 version calls attention to a time that led up to significant national changes in Ireland, the 2010 version cuts straight to the decade of the independence of the Free State that continues to challenge notions of national identity in the Republic of Ireland. By allowing both personal and national struggles to coexist within the backwards-forwards movement of time in both versions of the same paragraph, it is evident that the struggles that Sean encounters do not progress in a linear fashion but are instead ruptured by conflicts in the past that have yet to be resolved. So while Bolger may not have changed the literary framework used to structure his novel, his change in dates suggests a reworking of the historical focus that could provide the potential for the use of a different literary form. As Williams claims:

> Periods of major transition between social systems are commonly marked by the emergence of radically new forms, which eventually settle in and come to be shared. In such periods of major and indeed minor transition it is common to find, as in the case of genres, apparent continuations or even conscious revivals of older forms, which yet, when they are really looked at, can be seen as new. (189)

Thus, social history can influence literary form. This influence, Williams posits, can instigate a revival of previous forms that can potentially lead towards new literary forms. While this position may suggest the potential for Bolger to create a more innovative structure in the 2010 version, his adherence to the same structure employed

in the 1994 version suggests a metaphorical parallel to the adherence to the same legal structures used to enforce silence between birthmothers and their children.

However, a noticeable change in the flow of the novel can be recognised by Bolger's 2010 inclusion of asterisks between select paragraphs. This inclusion allows Bolger to mark distinct changes in time in the 2010 version that were merely implied through line spaces in the 1994 version. This strategy emphasises Bolger's grander themes of omission and moral cleansing, again represented through a surface-level edit. According to Fogarty: 'In the past, asterisks were used to show the omission of a letter or a passage in time, but that role has largely been taken over by the ellipsis … The asterisk used to be used to omit letters, and there's at least one place where that practice survives: asterisks can replace letters in swear words you want to sanitize' (1). While I agree with Fogarty that asterisks have traditionally been used on a literal level for omission, Bolger's use of asterisks could also work on a metaphorical level. The symbolic implication of omission and replacement can be recognised through the general omission of information about the details of an adopted child's birth parents in order to sanitise, or censor the social stigma of birth out of wedlock and replace it with another, more socially acceptable family life.

This is particularly relevant when examining the relationship between interpretations of what constitutes sexual immorality and censorship policies in Ireland. Originally enacted in 1929, the Censorship of Publications Act 1929 had the power to ban any literature that it deemed as 'indecent.' According to this act: 'the word "*indecent*" shall be construed as including suggestive of, or inciting to sexual immorality or unnatural vice or likely in any other similar way to corrupt or deprave' ('Censorship of Publications Act 1929 section two'). What this means is that one of the major motivations behind censorship was to limit the public's attention of sexual conduct, therefore reducing its awareness and reinforcing prescribed moral values. In an effort to uphold and enforce this notion, the Censorship of Publications Board was created. Consisting of five members, the Censorship of Publications Board would evaluate whether a publication was indecent or obscene after any member of the public filed a complaint with the Minister. According to the Censorship of Publications Act 1929:

> 14-(1) It shall not be lawful to print of publish or cause or procure to be printed or published in relation to any judicial proceedings- (a) any indecent matter the publication of which would be calculated to injure public morals, or (b) any indecent medical, surgical or physiological details the publication of which would be calculated to injure public morals. (2) It shall not be lawful to print or publish or cause or procure to be printed or published any report, statement, commentary or other matter of or in relation to any judicial proceedings for divorce, nullity of marriage, judicial separation, or restitution of conjugal rights save and except all or any of the following particulars of such proceedings, so far as the same can be printed and published without contravening any other sub-section of this section ('Censorship of Publications Act 1929' 1).

Here, censorship becomes significant in shaping the image of Ireland and, in turn Ireland's image of itself. However, Carlson argues that this Act also serves a purpose as a defining difference between Irish and British publishers. As Carlson claims:

> After the Irish Free State was established in 1922, British publishers were outside the jurisdiction of the Irish courts, and within Ireland a need was felt for a new censorship law that would more effectively control the distribution of printed material, in particular the distribution of British newspapers and periodicals (Carlson 3).

This could be recognised through the banning of work such as *London Life* (New Pictures Press, London banned on 31 May 1932) and *News of the World*, (published in London and banned on November 4 1930) ('Censorship of Publications Act 1929-1967'), to name a few, which could indicate an imposed separation from British influence. Therefore, while the Censorship of Publication Act 1929 sought to ban 'indecent' material, the banning of publications by British publishers could also suggest censorship is a tool used to shape national identity.

Donal O'Drisceoil picks up on this point by arguing that this moral position is highly due to efforts by Catholic Action groups to 'Catholicize' Ireland, thus attempting to shape the nation in its own image. According O'Drisceoil: 'The passage of the Censorship of Publications Act, 1929 had been the result of a sustained campaign by Catholic Action groups after independence, part of a general process of "Catholicization" that became the primary element in the forging of a separate Irish identity' (1). While I agree with both O'Drisceoil and Carlson that the Censorship of Publications Act 1929 was used to forge a new Irish identity and that this identity was to be established through an enforcement of Catholic morality, I would also like to point out that, although this censorship policy attempted to thwart the publication and distribution of materials, it did not serve to thwart the social processes that lead to the practices it sought to censor such as abortion and premarital sexual practices. The continuation of literature that explored such 'indecent' content, therefore, pinpoints the recurrence of social issues that influence such writing, thus exposing the incongruity between Irish law and social practices.

Moreover, while the actions of the Censorship Board are an important factor in understanding the regulation of the public's opinion of Irish society from a national and an international perspective, it would be short-sighted to merely focus on laws and official policies as the only form of censorship that could occur within Irish publishing. For, although the Censorship Board had the power to control what literature could be distributed in Ireland, and therefore Ireland's readership, the quality of education for the poor could also affect the literacy rates and hence, the readership of working-class literature. Therefore, a deeper level of censorship lies in the relationship between illiteracy and poverty in Ireland. This notion could be supported by a study by the Educational Research Centre at St. Patrick's College, Drumcondra, which was conducted at the onset of the Celtic Tiger years in 1995 and released in 1997 by The International Adult Literacy Survey (IALS) in an effort to track the literacy of individuals between the ages of 16-64 around the world. According to the National Adult Literacy Agency, results from this study show that:

> The Republic of Ireland results revealed that one in four working age adults have problems with even the simplest of literacy tasks – 500,000 adults were found to be at or below literacy level 1 of a five level scale. At this level a person may, for example, be unable to determine the correct amount of medicine to take based on information printed on the medicine package. IALS also showed that another 30% of Irish adults were at level 2, meaning they could only cope with very simple material. According to the survey, early school leavers, older adults, non-English speakers and unemployed people are most at risk of having literacy difficulties. (C)urrently in Ireland up to 30% of children from disadvantaged areas leave primary school with literacy difficulties. ('International Adult Literacy Survey' 1)

This research shows that vulnerable groups, such as non-native English speakers and the unemployed, all of whom are more vulnerable to poverty and therefore are potentially less able to access the help that they may need, are more susceptible to illiteracy. By being functionally illiterate, which I define as reading and writing abilities that do not surpass basic levels, individuals can be further separated from their own potential to become more active in literary culture, thus becoming isolated from literature that addresses their social condition. The link between poverty and illiteracy can not only alienate the individual from their society by limiting their opportunities for employment, but it can also alienate them from literature that speaks of their struggles, thus creating a censorship that is less formally regulated by explicit regulations and policies.

Thus, the inclusion of asterisks also underlines Bolger's attention to the events that cannot be seen and do not have a voice. This inclusion further animates a discussion of Bolger's concern for social groups that have been submerged beneath official history,[3] further mitigating their capacity to speak from the margins of society- a notion that aligns with Spivak's contention that:

> (T)he philosophical presuppositions, historical excavations, and literary representations of the dominant-insofar as they are shared by the emergent postcolonial-also trace a subliminal and discontinuous emergence of the "native informant": autochthone and/or subaltern. This is not a trope expressed through the speech, writing, and images of "third world literature." How it displaces itself from impossible perspective to resistant networks as well as super-exploited objects is part of the story. (1999 xi)

Spivak is arguing that the subaltern may not have obvious traits in terms of representations of the dominant class, but they nonetheless assert themselves in the subliminal aspects of the story. [4] Granted, Spivak originally determined that the subaltern could not speak and instead were spoken for: 'The subaltern cannot speak. (R)epresentation has not withered away' (Spivak 1988 104). However, she revises this notion by suggesting that their voices exist in anxieties, silences and gaps. This similarly corresponds to Bolger's own use of asterisks where silences are emphasised in between structural frames.

Although asterisks can symbolise gaps and silences, Bolger's use of exact dates in the 2010 version provides a more direct distinction between events within his historical framework. This can initially be seen at the beginning of Chapter One in the 2010 version where the date December 28, 1991 appears in order to show the

exact day when Sean's first car accident took place, an event that subsequently instigated his search for his birth mother after his near-death experience. The 2010 version extends the importance of specific timeframes because Bolger is deliberately making his own writing dated by anticipating events that his characters endure through adoption and adoption policies as issues that can be perceived as a part of history rather than an on-going struggle. In an interview with Bolger, I asked about his decision to insert a date at the beginning of the 2010 version:

> (I) suppose that when the book first appeared it was a contemporary book, set more or less in the time it was published, whereas a lot of things had changed – socially and politically – in Ireland by the time I came to write the new version and so putting an actual year on the first page meant that the book had to be read as a period piece and not as presenting the state of affairs now. (Bolger 2013)

Although Bolger may have intended for this novel to be a period piece, the struggles of unwed mothers and their adopted children can still reverberate through Irish society as efforts to formally recognise the abuse unwed mothers endured is ongoing at the time of this writing. This is further identified in the Author's Note in the 2010 version of *A Second Life,* where Bolger addresses the parallel between his fiction and the real life events experienced by survivors of the Magdalene Laundries:

> By chance, on the day that I walked down to the General Post Office in O'Connell Street in Dublin to post off the manuscript of this book, three survivors from that Magdalene laundry were seated outside the entrance, visible at last in the most historical site of Irish rebellion, defiantly collecting signatures for a petition to have a monument erected to the nameless woman cremated and transferred to that mass grave. I stopped to sign the petition and talk to them. At one stage I even held aloft the jiffy bag containing the manuscript and was about to say 'this book is about you and about women like you. It tells one of your stories.' This book could not be about them, because nobody could tell their stories that they uniquely owned. All I could hope to do-in 1993 and again in 2010-was to echo something of their lives within the parallel imaginative world that is fiction. No novelist could so eloquently and honestly tell their stories in the way that so many of them have done in interviews and memoirs and documentaries in the years since, when the walls of silence have finally been breached and so many ageing mothers and now grown-up children have tentatively made contact with each other and started to fill in the missing gaps of secrets that could once never be spoken about. September 2010. (Bolger 2010 xii)

In this instance such gaps, and subsequently silences, are created by secrets concerning the treatment of unwed mothers. So although Bolger stated in his interview with me that the novel is intended to be a period piece, his Author's Note acknowledges the continuing struggles for recognition that these unwed women endured, further justifying the lack of structural change within his literary framework.

Moreover, by stating that 'this book could not be about them, because nobody could tell their stories that they uniquely owned' Bolger's statement works in conjunction with Spivak's contention that the accurate

representation of the subaltern cannot take place without contributing to hegemony. '(T)hat dislocation now as a radical discovery that should make us diagnose the economic (conditions of existence that separate out "classes" descriptively) as a piece of dated analytic machinery may well be to continue the work of that dislocation and unwittingly to help in securing "a new balance of hegemonic relations"' (Spivak 1988 75). Despite good intentions to reclaim voices of oppressed, Spivak posits, critics who study oppressed social groups can actually perpetuate their oppression because they are speaking on behalf of those without a voice.

The perpetuation of oppression by speaking for the voiceless is of particular relevance to the construction of Lizzy's personal history and her identity throughout the revisions from the 1994 version to the 2010 version. This can primarily be recognised through Lizzy's relationship with her sister Ellen: 'It was Aunt Ellen who gave their mother a past; who called her Lizzy and transformed her into a girl like them, only ten times bolder and wilder' (Bolger 2010 21). The fact that Ellen calls her Lizzy brings attention to Lizzy's presence and acknowledges her existence. This is in contrast to the treatment of unwed mothers in Ireland who had their names changed and who were stripped of their identity once they were confined to places like the Magdalene Sisters Laundry (Waterfield 1). By giving her a name, Ellen is empowering her with an identity. However, while her sister served as a loving and supportive member of the family to Lizzy, the fact that Ellen was the one who gave her an identity, rather than Lizzy who constructed her own identity, supports the notion that it has been outside influences that have shaped and defined Lizzy.

Moreover, Lizzy's inability to develop her own identity, and therefore take control of her own history, is an instigating factor in attracting her husband Jack. This can be seen through Jack's interpretation of her: 'He loved Lizzy's sense of absolute isolation, her lack of history, and most especially, he loved her body' (Bolger 2010 18). However, in the 1994 version there is no mention of history: 'He loved Lizzy's isolation without questioning it and, Christ, how he loved her body' (Bolger 1994 23). By clearly including her lack of history in the 2010 version, Bolger is further emphasising how secondary characters are taking responsibility for, and taking an active part in, determining what Lizzy's identity (both personal and historical) is and what it should be. Therefore, this recognises how powerlessness occurred due to Lizzy's own inability to decide the events of her life for herself because of her received social structure.

These components further relegate Lizzy to the fringes of Irish historical memory because she is not able to define for herself her path in life let alone her history. This inability to define her life for herself keeps her from being able to interject on history and subsequently change it. Therefore, Lizzy's experience with the secondary characters in this novel could support the notion that the subaltern are spoken for. However, if the subaltern cannot speak for themselves, and if it is wrong for others to attempt to speak for them, then how else can information from the subaltern perspective reach mainstream society? Although it is important to be wary of the intellectual colonisation of the subaltern, it is also important to be cognisant of actions that could further the oppression of the underclasses in any nation by not providing them with any voice at all. For although Lizzy is spoken for, her story is still being told in order to fill in the gaps of her personal history, rather than be completely

censored from history. Therefore, Bolger's emphasis on Lizzy's lack of history as well as his inclusion of asterisks provide the 2010 version with a more clearly defined attention to silences that exist within the gaps of the personal histories of characters who have experienced marginalisation.

In addition to Bolger's more specific approach to gaps and silences, another significant change that has taken place between the two versions is the different ages that Bolger assigns Sean when he is told he was adopted. While the 1994 version has Sean finding out that he was adopted on his 10th birthday, the 2010 version has Sean finding out that he is adopted on his 11th birthday shortly after he witnesses a bus accident. Although Bolger acknowledges that his decision to change Sean's age occurred because: 'Maybe I felt that his reaction was more believable in an 11 year old' (Bolger 2013). What is striking about this is not the year difference between when Sean's adoptive parents told him that he was adopted in the 1994 version as opposed to the 2010 version, but rather, the fact that Bolger puts an asterisk between his paragraphs after Sean is told. Where the 1994 version ends with Sean remembering working with his father one summer (Bolger 1994 44), the 2010 version cuts away this memory and instead ends with Sean enduring the psychological effects of his first car accident:

> It was time to go home, but I couldn't seem to leave. Instead I resumed my search through old boxes of photographs, scanning the contact sheets and negatives for the face that had confronted me when I was clinically dead. Finally I glanced up in my empty studio; unable to articulate what was disturbing me. My breath started to quicken, my chest grew tight. The first symptoms of a panic attack. My doctor told me how to counter them, but I was terrified of being trapped alone there, at the mercy of some illusory presence. I left the studio, leaning heavily on my stick as I limped down the stairs towards home. *On the afternoon of my eleventh birthday a bus turned over on the main street of the village. (Bolger 2010 34)

Bolger uses the panic attack to revive the psychological trauma that Sean endured during his first car accident. Not only does the car accident prompt Sean to search for his birth mother, but the panic attack also serves to rupture the contemporary moment with an instance of the past that has yet to be fully resolved on a psychological level and will continue to re-emerge as panic attacks until his emotional turmoil is acknowledged and reconciled.

One way in which Sean is able to reconcile the past is after his second car accident at the end of the novel. By introducing a second car accident, Bolger is able to bookend his theme of second lives and second chances. Not only is this significant in structurally holding the story together, but Bolger also uses symbolism in Sean's second car crash in order to reinforce the importance of Sean's second chance at life. This can be recognised as Sean speaks with Sister Anne, a nun who worked at a convent that housed unwed mothers, about the convent where his mother stayed: 'What about the women who died in childbirth or the stillborn children?' 'There used to be a plot for them, but it was the only site that really worked for the new extension ten years ago. We needed to dig up the bodies and cremate them. We planted a tree in their memory' (Bolger 2010 204-205). Through this interaction, Bolger is using trees to represent the women and children who died while staying in the convent. This

becomes significant symbolically as Sean describes his second car crash at the end of the novel: 'The wheels had missed those trees' (Bolger 2010 230). Bolger primarily calls attention to Sean's escape from death through his second car accident. However, he also highlights Sean's initial escape from death as so many others born in the convent were unable to achieve. By reuniting the past and the present symbolically through car accidents and trees, Bolger provides Sean with the opportunity, not to reinvent or to recreate himself, but to link himself with his past so he may be able to go on with his life in the present rather than live in his own form of stagnation due to the lack of information on his origins. The bookending of Sean's car accidents thus signifies the closing of certain gaps in Sean's own personal history, but the extent to which the closing of these gaps can occur is still contingent upon the structure of the legal mandates used to reinforce a closed adoption policy used to silence personal histories.

So while Bolger has exemplified the author's potential to change the content and the punctuation of their pre-existing work in an effort to bring new insights into social struggles, the structures of Ireland's history and adoption policies limit the extent that these changes can take place. Therefore, while change in the content is possible in Bolger's revision process, the silences explored in his literature will nonetheless be maintained by the structure that is fundamentally used to mediate the perspective from which the novel is viewed.

Notes

1. Catholic-run workhouses.
2. BBC Reports that the last Magdalene asylum closed in Waterford.
3. A version of history approved by the government.
4. While the term subaltern was initially used to describe those of inferior rank, Antonio Gramsci, in part, allocated the term to classify those who suffered from hegemony imposed upon them by the ruling class.

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"Un coup de dés": The Secret History of Poetry — and its Imaginary future

JOHANNA SKIBSRUD

The crisis of modern philosophy identified by the thinkers Alain Badiou and Quentin Meillassoux – where a supposed end of absolutes has in fact delivered us to a new form of absolutism – parallels a similar crisis in contemporary poetry. 'The end of metaphysics,' writes Meillassoux in *After Finitude,* 'understood as the "de-absolutization of thought," … consist(s) in the rational legitimation of any and every variety of religious (or poetico-religious) belief in the absolute, so long as the latter invokes no authority beside itself' (45). According to Badiou and Meillassoux, contemporary philosophy finds itself, today, trapped helplessly within a 'correlational' loop (*After Finitude* 7) wherein all meaning is rendered subjective and relative, and the idea of truth is eliminated entirely.[1] Contemporary poetry parallels this philosophical crisis. An increasingly entrenched distance divides poetry as an expression of absolute subjectivity and poetry as a 'truth procedure' (Badiou *Infinite Thought* 45). Following Badiou and Meillousaux, I will argue that poetry remains a valuable truth procedure not via its commitment to absolute subjectivity but rather via its commitment to the multiple, linear, contingent, and incoherent events that constitute it.

According to Badiou, a truth procedure is what allows for the possibility of arriving, *outside* the bounds of subjective experience and more mutable forms of knowledge, at universal truth. Our contemporary privileging of the discourses of math and science, and a simultaneous emphasis on poetry's role in exploring and expressing only the 'correlational' quality of human experience, has led to the radical separation that exists today between poetry and any sense of its increasingly neglected origin as *poiesis*. Understood in the Greek sense, *poiesis* is the arrival or 'presencing' of that which 'is not yet' into what *is* (Heidegger *The Question Concerning Technology* 10).[2] Or, put somewhat differently, the process by which something 'passe[s] from nonbeing into being, thus opening a space of truth (ἀ–λήθεια)' (Agamben 70).

Heidegger was a great champion of poetry in this regard, and toward the end of his career strove to re-establish what he saw to be its proper role as a dominant truth procedure by reconnecting the discipline to its pre-Socratic roots. 'In poetry, which is authentic and great,' he wrote, 'an essential superiority reigns over everything which is purely science' (quoted in Badiou *IT* 44). By promoting one language over another as more 'authentic' or 'great,' however, and by imagining that poetry might be defined by its etymological roots, Heidegger seems to resist the meaning of *poiesis* he has worked so hard to recover and endorse. Rather than taking poetry up on its essential openness, Heidegger remains within a regime in which the production of new language always leads back to a singular, 'authentic' language. Poetry is understood, in this way, not as a multiple

process of language-making, but as the circular reproduction of an imagined, initial state of unified being: the 'regime of circulation' critiqued by Badiou (*IT* 36). Indeed, as far back as *Being and Time*, Heidegger seems to have given up on the idea of moving outside of this regime at all. 'What is decisive,' he writes famously in *Being and Time,* 'is not to get out of the circle but to come into it in the right way' (195).

For Badiou, this is a fatal admission for philosophy. To give up on the desire to move outside the scope of what has already been thought is also to give up on philosophy's privileged claim to the access of truth. But, in fact, Heidegger is careful to distinguish between the circle from which, he argues, we cannot escape and the 'regime of circulation' Badiou argues must be rigorously avoided (Badiou IT 36). 'This circle of understanding,' Heidegger writes:

> is not an orbit in which any random kind of knowledge may move; it is the expression of the existential fore-structure of *Dasein* [existence] itself. It is not to be reduced to the level of the vicious circle, or even of a circle which is merely tolerated. In the circle is hidden a positive possibility of the most primordial kind of knowing (195).

Though it is, perhaps, quite true (as Badiou argues in *Infinite Thought* and elsewhere) that the thinking of Heidegger and his followers have contributed to the dramatic inward shift in contemporary thought, Heidegger's emphasis on the circle as that *within which* is 'hidden a positive possibility' of knowing aligns his thinking more closely to Badiou's and Meillassoux's than either of these thinkers might readily admit, or suppose. For both Badiou and Meillassoux, the object is not to 'get out' of the circle entirely, but – just as Heidegger suggested back in *Being and Time* – 'to come into it in the right way' (195). Neither thinker argues that a new language must either be invented or discovered, or that any one language: mathematical, poetical, or scientific, should be privileged over any other. The truth does not, that is, result from language at all: it is hidden within each language, or mode of discourse, equally. It is therefore evident that our object should not be to remain within the circular regime of information, but to discover within it *its secret code:* a system that, at a deeper level than appears on the surface, constitutes the truth of the coming into being, or 'presencing' of being itself. Likewise, our emphasis should not be on 'the attribution of a superiority of essence for poetry over the mathematical, or over any other type of truth procedure' (Badiou *IT* 45), but on the *approach* to truth itself –which we should understand as 'hidden' equally within the discourse of every truth procedure.

Heidegger's exaltation of the 'essential superiority' of poetry is belied by his characterization of the 'circle of understanding' as that within which 'is *hidden* a positive possibility of the most primordial kind of knowing' (195, my emphasis). The truth, Heidegger seems to say, is never immediately apparent – never evident, that is, within 'the proposition' itself. In order to gain access to the truth, we must use the tools we are given (language,

of course, always foremost among them) in order, first, to 'decrypt' it. It is through this process of 'decryption,' not through the perception of information as it first appears, that truth may be revealed.

'All thought emits a Throw of the Dice,' writes Mallarmé in the famous concluding line of, 'Un Coup de dés Jamais N'Aboliera Le Hasard' (144). This is a formula, which, for Alain Badiou, 'also designates philosophy' (*IT* 29). Where Badiou reads this as a point of connection between poetry and philosophy, I would argue that it marks a point of departure. Though poetry is permitted access to the 'dice-totality' (Meilliassoux *AF* 108) of human thought and subjectivity, it is not ultimately bound by any preconceived restrictions to thought or language. It is more apt, therefore – as Badiou does elsewhere – to compare the discipline of poetry to pure mathematics.

Poetry – like mathematics, asserts Badiou – does not understand 'the meaning of the claim "I cannot know"' (*Theoretical Writings* 18). Nor does it 'acknowledge the existence of spiritualist categories such as those of the unthinkable and the unthought: those categories, which, by this point in our philosophical and literary history, we have come to take for granted as exceeding the meagre resources of human reason' (*TW* 16). In short, poetry – like mathematics – retains room within its existing structure for the concept of the infinite; it 'teaches us that there is no reason whatsoever to confine thinking within the ambit of finitude' (Badiou *TW* 18). Because of this, any engagement with poetry, just as any engagement with mathematics, is one that 'must constantly be reconstituted' (Badiou *TW* 18). For both disciplines, 'the idea of the infinite only manifests itself through the moving surface of its… reconfigurations' (Badiou *TW* 18). Both disciplines point ultimately *beyond* the limitations of the structures (language, number, or subjectivity) they impose. They point beyond, that is, the 'knowledge' of what has 'fallen out' (the die already rolled) toward the infinite set of possibilities that exist beyond the six-sided die, and any 'chance' result that it may, at any time, present. Like mathematics, poetry is a truth procedure directed not toward 'chance' (derived from a preconceived and limited set of possibilities) but toward that 'point of interruption' that disrupts preconception – a point where thought is 'surprised' by itself, in order to become 'something new' (Badiou *IT* 46).

A truth is, first and foremost, Badiou argues, always that: 'something new.' 'What transmits, what repeats,' he writes, 'we shall call knowledge. Distinguishing truth from knowledge is essential.' For a truth 'to begin' (always anew), 'something must happen. What there already is – the situation of knowledge as such – generates nothing other than repetition' (Badiou *IT* 46). In order for a truth to guarantee its 'newness,' he argues further, there must be 'a *supplement.*' 'This supplement… is unpredictable, incalculable. It is beyond what is' (Badiou *IT* 46). This incalculable, always necessarily unexpected 'happening' is what Badiou refers to as 'an event' (*IT* 46). 'A truth thus appears in its newness,' he writes, 'because an eventual supplement interrupts repetition' (*IT* 46).

In Mallarmé's posthumous prose work *Igitur,* which develops many of the themes also found in his famous 'Un Coup de dés,' the speaker opposes the realm of poetry and language with the mathematical realm. He announces: 'Infinity is born of chance, which you have denied. You, expired mathematicians – I, absolute projection. Should end in Infinity.' Mallarmé accuses mathematicians 'of denying chance and thereby of fixing the infinite in the hereditary rigidity of calculation' (Badiou *TW* 19). What he has failed to recognize, asserts Badiou:

> is how the operations through which mathematics has reconfigured the conception of the infinite are constantly affirming chance through the contingency of their recommencement. It is up to philosophy to gather together or conjoin the poetic affirmation of infinity drawn metaphorically from chance, and the mathematical construction of the infinite, drawn formally from an axiomatic intuition. As a result, the injunction to mathematical beauty intersects with the injunction to poetic truth. And vice versa. (*TW* 19-20)

Poetry and mathematics are aligned, therefore, precisely according to their shared ability and, indeed, *obligation* to conjoin chance with the infinite. As Meillassoux has pointed out, the etymologies of both the terms 'chance' (from the Vulgar Latin: cadentia) and 'aleatory' (from the Latin: alea) refer to the 'fall' or 'falling,' the 'dice' or the 'dice-throw.' Within the concept of 'chance' resides the notions of both calculation and play, which 'far from being opposed to one another, are actually inseparable' (Meillassoux *AF* 108), united by what Meillassoux refers to as 'the theme of the dice-totality' (*AF* 108). This closed-system thinking, limited from the outset by the 'unalterable enclosure of the number of the possible' (*AF* 108), is exemplified by the six-sided dice. Even if we do not know what will 'fall out' with any throw, we know in advance that it will, and can only be, one of six possibilities. 'Chance,' then, understood in this sense, unites what might otherwise be mistaken as polarized categories: on the one hand, 'the apparent gratuity of the game,' and on the other, 'the cool calculation of frequencies' (*AF* 108). *Contingency,* on the other hand (from the Latin, *contingere:* to touch, to befall) refers us toward a thinking not of that which 'falls out' within a set of possibilities that have been prescribed *a priori* – of that which simply 'happens' – but something that finally happens *to us*. That is, 'something other, something which, in its irreducibility to all pre-registered possibilities, puts an end to the vanity of a game wherein everything, even the improbable, is predictable' (Meillassoux *AF* 108).

It is by following the courses presented to us by mathematics and poetry – those truth procedures that seek to move us ultimately *past* chance – that we may succeed, finally, in moving past the 'throw of a dice' within which thought itself is, according to Mallarmé, destined to remain. That, through a thinking that promotes an identification of being with *contingency* rather than mere *chance,* which therefore '*continues to be* mathematical,' we may succeed in achieving an approach to thought that, at last, 'vanquishes quantities and sounds the end of play' (Meillassoux *AF* 108).

Rather than relegating truth *beyond* knowledge and reason, language (that of the mathematician equally to that of the poet) in its ultimate contingency is precisely what gives us access to what Maurice Blanchot has called those 'alien regions' (38) beyond us. But where mathematics continues to 'think the universal,' poetry, like philosophy 'can no longer pretend to be what it had for a long time decided to be, that is, a search for truth' (Badiou *IT* 35). Like philosophy, poetry has, by and large, given up its former pretensions to a universalizing language. Rightly identifying language as absolutely fundamental to their respective functions, 'because that is where the question of meaning is at stake' (*IT* 35), both poetry and philosophy have made the misstep of focussing solely on the question of meaning at the cost of 'the classical question of truth' (*IT* 35). 'To accept the universe of language as the absolute horizon of philosophical thought,' Badiou writes, 'in fact amounts to accepting the fragmentation and the illusion of communication – for the truth of our world is that there are as many languages as there are communities, activities or kinds of knowledge' (*IT* 35).

Similarly, to accept language as 'the absolute horizon' of poetry is to accept a poetry that is bound always to the limits of its medium rather than striving for a poetry capable of moving *beyond* the limitations of its medium toward that which exceeds it. As Badiou proposes for philosophy, poetry, I argue, must also 'propose' or rather, reclaim for itself 'a principle of interruption,' by which it might break through and past what otherwise amounts to little more than 'an endless regime of circulation' (*IT* 36). Poetry, like philosophy, must 'propose a retardation process. It must constrict a time for thought, which, in the face of the injunction to speed, will constitute a time of its own' (*IT* 38). It is this proposed 'slowness' in a world 'marked by its speed' that will, according to Badiou, allow philosophy to be 'rebellious,' to seek out 'a point of interruption, a point of discontinuity, an unconditional point' (*IT* 38). Poetry, I argue, must likewise reconstruct for itself, 'with a slowness which will insulate us from the speed of the world, the category of truth – not as it is passed down to us by metaphysics, but rather as we are able to reconstitute it, taking into consideration the world as it is' (*IT* 38). This approach, both to language and being, is – as Badiou suggests – also essential to an ethics capable of resisting 'an endless regime' of circulation and cultural relativism, in which anything *might* be true so long as power and capital can make a strong enough case that it 'may be' so.

But what would this point of interruption, or this slowness, look like? What would it mean to take up the 'fundamental programme of Mallarméan poetics,' which, as is clearly laid out in *Igitur,* is to 'fix' the infinite? As Meillassoux points out, this is a programme directly opposed to 'those notions so valorized by modernity, of "becoming" and "dynamism"' (*The Number and the Siren* 140). It is a programme that pushes beyond duration and movement, refusing in this way to confine itself to the 'ambit of finitude' (Badiou *TW* 18). It is, I argue, a poetic project *par excellence,* as understood in the increasingly neglected sense of *poiesis*, as the arrival or 'presencing' of that which 'is not yet' into what *is* (Heidegger *QCT* 10). It is a project that ultimately pushes *past* chance toward contingency. That pushes past, in other words, what eventually 'falls out,' toward the event of

being – an event that is, in itself, also a poetic project *par excellence*: the arrival of 'what is not yet present' into 'presencing' (Heidegger *QCT* 10).

This poetic 'programme' at the centre of Mallarméan poetics is interestingly illuminated by Meillassoux in his book *The Number and the Siren* through a meticulous analysis of Mallarmé's 'Un Coup de dés,' in which – remarkably – Meillassoux proposes a 'solution' to the poem. Rather than accepting that the 'unique number' Mallarmé mentions (but apparently withholds) in his text be relegated to the realm of the 'unthinkable and the unthought' (Badiou TW 16), Meillassoux arrives at an actual number by simply counting the words of Mallarmé's text. The 'unique number' to which Mallarmé must have referred, Meillassoux argues, is specific and nameable: the number 707. In having arrived at an *actual* number, Meillassoux comes to the further conclusion that the die (which one might otherwise read as remaining in the hand of 'the Master,' as in a perpetual moment of indecision, uncast) has, in the poem, *indeed been thrown.* Crucially, however, Meillassoux argues that this *actual* number, 707, which functions as the secret 'key' to the poem, should not be understood as merely *contingent* (referring to a probability, as on a six-sided die, outside of itself) but as *contingency itself.* The number is 'unique,' he insists, only insofar as it manages to 'abolish Chance'; to, in a 'unique' and single act, infinitize itself by incorporating itself into *Chance itself*. In other words, it is not what has 'fallen out,' the number 707, but the poetic process that gives rise to the number that is infinite. By looking more closely, below, at Meillassoux's analysis of 'Un Coup de dés,' and the relationship between chance and contingency, which the analysis expounds, we may, perhaps, move closer to understanding the integral relationship that exists between poetry and the infinite.

'Everything is necessarily contingent,' writes Meillassoux, 'except contingency itself and the unique act of the Poet who incorporates himself into it – once, once only, and forever. Never again. *Nevermore*' (166). To 'fix' the infinite is to give up 'becoming' in a final, one-time-only act in which poet and poem become themselves infinite. This is not a mere figure of speech. The combination of two contingencies: on the one hand the poet's subjective experience, and on the other the language he employs, combine in the 'unique act' of the poem, which can no longer be considered bound by finite human experience, reason, or language. The transformation, in other words, is from two finite articulations of being, to the infinite contingency that is being itself. The poetic process is *not* what has 'fallen out' (the poem), or what, *a priori,* we understand as its parameters (human experience, reason and language), but the 'infinitization' of all four elements combined in the very work of (from what is 'not yet') *coming to be.* This process is 'evental' rather than 'arithmetical' (*TNS* 164); it does not conform to either 'the apparent gratuity of the game' or 'the cool calculation of frequencies' (Meillassoux *AF* 108). Accordingly (and though he spends the bulk of *The Number and the Siren* demonstrating that the 'unique number' referred to in Mallarmé's poem actually *does* exist), Meillassoux's conclusion is that the 'uniqueness' and therefore the infinity of Mallarmé's hidden number lies finally *beyond* the number itself: in the act and uncertainty of its having been arrived at all.

That the identity of the hidden number is uncertain is essential, according to Meillassoux. He does not, that is, overlook the fact that his own 'discovery' of the 'unique' presence of the number 707 within 'Un Coup de Dés' could have resulted merely from 'chance,' and *not* from a meticulous, predetermined effort on Mallarmé's part. Further, he admits that even if the number *is* the result of Mallarmé's careful calculation (and not only Meillassoux's, after the fact), an element of chance is necessarily at work in the implementation of the 'count.'[3] Finally, even if we accept that Mallarmé *did* encode his poem as Meillassoux suggests, we have to accept the remarkable situation that it was only *by chance alone* that the 'unique number' could have been, and then was, eventually discovered.

> Notwithstanding that the discovery could be 'rationalized' once it has been brought to light, the initial moment [of the discovery] could only emerge from a mere chance, or at best an 'improbable' whim… Chance alone had to govern the unveiling of the Number. It was imperative, consequently, that the latter should be inaccessible to any rational deduction born of assiduous frequentation of the poet's work (Meillassoux *TNS* 120).

This means, as Meillassoux acknowledges, that any 'rational deductions' made about the code itself, will always be 'entirely retrospective, produced once the discovery has been made' (TNS 121). This includes any deductions about the question as to why Mallarmé would have taken the trouble, and 'risked' so much in order to incorporate the number. There was, first of all, of course, the risk that the code would never be discovered at all. Second, and perhaps worse, was the risk that, should the number actually be discovered, the poet would become 'the object of disdain on the part of the discoverer of the code.' As Meillassoux points out, '(t)he denunciation by future readers of a bogus mystery ('so it was only that…') was an intrinsic possibility of an encryption that, in itself, is indeed but a puerile thing' (*TNS* 123).

What was at stake for Mallarmé, regardless of how literally one chooses to read Meillassoux's 'decryption' analysis, was the fate of poetry itself. Along with many others of his epoch, Mallarmé was convinced that it was poetry rather than science or any other discipline that should be developed in order to replace the old religions. He envisioned an art that would break so totally with representation that it might achieve the sort of 'real presence' attributed, for example, to Christ's spirit through its incorporation in the Holy Eucharist (*TNS* 110).

This 'real presence' is one that Meillassoux argues Mallarmé finally achieves on page VIII of 'Un Coup de Dés.' In this section of the poem, where we encounter 'the siren,' which can also be understood as an allegory for the birth of free verse:

> the meter is freed from the code that, after having engendered it, became a fetter on it; and it will be diffused, from the following Page onward, with all the (from now on hypothetical and eternal) force of its

> being-in-subjunctive ('IT WAS// THE NUMBER//WERE IT TO EXIST,' etc.). It will finally be born to itself, buffeted by a chimera that cares nothing for neatly closed counts (195).

One might wonder, at this point, why Meillassoux has gone through all the trouble of finding a veritable number, which he can say with some confidence 'does exist,' only to allow that number to finally 'diffuse' itself, 'buffeted by a chimera' that is ultimately indifferent to its existence. But it is at precisely this point that, Meillassoux claims, 'the transfiguration of the Master' takes place:

> Now it is the *Poet*—that is to say the Author of *Coup de dés* himself—*who has become one of his Fictions.* It is indeed Mallarmé who comes back from the dead to be reborn in the Siren. Having been infinitized owing to an uncertainty (still unknown) introduced into the count, the Number ends up retroceding its infinity to the thrower of the dice. But this thrower is Mallarmé himself (196).

Mallarmé has thus succeeded in infinitizing himself by achieving through this poem *both* possibilities equally: that the die was thrown (as Meillassoux contends), and that it was not. As a direct result, both the possibility that the poet succeeded in expressing the 'unique number,' and that he did not, also remain open. The poem, in this way, contains both the presence and the absence of the author, and simultaneously renders the code Meillassoux detects within (and as the tally of) its lines, both fictional and real.

It is important to keep in mind, however, that reading 'Un Coup de dés' *without* locating (as Meillassoux does) a specific 'unique number' may direct us toward a very similar conclusion as the one arrived at by Meillassoux: 'the Master' represents all possibilities, 'all things' (136). But in this case, as Meillassoux points out (unlike in his own interpretation of the poem) the Master is understood to be representative of 'all things' only *virtually* – because 'he is, in truth, none of them' (*TNS* 136). Rather than infinite, the Master must instead be understood as *indefinite*. In other words, he is not '*positively* anything' (*TNS* 136). There is, insists Meillassoux, an important distinction to be noted between the 'perennial hesitation' of the Master, which marks the 'indefinite' (the sort of hesitation that can never be resolved: was the die cast, or not?) and a hesitation (or, in Badiou's terms, a 'slowness' or 'point of interruption') that is *infinite*. An infinite hesitation is that hesitation capable of combining the 'determinacy and the concreteness' of an actual choice, and its finite consequences, with the 'ideal eternity' of fiction (Meillassoux *TNS* 137).

Poetry is that structure, which, according to Mallarmé, contains the possibility of expressing this unique 'hesitation.' Because the movement that takes place within a poem is neither a 'becoming' nor a 'dynamism' (indeed, Mallarmé insists, a poem's movement is 'too rapid, too brief' to be understood in any sense as duration) poetry exists outside any 'calculable' progression of time. It thus retains for itself the possibility of expressing 'all

things.' It is this, of course, that – simultaneously – makes poetry often so difficult to grasp. As Meillassoux has remarked of poetic movement: 'one could doubt whether it ever took place' (140).

We seem to be toeing, here, a very thin line. What, indeed, is the difference between a 'determinate,' which we find *does exist* (but so briefly that before we can even begin to grasp its meaning it is already gone), and the 'correlational' approach Meillassoux seeks specifically to avoid? What is the difference between a return to a conception of an absolute existing *outside* human knowledge and reason if we accept that we may never determine it? How is this proposed 'absolute' based less on the subjective (at the very least *quasi*-religious) faith Meillassoux identifies with a 'correlational' approach – or from the absolute faith inherent to the 'old religions' themselves?

It is true that the line is almost unbearably thin. But it is precisely to the subtleness of this boundary that we must arrive in order to understand the structure and movement of poetry as a truth procedure – and reassert for it, once again, its 'infinite' power. Mallarmé's effort toward reinstating for poetry the kind of 'presence as absence' (Meillassoux *TNS* 111) afforded by a Eucharistic offering is an effort to regain this line. It is an effort to assert for it, despite its fineness, and the accompanying difficulties in thus being able to *maintain* it (or even, in a world increasingly dominated by the proofs of hard science, vouch with any certainty that it exists at all), an essential and irrefutable existence. The sort of 'Presence' Mallarmé asserts for poetry is founded deeply in absence (just as the Catholic Eucharist is understood not in terms of the Christian concept of Parousia, as an 'absolute manifestation of Christ,' but rather as a partial presentation of that which 'remains hoped for, expected, by the faithful' (Meillassoux *TNS* 111). This should not be understood, however, in the sense of durational expectation. Writes Meillassoux: 'the Eucharistic mode of presence is no longer anticipative but becomes the supreme region of divine being-there' (*TNS* 112).

Instead of a 'representation' of the absolute, this sort of 'Presence' functions as a 'diffusion of the absolute' (Meillassoux *TNS* 112) – but, as Blanchot writes of oracular presence in *A Voice From Elsewhere,* it is a diffusion that 'neither reveals nor hides anything, but indicates' (40). The word, 'indicates,' here (as for the Delphic oracle) 'reflects its root image – the index finger – and makes the word into the silently pointing finger, the '"index finger whose nail is torn out," which, saying nothing, hiding nothing, opens up space, opens it up to whoever is open to this arrival' (40-41).

In Plato's *Phaedrus*, Socrates warns against that 'strange language,' written speech, in which – at once both *present* and *absent* – 'someone speaks and yet no one is speaking' (Blanchot 35). Almost as much as the impersonality of writing, and 'the knowledge of the book,' Socrates distrusts 'the pure speech that seeks to articulate the sacred' (Blanchot 37). Modernity, according to Socrates, moves us into a world where we are no longer contented to listen and attend to the oak or the stone. We want to know, instead, 'who it is who is

speaking, and what country he comes from' (as quoted in Blanchot 37). In this way, writes Blanchot: 'everything that is said against writing would serve, as well, to discredit the recited speech of the hymn, where the speaker, whether he is a poet or the echo of a poet, is nothing more than the irresponsible organ of a language that infinitely surpasses him' (37). Because of this, and although writing is also tied to the development, and finally the dominance, of prose (allowing us to move away from our once heavy reliance on verse as a primary mnemonic device), written and sacred speech are intimately tied. It is from the sacred that written speech has inherited its 'strangeness:' its 'excessiveness, risk, and power that evades all calculation and refuses any guarantee' (37). There is nothing – no *one,* that is – *behind* the written word. In this way, it gives voice not to a presence, but to an absence, or to a Eucharistic 'presence in absence:'

> just as in the oracle where the divine speaks, the god himself is never present in his speech, and it is the absence of god that speaks then. And the oracle doesn't justify itself, or explain itself, or defend itself, any more than writing does: no dialogue with the written, and no dialogue with the god (Blanchot 38).

It is this essential silence of written speech that discomfits Socrates. Like the 'by-products' of a painting, which 'present themselves as living beings,' but are 'majestically silent when one questions them' (*Phaedrus* quoted in Blanchot 38), the silence of written speech is 'a silence that is inhuman in itself, that makes the shudder of sacred energies pass into art, those forces that, through horror and terror, open man up to alien regions' (38). What Socrates desires instead is 'a sure speech, guaranteed by a presence: one that can be exchanged, one that is made for exchange' (41). For him, language is understood as always and necessarily *contingent,* having to do with something, or someone, whose presence is already given and revealed. 'And, hence, deliberately, with a prudence we shouldn't misconstrue, [Socrates] renounces any language that is oriented toward the origin' (41). In this way, he renounces the prophetic qualities of language, as it is only that language within which 'the origin speaks' that, writes Blanchot, is 'essentially prophetic.' This does not mean this sort of language foretells the future, but instead that:

> it does not rely on something that already exists — neither on an accepted truth nor on a language that has already been spoken or verified. It announces, because it begins. It indicates the future, because it does not yet speak: language of the future, insofar as it, itself, is already like a future language, which anticipates itself, finding its meaning and legitimacy only ahead of itself, that is to say fundamentally unjustified (42).

This is precisely the 'original' language of poetry toward which Mallarmé so ardently hoped to return.

It is not surprising, then, that Meillassoux concludes of 'Un coup de dés' that 'nothing is hidden' (40). Mallarmé's ambition was not to obscure the truth through written language, but to have language itself move and resonate in the spaces between presence and absence, in order to expose that which –'fundamentally unjustified'

and evading every calculation and guarantee – can only be *contingency itself.* It is precisely this 'present-absent' quality so revered by Mallarmé, this 'strangeness,' inherited from a 'pre-modern' notion of the Sacred, which, in the fourth century BC, Socrates summarily rejected. The written word was, for him, dangerously abstract, 'unjustified' – and therefore unjustifiable.[4]

The suspicion Socrates (according to Plato) casts on the written word is, perhaps, a suspicion we have to a large extent maintained. How can we trust that which speaks, like an 'oak or a stone,' 'strangely,' as though without origin? Which suggests an origin beyond itself, and therefore beyond both its writer and audience? The relationship between presence and absence inherent to all language has, as Socrates's suspicion makes clear, fascinated and disconcerted philosophers for thousands of years. Poetry's commitment to expressing this relation has made it particularly vulnerable to suspicion. The link proposed by Badiou between poetry and pure mathematics – a discipline which, as Badiou has written, 'strictly speaking… *presents nothing*' (*Being and Event* 7) – strongly suggests, however, that the introduction of absence, or of that which exceeds familiar expressions of number or language, does not necessarily either discredit or limit that language, or the truth toward which that thinking struggles to arrive. A comparison between the two disciplines offers us an important reminder that the reality we seek to uncover or express through any truth procedure is one that is, necessarily, made up of both presence and absence; of both finite and measurable parts, and the infinite; and, finally, of both what we can, with our limited human subjectivities, grasp, and what exists beyond subjectivity – indeed, beyond human being.

As Derrida and other contemporary philosophers Meillassoux identifies with the 'correlationist' tradition since Kant have suggested, *everything* exists, at least to some extent, as language – correlative and contingent. But as Meillassoux argues in *The Number and the Siren,* it is precisely *because* of the ultimately correlative and contingent properties of language that it is afforded the possibility of gaining access to what exists beyond language – to the infinite, and thus to truth itself.[5] In order to escape the 'regime' of circulation, correlationism and cultural relativism, we need to be able to recover a sense of what exists 'absolutely' beyond the limit of language and human being. We do not need a poetry, that is, any more than we need a philosophy, that remains within (and so can merely describe) this 'regime of circulation.' What we need, instead, is a poetry that can overthrow that regime, 'that can be fed and nourished by the surprise of the unexpected' (Badiou *IT* 41). As Badiou has argued: 'truth remains unthinkable if we attempt to contain it within the form of the proposition' (*IT* 45). Poetry, when understood and practiced as a truth procedure – as the potential arrival of what 'is not yet' into what is (Heidegger *QCT* 10) – provides us with the possibility of moving outside of the proposition. Rather than remaining within the ambit of a circular or 'correlational' loop, poetry retains the possibility of taking place as an 'event,' in Badiou's sense of the term: as a truth that appears 'in its newness, because an eventual supplement interrupts repetition' (*IT* 46).

This formula is remarkably akin to another formula, proposed by Alfred Jarry for his invented discipline, 'pataphysics, which he describes as the study of a 'supplementary' universe. As the poet Christian Bök has written, 'such a science simulates knowledge, perpetrating a hoax, really and truly, but only to reveal the hoax of both the real and true' (8-9). What is to distinguish, then, between this 'imaginary' science and the study of 'truth,' which, as Badiou assures us, can only be the study of the exceptional, the unexpected, the new? If the 'truth' is hidden, and it is up to us to 'decrypt' it within the 'regimes' of information already given –'the situation of knowledge as such' – how are we to ascertain if the 'code' that we eventually reveal (if we are ever indeed able to do so) is real, or if it is not simply a 'chance' alignment of information that we have (in searching perhaps for something else) stumbled upon?

Bök suggests that Jarry 'performs humorously on behalf of literature what Nietzsche performs seriously on behalf of philosophy. Both thinkers, in effect, attempt to dream up a "gay science", whose *joie de vivre* thrives wherever the tyranny of truth has increased our esteem for the lie and wherever the tyranny of reason has increased our esteem for the mad' (9). He goes on to say that these thinkers lay the 'groundwork' for the work of Derrida, Deleuze and Serres, all of whom Bök identifies with 'antiphilosophy;' that is, with a mode of inquiry that moves away from any notion of an absolute system of truth, and can be conceived of outside and independent of human reason.

In Meillassoux's terms, this is the 'strong correlationism' (*AF* 38) that defines our current philosophical and historical moment. As Meillassoux remarks, it is an approach that harks back, ironically, to 'absolute idealism' in that the two modes 'share an identical starting point – that of the unthinkability of the in-itself' (*AF* 38). From this shared starting point, two starkly different conclusions are drawn. Where 'absolute idealism' concludes that the absolute is *thinkable* (Hegel maintains that, though the categories of space, for example, or time, which exist beyond us, cannot be conceived *as such,* it is still possible to *deduce* them), 'strong correlationism' concludes that it is not. Correlationism readily accepts – is indeed *founded upon* – the notion that 'consciousness, like language, enjoys an originary connection to a radical exteriority' (Meillassoux *AF* 7). It is oriented, in other words, toward what will always remain outside human subjectivity while simultaneously promoting the idea that an escape from the limits 'radical exteriority' imposes on the subject is impossible. 'We are in consciousness or language as in a transparent cage,' Meillassoux writes. 'Everything is outside, yet it is impossible to get out' (*AF* 6).

What the 'correlationism' or 'antiphilosophy' of thinkers like Derrida, Deleuze and Serre have in common (besides this transcendental entrapment described by Meillassoux) is the conviction 'that anomalies extrinsic to a system remain secretly intrinsic to such a system' (Bök 9). Every system of representation is essentially coded with the information it cannot help but fail to represent. Because of this, as Bök goes on to write: 'the most credible truths always evolve from the most incredible of errors' and 'the praxis of science always involves the parapraxis of poetry' (9). Just as Meillassoux claims to have stumbled, 'by chance' on the 'truth' of Mallarmé's 'Un coup de

des,' which was the 'secret' inclusion of nothing more or less than 'infinite Chance' itself, so every knowledge system is inscribed with infinite potentiality – regulated not by what it is able to represent or contain, nor what exceeds it absolutely, but what lies, intrinsic within it: the 'indeterminate potentiality' (Bök 10) of its own inscription. Every knowledge system, like the playful science of 'pataphysics as described by Bök, 'exists paradoxically in an eigenstate of indeterminate potentiality, not unlike the Schrödinger cat – both there and not there at the same time' (10). Through its fusion of the imaginary and the real, fixity and the indeterminate, 'pataphysics, Bök argues, 'has ultimately determined the horizon of thought for any encounter between philosophy and literature.' This proposition becomes both more apt and more complex when we are reminded that 'pataphysics is imaginary. No such discipline exists' (Bök 9).

If we are to accept Badiou's definition of truth as that which does not yet exist within our accepted systems of knowledge, this is no reason to exclude an imaginary discipline in our consideration of long established ones. In fact, it is precisely the reason we are obliged to take it into account. If we are to reacquaint ourselves with poetry as a genuine truth procedure – if we are to re-orient our thinking so that it begins not only to perceive and attend to *what is,* but to what is 'not yet,' to all the possibilities of what might, or could be – we must once again approach the thin line between contingency and chance, the imaginary and the real. A line designated by Alfred Jarry in the early part of the twentieth century, and, one hundred years later, by Quentin Meillassoux's 'decryption' of Mallarmé's most famous poem.

Notes

1. Correlationism, according to Quentin Meillassoux in *After Finitude,* has been the dominant mode of thinking since Kant. For philosophers today, there is no access to the 'great outdoors,' Meillassoux argues; nothing, that is, *outside* of us and our subjective experience that is not understood as merely 'relative' to that experience; no absolute, which might be considered to exist 'in itself regardless of whether we are thinking of it or not' (7).
2. Heidegger draws this definition from a sentence in Plato's *Symposium,* which reads: 'Every occasion for whatever passes over and goes forward into presencing from that which is not presencing is *poiēsis*, is bringing forth' (quoted in *QCT* 10).
3. Mallarmé would have had to have—more or less arbitrarily—decided, for example, what would count toward the 'unique number.' Would it be the total number of words in the poem? Or might punctuation marks 'count,' too? And what about compound words? Importantly, it is the compound word 'peut-être' upon which the 'fixity' of our count founders—upon which determinacy, trembling with indeterminacy, *incorporates* that indeterminacy *within itself* and becomes, at last (once and once only, in a single, finite *act*) *Chance itself*.
4. We might think here of the structure and presentation of Mallarmé's 'Un coup de des,' which remains literally 'unjustified'— ranging over the entirety of the page, it disregards conventional attitudes toward

margins and line breaks. Mallarmé employs language and form in the poem not simply to represent but to *enact* a manifesto for modern poetry, freed from traditional expectation and constraints.

5. That this rhymes with much of Jacques Derrida's thinking — particularly his influential analyses of the 'trace' and the 'supplement' in *Of Grammatology* - is no accident. Though Derrida is considered by Meillassoux as a primary example of contemporary 'correlational' thinking, it is the conception of 'the supplement' and the corresponding conception of an inside and an outside to knowledge, language, and reason, so integral to contemporary philosophy, that presents us with the opportunity to move *beyond* the finite limits of human experience; to reclaim for ourselves some conception of 'the great outdoors' (Meillassoux *AF* 7).

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Behind the brand of James Bond

ELIZABETH NICHOLS

In order to explore hidden aspects of popular Western visual culture, I will turn to the character of James Bond and the actor who currently portrays him, Daniel Craig. A plethora of marketing campaigns and advertisements surround this character, all of which rely on the image of the character to sell their particular product. To examine how the Bond brand endeavours to create a connection between products and certain traits of the main character, it is necessary to understand how Daniel Craig is constructed as the image of Bond. A company forms its identity through branding; a strong brand helps to construct a consistent message and a loyal following. Usually, companies create an image that goes alongside the brand, for example the Nike 'Swoosh.' However, in the case of products linked to the Bond brand, a separate image cannot really be created as there is an actor who portrays the character on screen. If a separate image was created it would cause a sense of disruption between the actor who portrays the character on screen and the image that is tied to the brands themselves. As a result, the Bond brand uses the image of Daniel Craig to endorse the products that are linked to it and in effect turns him into a silenced representative for the James Bond brand. It is in this way that Daniel Craig also becomes a branded cultural object. To examine how this branding process takes place this article will outline how brands in general are created and then move on to how the Bond brand has been constructed around the image of Daniel Craig.

According to Lash and Lury, 'cultural objects are everywhere; as information, as communications, as branded products, as financial services, as media products, as transport and leisure services, cultural entities are no longer the exception: they are the rule' (4). A cultural object is an item, such as a watch or sportswear, which has become a symbol and as such can be used in the creation of a brand. Cultural objects have become 'subsumed in homogenous units, each one identical to the next' (Lash and Lury 7) and culture no longer consists of things that are totally unique. Instead, a series of brands are consumed, a process that suggests the cultural superstructure is collapsing into the material base as the economy becomes more cultural and as goods become more informational. Brands are vital in this process; 'the notion of the brand that has been developed is that it is the dynamic organisation of a system of relations between products… Attention was drawn to the processes of personalisation and the ways in which logos may be seen as the face of the brand' (Lury 2004 82). Brands are not immediately identifiable in everyday life. Instead it is 'a face – that is, the logo or logos – [that] make the brand visible' (Lury 2011 74). Indeed, for a brand to be a success it has to be supported by an image. It is the logo that functions as a device for 'magnifying one set of associations and then another, creating a set of associations in the mind of the consumer' (Lury 2004 80). Lury extends this argument by stating that the brand is not immaterial, neither is it fixed in time or space but rather it is the platform for the patterning of activity. What I will be examining is how the brand is a happening fact in that it actively creates certain types of meaning to go along with the products that are associated with it.

Ours is an increasingly 'visual world, a world in which we are bombarded every day and everywhere with images' (Thomas 1), particularly in the form of photographs which are much more readily available than painting or sculpture. Consumers are presented with images continuously on the internet, on buses, posters, on our phones and in countless other forms. As a result of this, images are used to extend our way of seeing as they open up new possibilities of experience. According to Rosalind Coward, the 'camera in contemporary media has been put to use as an extension of the… gaze' (33). If something cannot be seen directly, it can be looked up and viewed as a photograph or image. The outcome of this is that photographs give people an imaginary possession, that which they do not posses, and viewing the desired object close up gives the viewer the illusion of owning it themselves. This perhaps is due to the fact that, as Roland Barthes states, when something is photographed it can never be denied that '*the thing has been there*' (58) and this goes on to create within an individual a sense of '*certainty* that such a thing had existed' (Barthes 60). There is a connection between the viewer and the object as a 'sort of umbilical cord links the body of the photographed thing to [the] gaze' (Barthes 60) of the observer. Barthes claims that the same connection does not apply with cinematic images as in that medium something '*has passed* in front of this same tiny hole' and as such the object is 'swept away and denied by the continuous series of images' (Barthes 59). However, it can be argued that cinema has more of an impact than an individual image as the audience is being bombarded with a greater variety of images and so is more susceptible to their influence as a result. Part of this comes from the use of sound in film in addition to visual images. As Prince notes, film 'needn't be restricted to visual information; cinema is a medium of picture and sound' (191). It is the added aspect of sound which 'can impact powerfully on the reality and atmosphere of a setting' (Oumano 27). Viewing images and understanding their meaning does not rely solely on the act of looking but on decision-making, as our brains search for the best possible interpretation of the available data. This interpretation is a form of cultural decoding, giving the audience a sense of participation and strengthening the connection between them as an individual and what is being shown on the screen.

The focus of Lash and Lury's argument about branding looks at images in terms of operations, and the ways in which images direct us in how they should be lived out. Cultural objects that are encountered in images become immersed in everyday lives. For example, 'movies become computer games… brands become brand environments, taking over airport terminal space and restricting department stores, road billboards and city centres… cartoon characters become collectibles and costumes… music is played in lifts, part of a mobile soundscape' (Lash and Lury 8). Viewers are presumed to be at once historically innocent and purely receptive as well as being immediately susceptible to images. However, advertising companies rely on the intelligence of the consumer to pull a succession of different images together in order to interpret a single one correctly. The importance of visual images 'might appear to be the effect of a culture which generally gives priority to visual impact rather than other sensual impressions' (Coward 33).

It is this reliance on the viewer which enables product placement to be so effective. It is not simply the case that an audience is shown a series of products and told to go and buy them; objects are scattered throughout the

film and it is left to the viewer to notice them or not. In the Bond films, and most notably in *Casino Royale* (2006), there is an abundance of product placement where advertisers have paid to have their product included. By examining James Bond instead of an individual object, it is possible to see how brands sometimes act like windows and doors. That is to say: they are not closed systems but are capable of incorporating other aspects into themselves, which allow them to expand and grow:

> The brand, constituted in its difference, generates goods, diversified ranges of products. The commodity is determined from outside: it is mechanistic. The brand is like an organism, self-modifying, with a memory (Lash and Lury 6).

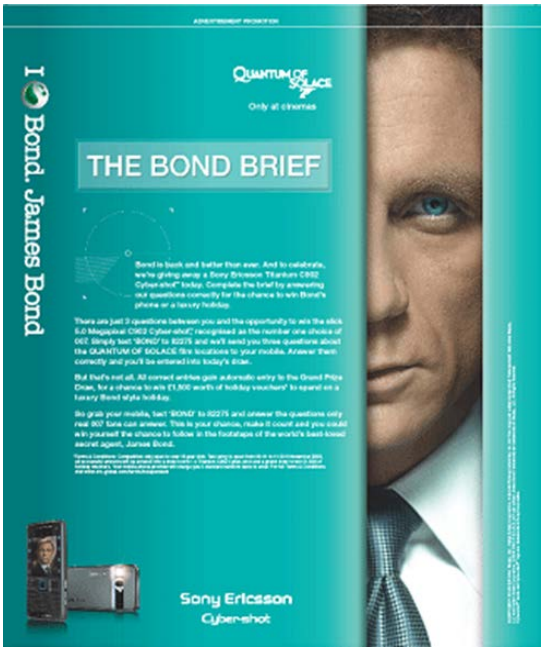

Figure 1: 'The Bond Brief' (2010)

A commodity is an individual item, whereas the brand incorporates several commodities into itself in order to expand its customer base and allow for a deeper understanding into the identity of the brand. In the case of James Bond, it is possible to see how his persona is created using a range of products. These products are used to help create an image to reinforce this assumed identity. In order to understand how Daniel Craig, as an individual, is effaced from this process, it is necessary to first discuss how the products are tied both to the character and to the films.

Even before an actor takes up the role of Bond, the brand is firmly in place. Products link themselves to the James Bond franchise because it has come to represent a variety of things: sophistication, wit, refinement, charisma and ruthlessness. The companies then present their products in such a way to engender these feelings in the audience who view their advertisements. Through close analysis of the advertisement it is possible to examine how the Sony Ericsson mobile phone creates certain emotional responses by linking the product directly to James Bond (see Figure 1). As well as the section of Daniel Craig's face placed down the right hand side of the

advertisement, the advert includes the title of the film, *Quantum of Solace* (2008) to enable us to establish the connection between the product and the film. The text on the advert reflects all the characteristics that are associated with the character of James Bond. The phone is extolled as a 'natural fit with the cool, sophisticated style of James Bond' ('The Bond Brief'). When the statement 'a man who doesn't do things by half-measures' ('The Bond Brief') is placed there the implication is that when you purchase the phone you will take on the same attributes. The branding of James Bond is such a success partly because he is spoken about as if he is a real person and not merely a character. This comes through as the reader is told that the 'exclusive new camera phones enable the world's most famous secret agent to stay on top of the action with exactly the same sense of style and performance as Sony Ericsson phones bring to everyday life' ('The Bond Brief'). The consumer encouraged to believe that if they buy the phone then they will acquire the style and persona of James Bond. The important thing here is how the advert never uses the name Daniel Craig, but instead emphasises the link to James Bond. Even though the advertisement shows Daniel Craig's face, he is not seen as an actor but instead as James Bond. This is how the actor becomes lost behind the image of the brand he is representing. The situation is paradoxical since it is the face of the actual actor that brings the immaterial brand to life.

Lury explains how logos serve to make the brand visible (2004 74). The logo, or actor's face in this case, serves as a device 'for magnifying one set of associations and then another, creating a set of associations in the mind of the consumer' (Lury 2004 80). The films and the products attached to them are the material that the spectator is presented with, and paying increased attention to the material actually demands that the real force of the immaterial is taken seriously. The immaterial is the brand attached to specific films and also the actors who become brand representatives in their associations with those films. There are, of course, fundamental differences between a brand and a product: 'the commodity is produced. The brand is a source of production... The commodity has no history; the brand does… The commodity has no memory at all; the brand has memory' (Lash and Lury 6). In this case, the brands deploy a person instead of a logo and, in doing so, transform that particular person and their everyday movements into a branded body. This makes it easier to associate certain products with a particular brand as the image used for them all is the same. The importance here is the person that they have chosen to represent the brand, rather than choosing a random model these brands have selected a specific celebrity to represent their products. Featherstone speaks of the 'aura, charisma or presence' (194) of Hollywood celebrities as an 'ineffable quality that [is] felt rather than seen' (194). For Omega, the actor Daniel Craig as a representation of their brand is the most important thing: it is imperative that they hire him because he plays James Bond. In *Casino Royale*, the focus on Omega is brought to the fore in an exchange between Bond and Vesper Lynd (Eva Green):

> Vesper Lynd: MI6 only hire SAS types with easy smiles and expensive watches. [*Glances at his wrist*]
> Rolex?
> James Bond: Omega.
> Vesper Lynd: Beautiful.

Though this very brief interchange, the product is tied both to the film and the character. The Omega webpage dedicated to James Bond emphasises his character:

Figure 2: 'Omega and Bond' (2014)

The picture shows us a calm and ruthless looking Bond; he is depicted in a more casual way as he is without his black blazer but still sophisticated as it is possible to catch a glimpse of his Omega watch while he straightens his tie. The advertisement does not present the consumer an image of Daniel Craig; the gun strap he is wearing makes it clear that this is James Bond. The use of James Bond in Omega advertising encourages brand loyalty not simply to an individual product or company, but to the brand of James Bond. There is a certain authority held within the character that is carried across from the films, which means that as the consumer accepts fewer brands they become more loyal to the brands that Bond is the representative of. This is because all the products that are tied to the character of Bond carry the same message: if you buy the product then you too will become as stylish and sophisticated as James Bond.

Figure 3: 'James Bond celebrates 50th Anniversary' (2012)

When products move out of a film to stand on their own, they are viewed differently. Products often go unnoticed when they are embedded within a film; it is only when the advert draws a parallel with a specific film that it becomes obvious and the product is depicted in a new way. Brands are not made up of the qualities of products: they are constructed through qualities of experience. As was illustrated with the advertisement for the

Sony Ericsson phone (Figure 1), the consumer is presented with a certain type of experience, represented by James Bond, which is made attainable through the suggestion that all that needs to be done is to purchase the product to receive the promised experience.

After building up the brand through the films, the persona of the character the audience is presented with comes to the fore and the actor is forced into the background:

Figure 4: 'Hand over your wristwatch, 007' (2011)

When one actor takes over the role of Bond, they are immediately placed into the advertising campaigns so that, in the run up to a film, they become the face of that brand and are, therefore, synonymous with it. With a franchise such as James Bond, this could be seen as a necessary thing to do. Since several actors have played the same role, the audience need to believe that the new actor will be able to fulfil the role and respond to the demands of the character. Keeping the actor tied to the franchise that they are representing means that there is a definitive link created between the fiction of the film and the reality that lies outside of the film: 'it smashes the illusion that there is a meaningful distinction in modern society between illusion and reality, fact and fantasy, fake and genuine images of self' (Bowlby 34). The advertisements break down these boundaries for the viewer through the use of repetition; it is possible to get so used to seeing Daniel Craig as James Bond until eventually he is not seen as himself at all. Figures 3 and 4 illustrate how Daniel Craig is tied to the brand of James Bond over and over again. In Figure 3 the consumer is shown Daniel Craig's Bond front and centre in an advert for *Skyfall* (2012). Similarly, in Figure 4, the picture of Bond is the main focus for the viewer. The text in both the advertisements also helps when it comes to hiding Daniel Craig. Figure 3 has 'Bond is Great Britain' in large, bold letters on the left ('James Bond celebrates 50th Anniversary'), whilst Figure 4 states 'James Bond. My Choice' ('Hand over your wristwatch 007'). The close proximity of the text in both cases to the image of Daniel Craig encourages a viewer to understand that the text is referring to the actor as James Bond. In Figure 3 it makes sense to use Daniel Craig as he plays the main character in the film, however, the second advert (Figure 4) was released in a year when there was no Bond film to promote. Since merchandise, such as the Omega watch, is linked to the Bond Brand, then the use of Daniel Craig in adverts outside of promotional materials for the film is also prolific. While he is James

Bond, Craig is confined to the limits which that brand imposes on him. He is consistently used as he has come to represent the Bond brand; to stop using him as the main image would diminish the overall brand experience. Latham and McCormack describe the 'material variously as the actual… in opposition to the immaterial, the abstract and unreal' (704). This idea can be extended into the idea of brands, as the brand experience is a feeling, not a concrete perception. Rather than being something tangible that can be looked at or touched, the brand is instead the experience of intensity and so, in this sense, a form of virtual experience. When it comes to the selling of goods, the focus is on the promotion of brands rather than specific products. It is essential to think about the brand as not being localised, but spread across a wide array of products. The focus is not on the products and goods that a certain company sells but on the personal culture that they are offering through their products.

This personal culture relies on how convincing the actor is in their role, and the identity of the actor must be hidden in order to create the illusion that they are the total embodiment of the character that they are portraying. In certain situations it is the actor themselves who does this. Kevin Spacey explained in a 1998 interview with the London Evening Standard: 'the less you know about me, the easier it is to convince you that I am that character on screen. It allows an audience to come into a movie theatre and believe I am that person' ('Kevin Spacey: The Unusual Suspect'). It could be argued that celebrities are not the faces of brands, but are instead representing themselves. Elizabeth Taylor once threatened to sue a cable company that was about to air an unauthorised TV film about her life and to do this she stated, 'I am my own industry… I am my own commodity' (Taylor cited in Hozić 205). When advertising a product, Taylor never used the name of a character that she had been playing in a film: they were always endorsed by her personally (see Figure 5).

Elizabeth Taylor - White Diamonds Fragrance, 2010

Elizabeth Taylor - Passion Fragrance

Figure 5: 'Celebrity Endorsements' (2010)

There is a marked difference here between Elizabeth Taylor and Daniel Craig, as when he is featured in adverts it is always as James Bond and never as himself. This makes the connection between the films and the products even more palpable as he is the brand and as such addresses the desire that is linked to the commodity. This also allows for more variety to be shown in the adverts that feature Daniel Craig as James Bond. It is possible to manipulate Bond's image more as he is a character from a series of books and films. If it were Daniel Craig marketing the products and representing the brand, there would be more restrictions over what could and could not be done with regards to the advertising campaigns. This leads to different companies being able to use separate facets of the James Bond persona when marketing their products, but at the same time still being able to use the image of Daniel Craig. It is important to factor in that of course Daniel Craig is still at liberty to appear in adverts as himself and to not have his identity confused with that of James Bond. I am not suggesting that the audience are unable to differentiate between the two, but instead highlighting that in order to create a successful brand image it is necessary to make the gap between Craig and Bond as small and invisible as possible.

The brand is not something that is permanently fixed but is rather something that can exist in different, potentially infinite versions. In the examples that I have chosen, Bond appears in several different guises: dressed casually, depicted in a smart suit and also ready to shoot his gun at an assailant. Something that stands out when using a celebrity as the image for a brand, is how malleable that image is when moving from one product to the next. Daniel Craig does not advertise solely for Omega. As James Bond his image is also used for Sony Ericsson, Barclaycard and Sony. Here it is can be noted that 'icons need not be attached to objects at all' (Lash and Lury 15). This comes most clearly to the fore in a television advertisement campaign for International Women's Day in 2011. The video consists of Daniel Craig standing in a smart suit in front of the camera while a voiceover from Judi Dench who played M speaks to him ('James Bond star Daniel Craig in drag for International Women's Day'). The most important aspect of this video is the number of times which Daniel Craig is referred to as James Bond. Right at the start Judi Dench asks, 'we're equals aren't we, 007?' before going on to reveal facts about the differences between women and men culminating in, 'as a man you are less likely to be judged for promiscuous behaviour, which is just as well frankly' ('James Bond star Daniel Craig in drag for International Women's Day'). This tongue in cheek comment leaves us in no doubt that who is being watched is James Bond and not Daniel Craig as Bond's relationships within the franchise are often commented on. What is most important to note here is how Daniel Craig does not speak throughout the course of the video. He remains totally silent, his voice hidden behind the brand of James Bond. It is the values that Bond stands for and the personality traits that he holds which are reflected in the products that are being sold.

These traits are made particularly clear in a television advert by Sony for high definition television. Daniel Craig is in his James Bond persona, this becomes clear as he is sharply dressed and has the same cuts and bruises on his face that the character does in *Casino Royale*. The advert consists of James Bond standing still and steely faced as a succession of explosions go off around him. Even with debris flying towards, Bond remains stoic and simply dodges it or regains control of his stance when hit ('Watch Daniel Craig in Advert for Sony HD TV').

Resilience is a quality of Bond's that is taken up in many of the products that he is connected with. This article has illustrated how the use of a celebrity allows for the 'forging of links of image and perception between a range of products' (Lury cited in Moor 43). The purpose was to illustrate the emergence of branding as a part of a complex mediation between the brand and the spectator. What is important to note are the implications for the participation of consumers in the economy and also for consumer culture. In using James Bond as an example it enables us to see that products 'are branded, they have a kind of unity in their relation to one another' (Lury 2004 76). Due to this union it becomes increasingly difficult for the voice of Daniel Craig to be brought forward as all that can be seen or heard is James Bond.

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A Secret of No Import

DANIEL SANDER

> The works assembled trace the complex historical passage from the mechanical to the optical to the virtual, looking at the ways in which humans have projected anthropomorphic behaviours onto machines that have become progressively more human. (*Ghosts in the Machine*)

This is how the New Museum framed its 2012 exhibition *Ghosts in the Machine*. One of the works presented by the museum as part of this exhibition was Danish artist Henrik Olesen's *Some Illustrations to the Life of Alan Turing*, a series of collages that takes as its subject the British computer scientist. The collages incorporate, primarily through superimposition, photographs of Turing with pictures and diagrams of machines and handwritten and digital typography. However, Olesen's series neither anthropomorphizes machines nor mechanizes humans, but, through collage, superimposition, and juxtaposition — and like the Turing test itself — flattens the terms through which they might differentiated. One collage resembles René Magritte's *The Son of Man* in its placement of an apple over a face, and, like Magritte, what Olesen's series formalizes is the ontological condition of opacity — the way in which everything we see is more than we can see of it. Instead of searching for hidden knowledge — the ghost in the machine, the human behind the Turing test — the aesthetic dimension emphasizes the way in which identification precedes identity and how, in this, humans and machines might not be so different. This paper takes this cue from Olesen's collages and proceeds by considering Eve Sedgwick's *The Weather in Proust* to explore how the aesthetic dimension queerly fragments and frays the dualisms of closed systems, in the same way Olesen's collages suggest and open out into a relational and flat ontology.

A human/machine dualism is apparent in the museum's literature, which I aim to complicate. I work toward such a complication first by charting the various non-dualisms that appear in Sedgwick's book. The non-dualisms apparent in Sedgwick ultimately make visible the openness of autistic perception, which is inorganic and relational. I then consider inorganicity and relationality as diffracted through actor-network theory to make visible a monadological way of being evident in control society and the computers on which it runs (for which we are indebted to Turing). This is to move from the non-dualisms Sedgwick identifies to similar non-dualisms outside her psychoanalytic and literary frameworks. Finally, in the third section of this paper, an analogy is made between information technology and the aesthetic dimension, which claims that both operate on a capacity for melancholic mimesis. The performative capacity of information technology and the aesthetic dimension — the way in which they act — is to act like another.

Autistic Percepts

I begin close to where Sedgwick ends, but at a place and in a way that subtends much of the project that proceeds under the title of *The Weather in Proust*. Namely, the first of two basic principles she identifies in her

work at large in the piece 'Thinking through Queer Theory,' 'a very thoroughgoing conceptual habit of non-dualism' (190). In this piece, non-dualism is one of the appeals of Buddhist thought, along with its emphasis on practice over epistemology, practice itself being more non-dualistic than epistemology. I want to align some of the other concepts Sedgwick offers us as non-dualistic alternatives.

In *The Weather in Proust*, mysticism as an open system 'is all but defined by its defiance of the closed system of either/or and the zero sum' (5). Psychoanalytically, aligned with mysticism as an open system is Sedgwick's discussion of the open ambivalence of the depressive position as conceptualized by Melanie Klein. The depressive position understands 'that good and bad tend to be inseparable at every level' (136) and ideally develops, or at least provides respite, from the occultism of the earlier, more closed system of the paranoid/schizoid position with its attendant defenses of projection and splitting 'its objects and itself into very concretely imagined part-objects that can only be seen as exclusively, magically good or bad' (25-6). In a further psychoanalytic vein, Sedgwick suggests that Klein's work is more generally non-dualistic in its approach to the omnipotence of power. Klein's approach relies less on a Freudian framework in which, via substitution, the individual defensively makes internal repressions based on external prohibitions, and more on an anxious negotiation of affect. This negotiation thereby reshapes 'the view of repression by framing it as a defense mechanism among others rather than the master key to mental functioning' (134). Against the exclusivity and closure suggested by prohibition, repression, and projection — in which good or bad are enclosed by part-objects themselves — Sedgwick's reading of Klein reorients us to an affective surround in which ambivalence and conflict can be entertained amongst whole objects and between inner and outer worlds.

Even more generally, drawing not only on the work of Klein but also that of Silvan Tomkins, Sedgwick's attention to the periperformativity of affect itself is another commitment to non-dualism, especially as it appears in the piece 'Affect Theory and Theory of Mind.' Theory of Mind (ToM), commonly diametrically opposed to autism, is 'something one purportedly either has or has not' (145). However, just as Klein reframes repression as one of many defense mechanisms, an affective and autistic perspective reframes the closed logic of ToM's Sally-Anne test and opens it to more nuanced understandings of neuro-atypical sensitivity and flexibility. More specifically, Steven Shaviro, in a talk drawing on the work of Erin Manning and her conceptualization of an autistic perspective (the emphasis here being on a perspectival spectrum rather than autism itself), suggests 'that autistics are inherently non-correlationist; they do not focus their intentionality upon particular chosen objects, but exhibit a more diffuse and wide-bandwidth sort of sentience' ('Value Experience'). This is to say that the openness of autistic perception is both in terms of an attention to the nonhuman/inorganic and a pre-objective/subjective ecological field of relations that is subsequently chunked into neuro-typical experience. Mel Chen describes these two aspects of an autistic perception in a relation to a couch that Chen confuses for a girlfriend, through which an intimacy is encountered 'that does not differentiate, is not dependent on a heartbeat. The couch and I are interabsorbent, interporous, and not only because the couch is made of mammalian skin,' and 'it is only in the recovering of my human-directed sociality that the couch really becomes an

unacceptable partner' (203). Autistic perception, then, might have a lot to do with Sedgwick's discussion of texture, fractals, and middle agency in her chapter 'Making Things, Practicing Emptiness,' and so I return there momentarily. Autistic perception extends the openness of the depressive position below the level of relations of coherent objects correlated to humans.

The non-dualisms Sedgwick discusses psychoanalytically, and that can be extended through an autistic perspective, can be further aligned with a specific politics. Socio-historically, in the second of the book's three sections, Sedgwick hearkens back to a coalitional leftism in order to advocate for an open, expansive, and intersectional queer politics that is both anti-separatist and anti-assimilationist. Such a politics differs and departs from a more pragmatic gay/lesbian politics that posits the signification of the identity of sexual orientation as monolithic and is both separatist and assimilationist. As José Muñoz argues in *Cruising Utopia*, 'the point is to stave off a gay and lesbian antiutopianism that is very much tainted with a polemics of the pragmatic rights discourse that in and of itself hamstrings [closes] not only politics but also desire' (26).[1]

Monadic Concepts

So far, then, we see Sedgwick's conceptual habit of non-dualism in her coupled analysis of Proustian mysticism and Kleinian affect and her commitment to a queer politics. In describing a pragmatic gay/lesbian politics as based more broadly in American identity politics, multiculturalism, and diversity, Sedgwick also employs the terminology of 'postmodern politics,' 'an infinitely additive version of… separatist assimilationism' (183-4). Whilst we might recognize most broadly in this infinite addition the irresolvably paradoxical and formally impossible structural logic of the onto-theological, I draw attention to Sedgwick's naming of this politics as postmodern, as I think it resonates with what that theorist of the postmodern Jean Baudrillard calls the *passion for the code*. By this he names the labour of ideology, or the semiological reduction of the world to its capture in signifiers. Whilst here called *postmodern* and a *code*, politics as an infinite encoding of identity might be described equally as well within the residual logic of Foucauldian disciplinary society, which functions on the enclosures of identity and confinement. Gilles Deleuze, in his 'Postscript on Control Societies,' differentiates between this semiotic passion for the code and another sort of code, one that, significantly, tends toward the non-dual:

> Disciplinary societies have two poles: signatures standing for *individuals*, and numbers or places in a register standing for their position in a *mass*. Disciplines see no incompatibility at all between these two aspects, and their power both amasses [assimilates] and individuates [separates], that is, it fashions those over whom it's exerted into a body of people and molds the individuality of each member of that body.. In control societies, on the other hand, the key thing is no longer a signature or number but a code… We're no longer dealing with a duality of mass and individual. (179-80)

Deleuze goes on to suggest that 'control societies function with a third generation of machines, with information technology and computers,' machines for which Turing is largely theoretically responsible (180). But if we are no longer dealing with a duality of mass and individual, then with what are we dealing and how does it function with

the logic of computers? One answer that counters the vertical ontology of identity in disciplinary society is provided by actor-network theory (ANT).

Departing from the two-level standpoint of mass and individual, ANT suggests a one-level (flat, reversible) standpoint of actor and network, whereby an actor is defined by its network and a network is defined by its actors. Here, a network is not a thing but a cartographic concept used to trace the movements of actors, and actors and networks are not individuals and masses respectively, but both (actor-networks) comprise monads. Whilst the monad has been theorized psychoanalytically by Conrnelius Castoriadis as akin to the omnipotence of the infant within the anonymous collective, it, too, might be thought as 'not a part of the whole, but a point of view on all the other entities taken severally and not as a totality' (Latour et al. 7). Another way of putting this is that there are as many wholes as there are parts. The reversible mereology (part-whole relation) of actor and network resonates with Sedgwick's discussions of Proust's Neoplatonic Plotinian mysticism (which is described as a network), Klein's internal object, and David Bohm's implicate order, or holomovement. Holism here, however, does not exist as such but is a provisional semblance derived at, if desired at all, through the palimpsest of multiple and singular points of view (a one-and-a-half level standpoint, or second-order observation) rather than a preexistent One or infinite sea of energy. In the opposite direction, these multiple and singular points of view, or monads, are not to be understood as elemental, atomistic individuals. Rather, 'since every item listed to define one entity might also be an item in the list defining another agent… association is not what happens after individuals have been defined with few properties, but what characterizes entities in the first place' (Latour et al. 7).

Melancholic Affects

That such a one-level standpoint is rendered operational by digital media finally brings us back to the subject of Olesen's collages, Alan Turing, whose Turing test, or imitation game, provides a potentially more non-dualist perspective than the Sally-Anne test. Rather than asking to differentiate between what two individuals know, the Turing test judges whether or not a machine can think based on whether or not a human judge can decipher its performance from that of a person. Like Klein, Turing sidesteps conceptualizations of thinking entities premised on 'ideas, representations, knowledges (sic), urges, and repressions,' placing an emphasis on practice over epistemology, or realizing over knowing, the two being irreducible to each other (Sedgwick 126). Sedgwick's experience with cancer in 'Reality and Realization' shares this performative emphasis, as does Turing's experience of his queerness, which, when realized, proved fatal.

Sedgwick describes this irreducibility of experiential reality to cognition as an opaque 'gap between knowing something on the one hand, and on the other understanding it as real' (210). This description suggests a departure from the denial of occultism with which Sedgwick begins. Whilst initially 'Proust's mysticism… owes nothing at all to the occult or esoteric,' between propositional truth and the realization of reality, another, albeit more ordinary, sort of occultism is emergent, a kind of black box between the input of knowledge and the output

of reality (4). That Sedgwick describes such a black box as ordinary and opaque, rather than occulted, is a slight but significant shift. Eugene Thacker describes a similar shift in his theological discussion of a luminous void that is 'neither pure light nor darkness [closed paranoid/schizoid position], but the continuum of the spectrum of lighting or darkening [open depressive position]; it is luminescence, iridescence, and glow' (93). *This is a shift from a specialized knowledge that is categorically secreted to an ordinary knowledge that is spectrally excreted*. 'It is not hidden, simply *unknown* [yet to be realized],' a secret of no import (Latour 244). Less from a theological perspective and more from a media-inflected socio-historical and (post-)Marxist-activist perspective, Alexander Galloway has described a similar shift from one sort of occultism to a new sort of obfuscation in terms of two black boxes or two states of the object of the computer laptop, 'there are two kinds of black boxes. The first is the *cypher* and the second is the *function*. With the lid closed the laptop is a black box cypher. With the lid up, a black box function' (*Black Box, Black Bloc*). The cypher is further associated with the windowless Leibnizian monad, modernism, and the dialectical decoding of ideological critique. The function, with programming. The difference is also described, in terms of mysticism, as the difference between a rational kernel/mystical shell and mystical kernel/rational shell, or, in Sedgwick's knowing/realizing schema, the difference between searching for a hidden knowledge and perceiving a present performance (realization). Galloway elaborates upon the emergence of the programming of the latter during the Second World War:

> The new sciences of behaviorism, game theory, operations research, and what would soon be called cybernetics put in place a new black-box epistemology in which the decades if not centuries old traditions of critical inquiry, in which objects were unveiled or denaturalized to reveal their inner workings — from Descartes' treatise on method to both the Kantian and Marxian concepts of critique to the Freudian plumbing of the ego — was replaced by a new approach to knowledge, one that abdicated any requirement for penetration into the object in question, preferring instead to keep the object opaque and to make all judgments based on the object's observable comportment. In short the behaviorist subject is a black-boxed subject. The node in a cybernetic system is a black-boxed node. The rational actor in a game theory scenario is a black-boxed actor. (*Black Box, Black Bloc*)

Most broadly, Galloway situates and periodizes his black boxes in a tripartite history of western thought that focuses the black box cypher alternatively on time (before the Second World War, notably in Hegel, Darwin, Marx, Bergson, Heidegger, Benjamin, and Einstein), and on space (after the Second World War, notably in Lefebvre, Jameson, and Debord), and then more recently, that focuses the black box function on ontics (appearance/presence/existence and disappearance/absence/nonexistence, notably in Virilio, Lyotard, and Levinas). Whilst Galloway overemphasizes perhaps a progression of novelty and replacement — the obfuscation of the black box function obsolescing the revelation of the black box cypher — my present inquiry nevertheless shares his focus insofar as such a making opaque of knowledge through its realization is inherent in the Turing test, or imitation game, which asks not if a machine can think (know) but if it can play (realize).

The Turing machine that plays the Turing test is one that might today most readily resemble a computer: a machine that performs like other machines based on programmable instructions. That is, the way the machine plays is through imitation/mimesis/pretense. In an earlier piece co-authored with Adam Frank, Sedgwick makes explicit the connection I am making here between her conceptualization of mystical Proustian affect and what the joint authors call the cybernetic fold, a historical period of knowledge production that evidences the co-emergence of such analytics as Tomkins' conceptualization of affect and the technological imaginations of systems theory and structuralism. One shared consequence of these historical congruencies, of Tomkins asking early in his work, like Turing, '"Could one design a truly humanoid machine?"' (Sedgwick and Frank 100) is the disruption of 'the presumption of a consolidated core personality' (Sedgwick and Frank 99). In Tomkins' work, this appears as his disentangling of affect from drive, a disentangling that evidences 'the plain absence not only of homophobia but of any hint of a heterosexist teleology' (Sedgwick and Frank 99). Present there, too, is an obscurity that insists on the overlap, the layering, of Galloway's two black boxes. However, rather than two black boxes there are two systems: one affective, analog, animal, infinite, stimulating, and modern; the other cognitive, digital, machinic, binary, responsive, and postmodern. Sedgwick and Frank's attention to Tomkins works both to point to the productivity of a certain sort of obscurity such that 'freedom, play, affordance, meaning itself derive from the wealth of mutually *nontransparent* possibilities for being wrong about an object — and by implication, about oneself' and to unsettle homologies within these two systems that would align, for example, the animal with the analog and oppose this to the machine and the digital: a homology evident within the museum literature with which I began and one that the authors attribute to an antibioligism within much critical theory (107-8, emphasis mine).

Such an antibiologism suggests the histories from which Galloway's black boxes emerge. As Fred Moten has worked to suggest, prior to the emergence of the black box function, one of the constituents of the Marxian black box cypher is the becoming object of a person. Marx's imagination of the speaking commodity is premised on the subjection of the slave's body.[2] Moten's work has since turned to consider a similar reductive subjection operative in the black box function, namely that the notion of a computer was first employed to describe the labour of a person reduced to a thing, the becoming computer of a person.[3] (And here we might not only recall Baudrillard's semiological reduction and think that Moten might be pointing to the materiality that subtends its quasi-causality, but also wonder about the biopolitical reduction that allows for the smooth displacement of something like Sedgwick's Buddhism from a practical cultural context to its incorporation as a meter of the intensities of white life.) So, as the revelation of the commodity fetish through its imagined speech is premised upon the erasure of the actual speech of commodified/objectified people, so too is the functionality of the computer premised upon the thingification of human labour. This is to say, then, that the spectre of something like the question 'Could one design a truly humanoid machine?' is the machinic human. Ultimately, Moten is interested in the productive potentialities opened up by such histories of deprivation such that the value of computing is not to be located in its increasing cognition, efficiency, functionality, or measurability, nor is it in the bounded closure of black boxing that highlights such inputs and/or outputs; rather, it is in the revelation that such

operations are reliant upon an insistent incalculability and the prior consent to not be a single being. Sedgwick and Frank make a similar point in equating the productive opacity of Tomkins' affect theory with the feedback of systems theory as 'a valorization of error and blindness' (107).

I locate such consent, then, not in the black-boxed separation of human and machine in the Turing test, but in the performance of relay that the test stages. This has something to do with the emphasis on mimesis in the depressive position and in ANT. That is, the openness of these systems is an openness to act like another. I recall here that 'for Tomkins, the most notable feature of the depressive, on emerging from childhood, is that he or she has a passion for relations of mimetic communion' (Sedgwick 140). Working within a Freudian framework of melancholia and paying attention to and pressing on those moments in Freud that might bring his psychoanalysis more in line with Tomkins' affect and with recourse to Walter Benjamin's mimetic faculty, Jonathan Flatley describes both how a self imitates a lost object and how such imitation is also the basis for interpersonal emotional ties such that 'identification comes before identity;' that is, mimesis is a capacity for relationality (52). If there is a ghost in the machine, then, it is not a consolidated core personality or overarching ego, but the traffic of identifications amongst a self, an internalized lost object, and an external reality.

Theorizing the monad in a time prior to the advent of information technologies, Gabriel Tarde, too, evokes the language of mimesis. Imitation in the form of imitative rays is the term that describes the way 'monads share attributes modified by each sharing, the result of which is a list made up of the "same" item repeated with difference' (Latour et al. 15). Bruno Latour makes explicit the connection between Tomkins' and Freud's psychic mimesis and Tarde's sociological mimesis in explaining the latter by saying that 'we might end up gaining some "intra-psyche" only if we are entering into a relationship with a lot of "extra-psyches"' (Latour 216). Contemporarily, one way to think about this turn to mimesis/imitation/acting-like is in terms of the way each technological innovation nests (patent abiding or not) its predecessors.

The aesthetic might be up to something similar. But at one remove, acting at, to return to some of Sedgwick's terminology evoked above, a (middle) distance, fractally. The sense that Sedgwick most engages is that of texture, for texture, like mimesis, suspends the agential subject in a fractional dimensionality. In describing her experience of reading Klein, Sedgwick likens the feeling of a 'fractal ineffability' to 'getting stoned' (128), a hazy spacing out that we might also recognize in the work of Jean-Luc Nancy, another theorist of touch, for whom the aesthetic is comprised contemporarily of an absolutized fragmentation, a fractality 'of the fraying of the edges of [the fragment's] trace' (126). What the aesthetic adds to or draws out from mimesis, then, is this emphasis on (un-)making that we encounter through texture.

In his analysis of the aesthetic of Lars von Trier's film *Melancholia* (2011), Shaviro, also with recourse to Benjamin's mimetic faculty, suggests that the appeal that mimesis shares with art is not only the (inter)play (here, of the analytic session or of the Turing test), but also an awareness of fictionality, 'we are drawn to the beautiful semblance on account of its very fragility and vulnerability, its *ad hoc* quality. Its value lies in its being fictive, and

therefore having no actual utility' ('*Melancholia*'). Moten pursues this line of thought in terms of a jurisgenerative grammar, which positions the aesthetic in the relation between breaking and making law — rather than abide by preexisting laws based on exclusion, make new laws — as in his example of singing the letters of the alphabet song in a different order.

We can think the melancholically imitative work of the aesthetic in at least two different ways now. First, socio-historically, that is, temporally. As in the mimesis of transference that mimes a past affect in relation to its present embodiment in an analyst, and as in Muñoz's thinking of queerness in *Cruising Utopia* 'as a temporal arrangement in which the past is a field of possibility in which subjects can act in the present in the service of a new futurity,' these collages carry information independent of the co-occurrence of networks, information from the beyond (16). They nest a dead actor in the present thus revealing the prescience of his vision. More, this point is underscored by the collages' incorporation of another dead actor that had already elided the human and the machinic, namely a Futurist aesthetic. This aesthetic evidences ambivalently not only the temporal shuttling of mimesis, but also the linkage of computerization and fascism.

Second, if, as above, Turing's legacy is that 'everyone pretends [the mimesis of the depressive and the imitation of the Turing test and monads]. And everything is more than we can ever see of it [knowing ≠ realizing],' then, having done away with a (neo)Platonic transcendental realm of Forms (or the One), we still retain that the aesthetic is, in some sense, simulacral (Bogost). That monads share attributes, though, is not apparent (and I have gestured to this above parenthetically) until a perspective of their overlap is attained. Whilst technological instruments of data mining and mapping are one way of doing this work, the aesthetic might be an equivalent affective and material instrument, as in the way these collages formally literalize overlap. The beauty I experience in looking at them derives from their employment of superimposition, a superimposition that, like autistic perception, resists 'linear formulations of ordinary exposition' (Sedgwick 128) and moves 'beyond the exclusionary zone made up of the perceptual operands of phenomenology' (Chen 209). The queerness of the aesthetic, then, does not really propose to the good life a counter-narrative as such, so much as it foregoes narrativization in favour of an inorganic and mimetic texturization.

My project here has been to chart some of the ways Eve Sedgwick's conceptual habit of non-dualism manifests itself in her book *The Weather in Proust* and then, motivated by my encounter with Henrik Olesen's *Some Illustrations to the Life of Alan Turing,* to suggest some parallel non-dualisms outside of literary and psychoanalytic frameworks. I make such parallelisms through the open structures of autistic perception and melancholic affect, the former drawing attention to the inorganic and pre-subjective and the latter drawing attention to the artifice of acting out of time in time. In a shift to the aesthetic dimension abetted by information technologies in the conceptual form of the monad, *the experience of these open systems changes from one of separate occulted interiorities to one of interpenetrated opaque or obscured exteriorities that connect without totality*. That is, in place of Bohm's atemporal implicate order, I would locate the atemporal aesthetic dimension. A dimension in which, outside the human and the monotheistic, and through a synthetic, oligoptical, and

monadological point of view, that '"part of the world lodged within"' might be glimpsed as a part of the world of another (Sedgwick 47).

Notes

1. Here and elsewhere my parenthetical language attempts to illustrate the alliances I am making that bolster my argument.
2. See Fred Moten, *In the Break: The Aesthetics of the Black Radical Tradition* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2003).
3. See Moten, 'The Touring Machine: Flesh Thought Inside Out,' (Lecture given at Bard College, New York, 23 August 2012). Available at: http://vimeo.com/50116966.

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