It is becoming increasingly likely that from the perspective of a not too distant future the period from the late Renaissance to the beginning of the 21st century will be seen as dominated and even defined by the cultural significance of print – not least in the form of the mass-produced book which is virtually synonymous with Western culture. It accordingly seems appropriate to designate this period, roughly corresponding to the half-millennium from 1500 to 2000, "the Gutenberg Parenthesis".

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The Book Out of Bounds - Essays Presented to Lars Ole Sauerberg

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Aktuel forskning. Litteratur, kultur og medier

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Marts 2015

Redaktion: Claus Schatz-Jakobsen, Peter Simonsen og Tom Pettitt
(Kulturvidenskaber)

Udgivet af
Institut for Kulturvidenskaber
Syddansk Universitet
Campusvej 55
5230 Odense M

The Books Out of Bounds er et særnummer af tidsskriftet
Aktuel forskning. Litteratur, kultur og medier
Udgivelsen er fagfællebedømt
Aktuel forskning ved Institut for Kulturvidenskaber

Tryk: Print & Sign, Syddansk Universitet
Sats og layout: Kurt Kjær Olesen
Omslagslayout: Kurt Kjær Olesen
Oplag: 200
ISSN:1903-5705

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Preface

The Book Out of Bounds presents 17 commissioned essays written and assembled to honour Professor of Literature at the University of Southern Denmark, Lars Ole Sauerberg, who incidentally turns 65 upon publication in March 2015. Contributors were encouraged to perceive their essays as in some way celebrating Lars Ole's decisive role in the development of the 'Gutenberg Parenthesis' concept and in the exploration of its literary and cultural perspectives, by thematising any aspect of book or print culture, including, naturally, its 'dehors': the book as material object, the book as cultural icon, Great Books Culture, the book as contested (and occasionally conflagrated) medium, print vs oral and digital media/culture, etc.

To remind readers of his own fair share of books, we include a select list of Lars Ole's publications at the end of this one. The editors are honoured to be the colleagues of a distinguished academic who incorrigibly persists in expressing his love for books not only by reviewing them, critically analysing them, and historically surveying them, but also by writing them himself.

And while it has only one dedicatee, having already read it several times we are confident that this particular book will be appreciated by more than one reader.

Claus Schatz-Jakobsen
Peter Simonsen
Tom Pettitt

The narrative 'when' enigma

Carl Bache

When discussing the 'Gutenberg Parenthesis' and the impact of printing on culture, it is only natural for a grammarian like myself to ponder how language has been affected by the genre development, refinement and proliferation ensuing from the printing revolution. The distinction between speaking and writing immediately springs to mind as relevant, although writing clearly eludes the parenthetical bounds of printing. But with his invention Gutenberg boosted writing very effectively: he paved the way for almost unrestricted facilitation and distribution, thereby creating a vast new platform for linguistic creativity to unfold independently of its immediate reception, and at the same time enriching the empirical basis for linguistics (not to mention the basis for intense 'on-record' interscholarly communication!). Many linguists have therefore been concerned with the characteristic features of spoken and written language, and the effect of either on the other. Spoken language is often considered more 'natural', 'basic' and 'genuine' and therefore granted priority in linguistic descriptions (especially following Saussure), but it is also more prone to exhibit 'grammatically irrelevant' performance features resulting from memory limitations, distractions, shifts of attention, etc. (see e.g. Chomsky 1965: 3ff). Nevertheless a full account of language usage must draw on insight from studies of both spoken and written language, and it must take note of the many significant differences (cf. e.g. Halliday 1985). As a first step, it is necessary to refine the distinction: one must separate 'medium' from 'channel of communication' (Lyons 1981: 18). A letter (written medium) can be read aloud (spoken channel of communication), and a conversation (spoken medium) can be transcribed (written channel of communication). Dialogue in a novel simulates the spoken medium in a written channel. So, more specifically, a top priority in linguistic discussions of speech versus writing is to consider medium (of course in conjunction with its natural channel) rather than simply channel (unless of course one is concerned with e.g. speech disorders or orthography).

While much research has shown that writing is not just the representation of the spoken medium in a new channel of communication but rather a medium in its own right, this paper points to a case of the two media sharing a particular phenomenon but with writing (especially writing in printed form) reinforcing and perhaps even extending and generalizing its manifestation. But let me first whet your appetite with an illustration of this point from a different area of English grammar. It has been shown that the use of tense forms in English narratives (whether in the spoken or the written medium) differs significantly from their use in non-narrative contexts. Take a spoken (medium) example like:

(1) 'The other day this tall heavy bloke with tattoos all over suddenly *comes* up to me and *says*: "Do I know you?" It was really spooky.'

Here *comes* and *says* are present tense forms expressing events in the past relative to the speaker's moment of communication (which is made clear by the adverbial *The other day* and the subsequent comment *It was really spooky*). Present tense is here chosen to convey narrative intensity – a well-known stylistic phenomenon. A less dramatic alternative would have been the past tense forms *came* and *said* – a choice in concord with the time of the events expressed but stylistically more neutral. What probably originated as an effectful use of the present tense for a past event in oral narratives ('the historic present'), has not only been adopted in the written medium as a marker of intensity in the narrator's building up of a storyline mainly in the past tense but has become a conventional tense option for the whole storyline, with entire novels being written primarily in the present tense with no implication of deictic present time (i.e. present time relative to the moment of communication) *nor* with any particular stylistic effect after the first few sentences (for extensive discussion of the use of tense forms in English narrative and non-narrative contexts, see Bache 1986, 2008: 175-194).

Let us turn now to the phenomenon I intend to examine more closely in this paper: 'narrative *when* clauses'. Consider the following example:

(2) I was walking down Glebe Street after dark, *when a big Mercedes suddenly pulled up behind me with its headlights turned off*.

In this sentence the italicized clause initiated by *when* is a narrative *when* clause, and this particular occurrence of *when* is an instance of the narrative use of *when*. To get a sense of this special construction, it is useful to look first at the much more frequent use of *when* clauses (henceforth: w-clauses) as temporal adverbials:

(3) I entered the building *when I received the signal*.

In this sentence the w-clause offers a temporal specification of the event referred to by the main clause *I entered the building*. It does so by relating it to another event in the context ('me receiving the signal'). In the traditional (still widely accepted) analysis, the w-clause is a subordinate clause serving as a time adverbial in the sentence as a whole. Within the subordinate clause *when* is analysed as a subordinating conjunction. The superordinate main clause conveys the main message (what the speaker asserts) in conjunction with the subordinate clause (which conveys presupposed supplementary information). From a narrative point of view (as defined by Labov, see Labov & Waletzky 1967 and Labov 1972: 359ff), the main clause, not the subordinate clause, moves the storyline forward by adding a new event.

Now re-read the sentence in (2) and take a moment or two to let its meaning sink in. In contrast to (3), it is here the w-clause that adds an important event to the

narrative sequence of events whilst the main clause simply describes the circumstance under which this important event takes place. This shift in roles is the reason why the w-clause in (2) is called narrative. The speaker assertion is primarily in the w-clause, not in the main clause. The main clause recedes into the background, merely setting the scene for the event expressed by the w-clause.

Surprisingly enough, the standard comprehensive university grammars of English either do not mention the narrative *when* construction at all (one example here is Huddleston & Pullum 2002) or have very little to say about it (it figures briefly in a footnote in Quirk et al. 1972: 744-5 and again in a footnote in Quirk et al. 1985: 1084). However, narrative *when* has been dealt with in several more specific studies, especially Declerck 1997 and Couper-Kuhlen 1988, 1989a, 1989b; and the phenomenon is well-known in traditional Latin and Latinate grammars, where it is referred to as 'cum inversum' constructions (to indicate the functional swap of clause roles).

Declerk (1997: 213) characterizes narrative w-clauses in this way:

> They are clauses which are typically found in narrative contexts and which function as 'narrative clauses': they 'push forward the action', i.e. they indicate a new action or event in the chain of actions/events that constitute the backbone of the story.

The very different relation between the main clause and the narrative w-clause is captured in a crude way by paraphrasing the narrative sentence construction with a non-narrative sentence construction in which the original w-clause becomes the main clause, and the original main clause becomes a temporal adverbial w-clause:

(4) Shelby had only just entered the room *when somebody hurled a stone through the window*.

⇒ *When* Shelby had only just entered the room, *somebody hurled a stone through the window*.

(5) Jane was quietly reading the paper *when Jack suddenly came barging into the library*.

⇒ *When/While* Jane was quietly reading the paper, *Jack suddenly came barging into the library*.

When is not the only unit in English with a narrative/non-narrative contrast:

(6a) He heard her explanation *before he called her parents*. (non-narrative, temporal)

(6b) He had hardly heard her explanation *before he burst out crying*. (narrative)

(7a) He was so happy *until he got married*. (non-narrative, temporal)

(7b) She has been enjoying a vacation with her family, *until she suddenly gets a headache.* As her condition progresses, she also experiences a fever. (Google search, narrative)

We find similar narrative/non-narrative contrasts in other languages, e.g. Danish:

(8a) Musikken spillede så dejligt *da han ankom*. (non-narrative, temporal) ('The music was playing so wonderfully when he arrived')
(8b) Musikken spillede så dejligt *da han pludselig kom brasende ind i lokalet*. (narrative) ('The music was playing so wonderfully when suddenly he came barging into the room')
(9a) Hun rejste sig *før hovedretten blev serveret*. (non-narrative, temporal) ('She got up before the main course was served')
(9b) Hun havde dårligt rejst sig *før hun begyndte at hoste helt vildt*. (narrative) ('She had hardly got up before she began to cough uncontrollably')
(10a) Hun tussede rundt i haven *indtil det begyndte at regne*. (ambiguous, but non-narrative and temporal in most contexts) ('She shuffled about in the garden until it began to rain')
(10b) Hun tussede rundt i haven *indtil det endelig gik op for hende at Henrik var i livsfare*. (narrative) ('She was shuffling about in the garden until it finally dawned on her that Henrik was in mortal danger')

Narrative w-clauses are special in that they *look like subordinate clauses but perform main-clause narrative tasks*. They express the rhetorical nucleus of the sentence as a whole while temporal adverbial w-clauses have rhetorical satellite status (for discussion of these rhetorical functions, see Matthiessen & Thompson 1988: 307ff). As noted by especially Declerck (1997: 212ff) and Couper-Kuhlen (1989a,b) (and also elaborated on in Bache 2014), narrative w-clauses are different from temporal adverbial w-clauses in other important ways and display a number of characteristic main-clause features not usually found in subordinate clauses (the so-called root or main-clause phenomena, cf. Hooper & Thompson 1973, Aelbrecht, Haegeman & Nye 2012):

i) Narrative w-clauses always follow the main clause, whereas temporal adverbial w-clauses may appear both before and after the main clause.

ii) Narrative w-clauses always form an intonationally marked independent information unit, whereas temporal adverbial w-clauses in postposition are typically prosodically integrated in the main clause.

iii) Narrative w-clauses cannot be subjected to syntactic focus operations like clefting without losing their narrative status:

(11) Gordon was busy searching her bag, when I suddenly heard someone at the door.

⇒ !It was when I suddenly heard someone at the door that Gordon was busy searching her bag. (a possible construction but the w-clause has changed status to an ordinary temporal adverbial w-clause)

iv) Like main clauses (but unlike temporal adverbial w-clauses) narrative w-clauses allow preposed adverbial particles (like *in* and *here*) in exclamations with full inversion:

(12) I was going through my accounts when *in* came an angry neighbour.
We even get exclamatory onomatopoetic interjections replacing most of the clause:
(13) There's this guy walking down Piccadilly, when suddenly – *woomph*! (BNC GOF 2153 – this reference is to the British National Corpus of English)

v) Unlike temporal adverbial w-clauses, narrative w-clauses may host the dramatic historic present tense forms independently of the choice of tense in the main clause:

(14) Around two in the morning she was just nodding off when suddenly her telephone *rings* again. (BNC JYF 1463)

More generally, Declerck notes that tense choice in narrative w-clauses follows the same rules as for main clauses.

vi) There is a special recurring pattern in the distribution of Aktionsart in sentences containing narrative w-clauses: the main clause expresses *an unbounded (durative, stative, directional, relational) event* whereas the narrative w-clause expresses a *bounded (punctual, telic, inchoative) event*, typically something unexpected and sudden:

(15) The boy was driving like the wind [= unbounded durative] when suddenly we hit something [= bounded punctual]. (BNC DCX 152)
(16) I was sitting on a seat in the park, enjoying the sunshine, [= unbounded] when suddenly I felt deathly sick [= bounded inchoative]. (BNC GV7 1027)

Summing up so far: with the help of Declerck, Couper-Kuhlen, Matthiessen, Thompson and others, we have found that narrative w-clauses express the main event in the sentences in which they appear, i.e. they serve the function of rhetorical nucleus (relegating the main clause to rhetorical satellite status), they are syntactically and prosodically more independent than temporal adverbial w-clauses, and they display a number of formal characteristics which are normally found only in main clauses.

How should narrative w-clauses be analysed syntactically? No one seems to have taken any serious notice of the syntactic consequences of the apparent discrepancy between form and content. In fact, narrative w-clauses have attracted little syntactic attention at all. Those who do comment on the matter seem to assume that the formal analysis is the same as for non-narrative temporal adverbial w-clauses, i.e. that narrative w-clauses are subordinate clauses and that they are only exceptional in having a very different functional interpretation. Couper-Kuhlen explicitly calls the narrative w-clause subordinate (1988: 359) and simply notes that the normal principle of lexico-syntactic foregrounding does not apply to main clauses followed by a narrative w-clause (1988: 370f). Declerk holds that narrative w-clauses 'depend' on unembedded (main) clauses (1997: 225), yet are syntactically more 'independent' than other w-clauses and themselves behave like unembedded, main clauses with respect to tense and other features (1997: 218, 223, 225, 229). However, the following formulation seems to indicate that he still considers the narrative w-clause to be *formally* subordinate:

> It follows that, though *syntactically* the HC [= head clause, main clause] is *the* 'main clause', the narrative WC [= w-clause] is the 'main clause' from the point of view of interpretation. (Declerck 1997: 229, italics added)

In their rhetorical-structure approach, Matthiessen and Thompson (1988: 308) regard narrative w-clauses as a convenient exception to the general pattern with main clauses as rhetorical nuclei and subordinate clauses as rhetorical satellites – convenient because it shows that their analysis is not circular and not simply based on sentence form but rather on genuine text functions and their typical manifestations. Again the clear implication is that narrative w-clauses are subordinate ('hypotactic') from a formal point of view.

It is debatable how far one should go to align form and content in one's linguistic description of a phenomenon. But it seems to me that no matter the outcome, we may end up getting a better understanding of the narrative *when* construction if we try. So let me begin by asking: *are narrative w-clauses really subordinate?*

The answer to that question very much depends on whether you take a form-to-meaning approach or a meaning-to-form approach to your data. In practice, of course, the two approaches are never pure but will be mixed in any particular study of a phenomenon. In a stringent form-to-meaning approach, however, you first identify 'a relevant form' (e.g. 'w-clause following a main clause') and proceed to a discussion of the uses of this form (e.g. the temporal adverbial use, the narrative use, etc.). In such a description, we may well arrive at the conclusion that postposed w-clauses are prototypically used as subordinate temporal adverbial clauses but that they are also used (much less frequently and therefore) less prototypically as narrative w-clauses – syntactically, however, there seems to be only one construction type.

A stringent meaning-to-form approach is much harder because, strictly speaking, you have to think up the meanings to begin with without taking language forms into consideration – which of course is impossible and would make very little sense even if it were possible. So what happens in practice is that we rely on our experience with language (as language users and as linguists) to identify 'relevant meanings' expressed by language forms and constructions from which our analysis may depart. The advantage of such a functional approach is that it is much easier to work typologically and with cross-linguistic comparisons: different languages express the same or very similar meanings but may employ very different formal means. One particularly interesting functional approach to subordination is suggested by Christofaro 2003. Inspired by cognitive grammar, especially Langacker 1991, she proposes a new definition of subordination based on what she calls 'the asymmetry assumption':

> By subordination will be meant a situation whereby a cognitive asymmetry is established between linked SoAs [= states of affairs, events], such that the profile of one of the two (henceforth the main SoA) overrides that of the other (henceforth, the dependent SoA). This is equivalent to saying that the dependent SoA is (pragmatically) non-asserted, while the main one is (pragmatically) asserted. (2003: 33)

To be able to use this definition it is important to have a way of establishing what is (pragmatically) asserted and non-asserted (and if non-asserted then subordinate). Christofaro offers two types of diagnostic for identifying an assertion: a) determine what part of a sentence is open to challenge (i.e. can be denied); and b) determine what part of a sentence is open to a change of illocutionary force (e.g. can be questioned). Christofaro claims that these assertiveness tests "work for all languages, regardless of the specific clause types existing in any particular language" (2003: 32). Consider, for example, a sentence containing a temporal adverbial w-clause like:

(17) Jane got up when the telephone rang.

To determine what exactly is being asserted by (17), we apply the two tests in this way (see Christofaro 2003:32):

(17') *It is not the case that* Jane got up when the telephone rang.
(17") *Is it the case that* Jane got up when the telephone rang?

What is denied in (17') is that Jane got up at the time specified by the w-clause, not that the telephone rang. Similarly, what is questioned in (17") is that Jane got up at the time specified by the w-clause, not that the telephone rang. This shows that on Christofaro's definition, *when the telephone rang* is non-assertive and therefore a

subordinate clause. The result of the tests corresponds to our intuitive understanding of what (17) communicates.

What do sentences containing narrative w-clauses assert? In a sentence like:

(15) The boy was driving like the wind when suddenly we hit something

we intuitively understand this sentence to assert two things: a) that the boy was driving like the wind; and b) that we suddenly hit something. In other words, the sentence expresses a sequence of assertions. But it is not a sequence of equally important assertions. We interpret the sentence as *primarily* asserting that we suddenly hit something: the sentence is more about us hitting something than about the boy driving like the wind. Or to be more precise, it is about us hitting something when the boy was driving like the wind. But since this situational context is conveyed in a main clause it takes on assertive force (unlike temporal adverbial w-clauses, which typically express presuppositions rather than assertions). In other words, the main clause is pragmatically *weakly assertive* while the narrative w-clause is *strongly assertive*.

However, this intuitive understanding of the sentence is *not* confirmed by Christofaro's two tests, at least not when performed as in (17):

(15') *It is not the case that* the boy was driving like the wind when suddenly we hit something.
(15") *Is it the case that* the boy was driving like the wind when suddenly we hit something?

What is denied in (15') and questioned in (15") is the boy's driving like the wind, not the fact that we hit something. When subjected to these tests, it immediately looks as if (15) behaves just like (17). But a closer look at (15') and (15") reveals something rather extraordinary: the w-clause has lost its status as a narrative w-clause and has become an ordinary temporal adverbial expressing a non-assertive presupposition. In other words, the narrative w-clause eludes the diagnostic tests, and what we have is a case of data subtly changing in nature when subjected to investigation – something which warrants a caution in connection with Christofaro's bold claim that the tests work in any language regardless of sentence types.

One possible reason why the tests fail in connection with (15) is that, being preposed, the constructions expressing the denial and the question in (15') and (15") both take the *main* clause into their primary scope before even reaching the w-clause, and in doing so change the textual and assertive balance of the two clauses of the original example. If instead of targeting the clauses of the sentence in linear succession, we place the sentence in a context with *subsequent* reactions or qualifications of the sentence as a whole (i.e. if we wait until we have the full impact of the sentence), we get a result more in accordance with our intuition:

(15a) A to B: The boy was driving like the wind when suddenly we hit something!
C: Actually this is not quite true: what happened was that something hit us, *not* that we hit something!
(15b) The boy was driving like the wind when suddenly we hit something, *didn't we / at least I think we did*.

In (15a) the original sentence in (15) is challenged after having been delivered in full, and in (15b) it is qualified by a question tag (which is here used to elicit support rather than to question the content of the w-clause) or followed by a comment aimed at modifying the assertion of the w-clause. Note also the weirdness in (15b'), where the tag picks up the subject of the main clause:

(15b') ?The boy was driving like the wind when suddenly we hit something, *wasn't he*.

In my interpretation of (15b'), the question tag is only appropriate if the w-clause is understood as a non-narrative clause (which is hard because of *suddenly*, which indicates a new unexpected event – without it the sentence improves).

Summing up the evidence we can say that in sentences containing a narrative w-clause it is possible to challenge and question (or at least qualify) the content of both clauses, which indicates that both clauses are assertive. But the fact that the tests only work in relation to the main clause if the w-clause is reinterpreted as a non-narrative clause is at least compatible with our intuition that the main clause is only fully assertive when followed by a temporal adverbial w-clause while it is restricted in its assertive force when followed by a narrative w-clause. What the adjusted tests in (15a) and (15b) unambiguously show is that a w-clause is *not* a subordinate clause in the functional sense of the term proposed by Christofaro. But then, what is it and how should it be described syntactically?

One possible reinterpretation of the syntax of narrative w-clauses is to regard them as (quasi-)coordinated rather than subordinated (this suggestion has been made about other types of subordinate clause displaying root phenomena, cf. Meinunger 2006). As both Declerck (1997: 212) and Couper-Kuhlen (1989b: 20) note, a narrative w-clause can often be paraphrased as a coordinated clause with the conjunction *and* followed by the sequential narrative adverb *then*:

(18) We were doing the dishes *when* suddenly Jim collapsed on the floor.
(18') We were doing the dishes *and then* suddenly Jim collapsed on the floor.

The problem with this analysis is that the coordinated structure does not capture the narrative effect of the w-clause precisely enough. We get a sequence of main clause assertions in (18'), but the syntax does not support the fact that in (18) the second clause is more intensely assertive and the main clause recedes into the background.

As Quirk et al. (1972: 745) say: a narrative w-clause "gives dramatic emphasis and climax to the event".

Another possibility is to regard narrative w-clauses as *sentential relative clauses*. Roughly defined, a sentential relative clause is a clause that takes not just a single constituent in the preceding clause as its antecedent but the whole clause:

(19) He was both late and drunk, *which caused somewhat of a scandal*.

In this sentence the relative pronoun *which* takes all of the main clause *He was both late and drunk* as its antecedent. Arguably narrative *when* could be understood to mean *at which time* or *on which occasion* with reference back to the main clause, and interestingly, sentential relative clauses with *which* can be paraphrased as coordinated clauses (which makes them look a bit like (18')):

(19') He was both late and drunk, *and this* caused somewhat of a scandal.

However, although sentential relative clauses are assertive like narrative w-clauses, they merely offer extra information without the added stylistic effect (often they are simply appended to the main clause as an afterthought). Syntactically sentences containing sentential relative clauses do not reflect the special balance between a main clause and a narrative w-clause.

What syntactic organization would ideally reflect this special balance? Well, I would argue first of all that the special effect of narrative w-clauses is a result of a special kind of pragmatic *superordination*: not superordination in relation to a subordinate construction (which is the usual meaning of 'a superordinate clause': a main clause is superordinate to a subordinate clause), but superordinate in relation to a *main* clause. Main clauses are at the 'normal level of narration', typically adding new events to the storyline, as pointed out by Labov and others. In the case of a sentence containing a narrative w-clause, this normal level is used as *the onset to an even higher, more dramatic level of narration*, and this higher narrative level is what we get in the w-clause. To rise to this higher level, the w-clause is, perhaps somewhat ironically, *dependent* on the main clause to first establish the normal level. The intensification involved in the rise from the normal level to a higher level is to a large extent caused by the special pattern of Aktionsart noted (the main clause expressing an unbounded event and the w-clause expressing a bounded event, see p. 13 above). This pattern reflects *cohesion* in that the main clause expresses something incomplete, unresolved, open-ended or unfulfilled, making the receiver expect something to happen, while the w-clause meets that expectation. Sentences containing narrative w-clauses are thus in a sense *progressively cohesive*: there is in the main clause a building up of tension or suspense which is then resolved in the w-clause. By contrast, a temporal adverbial w-clause 'merely' supplements the content of the preceding main clause, thus displaying *regressive cohesion*.

I would like to make two points in connection with this characterization of narrative w-clauses. The first point is that the use of narrative w-clauses involves an element of planning and sophistication which is perhaps more characteristic of the written medium than of the often more spontaneous spoken medium. Interestingly, some native informants prefer the use of parataxis in (18') in the spoken medium to the use of narrative w-clause in (18), which strikes them as more 'bookish':

(18) We were doing the dishes *when* suddenly Jim collapsed on the floor.
(18') We were doing the dishes *and then* suddenly Jim collapsed on the floor.

When spoken, (18') could be supplemented with dramatic paralinguistic and prosodic features to make it more dramatic (thus easily matching the effect of a narrative w-clause). In these respects the written medium is more restricted and thus has to rely on narrower linguistic techniques for creating narrative intensity. We do find narrative w-clauses in both writing and speech, but unlike the use of the historical present, which often loses its dramatic effect when generalized in writing, the use of narrative w-clauses always preserves its effect and seems perfectly at home in writing as a distinct narrative technique.

The second point is that in the vast linguistic toolbox available to us in grammar we can handle subordination and coordination quite nicely, but there is no way of handling the kind of superordination I am arguing for in connection with narrative w-clauses (= supersuperordination, i.e. superordination in relation to the main clause level of narration, which is superordinate to the level of most subordinate clauses, including temporal adverbial w-clauses). And to 'invent' an entirely new linguistic relation for the description of narrative w-clauses and their sister constructions would be like killing flies with a cannon and hardly in line with the normal principle of simplicity and parsimony in linguistic descriptions.

Syntactically, narrative w-clauses remain an enigma: they look subordinate but they are used in a distinctly superordinate way in story-telling and they are characterized by a number of main-clause syntactic features. Regrettably, no one has come up with an entirely satisfactory way of describing them more formally. We cannot simply let this problem rest, but for me to find a solution before Ockham's razor gets me will be hard.

Note: My sincere thanks to Cindie Maagaard and Nina Nørgaard, as well as colleagues and friends more generally in the Danish national grammar network and in the Danish Functional Linguistics network, for critical comments and suggestions.

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A Story of Losing and Finding

Susan Bassnett

Picture if you will, a small book, 16.2 centimetres by 10 centimetres, with a cover of an indistinguishable colour, that may once have been dark brown, or even black, but which has been faded by time into a dullish, nondescript brownish-grey. The binding is still intact, with the title, author's name, place and date of publication clearly printed in gold letters on the spine. Inside the flyleaf there are slight traces of past damp, and on the front cover there is a grand coat of arms, under which the letter Z is repeated three times, twice with the diacritical hacek mark which shows it to be of Czech origin. This is obviously a book that formed part of some Central European nobleman's library, once upon a time, and the binding suggests late eighteenth or early nineteenth century origins.

The text, however, is much earlier. The frontispiece gives the date of 1606, the place, Prague, the name of the printer, Paulus Sessius and the book's full title, along with a little sketch of an elegantly dressed young woman, with a low neckline and a high stand-up lace collar, holding a large quill pen in her right hand and what looks like an hourglass in the left. The title reads as follows:

Parthenicon
ELISABETHAE IONNAE WESTONIAE
Virginis nobilissimae, poetriae florentissimae, lunguarum plurimarum peritissimae

which Brenda Hosington and Donald Cheney, editors of the English edition of the author's poetry have translated as:

The Maidenly Writings of Elizabeth Jane Weston,
Most noble Virgin, most eminent poet, fluent in numerous tongues.
(Cheney and Hosington, 2000:3)

The frontispiece also announces that the volume has been "assembled by the care and devotion of Georgius Martinius von Baldhoven, Silesian; and now newly communicated to desirous friends." This tells us that the collection was produced for a specific group of people, and on the second page we have the Imperial warning that no other printer may issue "without her own authorisation" anything published or due to be published in the future by the said Elizabeth Jane Weston without incurring the penalty of a fine. Copyright was thus specified, along with a statement about the designated readership, right from the start.

I owe my precious copy of the *Parthenicon* by Westonia, as she is generally known, to the kindness of Dr Jim Binns, world expert in Early Modern Latin literature and a great bibliophile, and precious it is, not only in terms of its

importance to me personally, but also because of its rarity. As I write, there is a copy for sale on the Internet at more than 12,000 euros, a huge price hike from when I first encountered that same book in the early 1980s, when it was spotted by Jim in a bookseller's catalogue. I remember the price exactly, because it was the same sum of money I had been given by the British Academy to enable me to work in the Rare Books room of the old British Library, transcribing their copy of *Parthenicon.* One of the librarians told me about it, but it had disappeared into the hands of the collector who may well have been the one who then put it back on the market, at quite a lot more than its previous value, which is when Jim managed to acquire it. I remember wondering whether it would have been ethical to spend one's grant in one go on a single book and being thankful that I did not have to find out. The sum, by the way, which seemed enormous in those days, was 350 pounds sterling.

I managed to acquire a copy in microfilm form of the edition held in the National Library of Prague. It was given to me by the late, great director, translator and scholar, Alois Bejblik, as I was about to board a plane for London, a couple of years before the Velvet Revolution in 1989, when Prague was tense with dissent and you could never arrange to meet anyone at a restaurant or cafe, because the authorities imposed a Kafkaesque system of random closures, designed to prevent regular meetings of potential dissidents, which meant that you had to meet people in the street and then walk until you found somewhere open. The ghost of Kafka would have probably shrugged, and remarked "Plus ca change". I was given the microfilm in a brown envelope, and told to put it in my pocket, which I did and then I walked out to the plane feeling like a character from a Cold War spy film. Back in England, I obtained a print out of the microfilm and stuck the pages into 2 beautiful exercise books with Japanese prints on the cover. I wanted to honour Westonia by making my reading of her work, even via microfilm and photocopy seem more beautiful.

And now I have my own edition of her work. I like to handle the book, to leaf through the slightly stained pages (there really was quite a lot of damp wherever that book was kept) as I promise myself that one day, before I am too old and forgetful to attempt it, I want to write a book about Westonia, about the curious saga of tracing her story, about the moments of discovery and the moments when research lines hit a blank wall.

We know very little about Westonia, and what can be ascertained from the texts she left us is often puzzling. The only writing of hers we have is in Latin, though she is praised by her contemporaries as fluent in several languages. Nicholas Maius, a friend in the imperial court, in an obituary poem, writes that though English was her native language, she also spoke German and Italian, while she spoke Czech like a native and could "express her heart's deepest feelings" in five tongues, the fifth of course, being Latin. (Cheney and Hosington, 2000:379). Despite this linguistic competence, she chose to compose her poems and those letters which she included in *Parthenicon,* only in Latin, that is to say, the only published works we have are in Latin. Cheney and Hosington's magisterial volume brings together all Westonia's known works, which apart from *Parthenicon* include some poems from her earlier

collection, *Poemata* published in Prague in 1602 (most of the poems in that volume are reprinted in *Parthenicon*) some occasional poems, tributes to her during her lifetime and after her death, and it is from these texts that we can glean some partial information about her life story.

Westonia died young, in 1612, at the age of only 30. Her tombstone, in the cloister of the church of St Thomas in Prague, describes her as the beloved wife of Johannes Leo, whose family crest is also carved into the stone, mother of 7 children, of whom four little boys had died in infancy and only her three daughters survived. Johannes Leo was an aristocratic lawyer in the service of the Prince of Anhalt, and Westonia moved in high social circles. The inscription on her tombstone also describes her as an illustrious noble woman of British origin, the Sulpitia of her age (Sulpitia had been a great Roman female poet), flower of Minerva, delight of the Muses, paragon of women. Obituary poems included in the pamphlet "In beatissimum decessum" all praise her talents as a poet, her unusual intellect and her pleasant disposition. The title page of the pamphlet describes her as "the most noble woman and most celebrated poet, Elizabeth Jane Leo, from the most noble English family of Weston" (Cheney and Hosington, 2000: 379).

I first encountered Westonia through that tombstone. I had been taken to St Thomas' church by Zdenek Stribrny, the great Czech Shakespeare scholar and good friend of Alois. In the 1980s he was still banned from teaching at the university, following his support for the Dubcek reforms of 1968 that had been crushed by Russian tanks, but his unofficial network of friends and former students remained unaffected. Zdenek was the editor of a book published in English in 1966, *Charles University on Shakespeare,* a collection of papers presented at the Shakespeare conference of Charles University in April 1964, to commemorate the quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth. One of those essays, by the historian Josef Polisensky, "England and Bohemia in Shakespeare's Day" referred to a group of English Catholics "cast up in Prague on the waves of political and civil strife". Polisensky comments that "the most interesting member of this group was a writer who was certainly better known in Europe at the turn of the century than William Shakespeare was" (Stribrny, 1996:72). Sdenek drew attention to the irony of the contrast between Westonia and her contemporary, William Shakespeare: when both were alive, she was the one in contact with intellectuals and writers across Europe, while he was an unknown hack always hoping that the plague would not close the London theatres too often. By the middle of the eighteenth century, when his star was beginning to rise, the last edition of Westonia's poetry was published in Leipzig, after which she more or less vanishes from literary history.

Prague in Westonia's time was a kind of 'open city'. The emperor, Rudolph II was fascinated by the arts and by the occult, and assembled around his court philosophers and alchemists, poets, musicians, painters and scholars from diverse backgrounds and religions. The relaxed attitude to religion, in an age of great intolerance elsewhere in Europe, combined with Prague's central location made the

city a locus of intrigue, as well as a major intellectual and creative centre. Spies of Catholic and Protestant persuasion encountered one another in the streets and receiving rooms of the emperor's magnificent castle that still dominates the Prague skyline. As an example of the complexities of interlinked lives in that society and the difficulties of ascertaining clear information about religious persuasion, we can note that Prince Christian of Anhalt was a central figure of German Protestant activism, with agents strategically placed across Europe, yet Westonia's husband was in his service and she was very definitely a Catholic. Christian of Anhalt was also close to Count Peter Vok Rozmberk, patron of such well-known alchemical scientists as Dr. John Dee and the German professor of medicine, Dr. Oswald Croll. When Croll's *Basilica Chymica* was published in 1608, it contained a prefatory poem by Westonia, praising Croll as both an alchemist and as a healer, and in *Parthenicon* there is also a poem to Croll on the occasion of his birthday, and a short note asking him for medicine for one of her mother's maids who is suffering from severe headaches. Westonia was obviously a friend of Croll's and though she never mentions Dee by name, she must have known him. Dee, Queen Elizabeth I's cartographer, mathematician and astrologer, along with his assistant, Edward Kelley, came to the court of the Emperor Rudolph in 1583, then both found service with Count Von Rozmberk and moved to live on his estate in Trebon in southern Bohemia .

Sdenek Stribrny invited me to consider the contrast between the posthumous fate of Westonia and that of Shakespeare, as an example of the unpredictability of fame. Who, in the early seventeenth century, could have imagined that Shakespeare would have become a global canonical figure, or that the woman praised as the Delight of the Muses would have disappeared from sight, along with the rise of vernacular languages which resulted in the decline of Latin as a medium for poetry and for scholarship?

I left Prague determined to learn more about Westonia, and for a while I read everything I could discover about her, starting with the inscription on the tomb stating that she was English and of noble birth. The obvious explanation was that she was the daughter of an English Catholic Recusant family, so I looked for Westons who might fit the bill. Others had tried before me: Thomas Fuller, in his *History of the Worthies of England* published in 1662, only fifty years after her death had tried and failed to find her family connection:

> I am ashamed that for the honour of her sex and our Nation I can give no better account of her. However, that her memory may not be harbourless, I have lodged her in this County (Surrey)…where I find an ancient and worshipful family of the Westons flourishing at Sutton, ready to remove her at the first information of the certain place of her Nativity. (Fuller, in Bassnett 2006:290).

Polisensky's essay sheds no light on Westonia's English origins, other than to suggest that she was brought to Bohemia by a Catholic father, but he says that she

was brought up by another expatriate Englishman, ”the humanist Hammon, while Edward Kelley became her guardian” (Stribrny, 1966:73).

Hammon was probably John Hammond, to whom she addresses a poem in her first collection, describing him as “her respected friend and one time most diligent teacher” (Cheney and Hosington, 2000:313). A John Hammond is mentioned in John Dee’s *Diaries* as having been employed to teach Dee’s children during his residence at Trebon, and Kelley was with Dee during those years until Dee returned to England with his family in 1589. Interestingly, Dee never mentions Kelley’s two stepchildren, though seemingly they were being taught alongside his own offspring. Two John Hammonds are listed as having graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, one in 1577 and the other, who later became physician to James I of England, in 1583, so either could have been employed by Dee as a tutor in the 1580s.

I followed up the lead of Westonia’s links to Edward Kelley, though this seemed at first to be a curious path to follow. Kelley has had a terrible press, dismissed as a charlatan, viewed as the man who deceived the eminent Dr. Dee by claiming to have been able to communicate with the spirit world, a man who, it is rumoured, had had his ears cropped in his youth for criminal activity. Biographers of Dee, such as Charlotte Fell-Smith condemn him, Dee himself is less than charitable towards him in his own writings. However, Kelley did stay on in Bohemia after Dee’s departure, where he was granted a knighthood by the Emperor in 1589. He chose to call himself Sir Edward Kelley of Imany, a reference to the lands held by a family of Kelleys near Galway, with whom he may have been connected, though there is no evidence for this. Then in 1591 he was imprisoned and his lands confiscated for 3 years, after he killed a fellow courtier in a duel. Released in 1594, he died in mysterious circumstances in 1597.

Why such a man would have become Westonia’s guardian seemed bizarre, and even more bizarre was my discovery of letters from Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth I’s right hand man, to Kelley and to Sir Edward Dyer whom Burghley had sent to Prague on purpose, endeavouring to persuade Kelley to return to England to assist the queen in raising money for the defence of the realm. In a letter to Dyer of 1588, the year in which the Spanish Armada was set to invade, Burghley wrote to Dyer:

> If you cannot obtain Sir Edwd. Kellie’s return personally, yet that you would for maintenance of your credit, procure some small portion of the powder, to make a demonstration in her majesty’s own sight of this very perfection of his knowledge. But if I might have my wish, next to his coming home, I wish he would, in some secret box, send to her majesty for a token some such portion, as might be to her a sum reasonable to defer her charges for this summer for her navy, which we are now preparing to the sea, to withstand the strong navy of Spain, discovered upon the coasts between Britain and Cornwall within these two days. (Strype, 1824:621)

Elizabeth I was a pragmatic queen, as willing to believe in the transmutation of base metal into gold as she was to accept actual gold from the men she ennobled such as Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins, both brutal pirates who were also slave traders. That Burghley could have taken Kelley seriously, just as the Emperor Rudolph II also did, sheds a different light on the depiction of Kelley as a mountebank and con man.

But what sheds a completely different light on Kelley is a poem by Westonia on the occasion of the death of her mother, Lady Kelley, which proves that she was in fact, Kelley's stepdaughter, a fact that all biographical references to Westonia had ignored. She and her brother, who studied at Ingoldstadt, before dying at only twenty years old in 1600, must have been tutored along with Dee's children at Trebon, which explains how she came to be so highly educated. In her poem, "In Obitum…" Westonia laments the death of her beloved mother and gives an account of other losses in her short life. When only six months old, her father died, then her two grandmothers into whose care she had been placed. At this point Kelley came into her life; heaven sent her "a replacement father, a stepfather. I was content with him, for he loved me like another father and took care of me and my brother" (Cheney and Hosington 2000:339). But "Death and Envy' were impatient, so her stepfather was taken from her, then her brother in the flower of his youth, then two baby sons and finally her mother. The poem is a great cry of grief, concluding in a prayer for strength to face whatever further pain awaits her, along with statement of belief in a better life to come.

"In Obitum…" is included in Cheney and Hosington's volume, because I was able to send them a photocopy of the original document. In my research into Westonia's life, I learned about this poem, a copy of which was held in the Strahov library in Prague and set off to read it, assisted by one of Sdenek Stribrny's proteges who has since become a distinguished professor of English literature in his own right, Martin Prochazka. The date was 1988, the year before the Velvet Revolution that would restore democracy to the Czechs. Prague in the 1980s was a city that echoed the city of Rudolph II in that there was a lot happening, and most of it underground. Despite censorship and prohibitions, alternative writing flourished, alternative theatre companies performed in private rooms, political debate was exhilarating and unrestrained. However, there were stratagems to follow so as to ensure that you were not stifled by the authorities. One of these was simple bribery; Western currency was a bit too risky, but Western products, such as jars of coffee, worked wonders with people in charge of photocopying machines, for example. Photocopying was highly restricted, in case dissidents tried to distribute anti-government leaflets. Martin and I went to the Strahov library, and found our way to a shelf of eighteenth century religious texts, which looked very unpromising. Then came the great moment - bound in the middle of one of these innumerable tomes were the pages of Westonia's poem. We found the librarian, gave him a large jar of coffee and were rewarded with a copy of the pages. I left Prague triumphant, and wrote my essay on the discovery which led

to a revision of extant biographical accounts of Westonia, which was published in 1990 in *Cahiers Elisabethains.*

After 1989 life in Prague changed. People like Zdenek Stribrny were not only reinstated but honoured, tourism began to boom, the old days of forbidden photocopying and waiters earning extra cash by spying on customers were gone forever. Then one day I received a call from Brenda Hosington asking for more details about the poem in the Strahov library. For she had failed to find it. Nor did another scholar who wrote to me asking for assistance. They did not find it because it had been razored out of the volume, presumably to be sold into some private collection. The text that solved the mystery of Westonia's relationship to Edward Kelley had vanished, and the sole trace of it was the photocopy in my files.

It seems fitting that the saga of tracing Westonia's life story should have taken a new twist. Her story, like that of Dee and Kelley is fraught with obstacles to discovery. Over the years, as I have uncovered more information the result has not been greater clarity but greater confusion. Previous certainties have had to be set aside, ideas that seemed absurd have had to be considered seriously, questions have arisen that cannot be answered. We do not know where Kelley was educated, for example, since his name does not show up in either the Oxford or Cambridge lists, though his younger brother, Thomas, matriculated at Jesus College in 1582. That same brother later made a highly advantageous marriage in Bohemia. We do not know why Dee refers to one Talbot in his Diaries, only later adjusting the name to Kelley, thereby raising speculation as to whether they might not have been one and the same. We do not know the precise circumstances of Kelley's death, and most importantly, we do not know why he decided to marry one Jane Cooper from Chipping Norton, as recorded in Dee's Diaries, a woman with whom he appears (again according to Dee) to have had what today would be called a difficult relationship. Nothing about Kelley is clear, though he seems to have been very brilliant, very volatile and most certainly engaged in occult practices.

I followed up the reference to Jane Kelley in Dee's Diaries, where she is referred to as Jane Cooper, not Jane Weston, and from the Oxfordshire County Records, I learned that she was baptised in the parish church of St. Mary the Virgin in Chipping Norton on 28th June, 1563. Her marriage to one John Wesson (sic) listed as "clerk", which shows that he was an educated man, is listed on 27th June 1579, with the baptism of their son John Francis recorded on 27th June 1580. The baptismal date of their daughter Elizabeth Jane has been damaged by water and is illegible, but it was sometime between 4th March and 31st October 1581. John Weston, clerk, was buried on 6th May, 1582. The dates all confirm Westonia's account of her early months. Far from belonging to a noble family, Westonia's parentage was quite ordinary.

Or so it seems. There is no record of where John Weston or Wesson might have obtained his degree, nor do we have any idea of how he came to know Edward Kelley. What we can deduce however, is that Kelley agreed to take on the burden of a

young widow and two small children, so he must have felt sufficiently close to the dead man to fulfil that obligation. All we know about Kelley's marriage comes from Dee, who records that the mysterious Mr Talbot seemed "sore disquieted" on 29th April 1582, because the Archangel Michael had told him he must marry "which thing to do I have no natural inclination" (Fenton, 1998:42). Talbot left Mortlake on 4th May, 1582, reappearing in mid-July. That name is never mentioned again, though Kelley is mentioned from November onwards. Edward Fenton who edited Dee's Diaries speculates that Kelley had adopted the name Talbot because it was an illustrious name in his native Worcestershire and he wanted to impress Dee, but there is no evidence for that opinion. There is a note about E.K., as Kelley is referred to, going to see his wife at Blockley in Oxfordshire, in November 1582, but no mention of Jane Kelley's children. Dee and Kelley left England in 1593, settling in Trebon in 1596. However many children went with them, they were all highly educated and from Westonia's writing we can see that she held Kelley in great esteem and affection.

Kelley's knighthood meant that his stepdaughter could indeed claim to be a noblewoman. This, along with her claims to Englishness and her sense of burning injustice at the loss of property that she claims was rightfully her family's (this refers to the confiscation of Kelley's assets after his imprisonment) recurs through her writing. She chose to model herself on Ovid, whose *Tristia* reflects similar themes of loss, betrayal and injustice. Several of the poems in Book I to powerful figures in the imperial court protest about the way she and her widowed mother have been treated, complaining about the sale of their property which had been taken away unjustly.

One of the texts in *Parthenicon* is a passionate letter to King James I on his accession to the English throne in 1603. Westonia wrote, pleading for the new monarch to ignore the calumnies that she understands have been made against her. In particular she asks the king to ignore comments about a volume of poetry she had sent him suggesting that she was not the author. This must have been her first collection, published in 1602 when she was only twenty. She seems to have had very strong feelings about her work, and in the edition of *Parthenicon* in the British Library there is a handwritten address to the reader complaining that the editing is a confused mess: some of her poems are omitted, she says, there are a lot of typographical errors, there are poems by other people, there is a list of learned poetesses "in which welcome and less welcome items appear together", in short "I ask, do you want this to be called Weston's book,/you who hardly make a place for Weston in it?" (Cheney and Hosington: 304). What is clear from her writing is that she was very determined, a woman with a burning sense of injustice and a refusal to stay quiet about it. What is clear also to Anglo-Latin specialists is that she was exceptionally gifted as a poet, extremely learned and very highly regarded across Europe by leading poets and intellectuals. Since my Latin is not up to making aesthetic judgements about the quality of her writing, I am reliant on other scholars' opinions which confirm that her poetic skills were of an unusually high standard at that time. Jim Binns describes her collected poems as "a pleasantly varied collection

of occasional verse, religious poetry and epigrams", adding that these poems taken with her correspondence as published in *Parthenicon* "reveal much about how Latin verse was then commissioned, circulated and printed" (Binns, 1990:111).

When I started to investigate the life story of Elizabeth Weston I assumed that a thorough reading of her work, combined with library research into her historical and literary environment would provide me with a coherent biographical narrative. To some extent, this began to happen, but the further I went, the more puzzling her life seems to have been. I had not anticipated the unexpected pathways that suddenly would open up, the cul de sacs, the lacunae, the unsolved puzzles that have continued to emerge. Once her life is seen as entwined with that of Edward Kelley, as there now can be no doubt was the case, one enters into the strange territory of sixteenth century occult thought and practice, and as her works show, Westonia moved in circles where alchemists mingled comfortably with musicians, university professors of medicine, philosophers, poets, politicians and courtiers of the highest level. Some undoubtably were also involved in spying, which perhaps explains the lack of clearly traceable information. Dee's Diaries and his work on the conversations between himself, Kelley and some spirits (*A True and Faithful Relation*…) which was edited after his death by Meric Casaubon and has recently been edited by Christopher Whitby, contain a number of intriguing references to Kelley, but none at all to Westonia. I keep experiencing the excitement of discovery followed by the disappointment of contradiction. The book I have here on my desk and the photocopy of the purloined poem that remains the sole source of concrete information linking Westonia to Kelley raise more questions than can be answered. Nor do the two portraits which claim to be of Westonia shed any more light: in one published in Prague in 1777 she is blonde and bare-headed, gazing rather arrogantly out of an oval frame with a high lace collar and a single strand of pearls. In the other, discovered in an archive in Darmstadt, she is dark haired, richly dressed and wearing an elaborate headdress. Neither, as Cheney and Hosington point out, can be taken as an accurate representation, just as the two examples of handwritten manuscript verses in different copies of *Parthenicon* are in different hands, neither of which matches a letter to Joseph Scaliger dated Dec. 17th 1602 supposed also be in her handwriting.

These days, library research can be matched by trawling the internet. I did so and to my astonishment came across Elizabeth Jane Weston as a figure in a video game, *Assassin's Creed.* This is a game developed by a company called Ubisoft, what is termed a "sandbox" or open world game, a faux history game in which players are involved in what is supposed to be an experiment of collective memory through genetic tracing of long dead individuals. Characters are created by reliving DNA memories, and Westonia features as a character in a story line that includes Dee, Kelley, Queen Elizabeth I, Shakespeare, a Golem, a golden apple with mysterious powers and various supernatural happenings. I asked my son why a C17th intellectual Anglo-Latin poetess might be included in a video game that depicts her as a naive young girl dragged unwillingly into occult practices, but which has some not entirely

incorrect information about her life and death. His answer, which perhaps I should have guessed, is that any link with Dee and Kelley and the occult attracts people with similar interests. Sure enough, alongside the image of Elizabeth I on the web page is a picture of the crazed occultist Alastair Crowley, whose bizarre life and penchant for diabolical practices still fascinates acolytes. In the game, Westonia is depicted as a long haired maiden sitting at a desk with a large quill pen, and there is a quotation supposedly of her words: "Papa wants me to get the same opportunities as my brother. He says I am fortunate, in that not all young ladies have private tutors. I study hard to please him". The web site informs us that Westonia's words and memories have been traced through the DNA of her descendants. That no descendants can be historically ascertained is no deterrent to this narrative. What counts here is Westonia's involvement in the world of sixteenth century occult practices, not her fame as the tenth Muse and glory of her sex.

As scholars of literature and translation, we should not be surprised at the transformations texts undergo as they move through time and space, nor demur at the way in which the perception of individuals, be they historical or fictitious figures, is transformed as tastes change and new information comes to light. Some of Westonia's poetry is distasteful to contemporary readers, such as her attack on the Jewish money-lenders she believed were responsible for her family's financial misfortunes. Nevertheless, I regret that the fame Westonia has acquired in the twenty-first century is due only to an internet faux history game that portrays her as a helpless young woman, for, as Cheney and Hosington point out, her achievement was remarkable. Not only was she a woman educated to the highest level, her poetry was extremely learned and inspired, written when she was still very young. Despite her many pregnancies, she maintained contact with European luminaries and continued to write. Moreover, although other female contemporaries may have written verse, Westonia is unique in managing to get her work published.

She appreciated that too. One of her poems is written in praise of Gutenberg's printing press, which she describes as "a divine gift". Printing, she writes, enables us to read works from previous generations, to have access to all manner of learning. It enables us to buy works cheaply, "for which our predecessors spent a king's treasury", it means that learning is accessible to "noble and humble folk indiscriminately", it ensures the continuity of works that would otherwise decay and be lost forever and - a nice homely touch here - the clear fonts mean that one's eyesight is less likely to be damaged (Cheney and Hosington, 2000: 87). The poem ends with an exhortation to praise the art of printing which encourages reading:

> By reading books, you praise
> the leisure born of printing. By buying books, you banish
> the tedium of copying, and extend the duration of a short life.

As I turn the brownish pages of my edition of *Parthenicon,* spotted with damp as it is, I am inclined to join with Westonia in praise of the printing press that has

brought the reality of her work to a desk in the English Midlands over 400 years since she first held a copy in her own hands.

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How to Read a Book that is Really not a Book at All: On Reading James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*?

Benjamin Boysen

How we are to read this impossible work, *Finnegans Wake*?[1]

Well, first we must be scrupulously aware of the necessity of suspending what (inspired by the terminology of the phenomenologists) we might label the natural attitude, which means that we must, first and foremost, avoid the temptation or tendency to *naturalize* the text. Obviously, this temptation must be resisted in all cases of aesthetic engagement, but nowhere is this stipulation more obvious than in the case of Joyce's last work. Above all, we must firmly avoid being captured by the *naturalistic fallacy*, for the poetic text's aim and *raison d'être* are not to mirror the rational and causal regularities of the phenomenal world, but rather unabashedly to explore the existential and mental world that transgresses and transcends the laws of the "wideawake" (*Finnegans Wake*, p. 242.5) day world. In other words, the force and aesthetic justification of the poetic text reside in its *strangeness* and *unfamiliarity* as concerns the normal recognizable world of everyday life. If poetic language, as the Russian linguist Roman Jakobson once said, is "organized violence committed on ordinary speech" ('Linguistics and Poetics,' p. 358), *Finnegans Wake* must, indeed, be one of the most poetic texts ever written. It is worth noting that Joyce himself, in fact, likened his own idiomatic *Wake*-dialect to a veritable declaration of war: "What the language will look like when I have finished I don't know. But having declared war I shall go on *jusqu'au bout*" (*Letters* 1, p. 237, 11 November 1925). In other words, the language of the *Wake* is exuberantly poetic inasmuch as it forcefully alienates and de-familiarizes our relationship with signs and language. For this feature of poetic language is, above all, what qualifies its very literariness:

> Poeticity is present when the word is felt as a word and not a mere representation of the object being named or an outburst of emotion, when words and their composition, their meaning, their external and inner form acquire a weight and value of their own instead of referring directly to reality […] besides the direct awareness of the identity between sign and object (*A* is A_1), there is a necessity for the direct awareness of the inadequacy of that identity (*A* is not A_1). The reason this antinomy is essential is that without contradiction there is no mobility of concepts, no mobility of signs, and the relationship between concept and sign becomes automatized. ('What is Poetry?,' p. 750).

[1] The present contribution is a slightly reworked extract from Benjamin Boysen's newly published book, *The Ethics of Love: an Essay on James Joyce* (University Press of Southern Denmark 2013), which is a full-scale reading and discussion of the question of love in all of Joyce's published works (*Chamber Music*, *Dubliners*, *Exiles*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Ulysses*, and *Finnegans Wake*).

Here we are introduced to a gap or dichotomy between the colloquial perception of language as being realistic (thus *familiar* and *automatized*) and the poetic perception of language as nominalistic (thus *de-familiarized* and *de-automatized*). Hence, colloquial language conveys a sense of similarity, whereas poetic language purveys a sense of dissimilarity. In addition, Jakobson defines the poetic function of language as a "focus on the message for its own sake" ('Linguistics and Poetics', p. 356), and he argues that this quality is the dominant and determining, yet not sole function of verbal art. The literariness of a text consists in the poetic function, which privileges the self-referential dimension of the sign as it further advances a retreating referentiality towards a non-semiotic world: "This function, by promoting the palpability of signs, deepens the fundamental dichotomy of signs and objects" (ibid.). Poetic language recoils from colloquial language's referring to thinglike beings; the static and natural attitude is questioned as it epistemologically moves from facticity to potentiality or virtuality: it suspends linguistic and conceptual prejudices and conventions as it reinvigorates language by providing new perspectives and approaches. By means of the poetic alienation or de-familiarization, the reader is provided with the opportunity of bracketing (or even cancelling) his habitual way of thinking, thus making space for a new cognition or perception. In keeping with this line of thought, the Russian formalist Victor Shklovsky developed the concept of *ostranenie* (de-familiarization) in literature which (in a manner that displays a striking resemblance with *Finnegans Wake*) he explained as follows:

> The purpose of art is to impart the sensation of things as they are perceived and not as they are known. The technique of art is to make objects 'unfamiliar,' to make forms difficult, to increase the difficulty and length of perception because the process of perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be prolonged. *Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object; the object is not important*. ('Art as Technique,' p. 18).

In other words, poetic language presents things in a new, unfamiliar light by way of formal manipulation. In the poetic world, the reader consequently experiences "a world of differents" (*Finnegans Wake*, p. 417.10) dominated by heterogeneity with regard to the factual world or the reference-content. The factual world of beings is partly dismissed or rather creatively deformed, just as language itself is creatively deformed as well along with the contextual and encyclopaedic dimension of language and thought. The poetic language thus provokes an existential self-awareness, a self-consciousness which allows us to see that we are other and more than material beings in the world; by de-familiarization we are being tuned in to our own mode of existence transcending that of beings. This is the point where Russian formalism and existential ontology converge. Martin Heidegger, indeed, makes a similar point as – in one of the rare references to art in *Sein und Zeit* – he assigns poetry the potential force of revealing existence itself through the self-exploring gesture of poetry: "das erschließen von Existenz, kann eigenes Ziel der 'dichtenden' Rede werden" (§ 34, p.

162). The revealing character of poetry (and art in general) is further elaborated by Heidegger in his lecture on art, *Der Ursprung des Kunstwerkes*, where the poetic disclosure of existence is firmly tied to its all-transformative powers: "Aus dem dichtenden Wesen der Kunst geschieht es, daß sie inmitten des Seiendes eine offene Stelle aufschlägt, in deren Offenheit alles anderswie sonst. Kraft des ins Werk gesetzten Entwurfes der sich uns zu-werfenden Unverborgenheit des Seienden wird durch das Werk alles Gewöhnliche und Bisherige zum Unseienden" (p. 74). The poetic revelation of existence is made possible by its erection of a space in which everything is or appears in a different way (*anderswie*); an upheaval (or de-familiarization) of beings occurs which pulls it out of its usual (*Gewöhnliche*) and hitherto (*Bisherige*) well-known familiarity. What was hitherto familiar or common sense is transformed into unrealities (*Unseienden*): The poetic force uproots our *positive* commonsensical consciousness of things as facts in favour of a *negative* awareness of existence's virtual character embedded in freedom. In the poetic experience, negativity replaces positivity inasmuch as freedom substitutes necessity. As regards representation, freedom consists in the possibility for consciousness to look away from the factual positivity of beings, to abstract from beings, and thus to be able to imagine, project, and represent things differently than as they appear to us in their unmediated presence. Herein lies the creative dimension of language as poetry that bears witness to the manner according to which we can supplement and transgress the factual world of beings. Negativity becomes the essence of poetry as it testifies to our capacity for transcending the narrow horizon of beings. The central focus on negativity in the poetic endeavour is testified by Joyce himself, who in an enigmatic comment to his son, Giorgio, states: "My eyes are tired. For over a half a century, they have gazed into nullity where they have found a lovely nothing" (*Letters* 3, p. 361, 3 June 1935). His life preoccupied with writing proves to have been shaped by a contemplation of negativity and absence, which his writings have paradoxically succeeded in concretizing. It is therefore also worth noting that Joyce spoke of having written the book "out of nothing" (Jacques Mercanton: 'The Hours of Joyce,' p. 223).

As I have suggested here, it is within such an existentialist-poetic dimension that Joyce operates in his last prodigious work. I further believe that we must take Joyce's non-naturalistic and non-referential enterprise seriously, when – as Henrich Straumann recollects – he accentuates that it is not so much the references or content of the poetic representations that are of vital importance as the exploration of the very linguistic dimension and capacity to represent as such: "In answer to my question, as to whether a knowledge of the local conditions in Dublin would make the reading of *Finnegans Wake* any easier, he [Joyce] replied firmly in the negative. One should not pay any particular attention to the allusions to place-names, historical events, literary happenings and personalities, but let the linguistic phenomenon affect one as such" ('Last Meeting with Joyce,' p. 114). The temptation to naturalize the text must be resisted, and one must instead, above all, let *the linguistic phenomenon affect one as*

such – for it precisely herein that the aesthetic imperative of the book resides. The reader must respect that this *Work in Progress*, as a matter of fact, is given as "a warping process" (p. 497.3), in other words, a process striving to avoid commonsensical familiarization and determinacy. Being determined by the narrative deferral of any closure (i.e. defying any teleological structure), self-difference and perpetual transformation prove to rule these "changeably meaning vocable scriptsigns" (p. 118.27-28). Instead of pointing to a fixed centre or locus of meaning, the text strives to perform the very movement of meaning and referentiality – or in the words of Susan Shaw Sailer:

> Rather than proceeding on the basis of specifiable central concerns, the *Wake* moves instead through its tropic language that, by remaining always in process – substituting itself, associating itself with its other, identifying part and whole, simultaneously affirming and denying all the preceding operations – defies formulations what it is 'about'. (*On the Void of to Be*, p. 157)

In effect, the work belies any uniform or unequivocal meaning. The text is, consequently, radically decentred, and it performs an unrelenting destabilization of the context inferred by an exceedingly rich network of information. One passage in the *Wake* will typically demonstrate a complex bouquet of allusions to many other passages in (and out of) the work, which means that any atomic level is practically dissolved in an immense holistic relatedness, thus necessitating an interpretive strategy guided by the aspiration towards a multi-configurational point of view.

Joyce erects a multilayered "squirtscreen" (p. 186.7) into which he projects all sorts of references to all sorts of things from all sorts of areas. It therefore comes as no surprise to see that Joyce once declared that he would be "quite content to go down to posterity as a scissors and paste man for that seems to me a harsh but not unjust description" (*Letters* 1, p. 297, 3 January 1931). As a consequence, *Finnegans Wake* is the result of a universal gathering of information, an assemblage plastered together from all sorts of diverse vicinities. The diversity of materials used for the book is clearly exemplified in the following letter, where Joyce informs us that: "the books I am using for the present fragment which include Marie Corelli, Swedenborg, St. Thomas, the Sudanese War, Indian outcasts, Women under English Law, a description of St Helena, Flammarion's The End of the World, scores of children's singing games from Germany, France, England and Italy and so on" (*ibid.*, p. 302, 4 March 1931). What strikes one here is the extreme heterogeneity of the material deployed and the merciless shattering of the context, which conversely finds itself dissolved and disseminated across mutually distant, semantic districts. Areas that otherwise have nothing in common are intertwined in proliferating networks of contingent connections. To put it another way, in Joyce's idiomatic language diverse lexemes are forcibly fused together, and, as Umberto Eco has shown in *The Role of the Reader*, our sense of perceiving identity and resemblance (metaphors) in the text is based on the instance of contingent and arbitrary associations (metonymy).

Throughout the *Wake* the metaphoric occurrences appear as the end result of metonymic processes of arbitrary connections that shape the whole semantic network of the book; metonymic chains, whose beginnings and ends are almost untraceable, run throughout the text. Behind the metaphoric knots there prove to be "a much more vast and articulate network of metonymies that have been wrapped in silence or revealed in another part of the work" (p. 68). This has the consequence that – as "*Omnius Kollidimus*" (p. 299.9), that is to say, as 'we all collide' (*Lat*. omnes collidimus) in this unfathomable and inexhaustible work marked *ex abundantia* by a "toomuchness […] fartoomanyness" (p. 122.36) – it becomes necessary to develop a full-scale and global reading strategy.

In this text reading equals writing, that is to say, an aggressive participation or appropriation of otherness – and in a certain sense, projective writing is identificatory reading and vice versa. In the *Wake* reading is hence likened to a "raiding" (p. 482.32), and the interpretation of the text does, in fact, presuppose a dynamic participation in which the reader must appropriate his texture, his own thread of restlessly folded and unfolded spiralling movements. In other words, the reader is forced to impose himself on the text and to act upon it, to evoke the full horizon of his interpretive registers, and to make his own way in this hermeneutic wilderness. Within the almost infinite and unlimited hermeneutical scope of the text, the reader must make his own finite and limited choices that mark one track or passage through the text as he chooses his own stepping-stones amongst others when crossing the brook. John Paul Riquelme explains accordingly: "the language of the *Wake* forces us to collaborate with Joyce by rewriting this text as we read through our actively re-creative response" (John Paul Riquelme: *Teller and Tale in Joyce's Fiction*, pp. 3-4). When being questioned: "Can you rede […] its world?" (p. 18.18-19), we are being informed that *reading* is not merely limited to a passive reception of meaning, but also presupposes an active and creative projection of meaning actively imposed upon the text by a talking (*Ger*. reden) reader. In that sense, the "speechreading" (p. 568.31) of the *Wake* does not distinguish between active, *ex*pressive *speaking* and passive, *im*pressive *reading*, and Patrick McCarthy is therefore quite right when asserting that: "Joyce and his readers are ultimately partners" (Patrick McCarthy: 'A Warping Process: Reading *Finnegans Wake*,' p. 54).

English is one of the rare European languages that does not derive its verb for 'to read' from Latin *legere* – unlike, for example, 'leggere' in Italian, 'lire' in French, and 'lesen' in German, – which has the original meaning of 'gathering or picking up'. And *picking up* is precisely what the reader must do in *Finnegans Wake*, where meaning must be assembled or collected: "Making it up as we goes along" (p. 268.F2). This is, however, far from meaning that 'anything goes'. Though the reader must participate creatively in the making of meaning by gathering and following traces all around the text, he is not totally at liberty to claim anything about the text. As Eco would say, there are limits to interpretations, and as Joyce repeatedly emphasized, the book is neither random nor meaningless in spite of its many

revolutionary techniques. When the editor of *Vanity Fair* asked Joyce in 1929 if the sketches in *Finnegans Wake* were consecutive and interrelated, Joyce replied: "It is all consecutive and interrelated" (*Letters* 3, p. 193n8). This means that the reader, rather than striving to establish a local context, must follow and gather meaning from a global context delineated by broad-ranging leitmotifs and strings of interconnected significance. In other words, the reader must erect a matrix that both draws some semantic contours *and* leaves space for the plurality and abundance of the text itself. David Hayman summarizes the interpretive situation eminently in the following: "The sort of non-narrative or narrative-resistant structure demanded by the *Wake* necessitates a device that works more like a melodic line upon which variations can be played but that remains capable of carrying structural weights" (*The 'Wake' in Transit*, p. 37). This has the consequence that we must abandon or let go as concerns the desire to recreate a sequential, narrative progression, for structure is rather erected associatively – "Note the […] Associations" (p. 270.11-14) – and digressively. We must let go of our tendency to try to make the work fit any narrative novelistic standards, which means that we have to take it seriously and literally when we are being informed that: "I tell you no story" (p. 55.2). As John Bishop asserts, the work "operate[s] in a manner unpredictably different from that in which rational language operates" (*Joyce's Book of the Dark*, p. 307). Since the book is written in "pure chingchong idiotism with any way words all in one soluble" (p. 299.F3), we can, to a large degree, pluck quotations all over the book "ad lib" (p. 302.22-23) simply because the text is exceedingly circular and interconnected, thus "indicating that the words which follow may be taken in any order desired" (p. 121.12-13). As everything mirrors everything else in this holistic enterprise, the text is given as a hyper-mnemonic web reflecting itself infinitely: "it will remember itself from every sides, with all our gestures, in each our word" (p. 614.20-21). Hence, synecdoche – part standing for the whole and whole for a part – proves to govern this text in which we are early on assured that: "when a part so ptee does duty for the holos [*Gr*. holos: whole] we soon grow to use of an allforabit" (pp. 18.36-19.2). *Finnegans Wake* is written in an *alphabet* in which everything is interrelated as the language employs *all for a bit* and vice versa. The local context is therefore not as binding as the global context, which has the practical consequence that the accusation of taking something out of context becomes invalid. John Bishop, who was one of the first to interpret the text in accordance with this textual circumstance, muses: "To the objection that terms have been taken out of context the obvious reply is that they *are* the context" (*Joyce's Book of the Dark*, p. 305). Susan Shaw Sailer goes even further, arguing that being obsessed with establishing a fixed narrative level, local context, or perspective is harmful and runs counter to the actual signifying processes of the text, which rather unceasingly and simultaneously move horizontally and pan-contextually: "Because these multiple processes [of intricate connections] operate simultaneously, any attempt to fix upon one or even several of them and claim that they form the *Wake*'s core violates the variety of processes constituting a full reading of the text" (op. cit.). In other words, the present reading will strive to avoid the *naturalistic fallacy*, to *let*

the linguistic phenomenon affect one as such, and to perform a multi-contextual *raiding* across the text.

In sum, the special plastic subjectivity staged by the book demands that we firmly resist the tendency to naturalize (1) language, (2) narration and plot, (3) characters, and (4) the viewpoint or context.

1. Joyce declared to Edmond Jaloux that *Finnegans Wake* would be written "to suit the aesthetic of the dream, when the forms prolong and multiply themselves, when the visions pass from the trivial to the apocalyptic, when the brain uses the roots of vocables to make others from them which will be capable of naming its phantasms, its allegories, its allusions" (Ellmann: *James Joyce*, p. 546). In other words, Joyce wanted to mirror the reality of the unconscious in language by hyper-determining the words, and in some sense Joyce had to reinvent language for this purpose. One cannot throw light on a shadow directly, and, as a consequence, Joyce was convinced that he had to apply quite different measures than hitherto employed in literature. To Max Eastman he explained: "In writing of the night, I really could not, I felt I could not, use words in their ordinary connections. Used that way they do not express how things are in the night, in the different stages conscious, then semi-conscious, then unconscious. I found that it could not be done with words in their ordinary relations and connections" (ibid.). We have yet to show what the content of the night might look like, but we can make sure not to analyse words *in their ordinary relations and connections*, that is to say, we can be sure that it would be a complete miscomprehension to strive to 'translate' the words as if they were merely belonging to a 'strange' and 'peculiar' language – like Kiswahili or 'Saami' – veiling the hidden content waiting to be revealed by a sufficiently competent 'interpreter'.

When Joyce wrote *Finnegans Wake* he expressed a clear dislike of people's juxtaposing it with *Ulysses* – for as he explained to Louis Gillet: "Mon livre […] n'a rien de commun avec *Ulysse*. C'est le jour et la nuit" (Louis Gillet: *Stèle pour James Joyce*, p. 74). *Nothing in common is*, perhaps, a little exaggerated, yet one can hardly disagree when Joyce informs Beckett that, by writing *Finnegans Wake*: "I have put language to sleep" (Richard Ellmann: op. cit.). Having decided to address the negative, the unsaid premises of existence – "under the assumed name of Ignotus Loquor [*Lat.* 'I speak of the unknown]" (p. 263.2-3) – Joyce felt that he had to utilize language in a totally different way than that otherwise used in colloquial language. In order to render sensible a part of human existence another kind of language had to be employed: "The night world can't be represented in the language of the day" (Richard Ellmann: *James Joyce*, p. 590). This is equal to saying that it is a *sine qua non* that we respect that "this is nat language" (p. 83.12), i.e., language of the night (*Dan*. nat: night), thus *not* language in any commonplace sense, and this is exactly what qualifies it as "drema" (p. 69.14). And though it is "thorough readable to int from and," it "is from tubb to buttom all falsetissues [a tissue of falsehood], antilibelous [*Gr*. antilibellos: anti-books] and nonactionable and this applies to its whole wholume" (p. 48.17-19). Its narration of negativity therefore does not

positively *envelope* or *develop* any *action*; it rather portrays an *undeveloped* absence of action "unveloped" (p. 378.35) in any straightforward "sinse of the world" (p. 83.12). Negating the dimension of language that refers and points to beings implies a double negation, i.e. an affirmation of the dimension of language that refers to human existence. For the absence of absence is negated and sublated in the movement away from beings to existence (negativity, difference, and division do not exist in the positive plenitude of beings – the reality of a stone remains foreign to negation, lack, and difference as it simply is). Indeed, this is the dialectic and mantic movement proper to the *Wake*: "Forget, remember!" (p. 614.22). The ordinary and colloquial commonsensical sense must be forgotten to make way for the remembrance of the metaphysical dimension of man. Enacting "the strangest Dream that was ever Halfdreamt" (p. 307.11-12), the "Dreamcountry" (p. 293.F1) of *Finnegans Wake* cannot be expected to comply with the regularities determining the emperico-physical world, meaning that it should not be approached from any naturalistic viewpoint. Joyce's poetics of negativity is, in effect, firmly focused on the unconscious existential aspects of human reality that precondition a special, mystical (from the Greek *mysterion* from *myein*, 'to shut,' 'to close') closing of the eyes. At a time when his eyesight was seriously at peril, Joyce resolutely and heroically claimed: "What the eyes bring is nothing. I have a hundred worlds to create, I am losing only one of them" (Richard Ellmann: *James Joyce*, p. 664).

2. Many Joyce experts have attempted to summarise the plot of *Finnegans Wake*. This endeavour was especially characteristic of the early critics – among whom we find such prominent Joyce scholars as Anthony Burgess and William York Tindall. But they were not alone. In *Finnegans Wake – A Plot Summary*, John Gordon strives "to extract a coherent narrative from this least reducible of masterpieces" (p. 8), as do Danis Rose and John O'Hanlon in their *Understanding Finnegans Wake*, and as do Joseph Campbell and Henry Robinson in *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. It seems difficult to agree on the exact content of the book, yet there are, after all, many points upon which these commentators agree, and these works can be quite helpful in trying to get a grip on the book. Nonetheless, a significant number of Joyce scholars contest the wisdom of pursuing a concretization of linear storyline at all. David Hayman, for example, comments: "For all the efforts made by critics to establish a plot for the *Wake*, it makes little sense to force this prose into a narrative mold" (*The 'Wake' in Transit*, p. 41n4). Bernard Benstock continues along the same line as this objection: "in a work where every sentence opens a variety of possible interpretations, any synopsis of a chapter is bound to be incomplete" (*Joyce-again's Wake*, p. 6). In addition, one might argue that a synopsis does violence to the aesthetic intentions of the text which – if anything – aims at transgressing and transcending traditional narration. Fritz Senn has also voiced reservations about plot synopses: "We have some traditional summaries, also some put in circulation by Joyce himself. I find them most unsatisfactory and unhelpful, they usually leave out the hard parts and recirculate what we already think we know. I simply cannot believe that *FW* would be as blandly uninteresting as those

summaries suggest" ('Fritz Senn and *Finnegans Wake,*' p. 157). It can hardly be disputed that Joyce's aesthetic merit does not depend on any traditional narrative design, but rather on the language experiment itself. Clearly, Joyce "disliked anything anyway approaching a plain straightforward standup or knockdown row" (*Finnegans Wake*, p. 174.5-6), which is why it would prove contrary to the aesthetic scope of the text to try to reduce it to fit any straightforward pattern. Joyce vehemently opposed the traditional impulse to interpret the work by classical standards, since – as he wrote to Eugene Jolas – he was striving to do something completely different: "I might easily have written this story in the traditional manner... Every novelist knows the recipe... It is not very difficult to follow a simple, chronological scheme which the critics will understand [...] But I, after all, am trying to tell the story of this Chapelizod family in a new way" (Eugene Joles: 'My Friend James Joyce,' p. 11). The conservative approach must be dismissed, because it proves to be not only erroneous, but far too inadequate for the task at hand. As Harry Levin wrote in an early review, 'On first Looking into *Finnegans Wake*' (published in *New Directions in Prose and Poetry* in 1939), reading the text within a traditional framework and epistemology severely threatens to derail our impression of the book (cf. pp. 693-703). Joyce himself in a letter gives the reason for this to Harriet Shaw Weaver: "One great part of every human existence is passed in a state which cannot be rendered sensible by the use of wideawake language, cutanddry grammar and goahead plot" (*Letters* 3, p. 146, 24 November 1926). Levin claims that especially two fallacies must be avoided, the first of which is to treat the text as being written in "a rather queer language," whose obscure, linguistic weirdness must thus be peeled off to "undergo the process of translation to which all foreign books […] are regularly subjected" (pp. 695-96). The second "fallacy is that *Finnegans Wake* is a novel" (p. 696). Joyce's *new way* of writing destabilizes the very idea of plots and recognizable story-lines, which are twisted, inverted, disseminated, and told from varying perspectives. Hence, the traditional *patrilineal plot* is deconstructed and metamorphosed into a "patrilinear plop" (p. 279.4), which puts a merry *stop* to the pretensions involved in any *patriarchal* ideas of *linear* master *plotting*.

3. In many ways, the characters of the book "remain topantically anonymos" (p. 34.2), that is to say, they in all respects (*Gr.* to pan) remain *anonymous*. Our protagonist is intended to represent everybody, thus being anonymous or indistinct in his universality: "Here Comes Everybody. An imposing everybody he always indeed looked, constantly the same as and equal to himself and magnificently well worthy of any and all such universalisation" (p. 32.18-21). The actual *identity* of the characters are therefore to be perceived as an "indentity" (p. 49.36), i.e. as a negated (the prefix *in*-) identity whose boundaries are indistinguishable and unmarked as it is fused and merged with everything else. The radical incertitude with regard to the shape of the characters in *Finnegans Wake* is emphasized by Joyce, who in 1936 assured Ole Vinding that: "there are, so to say, no individual people in the book – it is as in a dream, the style gliding and unreal as is the way in dreams. If one were to speak of a

person in the book, it would have to be of an old man, but even his relationship to reality is doubtful" (Ole Vinding: 'James Joyce in Copenhagen,' p. 149). Dealing with the characters in any ordinary novelistic sense is out of the question: they are, above all, unreal and polyvalent in essence – the exact opposite of true-to-life characters. Susan Shaw Sailor goes even further: "If by character one has in mind constructs appearing in fiction and definable by discrete identity, self-consistency, uniqueness and separability from other characters, then *Finnegans Wake* has no characters" (*On the Void to Be*, p. 67n4). The characters are decentred or extremely eccentric: "Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet and low visibility [...] to idendifine the individuone" (p. 51.3-6). An *individual* is never one, is always two (*It*. duo) at least, if not many more. The demarcation lines of these protean characters inhabiting the *Wake* are extremely blurred and difficult to establish. Margot Norris explains it thus: "Characters are fluid and interchangeable, melting easily into their landscapes to become river and land, tree and stone, Howth Castle and Environs, or HCE. We find in the *Wake* not characters as such but ciphers, in formal relationship to each other" (*The Decentred Universe of Finnegans Wake*, p. 4). And indeed, when he was writing *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce did use signs, or so-called *sigla*, rather than names to represent these amalgamated characters. A list of these sigla is to be found in a letter Joyce wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver (*Letters* 1, p. 213, 24 March 1924), in his notebooks passim, and in one of Issy's footnotes in the geometry lesson: "The Doodles family, ⊓, ⧋, ⊣, ✕, ☐, ∧, ⊏" (p. 299.F4. Earwicker, Anna, Issy, the Four Old Men, the title of the book, and Shem and Shaun respectively). The book focuses on the Earwicker family, which consists of ciphers and functions such as father, mother, twin sons and a daughter, who work as vessels through which all matter flows and mutates.

4. The viewpoint of *Finnegans Wake* is extremely blurred, since the difference between oneself and the other is, to a large degree, erased. The sharp distinction between objective exteriority and subjective interiority is likewise cancelled out: "In *Finnegans Wake* the notion of an 'environment' – which depends on an empirical belief in the separation of inner and outer, subjective and objective, mental and physical – completely disintegrates" (Margot Norris: op. cit., p. 4). And in addition to this, Joyce's "gradual abandonment of diachronic structures […] and unilinear time" (ibid., p. 25) implies that the structuring principle of time is absent, too, thus leaving the 'incidents' unstructured and undifferentiated in the dark. In a sense, the incidents or episodes of the book remain "onheard of and umscene" (p. 17.15-16), i.e. *unheard of and obscene* or *unheard of and unseen*. This is equal to saying that Joyce is "making act of oblivion" (p. 424.18-19) as he stages a "*noughttime*" (p. 349.6), that is to say, a dreaming *night time* in which ordinary daytime is reduced to *nought*. As a consequence, we find ourselves firmly buried in this "nightmaze" (p. 411.8), in which we are presented to a "visus umbique" (p. 183.14) as we experience how things seen (*Lat*. visus) are everywhere (*Lat*. undique) perceived to be most ambiguous (*Fr*. ambiguë). "In the moontime" (p. 528.5), that is to say, in this nocturnal *meantime*, the unconscious subjectivity of dreaming in the night implies that "nighthood's unseen

violet render[s] all animated greatbritish and Irish objects nonviewable to human watchers" (p. 403.22-24). As the *Wake* makes the daily, empirical world of *Great Britain* glide away from sight to be *non-viewable*, the unseen and unconscious reality of the day becomes viewable by the nocturnal *ultraviolet light* (*unseen violet*). The knowable spatio-temporal world of empirical thought breaks down and proves to be a thin cover for the sleeping night-consciousness. For as John Bishop says: many of the passages in *Finnegans Wake* "*seem* to be about real-world events like courtroom trials, ballad singing, or crimes; if, however, one starts pressing the details, these events turn out to happen in the middle of a stretch of sleep" (*Joyce's Book of the Dark*, p. 400n17). In this book the day-world (*light time*) is *benighted*, and thus *delighted*, by the *night time* that leaves us "really so denighted of this lights time" (p. 615.15). Or in other words: "Lights out now (bouf!), tight and sleep on it" (p. 445.22-23): "But we'll wake and see" (p. 375.8).

The book requires that we identify with the unconscious dimension of the work, that we assume this "eyewitless foggus" (p. 515.30), which is not an *eyewitness focus* of the day, but a viewpoint from an *eye* or *I* arrayed in a *fog*, thus being rather *witless*. The book is situated in "one eyegonblack" (p. 16.29), i.e. in one instant (*Ger*. Augenblick, literary 'one eye-blink'), where the *eye* or *I* is *gone black* or *blank*. And as the *Wake* is preoccupied with the negative dimensions of existence, rather than the positive qualities of beings, it presents itself as "the very pure nondescript" (p. 121.9), because it describes things and characters as indeterminate and lacking in distinctive qualities. As persons and things, to some extent, lack any individual character or form, we have to put on the "blackeye lenses" (p. 405.36), i.e. lenses that obscure and darken our view of the visible day world in order to allow us to 'see' the *back* of the *eye* or *I* the more clearly. This means that the work, in an anti-idealistic gesture that is definitely not Platonic or Christian, strives to "bring to mind […] the out of sight" (p. 200.25-26). "[H]aving done the longest day in literature" Joyce began "conjuring up the darkest night" (*Letters* 3, p. 140, 17 April 1926). So when we are "reading [the] Evening World" (p. 28.20) we will, indeed, be *nearer the mark* when we are "mehrer [Ger. mehr: more] the murk" (p. 506.24). This means that, in this "night we will remember" (p. 432.1-2), we will have to learn how to appreciate these "blackholes" (p. 549.5) making up the *Wake*. Rather than *keeping back*, we must consequently "keep black, keep black!" (p. 34.34) – like Psyche who lost Cupid when she lit the lamp and saw him. In other words, understanding this "veiled world" (p. 139.1) necessitates a manoeuvre in which we – as we turn our gaze away from the empirical, positivistic dimensions – "will remain ignorant of all […] and draw a veil" (p. 238.15-17). Such a manoeuvre includes a special kind of "reveiling" (p. 220.33), which does not seek to reveal things to our searching look, but rather to feel our way in the dark "in fact, under the closed eyes" (p. 107.28). In that respect the emperico-positivistic reader – under the spell of the naturalistic fallacy – searching for the visible, recognizable 'dayworld' in the *Wake* resembles Nasrudin, the archetypal wise fool of Arabian folklore. In one of the stories a man meets Nasrudin searching for

something outside his house; the man asks him what he is looking for, and Nasrudin answers that he is looking for a key. The man then asks him where he last had it; Nasrudin answers inside the house. 'Why do you look for it here outside the house then?,' the man asks baffled. 'Because the house is dark, whereas it is light outside'!

When reading the *Wake*, the emperico-positivistic reader will – like the interrogator inquiring Yawn (Shaun) – perhaps exclaim in frustration that: "This representation does not accord with my experience" (p. 509.1-2). But the book is intentionally made that way in order to let invisible, existential dimensions of man speak as the visible world drifts away. Our reading thus necessitates a *near-sighted*, nay, rather "an earsighted view of the world" (p. 143.9-10) that appreciates how "shadows shadows multiplicating" (p. 281.17-18). In the "clearobscure" (p. 247.34) view of the obscure landscape of the book, Joyce has inverted the luminous *Genesis* of Jahve – "Let there be light" (1.3) – to a Genesis that is dim and murky lead-like: "leaden be light" (p. 313.35).

Now, since Joyce claimed that the book was an attempt to "reconstruct the nocturnal life" (Jacques Mercanton: 'The Hours of James Joyce,' p. 209), and that the book was his "experiment in interpreting 'the dark night of the soul'" (*Letters* 1, p. 258, 14 August 1927), this means that we necessarily have to assume "a double focus" (*Finnegans Wake*, p. 349.13) that leaves objective and subjective boundaries indistinct, since the object and the subject of what goes on in a sleeping person's mind are one and the same as they belong to the same mental sphere, namely that of the dreamer himself. The subjectivity of the *Wake* therefore takes place in someone "tropped head" (p. 34.6), who is *dropped dead* as he is too much (*Fr*. trop) head (being asleep). And the actual viewpoint of the characters is quite blurred as they perpetually mutate and change during this blackout: "now they've changed their characticuls during their blackout" (p. 617.14-15). Inasmuch as *the dark night of the soul* evolves around "her changeable eye (which see)" (p. 332.21-22), that is to say, around an *eye* or *I* constantly moving and changing itself, it would be quite misleading if one construed the concrete viewpoint of the text too literally.

As a matter of fact, one has to take the viewpoint of the text somewhat casually, for the *proper* nature of the character proves to be *auto-amnesic* as it is *obviously obliterated*: "He stanth theirs mun in his natural, oblious autamnesically of his very proprium" (251.4-5). The very *properness* of identity is seriously contested in this work, which draws the contours of an "Echoland" (p. 13.5), i.e. a sphere where everyone and everything prove to be an echo of something other than itself (the definition of an echo). Everything and everyone prove to be a repetition, imitation, response, reflection, or deflection of something else, which is why the viewpoint and context must be interpreted in the widest sense possible. It simply makes no sense unequivocally to reduce anything in this text to a fixed entity or viewpoint, since "every person, place and thing [… is] moving and changing every part of the time" (p. 118.21-23). In effect, the reader must perform a multi-perspectivistic reading, which strives not to reduce or unify the viewpoint of the text, but rather to achieve an open pan-contextual reading that does not try to "isolate I from my multiple Mes" (p.

410.12) or to reduce the "multiplicity of personalities inflicted on the documents or document" (p. 107.24-25) of the *Wake*. The text stages a fundamental incertitude that reduces the phenomenal and empirical world to a mere *leg-pull*: "Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude, the evidencegivers by legpoll too untrustworthily irreperible" (p. 57.16-18).

The book is more preoccupied with the existential reality behind our ability to represent than the actual content of the representations. In that sense, one might question whether it really is a novel or book at all.

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Beyond or Below the Horizon? Sublime and Subliminal Challenges in Stewarding the Literary Canon

Marianne Børch

Certain creative works – James Joyce's are a case in point – go out of bounds by challenging readers to move beyond the fringe of the acceptable or even conceivable. Other works – the majority – gradually fail to capture readers and fall below the horizon of relevance, victims to an obsolescence of irrelevance by which they cede space to the new. Finally, there is creative writing that clumsily treads the very same paths of subliminal reality where Joyce made his sublimely elegant way, and yet – not only has academia traditionally ignored the phenomenon, but it appears to thrive upon its liminality.

They also serve who only stand and wait
John Milton

It's not trying to tell you something.
It's telling you something
Helen Dunmore

No one in his right mind will try to grow grapes
by the luminosity of the word 'day'
Paul de Man

Tradition and Canon: Academia's place and function

Academic readers read the same works again and again. Lecturers and teachers have their own ingrained opinions and preferences, test-responsive syllabi encourage traditionalist selection, and political authorities desire the cultural homogeneity conducive to stability, and so a canon is created and sustained.

The canon of prescribed excellence is characterized by inertia and a backward orientation. In contrast, the literary tradition constantly renews itself, fluctuating with market forces and currently updating itself through new creative, or re-creative, addition. However, while its immediate trajectory is fast and mercurial, the individual work's access to the halls of canonized fame and enduring fortune will be determined by the slower selective process encompassed by policies of government and educational institutions. This slower process insures continued recognition and the ability to trigger a set of shared cultural assumptions. Among speakers of English, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Milton have never gone out of mind: As they are mentioned in texts, resurrected by memorials in Poets' Corner (with every new addition confirming their worth), produced upon the stage or on the screen, and forming a relay-point for shared understanding in ordinary conversation, they continue to generate responses that keep their tradition alive. Rewritings,

dramatizations, and remakes by later artists and authors show how the admired old master can still inspire new talent. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* continues to be re-printed, but also to be re-written, since the format and the plenitude that fills it out may be endlessly re-thought and the work has proved itself transplantable to every culture. New renditions continue to appear, the very latest being *Telling Tales* by London-born, but Nigeria-extracted Patience Agbari (2014). Once established as a cultural icon in the popular consciousness, the 'father' figure's status may be consolidated even by false attribution and misreading: the film *Se7en*, for instance, classes Geoffrey Chaucer, who writes very little about Hell, with Dante and Milton, who certainly and memorably do, and thus confirms Chaucer's status as part of a common frame of reference even in getting him wrong (Bruno: 1995). Chaucer lives, and we study him to understand his work, but not least, to probe his continued, yet strange familiarity. His oblique relevance to our world makes him a relay-point for understanding ourselves as human beings and cultural agents even in the twenty-first century.

In the above cases, the vehicles that carry Chaucer's fame into posterity are other creative writers, who build a temple of tradition corresponding to Chaucer's 'House of Fame' in the poem of that name (Chaucer: 1988, a); while the popular media fulfil the same function as the same poem's 'House of Rumour,' a whirling wicker cage of chatter, gossip, and conventional assumptions, where poets' reputations are whirled about in a grossly distorting perpetuating process generated by third-rate minstrels, name-dropping groupies, and know-it-all ignoramuses. Artists and popular culture aided by mainly non-literary media are major players in the lively field of tradition-making.

But where is academia in this? In what way does today's highly specialized literary scholar function in the transmission, consolidation, or, for that matter, making or breaking of literary texts? And pursuant to the first question: How may scholars fulfil their office in the best possible manner?

Tradition moves forward, the canon looks backward

Whereas tradition is 'alive' in its unpredictability and constantly mediates between past and future, accommodating the old to new uses, whilst speedily deleting the useless, the canon is inevitably conservative and lagging behind. That tradition and canon are on difficult speaking terms is witnessed, for instance, by poetry readings in lecture halls, where well-intentioned professors and artists seem equally ill at ease. Indeed, when the hottest and latest arrives at the university, the phenomenon will inevitably have peaked. This may seem a harsh verdict, but in fact the inertia and backward orientation of academia constitute its virtue, not its vice, and the awkwardness of 'being with it,' as well as the skewed dishonesty that tarnishes even the best-intended popularized scholarship, are merely the symptoms.[1] Academia

[1] In a personal exchange with the present writer, Stephen Greenblatt, brilliant and influential New Historicist as he is, regretted how his book on the medieval discovery of Longinus' *De Rerum Natura* is advertised as under the title of *The Swerve: How the World Became Modern* (London & New York: Norton, 2011). The title amounts to a distortion of

brings to the process of tradition-making the analysis, reflection, and debate that raise to consciousness the premises and assumptions of the literary work that are likely to remain unrecognized in the fast-track cultural scene at large, and the implications that these may have for understanding our present historical moment as well as where we are headed. The academic response requires a certain distance, an analytic coolness, which does not prevent the scholar from passionate personal commitments, but must be distinguishable from them. In this context, moreover, any perspective needs more than two points of reference: 'I' can only appreciate (not just admire) the 'not-I' by collating it with other instances of 'not-I': which is to say that when I read a text, the process involves me and it and other texts, all observed within the historical process of which they are all a part. A broad perspective requires the Janus-vision of looking backward and forward at the same time, in contrast to the future-oriented tunnel vision of the news-hunter. Literary histories and surveys of traditions and trends, such as those Lars Ole Sauerberg provides, continue to be valued (e.g. 1996, 2001).

Rates of change in academia

Academic scholars have opinions and preferences. Starting as avid 'general readers,' they read what tradition offers (often via education) as well as the new and trendy, and particular predilections result in scholarship. A student's horizon of orientation (I here modify Jauss' useful coinage, 'horizon of expectation' (Jauss: 1978)) impacts upon canon-making as the personal becomes professional. The increasingly improved situation for women in the twentieth century entrusted new academic generations with salvaging – and then re-reading and re-positioning – previously ignored women's works with the aim of creating a "past worth having" for women (Germaine Greer cited in Hamilton: 1996, 201); an innovation followed up by the study of previously belittled and marginalized traditions of post-colonial and non-British English-speaking communities.

The rise of new literatures (gender or national) has hastened the process by which old luminaries fall beyond and below the horizon of relevance, as recent anthologies will show. Virtually nobody today studies Noel Coward, Victorian pomp, or Edwardian poetry as literature, for their own sakes. Already teetering on the brink of irrelevance, these are pushed over to give space to the new, and pass on to the pool of texts unread, or to Cultural Studies, an academic field that salvages the debris of the literary as it tends to promote the representatively average in preference to the uniquely extraordinary.

Traditions move not in a straight line, but progress by backward loops and incremental repetition, updating Chaucer as he is written into the present (as by Agbari), or writing back to traditional Classics (e.g. Joyce to Homer, Eliot to grail narratives, Coetzee to Defoe). Academia, too, has its own bulls and bears, its revivals

history that replicates, and with much less justice, that of Burchardt, much denounced for making Pico della Mirandola's "On the Dignity of Man" central to the rise of the Renaissance. Still, the market is unworried by that kind of ploy, as are book awarding committees: Greenblatt's bestseller has received the Pulitzer Prize.

and fashions: After a long boom of (formal) realism, realism is currently studied more as a phenomenon than for its masterful practitioners. Equally, rhetoric, anathema to generations weaned on transparent, self-effacing prose, has been the only show in town for the recent half-century, giving new leases of life, for instance, to Donne, even as it has made scholars reconstruct Chaucer's image from tradition-entrammelled to genuinely innovative from inside and in virtue of his rhetorical tradition. Three centuries ago, an even longer cultural groundswell than those of transparent realism/rhetorical self-consciousness gave us the period denomination of the Middle Ages, an interim of 1400 years between the Classical period and the Renaissance beginnings of modernity that, as the label suggests, has limited interest in its own right. However, the medieval period is currently coming back not as a middle best passed over, but as a relevant mirror for understanding modernity.

In view of even academia's susceptibility to fluctuations it is crucial to discuss - not which texts and authors we canonize, but - the criteria that determine our selection. Tastes and choices will differ, and should; but every act of selection or pronounced preference must be grounded in a clearly defined set of criteria: what do we mean by 'excellence' or 'relevance'? What, for that matter, is 'beauty' or 'truth', terms once predominant players in our field, but now causing some embarrassment? What is chosen or rejected depends upon value judgments, and any chosen canon may be respected as long as – but only as long as – it clearly enunciates the criteria upon which it is built.

The foundation of academic work is rational analysis, and since even reason is a variable, a scholar's first task is to reflect upon his tools, including those he takes for granted as self-evidently true. But here there be dragons. Certain of the premises that determine current canon-making and canon perpetuation are, in fact, little scrutinized, and what is taken for granted is arguably rooted in unacknowledged prejudice and insufficient self-awareness.

Resisting a new paradigm: the fear of faith

Even brilliant critics may fail to clarify their criteria, or the foundations of these criteria. Recent decades have seen the battle between the champions of disinterested art and what may punningly be termed 'interest groups.' In *The Western Canon*, Harold Bloom famously castigates the latter (which he names the 'school of resentment') for putting ideology before art (Bloom: 1994). Bloom fails, in hurling anathema at ideology, to offer serious theoretical support for his own position. But in "Tennyson and the Histories of Criticism" (McGann: 1985), the historicist critic and theorist Jerome McGann voices a similar point with irresistible theoretical force. His point of departure is a text today derided for its naive, ludicrous, even despicable eulogy of a last-stand Victorian encounter, Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade". McGann systematically exposes the bad faith of most modern readings and dismissive citations of Tennyson's poem to demonstrate how readings that put ideological scorn in front of aesthetic, but historically aware, analysis merely hold up a mirror to the readers' own prejudices:

> The ideological elements which operate in poems are not ... an *aesthetic* problem for the works. Ideology functions in poetry not as generalized idea, abstract thought, reified concept, but as a specific and concrete manifestation of such things ... Ideology is ... a critical problem. The fundamental uniqueness of a poetical work is threatened not by its own ideological commitments but by the ideological structures of literary criticism – and most particularly by the historical structures of interpretation which have dominated criticism for the past fifty years (McGann: 1985, 182).

Not only can't you extract an idea from a text the way you extract a tooth from a gum. But a reading that judges a text on its attitudes is simply not literary criticism.

One writer who is consistently misread by admirers and debunkers alike, is C.S.Lewis, who is, I shall argue, dismissed on ideological rather than aesthetic grounds. Moreover, I suspect that the ideological hostility is founded in the modern fear of faith.

Lewis is famous among medievalists for scholarship of lasting value and among a large public for his *Narnia Chronicles* for children, while a group of particular enthusiasts, many of whom belonging to C.S. Lewis Societies (including one in Denmark), are drawn to his science fiction and extensive Christian apologetics. Lewis explicitly says what his writing clearly shows, that he is not the least interested in art for art's sake. Not only does he deny the very possibility of such a thing, since all human utterance has metaphysical implications (Lewis: 1969, 265), but he openly glories in the existence of vehicles that will carry and convey his convictions: "Any amount of theology can be smuggled into people's minds under cover of romance without their knowing it" (Lewis: 2002, xvii)

In the third volume of his Planetary Trilogy, *That Hideous Strength* (2003), Lewis' convictions relate to the sorry state of England, to the growing influence of the religiously pursued, but materialist movements of vitalism and 'scientism,' and to the attenuation of the Christian faith along with the decline of certain associated social mores. Lewis' fantasy fiction explores the way these phenomena are interwoven at every level of human experience - personal, communal, national, cosmic, and spiritual.

A modern reader is likely to experience considerable difficulty in accepting the book's views of marriage and gender relations. We learn that the female protagonist Jane's academic ambitions for herself have blinded her to her husband's needs and a virtual duty to put children into the world. The contemporary reader will have less trouble in sympathizing with her husband Mark, who must learn the difference between academic vanity and responsible scholarship, but will most certainly choke on his need to discover how to *worship* his wife in a relation of mutual *obedience*.

Basically, the relationship, weirdly alien as it may seem to us, is modelled upon Milton's description of the ideal relationship between Adam and Eve in prelapsarian Eden, in which her

> Subjection [is] required with gentle sway,
> And by her yielded, by him best received,
> Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
> And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
> *Paradise Lost*, IV, 308-11 (Milton: 1998)

True freedom is voluntary obedience founded in love, for a voluntary act cannot be compelled, and so it dissolves the hierarchical difference that places Adam above Eve. Love annuls both status and power relations. But why the difference at all, then - why not equality? Milton demonstrates how the difference in power and status that must be negotiated through love's mutual accommodation directly *enhances* the joys of the alliance. Equality would be merely specular and ultimately tedious, while difference requires the imaginative and sensuous give-and-take play that we call flirtation or courtship. Erotic energy passes back and forth in an open flow between Eve, shy and forward, and Adam, masterful and grateful.

Milton can describe this so that one believes in it, if only for a moment. His 'relevance' lies in his ability to open up worlds of possibility that are credible alternatives to our own; even if we do not accept his premises and their consequences, we understand them, and can respond to them emotionally and imaginatively - we may even remember that this is exactly what it feel like to be in love, which makes one do ridiculous – and ideologically demeaning - things. Lewis cannot perform nearly as well, far from it. But I doubt that is the reason why he is scorned for the attitudes he recommends, and we have to know what exactly it is that we reject: Lewis's disgusting ideology or his inability to convey another possible world in a way that expands my imaginative and conceptual competence. The first judgment – that Lewis's ideology is oppressive [1] – builds upon an unwillingness to imagine difference, a repression that aggressively counters Lewis's oppression. The second verdict accepts entry into an unknown sphere, and a willingness to freely imagine that world on its own premises – imagine that it is possible to think and feel this way. Returning to one's political correctness and modernity, one has faced a challenge that demands self-conscious analysis of the propriety, and not least, mature analysis of the premises, of my own stance: I am compelled to deny my self-righteously 'self-evident' stance absolute value *and to clarify the premises for preferring it nonetheless.*

[1] Feminists find a major stumbling-block in Milton's gender hierarchy. The present writer has no problem with their indignation, but argues that it is dangerous to block out an appreciation of the ontologically different relationship that makes the First Parents' relation one of voluntary freedom, irrespective of coercion. Milton suggests several places in *Paradise Lost* that hierarchy is a demonic invention, or so deeply embedded in human cognition that only a hierarchical world, a false construction of God's true reality, makes sense to human readers.

My caveat against easy assumptions is addressed to those readers who, whenever they smell a didactic rat, block off their reading skills and proceed to denounce, in Lewis's case, his Christian agenda and organismic conservatism. Moreover, the case of C.S. Lewis shows, as do similar responses to Tolkien, that it is particularly the *recent* past that is vulnerable to bad-faith interpretations. The modern reader has little difficulty in addressing Sir Gawain's commitment to the Virgin Mary in the fourteenth-century romance *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* or Milton's to God in seventeenth-century *Paradise Lost*. Yet these very readers may well throw up massive barricades when a Christian voice reaches them from within their own modernity, and even academics, trained to spot ideologies and articulate abstractions, find that their training may not protect them from their own anxieties. Among these, some scorn (Christian) didacticism; while others may be correspondingly partisan, but for the same wrong reasons (e.g. Johnson: 2013).

So, even if Lewis' books are consciously aimed to convince, even hopefully convert, disbelievers, the criticism of Lewis' Christian works is not about the propriety or relevance of his views *per se*; rather, ideological views exist as a "matrix of historical particulars ... ideas written in a grammar of needs, feelings, and attitudes" in response to a "complete human world ... focusing upon some salient and specific matters of time, place, and circumstance" (McGann: 1985, p. 82). Everyone has a right to his own opinion, but, unlike the general public, the academic has no right to pass judgment for or against without reflecting upon and clarifying his criteria of judgment. These criteria need to be stated and defended in the light of other possible choices, and no judgment is valid which does not place itself in a historical context. Or several contexts: that of the work under consideration, that of the critic, and that of the scholarly tradition to which the critic belongs.

The need for a responsible and imaginative historical perspective is not least relevant in a period of constant regrets over a generation of 'history-less' students. There are many possible causes for the loss of this particular cultural competence. There is the break-through to a multicultural global experience that destabilizes any particular cultural memory or tradition; there is the digital revolution's radical restructuring of ways of storing and retrieving knowledge which virtually demolishes the need for memory; even as the linearity and visual appeal of screen reading brings about what J. Paul Hunter has termed a 'presentism' of reading as well of a challenge even to cope with the knowledge that flows at you in the here and now (Hunter: 1990). The phenomenology of the book is very different from that of the screen: Even as scholarship looks back on a text as a finished product, even so print presents a text as closed and of the past; print consigns a text to instant obsolescence by fixing it, by its association with a particular identified name and place of origin and its place in the mass of extant books. The total human library has furnished a traditional metaphor for human culture; Geoffrey Chaucer calls books "of remembraunce the keye" (Chaucer: 1988, c. G, 26), while, over five centuries later, Jorge Lois Borges deploys "The Library of Babel" to study the infinite complexity and metaphysical

enigmas of human experience (Borges: 2000). In education, books have been the staple of what in Danish bears the name of 'formation' ('dannelse'), in German of 'building' ('Bildung') and in English ... well, there is no contemporary word, nor any general concept, but in 1590 Spenser intends his work to "fashion a gentleman" (Spenser: 1999, "A letter …"). Whatever our term, however, 'fashioning,' 'Bildung' or 'dannelse' requires a model, a mould that, like a book, must be finished to be of use. Today, the book (whose technical term is the semantically suggestive codex) has once again become a scroll; an object that may be possessed in its law-full wholeness is increasingly addressed by a process of infolding and unrolling.

But perhaps it is time not just to blame digitalisation and globalisation for students being 'history-less,' but to ask in what way the academic scholar may have contributed to that 'presentism.' Coping with the present certainly means rising to the challenge of the new means of communication and exchange that we possess, treasuring these, but also being alert, and alerting others, to the dangers involved. But even more crucially, perhaps, it means painful confrontation with our own inadequacies and fiercest repressions as scholars. Faith undoubtedly threatens a rational world – contemporary scholars have good reason to replace AD with 'Christian era', and to refer to the present as the 'post-Christian era'; but, in a period that generally cries out for imaginative extensions of the rational, pat dismissal of Lewis on uninspected grounds is no better than the cocky dismissal of Tennyson's "Light Brigade."

The above has argued that the scholars that steward the treasure of literature should suspect the criteria of their own judgment, and used C.S. Lewis as a case of exclusion on arguably wrong grounds. In the following, I shall focus on a much more extensive type of exclusion, but again to argue that we should reverse our policy in that respect. My discussion aims to achieve two things. For one thing, I scrutinize the premises of my personal preferences, some of which many scholars are disinclined to respect, in an attempt to answer questions about some favourite texts that continue to haunt me. I hope in this connection to illustrate that one may – as one must – be a product of one's time (part of it, 'inside' it), yet may also approach one's field with reasonable general authority as if standing 'outside' it, objectively to it. Secondly, I inquire why it may be that the very authors who, continuing to be so highly admired and respected that their names have become metonymies of Literature as such, are nevertheless attracted to genres and modes most often associated with popular literature, which is often despised and ostracized from the remit of literature to the field of cultural studies.

The authors I shall discuss are those who deploy words in heated intellectual battles with impossible philosophical subjects such as existence, knowledge, and love. They are what Bach is within music: formalists, obedient to death to conventions, and highlighting their formal concerns in their works. Their creativity depends upon the restraints whose possibilities they explore and combat in ways that paradoxically result in new preposterously creative solutions, new leaps of imagination resulting precisely from their refusal to break a rule coupled with an

insistence of exploring every corner, chink, and cranny in the rigid construction. In literature, the authors of such absurdity are Quixotic, indeed; knights in shining armour single-handedly taking on a dragon - that embodiment of everything that refuses to be bounded by human imagination and planned response. Their battles attest to the paradox that man is ”infinite in reason,” but nevertheless at the mercy of his other impulses so that, like Swift, we have to correct the traditional definition of humanity as *animale rationale* into *rationis capax*, capable of reason (Swift). Yet, however high their intellectual flights, their weirdly experimental visions and fantastic universes, these writers test their ideas through narrative. Before anything else, they are story-tellers.

The stories they tell allow impossible things to happen in impossible worlds, but then, since stories are made of words, their reality is one where a unicorn has the same ontological status as a horse, a god the same as a man. Thought, not the empirical, governs the fantasy worlds of Shakespeare, Milton, Mary Shelley, James Joyce, C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, Jeanette Winterson, Neil Gaiman, Terry Pratchett, and Philip Pullman.

Most fantasy writing is inept and boring - stylistically wooden, with dull repetitive plots and characters without character; even Tolkien and C.S. Lewis, whose works I have studied with some attention, interest me more for the phenomenon they represent than for the pleasure of reading them, and no doubt, there are those who would shudder to see Tolkien mentioned in the same sentence with Joyce. It is, however, necessary to ask why the mode has attracted such unlikely bedfellows. Milton had the Bible to guide his choice (and, in turn, guided Shelley, Lewis, and Pullman). But what makes a Joyce privilege a non-intellectual genre that centres on action performed by totally unbelievable heroes barren of brains, lacking in subtly detailed analysis or sophisticated imagery?

Another surprise, apart from the strange bedfellows brought together by fantasy, is the terminology that critics and theorists use to address such narratives. As the naive reader I was in the beginning (and that I still am at a mere switch of mode), I simply did not understand why critics described the chivalric romance – which was in its period what fantasy is in ours – as a ‘purely aesthetic’ genre (e.g. Robinson: 1972). Conventional wisdom had taught me that ‘aesthetic’ was almost synonymous with ‘beautiful’, and romances are usually a mess. Only slowly did I discover the semantic mare’s nest embedded in the word ‘aesthetic’, that it meant both beautiful and useless! Employed about romances, it indicated that romances are sheer entertainment devoid of depth and value whether moral or religious. In other words, romance is felt to be inconsequential in light of the conventional view that truth is deep and weighty, a core to be dug out of a frivolous shell, which releases its valuable content only when cracked and discarded.

Once it dawned on me that ‘aesthetic’ meant ‘for (beautiful) fun’, but precisely for that reason without depth and weight, I began to see why a poet such as Keats sounds so insistent when he claims, in “Ode on a Grecian Urn,” that “beauty is truth,/

truth beauty". Romance in its forward narrative drive is purely one-dimensional, and so purely aesthetic in the eyes of a critical tradition deeply distrustful of surfaces, and thus of the beautiful – indeed, of everything we dare denominate *art*. The critic demands profundity (note etymological identification of depth dimension with seriousness), wider perspectives, subtle implications – all words suggesting that a reader's benefit accrues from digging beneath the surface to the real depths of meaning, as if surfaces, the beautiful and entertaining, are empty, incapable of conveying meaning by themselves.

But here, indeed, lies the dragon of Error that Spenser's Red Crosse Knight has to defeat for any further quest to be successful. In the last half-century theorists, especially within the fields of Gothic romance, narratology, poststructuralist theory, and popular culture, have worked to justify the surface, the individual *suzjet* rather than an underlying *fabula*; yet literary critics continue for all that to delight in depth, weight, and perspective. Perhaps the dragon lurks in the critical vocabulary itself, which, in demanding weight, depth, density, and an objective perspective, betrays an Enlightenment ideology that puts primary, objectively measurable qualities of extension and weight above those which are secondary, because subjective, and thus tied to the imagined, but subliminal - what Kristeva calls the *thetic* or Gilbert Durand the *nocturnal* realm (Kristeva: 1986; Durand: 1992). Note also, in this connection, the traditional association of style and form as clothes covering a body of content; or, again, with a shell, protective but barren, which needs cracking to bring out the nourishing core, nut, or pearl. Art or form conveys truth, yet it is secondary to it, and once again directs inquiry towards ideas and ideologies.

If the conventional critical vocabulary is misleading, and if theorist speculation has failed to impact critical practice, how else may we address the aesthetic of myth, romance or fantasy?

The romance typically evokes a world of dream or play. The relation between dream and waking states is notoriously blurred, and only in recent decades have the intensity and seriousness of play become the object of theoretical attention. Previously, the closed world of the alternative reality of game or dream was viewed as preliminary and dispensable: children and lion cubs play to develop into adults, and once adulthood is achieved play is cast away.

Poets know about play and dream, but often hesitate to acknowledge, or openly declare, their cognitive value. Fourteenth-century Chaucer voices personal speculative opinions, but in a dream format by which he avoids clashing with authority. In 1590, when Edmund Spenser writes an enormous chivalric romance – *The Fairy Queene* - to glorify his nation and Queen, he finds it necessary to apologize for the inferiority of his admittedly naive format. His excuse for its use is the fickle modern readership. The enlightened reader is encouraged to penetrate beneath the surface, to tear away the shadowy veils by which the embellishing narrative surface reveals, but only through concealing, its message (Spenser: 1999, "A Letter of the Authors …"). Even the poet himself invites what scholarship prefers: to bypass the literal, the surface, and the never-ending storyline of romance or fantasy to focus

instead upon depth, weight, and perspective. A narrative's simple, single-minded pursuit of a goal – a truth, a grail, a woman, a victory, a dreaded dragon - across time and space, is passed over in the hunt for depths. Fantasy, the fiction of the literal, enjoys little respect.

The 'depth' is there. But it is embedded in the surface itself. Even professional literary scholars find it hard to appreciate that 'depth' is a *metaphor*, and that the metaphor points not away from the surface, but towards the importance and complexity of that surface. As Paul de Man, arguing that even scholars confuse the literal and the metaphorical, the chaos of life and the order of narrative, puts it (cf. epigraph 3):

> No one in his right mind will try to grow grapes by the luminosity of the word 'day', but it is very difficult not to conceive the pattern of one's past and future existence as in accordance with temporal and spatial schemes that belong to fictional narratives and not to the world. (de Man: 1985, 11)

Narrative is literally expressive, speaks of what is simply there: As such, the literal has the immediate force of an image 'just' seen, here and now: it "is not trying to tell you something -/ it is telling you something (epigraph 2 [Dunmore: 1994])."

Moreover, what is seen is seen not from outside, but from inside the world of experience. Direction, position, up, down, crooked and straight signify literally, and the key to understanding it is *the human being – me – standing on the ground with access only to my own senses and orientations*: From there I experience the world as not round but flat (like Pratchett's Discworld); it is from here, at the 'bottom' of the universe - *de profundis* - that I cry out profundities, and from here that I look up to the sublime, i.e. the out of bounds for me, *anthropos* that I am. Here it is that I encounter the dragons of intuitions sublime and subliminal, where the voices of corporeal matter and ineffable instinct reach out, beyond the boundaries that limit my rational consciousness as human. This is the dream world of human experience in human words where horses meet unicorns, eschatology speaks through scatology, and disparities unite in a monad.

A few examples of literal 'depths' taken from some favourite texts: If a person on Chaucer's pilgrimage in *The Canterbury Tales* falls off his horse, there's something wrong with him; if he walks backwards on the Canterbury road, then he is backward, somehow wrong; if he keeps straying from the road, then he is going astray; if on the other hand, he heads directly for his goal, he clearly knows what he wants, what drives him. When Milton's human being is perfect, he is upright, when not, he is crooked. The snake's words 'incline' Eve to listen, and this leaning over results in a fall, or the Fall (Milton: 1998). In such texts all significance is dramatic (not dramatized, but enacted and embodied), though often by displacement, collision, counter-exemplary events or puns that demonstrate the complexity of the simple basic format. Thus the steward of Milton's sonnet 16 (see epigraph 1 [Milton: 1997])

is waiting to make himself useful, but he is useful even in waiting upon (i.e. serving) his master: "They also serve who only stand and wait". The pun captures the seeming paradox of doing nothing with passionate urgency, of expressing intense energy by doing nothing at all, which is nevertheless precisely the service required. *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* offers another example of the complexly literal, when Gawain displays his knightly perfection by acting with impeccable courtesy to a lady whose husband must not, however, be compromised in the act. Not surprisingly, the emblem of his perfection is complex - a pentangle or five-pointed star rather than the emblem of spiritual wholeness, a pearl or an orb.

Gawain's dilemma is delicate, excruciating and amusing at the same time, and it perfectly *manifests* the ideal the knight both honours and embodies. Everything is at stake in the tiny boudoir of his temptation. The world is literally presented to us in a nutshell, but *through* that nutshell. The shell manifests and explores the nut so that signifier and signified are inseparable, dissolving the distinction traditionally invoked by the metaphor. The physical world of narrative displays, rather than implies or conceals, the energy or spirit that drives it.

Human beings understand reality by means of surfaces, narrative and aesthetic forms. One last example will suffice: Heated academic battles have raged over the phenomenon of Courtly Love: What does it mean when Andreas Capellanus says, in his 12th-century *De Arte Honeste Amandi* (Capellanus, 1959), that love cannot be bound, or Chaucer's Franklin that love is "as any spirit free" (Chaucer: 1988; b. Fragment F, 767). Did medieval people really believe that marriage and love are incompatible, so that husband and wife cannot love one another and lovers are necessarily adulterous? Scholars know very well how the medieval world responded to adultery, so is Andreas and Chaucer ironical, or, if they state their literal conviction, how are we to understand it?

The solution lies in the ability to distinguish the different ontological levels of the same manifest phenomenon. Marriage is a series of institutional requirements binding two people. But a spouse in love does not feel tied down by marriage, rules, or bonds – everything feels free because he/she wants to do what the other wants (rather than what the rules demand). And so we are back with Milton and Lewis: Love, being free, negates or dissolves the coercion of institutional pressure, for it is impossible to force anybody into doing what they themselves insist upon doing. It is so simple, and yet we are so literal-minded and concretely oriented that we cannot look at a thing – the literal – and see what it conveys in simply being what it is. Proper vocabulary would speak of an energy imbuing or driving it, propelling it freely towards that which in institutional terms is bondage. In a rational environment, one easily fails to understand about love, the body-bound energy that re-encodes institutional demands into boundless free play, a dynamic that renders the surface vibrant with delight and drive. Indeed, energy or vibrancy might be better words than 'depth' to render the eloquence of the literal, for energy resides in, and is inseparable from the phenomenon, existing not beneath it, inside its outside, but manifestly there, within bounds, but transcending them nevertheless.

Narrative fantasy provokes analyses whose meanings cannot be separated from their manifestation, and the aesthetics of a narrative is the formal vehicle of its meaning, giving us a unique embodiment of the general, a *quidditas* existing only through a *haeccitas*. At the same time, the narrative in moving forward resists the tendency that tempts the analyst to reify, i.e. make a sealed monument of, the story's truth. That narrative truth is always under development, in a state of becoming. The chivalric romance is famous for its resistance to closure, and romances do tend to go on and on, even as the works of modern fantasy grow whole universes and sprout serial publication: if a knight dies, another simply takes over the same quest; having come home, a knight sleeps, eats, and sallies forth once again; while Sam Vimes is off solving one problem in Prachett's Discworld, a butterfly's wing releases a crisis elsewhere. Even things that stay the same are urgently driven, like Milton's steward. Implausible as knightly adventures are, the lack of closure is precisely the dynamic that respects the structure of life itself as alive, for in the predominantly optimistic world of romance, life is always going elsewhere, into unknown places, beautiful or fearsome, but always rendered meaningful by the fears and beauties of the drive towards and engaged in the encounter.

If the romance aesthetic is simple, the aesthetic of the literal requires the reader's utmost subtlety nonetheless; for even if the 'depth' is in the 'surface,' both are context-dependent. The naive reader, lacking in cultural or spiritual competences, may read a fresco as pornographic, where the iconographer sees in the eye of his mind the pious context invoked by the image. The same literal text may produce two or more responses, which is where context comes in. In other words, the literal does not excuse me from amassing extensive cultural knowledge and formal tools ('formation' or 'Bildung'). If an alluring lady is always encountered in the spot where there may alternatively be dragons or Saracens, then the lady stands forth as evil. At other times, as in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, the narrative represents the lady as motivation and obstacle (both at the same time, since she is both flirtatious and a wife) in meeting the absolute, but excruciatingly complex, demands of perfection.

The surface is just as subtle and dangerous as the depths we habitually seek. So we need to know how the narrative speaks to us, what the play, the beauty, the knights of prowess and proud ladies, mean simply in virtue of being what they are. Otherwise, our construction of the surface is no less naive than that of the so-called common reader. Moreover, it will be insufficiently serious. The sword-play of chivalric romance or heroic epic, as well as that of modern sword and sorcery fantasy, is in dead earnest: in romances, and in real-life historical emulations of the romance ethos, celebrations and feasts feature jousting and single combat 'a l'outrance', i.e. to the death, even as Gawain must accept beheading as part of mere Christmas game. The game or play is the most earnest kind of seriousness, since the only stake in a game is obedience to the rules as such: I follow them simply because I have sworn to. The perfection of my knightly 'truth', then, consists in abiding by the rules even when these are of no consequence, or 'disinterested,' the very word

Northop Frye, with Kant up his sleeve, uses to describe the aesthetics of art (O'Grady: 2003). If I choose to die for no other purpose in the world than simple obedience to the logic of the game, I show who I am, and who I choose to be. My life is literally the manifestation of an ideal, which I create through my life; the pure aesthetic form gives the ideals evoked their meaning. And thus *I, not in my right mind, but by the light of my dream, and driven by life's energy, do grow grapes by a luminous word.*

The way implications can never escape from, but remain obligated towards, the unfolding of life itself has to be the reason why the most intellectual and philosophically inclined and brainy authors chose narrative and fantastic or romancing narrative at that. Spenser knows that he needs narrative for cognitive expansion of his truths; but does he know, or dare to know, that he knows it when he concedes that his narrative is a deplorable veil; and goes on to illustrate the dangers of the surface? After all, The Red Crosse Knight's first adventure confronts him with the dragon Error, the embodiment of the knight's getting caught up in seductive appearances (Spenser: 1999, I, sts. 1-12).

The knight's encounter with his own error demonstrates how telling a story brings out the way human experience is already embedded in language as such: the knight, like the pilgrim astray, loses his way by aimlessly wandering about a wood, an actual literally "wandring wood" (Spenser: 1999, I, st. 10), like those of Tolkien. If Spenser himself had trusted his own surface narrative, he would not have needed to allegorize it. Language itself offers the literal narrative from which academics are liable to abstract and extract a vocabulary of well-rounded truths. If this is necessary for analysis, we still need to remember that analysis is reductive, that language as such holds narratives greater than the truths encompassed by technical, scientific, and rational discourses.

In literature – whose nature romance and fantasy epitomize – aesthetics and truth are one and the same and directly accessible through the surface, although its significance will be unboundedly malleable and fluctuating, permeable to all kinds of readerly and cultural input. Succumbing to anxieties about faith or other non-rational drives, or resisting the seriousness, beauty and dynamic force of the literal, are, it appears to me, symptomatic of a failure to question some consequences of Enlightenment rationalism that need to be reviewed and perhaps revised.

The Enlightenment has brought about the world we live in today, for better or worse. Some, notably deconstructionists, who emphasize the 'worse' aspect have denounced human-centred disciplines - Humanism and the humanities - and to do so have even dismantled the concept of 'man' to declare a 'post-human' era. However, to reject the humanities and Humanism because human beings are capable of unspeakable acts of in-humanity smacks of the ostrich hiding its head in the sand, possibly congratulating itself on its superiority to those whose horrors it refuses to watch. Surely a better way is to try to take it all in, and to study all the ways in which human beings do cope by means of imaginative response. Theorists and philosophers have famously declared art impossible after the Holocaust, but they were wrong.

Moreover, the human brilliance that imagined the works of Shakespeare is undoubtedly the same kind of genius that led to the invention of the atomic bomb. The humanities study man, creator and destroyer, and where better study them than in the fantastic worlds of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Joyce - and the phenomenon of their favourite exploratory mode, the romance or its modern embodiment, fantasy, as practiced by Terry Pratchett, Neil Gaiman, and Philip Pullman? Fantasy thrives well enough without academia. But can the literary scholar in all honesty ignore it?

The above has pursued a narrative thread and, if a good narrative, should end on a striking note – ke-ching da-dahhh!!! However, backward-looking scholar that I am, I end by re-calling Milton's epigraph about passionate passivity, about waiting but tensely expectant, service:

> They also serve who only stand and wait

In drawing the boundaries that define contemporary cultural luggage, the academic does play a part in the House of Fame, but mainly within the bounds of syllabus-making, lecturing, and published research. The fierce blasts of the marketplace, however, with its idols, its fast-track nine-day wonders and fifteen minutes of fame, is a place where the scholarly nerd fears to tread, since he may well be swept along by interests other than his own professional ones. The image of the scholar as naively innocent and oblivious to the outside world may seem disrespectful, but it suggest a truth about academia, one already touched upon, namely that the public sphere may be, if not out of bounds, let alone off limits, then still a dangerous place for scholarship worthy of that name. However, one thing the academic may valuably do to assist in building the House of Fame, and a readership that will sustain it even outside the boundaries of the university, is to use the tools of his trade as a reviewer, and in public appearances as lecturer and interviewer. In performing all these tasks, as well as in publishing the above-mentioned surveys, Lars Ole Sauerberg ventures out where angels fear to tread and dragons lurk – venturing out of bounds, perhaps, but never beyond the fringe.

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Melville's Broad Present: Nostalgia, Presentiment, and Prophecy in *Moby-Dick*

Søren Frank

Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick; or, the Whale* belongs to the great tradition of sea literature that spans from Homer's *The Odyssey* (8th century BC) to Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim* (1900). Published in 1851, *Moby-Dick* stands firmly with one leg in the anthropocentric age of adventure, heroism, and enchantment, while its other leg is stretched forward into the technocentric age of industrialization, mathematization, and disenchantment. Belonging almost equally to two different eras, the age of sail and the age of steam, Melville's novel simultaneously marks the culmination and prefigures the decline of the tradition of sea literature and maritime novels. This tradition thrived in the heroic age of sail – authors such as Luís de Camões, James Cook, Daniel Defoe, Tobias Smollett, James Fenimore Cooper, Eugène Sue and Richard Henry Dana remind us of that – but with the invention of steam engines and the subsequent radical transformation of the maritime world and its routines the tradition of nautical novels became obsolete, or, at best, problematic, although this only happened slowly and, to authors such as Melville and Conrad, very painfully.

Melville was no doubt aware of *Moby-Dick*'s "double consciousness" of being, generically speaking, a climax and an anticipation of future demise. After initially having planned no more than a mere whaling version of his former (and formally) more traditional novels such as *Typee: A Peep at Polynesian Life* (1846) and *Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas* (1847) – that is, in his own words, a "plain, straightforward, and amusing narrative of personal experience" (Melville, "Letter to Richard Bentley" 132) – his (very conscious) decision during the summer of 1850 to write what he later would refer to as "a wicked book" (Melville, "Letter to Nathaniel Hawthorne, 17 [?] November 1851" 212) is proof of Melville's re-awakened megalomaniac ambitions. His famous meeting with Nathaniel Hawthorne at the mythical Monument Mountain Picnic on 5 August 1850 acutely stimulated these ambitions, as did his readings of Shakespeare's dramas.

Melville had already once failed in what was his first attempt to become a true writer-artist (and not just some documentarist or romance writer yielding to the audience's desires) when he flopped miserably – commercially at least – with *Mardi: And a Voyage Thither* (1849). Following that unpleasant experience he docilely succumbed to the pressures of publishers and readers and got back to a more marketable format. After *Mardi*, Melville thus speed-wrote two novels in four months, *Redburn: His First Voyage* (1849) and *White-Jacket; or, The World in a Man-of-War* (1850), and if we are to trust the man himself, he did so primarily in order to be able "to buy some tobacco" (Melville, "Journal Entry" 13). Melville's self-distancing from these novels – he also bluntly referred to them as "trash" (Melville, "Journal Entry" 13) and "two *jobs*, which I have done for money – being

forced to it, as other men are to sawing wood" (Melville, "Letter to Lemuel Shaw" 138) – clearly indicates that his artistic ambitions had been suppressed once again. But, as already mentioned, Hawthorne and Shakespeare, in combination with yet another frustrating double experience of writing for the market (*Typee* and *Omoo* represent the first experience, *Redburn* and *White-Jacket* the second), led to Melville's ambitious gear shift during the summer of 1850.

In Hawthorne's work and in the intimate conversations between the young Melville and the older Hawthorne – conversations that Melville referred to as "ontological heroics" (Melville "Letter to Nathaniel Hawthorne, 29 June 1851,"196) – Melville became aware of at least three things: that America, after decades of political independence, yet a frustratingly persisting and asphyxiating Old World-dependency in cultural and literary matters, could indeed produce an author able to compete with the greatest European authors; that Hawthorne was close to being the American Shakespeare; and, even more significantly, that he, Melville himself, was the one who could not merely come close to but actually equal or perhaps even supersede "divine William" (Melville, "Letter to Evert Duyckinck, 24 February 1849" 119). In short, Hawthorne and Shakespeare re-triggered Melville's artistic ambition, dream, and greed.

If Melville on the one hand was aware of his novel's potential to be the greatest sea novel ever, the pinnacle of a noble literary tradition and written at the highpoint of the maritime world's enterprises, many passages in *Moby-Dick* are, on the other hand, suffused with a nostalgic tone and an awareness of a world – the world of sailing ships, whalers, and sperm lump squeezing – about to disappear. A climax inevitably entails a subsequent demise (otherwise it would not be a climax), and an awareness of a climax just as inevitably entails an awareness of a demise soon to come. *Moby-Dick* shows us that Melville was endowed with a gift of presentiment in regard to the near future (and, arguably, even with a gift of prophecy in regard to the far away future) of the maritime world, a world that would soon undergo – or, rather, was already in the process of undergoing – a radical transformation that would make the heroic sailor battling with the elements or with the aquatic creatures of the sea an anachronism and thus transform the maritime novel into a problematic or even outmoded genre. However, it is not only the nostalgic tone employed when depicting the old and soon-to-be extinct world of sail that bears witness of the novel's self-consciousness of the imminent collapse of an entire world and a genre as well. The conversion from sail to steam and the resulting routinization of ocean travel that was well underway in the mid-nineteenth century were also visible on the formal level of Melville's novel just as they re-oriented his thematic concerns.

Instead of being driven forward by a relatively linear plot and written in a fairly traditional romance style like the works by Melville's predecessors such as Defoe, Smollett, and Cooper, *Moby-Dick* mixes a one-dimensional and monomaniacal quest narrative with a multitude of digressions comprising all sorts of stories, a "multiplicity of other things requiring narration" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 430), from Queequeq's Polynesian family history and the laborious process of extracting whale

oil to the Atlantic history of the Nantucketers and a cetological encyclopedia. In a metafictional comment, Ishmael reflects:

> Unconsciously my chirography expands into placard capitals. Give me a condor's quill! Give me Vesuvius' crater for an inkstand! Friends, hold my arms! For in the mere act of penning my thoughts of this Leviathan, they weary me, and make me faint with their outreaching comprehensiveness of sweep, as if to include the whole circle of the sciences, and all the generations of whales, and men, and mastodons, past, present, and to come, with all the revolving panoramas of empire on earth, and throughout the whole universe, not excluding its suburbs. Such, and so magnifying, is the virtue of a large and liberal theme! We expand to its bulk. To produce a mighty book, you must choose a mighty theme. (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 456)

In addition, Melville's novel does this mixing and sweeping in all so many different discourses from sermon, song, dream, meditation, and Shakespearean dialogue to cetology, poetry, travel account, myth, and apocalypse. The formal crisis, or, put in more positive terms, invention, of *Moby-Dick* was a consequence of the growing anachronism of the sailing ship mariner (and his narrative potentials in relation to action and adventure). This anachronism also affected the novel's thematic design. *Moby-Dick* was still preoccupied with depicting the sailor's battles with nature, fellow mariners, and the oceanic kingdom of animals, but alongside these traditional topics of maritime fiction Melville's oceanic epic explored psychological depths, natural history, racism, epistemology, and cultural diversity in a manner and, not least, in a degree never before seen in sea novels (or any novel for that matter). Melville was fascinated with men who deep-dived ontologically and epistemologically: "Any fish can swim near the surface, but it takes a great whale to go down stairs five miles or more […]. I'm not talking of Mr Emerson now — but of the whole corps of thought-divers, that have been diving & coming up again with bloodshot eyes since the world began" (Melville, "Letter to Evert Augustus Duyckinck, 3 March 1849," 121). With *Moby-Dick*, Melville joined this corps of deep divers of the human brain, and, in the words of Gilles Deleuze, the overwhelming experience meant that he, too, returned to the surface from what he had seen and heard with "red eyes, pierced eardrums" (Deleuze 14).

The tension between the worlds of sail and steam, and Melville's awareness of standing in the midst of epochal change, were a context and "mentality" infused into *Moby-Dick*. The result was a novel that basically ends up paying tribute – so goes my argument – to three heterogeneous and, in a way also, incompatible figures of thought and style that we can rubricate under the general concepts of anthropocentrism, technocentrism, and geocentrism. The co-existence of these configurations constitutes what I choose to term the novel's "broad present." Arguably, the chronotope of the "broad present" is also one of the main reasons for

the endurance of *Moby-Dick*. In what follows I will attempt to distinguish between the three concepts of anthropocentrism, technocentrism, and geocentrism by analyzing each concept's particular configuration of four different dimensions: 1) the relationship between man, technology, and nature, 2) the temporal modality, 3) the world attribute, 4) the narrative style. In other words, what I will try to do is to systematize and typologize the novel's thematic and formal heterogeneity around these four topics: man/technology/nature; temporality; world-view; style. If this enterprise sounds irreconcilable with not only Melville's own aspirations when writing *Moby-Dick*, but also with the very book itself, I would first of all say that my effort to typologize should not be seen as exhaustive in regard to the novel's overall complexity, but I would also claim the typology to be in some degree a helpful framework through which to read *Moby-Dick* and get a better understanding of the novel and of its greatness.

Historical time and broad present

Before discussing the novel and its three tensely coexisting anthropocentric, technocentric, and geocentric "universes" I would like to explain the concept of "broad present," a concept coined by Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht in relation to what he sees as a shift from the chronotope of "historical time" that emerged in the second half of the 18th century and consolidated itself throughout the 19th century to the chronotope of "broad present" emerging today – or, rather, that emerged in or has been emerging since the decade following the end of World War II. It was Reinhard Koselleck who first began to historicize the very notions of historical time, historical thought, and historical consciousness and made us aware that the now-obsolete chronotope of the 19th century was in fact institutionalized so widely and comprehensively that many mistook (and many still confound) it with time itself. Koselleck does so by extracting two anthropological and metahistorical concepts – two formal categories structuring and acting as conditions of possibility for every human relationship with time – from the vocabulary of history and philosophy, experience (*Erfahrung*) and expectation (*Erwartung*), and his point, which has implications for mankind's changing relationship with the past, the present, and the future, is "the classification of experience and expectation has been displaced and changed during the course of history" (Koselleck 259).

In the introductory chapter to *Our Broad Present: Time and Contemporary Culture* Gumbrecht summarizes, in six points, the characteristics of the historical mindset that Koselleck describes (see Gumbrecht vii-viii). First, the (in a 19th century context) newly historically conscious mankind imagines itself on a linear path moving through time (i.e., time itself does not move). Second, historical thought assumes that all phenomena are affected by change in time (i.e., time is an agent of transformation). Third, moving through time, mankind believes it has left the past behind and is generally skeptical in regard to the value of past experiences as points of orientation (i.e., the past is severed from and considered irrelevant to the present). Fourth, the future presents itself as an open horizon of possibilities toward which

mankind is making its way (i.e., the future is the natural and unproblematic next step following the present). Fifth, the present – situated in-between the past (useless experiences) and future (great expectations) – transforms itself into a fleeting, almost imperceptible moment of transition (i.e., the present is not essential in itself, it is essential only as a difference from the past and as a stepping-stone to the future). And sixth, the confined present of "historical time," Gumbrecht concludes, eventually offered the Cartesian subject its epistemological habitat. Gumbrecht's point is that the transitory present was the site where the subject for the first time in human history felt that it could adapt experiences from the past to the present and the future and then make (in the real sense: open) choices among the possibilities offered by this future. Selecting among these opportunities is both the framework and the condition of possibility for (human) agency.

Koselleck's main thesis on modernity, then, is that the transition into the *Neuzeit* of European history – a transitional period from 1780 to 1830 (or, sometimes defined broader from 1750 to 1850) Koselleck refers to as "Sattelzeit" (saddle-time)[1] – is characterized by an ever-widening gap between mankind's horizon of (future) expectations (*Erwartungshorizont*) and its space of (past) experiences (*Erfahrungsraum*) (see Koselleck 263). Pre-modern man was convinced that his life – played out in an agrarian world dominated by the cycle of nature – would proceed in the same way as the lives of his immediate ancestors (expectations were thus nurtured by the experiences of one's fathers, and subsequently those experiences also became the experiences of the descendants) (see Koselleck 263-64). Admittedly, the pre-modern convergence of experience and expectation may have been challenged by events such as the Copernican Revolution and the overseas conquests, but according to Koselleck the Christian eschatology ultimately made sure that the horizon of expectations remained confined within clear boundaries, and so the future continued to be – at least up until the middle of the 17th century – inextricably tied to the present (see Koselleck 264).

Modern man, on the contrary, lives in the conviction that the future can be made; that is, history can be created and one can creatively intervene into the future. Francis Bacon had already sensed this in the early 17th century, but he was still too restricted by the political, technological, and religious frameworks of his time to actually formulate what later thinkers did in that respect. It was, among others, Leibniz, Rousseau, Kant, and Lessing who in the late 17th century and in the 18th century gave credibility to mankind's potential for secular *perfectibilité*. This paved the way for conceiving earthly history as a process of continual and increasing perfection – that is, these thinkers opened up a new horizon of expectation called "progress." Consequently, eschatology was replaced by an open future: "Pragmatic prognosis of a possible future became a long-term expectation of a new future"

[1] *Sattelzeit* is, in Koselleck's writings, a third revolution running parallel with the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution. The three of them represent a cognitive, political, and technological revolution respectively, although these dimensions of course cannot be separated that easily.

(Koselleck 267). However, it was not only the concept of "horizon of expectation" that changed. The concept of "space of experience" also underwent a transformation in this period, not least because events such as the Copernican Revolution, technological developments (chronometer, steam engine, and gas lightning to mention but a few), and the discovery of the planet eventually did make people realize that they lived on a planet defined by the synchronicity of the non-synchronous and the non-synchronicity of the synchronous. In other words, diverging temporalities or "ages" co-existed on the planet. History became a question of evolution, geography/society a question of stage (see Koselleck 266-68). Koselleck concludes:

> What was new was that the expectations that reached out for the future became detached from all that previous experience had to offer. Even the new experience gained from the annexation of lands overseas and from the development of science and technology was still insufficient for the derivation of future expectations. From that time on, the space of experience was no longer limited by the horizon of expectations; rather, the limits of the space of experience and of the horizon of expectations diverged. (Koselleck 266-67)

Gumbrecht argues, correctly I believe, that the topic of "historical time" is still dominating our way of thinking about time and history today, but the point I want to make regarding Melville is that he, as early as the mid-19th century, anticipated the post-World War II chronotope of the "broad present" when he wrote *Moby-Dick*. But what does Gumbrecht mean by broad present? How does it differ from historical time? If we think (seriously) about it, we realize that the ways we acquire experiences and the way we act have changed – although we may still be unaware of this change. As to our potential for agency, it is thus becoming increasingly obvious that "the future no longer presents itself as an open horizon of possibilities; instead, it is a dimension increasingly closed to all prognoses – and which, at the same time, seems to draw near as a menace" (Gumbrecht xiii). We can think of several contemporary phenomena that contribute to transforming the future from an open horizon of expectations and possibilities to a closed and menacing horizon of catastrophes. Global warming, world-scale social inequality, and international terrorism are but three obvious examples. Our relationship with the past has also changed. If historical time was defined by an ability (which, admittedly, in most cases was in fact no more than a very deep-felt desire) to sever the (irrelevant) past from a transitory present, in our broad present we are no longer capable of leaving anything behind. If the past's past (i.e., the past of "historical time"), did not provide any points of orientation for the past's present (i.e., the present of "historical time"), our present is, on the contrary, and thanks to digitalization, the internet, and electronic systems of memory, swamped with pasts. Finally, broad present entails a new structure of the present, too: "Between the pasts that engulf us and the menacing future, the present has turned into

a dimension of expanding simultaneities" (Gumbrecht xiii). That is, instead of a transitory moment cut off from a relatively useless past and open towards a promising future that one was able to prognosticate, we now live in an ever-widening present in which we are no longer able to free ourselves from the past(s), and in which we only meet closed doors to an ominous future.[1]

In this chronotopic configuration, contemporary phenomena such as retro waves of fashion, design, and music, the Google Books Project with its promise of full access to everything that was ever written, and the institutional and private archives of photographs and video recordings make sure that the spreading present is in constant motion; that is, the present is kept dynamic by repeatedly re-evoked pasts. However, the often mutually exclusive, yet co-existing (past) worlds within this present also cause it to lack clear contours. In other words, it is not merely a case of the common metahistorical difficulties of not being able to grasp one's present because living in the midst of it; the lack of a clear identity is amplified because of the multiple and diverging pasts expanding the dimensions of this present. At the same time, and because the contraction of futurity makes it increasingly difficult to act authentically – that is, to act with the conviction that one's actions are indeed an investment in potentially positive future outcomes (no action is possible where no place exists for its realization to be projected) – the mobilization of the present by the different pasts is contrasted by an immobilization of the present by the closure of futurity. The broadening present may offer (or so we think) room to move back into the past and forward into the future, yet such efforts seem ultimately to return to their point of departure. What we get, then, is a present that is stagnant, an "unmoving motion" (Gumbrecht xiii) in Gumbrecht's words. If the Cartesian subject reveled in "historical time" because this chronotope allowed its consciousness to constantly project itself meaningfully into the future, Gumbrecht believes that a new figure of (self-) reference is emerging in the "broad present" – a subject no longer merely or primarily defined by the mind, consciousness, and transcendence, but also by the body, the senses, and *physis*.

Anthropocentrism, technocentrism, and geocentrism in *Moby-Dick*

As already mentioned, Melville's *Moby-Dick* is a novel composed of three mutually exclusive, yet co-existing "universes." In the novel's anthropocentric universe, Melville lauds the Faustian expansionist drive of mankind, its "immaculate manliness" and "august dignity" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 117), as well as its collaborative, yet also agonistic relationship with nature. Examples of anthropocentrism can be found in the novel's descriptions of the Nantucketers and of the crew's whale hunting. In the technocentric universe we encounter Melville's tribute to industrialism's efficiency and its services to mankind. The descriptions of

[1] Arguably, some of the first literary texts in which the author's thematization of the topics of closed futurity and stalled present could be sensed were Jean-Paul Sartre's *Huis clos* (1944), Albert Camus' *La Peste* (1947), and Samuel Beckett's *En attendant Godot* (1952). Again, *Moby-Dick* also contains elements of this chronotope, as I will demonstrate in a while.

the whale hunt as a rationalist and capitalist enterprise – "hopes of cash – aye, cash" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 178) – fall into this category, and so do those of the ship as a factory. The cetological chapters with their systematization of nature also belong here. The geocentric universe steps into the foreground whenever Melville pays homage to the ocean and to its animal kingdom and when he evokes the pre-human and post-human world. The squeezing of sperm lumps is one example of cosmic harmony, whereas the novel's ending simultaneously depicts human apocalypse and planetary rebirth. In the following I will compare the three universes in more detail, more specifically I will analyze their image of man's relationship with nature, their temporality, their worldview, and their style. This will allow me to discuss the novel's chronotopic design, that is, its potential use of "historical time" and "broad present."

In "Nantucket" (chapter 14), Melville – in a manner actually not that different from the famous anthropocentric passage in Sophocles's *Antigone* – heaps praise upon the islanders from Nantucket. Initially evoking the island's geographical and natural characteristics and reaching back to legendary times when, supposedly, Nantucket was settled by Indians (who, in canoes, pursued an infant-snatching eagle from the coast of New England to Nantucket only to find the skeleton of the little Indian when reaching the sandy shores of the island), Melville halfway into the chapter describes the history and evolution of the Nantucketers in recorded time:

> What wonder, then, that these Nantucketers, born on a beach, should take to the sea for a livelihood! They first caught crabs and quahogs in the sand; grown bolder, they waded out with nets for mackerel; more experienced, they pushed off in boats and captured cod; and at last, launching a navy of great ships on the sea, explored this watery world; put an incessant belt of circumnavigations round it; peeped in at Behring's Straits; and in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood; most monstrous and most mountainous! That Himmalehan, salt-sea, Mastodon, clothed with such portentousness of unconscious power, that his very panics are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults!
>
> And thus have these naked Nantucketers, these sea hermits, issuing from their ant-hill in the sea, overrun and conquered the watery world like so many Alexanders; parcelling out among them the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans, as the three pirate powers did Poland. Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada; let the English overswarm all India, and hang out their blazing banner from the sun; two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his; he owns it, as Emperors own empires; other seamen having but a right of way through it. Merchant ships are but extension bridges; armed ones but floating forts; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea as highwaymen the road, they but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like

> themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships; to and fro ploughing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home; *there* lies his business, which a Noah's flood would not interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie; he hides among the waves, he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land; so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows; so at nightfall, the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales. (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 64)

The perspective is clearly anthropocentric. The undisputed protagonists of the passage are the people of Nantucket, admired and celebrated for their actions and deeds. Their evolution as islanders and as a people is one of linear progression ("grown bolder"), hegemonic colonization ("overrun and conquered"), steady expansion (from a local interaction with the sea to global-oceanic authority), utilitarian cultivation ("ploughing it as his own special plantation"), and cartographic distribution ("parcelling out").

The relationship between the Nantucketers and nature is partly one of collaboration, partly one of rivalry, more specifically of the first's dominance over the latter. However, this domination is not unequivocal; the "assaults" and "panics" of both the sea and its most dreaded creature, Leviathan, are still to be feared by humans. Melville portrays an era in which the link between man and nature is still uncontaminated by modern technology. The Indian settlers embarked upon the Atlantic Ocean in small canoes searching for their lost kin only with the aid of manpower and wind. Later, with their sea-conquering whaling fleet, the Nantucketers colonized the seven seas relying on their extraordinary navigational skills and seamanship, and on the currents, the winds, and the sails, too.

Before discussing the temporality, worldview, and style of the novel's anthropocentric component I want to introduce one more scene to support my analysis. In the whale hunting scenes – the one quoted from below is part of "Stubb Kills a Whale" (chapter 61) – the celebratory tone from "Nantucket" is maintained, but instead of the narrator's more physically-temporally distant perspective from outside, Melville transports us into the very action of the whale hunt through an inside perspective attached to the action (i.e., not to the psychology of the whalers) as it unfolds – that is, the narrator is both physically and temporally proximate:

> "There go flukes!" was the cry, an announcement immediately followed by Stubb's producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was

> granted. After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, and being now in advance of the smoker's boat, and much nearer to it than to any of the others, Stubb counted upon the honor of the capture. It was obvious, now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers. All silence of cautiousness was therefore no longer of use. Paddles were dropped, and oars came loudly into play. And still puffing at his pipe, Stubb cheered on his crew to the assault.
>
> Yes, a mighty change had come over the fish. All alive to his jeopardy, he was going "head out"; that part obliquely projecting from the mad yeast which he brewed.
>
> "Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time – but start her; start her like thunder-claps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her, now; give 'em the long and strong stroke, Tashtego. Start her, Tash, my boy – start her, all; but keep cool, keep cool – cucumbers is the word – easy, easy – only start her like grim death and grinning devils, and raise the buried dead perpendicular out of their graves, boys – that's all. Start her!"
>
> "Woo-hoo! Wa-hee!" screamed the Gay-Header in reply, raising some old war-whoop to the skies; as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced forward with the one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave.
>
> But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild. "Kee-hee! Kee-hee!" yelled Daggoo, straining forwards and backwards on his seat, like a pacing tiger in his cage.
>
> "Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of Grenadier's steak. And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea. Meanwhile, Stubb, retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard – "Stand up, Tashtego! – give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 283-84)

Still, we are dealing with a pre-technocentric bond between man, nature, and animal. This is an enchanted world in the way Max Weber understood it. To Weber, the process of modernity could be described as a constant development towards a more and more disenchanted world. *Entzauberung*, or disenchantment, is the result of an increasingly rational (as opposed to magical) legitimation of human behavior, which consequently becomes purpose-guided and future-oriented. In that sense, rational behavior is always an investment in potential – and sometimes even pre-calculable – future outcomes and thus entails an idea of mankind's greater control of surroundings, that is, an ability to master (or at least reduce or productively cope with) contingency (see Weber 49-111; see also Sprondel 564-65). The transition from enchanted to disenchanted world entails a number of side-effects, which primarily

manifest themselves in relation to temporality, spatiality, and existentiality in that future-orientedness, abstraction, and meaning replace immediacy, concretization, and presence respectively.

Melville's whale hunt belongs predominantly to the enchanted world, and so does the discourse of the "Nantucket" chapter. In the hunting scenes, the modus of time is the *hic et nunc* of immediacy. The whalers are all absorbed in the present moment of the concrete hunt involving the bodies, senses, and instincts of all participants. The hunt neither leaves time for reflection nor abstraction or future planning. However, if time in the actual hunting scenes is a temporality of the immediate, the context also supplies these scenes with a touch of nostalgia, that is, a modus of time oriented towards the near past. The reason for this is the reader's awareness – transported to her by the different "universes" and discourses of *Moby-Dick* – of the enchanted world's termination in the near future. When Ishmael visits the Spouter-Inn he feels inclined to describe the many exhibited maritime objects – paintings, clubs, spears, and lances – in a language of legend evoking the heroism of whale hunters of the near past: "With this once long lance, now wildly elbowed, fifty years ago did Nathan Swain kill fifteen whales between a sunrise and a sunset" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 13). The *praxis* of the past is here inextricably linked with the description of concrete objects. Remembering presupposes this description, because in Melville description of objects always contains a strongly evocative potential. Implicitly, Ishmael nostalgically draws a line between the enchanted near past and present, "the knightly days of our profession" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 361), on the one side, and the disenchanted present and near future on the other.

As to literary style in the anthropocentric universe, Melville employs the style of romance and adventure characterized by an emphasis on human deeds and a relatively linear progression of plot. In these passages, Melville draws on a tradition running as far back as the Hellenistic and Chivalric romances (including Cervantes), and closer to his own time on a tradition that includes Daniel Defoe, Tobias Smollett, and Henry Fielding. It is a tradition that opposes itself to the sentimental and psychological tradition of Samuel Richardson and Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Whereas *Pamela* (1740) and *Confessions* (1782 and 1789) explore biography, inner feelings, and the intimacy of indoor private life, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) – but also James Cook's *Journals* (1769 and 1972-79) – focus on practical problem solving, on recording the objects of the empirical outdoor world, and on surviving in dangerous and unknown territory.

If we think of some of the defining features of "historical time" – irrelevant past, transitory present, open future – it becomes clear that the (pre-technocentric) anthropocentric universe in *Moby-Dick* represents a different temporality. If past experiences had become useless points of orientation in the present during "historical time" (because the future was now expected to be something new), the exploits of the whalers are indeed dependent on the transmission and internalization of experience and skills from the older generations of whale hunters. The present is, as we have

already seen, a temporality of immediacy and nostalgia, which means that the future becomes irrelevant and undesirable. If anything, the chronotope of the anthropocentric universe is closer to Koselleck's image of the agrarian world in which space of experience and horizon of expectation were still closely linked and almost converging.

Moby-Dick also comprises a technocentric universe, which partly overlaps, partly contrasts with the anthropocentric world. In different parts of the novel Melville writes enthusiastically about industrialism's effectiveness and productivity and about the comforts it provides for humans. If the passages quoted above belonging to the novel's anthropocentric universe contained seeds to "historical time" – "Nantucket" in the form of historical progress and human agency, "Stubb Kills a Whale" in the form of human agency (although the horizon of expectation was here less important than the immersion in the here and now action of whale hunting) – they were nevertheless examples of a largely pre-technocentric (which is not the same as pre-technological) and enchanted world of (sometimes agonistic) collaboration between mankind and nature. In the technocentric universe, on the contrary, the world is disenchanted, bereft of magic, and governed by rationality. The relationship between man and nature becomes increasingly mediated through technology, which means that humans to a larger extent dominate nature and master its contingencies. The modus of time changes from a temporality of immediacy and nostalgia to one of presentiment and future-orientedness. As a consequence of nature's diminished role, *Moby-Dick* is less concerned with man's battles against nature, and this influences the style of the novel. Instead of romance and adventure, the novel reveals traits of both realism and proto-modernism when, for example, the narrator resorts to encyclopedia and the characters gradually turn their attention toward the inner battles of their own psychological depths.

In the 19th century-chronotope of "historical time" people begin to realize that time is an agent of transformation and that all phenomena are affected by change in time. It is not a coincidence that literary realism with its propensity for meticulously describing the looks and feelings of the characters as well as the objects of the outer world emerges during this period. In the history of literature Balzac is one of the first who depicts a world in which history is experienced as inevitable change, and in order to cope with this transitive quality of the present he develops, as a compensatory strategy we might say, the art of description in its fullest form. The minute recording of appearances is a way of saving them from their imminent disappearance, or, in Milan Kundera's words: "Man began to understand that he was not going to die in the same world he had been born into" (Kundera 14). Consequently, everything has to be described before it disappears. To Kundera, description can thus be defined as "compassion for the ephemeral; salvaging the perishable" (Kundera 14). The (often banal) concreteness of everyday objects, personal trifles, and natural phenomena suddenly become a major topic in novels. This is why Balzac's Paris is nothing like Fielding's London. In Balzac, the squares have their names, the houses their colors, the streets their smells and sounds. Balzac's

Paris is the Paris of a specific moment: Paris as it had not been before that moment and as it would never be again. Every scene of Balzac's novels "is stamped (be it only by the shape of a chair or the cut of a suit) by History ["historical time"] which, now that it has emerged from the shadows, sculpts and re-sculpts the look of the world" (Kundera 14).

Melville is part of the same world. As mentioned already, he was acutely aware of the radical transformation of the maritime world due to technological developments, not least the change from sail to steam. A strong discourse in *Moby-Dick* is thus a Balzacian urge to salvage the perishable through description. Melville's choice of naming many chapters after concrete objects (carpet bag, wheelbarrow, cabin table, cassock, lamp, musket etc.) and subsequently devoting large parts of these chapters to meticulously describing these objects can be interpreted in this light. Around each object Melville draws a specific (maritime) culture and *praxis*, and he feels the urge to do so precisely because they are about to change and, ultimately, disappear.

The acknowledgement of inexorable change has as one of its side effects the belief in progress and continual expansion of human knowledge – cf. Kant's idea of "Fortschritt" and Koselleck's formula "long-term expectation of a new future." In the cetological chapters in *Moby-Dick* Melville is a child of this belief, although the novel in its entirety of course shows him to be a child of many (and mutually exclusive) beliefs. In "Cetology" (chapter 32), Melville's ambition is nothing short of penetrating the "Impenetrable veil covering our knowledge of the cetacea," and he wants to do this by putting before the reader "some systematized exhibition of the whale in his broad genera": "The classification of the constituents of a chaos, nothing less is here essayed" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 134). A little later in the same chapter, the narrator stresses that he is merely "the architect, not the builder," and then elaborates on his project, this "draught of a systematization of cetology":

> But it is a ponderous task; no ordinary letter-sorter in the Post-Office is equal to it. To grope down into the bottom of the sea after them; to have one's hands among the unspeakable foundations, ribs, and very pelvis of the world; this is a fearful thing. What am I that I should essay to hook the nose of this leviathan! The awful tauntings in Job might well appal me. "Will he (the leviathan) make a covenant with thee? Behold the hope of him is vain!" But I have swam through libraries and sailed through oceans; I have had to do with whales with these visible hands; I am in earnest; and I will try. (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 136)

Melville presents a two-fold legitimization of his ambition of "cetological letter sorting," one cerebral ("I have swam through libraries"), the other practical ("and sailed through oceans; I have had to do with whales with these visible hands"). In a scientific tradition, he has read everything there is to read about whales, but at the

same time his scientific enterprise of defining, describing, and classifying the whale is backed up by empiricism through his own hands-on experiences. The entire style of "Cetology" is maintained in the style of a natural science book and with clear categorizations between the folio whale, the octavo whale, and the duodecimo whale as well as between their respective subgenera. If there is a conviction in the novel's anthropocentric and (still) magically enchanted universe that the whale "eludes both hunters and philosophers" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 140). the ambition in the technocentric universe is to replace possibility and probability with certainty though comprehensive description.

Another example of the technocentric dimension is found in "The Chart" (chapter 44). In this chapter, the narrator describes how Captain Ahab with the help of "a large wrinkled roll of yellowish sea charts" "of all four oceans" and "piles of old log-books" is trying to "seek out one solitary creature in the unhooped oceans of this planet" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 198-99). If this seems "an absurdly hopeless task" to most of us, Ahab, on the contrary, "knew the sets of all tides and currents; and thereby calculating the driftings of the sperm whale's food; and, also calling to mind the regular, ascertained seasons for hunting him in particular latitudes; could arrive at reasonable surmises, almost approaching to certainties, concerning the timeliest day to be upon this or that ground in search of his prey" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 199). As in the case of the ambition to construct a cetology there is a conviction that "all possibilities would become probabilities" and "every probability the next thing to a certainty" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 200). This is a good example of Weber's disenchanted world of pre-calculable futures and rational presents.

If cetology and cartography contribute to transform the Atlantic into a "settled and civilized ocean" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 245), other discourses merely reinforce the novel's technocentrism. The question of money and capitalism is treated ambivalently by Melville. On the one hand, cash is described as a natural inclination of man's ("man is a money-making animal" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 413)), and celebrated as a motor driving progress and expansion. In "The Advocate" (chapter 24), Melville resorts to statistics and numbers in order to draw the reader's attention to the financial and material benefits of whale hunting: "we whalemen of America now outnumber all the rest of the banded whalemen in the world; sail a navy of upwards of seven hundred vessels; manned by eighteen thousand men; yearly consuming 4,000,000 of dollars; the ships worth, at the time of sailing, $20,000,000! and every year importing into our harbors a well reaped harvest of $7,000,000" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 109). What could be labeled existential dominance in the anthropocentric parts of the novel is here transformed into utilitarian and financial dominance. On the other hand, money also dehumanizes the universe as when Stubb yells to Pip: "a whale would sell for thirty times what you would, Pip, in Alabama" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 413), just as it implies an elimination of animal species such as the whale, of which it is said that "he must die the death and be murdered" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 357).

Technocentrism's influence on the style of *Moby-Dick* does not limit itself to realism in the concrete forms of description and encyclopedia. As the increased role of technology among others leads to the taming of nature, the adventurous style of the anthropocentric universe in which the sailor was in constant heroic battles with nature is replaced by a protomodernist style in which the sailors – Ishmael, Ahab, Stubb etc. – are physically battling each other or psychologically battling with themselves. However, if Melville occasionally turns away from the traditional discourse of maritime fiction – action and adventure – and instead employs a style of introspection and psychology, he is still – like Dostoyevsky – closer to 20th century authors such as Rainer Maria Rilke, Alfred Döblin, and James Joyce than to, say, Samuel Richardson. In Melville the ocean provides a similar context for introspection to the one provided by the metropolis in Rilke, Döblin, and Joyce. Paris, Berlin, and Dublin are urban oceans of chaotic impressions and cacophonic multitudes, just as the Atlantic and the Pacific are oceanic metropolises of multiethnic encounters and capitalist ventures. The domestic intimacy of Richardson is replaced with a propensity for madness, schizophrenia, and paralysis. Captain Ahab's soliloquies in this respect are famous: "They think me mad – Starbuck does; but I'm demoniac, I am madness maddened! That wild madness that's only calm to comprehend itself!" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 168). Captain Ahab can be seen as a precursor for 20th century atrocities and genuine technocentrism. Hence, when he exclaims: "all my means are sane, my motive and my object mad" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 186), he appears as an early version of Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin, whose inhumanity was underlined most uncannily by the very rational processes facilitating it.

To summarize: In the technocentric universe of the novel, the chronotope of historical time has, by and large, come to the fore. Now, the past has increasingly become irrelevant in terms of being able to provide points of orientation, the present is transitory, a stepping stone towards an open future of possibilities. This is most manifest in the descriptive, capitalist, and "scientific" discourses of *Moby-Dick*, although it is sometimes difficult to distinguish these from the anthropocentric universe of immediacy and nostalgia and the geocentric universe of prophecy and menace. The relationship between man and nature is now so saturated with technology that the latter becomes the dominant actor in the triangle, something that entails a general disenchantment of the world. Finally, the styles of adventure and romance give way to both realism (description) and protomodernism (introspection, fragmentation).

In the remaining part of my article I will examine the geocentric universe of *Moby-Dick* and, additionally, discuss its possible use of "broad present." Geocentrism entails an insertion of the earth as the most vital component of the novel's cosmos. Basically, this re-configuration of the cosmos in which man and technology recede in order to make way for nature holds three possible outcomes. First, Melville outlines a genuine re-enchantment of the world and he does so in a

poetical and lyrical discourse. One example is the description of sperm lump squeezing in "Squeeze of a Hand" (chapter 94):

> It had cooled and crystallized to such a degree, that when, with several others, I sat down before a large Constantine's bath of it, I found it strangely concreted into lumps, here and there rolling about in the liquid part. It was our business to squeeze these lumps back into fluid. A sweet and unctuous duty! No wonder that in old times sperm was such a favorite cosmetic. Such a clearer! such a sweetener! such a softener; such a delicious mollifier! After having my hands in it for only a few minutes, my fingers felt like eels, and began, as it were, to serpentine and spiralize.
>
> As I sat there at my ease, cross-legged on the deck; after the bitter exertion at the windlass; under a blue tranquil sky; the ship under indolent sail, and gliding so serenely along; as I bathed my hands among those soft, gentle globules of infiltrated tissues, wove almost within the hour; as they richly broke to my fingers, and discharged all their opulence, like fully ripe grapes their wine; as I snuffed up that uncontaminated aroma,- literally and truly, like the smell of spring violets; I declare to you, that for the time I lived as in a musky meadow; I forgot all about our horrible oath; in that inexpressible sperm, I washed my hands and my heart of it; I almost began to credit the old Paracelsan superstition that sperm is of rare virtue in allaying the heat of anger; while bathing in that bath, I felt divinely free from all ill-will, or petulance, or malice, of any sort whatsoever.
>
> Squeeze! squeeze! squeeze! all the morning long; I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it; I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me; and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-laborers' hands in it, mistaking their hands for the gentle globules. Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avocation beget; that at last I was continually squeezing their hands, and looking up into their eyes sentimentally; as much as to say,- Oh! my dear fellow beings, why should we longer cherish any social acerbities, or know the slightest ill-humor or envy! Come; let us squeeze hands all round; nay, let us all squeeze ourselves into each other; let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness. (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 415-16)

Melville's language turns lyrical in these geocentric passages, and the scene evokes images of pastoral landscapes, universal brotherhood (including homoerotic pleasure), and cosmic harmony between nature and mankind. The lyricism is continued in "The Pacific" (chapter 111) and "The Symphony" (chapter 132) in which the synchronicity between ocean, ship, and man and between ocean, whales, and man respectively are depicted in poetically dense prose.

Second, in the style of allegory Melville prophesies an ecological apocalypse in which mankind's Faustianism – that is, its transgressive expansionism and haughtiness (e.g., Ahab's "fatal pride" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 519)) – triggers an irreversible planetary evolution ultimately resulting in a posthuman world. However, if humans are eradicated, nature is reborn. The novel's famous ending – "then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 572) – could be interpreted in this way. This is a universe of "foolish mortals" in which "science and skill" will never prevent the sea from "insult[ing] and murder[ing]" humans. In this world, "the masterless ocean overruns the globe" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 273-74) and "this antemosaic, unsourced existence," the whale, "must needs exist after all humane ages are over" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 457).

Third, the novel also operates with a version of history in which not only mankind, but also nature and the planet are wiped out. In *Land und Meer* (1942), Carl Schmitt remarked that industrialization had transformed the ocean from a fish to a machine (see Schmitt 98). Today, we can see that global consumerism has converted the ocean from machine to plastic. Melville was gifted with "divine intuitions" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 374) in that respect; this is why Ishmael often feels "foreboding shivers" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 123) running over him. Common to all three outcomes is a basic – and, for Melville's time, premature – ecological awareness and mindset. In the first version, the transgressions and mistakes of mankind can still be remedied; in the second, this is only half true, as it entails an annihilation of humans, whereas "the sea will have its way" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 504); in the third version, we are talking total destruction.

Our contemporaneity is defined by a growing concern with the effects that mankind has on the environment, from the immediate surroundings to the entire planet Earth. From first-hand experiences as well as in his writings, Melville dealt with several geopolitical themes – "Pacific Rim commerce, colonialism, deliberate or careless destruction of indigenous cultures and environments, exploitation of nature, racism, enslavement, immigration" (Parker and Hayford x) – that are now part of the everyday concerns of the early 21st century. Whales are no longer the victims only of commercial and industrialized whaling but also of growing oceanic pollution, not least plastic.

The menacing aspect of the future of "broad present" is obvious here; the future no longer represents an open horizon of (positive) expectations as in "historical time" and the technocentric universe. The temporal modus of the novel is one of premonition, prophecy, and fatality, "fatal to the last degree of fatality" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 180); the point of orientation is the far away future (of destruction). If chance and free will ruled the universes of anthropocentrism and technocentrism, necessity rules the universe of geocentrism. Agency has become problematic or even illusory because no action is possible where no place exists for its realization to be projected. No wonder that Melville has been rubricated together with Hawthorne as

naysayers in an American context favoring an optimistic view of history, individualism (agency), and freedom. The fatalism and skepticism toward human agency in Melville (and Hawthorne) endow his work with a tragic view of history.

This is not to say that necessity alone rules the Melvillean world. One of the reasons that *Moby-Dick* continues to fascinate us is its complexity, its holding together of a present that in Gumbrecht's words "has turned into a dimension of expanding simultaneities": "aye, chance, free will, and necessity – no wise incompatible – all interweavingly working together" (Melville, *Moby-Dick* 215). Chance, free will, and necessity are not the only divergent (compatible or incompatible) phenomena co-existing in *Moby-Dick*. It is literally a novel flooded with pasts belonging to technocentric and anthropocentric, even to theocentric, universes. As Gumbrecht's "broad present," *Moby-Dick* lacks clear contours and thus falls into Henry James's pejorative category of "large, loose baggy monsters" (James x). But herein lies its longevity, untimeliness, and prophetic potential – also in regard to the chronotope emerging after "broad present" is no longer relevant, whatever that might be.

Tentative typology

	Chronotope	Past Present Future	Man Technology Nature	Worldview	Ocean	Style
Anthropocentric	Agrarian time	Relevant Immediacy/Nostalgia Repetition/Irrelevant	Man (Technology) $> \approx \neq$ Nature	Enchanted	Fish	Romance Adventure
Technocentric	Historical time	Irrelevant Transitory Open (possibility)	Man Technology > (Nature)	Disenchanted	Machine	Realism Protomodernism
Geocentric	Broad present	Flooding Broad Closed (menace)	Man Technology $< \approx$ Nature	Re-Enchanted	Plastic	Allegory Poetry

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Madison Smartt Bell and his *Devil's Dream*

Jan Nordby Gretlund

> For the rest of the country, the race problem is settled when the Negro has his rights, but for the Southerner, whether he's white or colored, that's only the beginning.... both races have to work it out the hard way.
>
> Flannery O'Connor (*Mystery and Manners* 234)

Flannery O'Connor's southerners of the 1950s and early 1960s were intensely aware of being Southern and acutely self-conscious about it. The southern writers of the mid-20th century seemed conscious of place, family, community, manifestations of religion, and were keenly aware of the past in the present. They found history fascinating and wrote of an individual past which was intertwined with the regional past. The history of the South, its attraction and repulsion, from ante-bellum slave-holding over the Civil War and the Depression to Civil Rights violence in the 20th Century, is also the essence of the region's literary history.

What makes the narratives of new southern writers essentially different is the acceptance and ready use of the ethnic reality of the South, which is a reality of obvious, and sometimes less obvious, prejudice. Madison Smartt Bell made his name as a novelist with his Haitian based trilogy: *All Soul's Rising* (1995)*, Master of the Crossroads* (2000), and *The Stone That the Builder Refused* (2004) to which he added a biography of Toussaint-Louverture (2007), the leader in the Haitian revolution (1791-1803). With his Haitian based historical fiction, a dozen other books of fiction, and the fact that he grew up outside Nashville, where he used to collect bullets from the Civil War battles, Bell has the right background to fictionalize Nathan Bedford Forrest, the most reviled or the most celebrated legendary Confederate cavalry general, depending on your regional heritage and conviction.

The Bedford Forrest of *Devil's Dream* (2009) is as uncouth, fierce, and profane as we expect him to be, his swearing is an art, but he is not simple or predictable. Bell has the idea that we must see Forrest in his pre-war domestic life, back to 1845, then throughout the war, and after the war. The technique is based on the idea that a story should be told backward -- even if it is only some of the time. The structure jumps around as if it were trying to imitate the old fiddler's tune that the novel is named for. The reader has to work some to keep up with Bell's narrative, for it consists of short, dated chapters that appear in what seems to be a haphazardly mixed structure. This is all in full agreement with Bell's opening quotation from Albert Einstein's correspondence: "The separation between past, present, and future is only an illusion, although a convincing one." William Faulkner would have agreed. Bell's chronology is, of course, carefully mixed to convincingly flesh out a complex character and his two families, one white and one black, at a time of violent transitions.

The racial topic that is at the core of the novel cannot be seen in an orderly narrative progression, as the racism that made slavery possible is not limited to any time. As a part of the human condition, racism has not been eradicated and will not disappear, so as regards that topic it does not make sense to distinguish between then, now, and tomorrow; this *is* historical fiction, but Bell's account is also the history of today and tomorrow. This is perhaps indicated through the lingering presence of Henri, originally from Haiti, who participates in many of the novel's scenes long after Chickamauga, a battle that took place on September 19-20, 1863, where the Confederates stopped a Union offensive, and where Henri may well have died.

Forrest was fundamentally a southern stoic, who did not "practice Christianity," until two years before his death in 1877. His principles include being honest in dealing with anybody. He likes to talk with people face to face. He never learned to write well. He thinks it is important to be in full control of the senses at all times, so he does not drink and is proud of it. He claims never to have started a fight, but has never walked away from one either and he acknowledges to have finished quite a few. He marries Mary Ann Montgomery of the Tennessee upper-classes; her family never lets her forget that she married beneath her and a slave trader, at that. "But slave-trading, really!" her mother blurted. "He might have done well enough with the horses and mules." "The whole country runs on slavery, Mother. Even the cloth from the Yankee mills. Slaves picked the cotton for the curtain we hang to shut out the sight of them." "Well!" said Mrs. Montgomery, working her fingers in her lap. "I'm sure you got those opinions from him" (Bell 31).

By June 1854 Forrest is trying to get out of the slave trade altogether. He wants to be landed gentry, or "a planter anyway" (Bell 130). But in August 1857, Forrest is still trading slaves, and Dr. Cowan, Mary Ann's uncle, echoes Mrs. Montgomery's statement: "Everybody despises a slave-trader. It's like he was a man defiled." But he adds "there's nobody in this country that don't depend on slavery"(Bell 93). The discussion is continued by Ben, one of Forrest's slaves, during the skirmish at Okolona in February, 1864: "I ain't sayen I loves that man … Ain't nobody love a slave-trader. Even they own people don't. But I seen him give his word to a black man same as he would to a white and I ain't never seen him break it" (Bell 149). When Forrest bought Ben for his craftsman skills, Ben did not thrive among Forrest's slaves in Coahoma. When Forrest realized that Ben had been sold away from his wife Nancy and pined for her, he promised to go and buy her and bring her to Ben, whatever the cost -- and he did. This is what Ben is referring to. It was one of Forrest's business principles not to break up families, if at all possible; it was simply "better business not to, he had learned" (Bell 290). Throughout the war there were blacks, about forty-five of them, who volunteered to fight under Forrest's command as teamsters. He had promised to set them free at the war's end (Bell 311). He was a convincing 'salesman,' he talked to his slaves in May 1861:

> "The war's agin slavery, that's what they claim. If the Yankees whup it, they'll set ye all free. That's right. You heard me right. They ain't studied on what's to

> be done with ye after but they aim to set the lot of y'all free …. I've jined up already to fight for the South ….Y'all most of ye've known me fer quite some time: Have ye ever seen me to take a whuppen?
>
> *Nawsuh, we ain't. Don't spec we will.* Well then. If the South whups it, we'll, still have slavery in this country. And that's the side I'm fighten fer. I'll tell ye that straight out and no doubt about it ….War ain't just acumen, it's done already started. I aim to fight for the side I jest said. That's all they is to it. But any man among ye wants to fight alongside of me -- when the war once gits over with, I will set that man free." (Bell 73)

But Forrest has forgotten about women slaves and their freedom. When questioned about this, he responds: "Now that's a right reasonable question: Here's what I say. If ye want to carry a gal free with ye, be shore ye step over the broom with her afore ye go to the fight. And not more'n one to a customer mind" (Bell 73). Ben wants to go with Forrest, because he figures if he is free and Nancy is free, they could earn enough to buy their children free. While Bell builds up this scene in a jocular high-spirited fashion that claims more of an identification between the master, known among the slaves as "the wust man in all deh state," and his slaves than was generally true, the novelist uses the apparent intimacy to reveal the true horrors of the system, as brought out in: "to buy their children free" (Bell 77, 120). In May 1865 a Yankee officer is attacked by Forrest's blacks *and* by his horse and complains: "Your niggers fight for you. Your *horses* fight for you. No wonder you were so hard to whip." But Forrest stares back at him and declares "I ain't been whupped till yet" (Bell 283). When the war is over Forrest returns to his Coahoma, Mississippi, plantation, and some of his former slaves returned from Georgia to work for him as freedmen (Bell 330).

Mary Ann Forrest considers gambling not only a vice but a weakness and as Forrest cannot accept weaknesses, even his own, he stops gambling. To say that this uncompromising man is 'respected' in his community, may be an exaggeration, 'feared' may be a better word. During what became his final day of gambling, his wife and his black servant try to enter the local gambling hall: "Well, *you* can't go in there--"…. Someone had risen to block Mary Ann's path. "Miss, you cain't –" "Don't you dare put that hand on me." Flaring her nostrils, she drew herself up. The man fell away from her. "That's Forrest's wife." "Run the nigger out, at least!" someone called, with a curse, and another man said, "That's Forrest's nigger." (Bell 35)

Forrest creates many problems for himself. For one thing he has two families and they live next to each other at 85 Adams St. appropriately screened with wisteria from no. 87, where the slave pens are. In December 1853, he had first seen the "brown honey" of Catharine's eyes, and listened to the "warm syrup of her laughter," and he had caught a look "that went straight through him." As Forrest is keenly aware, Catharine is good at undulating around a room and showing her derriere in

tight relief. Bell adds, "He knew he would risk everything, for this," although he does not understand why he would choose this. He realizes he is no longer master of anyone, least of all himself (Bell 287,253-54, 291). At the Thanksgiving table on the Coahoma County plantation in 1857, there is an incident that highlights the situation within the Forrest household:

> "Mister Forrest, white meat or dark?" From the opposite end of the table, Doctor Cowan saluted him with the carving knife.
> "I like the dark," Forrest said, with a lip-licking smile….
> *"Yes,"* Mrs. Montgomery said, with an untoward sharpness. "We *know* that you do." With that she turned her pursed lips and pointedly raised chin toward Mary Ann. (Bell 55)

When confronted by Mary Ann, Forrest has to tell the truth, both about the "high-yaller brats" in the yard and about the child Catharine is "toting in her belly": "Her chirren and our'n are brothers and sisters. Well, you ast me" (Bell 58). The worst part for Mary Ann is that she does not know whether Forrest loves Catharine or just lusts for her and in that case has intercourse with a woman he does not love, and she cannot say which is the worse (Bell 95).

In April 1858 Forrest learns, much to his surprise, that he has a teenage son who is black, whose mother died a fancy girl in a house in New Orleans. Forrest persuades Catharine to take in the boy, called Matthew. As she says: "You looks at him once you knows where he come from." Forrest simply replies: "That's about the size of it" (161). A sibling rivalry, which matches that between his wife and his mistress, develops between Forrest's son Willie, who is white, and Matthew. Both try to earn their father's praise in battle. Matthew wants more than praise; he wants to be recognized by Forrest, who seems to ignore both the young men, but always knows where they are. In August 1864, possibly during Forrest's raid into Memphis, Matthew insists that his father 'owns up' to him. Forrest blames his wife for his reluctance: "Well, hit's a limit. Ole Miss'll only stand for so much. She cain't he'p it. She's made thataway"(237). In this respect Mary Ann Forrest comes to exemplify the whole southern order that is unable to recognize someone like Matthew and therefore perpetuates 'the peculiar institution.'

As Matthew does not give up, Forrest advises the young man to live in the *now*, the way he himself has been doing for the last three years. The permanent interracial ties for better and for worse are clear to Forrest: "You want a free paper? ... I will write ye one. Only reason I ain't till yet is I got it in mind you're better off, the way it is now, if folks suppose you belong to me. And – it ain't no paper on earth as can make ye a white man. Not in this world we're liven in now" (Bell 238). Ironically Forrest's full recognition of Matthew comes when the young man argues that Forrest has given free papers to others. For the first time during that conversation Forrest looks straight at Matthew and tells him: "That I have …. But them, they warnt none of my blood, don't ye see?" Forrest knows that this is not enough to satisfy Matthew.

He knows that the boy will have permanent identity problems, just like Faulkner's Joe Christmas, who was accepted in both white society and black society in Yoknapatawpha County, but could not live at ease in either one. Deep in his soul Matthew has learned that: "White man or a nigger? A body can't be both, can they? Not both of those things jumbled together?" (Bell 269). He is the unhappy product of slavery; Matthew cannot just live in the moment and forget his fluid identity. Forrest is finally right, when he sums it up: "Tell you one thing I know – you won't ever be free of me. No more'n I could be free of you" (Bell 238). This is a truth that is forever young, and it was, unfortunately, a fitting epitaph for the relations between blacks and whites for the following one hundred years of American history. As regards pestering prejudice and the stain of racism, "the separation between past, present, and future is an illusion," indeed.

As Jim Cobb has pointed out, "the South's experience surely says that any identity—national, regional, cultural, or otherwise—that can be sustained only by demonizing or denigrating other groups exacts a terrible toll, not simply on the demonized and denigrated but ultimately on those who can find self-affirmation only by rejecting others" (Cobb 336). This is a restatement of the old truth that the enslaver ultimately enslaves himself. *Devil's Dream* will irritate a lot of readers because it gives Forrest a black family, but then it will irritate many others because the novel makes Forrest appear as a warm and positive human being. In short Madison Smartt Bell challenges all our preconceived notions about a man and his time.

Fortunately, in the new millennium, there are numerous southern writers who publish fiction discussing the troublesome issues of racial segregation and exploitation. This is not only in bad novels full of literary clichés and set in a historical context, but also in some really good fiction set in our time. Prejudice and racism still exist and today's fiction caters to our needs and realities by accentuating the issues. Contemporary southern fiction mounts messages of potential change, which are of national and international concern, relevant for readers everywhere.

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The Intermedial King: Screen Adaptations of Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men*

Clara Juncker

Robert Penn Warren began his writing career as the youngest member of the Fugitives, an influential group of poets at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. He also contributed to the Agrarian manifesto *I'll Take My Stand* (1930), which promoted a distinct southern region and identity over an invasive economic and cultural modernity. In a 1976 interview with Warren at Yale University, Bill Moyers introduces the author as "a rarity in American letters" because of his Pulitzer Prizes in both fiction and poetry (Watkins and Hiers, 196). *All the King's Men* (1946) stands out from Warren's impressive literary production as one of the most important political novels in the English language.[1] This classic about the dramatic and violent career of Willie Stark, a country lawyer rising to Governor in the 1930s South, and his aide, Jack Burden, has sold millions of copies worldwide and been translated into twenty languages. Not only does the politico-historical basis of the novel and its eventful romantic plot account for its continuing popularity; also the portrait of "southern political types," especially "the American agrarian demagogue" resonates in contemporary political scenarios (Kaplan 10). The first screen adaptation of *All the King's Men* from 1949 won three Academy Awards that year—Best Picture, Best Actor (Broderick Crawford as Willie), and Best Supporting Actress (Mercedes McCambridge as his secretary Sadie)—and it was nominated in four additional categories. *All the King's Men* inspired *All the President's Men* (1974) by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, who investigated Nixon and the Watergate scandal for the *Washington Post*, as well as Robert Redford's 1976 Academy Award–winning film adaptation. In 2006, Steven Zaillian, who won an Academy Award for his screenplay for *Schindler's List* (1993, dir. Steven Spielberg) and was nominated for his work on films such as *Gangs of New York* (2002, dir. Martin Scorsese), *The Interpreter* (2005, dir. Sydney Pollack), and *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* (2011, dir. David Fincher), directed and wrote another successful adaptation of Warren's novel, starring Sean Penn as Willie Stark and Jude Law as Jack Burden. It was filmed in New Orleans, at the Louisiana State Capitol in Baton Rouge and other Louisiana locations, and screened at Tulane University, New Orleans, on September 16, 2006. *All the King's Men* had returned to Louisiana, where Warren in 1936 accepted a position at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. He arrived the year after Huey P. Long, Governor of Louisiana from 1928 to 1932 and US senator from 1932 to 1935, was gunned down at the Capitol. "I don't for the life of me know why the Long cockleburr got hold of me," Warren said in 1966. "The situation in Louisiana prompted my amateurish speculations about history and morality" (Watkins and Hiers, 80).

[1] A different version of Warren's novel, edited by Noel Polk, was published by Mariner Books in 2002.

The title of Warren's political, historical and philosophical novel alludes to the English nursery rhyme, its main character an anthropomorphic egg that plays a prominent role in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking–Glass* (1872): "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall/Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. /All the King's horses and all the King's men/Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again" (115).[1] As Willie Stark ascends to Governor of an unidentified southern state in *All the King's Men*, he sits on a wall and has "a great fall" when his assassin corners him in the lobby of the State Capitol (Ruoff 129). Humpty Dumpty's pragmatic approach to semantics also suggests Stark's demagogic approach to politics: "'When *I* use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean–neither more nor less'" (124, Carroll's italics). But Stark is also the King, surrounded by all the men who call him "Boss": Jack Burden, historian and spin doctor; Sugar-Boy, chauffeur and bodyguard; Tiny Duffy, Lieutenant Governor and crook. Also Stark's many women suggest his royal stature; they include Lucy Stark, wife; Sadie Burke, secretary and mistress, and Anne Stanton, another mistress. Besides, Long was nicknamed Kingfish. As Jerome Meckier explains, Stark may break like Humpty Dumpty, torn between ideals and facts, between Willie the country boy and Willie the Boss (Meckier, 12), but he rules his state and his men. Warren explains that "the dictator, the man of power, is powerful only because he fulfills the blanknesses and needs of people around him" (Watkins and Hiers, 178).

The story-line of *All the King's Men* shatters into many pieces, Humpty Dumpty style (Meckier, 17). In the opening section, "Mason City," Jack Burden recalls in 1939 the drive in Stark's Cadillac along Highway 58 some years earlier, with Sugar-Boy at the wheel. As they pass the county schoolhouse, Jack flashes back to 1922, when he first met Cousin Willie, now the Boss, in town as County Treasurer to handle the schoolhouse bonds. At the end of the chapter, the Boss orders Jack to dig up some "dirt" on Judge Irwin of Burden's Landing, a project he begins in Chapter 4 and will not use till Chapter 8. In Chapter 3, Jack visits his mother and her new husband at Burden's Landing and remembers her time with Ellis Burden, nicknamed the Scholarly Attorney, who is presumably Jack's father. Jack further recalls a picnic in 1915 with Adam and Anne Stanton, his childhood friends, before going back to 1896 in south Arkansas, where the Scholarly Attorney first met the pretty blond girl who became Jack's brittle mother. Chapter 4 goes even further back to tell the Civil War story of Cass Mastern, Ellis Burden's maternal uncle and the subject of Jack's unfinished Ph.D. dissertation. Chapter 6 deals with "The Case of the Upright Judge," which begins in 1914 and uncovers the bribe the Judge had taken as Attorney General and the suicide he caused, before returning to the time of narration in 1937. The following chapter describes Jack's youth, his fiasco with Anne, and his subsequent escapism. Through plot fragments and shifting story-lines, *All the King's Men*

[1] The nursery rhyme can be found at http://www.gutenberg.org/files/12/12-h/12-h.htm, in Chapter VI of Lewis Carrol's *Through the Looking–Glass*. Variations of the last line occur in various contexts. See also William Walling, "In Which Humpty Dumpty Becomes King," in *The Modern American Novel and the Movies*, ed. Gerald Peary and Roger Shatzkin (NY: Frederick Ungar, 1978), 168–77.

stresses the divisions within individual characters and their times, as well as the inevitable southern past.

Some contemporary critics saw *All the King's Men* as a promotion of Huey P. Long's brand of authoritarianism. While some settled for "mild scolding," others branded Warren as a neo-fascist, ready for "democratic Hitlerism." Perhaps to discredit these accusations, Warren repeatedly dismissed the identification of Willie Stark with Huey Long, or of himself with Jack Burden, as a simplified reading (Lane 812). Nonetheless, Anthony Chase writes that Warren produced a novel about "the thinly disguised Louisiana governor, Huey P. Long" (Chase, 528), with the theme of power politics looming large. *All the King's Men* fictionalizes a southern elite of financial, agricultural and industrial power holders, with an aristocratic gentlemanly aura, challenged by the poor country folk and their elected representative. True to politics, southern style, this conflict becomes a clash of personalities, as when Willie Stark visits Judge Irwin in Burden's Landing to get his support. The Stark regime also depends on his own charisma and emotional connection to his voters, rather than on a consistent ideological platform. As a political novel, *All the King's Men* exposes both the crisis in American democracy with the rise of a populist demagogue and the crisis of character resulting from rhetorical and political seduction. Though Warren's novel is not "about" Huey P. Long as such, the story of Willie Stark occupies its center, and its surface. Richard H. King places *All the King's Men* with V. O. Key's *Southern Politics* and the works of historian C. Vann Woodward in its attempt to explore the cultural impact of redneck revolt against the conservative Democratic superstructure. He sees the novel as "the first attempt by a southern novelist to treat a Populist-type movement and its leader sympathetically and evenhandedly" (King, 148–49). But Warren resists the political label: "The book . . . was never intended to be a book about politics. Politics merely provided the framework story in which the deeper concerns, whatever their final significance, might work themselves out"(qtd. Ruoff, 128).[1] The sharp divisions of characters, ideologies and methods in *All the King's Men* dissolve in the love for the South, its agonies past and present—this is what holds Warren's novel together. Jack's quest for knowledge becomes a search for History, for a place in the world he will enter once he has located his own personal and regional identity.

All the King's Men began as a verse play, revised for publication in 1960 (Watkins and Hiers, 178). The plot of Warren's most popular novel thus lends itself to stage or screen adaptation, since its elements unfold dramatically. Jack Burden reveals knowledge only as he himself locates the facts, people and events that help him understand the world and his place in it. This mode of narration prepares us for what Brian McFarlane terms the "restricted consciousness" of a stage or film character, limited in perspective on actions, objects, and interpretations (McFarlane, 6). From the inception of *All the King's Men,* Warren has visualized its plot. As a southerner, he inhabits a world in which the past and the present converse in a

[1] Quoted from the Introduction to the Modern Library edition of *All the King's Men* (1953).

dynamic visual space, a picture that invites spectatorship. To Warren's generation, he explains in an interview, "a different feeling toward the present event and the past event somehow overlap in what was like a double exposure photograph almost." Asked to clarify, he continues: "The real world was there and the old world was there, one photograph superimposed on the other. Their relationship was of constant curiosity and interest" (Sale, 336). Warren stresses, in short, the visual imagination of a southern writer.

In the first and Academy Award–winning 1949 adaptation of *All the King's Men*, Warren's South has vanished, as has the disturbing complexity of his fiction. Rossen's film gestures towards Nazi Germany, the Hollywood Red Scare, and *film noir*, but as Philip Duboisson Castille points out, its criticism of postwar American political life peters out, and cinematic and romantic clichés dominate the truncated script. Criticism becomes conventionality as the plot rushes towards closure. With Willie's fall and death, the risk of a fascist take-over vanishes and American Democracy remains untouched (Castille, 171). Instead of highlighting international fascist threats to domestic American politics, Rossen's adaptation draws on *film noir* by scapegoating its women figures, apparently responsible for the moral corruption of their world and the men who control it. (Castille, 180).

Played by Broderick Crawford in an Academy Award-winning performance, Stark takes the central role of country hick turned neo-fascist dictator. Rossen follows "his early idealism, his populist appeal, his charismatic cult of leadership, his descent into demagoguery, his creation of a police state, his tyrannical use of official terror to silence opposition and his assassination at the height of his power," in the process losing what Castille calls "the complexities of his Promethean role in Warren's novel" (172). Rossen's Stark becomes a political gangster with traits of both Der Führer and El Duce, as in the speeches he delivers after awakening to political realities. When Stark finds out that Tiny Duffy has recruited him to the Governor's race to split the vote for McMurphee, the local politician running against Joe Harrison, Duffy's man, he speaks as passionately as any Hitler, his distorted facial features and the flames in the background evoking a Satan on the make.

Rossen further downplays the South with a linear structure, thus breaking the link between political corruption and historical guilt that Carl Freedman identifies as the preoccupation of southern literature at its best (128).

With its political emphasis and brevity, Rossen's *All the King's Men* eliminates, compresses or elaborates on Warren's characters. Jack's father, the Scholarly Attorney, has vanished, while Judge Irwin in Rossen's script has become Judge Stanton, a father figure to both Jack and Anne. The Oedipal father-son theme of the novel thus disappears, further upgrading Anne's complicity in Judge Stanton's suicide while downplaying Jack's search for identity and meaning (Castille, 173). In a similar move, Rossen compresses Warren's plot by combining the impeachment proceedings with Willie's assassination, following his Hitler-like speech on the steps of City Hall. Rossen enlarges the role of Richard Hale, the father of the young girl on a fatal date with Tom Stark, Willie's son, who unlike his passenger survived their

automobile accident. In the scene where Hale vents his grievances, among them Stark's attempt to hush up the case and protect Tom from publicity, Hale becomes the honest hick of Starks's electorate by refusing a bribe and accusing the Governor of rhetorical demagoguery. Stark himself appears in silk pajamas and monogrammed house coat, whiskey glass in hand, thus stressing Rossen's left-wing demonstration of class divisions within American democracy. Rapid images of Stark's construction projects—roads, schools, housing, the hospital—further highlight the demagogue's emphasis on monuments to himself rather than social equality and reform.

Rossen's ending retreats from politics and social change. Seconds after Willie Stark and Adam Stanton are gunned down on the Capitol steps, Jack corners a trembling Anne with a proposal. She has become the damsel in distress who waits passively for protection and stability from the one surviving male, suddenly decisive and ready to sweep her away from the dying Boss. Instead of the threat of domestic fascism, Rossen affirms with his Hollywood ending bourgeois complacency, a vigorous American democracy, and Jack Burden's dodging of truth and knowledge. Yet superb actors and disturbing visuals save Rossen from himself, or from Hollywood demands, and undercut the clichés at the end of his script. Castille notes that troubling images of violence and corruption evoke "the nation's vulnerability to takeover by a dictator" (180) and restore Rossen's political agenda. Certainly later developments, including Nixon's Watergate and George W. Bush's Iraq, have given his warnings meaning. Robert Penn Warren puts it succinctly: "The movie, as a matter of fact, does not 'mean' what I think my book meant. . . . It is [Robert Rossen's] movie" (Castille, 171).[1]

With Oscar–winning Steven Zaillian as director and screenwriter, the 2006 adaptation of *All the King's Men* cast what the *Los Angeles Times* called a group of "heavy hitters" in prominent roles (Turan, E1): Sean Penn as Willie Stark, Jude Law as Jack Burden, Kate Winslet as Anne Stanton, Anthony Hopkins as Judge Irwin, Patricia Clarkson as Sadie Burke and the late James Gandolfini as Tiny Duffy. Despite the Oscar "buzz" preceding its opening in theaters across the U.S. on September 22, it sank at the box office. Critics rated the movie a flop. They declared Sean Penn miscast as a corrupt southern demagogue and the narrative marred by gaps. Richard Schickel did find its tone faithful to Warren's original, and Kenneth Turan of the *Los Angeles Times* noted its "undeniable moral seriousness" and the "exceptional ensemble work" of the cast. He claimed that Zaillian "expertly extracted the core of this greatest of American political novels, a work that is both of its time and outside it" (Turan, E1). In "Southern Fried Demagogue and His Lurid Downfall," A. O. Scott of the *New York Times* wrote with considerable less enthusiasm: "Nothing in the picture works. It is both overwrought and tedious, its complicated narrative bogged down in lyrical voiceover, long flashbacks and endless expository conversations between people speaking radically incompatible accents" (Scott, E1).

[1] Warren's statement appears in a letter quoted in Alan Casty, "The Films of Robert Rossen," *Film Quarterly* 20 (1966-67): 3-12.

While Scott criticizes the actors, he blames Zaillian for his fidelity to Warren's plot, for Burden's voice, for the extended conversations, and for the complicated structure of the movie, which retains the non-linear structure of the source novel.

Others saw the 2006 adaptation as a copy of Rossen's film, though Zaillian presumably never saw the 1949 version and adapted his script from Warren's text alone. Zaillian brings Willie Stark, Jack Burden, Anne and Adam Stanton, Judge Irwin and all the rest back to life, and back to the South. He compresses Warren's plot to adjust the running time of his film and chooses the scenes most suitable for the screen. With his most significant change, Zaillian moves *All the King's Men* out of the 1930s and into the 1950s, thus cutting the links to the Great Depression and European or domestic Fascism. In Zaillian's explanation, the pre-war years would seem "archaic" on screen, as would the "barnstorming political campaigning" of the Depression era (Turan, E1).

Despite his compressions and changes, Zaillian manages to include the all-important germ scenes of Warren's imagination, which lends to his adaptation the symbolic impact of the original text. These scenes determine the plot, the choices, and the fates of the characters in the novel and lend the adaptation its depth and intelligence. They include the initial meeting of political players in Mason City, where the local bar owner, Slade, ignores Tiny Duffy's beer order and brings Cousin Willie his soda pop with two straws, a scene that provides young Stark with innocence and Slade with unproblematic, life-long bar licensing. Other important scenes mark Stark's rise to power and his political and moral corruption and suggest the major themes of Warren's novel, most of which reappear in Zaillian's film: the quest for knowledge and responsibility, good and evil, the man of action versus the man of ideas, the Case of the Upright Judge, the past that is never the past, and the father-son bond that binds or breaks all the King's men.

The germ scenes included in Zaillian's film also give his characters the nuance and complexity of Warren's original. Zaillian strongly connects Willie Stark to Huey P. Long: his Stark sings the "Kingfish" song "Every Man a King" and the film ends with black-and-white shots of Long's funeral and his grieving constituency. Zaillian's nuanced Stark fights the powerful elite of southern aristocrats, bankers, law-makers and politicians, all in an unholy alliance against him and his people. In the crucial scene on the Capitol steps, where Stark defends his choices, Sean Penn becomes as convincing and complex as Humpty Dumpty himself, his arguments and his limbs flying wildly in all directions. Also Jude Law's Jack Burden becomes less cynical or demonic than Rossen's *noir* hero, Law's lyrical face and gentle voice-over inspiring both viewers' delight and critics' impatience.

The 2006 adaptation brings *All the King's Men* back to Louisiana. The personal approach to politics thrives here, where charismatic governors from Huey P. Long to Edwin Edwards, and beyond, perform their magic and win the popular vote. Early in the film, the pelican state sign welcomes viewers, and unlike Rossen, Zaillian lets the South take center stage. Mason City and other place names from Warren's novel have returned, as has the southern landscape, complete with bayou, live oaks, and scattered

run-down shacks. The racially mixed crowds cheer on the Kingfish, though in the 1950s people of color side by side with impoverished, if slightly idealized white folk, constitutes an unlikely scenario. More remote on Burden's Landing, the southern aristocracy lives in Old South splendor, Judge Irwin inhabiting a house that dwarfs even the black Cadillac in which Willie Stark arrives. After Jack Burden has dug out the shady deals the Upright Judge has hidden in his past, his mansion looks as tarnished and peeling as Judge Irwin's reputation. In adapting Warren's novel to a different signifying system, Zaillian transforms textual pointers into McFarlane's "visual codes" that communicate a similar point, in this case the moral fall of the Upright Judge (McFarlane, 29). By using plantation imagery, Zaillian further links this fall with the southern past and gestures towards regional guilt and agony.

Other visual components help Zaillian give themes and symbols the physical presence denied in the associative original text. Jack Burden's awareness of old secrets gets physical form in the heavy curtains of the Stanton residence, and in the tulle making Anne Stanton hazy and distant. His digging into southern history becomes in the film the ivy he removes from forgotten gravestones. The mirror relationships between Willie Stark and Jack Burden is highlighted in the car scene where the camera catches first Stark, then Burden, reflected in the front mirror of the Cadillac. In fact, the 2006 adaptation borrows from Rossen's first version the *film noir* shift between light and dark, the ominous interiors and vertical lines of both adaptations the visual signal of Willie Stark's corruption and Jack Burden's evasions.

Brian McFarlane identifies in *Novel to Film* criteria for successful adaptations, which do not revolve around strict fidelity to the original text, but around the basic narrative, its important themes, and the emotional impact on movie audiences (21). According to these criteria, the 2006 adaptation of *All the King's Men* has achieved its purpose. It activates all the thematic strands of Warren's novel, including the political rise and fall of a southern demagogue, and the complicated relationship between the past and the present that motivates both the narrative structure and Jack Burden's quest for knowledge. It introduces the gap between idealism and pragmatism that ultimately closes with the deaths of Willie Stark and Adam Stanton, who form a yin and yang figure as their blood and bodies touch and merge in the climactic scene of both novel and film. In both versions of *All the King's Men*, social and political context matters, though Zaillian's has transposed the historical South from the difficult 1930s to the complicated 1950s.

Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* depicts the South in all its historical, political and moral complexity. As a novel, *All the King's Men* takes on the major problems that continue to haunt the South, including the burdensome past and its present-day disguises, and the flawed political structures, once again topical in the wake of Hurricane Katrina and the re-election of convicted felon Edwin Edwards in November 2014. It offers to 21st-century readers the moral questions about knowledge and truth central to human existence, and it takes on the universal topics of good and evil, love and hate. It shows how ethical and emotional responses

interact or fracture in Humpty-Dumpty fashion. Robert Rossen's 1949 adaptation may seem outdated to viewers today, with its *film noir* images and characters and its fear of American fascism. Yet the film will help discussions of civil rights and political dictatorship within and outside American borders, and possibly problematize cherished American narratives. Steven Zaillion's contemporary adaptation will, box-office failure notwithstanding, appeal more directly to present-day viewers intent on understanding the South. It might send new generations back to Robert Penn Warren's masterpiece, its length and complexity perhaps impeding digital-age audiences to go there without the mediating adaptations. With a journey like Jack Burden's ahead, they will find in *All the King's Men* the rewards he finally won and, like him, come to appreciate and understand a region and a world that need their full involvement.

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Unpredictable Networking, or When Hobart and Reykjavik Became Neighboring Cities

Svend Erik Larsen

Village Mythologies

A modern myth, that is the most adequate description I can come up with of Marshall McLuhan's global bestseller from 1962, *The Gutenberg Galaxy. The Making of Typographic Man*. The title's generic reference to a universal human type and the metaphorical appeal to cosmic dimensions are well-established mythological features, and when combined with a more or less digressive narrative on a process of creation, a 'making', even including the name of the creator, Gutenberg (or God-enberg?), we definitely find ourselves in a mythological universe. Although the book is heavily Euro-centric and only in passing mentions the invention of the Korean alphabet and the printing process that went with it during the reign of King Sejong around the time of Gutenberg (McLuhan 1967: 40, n. 9; Lee 2006), it re-enacts patterns from myths of creation from around the world.

I have no doubt that the mythological nature of McLuhan's book has contributed more to its dissemination, at least before digital technology really gained ground in the late 1980s, than did its suggestive historical analysis, its sketchy anthropological conclusions and its lengthy and somewhat randomly assembled quotations picked to underpin the whole enterprise beyond its basic argument on the printed media. Moreover, the historical analysis itself seems to be inspired by a vision of a return to a circular notion of time: no sooner have we left the tribal and scattered village communities, based on orality and religion, before we now, in the age of electronic technologies and via a decisive detour to Gutenberg's workshop and the printed book, are ready to re-enter the village again with McLuhan, only now on a global scale and invested with a vague and more romantic than realistic vision of a global communality.

In a way this is a strange move, in as much as one of McLuhan's main arguments about printing based on Gutenberg's reusable types of the characters of the phonetic alphabet, that is to say a non-electronic digital technology, is that printing develops a process of de-sacralization of what is related to learning, knowledge, beliefs and communication with the printed book as the main driver. Like most mythologists, past or present, McLuhan sets out to construe a sequential epochal structure with clear-cut subdivisions marked by a few game changers like Gutenberg's invention. The concept of history as several cross-roads of complex and discontinuous processes where epochal boundaries are always blurred and never subsumable under one single event has to be excluded from his proto-Hegelian take on historical evolution. Of course, Gutenberg will mark an important moment in any kind of cultural history, but more as the tip of the iceberg of underlying multi-directional historical processes that resist easy categorization and cannot be pinpointed to any single cataclysmic event.

McLuhan does not suggest an ending to logically complete Gutenberg's beginning in accordance with his mono-linear epochal thinking, a suggestion that has been brought forward by others with the introduction of the idea of a 'Gutenberg Parenthesis' now in the process of closing. This metaphor is less powerful than McLuhan's grand cosmological gestures derived as it is from the same domain of writing and printing which it is going to describe, thus reduplicating rather than enlarging its cultural perspective.

Complex Networking

What I miss in McLuhan, above all, is a full recognition or simply a reference to at least four features more important than an ending and with the potential of providing the media analysis with a historical complexity beyond McLuhan's mythologizing intuitions.

1) Media landscapes: The emphasis on the printed book often makes students of book and media history neglect the fact that all media, from oral via printed to digital, circulate within a media landscape and never travel alone, no matter how important a single medium may be at a certain cultural juncture. Thus, we have to realize that digital media and secondary orality are kin; that the printed book produced new reproductive visual technologies; that translations within and between various media proliferate; etc. Rather than a linear transition from one core medium to another it is this simultaneity between media that characterizes media history. This history concerns the continuous reorganization of a larger media landscape of co-existing and interconnected media which explains the profound unpredictability of the effects and outreach of media circulation, cf. the use of digital social media.

2) Networks: It is well-known, and also noted by McLuhan but not to its full extent, that technology is more than a set of individual tools. They are drivers of social and cultural networking and of the power structures that sustain them – from legal systems, administrative structures to the organization of the production of goods and services and to multi-levelled communication. This is most evident in the globalizing colonial and post-colonial social systems, but it happens on all levels of culture, today on a global scale, and that with a complexity that is obfuscated by the harmonious image of the global village. The conflicting efficiency of the various colonial empires depended more fundamentally on the printed book than its precursors among writing cultures (Rome, China, Korea, Egypt, Persia) and the continuation of the book in digital technologies.

3) Supportive networks: Sociological study of book circulation often rests on an implicit assumption that this circulation unfolds in quasi-autonomous institutional and commercial networks, fit for the methods of statistics of sales, readings, translations etc. But it doesn't. Books as well as oral products and digital texts travel on the backs of larger networks related, e.g., to trade (oral narratives along the Silk

roads or within the Swahili belt in East Africa), to war and conquest (Alexander and Hellenism, Spain in the Americas, Arabian expansion in North Africa), to slave trade (from Africa to the Americas or to the Muslim world and further East), and, in particular, to the global European colonization and its persistent use of all types of printed texts and other media to establish and sustain itself (e.g. the global canonization of Shakespeare). The colonial and similar though less decisive networks deprive book circulation of its alleged autonomy and inscribe it in a multi-facetted power structure that defines its larger context and determines its basic unpredictability that propels its real historical and cultural force. Printing and digital media are necessary to support a power structure but may also turn it upside down, and complete control has never been efficient, either through the Roman Catholic *Index* or by shutting down social media today.

4) Self-reflection: Therefore, a certain self-reflexive dimension of processes of mediation is inevitable. This feature is particularly important in verbal language and media determined by language because self-reflection is an inherent part of language due to its constitutive deictic and self-referential elements and functions. Ulrich Beck expands the meaning of self-reflection and makes it a constitutive aspect of Modernization, that is to say the processes that generate the world of Modernity (Beck *et.al.* 1994). For Beck the reflexivity of Modernization is a two level process. First, there is the *personalized self-reflection* as manifested in the Enlightenment in its social philosophy and the entire promotion of human responsibility in secular anthropology and ethics emerging in 18th century Europe and continuing today. Second, there is the *social self-reflexivity* which is increasingly built into the social processes themselves. Here, Beck points to the partly unpredictable large scale risks which cannot be separated from the social processes as accidental side effects, but are inseparable from the very way we reproduce our social order and cohesion. Therefore, our necessary productive and reproductive practices, discursive practices included, also reflect the limits of that order. According to Beck, they make our social organization sustainable but threaten it at the same time. In literature, this fact is most clearly expressed in the debates on what languages to choose for speaking, writing and disseminating texts and thus supporting the formation of a new community in de-colonized territories around the world. Local languages or colonial languages? Whatever answer one may prefer, a possible threat to the local community is part of its empowering potential. The local language may produce a destructive isolation, the colonial language may distance the local population from the social order. In earlier post-colonial history the dilemma concerned the choice between, for example, Chinese as opposed to Korean or Japanese; today between local languages mostly rooted in orality and English or other colonial European languages (cf. the contrasting positions in Achebe 1965 and Thiong'o 2005).

The colonial networks as supportive networks for the Gutenberg galaxy do not work within a parenthesis, and they promote unpredictability in media specific processes of self-reflexivity driven by books and other media in a media landscape to which digital media have been added today with the effect of remapping it. To understand the role of book circulation is not really helped by notions or metaphors like galaxy or village and this circulation is not only a reality within an alleged Gutenberg parenthesis or outside it. It is a process that goes on before such boundaries can be constructed and it continues after they are set up. Moreover, the process is historically modulated and fashioned by language, writing, printing and digitizing.

Jón and Jorgen

A short and early glimpse of this situation, involving two autobiographies placed in colonial networks, may serve as a case in point. Unexpectedly, they produce Reykjavik, Tranquebar and Hobart as neighboring cities when we look upon the world as a system of nodes in intertwined networks partly kept together by circulating books.

One of the books is written by the Icelandic sailor and soldier Jón Ólafsson in 1661 (and 1679). He served in the Danish colony of Tranquebar in its early days around 1620. Being an Icelander he himself was a colonial subject under Danish rule. He is fully aware of the complex global constellations of places and people of early colonization before the English empire reigned supreme. Also Denmark-Tranquebar is part of larger colonial expansions and conflicts reflecting the relation between old and new colonial networks.

The other book was published in 1835 and 1838 in Hobart by a Danish adventurer and global traveler, Jørgen Jürgensen (also Jörgen Jörgensen/Jorgen Jorgensen/Jorgen Jorgenson) who settled in Tasmania after a turbulent life around the globe. He is writing when the small Danish colonial empire faded away in the first half of the 19th century after 200 years, mainly due to the expanding British Empire which is the immediate context of Jürgensen's work. He, too, adapted a globalized and networked view of the 'contact zones' he experienced through his life in the early years of the 1800s.

Tranquebar, Reykjavik and Other Villages

In 1618 the Danish king Christian IV wanted to be like his powerful European colleagues and sent admiral Ove Gjedde to India to set up a colony in Tranquebar, or Tharangampadi, which he did in 1620. The fort, Fort Dansborg, became the stronghold of the small colony (6 miles by three miles) which was later expanded with a group of islands, the Nicobars, and a few places around present day Kolkata. Denmark sold everything to Britain in 1845. This short version is made according to the standard bipolar centre-periphery version of colonial history: the king wanted something, he sent people out there from the center, Copenhagen, and then he had a

colony for his trade with the Far East through the Danish East-India Company. But that is only half the story, and not the best half.

How on earth could Christian and his advisors know that they could get a colony exactly there? The truth is they didn't and basically he did not know what to do. But the Dutch were out there as a powerful colonial power in the Pacific, in Indonesia in particular, competing with the French and the British along the whole Pacific Rim. So, once the Dutch merchant Marcelis de Boushower had visited the king in Denmark the coast seemed clear to the king. The Dutch promised him to pave the way to the Indian prince of Kandy who, the king was made to believe, would pay him a nice sum to settle in his domain. This was not quite the case, though. But the king who was engaging in the Thirty Years' War needed money very badly and his head was simmering with images and stories of all kinds of the opulence and richness of the Far East, based on books and other media circulating in the early days of European colonialism, all of which contributed to the rather unpredictable outcome of the king's adventure.

Boushower had first been in Holland and promised part of Sri Lanka, then Ceylon, to the Dutch, provided, of course, that they could throw the Portuguese into the sea. But the Dutch already had their hands full. However, admiral Ove Gjedde was not alone as the Danish frontrunner. Another Dutchman, Roelant Crappé, was rapidly made a Danish admiral for the occasion with command over a Danish vessel, Øresund, and it was he who brought home the first contract – in writing – with the Indian prince, later to be renegotiated by Ove Gjedde. On his way Crappé engaged in a skirmish with a Portuguese ship, who knew the Dutch were expanding where Portugal was being squeezed out the region (cf. Harding 1993). Crappé became the first governor of Tranquebar, followed by other Dutch governors (Bernt Pessart, Willem Leyel).

Leaving the details aside, my point is that the Danish role in Tranquebar is incomprehensible without taking into account two major colonial networks, an older and vanishing one with the Portuguese empire as one of the centers, and a new one with Holland and Britain as two of the competing centers.

The function of these networks and their mutual relations are, as in most colonial mapping, a projection of a complex European power play onto the Pacific region. Portugal and Spain are sinking, the Protestant powers of Northern Europe are rising through the smoke of the terrible Thirty Years' War in which Denmark sided with Holland but ended up one of the great losers, for which the colonies partly served as compensation. A later effect of this war was that protestant German missionaries, first Bartholomäus Ziegenbalg from 1705 and fifty years later the so-called Moravian brotherhood, established missions in Tranquebar. Actually, Danes were always a minority in their Indian colony which was mostly populated by people from the larger colonial networks.

But Britain was also out there. The Danish port of Tranquebar functioned as an international colonial port and the British Captain Joseph Greenway became a Danish

citizen and in this capacity earned a fortune in the Far East before he returned to England again. A portrait of him, painted by the Danish painter Jens Juel, is owned by the National Gallery in London. Greenway died in 1785, before the Napoleonic wars turned Denmark and England against each other, with the result that England took temporary possession of Tranquebar between 1808 and 1815. The last detail shows that the colonial networks changed again: Holland stopped being expansive and Britain kept the upper-hand.

If this account to some sounds like an extraordinary example of early globalization, it did not for those involved in the life of the colony. The simultaneous presence of representatives from all interconnected networks made up the ordinary life of the outpost. One of the early witnesses to this complexity was the Icelandic gunner Jón Ólafsson (1596-1679), who was there from 1620-1622. Iceland formed part of the old North Atlantic Danish empire, yet another now obsolete network. Later in life, back in Iceland as a farmer he composed his autobiography in the 1660s and continued it in the 1670s. It was translated into English in 1923-1931 as *The Life of Jón Ólafsson, traveler to India Written by himself* (1932). It also describes his life both before and after Tranquebar with all its unforeseeable shifts and turns.

His description of the colony has an undercurrent of respect for the king he is serving, blessed by God, but no sense of national identity or any clear cut demarcation of a sense of national superiority that goes with it. So the foreign world, its peoples and its habits are described in a neutral and sober way without any of the projections of images similar to those of the Orientalism of the 18th and of the 19th centuries and in contrast to the unpredictable nature of the course of his life. The presence everywhere of the multi-layered colonial mycelium is just a 'natural' and trivial fact as are the Indian ways of life and the flora and fauna. People are as they are.

But on his way home after having been mutilated by an exploding canon, he visits England and Ireland. This experience seems more strange to him than his Indian encounters: "When the noblemen had departed, some foreigners still paid us a visit. One of them was a rich man, one of those who is called gentlemen [in English in the Icelandic text], a type of semi-nobility, who stayed with us for 14 to15 days" (Ólafsson 1967: II, 163). Nowhere in India does he wonder about titles and habits, nor does he refer to 'foreigners' in vague generic terms or use phrases like 'is called' – out there he describes them and accepts them as they are. So, the sense of center and periphery is not present in his writing, the comforting normality as contrast to an ambiguously fascinating exotic world. Had this been the case, his thinking would probably have been severely perturbed by the fact that the Turks appeared in Iceland in 1627 to take slaves to be sold in Algeria, thus demonstrating the existence of yet another colonial network, the Ottoman Empire, spreading fear and fascination in Europe.

The networks Jón is living in are not really related to places, but to relations between people from various places, languages and cultures; a multi-cultural contact zone. He maintains this tempered approach to the world after his return to his distant

Iceland via Copenhagen, as is evidenced in this writing, first circulated as a book in the Danish colonial network, later in translation in the larger circulation of books in English, made global by colonialisation. This global experience is also the core of the book as a self-reflective account of the larger networks that determine its emergence and circulation in the late 17th century media landscape and later.

Hobart, Reykjavik and Other Villages

Now we move to the other person, living 200 years later, during those same Napoleonic wars that shattered the small Danish empire and saw a new colonial constellation and its consequence for national identity. This identity was not on the agenda in the early 17th century, but it is at this juncture when colonialism combines with the emergent nation states as the rising British Empire reaches its peak.

In 1835, *The Hobart Town Almanack and Van Diemen's Land Annual* published the first part of the autobiography of the former Danish convict, Jorgen Jorgenson, *A Shred of Autobiography, Containing Various Anecdotes, Personal and Historical, Connected with these Colonies*; it was followed by the second part in 1838. In 1891, a revised version appeared in London, edited by James Francis Hogan, and now carrying the more exciting title, *The Convict King: Being the Life and Adventures of Jorgen Jorgenson, Monarch of Iceland, Naval Captain, Revolutionist, British Diplomatic Agent, Author, Dramatist, Preacher, Political Prisoner, Gambler, Hospital Dispenser, Continental Traveller, Explorer, Editor, Expatriate Exile, and Colonial Constable.* No wonder that this title immediately sparked a Danish translation in 1892, much later followed by a new translation in 2006, now based on the original two-part version from *The Hobart Town Almanack* and with the original title, *A Shred of Autobiography*.

Although the elaborated title of 1891 has the ring of an announcement at a nineteenth-century freak show, it would be an exaggeration to claim that it has produced a resounding echo in Danish, Australian or British literary history. Nevertheless, the existence of texts with a global reference within a national literature, though without being an integral part of any of them, may offer an opportunity for reflection on the ongoing rewritings of local or national literary histories around the world today. Under the influence of the cultural impact of globalisation and the emerging world literature paradigm, these rewritings challenge the predominantly national or rather nationalistic paradigm inherited from 19th century European literary scholarship that reduced the importance of the broader networks which Jón had no problems relating to. The restricted national perspective was exported to the world through the institutions for research, education and culture disseminated through various European colonial empires and supported by the still prevailing dominance of the European languages of these institutions and sustained by the circulation of books and prints across the globalised media landscapes of 19th century and 20th century.

The Danish adventurer Jørgen Jürgensen was indeed a rampant global traveller, moving up and down in more than one society while crossing continents and oceans

around the globe, moving in and out of colonial networks, mainly the British. Born in 1780, in the late 1790s he became a sailor on a long distance British ship bound for Brazil, New Zealand and Australia where he went whaling among other things. Back again in Denmark, in 1807 he became a semi-legalised pirate fighting the British and ended up as a prisoner of war in British captivity. Two influential Englishmen, Joseph Banks and Samuel Phelps, helped him out and he went with Phelps' ship to Iceland. In 1809, he there staged a parody of a coup against the Danish governor and declared himself to be the sovereign king of Iceland, imposing a number of reforms on an island smaller than Australia but with an equally inaccessible hinterland behind its southern coastline. He hoped for some kind of alliance with England, but was again taken prisoner by the British and then sent to the continent, probably as a British spy, during the end-game of Napoleon's career.

An addicted gambler, he was apprehended for cheating and theft, and in 1825 he was shipped to Hobart as a convict for seven years, now an English colony, but earlier it was part of the conflict between Dutch, French and British colonial powers that were going on when Jón was in Tranquebar. After an early release he actively took part in the infamous campaign to cleanse Tasmania of its Aboriginal tribes, of whose language he had some knowledge, and afterwards he was rewarded with a piece of land where he died in 1841 as a consequence of heavy drinking. In the midst of his turbulent life, Jürgensen was also a prolific writer in English, among other things of lengthy and well-researched historical and sociological accounts of Australia, and he composed his autobiography for publication in the *Almanack* in 1835 and 1838.

At approximately the same time as Jürgensen was pirating British ships, another story relating to the same globalised history of Denmark and its small and now vanishing empire happened to unfold in Copenhagen. The mulatto slave Hans Jonathan, about 20 years old, arrived around the year 1800 from a plantation in the Danish colonies in the Caribbean, where the then richest Danish family of German descent, the Schimmelmanns, had huge estates. In Copenhagen, the lady of the house, Charlotte Schimmelmann, hosted the most prestigious *salon* which was also part of the informal networks of European intellectuals, including Friedrich Schiller and his wife Charlotte. The Schimmelmanns supported Schiller when he wrote his *Aesthetische Erziehungsbriefe* in 1793 to members of a branch of the Danish royal family, and the two Charlottes continued a vivid correspondence after Schiller's death in 1805.

Jonathan, the mulatto, was fathered on one his plantations by the head of the Caribbean branch of the Schimmelmanns and, as often happened in such cases, the child was sent away, in this case to the family household in Copenhagen. Surprisingly, Jonathan rose to be one of the Danish heroes during the Battle of Copenhagen against Horatio Nelson in 1801, but being a mulatto he was written out of Danish history. The Copenhagen Schimmelmann rewarded him by granting him his freedom, but the Caribbean Schimmelmann, or rather his Dutch wife, claimed him back as their legal property, which was the final verdict in 1802 after a dubious trial and a less than human incarceration. Jonathan fled, but how and to where, nobody seemed to know until recently. In 2008, while researching for a post-colonial project on the descendants of

black Danish slaves both inside and outside Denmark, a Danish journalist, Alex Frank Jensen, discovered that Jonathan had found his way to a remote part of Iceland and lived there when Jürgensen staged his royal stunt in 1809 (Jensen 2008).

Thus we have two colonial and global stories, unrelated on the personal level but closely connected by the complex changing and evolving colonial networks of the Napoleonic wars and its nation building. With Britain and France as the main antagonists this was the network of the emerging world of nation states and of the expanding colonial powers of industrialised globalisation. In this period of the radical remapping of Europe and the world, Denmark's relatively small colonial empire was washed away and Britain rose to global dominance in a colonial history and, on opposite sides of the globe, Reykjavik and Hobart are in it together, brought together by the life and writings of Jørgen Jürgensen, self-reflectively showing the networked reality of the circulation of people and books, supplemented by the recent discovery of Jonathan, disseminated as a book and a tv broadcast.

And the Unpredictable?

A story transmitted in the oral tradition of Mali tells about the singer Gimmile who asks the king for a gift in exchange for his song. But the king refuses to pay a subordinate for his services and flogs him instead. Gimmile continues his journey, now everywhere singing a lampoon targeting the king. It becomes tremendously popular and is sung all over the place. Furiously the king traces down the singer but now wants to pay him in order to bring a stop to the invectives which have achieved countrywide circulation. But Gimmile answers, tongue in cheek: "A song that is not composed does not exist; but once it is made, it is a real thing. Who can stop a song that travels from country to country? All of the Gindo people sing it. I am not the king. If the great king of the Gindo cannot prevent the song of Gimmile from being sung, my power over the people is certainly less" (The Song 2007: 53).

Once people and texts or other media actively enter the media landscape of its time and circulate, carried by the networks fashioned by the cultural powers that form the context of the circulation, the unpredictable happens. This is even more so when networks begin to intertwine, overlap and expand to global dimensions with an increasingly diversified media landscape in terms of active types of media. This unpredictability is generated at the interface between the larger networks and the media specific networks, and it is the driver of the historical impact of the circulating media. And in this process strange things happen, like placing Reykjavik, Tranquebar and Hobart in the same place, namely where the fading Danish empire intersects with other and more powerful colonial and post-colonial networks – with the imperial centre, Copenhagen, relegated to the margins.

Literature feeds on this unpredictability and as it is exemplified by books like those produced by Jón and Jorgen, self-reflexively presenting more than their lives and book circulation, namely the complex relations between changing colonial networks. Like Gimmile they did not have to write books, but once written they 'could not be stopped'

(ib.: 53). They circulate as paper, re-editions, translations, books of reference or e-books – and maybe as movies in the future – and in shifting, multilayered networks, not respecting alleged parentheses around Gutenberg who is part of a vast and often contradictory continuum of media landscapes and larger networks. This view is more in line with the modern network theory in the manner of Immanuel Wallerstein's or Manuel Castells' theories on world-systems and network societies than with lofty metaphors of cosmic galaxies and global village communality.

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Enter the Title: Books, Catalogues and Title Pages

Charles Lock

There is a formal, physical and semiotic identity between books and what defines and describes them: a catalogue is itself a book. As the set of all sets must always form a set beyond what is held as 'all', so the catalogue of all the books (including the catalogues) would not be able to contain a listing of itself. And Gödel's enigma becomes more complicated when we entertain the idea of printed sets. For in this enigma, that owes much to Borges, the catalogue of the library of Babel is not just an abstract set but a physical object whose items listed within are also physical objects. Objects of considerable magnitude: the largest of them must be (or must have been, when in use; will forever be, in storage) the *National Union Catalog* whose 754 volumes contained more than half a million pages and filled forty metres of shelf-space, and this only for books printed before 1956. I put this in the past tense as many libraries have thought of better uses for their shelf-space, or space; one trusts that a few complete sets of the *NUC* survive in some basement or bunker, seldom to be consulted again. Never, that is, unless by those who take a bibliographical or book-historical interest in the catalogue as such. For the printed catalogue as an instrument will seldom find a user now.[1]

Should one have been unlucky enough to need a volume of the catalogue already being consulted, one would have had to wait. It would be a pleasure now to specify, however hypothetically, the number of the volume that might already have been requisitioned one day thirty years ago when my curiosity was roused more than my patience was tested, but I cannot even guess: it is not easy to find online a list of the alphabetical divisions covered by each of the printed volumes, whether of the *NUC* or of any alphabetically sectioned set of volumes. Nor—in this mode of dreaming spines—can I recall any of those miniature poems made of monosyllables (mostly) that would identify each volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, nor those ill-assorted and surreal word-pairs on the spine of each volume of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. The online sites that offer the entire text of the *Britannica* limit themselves to what is printed on its pages; they do not include the spines or covers, so there is no image of the text on the spine. I hoped to find some photographs online in which these letters would be legible, but impatience and screen-eye intrude. Here, somehow obtained, are the first two spinal texts from the *Britannica*: 'A to AND'; 'AND to AUS'. The limits to Volume V of the *OED* are defined by a pair of words somewhat improbably English: 'Dvandva-Follis'.

Impatience is a theme of its own in the 'contemporary research environment' that shares neither the space nor the pace of the scholarly library. Googling, we take

[1] See Abbott, J., & A. Scherlen, 'NUC, Quo Vadis? Have Mid-Size Academic Libraries Retained the National Union Catalog Pre-1956 Imprints?', *Collection Management*, 38(2) (2013), 119-142. [Is there no prize for clumsy titles?]

in information as rapidly as we disgorge it, and much of it we forget. Memory depends largely on traces, and what we remember is probably guided through our awareness by a less systematic version of the memory-palaces that we know from Matteo Ricci (in Jonathan Spence's account[1]) or in Frances Yates's *Art of Memory*. The book was over there, upper right, second shelf from the top; the passage was on the left-hand page near the foot; the texts of knowledge, of what we know, of what we can cite and find again: these once occupied space; and the paths we negotiated through spaces provided markers for our memory. The obstacles to research, the very dilation of the pursuit, would constitute its own mnemotechnics; one would remember the difficulties that had had to be overcome, and within that memory would be held the matter in question. Online, by contrast, there is no space, no fixed position, nothing by which to orient the reader's position. (Online is a good metaphor: we exist on a continuous vector that never meets or crosses itself to create a space.)

Not that there's much need to remember; we are seldom defeated online in our search for what we have already found. Now we depend not on orientation to page or wall but on a set of remembered words, not necessarily in sequence. And here we participate in a relationship of some interest. We used to consult a list of books in a catalogue, which was itself a book. Hence the identity or homology of items listed with the instrument that lists. Having thus located the book in the large space of the body walking, stretching an arm, we would need to use our more specifically optical sense of space to find the passage we were looking for. (The index replicates on a small—lexical—scale the homology of the catalogue, and still leaves us to scan the page for the particular word.) By one text (in the catalogue) we are directed to another text. There are two sorts of spaces involved: the space that holds the body and through which the body must move; and the space that holds the eyes, within which only the eyes and fingers can usefully operate. Thus on a shelf somewhere in the macro-spaces of the library a body finds a book; once it's been located our fingers work the pages and our eyes, deploying our micro-spatial sense, locate the passage on the page.

Online, however, there is only the micro-space, the space of the screen which our eyes can scan but which our body cannot enter. We key in a set of words and those words in some order will 'come up' within that narrow space. Eyes and fingers apart, we will not have moved; the body has been disenfranchised. In this respect we should think of the entire internet not as a library but as catalogue, one which sends us not to the book, nor even to the text, but to the precise sequence of words sought and their immediate context.

There are thus two types of homology to be considered. In earlier times there was a homology of the book to the catalogue; now we have a homology of words, of

[1] See Jonathan Spence, *The Memory Palace of Matteo Ricci* (New York: Viking, 1984); Frances Yates, *The Art of Memory* (University of Chicago Press, 1966).

seeking words to words found. In the library almost all the books contain words, all without exception if we allow that every book has a lexical title; but online not a single one of the billions of words is contained in a book.

Thus the mode of our searching has been severely modified, curtailed till it hardly has a vector or direction at all. Online we find the passage before we learn about the book to which it belongs or was once bound within. It can be a problem finding the publication details of the book that, in citing from the screen, we shall now be pretending to have read. By contrast, in the library we would find the book by the words on the spine and pass through the title page to the contents or the index, each page conspicuously numbered; there was seldom any difficulty in establishing the bibliographic details of the source of a text in a volume; one knew the book before one found the text. I say that we are 'pretending to have read' a book; when we cite a book that we have read only online we are of course citing only the text, not the book. It is easy to cite from a text online, but it can be rather difficult to find the number of the page that held these words when they were in a book. (Odd that these difficulties are so seldom articulated, as though the merest mention must be confessional, of technical incompetence, or perhaps of scholarly malpractice?)

Here is the full title of the work that extends through 754 volumes, itself demanding of some paper-space:

The National Union Catalog Pre-1956 Imprints: A Cumulative Author List Representing Library of Congress Printed Cards and Titles Reported by Other American Libraries, Compiled and Edited with the Cooperation of the Library of Congress and the National Union Subcommittee of the Resources Committee of the Resources and Technical Services Division, American Library Association

The work was published by Mansell in London between 1968 and 1981; using what was then advanced technology it was created by photocopying the entire card catalogue of the Library of Congress, with so many cards displayed at actual size on each page.[1] By the time of its completion it was on the verge of obsolescence: catalogues were already available on microfiche, and by the late 1980s they were beginning to be available online.

The *NUC* is not the only alphabetically arranged set of volumes to find itself obsolescent in print. The *NUC* has proved extremely hard to replace digitally as its half million printed pages consist not of text but only of images: snapshots of index cards. The largest online catalogue—WorldCat—may still list considerably fewer

[1] I have not investigated the history of the form of the catalogue, whether as a set of bound volumes or as loose and infinitely expandable index cards. The card index was developed by Linnaeus for botanical classification around 1760; the size of the card determines how many words can be legibly inscribed thereon, and it is attractive to speculate on the relationship between the development of the card index for library catalogues and the reduction of the number of words on the title page of books. The American Library Association did not sanction the card index until 1876, when the size of the card was determined; the Library of Congress resisted the use of cards until 1911. (All taken from Wikipedia.)

titles than the *NUC*; so it has been claimed, though this deficiency will soon no doubt be made good. Other alphabetically arranged sets have been more easily transposed into the digital. In 2012 the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* ceased to exist in print; in 2014 it was announced that the next edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary* would be available only online. And for reasons that are sylvan, though obscure, sets of the *NUC* have in recent years been used in various university libraries in the US to create *Tannenbaümer*.[1]

NUC is the very short form of a long title, as is *OED*. Short for, well, in the latter case, for what? The OED online invites me to 'browse the entire dictionary from A to Z' but I cannot find my way to the title page. So for the first time in many years (I feel shame at the betrayal of a companion once handled daily: cradled and dandled) I draw from its box the first of the two volumes of the *Compact Edition of the OED* on each of whose pages four pages are squeezed: like the *NUC*'s reproduction of index cards, the *Compact OED* was in 1971 a triumph rather of the photographer's art than the typographer's. The magnifying glass for which a neat tray is provided is still there; it might help me read the title page, though display font would probably still be legible even when reduced by a factor of four. However, I find that the title page is presented at full size as just one page:

The Compact Edition
of the Oxford
English Dictionary
Complete Text
Reproduced Micrographically
Volume 1
A—O
Oxford University Press
1971

Again my intent has been thwarted to see the title page of the first volume of the *OED* as printed (in the 1989 edition) in twenty volumes, in order to establish its exact wording. Moreover, nowhere online have I been able to find an image of the title page loosely represented above: this has been transcribed directly from the book, with its line-breaks 'transcomposed'. Online we find all the information that the book or set of volumes contains, but not (and it's not only the *OED* that discloses such online occlusions) some of the most basic information about the printed books from which that information has been taken.

A Short Title Catalogue is the application to systematic purpose of a convention of conversational ordinariness that abbreviates titles and phrases to what are generally reckoned to be their cardinal terms: as with the *NUC* and *OED*, there are

[1] See https://www.flickr.com/search/?q=nuc+christmas+tree

shorter ways of declaring myself to be a citizen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Island, just as there are shorter ways of saying that I've been reading 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman', let alone 'The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders, &c. Who was born in NEWGATE, and during a Life of continu'd Variety for Threescore Years, besides her Childhood, was Twelve Year a Whore, five times a Wife (whereof once to her own Brother) Twelve Year a Thief, Eight Year a transported Felon in Virginia, at last grew Rich, liv'd Honest, and died a Penitent. Written from her own Memorandums'. This may be somewhat confusing to read as text; the image of the page is hardly less so.[1]

Taken on its own that 'title' has the momentum of narrative (together with the digressiveness) and even the rhythmical energy of verse. For convenience and ease of reference we refer to these novels by the simplest form of the personal name, and then find that the name usually stands in for the title not only on the spine and cover but even on the title page. We might have had some difficulty reciting the title of the book we had just read in all its seventy words; now we have no difficulty remembering its title though few of its modern readers would know that 'Moll Flanders' is not its title but only an abbreviation. (Whereas we all realize that initialisms such as OED and NUC are abbreviations.) By the time we reach Jane Austen proportion governs the title page, and lucidity, and there's much white space: all of her titles are known to us in the form on which they are to be found on the title pages of the first editions. And each one of them is so concise as to be impervious to abbreviation (unless to such a grotesque initialism as P&P).

The title page developed in the era of print as the site of negotiation between those homologous forms, the book and the catalogue. The catalogue lists each book according to what is written on its title page, which is seldom or ever actually labelled or entitled 'Title Page'. Where necessary (as often) the catalogue abbreviates the title, and while it minimally contains the title, the name of the author, the publisher, and the date, a basic catalogue entry will often omit information present on the title page such as the publisher's address and the names and addresses of booksellers where this book may be obtained.

What distinguishes the two sorts of otherwise homologous books is the way in which, or the principle by which, they order their words. The books that are described in catalogues tend to take syntax as their organizing principle. By contrast, a catalogue eschews syntax entirely and instead holds to a rigorously alphabetical order. And in library catalogues, the subject of alphabetical order will not usually be the title but the author. This is presumably due in the English-speaking world to the simplicity of the modern system for naming persons: surname and forenames. (There are few obstacles to ordering in English onomastics: no *de* or *von*, though the Scots in

[1] See http://www.indiana.edu/~liblilly/defoe/moll_images.html

English sow confusion with Mac and Mc: not all matters are better ordered elsewhere.)

For all the usefulness of names to the ordering of items in a list, here is a title page which gives a title, but no author's name: [1]

Pride
and
Prejudice:
A Novel
in three volumes
By the
Author of "Sense and Sensibility".
Vol. I
London:
Printed for T. Egerton,
Military Library, Whitehall.
1813.

Curiosity might lead us to the title page of *Sense and Sensibility* on which, though we do not learn the author's name, we are given some important information: [2]

Sense
And
Sensibility:
A Novel.
in Three Volumes
By a Lady
Vol. I
London:
Printed for the Author,
By C. Roworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar,
and published by T. Egerton, Whitehall.
1811.

Without this earlier evidence, not repeated, there would be little reason to suppose from the title page that the author of *Pride and Prejudice* was not a man. Neither of the title pages of the next novels discloses anything more than what we know.[3]

[1] See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pride_and_Prejudice#mediaviewer/File:PrideAndPrejudiceTitlePage.jpg

[2] See http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/9/96/SenseAndSensibilityTitlePage.jpg

[3] See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mansfield_Park

Mansfield Park:
A Novel.
in three volumes.
by the
Author of "Sense and Sensibility,"
and "Pride and Prejudice."
Vol. I
London:
Printed for T. Egerton,
Military Library, Whitehall.
1814.

and:[1]

Emma:
A Novel.
in Three Volumes,
by the
Author of "Pride and Prejudice"
&c. &c.
Vol. I
London:
Printed for John Murray.
1816

Not until December of 1817 did anyone learn the name of the author, who by then was no longer alive.[2] The lady had died on 18 July 1817, as we learn from the memoir included in the new work whose title page reads:[3]

Northanger Abbey:
And
Persuasion.
By the Author of "Pride and Prejudice,"
"Mansfield-Park", &c.
With a Biographical Notice of the
Author.
In Four Volumes.

[1] See http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:EmmaTitlePage.jpg
[2] On the publishing history of Jane Austen, see Kathryn Sutherland, *Jane Austen's Textual Lives: from Aeschylus to Bollywood* (Oxford: OUP, 2005)
[3] See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Northanger_Abbey#mediaviewer/File:NorthangerPersuasionTitlePage.jpg

Vol, I
London: John Murray, Albemarle-Street.
1818.

Yet even the volume containing the 'Biographical Notice' does not name the author on its title page. Nor is the name disclosed in the full title of that added text, 'Biographical Notice of the Author,' in whose 2,200 words the name of 'Jane Austen' occurs just three times. Seldom in English prose can pronouns and periphrasis have been more assiduously deployed.

It has long been customary for bibliographers and literary historians of a certain cast to object to the serious study of works of literature in anything but the first edition, or in the last one issued during the author's lifetime, or at least a facsimile thereof. Obviously it matters to literary history—as to its re-brandings: reception history, new historicism, book history—that for four years after the publication of *Pride and Prejudice* nobody knew the name or the identity of its author. Yet it would clearly be a dereliction of scholarship to keep from a reader today the knowledge of the name of the author of *Pride and Prejudice*.

What tends to be overlooked in these arguments is the role played by the catalogue. A cataloguer will do anything to establish the author's name, to reduce, if only by one, the uncountable titles by Anon, all of which have to be arranged in a single alphabetically ordered sequence of titles whose initial articles and particles—The–, A-. Of-, On-,—engender much uncertainly. In a catalogue the author's surname is the principle matrix of alphabetical order. So the catalogue ascribes these six novels to Austen, Jane, and nobody could argue with the good sense of that. It's the consequences of this that pass largely unheeded, and that I wish to consider here.

The next publisher to issue these novels, Richard Bentley, in 1833, will devise a new title page:[1]

Pride and Prejudice
A Novel
By
Jane Austen

What exactly has happened in this alteration? What is it that we are looking at? What is the warrant for excluding so many of the words that appeared in the first and many early editions of the title page, and including two words that to us conspicuously did not appear on the first of them: 'Jane Austen'? Of course it is a different publisher, and the system for purchasing and distributing books has rendered much of that early wording redundant. And would it not be misleading, even dishonest, to state that a novel is published in three volumes when it now fills only one? Let us concede that there are good grounds for amending the title page and in all sorts of ways bringing it

[1] See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pride_and_Prejudice#mediaviewer/File:Pickering_-_Greatbatch_-_Jane_Austen_-_Pride_and_Prejudice_-_This_is_not_to_be_borne,_Miss_Bennet.jpg

up to date. But the legitimacy of those amendings has somehow concealed the significance of others, or served as excuse for our overlooking them.

I suggest that Richard Bentley's is not an amendment of the title page as it had been in 1813, but rather a version of an entry in a library catalogue. As we have already noted, Jane Austen's pages are restrained and orderly when compared with those of Defoe. Yet when we open a modern edition of Defoe—whether it be a Norton, or Oxford World's Classics, or Penguin English Library edition, each with its claim to some sort of editorial probity adequate at least to the needs of undergraduates—we will find something like this:

Moll Flanders
by
Daniel Defoe

Clearly this is not an attempt to abbreviate the original title; it is the abbreviating of the catalogue entry that had already devised the short form of the title. The catalogue entry has the purpose of identifying one book among millions; the title page has other purposes as well, including that of acting as an incentive to read the book and, to that end, purchase it. The full title of *Moll Flanders* supplies so much of the story's matter that one reckons suspense to be at a discount. The narrative interest lies not in what happened, but in how all those things could happen to one person in one lifetime. And yet the very way of summarizing the story in the title is itself part of the narration, part of the reader's navigation of the space of the book.

We are conditioned to think of the title as a label, one chosen by the author, with the approval of the publisher who will speak for the commercial aspects. It may offer a topic or a description or a name of person or place. However, the title is considered to have no rhetorical function within the novel; it is not 'voiced' nor is it part of the narration. Yet there are novels whose title is unmistakably voiced, notably in the interrogative. The earliest such instance of this that I have found is from 1858, Bulwer Lytton's *What Will He Do With It?* leaving us with an absent antecedent—characteristic of novelistic discourse—even in the title. Of a slightly later date is a novel still read, Anthony Trollope's *Can You Forgive Her?* (1865). Bulwer Lytton's title is a detached expression of curiosity, whereas Trollope's addresses the reader directly and presents what is surely an ethical challenge. Whoever she might be, the misdeeds that she has committed, as represented in this novel, are going to test the reader's capacity for understanding and compassion. The question of Trollope's title is clearly voiced and addressed: voiced not by the narrator but by the author, unless we can allow the narrator to speak from the title page; and the question is addressed to the reader, or to the one who might take up the challenge in the question. The title is not only a label; it has a rhetorical function not to be separated from the text of the novel. Slightly more subtle in its rhetorical function is the title of Trollope's novel

from a year earlier, *The Small House at Allington* (1864). The title looks descriptive, and innocuously so. But this is how the novel opens:

> Of course there was a Great House at Allington. How otherwise should there have been a Small House? Our story will, as its name imports, have its closest relations with those who lived in the less dignified domicile of the two.

A title such as *Mansfield Park* or *Jane Eyre* or *Wuthering Heights* could be regarded as a label, supplying nothing that would not be found in the 'novel itself'; in no sense is either of these titles 'voiced'. But as soon as we read the opening sentence of Trollope's novel we hear the narrator (or author) echoing or responding to the voice speaking on the title page. Rather like a dramatic monologue (Browning's *Dramatis Personae* was published in the same year, 1864), the narrator imputes to the reader a question about this title: 'Why not the big house?' Such an objection might provide a reason for not purchasing the book; the explanation—'Of course…. How otherwise…?'—is both concessive and seductive, and intimately colloquial. It is a tone in which we will henceforth 'hear' the title.

Trollope's titles are unusually engaging of the reader's interest and concern, but they do not thereby pose problems for bibliographers or librarians. In 1891 the title page of a novel was to break a basic convention of publishing practice since the late eighteenth century—as we have seen in the novels by, though not at first ascribed to, Jane Austen—that the title page should conform to the demands of the catalogue entry. This means that there should be no stronger syntactic link between title and author than the particle 'by'. According to the conventions that govern lists, syntax is transgression. This novel's title page creates a compact and indissoluble syntagm wherein there is no possibility of separating the title from the author: [1]

Tess
of the D'Urbervilles
A Pure Woman
Faithfully Presented by
Thomas Hardy
In three volumes
Vol. 1

The syntagm has a clumsiness that might elicit a smile; the line 'in three volumes' seems to belong to a conventional title page where the phrase would modify 'A Novel'; here we might wonder whether an intrinsic aspect of the faithful presenting is that it should be in no fewer than three volumes. And following the syntactic flow there's a further oddness in 'Vol. 1' whose abbreviation rather discourages the voice.

[1] See http://liblamp.vm.ku.edu/spencer/exhibits/bannedbooks/hardy2.jpg

This causes no problem on the title page of *Pride and Prejudice*; the problem is another consequence of inserting, before 'by', the phrase 'faithfully presented'. The title is at first as abruptly eponymic as *Emma*; but tucked under the bar of the T of Tess is the absurd twist of the diglottic double possessive, 'OF THE D''; foreshadowing a sting in that surviving one-lettered particle 'D'' that marks an aristocratic resistance to modern English naming practices: this novel about Tess Durbeyfield is entitled so as not to rhyme with *David Copperfield*.

Twice in prefaces, to the fifth edition (1892) and to the Wessex Edition of 1912, Hardy draws our attention to the subtitle, 'A Pure Woman'. In 1892 Hardy writes:

> The more austere of these [those who have objected to Tess] ... reveal an inability to associate the idea of the sub-title adjective with any but the artificial and derivative meaning....

And in 1912—the first edition to contain in full the hitherto suppressed scene in the Chase in Ch. X—Hardy speaks again to his readers:

> Respecting the sub-title, to which allusion was made above [in the 1892 Preface], I may add that it was appended at the last moment, after reading the final proofs, as being the estimate left in a candid mind of the heroine's character—an estimate that nobody would be likely to dispute. It was disputed more than anything else in the book. *Melius fuerat non scribere*. But there it stands.

Much exercised as they were by the phrase 'A Pure Woman', none of the critics of the time—to my knowledge—ever commented on the past participle that can have no technical designation within a title because it constitutes the syntactic and mocks the principles of the list. Adverb and participle hover indeterminately between the subtitle and the author's name:

Faithfully presented

This may be unique in the entire history of fiction. (To make such a claim is to invite refutation, to provoke a quest for other title pages that assert that the author's name is not that of the writer merely, but of the presenter, and asserting further that, whatever view readers or reviewers might take, the presenter has performed his task faithfully.) Simon Gatrell, a meticulous student of Hardy's textual practices, accepts the author's claim that the subtitle was added at a very late stage: 'It seems certain that Hardy appended the description to the title-page of the first edition (it did not appear on the manuscript or the serial versions) as a challenge to the standards of contemporary

readers.[1] The title might well have been a variant of 'Can you forgive her?' but this is a titular step beyond the bounds set by the catalogue.

Gatrell was I think the first to address the bibliographical weirdness of 'faithfully presented'; he then draws our attention, most astonishingly, to the words that nobody had ever found problematic: 'Thomas Hardy'. Gatrell's argument assumes that there has been a double naming, though one of the occurrences has been overlooked; I have adopted his proposed bibliographical description of *Tess* in note 14. There are 'two Thomas Hardys whose voices conduct the fiction' (xxi): 'the double fiction of the writer embodied in the narrative voice of the novel – "Thomas Hardy" the envisioner of Tess and "Thomas Hardy" the sometimes bitter and sententious gentleman-critic....' (xx)

Gatrell overlooks a typical deception on Hardy's part when he merely paraphrases the author's own claim in the 1912 Preface, that 'Hardy appended the description to the title-page of the first edition'. The title page bears along the top edge a note for his publisher. At top left we read 'Titlepage' and on the right: 'To supersede copy previously sent'. The subtitle was not 'appended at the last moment'; Hardy created an entirely fresh title page. And it contains one visible alteration, a most belated afterthought to introduce to an after-draught: 'presented' has been written above a word struck through, just once, and still quite legible: 'depicted'.[2] This alteration must have occurred immediately before the new title page was sent off with the returned proofs: it is the very last word that Hardy added to the text of *Tess*, and he perhaps gave it insufficient consideration. The verb 'depicted' may take us back to *Under the Greenwood Tree* and its subtitle 'A Rural Painting of the Dutch School'. Painting is a common metaphor for writing, especially for novelists who can depict society with a broad brush or, like Jane Austen, work on a little piece of ivory with so fine a brush. As an adverb to modify 'depicted', 'faithfully' is straightforward: it means 'accurately' and 'truthfully'. But if one changes 'depicted' to 'presented' the adverb acquires an ambiguity: either Tess is truthfully and accurately presented, or she has been presented with partiality, as by an advocate, by one who believes in her goodness, who has faith in her. The quality of faith is marked in its shift from the object (accuracy of depiction) to the subject, working in good faith to present her according to his convictions. And, such is the subjectivity of 'presented', his impressions.

As every occurrence of 'forgive' in Trollope's novel sets up an echo against the title, so the word 'pure' in *Tess*—even to the name of the Pure Drop Inn—harks back to the subtitle. Tess and Angel reunited, after Alec's murder, are walking nowhere in particular, and Tess finds Angel's face beautiful: 'for was it not the face of the one man on earth who had loved her purely, and who had believed in her as pure?' (ch. LXVII) This is the same Angel who on their wedding night 'could not forgive her':

[1] Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles faithfully presented by Thomas Hardy*, edited by Simon Gatrell and Juliet Grindle (Oxford: World's Classics, 1988) xvi.

[2] The title page of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is held by the Dorset County Museum; no image is currently available online. A clear image is reproduced in Richard Little Purdy, *Thomas Hardy: A Bibliographical Study* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1954), facing p. 71.

‘"O Tess, forgiveness does not apply to the case. You were one person: now you are another. My God - how can forgiveness meet such a grotesque - prestidigitation as that!"’ (ch. XXXV) The narrator is a double of Angel, yet always believing in her as pure, never wavering in his faith in her as a pure woman, in all she has done eliciting her author’s forgiveness. This novel is, of course, about Tess but indirectly so, or within an outer frame that includes the title page. 'Let me repeat that a novel is an impression, not an argument': so Hardy writes in the Preface to the Fifth Edition of *Tess*, dated July 1892. Is not this novel the story by Thomas Hardy of the impression made by Tess on 'Thomas Hardy'? The Thomas Hardy who writes the novel in which 'Thomas Hardy' presents 'Tess' so faithfully is absent from the title page; that might be him on the spine. Of Angel Clare it is written, finally: ‘Thus from being her critic he grew to be her advocate,’ (ch. XLIX) and it is as an advocate that 'Thomas Hardy' presents her case, faithfully.

Literary criticism has not convincingly identified at the textual level what it is that makes *Tess*—by general consent—such an exceptionally affecting novel. It may not be at the textual level that we should look for the way the work is carried off, achieved, but rather at the paratextual level, through the transgressions of its title page, which we may find to be no title-page at all, but the very centre of the story. The title page here is part of the text, as though the curtain were to take centre-stage, or the frame become the image. The title is not a label but part of the design.

Bibliography has made its demands, else we might not find the book we need at all; titles must conform to the practices and conventions of library catalogues. The assumption is that the title is created by author and publisher; this might be so with the first edition, but the catalogue entry soon exerts its authority over the title-page. Thanks to the catalogue we have known where to find *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, but on the way we might have lost the plot.

The formal, physical and semiotic homology between book and catalogue has now given way to a lexical and literal homology of the screen, between words sought and words found, or letter for letter. No longer are texts confined to books, the one class of object in the world whose labels are inalienably attached, as in recent decades books (in paperback) have been one of the few commodities from which the price tag could not be removed. No other objects in the world had been so easily listed as books, for books are made of the same letters and words as their ordering.

What we find if we remain online, after we have searched for *Moll Flanders* or *Emma* or *Tess*, is not a book but only a catalogue, yet a catalogue so vast and copious as to encompass the entire contents of the text. But there are omissions that strike us: there’s no place or space in an online text for a dust-wrapper or a cover illustration; sometimes the text lacks it title page, and is almost always lacking in spinal wording. Of course: it was there only to guide eye and hand to the slim edge of the book that, when shelved, is all that presents itself to view. Now every word ever written is equally present at our command, and not one them knows its own place any more.

What need for a title now? We are no longer dependent on a short title for the convenience of the printed catalogue; the online catalogue offers the entire text as the book's title. There is no need now for titles to be abbreviated for they have lost their locational function on title-pages and spines; short titles are now a matter of speaking convenience; the words of the title are of no more force or authority than any other group of words we might select for our search. The title is now liberated from its task of identifying the book within the library, in the large spaces our bodies used to inhabit and navigate, roamingly, browsingly, obsessively; if now, hardly needing them, we look at titles at all we might read them afresh, within that small space we govern optically and digitally, to discover them not as labels but as integral to the text; whether read within the book, or not, the title can now speak to us, as part of the story.

What Was Hidden in the Publisher's Archive: Tracing Literary Histories Beyond the Boundaries of the Book

Anne-Marie Mai

Danish literature encompasses a number of modern authors for whom inspiration from America has fueled their struggle to unsettle a Danish *biedermeir*-literature, a romantic cosiness or comfortable realism. To several authors it has been artistically refreshing to disseminate American lyrics, prose or drama through translations, essays and introductions. Those enthusiasts who have laboured to expand the horizon of Danish literature are an important part of the history of modern Danish literature. Their efforts are often mentioned in passing in relation to their own publications, but important histories of the book can lie in hiding once we delve into memoirs, letters and publishers' deals or gain access to the many secrets of a publisher's archive. Here we have to exceed the boundaries of the literary work in its bookish format and access contextual and intertextual relations in a broader and sometimes neglected history of the book.

Crazy about the USA

As early as the mid-nineteenth century we find Hans Christian Andersen cultivatng a vision of America and enthusing about the new way of thinking and technology it represented. But even though Andersen read Cooper, Washington Irving and Longfellow, he was more interested in his own literary fame than in talking about the American literature he was familiar with. This may be related to his poor command of English. When he corresponds with Danish-Americans and meets Americans he is thrilled to hear that his own books are selling in the new world. In 1852 in Munich he met some Americans who told him "that I was read so widely in America that all my novels were sold at train stations" ("at jeg var saa udbredt Læst i Amerika, at alle mine Romaner solgtes paa Jernbanerne der") (H. C. Andersens dagbøger, 21 June), and he notes with pleasure that cheap editions ("godtkøbsudgaver") were to be had of some of his works.

Another modern Danish author who went to America was the young Johannes V. Jensen, who visited the new world for the first time in 1896. It was obvious to him even before his departure that he was to let his poetry and stories be challenged by modern American motifs. He is captured by New York because the city is life, instinct, flight and appetite, as he puts it himself in his essays in *The New World* (1907). His *Poems* (1906), where we find some of the first modernist attempts in Danish poetry, also uses American motifs and he ends the collection with translations of three sequences from Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* (1855). In 1919 he published, with Otto Gelsted, translations of a selection of Whitman's poetry, an important contribution which helped make Danish poets aware of Whitman.

After World War II authors such as Klaus Rifbjerg, Elsa Gress, Poul Borum, Jørgen Leth, Peter Laugesen, Dan Turèll and Suzanne Brøgger wrote about important

American works and tendencies in newspapers and journals. Among more recent poet-disseminators of things American we find Bo Green Jensen, Niels Frank, Pia Juul, Peik Malinovski and Martin Glaz Seerup.

While it is only natural for these younger authors to travel to the USA to participate in festivals and attend university, in the years immediately after the war it must have been quite euphoric to finally put Denmark behind you. Klaus Rifbjerg went there by sea in 1949 while Elsa Gress flew to New York in 1951 to study at Columbia University. In this period she corresponded eagerly with her friend and publisher, K. E. Hermann, and she tells us in great detail about her many impressions of America in her memoirs, *Compañia* (1976).

During that first stay the foundations were established for Elsa Gress' subsequent energetic dissemination of the American ideas, works and art forms that she cultivated throughout her life (1919-1988), in the company, incidentally, of her American husband, the artist Clifford Wright.

Elsa Gress' published essays and memoirs give a good impression of the enthusiasm with which she is happy to share both her positive and negative experiences in the USA, but they also tell the story of how much energy was needed for her to find what she considered the most exciting American impulses and to attempt pursuing them throughout her life.

Her relationship to the USA was ambivalent. She is always enthusiastic, always critical and always disappointed, but her mediation is marked by her spell-binding presence and her desire to share her impressions with her surroundings. Elsa Gress' memoirs and essays reveal to book history a stunningly intelligent author who wants to open literature and the world to her contemporaries. In the archives of the publishing house Arena, which the University of Southern Denmark has had the special obligation of ordering and registering, a task that was completed in 2014, we find a hitherto unpublished correspondence which yields new and surprising insight into Elsa Gress' involvement with America. The archival material gives insight into the prehistory of important books, authorships and translations. Lotte Thyrring Andersen has applied the concept of a 'dialogue of materiality' to the manner in which an archive can narrate literary history in a new key, but where one is not misled into believing that the material tells final truths about authorships, persons or texts, but where one opens up a conversation about and with the material (Andersen). This dialogue of materiality can be followed in the study of Elsa Gress' materials in the archive.

Dear K. E.

K. E. Hermann was Elsa Gress' first publisher. Hermann had been a trainee at Gyldendal but already during the German occupation he worked as publisher with The Publishing House of 1939 and K. E. Hermann's Press, which among other things published Jacob Bech Nygaard's bestselling novels about girls from childrens'

homes, *God's Blind Eye* (1939) and *You Became a Thrall* (1941).[1] K. E. Hermann published Elsa Gress' first book, her essays *Raids* (*Strejftog*) (1945) and at this point in time the two exchange letters about publications and literary ideas (parts of this correspondence is kept in the Arena Archive). Gress participated – also from her US base – in building a network around the Arena Press, which Hermann founded in 1953, and she is one of the press' regular contributors. In her memoirs she calls herself the mother of the Press while K. E. Hermann is its father. With the Arena Press the two forged a new construction where the authors are members of the board. The economic foundation of the publishing activities was that a group of 1000 subscribers agree to buy the as yet unpublished books.

The idea is simple and crystal clear, yet it was not easy to keep the press running. There were many ups and downs and not all authors were faithful to Arena. If an author was offered better terms by a larger publishing house he or she readily shifted allegiance. This also went for Elsa Gress herself, who used different publishing houses. Even though K. E. Hermann was sometimes bitter regarding these dispositions, just as she could be angry with his decisions, it seems that the two of them were always able to get reacquainted and return to the friendly tone which was characteric of them back in 1945.

From this decade indeed we have Elsa Gress' first dated letter (October 13 1945). She mentions some not clearly defined disagreements and complaints about having been called envious, pessimistic, misanthropic and angry. Yet she emphasizes that the various complaints have nothing to do with K. E. Hermann. On the contrary she says she is "very touched by your not altogether unselfish interest in me" ("meget rørt over din dog ikke ganske uselviske interesse for mig").[2] On December 17 1946, after her stay in London, she offers him her London diary which, however, he does not dare to accept: "Am I a coward? Yes, scared stiff, afraid like a child of being hit" ("Er jeg fej? Ja, hundeangst, bange som et barn for smæk"), but he ends by reassuring her that she is welcome in his home: "We have no money, hardly any food, but what we have you can have as well" ("Vi har ingen penge, knap nok mad, men det vi har må du gerne få med af").[3] Elsa Gress instead used the diary as the foundation for her novel *Interlude* (*Mellemspil*) (1947), about a young woman's experiences in postwar intellectual London. The book was published by Schultz Press.

In 1951-52 Elsa Gress was as mentioned on exchange at Columbia University. She absorbed impressions even though she found the lectures in literature at the university totally boring. She preferred to have her own adventures in the cultural life of the city, to have lunch in various places (her stipend even allowed her to visit a

[1] See in addition Rasmussen (33). Both K. E. Hermann and Jakob Bech Nygaard had connections to the Danish Nazi party, DNSAP. K. E. Hermann is mentioned in Bovrup's Index containing a list of all members of the party, while Bech Nygaard was accused of membership of DNSAP, something he afterwards during a court trial claimed was necessary for his literary research. He was later rehabilitated.

[2] Elsa Gress. Letter to K. E. Hermann. October 13 1945. Archive of the Arena Press.

[3] K. E. Hermann. Letter to Elsa Gress. January 7 1947. Archive of the Arena Press.

restaurant once in a while!) and to talk to people. In her memoirs she talks about her life in the city:

> And many tours in Greenwich Village. That part of the city had probably lost most of the stardust of the 20s and 30s […] but it still housed countless hopeful human aspirants, who had left Kansas and Louisville and Wilmington in order to travel the road of art and also, preferably, of honour. What most would become was whores and petty criminals, but what they were still hoping for was to become *stunners*, and what they talked about was the Picture, Book, Poem, Film, Role – in blessed contrast to student youth uptown, which could only talk about the job and the salary.
>
> Og mange ture i Greenwich Village. Den bydel havde nok mistet det meste af sommerfuglestøvet fra 20erne og 30erne […] men den husede dog stadig utalte mængder af håbefulde menneskespirer, der havde forladt Kansas og Louisville og Wilmington for at betræde kunstens, og helst også ærens vej. Hvad de fleste skulle blive var ludere og småforbrydere, men hvad de endnu håbede at blive var *stunners* (: pragteksemplarer), og hvad de talte om var Billedet, Bogen, Digtet, Filmen, Rollen – til velsignet forskel fra studenterungdommen uptown, der udelukkende talte om jobbet og gagerne. (Gress 121-122)

Elsa Gress's letters back to K. E. Hermann are also colourful and well written. She manages to use the confidential and lively manner of address to let her impressions flow freely. Hermann and Elsa Gress are at this point in time planning Arena and she is commenting on the authors who have promised their moral support and who to contact. She also mentions American attempts at authors' presses, and more generally simply talks about what is happening around her. She has visited Pennsylvania, which she finds utterly provincial. In a letter from July 27, 1951, we read:

> Nothing – absolutely nothing – can be more provincial than the American provinces and no provincial is more proud of his stupidity than the American provincial. This of course opens up some sad perspectives since it is the American provincial whose word counts, and the American intellectual (with all the virtues) is even more handicapped than I had imagined by his lack of social prestige and by the deep seated anti-intellectualism that informs the American people, a solid, self-satisfied xxxxxx malicious, desperate anti-intellectualism that makes life hell for anyone who dares to stand out from the crowd in any way. In this "country of rugged individualism" it is a crime to be an individual in the European sense of the word. Individualism simply means the callousness of the businessman and nothing else. Woe be whoever dares to mock the gods of efficiency, business and dollars.

> Intet – absolut intet – kan være mere provinsielt end amerikansk provins, og ingen provinsianer er stoltere af sin stupiditet end den amerikanske provinsianer. Det åbner selvfølgelig sørgelige perspektiver, for det er den amerikanske provinsianer, der fører det store or, og den amerikanske intellektuelle (med alle dyderne) er endnu mere handicappet, end jeg forestillede mig, at sin manglende sociale prestige og af den dybtsiddende anti-intellektualisme, der præger Amerika som folk, en solid, selvglad xxxxxx ondartede, desperat anti-intellektualisme, der gør livet til et helvede for hvem som helst, der vover at skille sig ud fra hoben i nogen retning. I dette "country of rugged individualism" er det en forbrydelse at være et individ, som europæerne forstår ordet. Individualisme betyder simpelthen forretningsmandens hensynsløshed og intet andet. Ve, hvox som vover at bespotte the gods of efficiency, business and dollars.[1]

Among others she met the intellectual critic and author, Alfred Kazin, who was enjoying success with *A Walker in the City* (1951), visited the artists' colony, Yaddo, a country estate in Saratoga Springs, New York, where artists could stay to complete a work, followed James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison's first publications, wrote articles, short stories and upon her return continued translating English and American literature.

Her return to Denmark was not without drama. This is due to the fact that she travelled back to Denmark pregnant, something she is happy about in the letters to K. E. Hermann. There is only one problem, the baby's father, the young professor of literature, Dick Lewis, is newlywed and not able to help her. The grounds are laid for a huge American scandal, about which, however, Elsa Gress is at ease. Only she is annoyed that she cannot stay in New York to fight the professor's filthy rich "child bride". She is of course convinced that her charm as well as the couple's common interests would conclude the love story to her advantage. "In a way he is happy – and that's always something – but xxx in reality he is of course completely terrified about his career and his wife, and it always ends with me having to comfort him even though I to need quite a bit of comfort" ("På en måde er han glad – og det er jo altid noget – men xxx i praksis er han selvfølgelig helt rundt på gulvet af skræk forx sin karriere og sin kone, og det ender altid med at jeg må trøste ham, skønt jeg selv trænger til en hel del til trøst").[2]

There is not much comfort to be had, and Elsa Gress still managed to return to Denmark without scandal, but also without a husband. In 1956 she hit it off with Clifford Wright, with whom she had had a relationship while at Yaddo. He was stranded in Europe without money in the dramatic moments surrounding the Hungarian Uprising and came to Elsa Gress for help.

[1] Elsa Gress. Letter to K. E. Hermann. New York. September 10 1951. Deletions using the letter x are retained.
[2] Elsa Gress. Letter to K. E. Hermann. August 23 1952. Archive of the Arena Press, xxx's in original retained.

They were married at the turn of the year 1956-1957. "Why did he want to marry me? *That* I do not know, but he did. However, I was pregnant again before we did so. To save some honour at least" (!) ("Hvorfor ville han giftes med mig? *Det* ved jeg ikke, men det ville han. Jeg var dog gravid igen, før vi gjorde det. For nu at redde lidt af æren" (!)) (Gress 1976, vol. I, 193). Elsa Gress' American love stories are in themselves exciting literary history and as always when one is researching the different materials outside the bounds of the book, it is hard to let go of the many touching and shocking letters from a young woman in New York.

Snappy and snazzy

Elsa continued her correspondence with K. E. Hermann, published books, gave her opinions of manuscripts and also worked as a translator. K. E. Hermann wanted to have some of the Beat Poets translated and in Elsa Gress' memoirs we learn that the students had begun to read the Beat Poets in secret during the lectures at Columbia, where great efforts were being made to not mention them.[1] Elsa herself is not very keen on the Beats. She finds that their language is a kind of secret code inherited from jazz, and she is skeptical of their mixture of pop and high culture. So she is not exactly thrilled when K. E. Hermann in 1958 suggests to her that she translate Jack Kerouac's *Subterraneans* into Danish. "… actually I think the man's books are both 'thin', in terms of content, and unpleasant, full of the skewed malicious gossip characteristic of the inside-dopster. And if I favour publication it is only to show to the Danes that uninhibited use of technique occurs in other places in the world without interfering with vitality" ("…jeg synes altså at mandens bøger er både "tynde", indholdsmæssigt, og ubehagelige, fulde af den skarøjede ondsindede sladder, der kendetegner inside-dopsteren. Og når jeg stemmer for udgivelse er det bare for at vise danskere, at teknik anvendes glatvæk andre steder i verden uden at der går stykker af vitaliteten"), she writes in a letter to K. E. Hermann, November 18 1958. She is not happy about Hermann's suggestion, because she abhors Kerouac's language, which she calls snappy and snazzy and considers it to be a specific San Francisco gay terminology:

> It is so chic just now precisely because it is sooo-prohibited, and as said it is a matter of overtones and not hard-handed and flat-footed inverted morals as with Gore Vidal and other old fashioned fellows from the well-of-loneliness school. […] Summa summarum – and do misunderstand me in the right way, I have nothing against the fact that Jack Kerouac is 'deviant', neither personally nor as an object of attack […] yes I reckon they probably should be published – at least one of them. It is both wide awake and important"

[1] It is difficult to date Elsa Gress' description of the reading of the Beats at Columbia. It could not have happened during the period when she was staying in America since Ginsberg's *Howl* was not published until 1955. Either she miscalculates or refers to the late 1950s.

> det er nu så chickt i øjeblikket, netop fordi det er så ffyfy-forbudt, og det er som sagt overtoner og ikke hårdhændet og platfodet inverteret moral som hos GoreVidal og de andre gammeldags fyre af ensomhedsbrøndskolen. […] Summa summarum – misforstå mig ret, jeg har intet imod at Kerouac er "afvigende", hverken personligt eller som slagobjekt [….] jo jeg synes nok de skal ud – eller dog en af dem. Dette er både vakst og vigtigt.[1]

Elsa Gress ended up translating both Kerouac's masterpieces, *Subterraneans* and *On the Road*, in 1959 and 1960, and she of course did so professionally. The translations capture the tone and poetry of Kerouacs' spontaneous prose. With self-confidence she had claimed to Hermann that only two translators could handle Kerouac, the author Michael Tejn and herself. Elsa Gress did not hide her light under a bushel although the translation is not entirely without blemishes, something also noticed by the review of *Vejene* (*On the Road*) in the newspaper *Politiken*. As it happens, Elsa Gress has mistakenly made Roy Eldridge a saxophone player; he is really a trumpet player. She apparently does not know that the word "horn" refers to several wind instruments, and she did not know the musician.[2]

Towards the end of *De underjordiske* (*Subterraneans*) we see an example of the felicitous solutions she comes up with, when the African-American female protagonist tells her boyfriend that she has slept with another man from the underground milieu. Elsa Gress has to come up with a fitting translation of "Well baby we made it together", which in the novel is referred to as a "hip word" for sexual satisfaction. The translation sounds, "ja, vi fik altså klokken til at ringe" ("Yes, we made the bell ring"). This is not a bad choice; it conjures up very well a hip 1950s atmosphere, where the standard phrase, "make a bell ring", in the sense of "remind someone of something" was used in a bodily-erotic sense, which it indeed has in American English, to mean female satisfaction (ring my bell). The African-American protagonist must have appealed to Elsa Gress. She is a woman who in the end actually manages to set the agenda of her own, to put it mildly, demanding life.

Though Elsa Gress was never happy about the Beat Poets, she nonetheless introduced Kerouac into Danish culture. Others were publishing translations of and introductions to the Beat Generation in 1959. Klaus Rifbjerg translated poems by Ferlinghetti for the journal *Vindrosen* (no. 4 1959), while Poul Sørensen in the same journal made an attempt at Ginsberg's *Howl*, which mainly sounded like an echo of the 1950s pathetic Danish cultural debate – as amazing as that may sound, but a translator can make miracles happen, as well as the opposite!

When it comes to the American arts, Elsa Gress was mostly preoccupied by the fact that she had managed to bring to Denmark Tom O'Horgan, who produced the musical *Hair* in 1968 and *Jesus Christ Superstar* in 1971 on Broadway. O'Hogan visited the Gress family at the big art workshop, Decenter, in Glumsøe, together with

[1] Elsa Gress. Letter to K. E. Hermann. November 18 1958. Archive of the Arena Press.
[2] In his jazz column in *Politiken* B. J. makes this observation in his review of *Vejene* April 21, 1969 (32).

the group La Mama, and was hired by The Royal Theatre where he produced Paul Foster's *Tom Paine* in 1969 (premiere April 19). He also worked for the Danish National Broadcasting Corporation with Elsa Gress' own plays, *The Wounded Philoctetes* (1974) and *Memory of the Future* (1981). In addition, the correspondence with K. E. Hermann shows that the idea for *The Wounded Philoctetes* dates all the way back to 1960.

Tom Paine was no favourite with the critics. The literary scholar, Thomas Bredsdorff's, review was friendly on the surface, but also rather backhanded in its description of the play as a lovely way to get a lot out of nothing ("en herlig omgang suppe på en pølsepind") (Bredsdorff 19).[1] In the shadow of of the premiere, Elsa Gress and Bredsdorff engaged in a vehement polemic about O'Horgan, whom Bredsdorff used as an example of The Royal Theatre's lack of daring and playfulness: he was only engaged when he was no longer an outsider and underground figure, but a fashionable Broadway artist. Elsa Gress answered Bredsdorff no less than twice and pointed out that Tom O'Horgan's play was accepted by The Royal Theatre before he became famous on Broadway.[2]

When in 1965 she had a visit from La Mama at the Decenter she recalls presenting them at the Arena press. June 11 1966 she returns to the matter:

> My Mamaists will hopefully return if they can scrape together enough small change for the journey – […] They are bringing new plays and I still think that a book should come out of it, before the plays become famous and expensive, as some of them surely will.
>
> Min Mamaister kommer forhåbentlig tilbage om de kan skrabe femører nok sammen til rejsen – […] De har nye stykker med, og jeg synes altså stadig der skulle komme en bog ud af det, inden stykkerne går hen og bliver berømte og dyre, hvad nogen af dem i alt fald gør.

Elsa Gress never realized this book plan. But her own efforts concerning both Kerouac, who she could not stand, and La Mama and Tom O'Horgan, who she adored, were crucial mediations of American voices. Her efforts and her polemical temper made her famous, but certainly not rich. In a letter to Hermann, March 3, 1959, she suggests he should get more American poets and authors translated. They would look good in the catalogue, and maybe there is money to be had from the USA: "And then the poets, that should come up trumps, because it is not every day that poems are transferred. Pound is O.K. but not to raise money in the US. For that McLeish, Cummings, Carlos and co. are better. […] Clifford will send a little picture, books we can't do without, if they are new we sell them, if they are old we eat them"!

[1] Bredsdorff also says this about Elsa Gress in his review: "Still it is a great and wonderful thing that has happened and Elsa Gress is to be thanked for having made it possible" ("Alligevel er det en stor og dejlig ting der er sket og Elsa Gress fortjener tak for at hun har bragt den i stand"). Knud Schønberg in *Ekstra-Bladet* was also critical. He thought that the audience let itself be raped by O'Horgan's theatre of affect (38).

[2] The discussion can be followed in *Politiken* in the debate section September 14, 16 and 19, 1969.

(”Og så altså digterne, der må være trumf, for det er jo ikke hver dag digte bliver overført. Pound er go nok men ikke til at skaffe penge fra US. Der er McLeish, Cummings, Carlos og co. bedre. […] Clifford vil sende et lille bilje, bøger kan vi ikke undvære, er de nye sælger vi dem, er de gamle spiser vi dem.!”).

Elsa Gress had, in every sense, to visit the boundaries of the book in pursuit of her interests in American art and literature.

Translated by Peter Simonsen

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The Text and its Sensuous Geographies. An Analysis of Imperial I/eyes and Revolting Bodies in J. M. Coetzee's *Dusklands*

Sten Pultz Moslund

J. M. Coetzee's first novel *Dusklands* (1974) is a novel full of body, flesh and sensations of spatial phenomena which, paradoxically, manages an almost clinical exposure of imperial thought as governed by an extremely *disembodied* relation to space and the Other. *Dusklands* shows how in imperial thought all relations to the phenomenal world have been reduced to the faculty of an eye in the service of the reasoning mind's metaphysical abstractions. At the heart of imperial thought we find a logic – the inner logic of modernity – that turns the phenomenal world into time: into the past history of man's conquest of nature and into the future history of "progress" and capital growth (this includes the conquest of human nature and the spatial hereness of embodied life and experience). What stands forth, then, in this novel of sun and sand and pebbles, rock, sweat, fecal matter, mucus, blood, skin, rain and breezes is, strangely, one of the most bleak and bodiless appearances of W. J. T. Mitchell's observation that empires "move outward in space as a way of moving forward in time; the 'prospect' that opens up is not just a spatial scene but a projected future of 'development' and 'exploitation'" (Mitchell, 1994b, 17).

Jacobus Coetzee, the first-person narrator of "The Narrative of Jacobus Coetzee" that makes up the second half of *Dusklands*, serves as a compact exhibition of the imperial conqueror's mind. Jacobus Coetzee proclaims himself a "tamer of the wild" on an expedition in 1760 into the Great Namaqua in the Kalahari Desert (66). Domesticating the Otherness of the wild is the first practice of imperial conquest and control of space, and the success of this endeavor depends on a transformation, or reduction, of the vast infinity of the phenomenal world (spontaneous sensible reality) to categories and divisions and clear-cut definitions through which the world becomes ideologically manageable: "We cannot count the wild", says the tamer,

> The wild is one because it is boundless. We can count fig-trees, we can count sheep because the orchard and the farm are bounded. The essence of orchard tree and farm sheep is number. Our commerce with the wild is a tireless enterprise of turning it into orchard or farm (80).

The transformation of phenomena as uncountable qualities into countable quantities is an exercise in turning *things* – phenomena – into *objects*, in furnishing things with a specific *meaning* out of the meaningless and uncountable vastness of sensible space, and meaning here rests on economic use value. From the moment Jacobus Coetzee enters the landscape he is already out of *touch* with it. His perception of reality is already governed by abstract values, by suprasensory Ideas of

ownership and economic gain. Everything is scanned and sorted by a disembodied Idea, "read" by it, and anything in the landscape of no apparent use value will "retire" before the conqueror's eyes (116).

Jacobus Coetzee looks and sorts and counts reality in his "reading" of the Kalahari, while all the other senses shut down. The only active sense organ is the eye:

> Only the eyes have power. The eyes are free, they reach out to the horizon all around. Nothing is hidden from the eyes. As the other senses grow numb or dumb my eyes flex and extend themselves. I become a spherical reflecting eye moving through the wilderness and ingesting it. Destroyer of the wilderness, I move through the land cutting a devouring path from horizon to horizon (79).

The reduction of the body's world relation to the faculty of vision appears to be a necessary procedure for matter to be transformed into economic and territorial abstractions: rational thought needs to raise itself beyond *felt* matter in order to master it and, unlike the other senses, the perception of the eye is particularly instrumental in that execution. Unlike taste, touch or smell, the eye – the cerebral eye in the service of the disembodied cogito – *transcends* the immersion of the body in space and is capable of ignoring the rest of the body. First, the (cerebral or cogital) eye establishes a strong cognitive division of reality into subject and object. The materiality of nature is projected as *external* to the self, as an outside, detached, pacified *object* that is entirely defined and mastered by the impermeable, reasoning *subject* that advances to penetrate the land without itself being pierced by it. The human geographer Paul Rodaway quotes Irigaray's criticism of the supremacy of vision in western modernity's relation to phenomenal reality:

> In our culture the predominance of the look over smell, taste, touch and hearing has brought about an impoverishment of bodily relations. The moment the look dominates, the body loses its materiality (Rodaway, 1994, 123).

In contrast, sounds and smells and the tactility of temperature *envelop* us in the phenomenal world, says Roadway in his fine exploration of the various ways in which place emerges through the different sensuous registers as "sensuous geographies". The senses of touch, hearing, smell and taste are unique in creating *participatory* relations to the phenomenal world as smell, taste, sound, tactility may enter the body without prior sorting – the way smells enter our noses and sounds enter our ears in intense, ambient ways without a visual focus that sorts or divides stimuli into categories and separate parts. Through the other senses we are immersed in the world, but the eye (the cerebral eye) is capable of producing a "geography of surfaces", in Rodaway's words (117), which is a *readable* geography, so to speak, that may be interpreted, analyzed, dissected by the eye – we read with our eyes just as we count with our eyes.

Rodaway goes on to say that the assignment of the participatory senses to a subservient status by the cerebral eye generates a "distrust and even alienation from the physical world" (148). In Coetzee's examination of the imperial eye, any *thing* or *Being* that resists ideological abstraction represents a hostility of difference, or Otherness, and must be cleared away: "When we cannot count it we reduce it to number by other means. Every wild creature I kill crosses the boundary between wilderness and number" (80):

> I move through the wilderness with my gun at the shoulder of my eye and slay elephants, hippopotami, buffalo, lions, leopards, dogs, giraffes, antelope and buck of all descriptions .... I leave behind me a mountain of skin, bones, inedible gristle, and excrement. All this is my dispersed pyramid to life (79).

The detached eye obviously coincides with the *I*, the *identity*, the *ego cogito* that superimposes itself on all space by replacing all Otherness with its own image – or destroying stubborn chunks of Otherness "by other means". Any intrusion into the rational self by exterior things or beings not defined by this self threatens to destabilize the *identity* of the ego cogito and to compromise its *identifications* of phenomena with the instability of difference. Jacobus Coetzee takes pride in the untouchability of his self-determined identity, "I could not be touched" (75). With "extensions of the self" like guns or "flame-throwing devices" the self-enclosed I-ness of the I/eye protects its self-enclosure (79).

Like the physical Otherness of natural phenomena, the native population in the Kalahari also stands in the way of the expansion of the identity of the imperial self. The savage is "a representative of the out there", says Jacobus Coetzee, because he embodies a radically different relation to the phenomenal world that needs to be conquered and eliminated. The minds and bodies of the "Hottentots" are inseparably joined with and immersed in direct simultaneity with natural space: they are incapable of "higher thought" and "lack all will" (72-3), they "knew nothing of penetration" (97), the "Hottentot" is "bearing the wilderness in his heart" (81), he has "an inborn knowledge of the veld and wild animals" (60), and, immersed in space like this, he "is locked into the present" (57). Jacobus Coetzee observes how the Nama are sunk in nature with contempt: the air in their village is "thick with flies and [stinks] of urine .... How could they tolerate the insects they lived amongst?" (72). In Jacobus Coetzee's imperial optics, "savagery" is summed up, accordingly, as something "we may define as enslavement to space", inferior to the European "mastery of space" (80). The imperial mastery of space pivots on a *temporalization* of space, turning it into an object of future potentiality, vis-à-vis modernity's monologic of development and progress: "Every territory through which I march with my gun", says Jacobus Coetzee, "becomes a territory cast loose from the past and bound to the future" (80). The imperial eye knows not of the coincidence of space and time in embodied moments of spatial presence. Yet, as long as the Nama remain

"out there", they embody a powerful negation of the empire's historical/temporal projection of itself: the "savage" is the "representative of that out there...which we may call annihilation or *alternative to history*" (81, emphases added).

Disembodiment and Emotional Detachment

Coetzee does not allow himself or his thought to be *touched* by the Otherness of the phenomenal world he moves within. In front of the savage, the assertion "I could not be touched" becomes an emotional reference, too. *Einfühlung* – or empathy, or co-*feeling* – is etymologically linked with touch rather than sight, as though the intuitive capacity to sense another person's suffering imaginatively connects with an embodied memory or imagination of distress and pain. This is at least the implication at work in the disembodied abstractions of the imperial eye in *Dusklands*: it is through the dominance of the disembodied eye that Coetzee manages to produce the chilly apathy that permeates the novel's pages, in Jacobus Coetzee's narrative, as well as in the first half of the novel (in which the Vietnam War is exhibited as a neo-imperial repetition of colonial mentality and violence). In *Dusklands* scenes of violence unfold before a detached eye as a distant out there that does not affect the person behind the act (the only affect that shows is an occasional masturbatory desire, devoid of any care or compassion for the other). A genocidal campaign in the Great Namaqua in 1761 includes an account of a small Nama girl being raped after witnessing her father being cut down by a sabre: "The Griqua was doing things to the child on the ground. It must be a girl. I could not think of any of the Hottentot girls I might want" (102). As in this example, violence is entirely *observed* by a narrative perspective, from an *outside* to the victim, from the distance of an aloof gaze (and, as we shall see: meta-textually, i.e. from the distance of the *textual/ discursive mediation* of violence in a postmodern text like *Dusklands* that is highly conscious of itself as nothing but text.

Symptomatically, Jacobus Coetzee's cogital eye does not betray any bodily signs of emotional response to the rape of the girl: "I would not flinch" (75, 77). Yet, there are other "I"s/eyes that flinch in the novel. The first part of *Dusklands* is the narrative of "a military specialist" in "the science of warfare", Eugene Dawn (4). Dawn works on the "Vietnam Project" for the US military, not in the "picture-faking side of propaganda" but in the word-faking side (13). He is a man of thought, designs and strategies who believes the future of humans to reside not on earth but in the realm of *techne* "which springs from our own brains" (26). His final report to the military authorities proposes an absolute destruction of vegetation in Vietnam by airstrikes to "show the enemy that he stands in a dying landscape" (29). To Dawn the bodiless intellect is "an impregnable stronghold" from which he sends forth "this winged dream of assault upon the mothering earth itself" (28). Dawn snaps, though. Suddenly, through the distance of his detached vision, we watch his hand stabbing his young son with a knife: "Holding it like a pencil, I push the knife in. The child kicks and flails" (42). What creates the remarkable sense of detachment in this example is the reduction of Dawn's perceptual apparatus to the vision of objective observation:

he watches his hand moving the knife while all sound is temporarily erased. Yet, in contrast to what happens in Jacobus Coetzee's narrative, the horrific sound of the victim suddenly breaks through the muteness of the seen/scene – a "long, flat ice-sheet of sound takes place" (42). The short delay of sound created by the dominance over the sensible by Dawn's detached vision appears to have accumulated the intensity of a shock that is now belatedly ripping through the silence. It fills the scene/seen, or *takes* the place, as if triggering the bursting of an empathetic invasion of the narrative perspective, tearing Dawn out of his self-enclosure back into full-bodied, human reality as a world of touch, pain and emotional responses.

The Textuality of Language

The *temporality* of the master narrative, the power of abstraction connects with language as disembodied *text*, the *textuality* of words: *Dusklands* dramatizes how *language* is a prime vehicle in everything that has been described so far. The dominance of vision and the disembodied rational mind, the suppression of sensuous participation with phenomena and the prevention of the body from immersion in the physical givenness of the world, or the refusal of letting untamed, uncontrolled bodily and affective sensations penetrate the mind of reason and its anaesthetizations of the sensible: all of it runs along in the novel's observation and exhibition of the *disembodying* performance of *language* as *text*.

We live in language, "language is the ultimate 'place' of human habitation .... we dwell in the *logos*", says Robert Harrison (Harrison, 1992, 200), and language has a capacity to deprive us of our sense of presence in the world, a capacity to deprive us of embodied experience, robbing the world of the immediacy of its sensuous dimensions. According to Mikel Dufrenne, "'totalizing thought'… is the vocation of thinking, whenever the subject stands at a distance with respect to the object in order to become its 'master and possessor'", and, he stresses, "[t]his is precisely the purpose of *language* whenever it allows for the passage from *presence* to *representation*" (Dufrenne, 1976a, 71, emphases added). Language as representation may represent the world from the distance of a single Idea, re-presenting the world, the sensible, entirely from within the epistemological power of that Idea. In this purely ideational mode of relating to the world, phenomena no longer have an effect on the names we have for them, names come to serve the governing *Ideas* we have of phenomena only. As Lefebvre expresses it, "the sign has the power of destruction because it has the power of abstraction – and thus the power to construct a new world different from nature's initial one" (Lefebvre, 1974, 135). Words "go beyond the immediate, beyond the perceptible…beyond the chaos of sense impressions and stimuli", beyond "spontaneous life" (135). Consequently, signs and words, in which we have our lives, may result in an existential (or biopolitical) *displacement* of our being to the meta-level of ideology.

Dusklands overtly dramatizes language as a medium that radically diminishes our relations to the world of sensations and affects. Coetzee rides "like a god through

a world only partly named, differentiating and bringing into existence" (116) – bringing the sensible into a legible existence, that is, accessible to the rational mind's codes of interpretation. It is this significance, this *signification*, this writing of legible meaning, that *marks* the land, super-imposes itself on phenomenal reality, inscribing the values and codes of a utilitarian view of the phenomenal world on the surfaces of things themselves. The writing and the names that make up Jacobus Coetzee's geographies are not sensuous (not in touch with the sensible), they are historical, discursive and *territorial*. Dawn strikes a central key in the novel's observation of the cynical instrumentality of language in the service of imperial domination: during the Vietnam War "The message" of pro-American news on Indo-China is "'I can say anything and not be moved. Watch as I permute my 52 *affectless signs*'" (14, emphasis added). Through descriptions and angles and perspectives Dawn can engineer and channel human responses to reality, calculate, or pause emotional responses altogether by reducing all language to a matter of disembodied *text*, "affectless signs".

Russell West-Pavlov has developed the acute notion of "egocentric deixis" to describe imperialistic representations of space in language: the colonizing speaker constitutes an ego that transforms the entire world by "relating everything to his viewpoint" (West-Pavlov, 2010, 29). As everything is named and defined by the self-identity of the imperial self, the world comes to stand forth through language only as dictated by the self with no alterity left: "There is nothing from which my eye turns, I am all that I see", says Jacobus Coetzee, "Such loneliness! Not a stone, not a bush, not a wretched provident ant that is not comprehended in this travelling sphere. What is there that is not me?" (79). This is egocentric deixis taken to its furthest conclusion and, in *Dusklands*, it coincides with the kind of self-conscious *textual* self-enclosure that is a typical ploy in many postmodern novels from the last decades of the twentieth century. The stories in *Dusklands* point to themselves as texts, as if re-enacting a human-reality relation governed entirely by disembodied, discursive constructions – not only in Dawn's reflections on how our perception of reality and actions within reality may be textually engineered, but also in the text's meta-textual awareness of itself *as text*: Jacobus Coetzee's narrative is a fictive *text* set up with an apparatus of footnotes, a foreword, an appendix and a historical commentary that all mimic "real" historical documents. If we choose to speak of mimesis in *Dusklands* it seems to involve a mimesis of *text*, or a mimesis of the mediation of reality by the *textuality* of language. Thus the language in *Dusklands* is turning inward towards itself (like its characters) in a final erasure of the world outside the text: the exteriority of texts and signifiers are but more texts and signifiers, *il n'y a pas de hors-texte*.

Yet Coetzee's novel does not at all rest at ease in this self-enclosed textuality of language (if any self-referential novel ever does). The exteriority of the signifier appears to keep haunting even the conqueror's narrative, as in Jacobus Coetzee's word "lonely" just quoted. Speaking from within the self-enclosed textuality of

language, the self-enclosed mind communicates a longing for another relation to the world, another language. Dawn reflects on this:

> It would be a healthy corrective to learn the names of the songbirds, and also the names of a good selection of plants and insects .... I would appreciate a firm grasp of cicadas, Dutch elm blight, and orioles … [to] give the reader a clear sense of the complex natural reality in whose midst I now indubitably am (36-7).

Dusklands distils the essence of imperialism and shows how the driving logic of modernity depends on a control of sensory and affective relations with the phenomenal world by a disembodied eye, but Coetzee also lets the narrative progress to a collapse, as if performing the impossibility for this detached state of being of sustaining itself indefinitely. We have seen how the human body is an Other in Coetzee's novel: the Other of history, the Other of ideology, the Other of the ego cogito and disembodied thought. In *Dusklands* the body revolts, however. Dawn refers to his body as an "enemy", as "undisciplined", the body must be controlled by the mind, "by an effort of the will", but he fails in subduing tics and spasms, clenching fists, a habit of the hand nervously stroking the face: "From head to foot I am the subject of a revolting body" (4-5, 7-8).

From cover to cover *Dusklands* may likewise be read as "the subject of a revolting body", along the lines offered by Martin Seel.

Language and Reading: From Visual Textuality to Visceral Texturality

Seel has said about postmodern works which presumably adopt an "indifferent stance" to phenomenal reality that we should not see their indifference as a rejection of "all sensuous contact", for "artistic rejection is to be understood as the rejection that produces its own sensuous irritations, and through these irritations it in turn makes of itself an incommensurable phenomenal event" (Seel, 2003, 23). As we shall see, this is precisely what *Dusklands* is: a body revolting against disembodied relations to the world, tics and spasms are rippling across its language as words metamorphose – heedlessly – into affects and sensations.

On the story-level, the two speaking selves, Dawn and Jacobus Coetzee, both collapse under the strain of being isolated in thought, or isolated in the eye of the 'I'. Both start hugging physical space. Jacobus Coetzee appears to lose himself in the immediacy of the world's materiality after being released from his captivity in the Nama village and left alone in the desert. He suddenly feels "free to initiate [himself] into the desert" (97):

> I yodelled, I growled, I roared, I screamed, I chucked, I whistled; I danced, I stamped, I grovelled, I spun; I sat on the earth, I spat on the earth, I kicked it, I hugged it, I clawed it (95).

The subject-object division is on the verge of dissolving as body and mind enter into an unbroken continuity with space. For a brief moment, the subjective geography of the cerebral eye is replaced by another mode of being-in-the-world produced by the "participatory geographies" (Rodaway) of the sensuous body. The mind of the rational subject no longer fills all space as the body is brought back to mind through the sensuous experience of things.

The interruptions of the Imperial eye/I in *Dusklands* – the narrators' mental breakdowns, their momentary return to the spatiality of the present, the bodily irritations, Dawn's desire for a language of affect and spatial presence – all seem to invite another reading of events and phenomena in the novel, different from Jacobus Coetzee's unflinching and disembodied eye: an invitation to read with an embodied eye, so to speak, that opens toward all the senses and feelings that have been repressed. Take the detached eyes or "affectless" signs that observe the physical and emotional pain of other humans in the text. Readers might find it impossible to engage these events purely as disembodied text, or to observe what takes place solely through the detached eyes of the narrator (Jacobus Coetzee's language). The boy being stabbed, the girl being raped, these incidents make themselves intensively present – sensibly present – even in a fictive text, and all the *Einfühlung* that is absent in the "affectless signs" that pass on the scene may surge in the reader's body and mind. The novel's "affectless signs" (determined by its narrator) are not *effect*less in an embodied mode of reading: it is precisely the remarkable absence of affect in these bits of text that may intensify the reader's physical and emotional response to the violent scenes/seens. In an embodied mode of reading language translates directly into bodily and affective responses. A spatial presence re-emerges in the performance of language. Synaesthetically, with the ears of their eyes readers may hear all sounds of the violent events, with the skin and muscles and bones of their eyes they may subliminally speed through the bodily tumult of the rape and the child's suffering and fear, all of which, simultaneously, transmutes into spontaneous, bodily felt affects of empathy. Eyes in this reading are unhooked from any I-ness. Self-identities disappear as the imagination fills up with an intense sense of co-presence in the child's experience, although it may all be a matter of split seconds. There is no gap between the scene, the language, the violent sensations and emotions: they coincide in the same spatial moment.

A reading like this reverts the performance of language from representation to presentation (Dufrenne) and liberates the novel's place world from modernity's temporalization of reality. At the end of the story, Jacobus Coetzee returns to the geography of the colonial farm, but the novel itself preserves the possibility of reverting language from representation to presentation: of revitalizing language as a medium of sensation and emotion, bringing it back in touch with the chaos of sense stimuli and spontaneous life. As we shall see in a last example, in a phenomenological, or sensuous reading of the novel's language, the suprasensory language of imperial ideology comes to figure as an alien language within the overall body of the novel's place world.

English in the Kalahari

The colonizer transforms the landscape into an image of his own idea and sovereignty, names everything in his own language (the imperial language of English) in order to "possess the things the words refer to", to rephrase Lefebvre. West-Pavlov rightly asks, as many have done before him, if a distinctive Eurocentric mode of seeing and the ideology of imperial conquest are not inherently embedded "within the very fabric" of the English language itself (West-Pavlov, 2010, 128) – the English language as ordering our perception of the sensible world in certain culturally and politically specific ways. To say anything else remains a sensitive matter in studies of postcolonial literature. Yet an embodied mode of reading might drive out some of the colonial history of the signifying performance of words in this post- or neo-imperial language.

At one point Jacobus Coetzee comes upon the Otherness of a tree. He realizes that the treeness of the tree cannot be counted and cannot be reduced to number "by other means". His gun does not work against the treeness of the tree: "a charge of shot into a tree means nothing, the tree does not bleed, it is undisturbed, it lives on trapped in its treeness" (79). The treeness of the tree resists being conquered by the meaning-making practices of Jacobus Coetzee's imperialist metaphysics – the treeness of the tree, the thingness of the thing remains, resistant to any final apprehension in terms of any instrumental meaning: it radically resists crossing "the boundary between wilderness and number", between the heterogeneity of life and disembodied utilitarian abstraction.

Analogously, the signifying violence of Jacobus Coetzee's naming of the landscape, the metaphysical meaning-making work of his language, cannot kill the treeness of the tree in the very word "tree": the unknowable Otherness of the phenomenal world, the treeness of the tree, survives triumphantly in the word "tree" – the Otherness of tree continues to *live* in the word. In other words, the word, like the thing, cannot be finally reduced to an *object of meaning*, it internally resists instrumentalization or being reduced, for example, to any economy of use-value. Like the thingness of the thing, the word "tree" comes to stand out as a word in the text that must be sensed or *felt*, or in any other way existentially *experienced*, rather than understood through the matrix of one or the other system of value. In this way, the exteriority of the signifier starts affirming itself through the word, through the word's relation with "the mute and closed obstinacy of things", as Dufrenne puts it (Dufrenne, 1964, 163). The felt or sensed tree, the signified, *announces itself* in the word (as an Openness of meanings and sensations) in spite of any intentions invested in it by signifying practices through which the word is put to use (Dufrenne, 1976b, 58). Once again, and because of the failing power of Jacobus Coetzee's definitions and representations, we may start reading with another eye than that of the conqueror:

> This vision does not organize the visible nor does it bestow a meaning upon it or constitute it as readable and expressible in words. It receives the visible, rising from an invisible that clings to it; one can say at the very most that vision opens itself to the visible which is given to it (Dufrenne, 1976a, 71).

In this embodied mode of reading, language may "express beyond significance our mute contact with things when they are not yet things said" (Dufrenne, 1976a, 70). Words move from the register of meaning to the register of sensation and affect, and so the landscape in this Anglophone novel may open up in a wholly different way. Through its resilient Otherness, the phenomenal thing world presences itself in Jacobus Coetzee's language. The landscape is returned to the pre-conceptual, sensory eye, "putting us into the world by opening a world to us [that] precedes the mind" – "the bursting forth of originary being" (Dufrenne, 1976a, 71).

In an embodied reading of *Dusklands* Jacobus Coetzee's control of the narrative breaks down. His *telling* is disrupted by a *showing* in the text, or a showing of things themselves in the text. As the meaning-effects of the language are silenced – Jacobus Coetzee coming "face to face with the alien certainties of sun and stone" (Coetzee, 1974, 77) – the mute sense-effects of language start speaking their muteness, or showing (presencing themselves): sensuous qualities of the phenomenal world, space-scapes or sense-scapes, begin to fill up the language of the text. The sun, the stone, the tree start presencing themselves in the language as unconquerable by any reductive meaning, they cannot be finally pacified or put to rest by any attempt of calculating or controlling the signification of the signifier. J. M. Coetzee's self-referential *Text* begins to fill with the sensuous effects of signifieds. Things themselves begin to speak in the novel's words. The word "sun" fills with heterogeneous sensations of sun-effects, the word "tree" fills with heterogeneous sensations of tree-effects, the word "desert" fills with a heterogeneity of pre-conceptual embodied sensations of light, sand, dryness, heat, and so on.

Most analyses of the language in Coetzee's text end by concluding on the distance to the non-English world created by the English language. In this embodied mode of reading, however, the desert takes over and starts speaking from within the names Jacobus Coetzee scatters about him, starts speaking from within the English language of the text. Just as the phenomenal place world inevitably enters the main character through his body, his nose, ears, eyes, and heart, the place world of the setting inevitably enters the language of the book, issuing forth the smells of this place, its tastes and its sounds, its heat, colors, shapes and temporal dimensions. The signified of words like "bush" or "buck" or "cow" or "tree" are not the same anymore: they no longer issue associations of any decidedly European or Anglo-centric naming of the world, or any farm or orchard economy. They issue forth directly from the Kalahari desert. At some extreme they are not even mediating a foreign world through a known language. Familiar words are turning into foreign words for a distant reader: the word "tree" in a Kalahari setting is different from the word "tree" in, say, a Wiltshire setting. What are trees in the Kalahari like? The

language is touched by the place, the exteriority of the place enters the interiority of the language that describes it and changes the sensory intensity of its words – the words become inhabited by the difference and otherness of another geography. Any absence of the sensuous geographies of the place is owed not to the language but to the reader's degree of sensuous unfamiliarity with the phenomena the words are calling into presence.

In this way, all the body and flesh, the sun and sand and pebbles, rock, sweat, blood, skin, air, rain, smells of oxen, shimmering light and night winds persist in the novel as a spatial language, like "tree", that will never be finally conquered by the temporal language of modernity/colonialism, a spatial language that keeps revoking preverbal body and place sensations from their elision by historical "*after-words*" (Coetzee, 1974, 108-122). Coetzee's novel shows how language itself will return, how words will return, how the vitality of words is restored by literature, to destabilize the disembodied and despatialized conquest of reality by modernity/coloniality's writing of reality and history.

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Notes on the Semiotics of Paper in the Novel

Nina Nørgaard

In a course on practical literary criticism almost twenty years ago, Lars Ole Sauerberg introduced me to the art of close reading and sparked a long-lasting love of this analytical practice, which has inspired me in my academic career ever since. First, it led me to the field of stylistics, which is characterised by careful scrutiny of the ways in which meaning is created in literature and other types of text by linguistic means. Currently, I am engaged in extending the practice of stylistic close reading to also encompass literature which includes semiotic modes such as images, colour, (special) typography and layout for its meaning-making. With its focus on the semiotics of paper in the novel, the present article presents a small corner of this project of relevance, I hope, to Lars Ole's interest in the book as expressed by the Gutenberg Parenthesis project.[1] After a brief introduction to the newly emerging field of multimodal stylistics, the article presents preliminary work on the semiotics of paper, which is an aspect of the novel which has not yet been investigated from this perspective.

Multimodal stylistics

Stylistics is a well-established field of research for scholars and students interested in the interface of linguistics and literary studies as well as studies of other types of text. Stylisticians thus draw on linguists' knowledge about language and employ linguistic theory and methodologies as their analytical tools in order to describe and explain how and why a text works the way it does. Because of its solid linguistic foundation, stylistic analysis is therefore (ideally) informed by the rigour, retrievability and replicability which characterise linguistics more generally (cf. Simpson 2004: 4). The rigour of stylistics is manifested by its descriptive precision and close attention to (linguistic) detail as well as by the systematic nature of the approach – characteristics which ensure that analysis will be solidly and systematically anchored in the actual wording of the text. Methodological retrievability is obtained by making explicit one's framework for analysis and the criteria behind the selection of data as well as by using technical terminology whose meaning is generally agreed upon, at least within the individual linguistic paradigms and theories. This, in turn, means that a given stylistic analysis will be replicable in the sense that other scholars will be able to test the methods and results, either by applying the methodology to the same data, or to other texts.

Over the years, the field of stylistics has branched out into a variety of more specialised types of stylistic practice such as functional stylistics, pragmatic stylistics, feminist stylistics, cognitive stylistics and historical stylistics (see Nørgaard, Busse and Montoro 2010: 1-48 for an overview of and introduction to the different stylistic

[1] http://www.sdu.dk/en/Om_SDU/Institutter_centre/Ikv/Forskning/Forskningsprojekter/Gutenberg_projekt

sub-branches). Due to the linguistic base of the various stylistic sub-branches, a common denominator for their respective approaches to text analysis is naturally their overriding focus on the verbal. However, in many types of contemporary communication, meaning-making is not limited to the mode of wording, but often involves modes such as images, colour, layout and typography – a fact which also applies to the object of analysis in the present article, the novel. As a matter of fact, explicitly multimodal features in the novel are not just a modern phenomenon, but can be spotted in the genre already in Sterne's *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (1759-1767), for instance. Furthermore, even novels (such as conventional editions of Austen's *Emma* or Woolf's *The Waves*) which are not explicitly multimodal in nature always depend on the modes of wording, layout and typography for their existence in print. If we wish to capture the meaning-making which comes about through the interaction of different modes in our stylistic analysis of the novel, we need to extend the (predominantly linguistically oriented) stylistic tool box with tools which can handle these modes in a consistent and systematic way. Such tools may be found within the field of social semiotic multimodal studies as presented by e.g. Kress and van Leeuwen (1996; 2001), Baldry and Thibault (2006) and van Leeuwen (2005a; 2006; 2011). Building on M. A. K. Halliday's functional approach to language known as *Systemic Functional Linguistics* (cf. e.g. Halliday 1994), Kress and van Leeuwen set out to explore whether – and to what extent – the basic ideas behind Halliday's model of language would also apply to images. The result of this work, *Reading Images. The grammar of visual design* (1996), is an extensive "grammar" of visuals, demonstrating how images, like language (in Halliday's view), simultaneously create experiential meaning (to do with the representation of experience/the world), interpersonal meaning (positioning the viewer in relation to that which is represented in the image) and compositional meaning (concerning the spatial organisation of elements in an image/on the page).

One of the main characteristics of *Reading Images* is its detailed systematic approach to visual analysis, reflected, for instance, by the use of "system networks" which present the various visual resources as consistent choice systems similar to those found in (functional) linguistics (cf. e.g. Halliday 1994; Eggins 1994: 198-219. For discussions of the status and systems of choice relations, see Bache 2013). For example, in the case of interpersonal meaning in visuals the viewer is seen to be positioned in relation to the represented participants by means of the systems of *gaze*, (horizontal and vertical) *perspective*, *distance* and *modality*. Gaze concerns whether or not an imaginary connection is created between the represented participant(s) and the viewer. Perspective refers to whether the viewer sees the represented participants from a frontal view, in profile, from behind or from some oblique angle (i.e. horizontal perspective) as well as whether we see them from below, at eye-level or from above (i.e. vertical perspective). Distance concerns whether the represented participants are represented as close to or far away from the viewer (close shot, medium shot, long shot, etc.). And modality has to do with "as how true" or "as how real" something is represented (cf. van Leeuwen 2005a: 160-177), which can be

evaluated in terms of the articulation of detail, background, depth, colour, light and shadow. All these choices are represented in the system network in figure 1. Note that square brackets indicate a single either/or choice, whereas curly brackets mean "both/and".

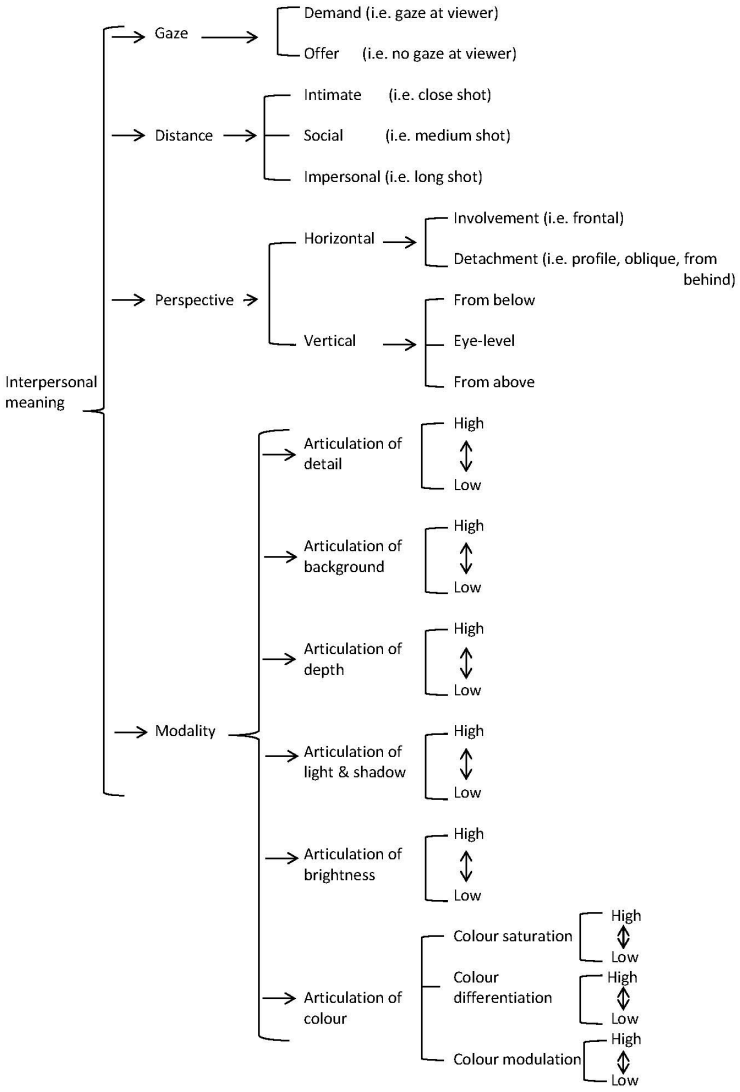

Figure 1: Interpersonal meaning in images (based on Kress and van Leeuwen 1996: 154, 165-168, with slight adjustments).

This approach to visual communication clearly allows us to retain the three R's of stylistics – rigour, retrievability and replicability – in a stylistic approach which includes visuals. In any image, there is either direct gaze or not[1], the represented

[1] Please note that represented participants can be human/animate as well as non-human/non-animate entities. In the case

participant is either viewed in profile or not, from below or not, etc., which is to say that my analysis of a given image can be done in a very precise and systematic manner and can be tested by any other analyst applying the same methodology to the analysis of the same image.

Later, Kress and van Leeuwen's work on visuals was followed by similarly systematic approaches to other modes such as colour (Kress and van Leeuwen 2002; van Leeuwen 2011), typography (van Leeuwen 2005b, 2006), sound (van Leeuwen 1999) and layout (Bateman 2008). Even though much of this work is relatively mono-modal in orientation, it is a foundational idea in multimodal studies that all meaning-making is multimodal and should be analysed accordingly.[1] The consistent systematic mapping of different semiotic resources reflected by the system network is part of the more general enterprise of social semiotics, which van Leeuwen (2005a: 3) describes in the following way:

1. Collect, document and systematically catalogue semiotic resources – including their history.
2. Investigate how these resources are used in specific historical, cultural and institutional contexts, and how people talk about them in these contexts – plan them, teach them, justify them, critique them, etc.
3. Contribute to the discovery and development of new semiotic resources and new uses of existing semiotic resources.

What follows in the next section below springs from the preliminary process of collecting and trying to systematise the semiotic resource of paper in the novel, including considerations about the meanings realised by this particular resource.

As indicated by van Leeuwen's list, the social semiotic approach to communication (i.e. Halliday's Systemic Functional Linguistics as well as the grammars of other modes mentioned above) focuses on semiosis in its (social, historical, cultural, etc.) context, including the affordances of e.g. the materials and technologies involved in semiosis at different points in time. In *Multimodal Discourse. The modes and media of modern communication* (2001), Kress and van Leeuwen furthermore argue that meaning is created at four different strata: *discourse*, *design*, *production* and *distribution*. In relation to the semiotics of paper in the novel, the strata of design, production and distribution seem particularly relevant. In most cases, the choice of paper is a production choice with a view to distribution, yet sometimes the original design of a particular novel includes a specific choice of paper (cf. my comments on *Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife* (1968) below).

When extending the stylistic tool box to include tools which can handle modes other than (and in addition to) language, the inclusion of images, colour and typography is relatively unproblematic, since rather elaborate "grammars" of these

of non-human/non-animate participants, the concept of gaze does not apply unless the participant is represented with eyes or eye-like features.

[1] See Boeriis (2008) for a discussion of monomodal, polymodal and multimodal views of communication.

modes have already been developed within a social semiotic multimodal framework (cf. e.g. Kress and van Leeuwen 1996, 2002; van Leeuwen 2011, 2005b, 2006), even if they need to be adjusted according to the new material analysed, i.e. the novel. In the following, I will consider the possibility of – and possible challenges involved in – extending the multimodal stylistic practice (cf. e.g. Nørgaard 2010, 2011) to include the semiotic potential of paper in the novel, which has not yet received much, if any, attention in the field.

The semiotics of paper in the novel

Though most readers probably know very little about paper quality and tend not to notice the paper much when they read a novel, paper can actually be described and categorised in systematic ways not unlike other semiotic modes. Paper can thus be characterised in terms of its *type* (made of wood, rags, grasses, synthetic material), *thickness*, *relative weight*, *density* and *finish* (bleaching, coating, calendering and tinting) (cf. e.g. Mourier and Mourier 1999). These, and other possible choices such as colouring can be combined in different ways and be systematised in a system network similar to that for interpersonal meaning above. Arguably, paper thus has its own "grammar" just as language and visual images have theirs. But the grammar of paper is mostly known and operable by experts in the field and largely unknown to lay people. According to van Leeuwen (2005b: 142), lay people's knowledge about and expertise on a given semiotic mode may change along with changes in the role played by the mode in our culture and our everyday lives. This has been the case with typography, for example, which has developed from a field practiced mostly by experts (i.e. typographers and graphic designers) to a communicative mode which most people have an awareness of and some degree of expertise in, owing, in particular, to the spread of the word processor. Paper, in contrast, appears not (yet) to have gone through a similar development and consequently holds only a minor semiotic potential to most people. A fertile first step towards the inclusion of paper as an object of analysis in a multimodal stylistic approach to the novel would be to look out for and explore aspects of the choice of paper which are likely to be seen as semiotic.

One such aspect concerns the choice of matt or glossy paper. As the attentive reader will have noticed, the choices "matt" and "glossy" do not occur in Mourier and Mourier's list above. This discrepancy is relevant to methodological considerations about how to develop a system network of the possible choices involved in the semiosis of paper. While Mourier and Mourier's "coating" and "calendering" are closely related to "matt" and "glossy", the former are choices made in production whereas "matt" and "glossy" are aspects of the semiotic end product that readers and others engage with (i.e. see, touch, smell) and more or less consciously make sense of and evaluate. Knowledge about the various choices made in the production of paper is clearly a relevant starting point for dealing systematically with the meaning of paper, yet if we wish to capture the elements of

paper available for the readers to decode, lists of production choices cannot be translated directly into a systematic account of the semiotic potential of paper.

Where matt paper is fine for printed text, a glossy surface will be more suited for books with illustrations. This has implications for explicitly multimodal novels which combine text and images.[1] In Bantam Press' special illustrated edition of Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code* (2004), the choice of glossy paper clearly adds to the exquisiteness of the publication and seems an appropriate choice for the representation of the artworks, symbols, architecture, etc. which are described in the novel. Coating and calendering thus enable a very high quality of the visual images, but unfortunately the reflection of light caused by the glossy surface interferes with the readability of the text. Glossy furthermore combines multimodally with other choices made in the production of the book such as its binding and (large) size. Together, the glossy paper, the inclusion of images, the binding and the size of the book construct the meaning of 'exquisite coffee table edition'[2]. The function of this edition clearly differs from that of the original edition of the novel, since the size and glossy pages make it a bit of a strain to read from one end to the other, just as its size makes it particularly unhandy to bring along when on the go. In combination with the nicely reproduced images, certain aspects of the material realisation of the illustrated edition thus induce one type of use more than another, making us more likely to flip through its pages the way we do with other coffee table books on cooking, painting, architecture, etc., than to read it the way we would read the original edition of the novel.

As regards the choice between glossy and matt paper in books which consist of text and images, a similar problem has been solved in Erlend Loe's novel *L* (1999) by using matt paper for the verbal narrative and glossy paper for images. Here, the pages with illustrations have been placed together as sixteen glossy pages in the middle of the novel. Semiotically, this choice clearly results in a far more arbitrary linking of images and wording than is the case with Brown's novel, where the images occur in close proximity to the wording to which they are related. A fair guess would be that this aspect of Loe's novel is caused by a wish, or need, to keep costs down and would hence be seen as semiosis created at the level of production with a view to distribution (cf. Kress and van Leeuwen 2001).

Altogether, many readers probably have some sense of the general material quality of the edition of the novel they are looking at – a quality that comes about as a combination of the paper, printing and binding of the novel. To judge from my current collection of examples, the elements which are most likely to play a role in our decoding of paper are matt/glossy, thickness, shade[3], colour and to some extent perhaps also weight. Relatively thick, heavy paper with some degree of white shading

[1] Some of my observations about Dan Brown and Erlend Loe's novels below have previously been published in Nørgaard (2014).
[2] Single quotation marks indicate meaning.
[3] Shade comes about through the production choice of "tinting" (see Mourier and Mourier's list above) which results in various shades of white paper, thereby differing from grey paper which easily yellows (no tinting). Colour, on the other hand, refers to paper which has been dyed in different colours.

is, for instance, likely to signal 'high quality' in the context of the novel. However, while high quality editions may partly reflect the contents of the actual narrative by signalling that it is worth the exclusive "wrapping", less exquisite material choices do not necessarily mean that the narrative contents are of low standard. On the contrary, it usually takes a certain literary quality for a book to be published in cheap mass-market paperback series such as *Wordsworths' Classics*, whose physical appearance is characterised by rather low quality paper, print and binding. To a large extent, the choice of paper (and other material aspects of the novel) seems to be meaning-making at the level of *consumption*, where it signals something about the taste and financial capabilities of the owner of the book. Consumption may, in fact, be seen as a missing stratum in Kress and van Leeuwen's (2001) stratal model where only discourse, design, production and distribution are considered meaning-making strata.

In another example, *Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife* (1968) by William H. Gass, paper quality is arguably related more directly to the experiential contents of the narrative. Here different types of paper quality give emphasis to the material, tactile nature of the book and are claimed to help "equate [the] text with the body of Babs Masters, the lonesome wife of the title", thereby establishing a "metaphorical parallel between the book itself and the female body and, as a corollary, between reading and sex" (Henry 2006). Although an interesting artistic exploration of the meaning-potential of paper in the novel, this is probably not an experiment which is likely to be followed on a larger scale. Not only because a limited range of narrative meanings can be expressed by means of paper, but also because of the costs and practical challenges involved in such choices. As a matter of fact, different editions of Gass' novel are realised by different choices of paper, and in one case the paper is the same throughout the novel (cf. Henry 2006: note *). Once again, the practicalities of the material production of the book have consequences for the meaning created by the final semiotic product of the novel.

The last semiotic aspect of paper in the novel to be considered here is the meaning of 'missing paper'. In *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (1759-1767), Sterne's experiments with narrative form and various material aspects of the novel involve a chapter which is missing and hence also the absence of the paper on which it is (claimed to be) written. To explain from a stylistic perspective how the meaning of 'missing chapter/missing paper' is created, it would seem to make sense to turn to the knowledge about negation we have from linguistics (e.g. Jespersen 1917; Jordan 1998) and its application in stylistics (e.g. Hidalgo Downing 2002; Nørgaard 2007; Nahajec 2009). From these two fields we know, for instance, that negation is a formally marked category ("happy" vs. "unhappy" and "not happy") which stands out in terms of its pragmatic function in that it not just involves the establishment of a proposition, but the establishment of a proposition *and* the cancellation of it. Negatives thus incorporate their positive counterpart, illustrated by Lakoff's famous example "don't think of a pink elephant" which makes us do exactly that when trying not to (Lakoff 2004). Finally, Jordan (1998: 714)

argues that an important function of negatives is "to indicate something different, unusual or contrary to the expectations of the addressee".

In the case of Sterne's missing chapter, the formal markedness of linguistic negation would appear to translate into the elements which indicate to the reader that paper/a chapter is missing. In most editions of the novel, this meaning is realised through the mode of wording at different levels. At the narrative level, the subsequent chapter thus starts in the following manner: " – No doubt, Sir – there is a whole chapter wanting here – and a chasm of ten pages made in the book by it" (Sterne 1992: 251). And a few lines later we are told that the author-narrator has torn out the chapter because its style and manner were so much better than the rest of the book that it would have destroyed the balance of the book and depreciate all other scenes in it. In addition to the wording of the narrative, the chapter headings which jump from chapter 23 to chapter 25 also indicate that something is missing, as does the pagination which jumps ten pages. As pointed out by Weber-Hansen (2014), based on de Voogd (2006), the original edition of the novel furthermore displayed a reversal of the conventional order of odd and even page numbers for right and left hand pages, "an editorial treat for the most observant of readers" (Weber Hansen 2014: 68). As with linguistic negation, the missing pages appear to "indicate something different, unusual or contrary to the expectations of the addressee" (cf. Jordan 1998: 714 on linguistic negation). Consequently, the missing pages seem likely to increase the reader's focus on that which is negated, i.e. the materiality and textuality of the novel, in ways similar to those of later self-reflexive metafiction (cf. Waugh 1984).

In the recent edition of *Tristram Shandy* by Visual Editions (2010), an interesting choice is made at this point in the novel, since paper itself is here used to negate paper. This is done by actually inserting five sheets of paper which have been torn off close to the spine of the novel. The stubs of paper and the torn nature of their edges (where the pages would have been) may be seen as an example of how a negative can also involve its positive counterpart in the case of a material artefact (i.e. paper). Having decided to create the meaning of 'missing paper' by means of paper, the book designers at Visual Editions arguably fail somewhat as regards the more specific realisation of the meaning of 'torn out'. A closer look at the stubs of paper reveals that the pages have been torn out in a manner which is far more regular than would be possible by human hand only. As a matter of fact, a line of regular and clearly mechanically produced perforation is visible where the pages have been torn. The creative choice of signifying 'torn out paper/chapter' by means of paper as well as by wording is an interesting multimodal[1] choice which probably also reflects a change in the affordances of the technologies involved in book production since Sterne's day. At the same time, however, the affordances of contemporary book production technologies also result in the meaning of 'produced by mechanical

[1] Due to space constraints, I deliberately refrain from discussing whether paper is really a mode, or whether it may in time become a mode (cf. e.g. Kress and van Leeuwen (2002) on the development of colour into a semiotic mode).

means' which runs counter to what is clearly the intended meaning of the negated pages as expressed by the mode of wording.[1]

A methodological implication of the signifying potential of the absence of paper might be that perhaps "absence of paper" should be included as a meaning-making choice in the system network for paper. This, in turn, would open up for discussions about the need to include absence, or negation, of other resources in their respective networks, at least when "grammaticalised" (i.e. when having developed a conventionalised "grammatical" form). Unfortunately (or to my great luck, perhaps), such considerations would take me beyond the scope of the present paper.

Concluding remarks

If we wish to develop a multimodal stylistics and to take the multimodal stylistic approach to literature seriously, we cannot ignore the fact that even the paper on which a given novel is printed is semiotic. So far, the multimodal stylistic tool box contains relatively few tools for analysing the meanings that come about as a result of material aspects of the novel such as paper. When developing new tools to cover this aspect of the field we face the risk of developing descriptive systems that are so finely grained that they catch details which are in actual fact not perceived as semiotic, like, for instance, the question of whether the paper of a given novel has been made of wood, rags, grasses or synthetic material. From a semiotic perspective, it therefore makes sense only to include the choices which can actually be perceived by the reader. It might be that not all readers perceive all the choices made and grasp the meanings created, yet when describing and systematising the paper choices which *can* be perceived and the meaning potential of such choices, multimodal stylisticians may (ideally) increase the general awareness of this semiotic resource through their work.

It should be mentioned that the different aspects of the novel that interest me in my work on multimodal stylistics are also explored by various scholars in literary studies and book history. A few well-known examples are McGann's *The Textual Condition* (1991), Genette's *Paratexts* (1997) and Tanselle's *Bibliographical Analysis* (2009), whose value I fully acknowledge and respect. Nevertheless, the work of these and other literary scholars has been deliberately ignored in the present article because of its stylistic scope. At the heart of the multimodal stylistics project is a wish to explore the possibility of extending the stylistics practice of anchoring analysis solidly in the lexis and grammar of the text to other semiotic modes and their interaction – and to do so with a systematic and (relatively) consistent methodology. This has made me start my research by somewhat narrowly investigating where the tools and methodologies which are currently available from the stylistic and multimodal toolboxes will take us in our analysis of the novel as a multimodal artefact. However, since stylistics and multimodal studies are both interdisciplinary in

[1] For extensive multimodal analysis of various editions of Sterne's novel, see Weber-Hansen (2014).

nature, insights from more traditional literary approaches could easily be incorporated into a multimodal stylistic approach to text analysis in the future.

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The Parenthetical Turn in Journalism Studies: The Role of the News Ballads

Tom Pettitt

The diary of the London merchant Henry Machyn, covering several years in the mid-sixteenth century, is mainly interested in public events such as weddings, funerals, pageants and the like -- perhaps because the diarist supplied a lot of the expensive cloth and accoutrements on display on such occasions – but what follows will pursue a line of thought prompted by an entry recording an event that is not usually public. For on 5 June 1561 "[a] harper, the servant of the Earl of Derby ... did hang himself beside London Stone" (Machyn). The choice of venue, a then celebrated City landmark, suggests the suicide was intended to be demonstrative. Of just what we shall never know, but it was tragically symbolic of a major shift in the history of news mediation, which was gathering momentum at exactly this time: the demise of professional minstrelsy before the onrush of print.

Among the duties of medieval minstrels were some with recognizable news functions, including the reporting of remarkable events in the form of songs or verses, of their own or others' composition. Accompanied by a musical instrument, typically a fiddle or harp (hence the synonyms "fiddler" and, as here, "harper") they would most naturally report major occurrences in the lives of the nobility, not least the minstrel's patron and his family. More local news concerning odd or scandalous goings on in high or low places might also provide topics, alongside satirical songs on government policies.

But as we move into the reign of Elizabeth I (1558 – 1603), these functions, and the livelihood of the minstrel more generally, were under increasing threat from the new media technology, which since its introduction a century or so earlier had penetrated an increasing range of cultural systems. The withdrawal of the English upper classes from the vernacular performance culture of their semi-public great halls in favour of private reading in privy chambers, already under way, was accelerated by the arrival of printed books. Meanwhile, popular songs in the repertoire equally appreciated in the great house, the alehouse, the harvest home or the market square, were also becoming available, in ominous quantities, in the new medium of the printed broadside: that is as verses suitable for performance to familiar tunes ("ballads"), printed on one side of a sheet of paper, and offered for sale in town and country at street stalls or by itinerant pedlars at a price many could afford (Rollins; EBBA).

His name largely erased by a blemish in Machyn's manuscript, we cannot be certain our London Stone minstrel was identical with the Richard Sheale documented as a "harper" in the Derby household in this period, and whose career offers glimpses of some of these challenges to the profession (Taylor). A segment of his active performance repertoire probably survives in a manuscript containing popular poems and songs, many in his own hand and/or of his own composition. But several of these

also appeared in print, as, precisely, broadside ballads. Difficulties in dating mean it is not possible to determine whether Sheale had transcribed the songs from memory, and subsequently offered them to the London printers as suitable broadside material, or, conversely, had copied them from print with a view to adopting them into his repertoire. Either scenario would be a plausible option for a performer who catered to a provincial audience at some distance from the capital, where he nonetheless had significant professional contacts. Either way, this suggests a more constructive and robust engagement with the ongoing eruption of print into entertainment and news mediation than a demonstrative suicide. Which is encouraging, for the minstrels of the Earl of Derby and others of their ilk were not the last purveyors of news to confront the perfect storm of a massive media revolution.

Back then it might reasonably have been said that minstrelsy was going through an "existential crisis", and predictions this would lead to the "twilight", "vanishing", and "demise" of the profession would have been dreadfully accurate. But these terms are actually among the "crisis tropes" identified by a survey of current discussion of the challenges now facing the printed news media (Boczkowski & Siles). The authors sensibly recommend that coping with the crisis include "situating current developments within a historical perspective …", but by this they mean that we seek enlightenment by studying the impact on news mediation of the analog technology of the twentieth century. As the symbol of the despairing minstrel suggests however, the scope might usefully be extended to a deeper historical perspective.

Their commensurate magnitude suggests that juxtaposing the typographical and digital revolutions is likely to be reciprocally enlightening, but the present writer is one of those exploring the more adventurous thesis that with the death of print, in news mediation as in many other fields, we are not merely moving onwards and upwards to an era of yet higher communication technology, but also in some significant ways restoring, or reconnecting with, conditions as they were before print. This "restoration *topos*" has taken many forms (Pettitt 2013a), but the most effective of its recent formulations is undoubtedly Lars Ole Sauerberg's notion of a "Gutenberg Parenthesis", of some four centuries' duration, in which major cultural systems in the West have been dominated by the print medium.

As originally formulated in the 1990's the Gutenberg Parenthesis idea was mainly oriented towards literary theory and literary history (Sauerberg *et al*.) but in later, international dissemination its scope was extended to Media Studies (Pettitt 2007; 2012), which also brought it to the attention of commentators engaged in the ongoing, urgent discussions on the "Future of News" (Garber; Jarvis; Viner; Fleischhacker). It may be appropriate here to invoke the moment in 2012 when Dean Starkman of Columbia University's Post-Graduate School of Journalism, invited to give a keynote presentation to a conference at a nearby venue, took the initiative for a meeting with Professor Sauerberg and the present writer, publishing the results of the interview in the distinguished *Columbia Journalism Review* (Starkman).

If the thesis holds, the forms of news and the processes of its mediation will, thanks to the affordances of the new technologies, in some ways reconnect with their antecedents in a pre-print, effectively medieval, world where the kind of material recently found in newspapers was mediated over space and time by the human memory and voice, supplemented, for a literate minority, by written texts (Pettitt 2013b).

However a powerful alternative periodization for the restoration trajectory is emerging from within Journalism Studies and journalism itself (Ingram; Gray). Its currently most profiled exponent is Tom Standage, digital editor of the *Economist*, whose explorations in essays and lectures on the future of news in a long-term historical perspective culminated in his book, *Writing on the Wall: Social Media, the First 2,000 Years* (Standage 2013). For him too, with our new social media such as blogs, Twitter and Facebook, "rather than creating a new communication style, we are actually returning to one", but the reconnection here is with earlier social media in the form of letters, diaries, other writings, and even early forms of print itself. The intervening "historical anomaly" is accordingly a "*mass-media* parenthesis" (241), and Standage associates its opening more specifically with the quantitative leap in production enabled by the introduction of steam powered presses, the exact watershed moment being the foundation in 1833 of the New York *Sun*, the first one-cent newspaper. It was based on the now threatened business model of offering popular types of news which (combined with the low price) ensured a wide circulation, and so attracted substantial advertising revenue (173-175).

Independently of this, the concluding discussion of historian Andrew Pettegree's authoritative study of the first centuries of news mediation in print, *The Invention of News*, offers a glimpse of a similar model of historical restoration. Having charted the irruption of print up to the eve of its nineteenth-century predominance in the form of the (daily) newspaper, Pettegree observes that from our current perspective the intervening "age of the newspaper seems comparatively fleeting" and that the "evolving and unstable multimedia world that characterises the early twenty-first century" may have more in common with the earlier period covered by his survey (Pettegree 2014a: 371-2). This potential for a parenthetical trajectory of interruption and restoration was brought out more explicitly in reviews -- for example "Our emerging post-newspaper era … makes it easier for us to understand the pre-newspaper era" (Kirsch; cf. Onion) -- and Pettegree himself later elaborated on his insight: "our 21st century new world is nothing new, but a recreation of the vibrant, various and creative era before the great age of the daily paper". As an image to convey this restoration he deploys not a parenthesis but one with an equivalent import: "the great age of the newspaper in the 19th and 20th century was ... *sandwiched* between two periods when the news was a truly multi-media business" (Pettegree 2014b, my emphasis; all further references will be to Pettegree's book, 2014a). Like Standage, therefore, but from a somewhat different perspective,

Pettegree identifies developments in the early nineteenth century newspaper business as decisive for periodization, which means in turn that deciding between, or attempting to reconcile, these alternative restoration scenarios manifestly requires a closer look at printed news media before the predominance of the newspaper. (Considerations of space preclude discussion of their discrepant treatments of contemporary developments.)

The initial onrush of print evidently did have some impact, for example in connection with the Reformation, which, as Andrew Pettegree acknowledges, "... alerted Europe's nascent printing industry to the potential of a whole new mass market for printed news of contemporary events. *The news market would be changed for ever*" (59-61: my emphasis). On the other hand there is little doubt, as Standage urges, that the popular dailies of the nineteenth century mark a distinct break with the established newspapers, which were more circumspect and circumstantial in their reporting, with decisively smaller circulation and accordingly higher price.

Part of this paradox can be resolved by the appreciation that the purveying of news in print in the early modern period was far from confined to newspapers of the kind, popular or otherwise, to which we subsequently became accustomed. The discontinuity between the new popular press and the established *newspapers* is matched by its substantial *continuity* with *other*, already popular forms of news mediation in print, not least the broadside news ballads. It may be relevant that while Pettegree, like other news historians, accords such "ballad sheets" considerable significance in the history of early printed news dissemination (121-9; cf. Kyle & Peacey: 8, 12, 13), Standage touches on them only sporadically (57-8; 89), a formulation in one instance giving the impression that their role in purveying news on popular subjects was brief, as "the ballad format gave way to the multipage pamphlet in the 1580s" (89).

On the contrary, the hey-day of the broadside news ballad was in the early nineteenth century, and perhaps the most striking symptom of continuity is precisely the way the new, cheap, sales-hungry newspapers, within a generation or two, both usurped the mediating role of broadside news ballads, in the process destroying the broadside trade, *and* took over its machinery for not merely sensationalizing the news, but selecting and adapting events to confirm with established paradigms having a good commercial track-record (Cohen; Fulcher). It was also from the broadsides, presumably, that the mass audience newspapers learnt the importance of supplementing textual material with lurid illustrations.

The broadside ballads similarly anticipated the cheap newspapers in their pursuit of a mass audience. Pettegree (128) notes estimates that even by 1600 "over four million printed song broadsheets [that is, individual copies] were in circulation", and thereafter the print-run of any one item could reach thousands, or tens or hundreds of thousands, in the early nineteenth century, by some accounts, approaching the million mark. This may not match the total output of the mass media newspapers, some of which had reached twenty to forty thousand copies *per day* by the mid-nineteenth

century (Pettegree: 175), but given the occasional, rather than daily publication of the broadside ballads, the market penetration of any one piece of news will more likely have fallen short in degree rather than order of magnitude, not least when it is appreciated that it took only one literate person with a reasonable singing voice in a crowd or a tavern for the audience of a given news ballad to be augmented quite considerably.

In what Standage (174) calls their "down-to-earth coverage, with an emphasis on anecdotes, morality tales, crime reports, quirky news items, and human-interest stories designed to appeal to ordinary people", the penny papers merely continued, or rather usurped, the classic news coverage of the broadside ballads (Rollins; Fumerton & Guerrini). Moreover in and of itself the print medium shared by ballad and penny newspaper afforded common – mass media -- characteristics such as a fixed text, which reached its wide readership, over a substantial geographical area, in the same form.

Despite their different physical appearances the materially enclosed nature of the print medium was in both vehicles also conducive to closure in the news report itself. Because of other constraints, the traditional narrative formula of beginning, middle and end is complicated in newspaper articles by the convention of the "inverted pyramid", setting out the main facts efficiently in an opening "lead" and elaborating on it in re-tellings supplying steadily less essential details. But this too may be anticipated in those many early news broadsides on which the title is expanded into a prose statement of precisely "who? what? where? when? why? how?" of the journalistic lead, for example the late seventeenth-century "Bloody Miller": "... Francis Cooper of Hocstow near Shrewsbury ... was a Millers Servant, and kept company with one Anne Nicols for the space of two years, who then proved to be with Child by him, and being urged by her Father to marry her he most wickedly and barbarously murdered her ..." (EBBA: ID 20776).

Perhaps the greatest achievement of typographical news mediation was the widespread notion that information about recent events reported in print is more reliable than what is received by other media: but it antedates the penny newspaper by two centuries and more and is not confined to newspapers. Early symptoms with regard specifically to broadsides include the moment in Shakespeare's *A Winters' Tale* (1610-11) where a group of rather English-sounding Bohemian shepherds are being offered some dubious news ballads by a pedlar, including one on "how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags ...". He is at pains to stress their authenticity, but need not have worried, one of the prospective customers having already exclaimed, "I love a ballad in print … for then we are sure they are true" (Riverside: 4.4.260-65). More generally, Ben Jonson's play *The Staple of News* (1622) offers a dystopian vision of commercialized news mediation extrapolating from trends already discernible in contemporary London. The business model here actually involves selling bundles of items in manuscript copies, but to this a customer objects that some people "have not the heart to believe anything / But what they see

in print", and indeed "Unto some, / The very printing of them makes them news" (Jonson: 1.5.51-55). Precisely: as Pettegree's title, *The Invention of News*, suggests, print mediation achieved a new category of information: "News" – reliable reports-about-recent-events-somewhere-else -- which while it did not emanate from official channels was nonetheless a class above mere rumour. Hitherto, "news" and "rumour" had been effectively synonymous, "news" characterizing the content, "rumour" the medium -- the sound of people speaking.

This would suggest that if there has been a "mass media parenthesis" in the communication of news -- one-way delivery in a stable form to a national, popular audience -- it opened, as part of the Gutenberg Parenthesis, in the early seventeenth century. The significance of 1833 was rather the coming together of features from two hitherto distinct strands in the impact of print on news reporting: the mass mediation and popular content of the broadsides on the one hand, and on the other a cluster of characteristics emerging rather within the conventional newspaper industry. A glance at those characteristics may reveal the process of the conglomeration.

A definitive feature of the newspaper is its serial publication (the Spanish word for "journalism" is *periodismo*): one issue follows another at regular intervals, and any information not available and processed before the "deadline" does not make it onto the pages of the up-coming issue. The earliest newspapers seem to have been published weekly, later in England thrice-weekly, corresponding to the timetable of the stage-coaches which linked London with provincial cities (Kyle & Peacey: 23). Daily newspapers may have become the default mode only after the technological advances of the early nineteenth century (Pettegree: 371), but this applied equally to the "quality" as much as the popular penny press, and daily publication had been spreading steadily since the founding of the *Daily Courant* in 1702 (Pettegree: 346; 245; Kyle & Peacey: 11; 21-24). Without the predominance of this daily or "diurnal" cycle we would not today speak of "journalism" or "journalists" (the connection obscured by our French way of spelling them). In contrast the incidence of broadsides was not serial but occasional – responding to news as and when it broke. In the case of crime ballads, with cruel irony, the "deadline" was the day of the execution, when the already-written account could be published, and good sales could be expected (Mayhew: 1.223-4).

Equally, the purveyors of broadside news do not qualify as journalists either in this sense of working to a diurnal rhythm, or in terms of professional status and function. The typical ballad author seems to have been the fourth-rate hack who could turn into a trite "copy of verses" almost anything a printer might request. And there is little indication that such rhymers would inconvenience themselves by leaving their favourite tavern to visit even a nearby crime scene, police station or criminal court in pursuit of independent information. Their role was inherently parasitical, their craft the rendering of news reports available elsewhere, not least in the regular newspapers, into verses conforming to one of the stanza forms suitable for singing to currently popular tunes (Mayhew: 1.225, 281, 283).

And it was of course in those established newspapers that professional journalism had emerged over the preceding centuries (Kyle & Peacey: 17; Pettegree: 12; 308-25). A fully-fledged investigation and reporting profession may have had to await the revolutionary years at the end of the eighteenth century, as Pettegree suggests (341-3), or even the emergence of the mass circulation newspapers, as Standage prefers (176-7), particularly instancing the presence of reporters at court sessions. But back in 1700 a character in a Restoration comedy reflecting contemporary social *mores* invokes the shame of having a family's private affairs dealt with "in public court", and thereafter "consigned by the shorthand writers to the public press", suggesting the existence of professional functions and skills. That such material would be "from thence transferred to the hands, nay into the throats and lungs, of hawkers" (Congreve: V.194; 214-16) may illustrate what was indeed the case, that news mediation in print prior to the 1830's proceeded not so much in two parallel vehicles, as in two stages: the news gathering and reporting were undertaken by the regular newspapers; the mass circulation was achieved by the derivative broadside ballads. The revolution of 1833, which rather than opening Standage's mass media parenthesis brought us to the meat in Pettegree's news sandwich, consisted in telescoping these two stages into one, to produce journalism – the diurnal mass circulation of news – as we know (knew) it.

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You Can't Burn Books!

Claus Schatz-Jakobsen

Roland Emmerich's eminent climate-disaster film, *The Day After Tomorrow* (2004), contains a sequence of scenes in which, having taken shelter in the New York Public Library from extreme cold and a tsunami that has flooded the streets of Manhattan, a group of refugees find an office with an old fireplace and start burning books from the library's shelves to keep warm and stay alive. The group includes two of the film's major characters, Sam Hall (Jake Gyllenhaal) and Laura Chapman (Emmy Rossum), high school students and the film's main love interest. Sam is son of the film's dominant character, Jack Hall (Dennis Quaid). He is a paleo-climatologist who in the beginning of the film warns politicians and government officials at a world climate conference held in India of an impending climate catastrophe – to considerable scepticism and little avail, until it is almost too late, which jeopardizes his own life, the life of his son… as a matter of fact, all life in the Western hemisphere. In terms of the overall thematic statement made by the film, the sequence of scenes which I mean to analyse here may be insignificant; for the purpose of the present essay, which is to take a critical look at the history, theory and practice of book burning (as an important species of what has been called 'cultural destruction'), it is all-important.

On finding a stack of books in the office, Sam starts to throw them into the fireplace to light a fire. Judith (Sheila McCarthy), a librarian, says to him with indignation and alarm: "You can't burn books", and is backed up by Jeremy (Tom Rooney), a colleague of hers: "No, absolutely not." Sam retorts, disarmingly: "You wanna freeze to death?", which cuts short the conversation and leaves room only for action in the form of Elsa (Amy Sloan) walking off to find books to burn, followed by Jeremy, who seems to cast himself in the dual role as finder of suitable books to burn and watchdog ensuring that certain other books will be spared. Accordingly in the next scene [1:11.35-1:12:00], we find Jeremy and Elsa arguing over a trolley whether to burn books by Friedrich Nietzsche. As expected, Jeremy is there as much to protect books and the ideas they contain as to find fuel:

> **Jeremy**: Friedrich Nietzsche! We cannot burn Friedrich Nietzsche; he was the most important thinker of the 19th Century!
> **Elsa**: Oh, please! Nietzsche was a chauvinist pig, who was in love with his sister.
> **Jeremy**: He was not a chauvinist pig
> **Elsa**: But he was in love with his sister.
> **Brian Parks**: Uh... 'scuse me? You guys? Yeah... there's a whole section on tax law down here that we can burn.

Brian Parks' (Arjay Smith) remark about the combustible tax law section ends the scene on a note of comic relief.

A few scenes further on, we have a new encounter between Jeremy and Elsa [1:20:45-1:21.34], this time in the roomy office, with the fire burning in the background:

> **Elsa**: What've you got there?
> **Jeremy**: The Gutenberg Bible... it was in the Rare Books Room.
> **Elsa**: Think God's gonna' save you?
> **Jeremy**: No... I don't believe in God.
> **Elsa**: You're holding on to that Bible pretty tight.
> **Jeremy**: I'm protecting it.
> [pause as Elsa glances at J.D. throwing books on the fire]
> **Jeremy**: This Bible... is the first book ever printed. It represents... the dawn of the Age of Reason. As far as I'm concerned, the written word is mankind's greatest achievement.
> [Elsa gives a light snort]
> **Jeremy**: You can laugh... but if Western Civilization is finished... I'm gonna' save at least one little piece of it.

A seemingly indulgent and interpretatively open smile on Elsa's face closes the scene. She appears to accept his strong feelings about and devotion to books, but as a slightly nerdy minority view (supported by the obsessive tone in which he speaks the lines quoted above), as if to say: 'O.K., let him have his Bible and his irrational obsession with books'. The view represented and defended by Jeremy (and Judith) could be paraphrased thus: *as a liberal humanist you must uphold in principle, as a moral axiom, the sanctity of the book as chief object and carrier of humane culture, an object which must under no circumstances be burnt or otherwise destroyed*.

Historically speaking, Jeremy has not been alone in representing this view, on the contrary. His seems in fact to have been the majority view of (the status and value of) books and book learning in Western culture and civilization – at least inside the historical period which has come increasingly to be defined and referred to by cultural historians as the Gutenberg Parenthesis, the period roughly between 1500 and 2000 (cf. Pettitt; Sauerberg). Among many others, Jeremy's view is supported by Thomas Moore (b. 1940), American writer of popular spiritual books and columnist for Huffington post, for whom all books are sacred: "I love everything to do with books." For Moore, a library is a kind of chapel, which "honors a book and easily turns it into a sacred place" (Moore). Jeremy's may be a slightly less religiously tinged affection for books than Moore's, but the net result is the same: as carrier of the written word, "mankind's greatest achievement", the book (any book) must be protected from harm, desecration and ultimately destruction, especially from our culture's symbolically most potent – and by the same token most humiliating – mode of destruction: fire. For as journalist Jon Henley said in *The Guardian* for September

10, 2010, in response to pastor Terry Jones' plan to burn 200 copies of the Qur'an in Florida: "There is something uniquely symbolic about the burning of books. A book, plainly, is something more than ink and paper, and burning one (or many) means something more than destroying it by any other means" (Henley).

All the same, the last two millennia and more of human civilization can boast an impressive record of large-scale, public book burnings and library destructions, and several scholars have recapitulated the chapters of this tragic story, in short academic articles or book-length monographs. In the former category belongs Hans Hillerbrand's 2005-presidential address to the *American Academy of Religion*: "On Book Burnings and Book Burners: Reflections on the Power (and Powerlessness) of Ideas". In the latter category we find Rebecca Knuth's companion volumes, *Libricide: The Regime-Sponsored Destruction of Books and Libraries in the Twentieth Century* (2003) and *Burning Books and Leveling Libraries: Extremist Violence and Cultural Destruction* (2006), Haig Bosmajian's *Burning Books* (2006), Lucien Polastron's *Books on Fire: The Destruction of Libraries Throughout History* (2007), and Fernando Baez' *A Universal History of the Destruction of Books: From Ancient Sumer to Modern-day Iraq* (2008).

Haig Bosmajian provides the best brief historical overview of his subject. Having in his introduction noted the paucity of "works devoted exclusively to the subject of book burning" and surveyed what little there is of complete or tangential scholarly treatments, Bosmajian promises his reader a work "devoted exclusively to book burnings". As he explains,

> "Book burning" is to be taken literally here, not figuratively. Often, "book burning" is used figuratively by authors to mean book banning. There have appeared articles that are headlined with "book burnings," but a close reading of the articles reveals that they are about book bannings, not book burnings. Further, I have omitted inclusion of books that were said to be "destroyed" or "confiscated" because such terms did not directly indicate they were actually burned.
>
> Hence, the purpose of this work is to identify the book burners and the works they purposely set afire over the centuries and to examine the persistent use of metaphoric language "justifying" the fiery destruction of the heretical, seditious, and obscene books and sometimes their authors. (5-6)

Thematically organized around three centrally different motivations for burning books, religious (Burning Blasphemous-Heretical Books), political (Burning Seditious-Subversive Books), and (sexual-)moral (Burning Obscene-Immoral Books), Bosmajian recounts in detail the history of each from antiquity into the twentieth century, with the significant variation that while religiously motivated book-burnings *de*crease in number the closer we approach our own time, book-

burnings *in*crease in number and mass of books burned as far as the other two stories are concerned.

Bosmajian's is an erudite overview of the history of book burning, fuelled by equal measures of scholarly curiosity and a moral indignation shared by fellow-scholars. Indeed, lines from all the works mentioned above could be quoted in support of Bosmajian's closing statement in his Preface:

> There is something frightful, dismaying and tragic when crowds of human beings stand in awe, celebrating a bonfire of condemned books going up in smoke and reduced to ashes. I hope the following pages contribute to an awareness of the magnitude of that historical and universal tragedy and inhumanity. (1-2)

Rebecca Knuth's books are markedly different from the other works mentioned, for at least three reasons: 1) confined to the 20th century though it may be, her focus on libricide or biblioclasm[1] is thematically broader than that of her fellow-scholars and includes cases of lootings of libraries and museums during the power vacuum and anarchy following an armed conflict (fx Iraq 2003); bombings, including fire bombings, which 'incidentally' hit libraries (Hamburg, Dresden, Tokyo 1943-45) – indeed, the inclusion of any biblioclastic incident of a certain magnitude that could be classified as a case of 'cultural destruction', broadens her scope considerably more than fx Bosmajian's; 2) she works, not exclusively historically, but from an interdisciplinary platform which places her book "in the realm of international studies and comparative sociology, particularly the scholarship of genocide" (Knuth, 2006: xii); 3) far from lashing out in moral terms against the barbarity, irrationality and inhumanity of book burners, in terms, that is, which would demonize and stigmatize them as 'others', Knuth makes an effort to understand their mindset and motivation. As she explains in her introductory chapter, "Understanding Modern Biblioclasm":

> Condemnations imply that the destruction has no other meaning than to signify the presence of irrational forces. They effectively dismiss the destroyers of books as barbaric, ignorant, evil - as outside the bounds of morality, reason, even understanding. If instead we acknowledge the perpetrators as human

[1] "Book and library destruction shares many elements with iconoclasm, the destruction of images that a perpetrator associates with corrupt establishments ("Iconoclasm" 1989, 609). I have chosen to use the term *biblioclasm* in this book because of its linguistic relation to iconoclasm and because, by association, it suggests that there is a moral judgment, on the part of the perpetrator, concerning what the target represents. In the *Oxford English Dictionary*, *biblioclasm* is defined as "the breaking of books" and cited as first appearing in print in 1864 in a text on religious theory. Twenty years later, a passionate scholar used the term to denounce the Catholic priests who had burned Maya and Aztec manuscripts after the Spanish conquest: "May these bishops expiate their crimes in the purgatory of biblioclasts!" ("Biblioclasm" 1989, 169). In this book the term is used not to levy judgment, but to denote purposeful action that is rooted in moral repugnance or judgment" (Knuth, 2006: 3). The term *autodafé* (Portuguese, from Latin *actus fidei*, 'act of faith') is generally understood as signifying book-burning. However, the term has only in the course of time come to acquire that meaning by association with its original meaning of the 'act of faith' pledged by secular authorities as part of the ceremonious burning of heretics in the Spanish Inquisition.

> beings with concerns and a goal – albeit misguided – of effecting social change, a number of questions emerge that usher us into the subject with clearer meaning and purpose. (Knuth, 2006: 2)

One may wonder about the very recent upsurge of interest in this rather scorching subject, as documented by the publication of five scholarly treatments in as many years. The reason is not far to seek, though, and the title of Baez' book lifts a corner of the veil on it: Ancient Sumer (Iraqi) incidents of book burning may not be able to stir us to action or even reflection, but taking books, libraries and other cultural objects hostage or destroying them in present-day wars and conflicts alerts us to the dogged persistence of destructive practices and rites into our own time and at the very heart of what we consider civilization. Indeed, for the biblioclastic imperative has continued to gather force and momentum even in very recent years. Any complete history of the subject would need to record, from among the number of instances which are too recent even to have been listed in any of the above, recently-published works: the burning of hundreds of copies of the New Testament by orthodox Jewish students in a suburb of Tel Aviv in 2008, organized by the deputy mayor of the town; the announcement in July 2010 by pastor Terry Jones of plans to burn 200 copies of the Qur'an on September 11, 2010, in his Gainesville church in Florida, to commemorate the 9th anniversary of the 9/11 attacks. Heeding a storm of protests against his plan, Jones refrained from carrying it out, but he had become enough of an inspiration for others to go through with burnings of the Qur'an elsewhere in the USA. On March 20, 2011, Jones did, however, burn a copy of the Qur'an in his church, though inconspicuously, without any media attention.

Let me conclude this review of the state of the art in research on book burning by mentioning a topic touched upon by almost all of the scholars mentioned above, and made very explicit by Polastron in his Preface: "The book is the double of the man, and burning it is the equivalent of killing him. And sometimes one does not occur without the other" (x). Short of killing artists, writers, political/religious dissenters, to burn books ranks in the general consciousness as the worst imaginable onslaught on humanity and civilization, a suppression of democratic principles and denial of fundamental human rights. But inside the Gutenberg parenthesis, you hardly distinguish between 'killing' books and killing their authors. For Bosmajian, "Both homicide and bibliocide are reprehensible" (3). The German Romantic writer Henrich Heine (1797-1856) is quoted time and again in the literature on book-burning from his play, *Almansor: Eine Tragödie* (1823), on the contiguity of these atrocities: "dort, wo man Bücher/Verbrennt, verbrennt man auch am Ende Menschen" (wherever they burn books they will also in the end burn human beings). The English poet John Milton (1608-74), quoted by Bosmajian, provided the intellectual background for the near-identification of book and author in *Areopagitica* (1644), his polemic against censorship and advocacy of the fundamental right to freedom of speech and writing:

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are" (5).

The question begs itself: does *The Day After Tomorrow* condone the burning of books, or does it challenge us to condone it? It would be wrong simply to answer yes, the more so because in the scene which ends the book-burning sequence [1:25:55-1:27:05], we see a re-vindication of the value of books. Laura's condition has deteriorated overnight due to a serious-looking wound on her leg, she is all pale and feverish, and people are gathering around her, deeply concerned. Suddenly Judith returns from the stacks with a book in her hand, claiming that "it's hypothermia." Asked how she knows and whether it could not simply be the flu, Judith, who was one of the book-defenders to begin with, replies triumphantly: "Books can be good for things other than burning. What are her symptoms?" She proceeds to enumerate, with much conviction, the symptoms of Laura's condition. Still, this is only a half-victory for books and their inherent value, for the book Judith has recovered is a strictly useful one (a sort of encyclopedia of medicine, it seems), not just any book – and least of all the kind of useless book that many normally associate with books, namely *literature* (fiction). In other words: we are faced, at the end of *The Day After Tomorrow,* with a clash between two conceptions of the value of the book: the Gutenberg-parenthetical, according to which you would prefer to die of cold hugging a Bible, and the post-parenthetical, according to which burning a Bible to keep warm and survive would be a legitimate act, under the circumstances – and the film/its maker does not seem to endorse either view or position.

The Day after Tomorrow is fiction. However, burning books for fuel is no longer pure fiction or a wholly theoretical issue. In an article in The Guardian for January 6, 2010, journalist Leo Hickman asked "Why are they burning books in South Wales?" in response to news of

> pensioners in Swansea […] reportedly buying books from charity shops for just a few pence each and taking them home for fuel. With temperatures plummeting and energy costs on the rise, thick books such as encyclopaedias are said to be particularly sought after.

Leo Hickman, who is an environmental journalist and chief adviser on climate change for WWF-UK, had been appalled by allegations of this practice, which he denounces in the strongest terms as "an act of wanton barbarism", there being "little to rival the symbolism of setting fire to a book". Hickman's gut-reaction outrage at the practice of South Welsh pensioners burning encyclopaedias to keep warm is perfectly in line with that of the historiographers of book-burning practices listed above. It is also, however, cultural hypocrisy, ventilated in spite or in ignorance of the 'life' that most books live, and not least of the way they end their lives. For to what we could call the 'literary cycle', the cycle comprising the conception, production, distribution and consumption of books, we need to add: the

death/destruction of books. It is a fact that books are as mortal as we are, even though some books have a life expectancy far exceeding that of the average human being. Some special and very rare books (like the Gutenberg Bible) are kept alive artificially, so to say, in ideal circumstances (which include digitization) by private collectors or by the institutions that typically store and preserve books, namely libraries. Still, most books have a relatively short life expectancy, not only in terms of popularity and actually being read, but even in the most material terms, as physical objects, typically because they are so poorly produced (and therefore cheap) that after a few readings they are in a condition suitable only for being disposed of, either immediately as waste or via the roller-coaster ride of donation to a charity shop and being sold second-hand (which anyway typically just postpones the inevitable).

However, many books never make it beyond the storage rooms in publishing houses. Such 'remaindered' book stocks are often offered at a discount (the price usually corresponding to the production costs), to their authors, who may be able and willing to buy a certain amount of books, while the remaining copies are destroyed. The mode of destruction of books is not by fire, but by maculation, that is, by shredding for recycling. Still, the point remains: books do not live forever, and the routine destruction of a significant percentage of all the books that are produced worldwide is a natural part of the life cycle of any cultural object.

Should we lament this or try to pretend that it is otherwise? No, especially not in this day and age, when, to use a dichotomy made current by Roland Barthes, *the work* has yielded its cultural dominance to *the text*. While the work is confined within the physical object generally referred to as the codex[1] and accorded its prominent cultural status correspondingly, the text, says Barthes, is an open space, "a plural […] an *irreducible* (and not merely an acceptable) plural" (159), and further, "the metaphor of the Text is that of the *network*" (161). Roland Barthes said this in 1971, that is, prior to the dawning of the age of digital media and the Internet. Yet, his general description seems to foreshadow not only the closing of the Gutenberg parenthesis and the imminent death of the book, but also the infinite webbing and overlay of texts in a variety of medial manifestations which has usurped the place and function of the book in the post-parenthetical era. In other words, the book's loss of *aura* (the loss of which in the visual arts Walter Benjamin lamented with the coming of mechanical reproduction in photography and film) is amply recompensed by the *availability* in the post-parenthetical era of all manner of texts in all manner of forms and manifestations.

Should we perhaps save our righteous moral indignation over the deliberate, and deliberately degrading, burning of books (for whatever reason), for causes more worthy than that of a few Welsh pensioners burning outdated dictionaries and some pulp fiction to keep warm? I believe we should. *The Day after Tomorrow* may not

[1] That is, for all practical purposes, the *book* (defined as a number of equal-sized sheets of paper bound by covers and held together along the spine), in contradistinction to wax/stone tablets or scrolls, culturally earlier and less refined technologies for storing and accessing text and information.

have asked us to actually condone book burning, but it has at least made us reconsider the possible interfaces between books (including their production, life-long management and ultimate destruction), environmental ethics and the digital, post-parenthetical age. You may set fire to copies or entire prints of particular books, complete works by particular authors or, in the most destructive of cases, burn or otherwise destroy entire libraries – but you cannot burn down Project Gutenberg, Google Books or the Internet.

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The Bind of the Book

Inge-Birgitte Siegumfeldt

In 1891, on Sigmund Freud's thirty-fifth birthday, his father presented him with the very same copy of the Philippson bible[1] that the former had used as a boy for his biblical studies. For the occasion, Jakob Freud had the book re-bound in new leather and inscribed, in his own hand, a bilingual dedication in Hebrew and German to serve "as a memorial and as a reminder of love from your father, who loves you with everlasting love" (Yerushalmi, 71). The inscription is composed in the florid style of *melitsah*, a medieval rabbinic literary mode which draws heavily on citations from biblical and talmudic passages. Among other things, it records the dates of Sigmund's birth and circumcision, the moment, at the age of seven, when he began his biblical studies, only, at some unspecified point, to abandon them, leaving the bible, in father Jakob's words: "stored like the fragments of the Tablets in an ark with me" (Yerushalmi, 73). Importantly, the father's dedication in the Hebrew bible turns on an implicit plea that the son – now a grown man – return to his studies of scripture, a request he later meets – through what we might call "deferred obedience" (Yerushalmi, 77) – when he takes up studies of Moses during the Nazi regime.

In this way, the family bible was re-presented to Sigmund Freud, given as a gift again, this time with a paternal appeal for the son to return to the Book of Books and devote himself to it anew. This is fairly common practice, and there is nothing unusual in the form, style or indeed the significance of the gesture. What is interesting for our purpose here is that it tells us something about the *bind* of the book. The iteration involved in the paternal gesture towards the son is key. Firstly, the re-binding of the volume in new leather: "I have put upon it a cover of new skin" (Yerushalmi, 77), Jakob Freud writes. Secondly, the act of inscription itself and, thirdly, the request for the son to resume his engagement with the covenant of this book – to become a practicing Jew again. These re-iterative elements in the paternal gesture recall, if only by association, pivotal moments recorded inside the biblical book whose outside had been re-newed. And they are related directly to the Jewish tradition Jakob Freud here represents. More specifically, they are immediately associable with the Jewish ritual of circumcision where the infant is marked for the covenant of the Book through the excision of the foreskin – a scar which literally serves as an inscription on the reproductive organ of the body. This is the indelible mark of Abraham's covenant with the monotheistic god that binds the Jewish infant to his tradition. They are associable also with the story, which is formative in the Jewish tradition, in the scriptural fable itself of how the patriarch Abraham tied young Isaac to the altar on Mt. Moriah before the aborted sacrificial slaughter only thus to strengthen his own allegiance with God. Abraham, the first to be circumcised in the name of his god, affirms this allegiance – again – this time by his willingness

[1] Presumably Ludwig Philippson's German translation of the Bible which went through three editions between 1854-1878.

to offer his legitimate first-born. In other words, Abraham binds himself to his religion by binding his son and presenting him for the sacrificial cut.

In 1970, shortly after the death of his father, Jacques Derrida inscribed his own name on the cover of a book. It was not the Hebrew bible, but merely the first in a series of four standard notebooks in which he intended to write an autobiographical text "in four columns, at four discursive levels" about what he called his own "*netherworld of scars*" (1991: 97) – and what we might call his reflections and feelings about being Jewish. The book was provisionally entitled *Livre d'Élie*. Élie was Derrida's Jewish middle name, which he associated – by way of Jewish lore, which identifies the prophet Elijah as the guardian of the covenant of circumcision – with the indelible and very concrete scar of this ritual on his own body. For most of his life, Derrida sought to bracket his Jewishness, and it is striking, then, that, although "*deliberately projected after* Glas" (1991: 97), *Livre d'Élie* never became a full book: it remained a collection of notebooks from which he would sometimes extract – indeed excise – fragments to be quoted in his 'proper' books. *"Livre d'Élie*," he says," never written, bearing the name that was never written" (1991: 88, 90).

Four thousand years ago, in the Patriarchal era rendered in the *Books of Moses*, God set the terms for his alliance with the Hebrews and had Abraham seal his allegiance by carving – if only by association – the initial letter of the divine name, *y,*[1] into his own preputial skin. As I have already intimated, this gesture of affirmation in the biblical fable is the source of both Freud and Derrida's inscriptions on book covers mentioned above.

> This is how you shall keep my covenant between myself and you and your descendants after you: circumcise yourselves, every male among you. You shall circumcise the flesh of your foreskin, and it shall be the sign of the covenant between us. (Gen. 17:10–12)

The 'sign' of which *The New English Bible* here speaks is a translation of the Hebrew *oth briti*, where *brit* means "covenant" and *oth* denotes "letter, sign, token or mark". The mark or letter itself is crucial. It 'binds' Abraham to the new monotheistic religion literally and figuratively at once by way of the concrete sacrifice of the foreskin and by way, interestingly, of the fact that the incision itself takes the form of the divine letter[2] – the gesture of affirmation metaleptically signed and inscribed in the flesh. In short, the tribe of Abraham 'and all his descendants' must 'bind' themselves to the divine covenant by having the signature of god inscribed in their skin.

> The rite of circumcision legitimately functions as the everlasting covenant between God and the Jews, because the seal of circumcision, which is at the

[1] the Hebrew letter *yud*, a minute suspended semi-vowel which predicates the most incomprehensible and unpronounceable of divine names, the tetragrammaton YHVH

[2] "circumcision is made like a *yud*"

> same time the seal by means of which God created heaven and earth, is the most sacred of God's names. Circumcision is therefore the inscription of the divine letter, and hence the divine name, upon the flesh of the Jew (Wolfson, 112).

The morphological relation between circumcision and the divine name can be dated back to the Aramaic sources of the second century BCE. Here the ritual carving of God's sign into the human body was generally seen as a measure to protect the Jew from evil and to allow entry into the Garden of Eden. The ritual of circumcision is further re-enacted by binding leather straps onto the human body in the shape of the individual letters in another name for the divine being, *ShaDaY*.

> All of Israel who are circumcised enter the Garden of Eden, for the Holy One, blessed be He, has placed His Name in Israel so that they will enter the Garden of Eden. And what is the name and the seal which He placed in them? It is [the name] [*ShaDaY*].[1]

In 1995, Derrida used the piece of biographical information about the handing-down of the Hebrew bible in Freud's family as a center-piece in his own book on remembrance, religion and science entitled *Archive Fever*. Here, it serves as a hub to demonstrate the significance of the bond forged, by the father, through incision 'on the skin' between the Jew and the Book "To bind anew:" Derrida here writes, "this is an act of love. Of paternal love" (1996: 21). More specifically, it is an act of re-binding the elected through the Book which, by association, replicates the double ritual of severance and inscription of the first ritual binding, by cutting the preputial skin, thus superimposing the covenantal archive, as it were, on what Derrida calls the "the hypermnesic and hypomnesic epidermises of books or penises" – recalling, "at least by figure" (1996:22), he stipulates, the circumcision of the father of psychoanalysis. We must remember that by the time the Freud family bible was given to Sigmund for the second time, he was himself the patriarch of a new science, which, he insisted, was separate from the religion in whose tradition he was reared. This "unique copy" of the Hebrew bible, Derrida continues, was given

> but first of all returned, by the arch-patriarch to the patriarch, by Jakob to Sigmund, and yet, right on the substrate of its 'new skin,' the *figurative* reminder of a circumcision, the impression left on his body by the archive of a dissymmetrical covenant without contract, of a heteronomic covenant to which Sigmund Shelomoh subscribed before even knowing how to sign – much less countersign – his name (1996: 38).

The name of Freud is invariably attached to psychoanalysis and its self-description as a 'science of the mind.' Yerushalmi suggests that a connection

[1] Midrash Tanhumah, Parashat Sav, 14; Parashat Sh'mini, 8. See also Wolfson, 78. My italics and square brackets.

between the founder and 'his' science was possibly forged through the paternal re-binding by which Freud was re-contracted to the Jewish covenant of the Book, even if psychoanalysis and Judaism are not substantively related. Yerushalmi is a distinguished historian adhering scrupulously to the academic methods of his research. However, in his lecture entitled "Monologue with Freud" (81-101), he decides to transgress scholarly protocol and injects a fiction in order to wrest new insights from his material: he initiates an imaginary dialogue with Freud in which he implores him –now long after his death— to respond to the urgent question as to whether he, Freud, conceives of psychoanalysis as a Jewish science. Ambiguously, Yerushalmi then promises to keep the answer secret, especially if Freud confirms the presupposition. Of course, the question is not new. It was put to Freud in his lifetime and to his daughter, Anna, and it has always been part of the debate on psychoanalysis, directly or indirectly. But Yerushalmi asks the question again, this time, strangely, directed at the deceased founder, and promises not to reveal to anyone the confirmation he clearly anticipates.[1] In the nature of things, Freud cannot reply, and there is no answer.

Derrida, however, homes in on this unorthodox moment in an otherwise entirely serious study, and focuses his attention on the combination of the *posing* of the question along with the *expectation* of an affirmative answer. Together they serve, he argues, as a kind of response, such that, in effect, Yerushalmi, by way of his anticipation, in a sense answers for Freud. Derrida bases his argument on two aspects of Yerushalmi's calling of Freud's ghost to account. One is the fact that, in the nature of things, the question will not be answered by the addressee and only the future will tell if psychoanalysis is to be regarded as a Jewish science – if, as Yerushalmi stipulates, 'it is at all knowable.' The other is the idea that by thus calling Freud to account, Yerushalmi in effect re-enacts the paternal gesture of re-binding the son to the Jewish covenant. If we follow Derrida's train of thought here, the spectre of Freud is requested to provide a response, an affirmation, which yields nothing more that the iteration of itself. And by requesting a 'new confirmation' from the deceased founder of the new science, Yerushalmi in effect replicates the paternal rebinding of Freud to the Jewish covenant. In a way, "[t]he scholar repeats," Derrida thus concludes, "the gesture of the father. He recalls or he repeats the circumcision, even if the one and the other can only do it, of course, by *figure*" (1996: 38).

The lecture entitled "The Concept of the Archive: A Freudian Impression," given in 1994 at a colloquium in London entitled *Memory: The Question of Archives,* is the origin of Derrida's book, *Archive Fever,* from which I have extracted his ideas on these 'figurative re-circumcisions' of sons by fathers.' Now, the lecture, preceding the book, was written in memory of Derrida's own father and dedicated to his own two sons – who were not circumcised. Derrida explicitly makes a note of this in the

[1] In his prelude, Yerushalmi emphasizes that "[t]his book is not an attempt to prove that psychoanalysis is 'Jewish,' though eventually it is concerned to enquire whether Freud thought it to be so, which is a very different matter." (Yerushalmi, xvii). In his address to Freud in the final chapter, he concludes: "In short, I think you believed that just as you are a godless Jew, psychoanalysis is a godless Judaism. But I don't think you intended us to know this." (Yerushalmi, 99).

section entitled "Exergue" (1996: 25-33), and in more ways than one mimes the paternal gesture of re-calling both father and sons through the book. In other words, he forges a bond between three generations of men – the older circumcised and more directly marked by religion than the younger.

Religion haunted Derrida as it haunted Freud, but Derrida's was a highly idiosyncratic type of religion to which one adheres only by way of dissociation. They were both aware of the etymology of the word 'religion through the Latin *ligare* 'to bind' and *re-ligare* 'bind fast' or 'bind again.' The word 'religion' itself forges a bond. In biblical Judaism, faith is also attested to through the bond of bloody sacrifice and inscription when the biblical patriarch was called upon to seal the pact with his god initially in his own preputial blood, then in the ovine substitute for filial blood: circumcision and the aborted 'slaying' of Isaac.[1] It involves 'binding' as stipulated in the Hebrew name for what the Christian tradition calls the 'sacrifice' of Isac: the *Akedah* deriving from the Hebrew verb *leaked*, "to tie". A bond between man and god – through inscription on male bodies and the cover of books.

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[1] *Genesis* 17 and 22

Wordsworth's Bibliographic Imagination: Inspiring Books

Peter Simonsen

We still tend to think of Wordsworth as a poet who took his inspiration from experiences of nature recollected in tranquillity and spontaneously expressed in oral performance. Since the 1990s, Jonathan Bate's ecological turn in Romantic studies has been successful in liberating this predominant Wordsworthian self-fashioning from the poststructuralist prison-house of New Historicism and deconstruction. It was a self-fashioning Wordsworth performed most persuasively in the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* when he defined the poet as "a man speaking to men" (Brett & Jones, 255) and poetry as paradoxically both "emotion recollected in tranquillity" and "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" (Brett & Jones, 246). He supported this self-fashioning when he described e.g. the composition of "Tintern Abbey" in the 1843 Fenwick Note: "I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of 4 or 5 days, with my sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol. It was published almost immediately after" (Brett & Jones, 297). To nuance this self-fashioning, the basic question this essay addresses is: what difference does a poem's written and published nature make? Why does Wordsworth even bother to mention the fact that the poem was written and published? What difference does it make? I ask this question not with reference to "Tintern Abbey" (see Bennett, 42-58), but with reference to a corpus of Wordsworthian poems more obviously written in and inspired by books; poems prompted by the empty or full pages of Wordsworth's own and others' books.

Our unease with the topic of Wordsworth and 'books' and 'bookishness' finds ample support in Wordsworth's poetic work. In "The Tables Turned", from *Lyrical Ballads*, the speaker accosts a friend: "Up! Up! My Friend, and quit your books; / Or surely you'll grow double". The 'danger' of reading is that the reader's self is somehow split, divided from itself through the reading act that transports the reader out of himself and into other worlds. The speaker continues:

> Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
> Come, hear the woodland linnet,
> How sweet his music is! on my life,
> There's more of wisdom in it.

We are to use our ear to hear nature's own living poetry (music), rather than our eye to read. The poem ends on an iconic, Wordsworthian and Romantic biblioclastic note:

> Enough of Science and of Art;
> Close up those barren leaves;

> Come forth, and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives.

Rather than stay inside with the "barren leaves" of the book, we should go out into nature and experience living leaves that teach "more of man" "Than all the sages can". And it is serious matter: "on my life", the poet says. In Wordsworth's imagination, books tend to call up the 'dead letter' of writing and to be associated with coffins – containers of high value, but whose content is dead, as in the "shrines so frail" of Book Five, the book on "Books" in *The Prelude*. Or as in this passage from *The Prelude*, Book Eight, the Cave of Yordas:

> The curious traveller, who, from open day,
> Hath passed with torches into some huge cave,
> The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den
> In old time haunted by that Danish Witch,
> Yordas; he looks around and sees the vault
> Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he sees,
> Erelong, the massy roof above his head,
> That instantly unsettles and recedes,—
> Substance and shadow, light and darkness, all
> Commingled, making up a canopy
> Of shapes and forms and tendencies to shape
> That shift and vanish, change and interchange
> Like spectres,—ferment silent and sublime!
> That after a short space works less and less,
> Till, every effort, every motion gone,
> The scene before him stands in perfect view
> Exposed, and lifeless as a written book! (1850, VIII, 560-576)

Inside the cave the Wordsworthian 'halted traveller' (as singled out by Geoffrey Hartman) has a sublime vision of paradoxical and counterlogical movement, changes of light giving the impression of silent, ghostly ("spectre") life. This vision, however, is momentary and ends with the sight of the "lifeless" vault of the cave likened to a "written book" and in turn likened to the halted traveller who stands transfixed like the scene, which is also said metaphorically to stand "before him … in perfect view". The book is shaping, is imprinting itself on the man in a ghostly fashion in this passage.

Andrew Piper has recently investigated what he calls the Romantic 'bibliographic imagination'. As Piper puts it in *Dreaming in Books*, the Romantics were writers "for whom the book would become a vital source of creative energy and literary innovation…. Their writing can be read as a philosophy of bibliographic communication" (13). Inverting Shelley's notion in the *Defence of Poesy* that "when composition sets in, inspiration is on the decline", Piper writes that for authors such

as Goethe, Scott, Hoffmann, Irving, Mereau, Poe, Balzac, Stendahl: "composition *was* inspiration" (13). Wordsworth, it would seem, does not belong in this bibliophile company of authors for whom "the book played an essential role in the larger aesthetic aims of their work" (13). Indeed, Piper only references Wordsworth as the author of the idea that "all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" (12) and neglects to investigate the extent to which Wordsworth's feelings often emerged from the books they also ended up in and were meant to suit. Piper's Wordsworth is close to the well-known Wordsworth whom Jonathan Bate recovered, the Victorian Wordsworth who, as Bate puts it: "sought to enable his readers better to enjoy or endure life … by teaching them to look at and dwell in the natural world" (4).

Yet, Wordsworth was as bibliophilic and as aware of enlisting the meaning-making bibliographic codes of the book into his work as any of the authors put forward by Piper. As Wordsworth puts it in one of the sonnets published as "Personal Talk" (1807):

> Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
> Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
> Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastimes and our happiness will grow.

Nature is here a metaphor for the growth of our happiness out of the world of dreams and books. A rather different image and understanding of the book here emerges to complicate the dominant interpretation of Wordsworth's imagination as bibliophobic. Indeed, the Cave of Yordas passage from *The Prelude* quoted above continues by imagining the kind of dream-life that books increasingly gave access to in the age of Romanticism:

> But let him pause awhile, and look again,
> And a new quickening shall succeed, at first
> Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
> Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass,
> Busies the eye with images and forms
> Boldly assembled,—here is shadowed forth
> From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,
> A variegated landscape,—there the shape
> Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,
> The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,
> Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff:
> Strange congregation! yet not slow to meet
> Eyes that perceive through minds that can inspire.
> (1850, VIII, 577-589)

When the mind begins to do its work on the "senseless mass" of the lifeless book of the cave, a new world ("strange congregation") suddenly begins to emerge as the dead letter of stone is invigorated through imaginative interpretation, that is, through reading-as-dreaming. Composed for *The Prelude* in 1804 along with material about the Crossing of the Alps that went into the central Book Six, the Cave of Yordas rhymes with the presentation of the ancient trope of the book of nature written by God, which Wordsworth reworks in Book Six. In reference to Mont Blanc and the Vale of Chamouny, Wordsworth says: "With such a book / Before our eyes, we could not choose but read / Lessons of genuine brotherhood" (1850, VI, 543-6). The lesson of the French Revolution is embodied in the landscape, which Wordsworth a little onwards refers to as containing "Characters of the great Apocalypse, / The types and symbols of Eternity, / Of first, and last, and midst, and without end" (1850, VI, 638-40). Surely, books in this sense of nature as a book that gives life in the shape of brotherhood and eternity may be frightening and overwhelming, but they are not necessarily dangerous and to be shunned; rather, they are key to understanding Wordsworth's bibliographic imagination.

In what follows I wish to contribute to a more complex understanding of Wordsworth and by implication Romanticism by considering some of his poems whose gestation is *due* to the book understood as a very concrete, material object rather than as the vehicle of a metaphor: poems made in order to match a book of poems; poems written to suit a given book's page. Poems, in short, which take their origin and envision their destiny in the written codex book not in mind-splitting, deadly/lifeless terms, but in terms of creativity, life, and potentiality. This is a special kind of 'occasional' Wordsworthian verse that has been neglected along with occasional art as such. For a poet whose inspiration is understood to derive from within ("Eyes that perceive through minds that can inspire"), we find it hard to accept that sometimes it comes from without, and from something as seemingly unrelated to his poetics as a material book. There is something peculiarly unWordsworthian and perhaps even unRomantic about such an inspirational and compositional scenario, even as it is deeply familiar as part of Wordsworth and Romanticism.

The poetic subgenre we are looking into includes e.g. lines left in someone's album. To have an album where visitors and friends would leave reminders in verse was a practice that was becoming increasingly popular during the Romantic age and was linked to the rise in literacy, proliferation of books and new forms of social intercourse. Wordsworth published a couple of such poems, the short quatrain, "To a Child. Written in Her Album" (1835), and the longer and more interesting, "Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale, Nov. 5, 1834" (1835). This poem opens by elaborating on his reluctance to write in this particular kind of book:

> LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
> Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)
> Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,

> Deliberate traces, registers of thought
> And feeling, suited to the place and time
> That gave them birth:—months passed, and still this hand,
> That had not been too timid to imprint
> Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,
> Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.
> And why that scrupulous reserve? (1-10)

The poem is largely about the difficulties of writing it, that is: of responding to the occasion. These difficulties have several names, one of them being the difficulty of finding words and conventions by which to praise Lady Lonsdale in her old age (born in 1761 she was 73 years old in 1834):

> Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines
> A just memorial; and thine eyes consent
> To read that they, who mark thy course, behold
> A life declining with the golden light
> Of summer, in the season of sere leaves; (ll. 57-61)

Wordsworth is playing with the notion of "prompt" here to suggest both lines that are prompted by the very book they are written in (and the occasion of writing them) and lines that are prompt as in ready and quick to act when an occasion is at hand. The occasion for writing offers itself as occasional subject matter for a difficult poem Wordsworth felt compelled to write. These leaves are "sere", not "barren".

The subgenre of bookish Wordsworthian poems also includes poems about reading his own books. When in 1842 he sent off for the publisher one of his last books, *Poems Chiefly of Early and Late Years*, he prefaced it with "Prelude. Prefixed to the Volume Entitled 'Poems Chiefly of Early and Late Years'" (1842). The poem opens with Wordsworth describing the typical Romantic scene of inspiration (in nature, listening to the thrush and the wind) and composition (in tune with bird's song and wind):

> IN desultory walk through orchard grounds,
> Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
> The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
> By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
> To his own genial instincts; and was heard
> (Though not without some plaintive tones between)
> To utter, above showers of blossom swept
> From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,
> Which the unsheltered traveller might receive
> With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind

That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
Encouraged and endeared the strain of words
That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
Impelled to livelier pace.

This scene of *in situ* inspiration and overflow recalls the 'glad preamble' of the autobiographical poem only entitled *The Prelude* after the poet's death in 1850. In the 1842 "Prelude" the scene leads Wordsworth to reflect on the book he is prefacing:

But now, my Book!
Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
With thy Forerunners that through many a year
Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
When and wherever, in this changeful world,
Power hath been given to please for higher ends
Than pleasure only;

In this poem, Wordsworth reveals his awareness of the life's work, the *oeuvre*, as a poetic figure that produces meaning in and of itself. The pages are "charged" with poetic voice and the assembly of books means something. The rest of the poem goes on to articulate various ways in which his poetry can work upon the world by virtue of being bookishly bound:

… some strain of thine, my Book!
Caught at propitious intervals, may win
Listeners who not unwillingly admit
Kindly emotion tending to console
And reconcile;

To realize this poetic "mission", as Wordsworth calls it, size and quantity matter.

Consider also the poem Wordsworth addressed to Queen Victoria in January 1846, "Written upon a fly leaf in the Copy of the Author's Poems which was sent to her Majesty the Queen Victoria" (one of many dedication poems that are also poems inspired by the books or collections they are part of and yet also critically apart from insofar as they offer these books to their privileged first reader). The poem opens:

Deign, Sovereign Mistress! to accept a lay,
No Laureate offering of elaborate art;
But salutation taking its glad way
From deep recesses of a loyal heart.

Wordsworth was the official poet laureate since Southey's death in 1843, but under no obligation to write laureate verses. Hence, he gives the Queen a poem about how to read what he has already written, punning on the opening "lay" (meaning song) and the act of presenting the book, "I lay this Book" (the sexual pun certainly unintended):

> And now, by duty urged, I lay this Book
> Before thy Majesty, in humble trust
> That on its simplest pages Thou wilt look
> With a benign indulgence more than just.
> Nor wilt Thou blame an aged Poet's prayer,
> That issuing hence may steal into thy mind
> Some solace under weight of royal care,
> Or grief—the inheritance of humankind.
> For know we not that from celestial spheres,
> When Time was young, an inspiration came
> (Oh, were it mine!) to hallow saddest tears,
> And help life onward in its noblest aim?

The poet whose career opened with a radical republican ambition to revolutionize poetry by approximating it to the language of "real men" and "low and common life" ends that career presenting these "simplest pages" to the sovereign ruler whose sovereignty he accepts and salutes. We witness at once a glorious triumph (of addressing and reaching everyone, high and low) and a compromised defeat (of egalitarian ideals) that is a typical sign of Wordsworth's complexity. However embarrassing this may be it shows us rather clearly that Wordsworth was not solely interested in teaching the Victorians – nor us for that matter – "to look at and dwell in the natural world", as Jonathan Bate puts it in a phrase already quoted (4). Wordsworth wanted to teach us to look at his work, to handle his books, and to live and dream in his words.

Wordsworth's bookishness can also be studied in poems he wrote supposedly in others' books, literally – we are to imagine – *on* their "barren leaves" thus lending them new life (e.g. "Stanzas Written in my Pocket-copy of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'"1802/1815, "Written Upon a Blank Leaf in 'The Complete Angler'" 1819, "Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's 'Ossian'" 1824/1827). The attention to bookish detail of format ("pocket-copy") reveals a keen interest in the subject. About Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler* (1653) he says:

> Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
> The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
> And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
> Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

Walton's book is "Fairer than life itself" and is seen to capture and reflect the piety Walton is said to have received from nature in the first place. Such poems usurp the space of another's writing and enter into dialogue with a precursor author in a very literal manner. They are a kind of indirect gloss on a prior text by means of which it is appropriated to Wordsworth's work, used to interpret his experience, to carry his words. With Walton, Wordsworth may be engrafting his own feeling of rural retirement from politics on to Walton's book (the royalist Walton moved into the country after the defeat at Marston Moor in 1644).

One of the significant ways in which Wordsworth's bookish imagination worked in its bibliographic measures can be seen in his near-obsessive concern with the arrangement of his poems in greater wholes. This is key both in sequences and sections in individual volumes and in the ever-growing and shiftingly arranged, categorized, revised and reimagined Collected Works. First published as such in two volumes in 1815 and at the end of Wordsworth's career by Edward Moxon in six volumes, the Collected Works were imagined as on a "mission" that culminated with the gift to Queen Victorian in 1846. The act of publication and republication was always both a commercial and an artistic venture for Wordsworth. His revisions were both felt to refine and perfect the work and can also be seen as factors motivating repurchase of already purchased work (Erickson, 49-70). In an 1826 letter Wordsworth stated what seems to be his basic principle: "Miscellaneous poems ought not to be jumbled together at *random*—were this done with mine the passage from one to another would often be insupportably offensive; but in my judgment the only thing of much importance in arrangement is that one poem should shade off happily into another—and the contrasts where they occur be clear of all harshness and abruptness" (de Selincourt I, 440). In the headnote to *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* Wordsworth presents each sonnet as a 'stanza' in a larger poem: "For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effects of passages of a poem in a form of stanza".

A case in point is the publication in 1838 of all Wordsworth's sonnets bound together in one book, *The Sonnets of William Wordsworth. Collected in One Volume, with A Few Additional Ones, now First Published*. This volume counted an extraordinary 415 sonnets and was – as book and not just sequence – an innovation in English poetry. Wordsworth professed a certain indifference about the project. As he told Moxon in a letter, "I am rather pleased that you approve of the Sonnets in a separate volume, not that I care much about it myself, except for the money that it would bring … but because requests that I would print such a volume have reached me from many quarters. Mr Powell tells me that one of the City Publishers (Smith Elder & Co) to whom he had mentioned the subject said he was sure such a Publication would sell" (de Selincourt III, 518). However, Wordsworth eventually invested much energy in the project by writing twelve new sonnets for the collection. Six of the new sonnets were inserted in the body of the volume, and six were added

in an appendix as the volume was going through press. They were prompted by Henry Crabb Robinson in personal correspondence (see de Selincourt III, 542), advertised in the title, and marked by asterisks in the table of contents. As such they indicate that the book was more than a merely accidental commercial venture to further refine and adapt his poems for the market, or a project to please his daughter Dora, who seems to have proposed the publication in the first place, and the friends he recognises in a brief advertisement.

In a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, Wordsworth mentions that he considers writing a sonnet to stand "by way of finale for the whole Volume" (de Selincourt III, 522). Wordsworth was in other words thinking about these sonnets in terms of a book that would make an impression and mean something as such, as a "whole Volume". The sonnet that provides a "finale" by closing the volume is the "Valedictory Sonnet". In "Valedictory Sonnet", Wordsworth makes an analogy between the sonnet book and a flower garden that has been cultivated, not for practical use, but for what he calls "Studious regard" that may facilitate "opportune delight", i.e. it follows classical precedent as it aims to please and instruct:

> Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here
> Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
> Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots,)
> Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
> Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
> And that, so placed, my Nurselings may requite
> Studious regard with opportune delight,
> Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
> But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
> Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
> If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
> If simple Nature trained by careful Art
> Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
> Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

"Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!" may be said to ring a bit hollow when considered in the light of Wordsworth's privately stated pecuniary motive in publishing these sonnets, and the fact that two of the new sonnets published in the book demand an extension of the law of copyright and thus state a wholly different kind of fee as due the author and copyright holder of this book. These sonnets are: "A Plea for Authors" and "A Poet to His Grandchild. Sequel to 'A Plea for Authors'". In both sonnets, the book as a material object is spoken of as embattled by utilitarian politicians and lawmakers, who are seen to infringe on the author's property rights and thus to disallow him to take care of his heirs. In the latter poem – the final one in the appendix – Wordsworth holds his grandchild's hand, anticipates a decline in

"culture" due to a shortening of copyright (Wordsworth thought the author's heirs should keep those rights eternally) and says that unfortunately he will not profit from Wordsworth's book:

> A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
> Are high rewards; but bound they Nature's claim
> Or Reason's? No—hopes spun in timid line
> From out the bosom of a modest home
> Extend through unambitious years to come,
> My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!

In fact the publication of the sonnet book was a commercial failure, as Wordsworth recognises in 1843 (see de Selincourt IV, 500). Thus when Wordsworth's American publisher Henry Reed in 1844 suggested that Wordsworth should print his "*Church*-Poetry" separately, he responded that "compared with the magnitude of the subject" he had little courage to undertake such a publication, and that "Besides it would not … pay the expenses" (de Selincourt IV, 562). As Wordsworth goes on to explain, "The Sonnets were so published [but] … The volume did not I believe clear itself, and a great part of the Impression though latterly offered at a reduced price, still remains, I believe, in Mr Moxon's hands" (ibid.).

Yet this should not obscure the fact that the address and injunction to the anonymous reader in "Valedictory Sonnet" to "Grant" the author "love" spells an interesting inflection of one of the sonnet's fixed conventions: the poet declaring his love for the Lady and desiring that she will return his love. The reader is in other words positioned as the object of sonnetian desire. The reader is to give something to the writer in return for these sonnets. In opening itself out to the reader, "Valedictory Sonnet" and the 1838 book of sonnets as such reveals an awareness of the need for what Tilottama Rajan calls 'the supplement of the reader'. According to Rajan, a Romantic poem "often makes the appropriate reader a part of its rhetoric" and thus defers "achieved meaning from the text to its reading" (2). This qualification of traditional closure due to the inscription of a 'reader appeal' whereby the 'end' of the poem is not contained by the poem 'itself' may be formally signalled by the fact that the last four lines of the sonnet, which are presented as the speaker's "last words" and as a distinct syntactic and semantic unit of meaning, constitute a brace-rhymed quatrain of the kind that usually begins a sonnet (the sestet rhymes *deedde*). Zillman counts 42 Wordsworthian sestets that end with a brace-rhymed quatrain, *cdcddc* and 19 that end *cdceed*, yet he does not remark the present deedde combination (21). While to thus end a sonnet with a brace-rhymed 'quatrain' is not unusual in Wordsworth (who abhorred sonnets that ended with a couplet), it arguably takes on significance when it occurs in the last lines of a sonnet that concludes a book of sonnets, and when it is in fact used to represent 'last words'. According to Timothy Bahti, "poems end in their reading" (2). Bahti pays special attention to chiasmic inversions of the kind we may observe in this sonnet's use of a quatrain to, on the one

hand, end the sestet, and, on the other hand, signal the beginning of reading and suggest that this reading might result in another sonnet, one begun by the poet but ended by the reader. As Bahti puts it in a sweeping claim, "Lyric poems from Shakespeare to Celan do not move to their ends and direct their readers to them without inverting the end into its 'other'—sometimes the beginning, sometimes a nonterminal activity I call 'ending'…. Lyric poems begin and end, but by their end they have inverted the end into its opposite, a nonend" (12-13). The end of this sonnet as of the book it concludes and thus of Wordsworth's sonnetian investment is thus another beginning, the kind of closure-defying nonending new beginning that is reading.

Reading is a form of cultivation of something materially laid out before the eye in this sonnet and in a number of similar book or sequence ending poems from the later years, the period in the career when Wordsworth was becoming ever more conscious and serious about building the monument of the Collected Works as he increasingly internalised the book medium. They are: "Desultory Stanzas, Upon Receiving the Preceding Sheets from the Press" from *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820* (1822), "Conclusion To -----" ("If these brief Records, by the Muses' art" [1827]), "Apology. For the Foregoing Poems" in *Yarrow Revisited* (1835). Being about and inspired by yet also a part of the book the reader is assumed to be in the process of finishing they are if anything evidence of especially the later Wordsworth's acute consciousness of the book as expressive medium and of the presence of the reader *as reader* in and of the collection of poems. The way they see the book is as a material object: a bridge with picture writing on it from the Bible (in "Desultory Stanzas") or as a building that carries friezes where reading is looking and poetry is something concretely present, as here from "Apology" to *Yarrow Revisited*:

> NO more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
> Abrupt—as without preconceived design
> Was the beginning; yet the several Lays
> Have moved in order, to each other bound
> By a continuous and acknowledged tie
> Though unapparent—like those Shapes distinct
> That yet survive ensculptured on the walls
> Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
> Of famed Persepolis

The book is modelled on something with a unique physical being to enable it to survive as independent art work. Wordsworth's imagination was certainly bibliographic through and through, and by rights he belongs in Andrew Piper's bibliophile Romantic company. It may have taken the digital transformation of the book to allow us to see that even this in many senses biblioclastic poet was also a

bibliophile, but that is nothing if not one of many salutary effects of the digitization of literate culture at the end of the Gutenberg Parenthesis.

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Music as Remembrance in Poetry

Christen Kold Thomsen

It is a familiar experience that a particular piece of music reminds us of a moment or a time in our past, or simply, of the past. This brief essay looks at some examples of how poetry not only memorializes a past, usually embodied in a person, as for instance in elegies or threnodies, but in which music is the essential vehicle that incarnates the memorialization. This is the more effective the more a poem actually tries to mimic that which it 'speaks' about.

In what follows I will not talk about 'lyrics', that is, verses actually set to music, but take a look at poems 'about' music and musicians, namely two poems by Thomas Hardy and two by African-American poets, Sterling Brown and Michael Harper. In them poetry commemorates, at least in a wider sense, either certain events or certain persons. Music plays an essential part, indeed without the music these poems could not as effectively perform the function of remembrance and memory.

Two Thomas Hardy Poems

The English poet, Thomas Hardy, it is well-known, was an accomplished fiddler and singer, learning from, and joining, his father, himself a very competent 'folk musician'. From an early age Hardy knew by heart and at first hand the musical repertory for church services, local dances and entertainments when he turned to poetry writing. Hardy's poetry has many titles with musical references. A late collection like *Moments of Vision* (1917) contains several poems with musical titles, 'To My Father's Violin', 'At the Piano', some even meant to, or imagined to, go with music, such as 'Timing Her' ("Written to an old folk-tune"), or 'Lines' ("To a Movement in Mozart's E-Flat Symphony").

Many of these later poems are explicitly set up as memories - Hardy was an old man by then - and are haunted by "ghosts" of his former self, and his recently deceased wife. The opening poem explains the title word *vision*:

> That mirror
> Which makes of men a transparency,
> Who holds that mirror
> And bids us such a breast-bare spectacle see
> Of you and me?

Sorrow, separation, exile, loss traditionally isolate the poet, or the lyric speaker in a poem, putting him in pensive, musing mood. This suggests that sadness or melancholy dominates such poetry. To anticipate what follows, it is traditionally said about the blues genre, that it is about feeling sad. But this simplifies many, if not all, blues lyrics. They are not just sad, and the music in and of many of Hardy's poems is not sad, or not just sad. The content, the 'message', of a poem may well be 'sad' or

tragic, or ironic. But the character of the music involved or imitated can have a collective meaningfulness that is more and other than what an individual protagonist, or a lyric speaker, 'says'.[1]

a. *The Dance at the Phoenix*

In Hardy's early collection, *Wessex Poems* (1898), there is a ballad-poem, 'The Dance at the Phoenix', about 'Jenny', who in her youth was the darling of the "King's-Own Cavalry", and who has now settled down to be "honest wife in heart and head". But the return of the cavalry unsettles her, in a manner of speaking, even though she is "near on sixty years". She slips out at night and goes dancing with the regiment again.

Although the poem as a whole is about Jenny's infidelity (and it is after all only a single night's slip - the dancing relives her past "immodesty") the poem also celebrates those dances and the collectivity that went with them, as the rhythm of the poem mimics Jenny's intoxicated abandon:

> Reels, jigs, poussetes[2], and flings:
> They cheered her as she soared and swooped,
> (….)
> The favourite Quick-step 'Speed the Plough' –
> (Cross hands, cast off, and wheel) –
> 'The Triumph', 'Sylph', 'The Row-dow-dow',
> Famed 'Major Malley's Reel',
> 'The Duke of York's', 'The Fairy Dance',
> 'The Bridge of Lodi' (brought from France),
> She beat out, toe and heel.

It is not only that 60-year old Jenny still remembers these tunes, or rather dances, but that the poem's 'speaker' does. The second line (in parenthesis) in the stanza above, quotes, as it were, the (imaginary or real) calls to the dancers. Note the rhythmic shift between the 'calls' where the iambic meter is attentuated by secondary stress on "cross" and "cast", and the release in the drawn-out, long stressed vowel in 'wheel'. Note also how the first line imitates the rhythm of the "quick-step".

The content is shared by many ballads, and to that extent quite conventional: Jenny dies in the night after being lured back to her youthful transgressions by the music and the dancing.

The dances are remembered and relived expertly, the poem's 'speaker' participates in the breathless collective gaiety in solidarity with Jenny:

[1] An example, if perhaps a little outside the topic here, of how this works is found in Terence Davies' film about his Catholic childhood in post-WW2 Liverpool, *Distant Voices, Still Lives*: the collective singing in the local pub of popular American film songs, conventionally about broken hearts, gives these songs a defiant cheerfulness they do not possess if read as lyrics only.

[2] 'In country dancing: a figure in which dancers join both hands with a partner and change places with another couple.' (Oxford English Dictionary)

…those notes – they thrill me through,
And those gay forms move me anew
As they moved me of yore!

b. *Lines. To a Movement in Mozart's E-Flat Symphony*

Music is also keyed to a memory in other poems. Although Jenny at the dance is largely in the present, it is the memory of past joy, to the point of profligacy, that is revived. In a later poem, 'Lines', from *Moments of Vision*, it is the anxiety and bliss of a past youthful romance and sexual desire that is conjured.

The poem is structured as a sequence of initial imperatives, or pleas, addressed to a you, for a reenactment of an erotic encounter in the protagonist's past. Here is the first stanza:

Show me again the time
When in the Junetide's prime
We flew by meads and mountains northerly! –
Yea, to such freshness, fairness, fulness, fineness, freeness,
Love lures life on.

Two short lines leading up to a longer line about double the length of the first two lines together, followed by an even longer line that seems to want to go on and on, and by the second stanza has taken on the character of a (varied) refrain: "Yea, to such…". Last, each stanza comes to a halt with the short and unvaried line: a laconic, metronomically beating refrain: "Love lures life on".

The persistent, even obsessive, character of this conjuring up of past happiness is indicated by syntactic and rhythmical repetiveness: The first line always introduced by the plea of "Show me again…". The second line with the circumstantial, temporal adverbial extension always introduced by "when…", except in the last stanza, when the pleading finally gives way to fulfilment: "The moment of that kiss". The third line always introduced by a descriptive or narrative "we" statement: "we flew…", "we looked…", "we eyed…", to be broken by the last stanza that moves the "we" up into the second line where time and place give way to "that kiss" that is out of time if not place, and the third line now an adverbial extension of the kiss that describes the lovers as having isolated themselves from the merry-making (and dancing?): "away from the prancing folk, by the strawberry-tree!-" Here is the last (fourth) stanza in its entirety:

Show me again just this:
The moment of that kiss
Away from the prancing folk, by the strawberry-tree! –

Yea, to such rashness, ratheness, rareness, ripeness, richness,
Love lures life on.

The first three lines of each stanza are, as it were, set for solo voice, the lyric speaker is literally an 'I', or, in the poem, a "me". But this is followed by a rousing chorus singing the affirmative "Yea" line, with its heavily alliterated rhymes that seem to spur on the more abstract feelings (stanzas 1 and 4) as well as the more physical emotions (in stanzas two and three) to ever new heights. The short fifth line of each stanza, the invariable refrain, "love lures life on," is the shortest line of the poem, four stressed monosyllables, realizable either as four slow-moving trochaic feet with a pause standing in for an unstressed syllable, or performed with three beats, the third beat then falling on "on", an example of 'promoted' stress.[1] The line follows not as another climax, but like an anti-climax. The deliberate and emphatic rhythm of the line suggests that this is an objective, or at least a rationalized and epigrammatic, commentary on the previous tumultuous line, as if it was 'sung' by a subdued, wiser chorus.

The effect of epigrammatic closure is reinforced by the almost Swinburnian excessive alliteration, distributed over two syllables in line four, but tightened, as it were, in one-syllable alliterating words in line 5. They carry on, and close, the lighter alliterated line four.

Perhaps the potential satire (on the fourth line) suggested by the last line becomes visible precisely because of the apparent 'likeness', the continuity established by the seductive onward driving alliteration over the last two lines. Semantically it is signalled by the choice of the word "lure" which both reinforces a backward-looking myth topos (there is a "strawberry-*tree*" in line four) and demotes "love" in the light of Hardy's contemporary materialism to biology, something to further "life".

'Lines' is a ballad-like poem, in content – there is a narrative of courting, delay, fulfilment – and in form, heavy repetition of syntax and lines (for example the refrain of the last line in each stanza). Yet the meter is more complex than that of the other ballad, 'The Dance at the Phoenix,' with its predominantly iambic meter. Line lengths in 'Lines' are uneven, trochaic feet are substituted at the beginning of lines, and the fourth line is perhaps best thought of as trochaic.

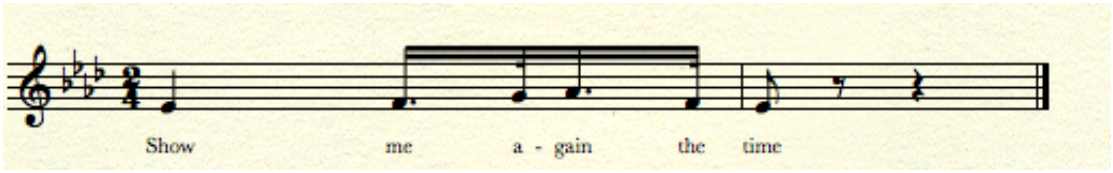
Not only is there initial inversion in lines one and two in all stanzas except the last, but a change to a trochaic rhythm in the fifth line, appropriate to the global finality of its statement. At the phrasal level, however, an 'iambic' rhythm (light-heavy) seems to dominate in keeping with the driving, 'impatience' of the 'speaker' and the release of tension; see again the fourth stanza.[2]

This unruly and complex mixture of agitation and affirmation is possibly too much to handle for the traditional music Hardy was familiar with and played himself.

[1] For 'demotion' and 'promotion' of stresses, see e.g. Attridge.
[2] "Show me again just this:" – an Anticipation'; "The moment of that kiss" – an Arrival. Anticipation' and 'arrival' are partly technical terms, as used by Attridge, ch. 8: 'Phrasal Movement'.

In this case the reader is informed that the poem is (set), not to a traditional tune, but to a Mozart symphony movement. Neither is the music 'in' this ballad as it was in the former but, like non-diegetic music in film, shapes and defines the emotional character of the memory here. But what movement, let alone what symphony had Hardy in mind?

Mozart wrote more than one symphony in E-flat, but a case has been made that he referred to the late one, Symphony # 39, and that he had the andante in mind (Potter, 1979: 60ff). This has consequences for how we read the poem aloud, as well as for its meaning. For example, I have inclined towards interpreting the last line as an almost epigrammatic summarizing, and the emotion that goes with that assertion (given its emphatic rhythm) as a resigned melancholy summation, perhaps with a satiric twist that undermines line four's intoxicated, stubborn affirmation of 'life'. Such a reading is to some degree supported by what we think of as Hardy's materialist pessimism. But it is not perhaps so easily supported by what we hear in Mozart's andante. The opening theme has an expectant, hopeful character carried mainly by the violins that could agree with Hardy's opening lines. It is even possible, with some effort perhaps, to 'sing' the first line to Mozart's andante motif.



And if there is tumult and defiance in the fourth line of 'Lines', so there is 'emotional agitation' in Mozart's andante. And if there is a touch of disillusioning bitterness in "Love lures life on", so there is at least a deepening, qualifying context to the naive, innocent beginning of the andante as the theme is recapitulated at the end, but now by all 'voices' of the entire orchestra. Allowing for the fact that there are limits to what words can mean, while the emotional force of music is by nature suggestive, reading the poem with Mozart's andante movement gives Hardy's poem a powerful emotional charge, one that it would not quite achieve on its own.

Sterling Brown: Ma Rainey

Going on from Hardy, we find that that poetry elsewhere by imitating 'folk' song or music may also take on a memorializing function. In much African-American poetry this happens when the heroes or heroines of the African-American 'folk' are celebrated. Sterling Brown's poem about Ma Rainey, same title, is cast in a folk idiom appropriate to the popular blues and vaudeville singer, one of the early professional female blues singers who became widely known not only through touring but through her records.

As printed, "Ma Rainey" does not look like the standard way of rendering 12-bar or 16-bar blues, a standardisation that only gradually prevailed as *the* blues

(records again helped do that). So to claim that ”Ma Rainey” is ”*the* Blues poem” is not quite correct if the setting and voices in the poem are taken into consideration.[1] Gunther Schuller has argued that Ma Rainey and later Bessie Smith and others in competition with vaudeville and minstrel shows worked out a particular version of blues, which then became *the* blues, as distinct from ’folk’ song, work song, field hollers, spirituals, etc, as well as from the ’coon’ songs on the vaudeville-minstrel circuit. Brown’s poem is in fact more loyal to that sort of ’folk’ music than the word ’blues’ conventionally evokes nowadays (Schuller, 1968: 226).

The four sections that make up the poem are spoken by different ’voices’ that roughly fall into two genres: description and quotation. The poem’s ’speakers’ function as listener or interviewer, but there is a certain egalitarian ethos throughout the poem in that all voices speak the same vernacular ’dialect’.[2]

As for the protagonist, she is descibed in two lines when she enters the hall where the performance takes place,

> …Ma comes out before dem, a-smilin’ gold-toofed smiles
> An’ Long Boy ripples minors on de black an’ yellow keys[,]

and quoted in six lines of ”Backwater Blues”, a song she performs in her show. It is what her audience expects from her, and her effect on her audience, that the poem records.

The first movement is a lively description of the excitement generated by the news of Ma Rainey’s arrival. The pleasure evoked is produced by organizing the lines in short groups of two beats:

> When Ma Rainey
> Comes to town,
> Folks from anyplace
> Miles aroun’,
> From Cape Girardeau,
> Poplar Bluff,
> Flocks in to hear
> Ma do her stuff;
> Comes flivvering’ in,
> Or ridin’ mules,
> Or packed in trains,
> Picknickin’ fools….[3]

[1] ”…perhaps *the* Blues poem”, Sterling Stuckey, in Harper ed, 1989: 11.

[2] At the time Brown wrote his poem, opinion among African-American writers was divided on whether to write in dialect or not. Critics could point to the vaudeville-minstrelsy shenanigans of ’coon’ songs, and argued that writing in non-standard English spelling was automatically registered as illiteracy, stupidity, or farcical entertainment. Racism was, as we know of course, justified by attributing such characteristics to particular social strata.

[3] That picknickers are fools is perhaps not so much a judgment on picknicking as such as on the fact that it was a dangerous activity at a time when the river regularly flooded the banks.

The lines could have been printed as four-stress end-stopped couplets, and the appearance would have been more staid, more ’poetic’, but also a bit like doggerel. And it would not sound so much like one of the locals speaking. By displacing the rhymes and introducing run-on lines, the lines invite a lively rhythmic delivery. Now the poem moves along at a brisk clip suggesting the easy-going, expectant and hopeful manner of the vernacular ’speaker’, a voice that just ’naturally’ speaks in an evenly beating rhythm.

The long lines of the second section of the poem could have been printed as ’prose’, but their arrangement *as* lines invites a rhythmical, if not strictly metrical, delivery. The tone and language are again the vernacular idiom as in the first section, appropriate for the speech dialect of the locals. But the mood changes and deepens when we are told that among the noise and laughter of the animated audience, there is also ”…some folks sit dere waitin’ wid deir aches an’ miseries”.

The third section is central to the poem. Again, it is Ma Rainey who ’sings’ (or rather, is quoted), but it is the audience that is given voice by the poet in their own vernacular that takes the form of a plea that almost amounts to a prayer to Ma Rainey:

> ….
> Now you’s back
> Whah you belong,
> Git way inside us,
> Keep us strong…
> ….

The simple, almost nursery-rhyme character of the lines runs perhaps close to the pathetic, but one needs to keep in mind the context of real hardships and natural diasters such as frequent floodings, indirectly referred to by the song ’Backwater Blues’ quoted in section 4 of the poem, just as several other poems in Brown’s collection *Southern Road* deal with Mississippi floods.

Therefore Brown also ends the poem, in the last section, with a shift to the ’outsider’ position: one of the locals is interviewed, as it were, about Ma Rainey’s show, and although he pretends he can’t express what Ma Rainey does and is for ”us”, the lines

> An’ den de folk, dey natchally bowed dey heads an’ cried,
> Bowed dey heavy heads, shet dey moufs up tight an’ cried,
> An Ma lef’ de stage, an’ followed some de folks outside

indicate the character of the secular church that authorizes the real affirmation by the poem.

The poem evokes tough times, but there is community solidarity. There is a need for a secular 'church', perhaps a need for, as the poem sees it, 'salvation', or at least comforting relief or compensation for the hardships that is the lot of these people. Plainness to the point of humility is the point here, therefore the choice of dialect spelling, a strong, metered rhythm based on traditional 'folk' material, verbal and musical, that is essential to convey those emotions.[1]

Michael S. Harper: Dear John, Dear Coltrane

all great art is finally testamental (Harper, in Baym, 2003: 3006)

a love supreme, a love supreme
a love supreme, a love supreme

Sex fingers toes
in the marketplace
near your father's church
in Hamlet, North Carolina –
witness to this love
in this calm fallow
of these minds,
there is no substitute for pain:
genitals gone or going,
seed burned out,
you tuck the roots in the earth,
turn back, and move
by river through the swamps,
singing: *a love supreme, a love supreme;*
what does it all mean?
Loss, so great each black
woman expects your failure
in mute change, the seed gone.
You plod up into the electric city –
your song now crystal and
the blues. You pick up the horn
with some will and blow
into the freezing night:
a love supreme, a love supreme -

Dawn comes and you cook
up the thick sin 'tween

[1] A study of Chicago blues singers in the 1950s and 60s makes a similar point; see Keil, ,1966.

impotence and death, fuel
the tenor sax cannibal
heart, genitals, and sweat
that makes you clean –
a love supreme, a love supreme –

Why you so black?
cause I am
why you so funky?
cause I am
why you so black?
cause I am
why you so sweet?
cause I am
why you so black?
cause I am
a love supreme, a love supreme:

So sick
you couldn't play *Naima*,
so flat we ached
for song you'd concealed
with your own blood,
your diseased liver gave
out its purity,
the inflated heart
pumps out, the tenor kiss,
tenor love:
a love supreme, a love supreme-
a love supreme, a love supreme (Harper 2000)

When a tradition or a history becomes controversial, in the sense that it is forgotten or repressed, or simply not shared by all, the character of the poem, or as the case may be, the music, may also become 'controversial', or 'difficult' – if it is not to be merely an exercise in idealism or nostalgia. Memory may be troublesome and difficult to recover, and the voice recalling perhaps diffident and uncertain, perhaps hectoring and dogmatic. Michael Harper's poems about American jazzmusicians, in particular saxophonist John Coltrane are a bit of both, and are at once very personal testimonies but they also incorporate testimony to a painful history of a people. His poem 'Dear John, Dear Coltrane' is not very long but crammed to the point of inarticulacy with more than the history of Coltrane. But the general history works by

short-hand, in this case by metonymy, which gives the poem the character of an utterance that bites off, or holds back, so much feeling that cannot be expressed in full or to the full extent.

The 'full story' is indicated by making Coltrane's personal history a mirror of that of African-Americans in general. He was born in the South, although not the deep, 'blues' South ("Hamlet, North Carolina") where religion is strong ("near your father's church"), migrates to the North ("the electric city"). His story from then on becomes the typical one of professional jazzmen in the immediate post WW2 period: addiction ("your song now crystal…"[1], and "[d]awn comes and you cook/up the thick sin 'tween/impotence and death…") and finally death at an early age as a consequence (So sick/you couldn't play *Naima*"). Coltrane's early career as a relatively anonymous sideman is rendered in another fragment: "…You pick up the horn/with some will and blow". An adjective like 'laid-back' does not come to mind when listening to his endless 'sheets of sound'.

The *Naimi* mentioned above is the title of a slow, tender love song built over a drone of two alternating notes a fourth apart,[2] over which the melody moves through complex, changing chords, the effect like something between a hypnotic lullaby and a psalm. When the speaker wants to describe what Coltrane has achieved, what has gone 'into' his music after his many apprentice years, he does so with another metonymic phrase: "Dawn comes and you cook/up the thick sin 'tween/impotence and death, fuel/the tenor sax cannibal/heart, genitals and sweat/that makes you clean –". "(H)eart, genitals and sweat" stoke the fire of his playing, a variation on earlier metonymic fragments in the poem: the selling into unfreedom of the slave, and the lynching of the slave when the slave tested his unfreedom. What the hard-won mastery of his instrument has cost Coltrane is indicated by the imagery: Coltrane's tenor sax is a "cannibal", his many notes, 'swallowed' by the instrument as if it fed on his suffering, vital organs.

And this is what the speaker hears in Coltrane's music: after the years of 'woodshedding' in and out of bands, through suffering arriving at last at the pure triumph of *"a love supreme"* (Harper's italics), and thereby making a connection back to his father's church. The commercial, or professional, aspect of Coltrane's late stardom is barely hinted at by the thin analogy between the slavemarket metonymically evoked by "[s]ex fingers toes/in the marketplace" and the already mentioned "heart, genitals and sweat" "fuel[ling]" the tenor sax.

In both cases 'dismemberment' is literally registered as so many items of the man that are of 'value', and as a metaphor it indicates that which is behind Coltrane's powerful, passionate playing, all that which is considered irrelevant, or not remembered, or repressed in African American history.

[1] Another of Harper's Coltrane poems – there are several – impersonates Coltrane, making him say: "I broke loose from crystalline habits/I thought would bring me that sound." ('A Narrative of the Life and Times of John Coltrane: Played by Himself'), Harper, 2000: 187f. Crystal refers to amphetamine.

[2] In Miles Davis' band Coltrane had become familiar with tunes constructed on a similar basis, e.g. on the *Kind of Blue* album.

The liturgical aspect of the poem is indicated by words like ”sin”, ”sick[ness]” and ”love”. Humiliation and suffering redeemed, as in Coltrane’s gospel of love refrain – *”a love supreme”* - leans on a strong Christological tradition in African-American culture.

Words like ”sin”, and ”purity” belong in a religious discourse. But there is another discourse in the poem also very much of its time: that of threatened African-American masculinity. It has already been noted that the speaker refers – very obliquely – to the ritualistic act of race hygiene known as lynching. The cutting off of sex organs was an indexical sign of the fear of miscegenation, that is of ’impurity’.

Harper uses two threads of metaphor here: one analogous to the archetypal poem of Anglo-Saxon modernist poetry, viz. that of Eliot’s *The Waste Land* (”…calm fallow”, ”seed burned out”, ”you tuck the roots in the earth”, perhaps also ”freezing night” (versus ”(d)awn comes”). The other, related to the first, that of male potency: after the ”genitals gone or going”, there is ”(l)oss, so great each black/woman expects your failure”).

But Coltrane’s tenor sax, and no need really to remark in passing that tenor saxes and guitars are conventionally seen, and often wielded on stage, as ’phallic’ instruments, turns body parts, ”heart, genitals and sweat” (or, love, sex and work) into fuel – into unifying fire that thereby cleanses – and that is appropriately followed by the third section of the poem that asserts Coltrane’s defiance and pride: ’I am (funky and) black’, ’pure’ black. The poem moves from a castrating white ’purity’ to black purity, a purity that comes across as resurrected black male potency. Despite the anatomical details of Coltrane’s sickness in the fourth and last section of the poem, his sickness jumps with a certain phallic vitality of its own: ”the inflated heart/pumps out, the tenor kiss/tenor love”.

Harper’s poem then, for all its syntactic radicalism, belongs to a genre and partakes of a myth, that of a suffering, perhaps even sacrificial, hero who by his music represents and bears witness to the history of ’his’ (African-American) people. It is thus a poem that addresses and negotiates a tradition. It has already been mentioned that Harper does this by way of implicit references to literary models -- *The Waste Land* and its prevailing imagery of fallowness (sterility) has been mentioned above, but Harper also implicitly refers to African-American predecessors. The lynching that occupies most of the content of the first section of the poem was also a theme in poems by Sterling Brown and W.E.B. DuBois (Harper, 2000:376).[1] Harper does not explicitly name the poems, but presumably has in mind Brown’s poem, ’An Old Woman Remembers,’ which however does not refer to music, and DuBois’ ’Litany at Atlanta’ (in his *Darkwater*, 1920) that is cast as a prayer, a familiar speech act in much African-American poetry.

The ’funky’ question-and-answer section about ’blackness’ that seems to interrupt the elegiac ”you”-narrative of Coltrane’s life, is in fact a standard topos in

[1] Harper here conflates events in the Atlanta riot of 1906 and the gruesome lynching of Tom Wilkes (Sam Hose) in Newman, Georgia in 1899.

African-American traditional and anonymous culture as well as literature that continues right up to today's varietiess of the 'dozens' and 'rap'. Harper might well have been inspired by Sterling Brown who wrote about the popularity of "why"-stories in 'Negro Folk Expression'[1] Or by an equally famous interrogation of 'blackness' in the dream prologue to Ralph Ellison's novel, *Invisible Man*.[2] In particular because there the riddling is intimately associated with music, more precisely, with blues music.

In Ellison's novel the blues and jazz are riddles to be explored. Harper's poem belongs to the 1960s when African-Americans wanted definite answers. So the speaker is remembering by 'telling' Coltrane what he did and what his music means.

The poem's refrain, "*A love supreme,"* still preserves some degree of riddling: is it an answer? To what? For example, that jazz or blues can turn ("cannibalize") suffering and effort into love and play? Such uncertainty is also reflected by the additive syntax in much of the poem. The last section of the poem has no hierarchical ordering in its sentences: it consists of juxtaposed statements in parallel:

> "So sick
> you couldn't…
> so flat we ached
> (..)
> your diseased liver gave
> out…
> the inflated heart
> pumps out,…"

This produces a very flat structure. And elsewhere, for instance in the beginning of the poem, lines 1-7, there pile up short, disjointed statements that are added together in irrregular lengths. The piece as a whole is (very) loosely held together by the refrain that functions like a (musical) drone.

Sterling Brown's poem idealized a professional singer, Ma Rainey, as a saviour figure for poor black folk in the South. Her blues singing was quoted not for entertainment but for carrying a message. His use of traditional form and dialect suggested however not so much pathos and sentiment as the humour and resilience of these river communities.

Harper's poem also appeals to concepts and meanings integral to African-American church culture. The imagery dwells on bondage, (extreme) pain, impotence and sickness. There is pathos, but very little room for humour, excepting perhaps the third riddle section about blackness. His speaker also is witness, or 'chorus' to the passion of the title character.

[1] Along with several other essays on 'African American Music and Folk Culture', collected in ed. Saunders,, ed, 1996.
[2] Ultimately, as Brown points out, the 'why' is a question about origins (or causes). The 'dozens' is a word duelling game that often turns on insults about the opponent's mother.

Although the poem is 'spoken' by a "we" there is no sense that this we is held together by anything other than being audience in a club where Coltrane plays, or an 'audience' that listens to Coltrane records, in contrast to the witnesses in Brown's poem. There is confident assurance in Brown's poem that Ma Rainey 'belongs' with her audience, while Coltrane appears a solitary figure struggling on his own, more victim than saviour.

Although the content of the 'Dear John, Dear Coltrane' is not alien to blues, after all it is 'about' sex, death, and music, or even to gospel, the poem is neither printed as, or relies on the recognition of, such forms.[1] Yet the poem makes Coltrane a blues player (l. 21). And there is a likeness to the repeated short phrases of many 'traditional' blues in Coltrane's soloing that often worries a short, simple riff-like phrase in endless permutations of different registers, of different harmonic colourings.

It was the unique sound of his tenor saxophone that characterized his blues, fire on ice, as the saying went; not any external formal structure in terms of so many bars or familiar cadential sequences. The apparent unstructured, meandering, endless, passionate blowing seemed to express first of all a wild determination to play until the point of complete physical exhaustion.

All this and the absence of evident, 'sweetening' moments of familiar cadences makes it possible to allegorize his improvising as 'struggle' - a struggle with the music that was also a 'burden'. A burden of oppression, musically speaking said to be present in the standard cadences of the popular songs of musicals and films that made up the typical material of most jazz until the end of the 1950s.

In the poem Harper sketches in fragmentary outline, in the metonymic imagery that infers slave market, lynching, drugs, early death, the burden of oppression he struggles with. To a poet this is first of all a formal problem. Just as Coltrane was said to break free of "oppressive musical structures" that mirrored "oppressive societal structures", the poet Harper also struggles with 'oppressive' verse forms, indicated by irregular stanzas and lines and beats per line:

> One of the things that is important about Coltrane's music is the energy and passion with which he approached his instrument and music. Such energy was perhaps akin to the nature of oppression generally and the kind of energy it takes to break oppressive conditions, oppressive musical structures, and oppressive societal structures. (Harper, in O'Brien, 1973, 98)

In each example looked at above, music memorializes a past episode, also when the poem seems to record a present moment, as in Sterling Brown's poem.[2] In Hardy there is a contrast between what decency and custom demand, and what the

[1] For the traditional way of printing blues lyrics, see Oliver, 1960, passim, or Hollander, 2001: 45. For a more adventurous way that aims to give an impression of actual performance, see Sackheim, ed, 1969.

[2] The solidarity between musician and audience that Brown's poem evokes was already beginning to be a thing of the past. Cf. Schuller, 1968: 226ff.

protagonist in the poem experienced. And the music, whether it is fiddle music in the tavern or a Mozart symphony movement, carries a memory of intoxication, arousing jubilation and youth that would not be the same without the music. In both Hardy poems under consideration here, the poems mimic the popular topos of being 'carried away' (by the music), with an emphasis on sexually charged abandon.

In the two African-American examples, the iconic character of a particular music maker is all-important to the effect of poem. Sterling Brown argued in his essays that African-American blues stars had strong roots in folk song, spirituals, work songs, but also in popular song.[1] But Ma Rainey is not just the local talent in the community centre who gets up and does a number or two. She was already a famous star, travelling on a concert tour, doing gigs, bringing a band, etc. It is precisely because she is an iconic star that she *can* perform the function that is attributed to her in the poem.

Neither was John Coltrane an unknown musician when he was celebrated in Michael Harper's poetry. Harper's Coltrane is not an anonymous, if talented sideman, but probably the most talked-about jazzman after Charlie Parker, leading his own quartet and later larger groups that toured clubs and concert halls in the 1960s. His jazz has *charismatic* character given to it by this particular iconic musician.

Whereas Hardy and to a large extent Brown can rest on traditional forms of poetry (Hardy on the folk ballad, Brown on a relaxed, easy-going imitation of popular talk and poetry) that convey the sweep and force of particular musical traditions widely shared, Harper's poem is a fractured, jarring testimonial to an 'avant-garde' musician, who found himself in the unique position that his fame and influence went far beyond the cliques and cults characteristic of avantgardes, and whose music seemed black enough to match the contemporary rhetoric of both Martin Luther King and Malcolm X.

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Susan Bassnett is a writer and Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Warwick. She has childhood links to Denmark, and though her competence in Danish has faded, she returns to Denmark as often as she can. On one such visit she met Lars Ole and they have remained friends ever since.

Benjamin Boysen befriended Lars Ole because of a shared Joyce-craze. Lars Ole helped shape what was to become Boysen's doctoral dissertation, *The Ethics of Love: An Essay on James Joyce* (2013), which is a full-scale reading of the theme of love in all of Joyce's published works. Boysen has also written a book on Renaissance-subjectivity, *At være en anden: Essays om intethed, ambivalens og fremmedhed hos Francesco Petrarca og William Shakespeare* (2008). He is currently working on a book, *The Madness of Thinking*, which analyzes the relationship between literature and philosophy.

Marianne Børch is Professor of English literature, specializing in early texts up to 1800, but also attracted to the study of certain contemporary magic realism or fantasy authors. Her more recent interest is consequent upon the discovery that today's media environment seems to encourage quasi-oral modes of expression that recall pre-Enlightenment conventions. Studying these before-and-after phenomena puts Børch partly in alignment with scholars interested in the so-called Gutenberg Parenthesis.

Søren Frank is Associate Professor in Comparative Literature at the Department for the Study of Culture, University of Southern Denmark. His publications include *Migration and Literature* (2008), *Salman Rushdie* (2011), and *Standing on the Shoulders of Giants* (2013), and he has also published articles on Aleksandar Hemon, James Fenimore Cooper, Aksel Sandemose, and David Beckham, on mobility, maritime rhythms, the literary history of the sea, and the importance of the bench in soccer. In 2011 Frank was Senior Fellow at the IKKM, Bauhaus-Universität

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Jan Nordby Gretlund. From the mid-1960s Lars Ole and I were students in the English Department at Aarhus University. In the 1970s we both found employment at the University of Southern Denmark in Odense. He wrote on crime fiction with the precision of the lover of classical music. He also has a predilection for the comprehensive which serves him well in his studies of English and American literary history.

Clara Juncker is Associate Professor of American Literature and Culture at the University of Southern Denmark. Her books include *Trading Cultures: Nationalism and Globalization in American Studies* (2002), *Through Random Doors We Wandered* (2002), *Transnational America: Contours of Modern U.S. Culture* (2004), *Circling Marilyn: Text, Body Performance* (2010) and *The Transatlantic Sixties* (2013). She has known Professor Lars Ole Sauerberg for two decades and has throughout the years appreciated his knowledge, academic commitment and professionalism. He is a true, unbroken and incorruptible Kingfish in and outside his intermedial realm.

Svend Erik Larsen is Professor Emeritus of Comparative Literature, Aarhus University. Honorary Professor, University College London, and member of the board of the Danish National Research Foundation. Publications on literary and cultural history, history of ideas, semiotics, memory studies, world literature. Among the books: *Sémiologie littéraire* (1984), *Signs in Use* (2002, with J.D. Johansen), *I byen med Balzac* (2002), *Tekster uden grænser. Litteratur og globalisering* (2007), *litteraturDK* (2009). Current book project: *Forgiveness as a cultural and literary challenge.* – I worked as a colleague of Lars Ole Sauerberg at the University of Southern Denmark from 1974-1997, and as a Dean he served 1992-1997 on the board of the Research Center: Man & Nature while I was its research director. After my move to Aarhus, our collaboration has continued on the editorial board of *Orbis Litterarum,* where I have served since 2008.

Charles Lock was educated at Oxford where he received his D.Phil. in 1982 for a dissertation on John Cowper Powys, supervised by the late John Bayley. He taught at the University of Karlstad in Sweden from 1980 to 1982, after which he was for twelve years a professor of English at the University of Toronto. Among his publications are a book on Thomas Hardy and articles on various literary topics from the medieval mystics to the postcolonial, as well as in literary theory and visual culture. He has served since 2010 as the editor of the Powys Journal and is on the editorial advisory boards of the Journal of Modern Literature and the European Journal of Life Writing. In 1995 he was appointed to the Professorship of English

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Nina Nørgaard is Associate Professor of Applied Linguistics at the University of Southern Denmark. Her research interests lie within the fields of stylistics and multimodality and, more specifically, within the newly emerging sub-field of multimodal stylistics. She has known Lars Ole Sauerberg as a teacher, supervisor and colleague and has been greatly inspired by him in her own academic life and work.

Tom Pettitt has been at Odense University / SDU since the year of *Abbey Road*, pursuing research and offering courses within Medieval and Renaissance Literature and Folklore. He is currently an Affiliate Research Professor (*adjungeret professor*) with the *Institut for Kulturvidenskaber* (Cultural Sciences) and the Centre for Medieval Literature. Recalling how the arrival of a young Lars Ole Sauerberg in 1977 was construed by locals as letting in yet another refugee from an alien culture in the throes of a fundamentalist revolution (English Studies at Århus University), he is happy to bear witness to Lars Ole's successful integration, as demonstrated not least in his contribution to, and latterly leadership of, projects drawing together highly disparate specializations and individuals, from *The Practice of Literary Criticism* (1983) to the "Gutenberg Parenthesis".

Claus Schatz-Jakobsen is Associate Professor of English Literature at the University of Southern Denmark. Apart from extensive reviewing of mostly contemporary British and American literature, he has published essays and articles on a confusing variety of topics that include both literary theory and history, and British and Danish literature. Openly acknowledges a debt to Lars Ole for almost anything positive to do with his career at the English Department at Odense University/the University of Southern Denmark since around 1990.

Inge Birgitte Siegumfeldt is Associate Professor in English Literature at the University of Copenhagen. Lars Ole Sauerberg supervised her PhD thesis on Jewish thought in Postmodern Theory (1993-1996) and has served since as an excellent model for her own work with PhD training in the PhD Programme TRAMS. Siegumfeldt is currently completing a book of conversations with Paul Auster.

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Christen Kold Thomsen is a senior lecturer emeritus affiliated with the Center for American Studies at the University of Southern Denmark, Odense. He has taught and written about modern American literature and culture, including jazz. The appointment of Lars Ole Sauerberg doubled the number of staff who were interested in popular literature: his interest in Ian Fleming was the beginning of Lars Ole's career. This later encompassed more traditional projects, such as the European 'Bildungsroman'. The 'close' reading of English literature was once a discipline within English studies at the then Odense University, and we both contributed to a textbook written jointly by the literature staff of the English Department. My essay here is written as a kind of homage to that time.