POMPA

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Editor: James Potts

Mississippi College

part in selection as novelty does, as scholarly basis does, as style and elegance do. MPA covers many genres, periods, approaches, and sub-fields. The audience being the market, papers that will likely be read by few will probably not be selected. Delightful, quirky papers in a mode not recognizably academic probably will not, either. [Perhaps this is the time to bemoan the dearth of Shakespeare and Milton papers the last two years?] Also, bear in mind here the limited staff and resources: if you submit a paper that requires almost no editing, its likelihood goes up. If you are on the leading edge of a new topic, it certainly does, too. If you have a slight variation on a rather familiar line of criticism on a major text, its chances go down. I greatly appreciate the range of imaginative readings we have gotten, and I hope we will continue to be able to cover so many different area.

This next year's conference will again be in the capital city, near the largest venues and airport, near the junction of two major interstates. It will be on the campus of Jackson State University, which I can tell you from a recent tour enjoys brand new, quality facilities at every turn. Perhaps we should have thought to return the conference to Jackson State, one of the conferences founding forces, for the twenty-fifth anniversary; we're two years late. But I invite you to join us in Jackson for a conference that continues to be cordial and invigorating.

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ESSAY

Tim Edwards

University of West Alabama

Cold Pastoral: Unearthing the Intertexts in Charles Frazier's *Cold Mountain*

Charles Frazier's acclaimed 1997 debut, *Cold Mountain*, has received surprisingly little scholarly attention given its widespread appeal among readers and academics. In the popular imagination—perhaps because of the high profile film version of the novel, released in 2003—*Cold Mountain* is typically discussed as a war novel, a love story, or an Appalachian homage to *The Odyssey*. This last point comes closest to my own interest in the text, for among the most compelling scholarly angles I see in the novel is its intertextuality. Much of the novel references other texts and other writers, among them, Romantics such as William Wordsworth and frontier travel writers such as William

Bartram. The novel's chief characters—Inman, Ada, Monroe, and even Ruby (to whom Ada reads)—seem almost obsessed with books and authors. Inman even carries a portion of Bartram's *Travels* with him as he himself trudges through the very same Carolina landscape—though one now ravaged by civil war.

Though it will not aspire to cover completely the colorful spectrum of texts Frazier's novel references, ranging from Cherokee medicine spells to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, my paper will seek to unpack at least some of the intertextual baggage of Frazier's *Cold Mountain*. I want consider in particular how romanticism and the pastoral urge are interrogated by realist and naturalistic impulses in the narrative. Ultimately, the novel engages in a project not at all unlike those of many nineteenth and early twentieth century writers—Twain, Bierce, Howells, Crane, and others--who sought so vigorously to undercut the ideal and genteel and get at the hard realities of life, for as historian David Shi would say, "romance breaks against many hard facts" (66).

Some of these ideas are suggested in Terry Gifford's eco-critical reading of Frazier's novel, "Terrain, Character, and Text: Is *Cold Mountain* by Charles Frazier a Post-Pastoral Novel?" In this piece, Gifford acknowledges some but not all of the intertextual elements at work in Frazier's novel while also briefly focusing on the pastoral (or post-pastoral) features that link Frazier's work to that of Cormac McCarthy, a writer who also, in my view, juxtaposes the romantic and pastoral with the realist and naturalistic in fascinating ways. My aim, then, is to explore, indeed to unearth the remarkable substrata of *Cold Mountain's* numerous intertexts.

A recent article in *The Chronicle Review* references the intertextuality of *Cold Mountain* even while it argues, quite hilariously at points, for the de-canonization of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In a piece titled "Giving Emerson the Boot," William Major and Bryan Sinche lambaste the Transcendentalist master for his obscurantism and "egregious. . . optimism" (B4). And in doing so, the authors mention,

interestingly enough, Charles Frazier, who, they observe, "eviscerates the impractical Emerson in the pages of his novel *Cold Mountain*" (B4). "It's Emerson's ethereal philosophizing," they continue, "that inspires the feckless father of Ada Monroe to purchase a farm and do nothing at all with it" (B4). To be sure, Frazier is certainly commenting on Emerson by naming the Monroes' two largely useless farm animals—a horse and a cow—Ralph and Waldo, respectively. But Frazier's criticism reaches beyond—or transcends, perhaps?—a focused attack on Emerson, laying down a broader field of fire that manages to land strikes, however indirectly, on William Wordsworth, William Bartram, and, most certainly, the larger sense of nineteenth century romantic optimism in general.

As both Major and Sinche rightly imply, Reverend Monroe is the embodiment of this transcendental optimism. And that he fails so miserably—and ultimately dies, leaving his daughter ill-prepared to continue without him—speaks volumes about Frazier's attitude toward

this worldview. Indeed, more than that, Monroe, we might say, personifies the failures of romanticism—for Monroe is lost in the ideal, in the abstract, a victim of the "ethereal philosophizing" Major and Sinche lampoon in their article. For when we look at Monroe's attitude toward the landscape, toward his farm, even toward Ada, we find a reliance on the abstract rather the concrete, the ideal rather than the real. In counterpoint to William Carlos Williams's call for "no ideas but in things," Reverend Monroe, echoing the idealistic romantics he reads, seems to posit just the opposite: no things but in ideas.

As a Charleston minister, Monroe is a born city dweller who proves to be a stranger in a strange land among the insular and suspicious Southern highlanders he chooses to shepherd when, upon doctor's orders, he seeks a purer climate in the North Carolina mountains. His trip to Cold Mountain, with his daughter Ada, however, is marked at several key points by Monroe's rhapsodic Wordsworthian outbursts as he delights in the landscape of his new home. Seized by an

Emersonian devotion to a nature he really does not understand, Monroe, we are told, "looked about as if he had been charged, upon penalty of death, with remembering every fold of terrain and every shade of green" (41). And significantly, "[w]hen they rounded a bend and stopped before a distant pale vista of the flat country they had left behind, he hollered, 'Earth has not anything to show more fair. Dull would be the soul who could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty of form'" (41). (This sequence is taken from Wordsworth's 1802 sonnet "Composed upon Westminster Bridge.") What follows, though, indicates even more about the thematics of Frazier's argument with romanticism in the novel. In this sequence, again, Monroe finds a landscape vista charged with romantic energy and responds with an enthusiastic recitation from his favorite poet: the passage is taken from the well-known and oft-quoted Simplon Pass episode in *The Prelude*:

> "The sick sight and giddy prospect of the raving stream,
> the unfettered clouds and region of the heavens, tumult and

> peace, the darkness and the light—were all workings of one mind, the features of the same face, blossoms upon one tree, the characters of the great Apocalypse, the types and symbols of eternity, of first, and last, and midst, and without end." (41)

But while quoting Wordsworth, Monroe actually engages with nature in a manner that echoes an American romantic, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Emerson, despite his idealization of "the woods" in pieces such as his manifesto, *Nature*, was nonetheless famously inept digging in a real garden. Emerson was, in short, no Thoreau. Like his transcendentalist inspiration, on whom he actually bases some of his sermons, incidentally, Monroe sees his farm and the surrounding landscape in a theoretical and idealized light: He likes "the picturesque setting" (43) of the cove in which he lives, "the arc of the wooded hills" (43), but he had "let many parts of [the farm] lapse, for he never intended it to be self-sufficient"—much as his daughter, Ada, is by no

means prepared to be self-sufficient upon Monroe's death. Monroe may worship nature in an abstract sense, but he has no real communion, does no real commerce with the reality of the natural world. His disconnection from the natural world is a dangerous one—though in the end more so for his daughter than for himself, for he dies before being faced with the hard facts of making a living from his land. And as we look even deeper into Frazier's novel, we see further instances of romance breaking against the hard facts—we see that *Cold Mountain*, much like many realist texts produced in wake of the Civil War, warns its readers of the dangers of experiencing the world through the rosy lens of romanticism.

This romantic tendency to invest landscape and nature with mystical benevolence by Monroe stands in stark contrast to the larger—and darker and grittier and more realistic—spirit of Frazier's novel. Though it has often been praised as a beautiful and uplifting novel, I am struck by its grimness—grimness filtered to us chiefly through the lens

of Inman's consciousness. Inman, we are told, has, through his experiences in the war, seen "the metal face of the age." Suspend for a moment this image of a brutally implacable metallic visage in juxtaposition with the smiling and benevolent face of Wordsworth's nature—"the workings of one mind," "blossoms upon one tree"—the contrasts are startling: God vs. the Machine. A young man's experience in war is a long standing literary, historical, and biographical trope. War is experience; nothing can be more real—it is by definition a loss of innocence for the individual unschooled in its violence and brutality. For Inman, the world has been stripped of its romantic tints—though, to be fair, he never seems to have been the sort to fall for the gaudy trappings of any utopian philosophy. Again, we can look to depictions of landscape to get an idea of the character's disposition and to gauge the thematic current. It is true that Inman finds almost intoxicating William Bartram's quasi-romantic landscape descriptions:

> Continued yet ascending until I gained the top of an elevated rocky ridge, when appeared before me a gap or opening between other yet more lofty ascents, through which continued as the rough rocky road led me, close by the winding banks of a large rapid brook, which at length turning to the left, pouring down rocky precipices, glided off through dark groves and high forests, conveying streams of fertility and pleasure to the fields below. (Bartram qtd. Frazier 10-11)

And in the romantic tradition, this language for Inman holds a kind a healing power:

> Such images made Inman happy, as did the following pages wherein Bartram, ecstatic, journeyed on to the Vale of Cowee deep in the mountains, breathlessly describing a world of scarp and crag, ridge after ridge fading off blue into the distance, chanting at length as he went the names of all the plants that came under his gaze as if reciting the ingredients

> of a powerful potion. After a time, though, Inman found that he had left the book and was simply forming the topography of home in his head. Cold Mountain, all its ridges and coves and watercourses. Pigeon River, Little East Fork, Sorrell Cove, Deep Gap, Fire Scald Ridge. [Inman] knew their names and said them to himself like the words of spells and incantations to ward off the things one fears most. (11)

This golden vision is associated, of course, with Inman's idealized dream image of his Cold Mountain home, which he often keeps before him during his journey. But in the chapter tellingly titled "The Color of Despair," we see how this golden vision falls to grief against the hard facts of circumstance:

> At another time the scene might have had about it a note of the jaunty. All the elements that composed it suggested the legendary freedom of the open road. The dawn of the day; sunlight golden and at a low angle; a cart path bordered on

> one side with red maples, on the other by a split-rail fence; a tall man in a slouch hat, a knapsack on his back, walking west. . . . He tried to greet the day with a thankful heart, but in the early pale light his first true vision was of some foul variety of flatland viper sliding flabby and turdlike from the roadway into a thick bed of chickweed. (53)

Note how the "dream vision" imagery opening the chapter—reminiscent of both Whitman and Thoreau—gives way to the brutal reality of the serpent in the American garden.

Like Inman, Ruby sees the world through the lens of realism. For her, Ada's cultured refinement, so evident when the two women first meet, is as useless as the Emersonian farm Ada has inherited from Monroe. Indeed, Ada herself realizes quite soon after Monroe's death that she is ill-prepared for the reality of life on her own: "A certain amount of resentment came upon her when she thought that a measure of applied knowledge in the area of food production and preparation

would stand her in better stead at that particular time than any fine understanding of the principles of perspective in painting" (23). And in part, this deficiency lies at the feet of Monroe, who had "never developed much interest in the many tiresome areas of agriculture" (23) but made sure Ada was well versed in genteel culture: with some knowledge of French, Latin, and Greek, "competency at the piano," and "[t]he ability to render landscape and still life with accuracy in either pencil or watercolor" (22). Moreover, and this is significant, "she was well read" (22). Her training, too, is in the ideal, not the real.

Ruby, on the other hand, holds a healthy respect for the realities o nature, as she clearly demonstrates when she quickly begins schooling Ada in the ways of the natural world. Remarking on a heron they encounter in the nearby woods, for instance, Ruby explains to Ada her more prosaic rendering of Tennyson's idea of nature "red in tooth and claw": "'Look at that beak on him. Stab wounds; that's his main nature' (150). There is, of course, an oddly romantic moment in Ruby's story,

framed in a memory from her childhood, one in which she spends the night alone in the forest. At first paralyzed with fear, Ruby soon finds herself comforted by "[what] seemed some tender force of landscape or sky. . . [A]fter that night she became like one born with a caul over one's face, knowing things others would never know" (83). It seems to me the final segment of this passage is more in line with a naturalistic understanding of nature—such as that suggested, however ambiguously, by the closing lines of Crane's "The Open Boat."

In the final analysis, Charles Frazier's *Cold Mountain* in a sense draws together realism and romanticism in ways somewhat reminiscent of Frank Norris's versions of naturalism—or perhaps, as Paul Knoke has claimed, the novel is best seen as "a fusion of realism, naturalism, and romanticism" (20). Terry Gifford, too, sees a similar split sensibility in the novel: "pastoral idylls do appear occasionally in the book," he writes. "But Frazier himself hints at this danger to the reader" (94). Indeed, while Ada likens her blissful time with Inman to a kind of

Arcady, her dream image is in the end shattered by Inman's death at the hand of the young Home Guardsman. Indeed, Gifford reads Inman's death scene near the end of the novel as not only a "pastoral tableau" but as an image of "'Et in Arcadia Ego': even at the Arcadian narrative climax of the coming together of Inman and Ada, death is present—arbitrary, unexpected and ultimately unavoidable" (Gifford 94). Yet, of course, in the following chapter, set several years after Inman's death, we see Ada, Ruby, and their surviving loved ones carrying on in a lovin if not utopian community—not the dream Arcady of Ada's vision but a real rural community in which the day begins early with the assurance o hard labor ahead. Possibility and limitation, then, free will and determinism, beauty and horror are held up together as twin poles of our existence—just as the novel's somewhat elegiac ending celebrates new life while remaining haunted by Inman's death. So the day dawns gloriously, yes, and life and love continue, but as Gifford reminds us, "death is present" even in the most beautiful of gardens—for the "foul .

. flatland viper" crawls the earth even so, "flabby and turdlike" in the dawn's early light.

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FICTION

Jeanna Graves
William Carey University

Sweet Spirits

Stories about haunted houses never really scared me as much as they always made me sad, sad mostly for the ghost. As a Christian, spending my eternal life hanging out on Golden Streets with Elvis, my Papaw and Methuselah, is the ultimate goal. Floating around and rattling chains like Marley in some Stephen Kingish afterlife just does not have the same allure.

I currently live in a home where the previous occupant's husband passed away. She later kept a large framed portrait of him in her living room with a small light clipped to the frame which provided just enough eerie up-light to give him a, well, eerie look. A stereotypically tight bunned, denim skirt wearing, no make-up sporting Pentecostal white woman owned the home before me. I noticed that she had no television

in her house. All of her couches and overstuffed chairs circled the living room so that wherever you sat, you got a shot of what can only be described as the largest King James Holy Bible I've ever seen. The Bible sat on a cherry wood table that looked as if it strained under the enormous weight of its responsibility. This good Christian lady obviously fancied herself an interior designer. She hand sewn, and in some cases hot glued lace to just about every inanimate object in the place. The curtains, the bath and kitchen towels, the table cloths, shower curtains, right down to the blessed doily on which the Bible rested, rested bedazzled with beige or white lace. This woman crocheted toilet paper cozies and tissue box covers. The whole place smelt like cinnamon and good deeds and if cleanliness is next to Godliness, He stayed in her spotless guest room and rested on pristine white sheets.

While setting out coffee cups with matching saucers during our transaction, she mentioned how close she had felt to her husband while living there. If, like she said, her dead husband's presence could

sometimes make himself known in the house, I pray he went with her and her lacy belongings. I'd hate to think of his existence now, especially if, in some way, his aura got snagged and my quiet and invisible roommate hangs around silently irritated with me. The lacey remnants have been disposed of and replaced with my eclectic mishmash including several Lord of the Rings posters and Dracula paraphernalia. The aroma of the house no longer smells of cinnamon, but wild berry candles and Fabreeze. And as far as electronics go, all of my furniture circles a flat screen television. I hate to think of this poor man floating above the cat-hair covered couch, listening to Ozzy Osborne and watching me eat macaroni and cheese straight from the pot with a big ole Jethro-spoon. That would be an unfortunate after-life for him.

At twelve years old, my Papaw Buck passed away after a very long illness. Papaw Buck was an amazing man. A gentle farmer, even still I remember how he smelt of straw and denim. He raised four sons who served their country as soldiers, loved his wife Lottie, and worshipped

his only daughter. My sister and I loved him dearly and spent summers hanging out at his house with our mentally handicapped Aunt Diane. As children, we had no idea that she was retarded, only that she was our favorite Aunt. She loved to pretend to drink ice-cold champagne, actually it was White Rock Ginger Ale, from her collection of wine glasses. We played pirates in a stream behind her house and made mud pies in an elaborately built play house constructed by her adoring father. We worshipped her. Years later we would learn about autism and we assumed that she may have been misdiagnosed as mentally retarded. She had an uncanny ability to remember almost every detail of whatever she read. A collection of nearly 1100 romance novels from the 70's and 80's showed evidence of her reading prowess and imagination. You could pick up one and tell her the title and she could tell you the synopsis for each title. Those cheap books, filled with bodice ripping and heaving bosoms, also sometimes told the heart-breaking story of death and loneliness. Death scared her. She was afraid of being left alone. As

children, we could only agree with her and prayed that our parents and grandparents would live forever. Back then, we thought they would.

Papaw Buck had been sick for a while, but even still it came as a shock to us when he finally died. We believed that our prayers and love would wish his illness away. Saying goodbye to him was the first real heartbreak of my life. Heaven seemed so far away and so very hard to find.

A couple of weeks after Papaw Buck died, I dreamed that he came into Aunt Diane's room where we slept and sat down on the end of the bed like he had done a million times before. He would tell us we were beautiful and how much he and Mamaw Lottie loved us. In my dream, I felt the bed bend and grow warm where his body would have been. I heard the coils squeak. The smell of straw and denim wafted through the room. No sadness appeared on his face or in my memory of the moments we spent together. Slowly he disappeared.

The next morning Mamaw made her usual breakfast of biscuits and eggs. My twin sister Deanna, Aunt Diane and I sat around the kitchen table and took turns dipping syrup out of a Blackburn's can. I couldn't wait to tell Aunt Diane about the dream. Aunt Diane just laughed and laughed. She sounded like angels setting off with bells and triangles when she laughed and it sounded especially sweet with a background of bacon sizzling and coffee percolating. According to her, Papaw Buck had done the same thing every night to her and had told her that he would keep doing it until she didn't need him to do it anymore. He told her that he'd then go on to Heaven and wait for her there. He promised to come and get her whenever she died so she would not be alone even for a second.

He died in 1981. She passed away in 2000 from leukemia. Deanna and I visited her in the hospital shortly before she died. I love thinking that the second her breath stopped, he reached out in the darkness and

took her hand. Everything she didn't know in this world, she knows in that one.

At the funeral home, Deanna and I placed wine glasses in her coffin. Now whenever I find myself coloring with my nephew or playing Barbies with my nieces, Aunt Diane flits across my mind and the experience is made even sweeter. And sometimes, I like to think that maybe the warmth I feel at my feet, may not be my cats.

Poetry

Diane Rachel Langlois,

Louisiana State University, Eunice

Springtime, Not Just Another Cliché

A black cat sits in the window, part open
To a world so crisp and odd
It's not really here but
At some other place with
A sky so blue, trees so green
I can think of graduation
On a June day in New England.

So they happen again and again
Translated and displaced moments--
A move into light and happiness
Carried by a spring breeze so
Perfumed I breathe blossoms
Everywhere at once.

My wedding happened on a perfect day
Although years later he did not love me
I still know first love and joy to

Believe at any interval that truth is good,
That this world's beauty from time to time
And place to place lives all at once.

Now it's San Antonio with grackles on the loose,
Or Augusta with dogwood so pink the earth
Has become a feminine fortress—or May
By white waters in Savannah, under
Sun so orange, shore-bound children
Shout in play to drown the sea.

As here in Lafayette, Mardi Gras behind,
Easter before me, I stop to see.
Today all storms have passed,
And cool air has come to lift me into

Life's steady breath, its cells going
Place to place—at once everywhere --
So that I move all ways within strength.

These are human punctuation marks.
As today wind and sky call me
With cobalt energy and briskness
That blow from childhood,

Or from a young Parisian summer,
Or from a sacred place like Lourdes,
Taking me into clear, cold water.

Always and anywhere, it's the same--
This earth holds moments of truce
To nudge with its very air, turn me
Toward a joyful sky, even if only
From moment to moment and time to time.

It's just another poem to springtime, really,

But I can't help it. It is what we do, after all,

Rest within each punctuated and happy grace.

POETRY

Jeffrey Tucker

University of Southern Mississippi

Early Summer, Hattiesburg

After Lance Larson

1.

You wrote *sometimes it's loss I want*,

and I know, living with rows of glossy-hung magnolias,

their burst-blossoms exhaling and blue skies

that carry on like stale chat.

It's a lot, you know, too much.

2.

Oh, for a dose of—what?

This time last year was sparrow-brown Wasatch winter

was a rusting Ford, was weeks of antibiotics

and their science-fiction names: Augmentin, Biaxin, Ketek.

My martyr-front came easily, walking home each night
dressed in spent wool coats and road salt.
With pity's confidence I could call for my wife,
her warmth, on the sofa, in bed, arcing,
beside me like marañón seed and pod.

3.

I can't complain. Really, I can't, though
sometimes I want to.

4.

Last Monday, a tornado, furrowing Forrest County,
the woods all hard-spun ruts, and as we all clustered
like smoked bees in the lobby of our building,
watching ruin on a phone held aloft, I heard,
"It's heading to Petal, Laurel."

"Where my wife works," I said, loud enough so others would hear,

dialing her number with a finger like a firing-pin.
I thought of the children at her daycare huddled in a corner—
their toy-strewn room—my wife above them
broad-spread arms like Moses, a shepherd.

But it faded. Then I imagined myself, the intrepid, the rescuer,
charging storm-bound like McQueen or Eastwood, the crowd's cheers
dying as the tornado picks me up, the rain flogging my face to welt,
my soaked shirt grasping at feebling muscle—finger still dialing—
the look on a dozen hundred pallid widemouthed faces
below as I go up, higher, higher still, laughing
like the man who pretends to get a joke, but doesn't know it's on him—

5.

An hour later, the tornado past, no trees split, no deaths,
not a home upended, it was still with me—
not the reedy wind or the red radar-amoeba on the phone,
but my cry: "My wife."
And I sat down with myself, waxing Socratic:

Q: Why did you yell that?

A. There was a tornado.

Q: Why did you yell that?

A: There was a tornado, a large one,
heading for my wife's daycare, ready to suck up babies,
rip the diapers right off them, their bodies,
their (likely soiled) diapers fluttering
like ticker-tape in the wind.

Q: Why did you yell that?

A: I was too far from the daycare to help, to do anything.
I couldn't just stand there, even if all I could do was shout.

Q: Why did you yell that?

A: Fine—I'm a show-off; I'm dramatic. At the moment
when my attention should've been on my wife,
I was thinking about myself, how

I'd seem like a caring husband.

Q: Why did you yell that?

A: Because I seemed like a caring husband, and that made me happy.

Q: Why did you yell that?

A: Because happiness is a never-ending quest against serotonin and parking tickets and, yes, even tornados and because I was taught I'd regret undone errata the most.

Q: Why did you yell that?

A: I don't know. Blame the wind.

Essay

Elizabeth Martin

Mississippi College

Human Chaos and *Arcadia*'s Hidden Twin

Parallelism, repetitions, doubles: a theme of pairings dominates the structure of Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*. The setting of the play vacillates between or blends together two time periods, several of the characters have a "twin" counterpart or a foil, and important props, such as books, double before the audience's eyes. Even the dialogue employs double entendre. However, a close reading of *Arcadia*, as well as the realization that one of the fictional characters closely resembles a real-life person, reveals that Stoppard may be using the pairing structure to represent this view: the universe will always generate patterns of repetition, but chaos, abstractions, and the continuous winding down of the universe make it impossible to predict the human component. Ultimately, this theme can be explored through the play's character patterns, especially the pairing

of real-life groundbreaking mathematician, Ada Lovelace, and her fictional twin, Thomasina, who is in turn echoed by her less intelligent present-day double, Chloe.

Arcadia is a play of two settings: one in the early 1800s or Regency period, the other in the late 20th century. Two time periods not only clearly set up an overarching theme of pairings and patterns, but ar also central to the function of the modern-day characters who are consumed with understanding people and events from the Regency period, which is itself a time facing the divisive duality of Enlightenment versus Romanticism. We as the audience are privy to details that the 20th century characters will never know, and we also see the Regency and present-day times blur together in the play's final scene. These times begin a slight blurring and intersecting before the end, though, such as when 19th century Septimus eats an apple at the beginning of Scene 3 that was given to 20th century Hannah at the end o Scene 2 (Alwes par. 10). The audience also sees objects impossibly

doubled, such as Thomasina's lesson book in Scene 7, which is viewed simultaneously by Septimus in his time period and by Hannah in hers. Time-defying fruit and two books made out of one are not simply impressive theatrical tricks, but a comment about how art, an abstraction, can bend a predictable universal pattern, such as time. Even though both Septimus and Valentine (a pair of Arcadia's "twins") state that time must always run forward in a linear fashion, the rules do not apply in literary art: "The play we are watching does 'run backward,' as events repeatedly happen out of 'order,'" (Alwes par. 2). Stoppard's entire theatrical format for this play, the whole underlying theme of blending two historical periods, is an inside joke for the audience. While we are bound by a universe in which scientific rules dictate that we cannot rewind or fast-forward through time, unscientific abstractions, such as imaginative art, allow us to temporarily live outside linear constraints. In this way, Stoppard uses art to do what Thomasina's science will not let her do; he can figuratively unstir the jam out of the pudding. Stoppard's back-and-forth between dual settings will

ultimately underscore a point brought forth through his character patterns: because of abstractions such as art and love, abstractions that must be fueled by human creativity and emotion, the scientific universe will always be subject to unpredictability, chaos, pattern-breakers, and anomalies.

This unpredictability is demonstrated through Arcadia's extensive character connections; even characters with no biological connection display strong similarities, implying that the universe cannot help but spit out copies, even in humans, and not always in an orderly pattern dictated by genetics. For example, as already noted by their comments on linear time, Septimus and Valentine display very similar characteristics, even though Valentine is not a biological descendant of Septimus. The two orderly scholars are both tortoise-owning, older women admirers with Enlightenment attitudes toward learning. Both dismissively say "No" when Thomasina and Chloe ask, "Am I the first person to have thought of this?" (Stoppard 5), and both after listening

must concede that the ideas they are being questioned about are most probably original. Both Septimus and Valentine are shaken when they realize the scope of what Thomasina's mathematics implies, although Septimus is shaken because his mechanist view has been turned upside-down, and Valentine because his work was first discovered by a schoolgirl with a pencil almost two centuries earlier.

Another more obvious character pairing is that of genetically related Gus Coverly and Lord Augustus Coverly; these characters are the only ones in the play acted by the same person. Thus, they are identical and the same age, but they do have one immediately obvious difference: Gus does not speak. We learn that Gus is suspected of genius, and therefore the pairing expands; Gus is no longer just a convenient time-segue and mirror image of Regency-period Augustus, he is also reminiscent of Septimus as the silent hermit suspected of genius, and he is a family descendent of the definite genius Thomasina. Therefore, what at first seems to be an obvious repetition, or merely a

pair of twins separated by centuries, is more than that. Gus is not just a modern twin for Augustus because he echoes other characters of the past. This echoing occurs repeatedly, allowing the close reader or observer to find more characters doubles than would at first be readily evident.

For example, Hannah, whose obvious pairing function is to serve as a foil for the rash and imprecise Bernard, also calls to mind the 19th century Lady Croom, who shares Hannah's no-nonsense attitude and botanical interests. Hannah's foil Bernard is over-eager for fame, and so becomes "history's stooge" (Gauspari par. 28), interestingly making him a twin of Ezra Chater, the very man whose dual existence as a poet and botanist makes and then ruins Bernard's scholarly reputation. Bernard is unknowingly like Chater, who is also a stooge; the Regency-period character writes bad poetry and allows flattery from others to persuade him into overlooking his role as a cuckold. Chater's ridiculous and dim-witted vanity allows him to provide yet another type of "double" used

occasionally in Arcadia, that of double-entendre. Inscribing a book of his poetry for Septimus, the very man who has self-admittedly given Mrs. Chater "a perpendicular poke in a gazebo" (Stoppard 7), Chater does not see how he has yet again insulted himself with the words "To my friend Septimus Hodge, who stood up and gave his best on behalf of the Author" (9). Through stupidity such as this, Chater serves not only as a twin for Bernard but also as a foil for the intellectually superior Septimus. More character connections can still be made because the linking bonds are so widespread; critic David Guaspari notes, "*Arcadia*'s elaborate patterns and highly wrought surface say, Pay attention: everything is connected . . . " (3) and this is certainly true in the interwoven patterns and connections between the varied characters. Stoppard's carefully detailed and repetitious characterizations are obviously not arbitrary; there must be a purpose for creating spider-web-like patterns that link characters spanning two centuries. One can infer, as Guaspari has, that "Twinning and untwinning playfully pose riddles about identity and its persistence through time," (par. 8), but one can

also combine that with a major theme of the play, that of chaos versus order, to infer more. Stoppard's use of characters echoing characters exemplifies the idea that the universe will continually produce similarities and repetitions, but science will never be able to predict exactly when and where these repetitions will occur. Furthermore, the element of chaos ensures that no two natural occurrences, from an apple leaf to a human, will ever be completely identical, although similarities will nevertheless emerge in the random pattern.

Stoppard seemingly pairs the characters of Thomasina and Chloe to further this idea of randomly generated copies, and although Chloe is a less intelligent variation of Thomasina, her ancestor has a true twin who is not a character in the play: Augusta Ada Byron Lovelace. In Arcadia, Lord Byron is of course an important albeit unseen character, and he is the only character who was also a person in the real world. In his life, Lord Byron had a daughter, Ada, who appears to be the inspiration for Stoppard's fictional Thomasina. The similarities among

the two 19th century women are remarkable. The first clue that Thomasina is Ada's double comes from the name "Thomasina" itself, which is a female derivative of the name "Thomas," a name that means " a twin" (Friedman 141). "Thomasina," then, means "little twin," and the teenage character is indeed a little twin of Ada Lovelace; doubling the 16 year old Thomasina's age makes her close to Lovelace's age at her death, 36. Furthermore, both women died early in life, close to their birthdays. Lovelace died of cancer about two weeks before her 37th birthday (Rappaport 136), and Thomasina dies on the eve of her 17th birthday. Both were mathematically and scientifically advanced by more than a century ahead of their time; Thomasina understands and anticipates chaos theory and the second law of thermodynamics, and Lovelace was "the world's very first computer programmer" (Karwatka 106). In her lesson book, Thomasina writes equations for chaos theory and fractals and draws groundbreaking diagrams of heat exchange. Ada Lovelace worked closely for years with Charles Babbage on his mathematical Difference Engine and Analytical Engine, and developed

"important programming techniques, known today as looping and recursion," and "actually wrote out a program to calculate the Bernoulli numbers recursively" (Rappaport 137). Both women, as members of the upper class, were taught by private tutors who allowed them a chance to develop their ideas, and both women appear to have fallen in love with their instructors. Arcadia ends with Thomasina waltzing with and kissing her tutor Septimus, and Lovelace, when about the same age as her little twin "apparently tried to run away with a young male tutor in late 1833 or early 1834" (Green par. 5). Another detail worth noting is Stoppard's deliberate mention, through Thomasina, of a particular work of Lord Byron's: she states passionately that Byron "is the author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' the most poetical and pathetic and braves hero of any book I ever read before . . . for Harold is Lord Byron himself" (79). This appears to be another clue that Thomasina is a fictional twin of Byron's daughter, for as Ada Lovelace's biographer Karen D. Rappaport notes, "Byron wrote about his daughter in the opening line of Canto Three of his epic *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*"

(135). One must consider it very likely that Stoppard knew this detail and thus particularly included a mention of this poem by Lovelace's double herself.

Again, this clever, hidden character pairing underscores Stoppard's theme of universal repetitions altered by chaos and abstract ideas and emotions. Since Thomasina is entirely Stoppard's creation, he is free to insert his own chaos, his own differences between her and the real person on which she is based. Unlike Ada Lovelace, Thomasina Coverly does not reach maturity and get to fully write down explanations of her ideas; she therefore also did not live long enough to have children. Lovelace did have children, and even though her offspring were not renowned for any remarkable discoveries, they were her direct genetic descendants, the universe's or nature's answer to a way to pass on one's knowledge. Stoppard does not allow this for Thomasina. The genius who understands the irreversible loss of heat symbolically dies in a blaze, extinguishing her brightness. However,

Thomasina's fiery death gives off energy, and as Valentine notes, the "heat goes into the mix" (Stoppard 94). Perhaps, then, dimmed remnants of Thomasina's genius are available for re-use in the universal patterns and copies, and indeed, these remnants appear to faintly emerge from her family descendent, Chloe.

The meaning behind the name is again important; Stoppard purposefully chose "Chloe," a name that means "blooming" (Friedman 46). This 20th century teenager is blossoming and maturing, not only sexually, but intellectually as well. Significantly, it is Chloe who directly echoes her ancestor by asking "do you think I'm the first person to think of this?" and then posits her own explanation of why the universe is not strictly Newtonian and deterministic: "the only thing going wrong is people fancying people who aren't supposed to be in that part of the plan" (Stoppard 73). Of course, this offhand theory concerning abstract concepts such as love is not as scholarly as the scientific and mathematical theories of Thomasina, but this difference

between the girls' theories is there on purpose; after all, Ada Lovelace, not Chloe, is the twin of Thomasina. Chloe, instead of being a twin, serves two other purposes: first, she symbolizes the inevitable pattern created by entropy, and secondly, she gives voice to Stoppard's overall theme that abstractions such as human love create alterations in the intended patterns.

Pertaining to her first use, Chloe is intended to be a watered-down version of the original, of Thomasina. Chloe is a fragmented copy of a copy generated by a universe constantly burning out its own energy. If, as the physics discussed in the play claim, the universe is slowly cooling off and dying, then one can infer that its constant pattern-producing will continually and gradually turn out weaker products. Declining genetics have allowed Chloe a hint of the spark behind Thomasina's genius, but she can never be her intellectual match because Chloe is a fictional embodiment of the slowly winding-down universe. Of course, *Arcadia* also gives prominence to the element of chaos, so although the

predictable pattern is that genetic copies will get weaker and weaker, there is always the chance that the pattern will be randomly overthrown, an anomaly will be produced, and another true genius might emerge, despite the gradual decline. This may be hinted at by the eerily bright character Gus, who more than anyone else is clearly connected to his ancestors, exemplified by having one actor playing his role but appearing in both time periods. As an example of his unexplainable knowledge, Gus for some reason knows exactly where one should dig to uncover the foundation of a boat house from nearly two centuries ago. In any case, Stoppard ultimately leaves the question of whether the weakening pattern has been overthrown by the possible surfacing of genius in Gus unanswered, providing no conclusive commentary or even allowing the character a voice of his own. Plus, whether Gus, Chloe, or Valentine possess Thomasina's genius is in one sense immaterial, because those looking for the resurrection of Thomasina in these characters' potential genius will always be disappointed, for an exact replica of Thomasina can never be made, just as Ada Lovelace's

immediate offspring, or anyone else's for that matter, can never be exact replicas of a parent.

This idea fits into Chloe's second purpose of being a mouthpiece for Stoppard's theme that abstractions are always disrupting the predictable pattern. As the creator of *Arcadia*'s characters, Stoppard could have chosen to make an identical 20th century twin of Thomasina, because as previously noted, the playwright is not bound by real-world rules. However, he chose to instead have characters who abide by the irregular and true-to-life patterns discussed in the play. It is impossible in real life to predict the human component, for as Chloe has noted, humans can make widely influential choices. Therefore, in keeping with this theme, Stoppard has made it impossible for there to be another Thomasina. Humans must always be unique because of unpredictable abstractions like "fancying people" (73). Thomasina's death must be true-to-life and final; like her real counterpart Ada Lovelace, once each is gone, neither can be completely repeated. In this way, real humans

are similar to works of art and not really different than the fictional characters, who are art, that were inspired by them; once a human or a work of art is lost, neither can ever be exactly duplicated.

Of course, this idea that lost art is truly gone contradicts the view of mechanist, seventh-in-a-family-line, linear-thinking Septimus, who at first believes that anything lost can always be retrieved, stating "The missing plays of Sophocles will turn up piece by piece, or be written again in another language" (38). One does not get the sense, though, that Thomasina is convinced of Septimus' view, and he himself may have changed his mind when endlessly working on her ideas still does not allow him to bring back the work of art that is Thomasina. Stoppard also does not appear to totally agree with Septimus, at least when it comes to the idea of re-finding lost art, because of the playwright's refusal to bring back a full reincarnation of Thomasina. However, Stoppard does allow her scientific and mathematic discoveries to be found again, as were Ada Lovelace's. More than a hundred years after

Lovelace's life, her lost computer programming ideas were rediscovered, and a programming language was even named "Ada" in her honor (Rappaport 137). Thomasina's work, like Lovelace's, is also lost and rediscovered in the 20th century, and Valentine dubs her work with her name as well, "The Coverly set" (Stoppard 76).

Again, the real-life hidden twin of Thomasina's proves important to understanding Stoppard's message about the limits of universal repetitions. In the real world, Lovelace's concrete mathematics were lost and found, and so therefore are Thomasina's, confirming only the part of Septimus' ideas about rediscoveries that pertains to the scientific. Stoppard's Lovelace and Thomasina pairing will allow that scientific and mathematic discoveries can come around again, but the rules of repetition simply do not apply to the abstract and creative. As Chloe muses, love makes humans abstract, unscientific corruptors of the universal order. Humans, then, filled with abstract ideas, emotions, and creativity, inevitably fuel the chaos that also holds sway in the universe,

and like all works of art, they can never be anticipated in a reliable pattern or completely duplicated.

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POETRY

Diane Rachel Langlois

Louisiana State University at Eunice

Dry Cabin

From Fairbanks to New Orleans

To hear it told
in silver-cracked winter,
cold as rock
or in summer
under orange sunsets,
it's a perfectly normal
paradox, in this place
where the Chena
melts into the soil
where fields of iris
still and tall
linger in pools
over permafrost.

that my dwelling has no water.

I cannot drink unless
men and women move water
from heavy barrels
slowly and carefully into my house.

Once I lived so close to the sun
water blew in from the Gulf.
It brewed white circles into green pools
to paint my feet blue--to
clothe me in cool nettled webs.

But even so I was thirsty
until someone came with coffee
a cup or two brewed on a clear morning
to help me mop away the mess
of storms; to wipe away the saltiness--
to offer a good, clean draught.

And so as it has all ways been
Constant, every drop on this earth
Never to lift itself into other worlds.

I know to trust water.
It pours us into life
sometimes in cups
sometimes in big silver tanks--
Impossible to remain dry
no matter where I live.

FICTION

Peter Malik

Alcorn State University

Lions Club

How did one white billionaire born in Utah conquer the world?

It happened just like this. Lion Noble sent a simple e-mail to every woman in every lonely hearts site on the Web. It went like this. "Would you like to make history? Rich childless American would like to repopulate the world with his children. In exchange for having my baby you will receive a lifetime income and the respect of every generation after you. Please reply to lion@lion's web.com."

He received about 50,000 replies. His assistants slowly went through the replies and contacted 20,000 women. Virgins from the Philippines, prostitutes from Amsterdam, poor teenagers from Africa, a merchant's daughter from Rio. Assistants were sent out to interview the finalists and present them with the contract which said simply that they

would receive a generous income and complete protection for life if they had Lion's child.

Namoi, a 17-year-old girl from the Sudan, was the first. Shy and devoted to her father, she agreed when her father told her what she was going to experience. Her experience would be the experience of the other 999.

First, some men would show up at the village about a week before Lion's arrival. Everything must be perfect, they said. The girl was sequestered and her cycles timed so that Lion's arrival would be in sync with her child bearing capacity. The necessities the village might need -- a well, a doctor, a general store--were up and running just before Lion's arrival. A new building was erected in the center of town, called a life center; that would be site of "the coming" as it came to be called. At dusk on the appointed day, the whole village stopped to see what would happen. Out of the sky dropped a white helicopter with a simple black L on the side. Lion hopped out looking like a god himself, perfectly relaxed, tanned and buffed. He wore khaki pants, a blue

Oxford cotton shirt (perfectly pressed), a new blue blazer and new penny loafers. He greeted the father and retired to the life center to wait for "the bride."

On the day of the coming, Naomi was asked to eat a small wafer which contained a microchip. The chip was designed to monitor her vital signs and the vital signs of her baby to come. It would also instantly detect the presence of a fertilized egg.

The ritual went like this. A hot bath was prepared, and Lion got into it. Naomi was directed to undress and enter the room where the bath was located. She was asked not to speak. Once she was in the bath, she was directed to the bathe Lion. No spot was left unwashed. Then he did the same for her. They stood up together. She toweled him dry and he toweled her dry. They retired to the bedroom and spent the remaining hours of the night together. No one ever saw Lion leave the life center. The helicopter never came back.

When Noami became pregnant, more things happened. A doctor was permanently assigned to the village, and even more improvements were made to the infrastructure of the village. When Lion One was born on September 3, 2020, the event made no headlines. It was a night for a mother to be with her child.

Within two years, Lion had two thousand children of all colors and of all races in more than 100 countries. His billions gave their countries new roads, airports and strange new reputations. "A Lion was conceived right there," people would say and then brag and point to the life center which became a tourist attraction in most towns. "He gave his life to her there."

Here is how Lion would take over a country at war. First, he would fly into a neutral zone. There he would perform the ritual with several women. Once they gave birth, he would establish their village as a peace zone. Computers would go in and a Wonder Wall was created, great beams of light in a circle around the perimeter that kept the unwanted out. Lion's people would then start negotiating with both

sides to buy their guns at double the going rate. Most rebels, it turns out, were rebels because there was no money or work. Lion's village soon became the most prosperous, peaceful municipality in the region. A rebel could starve in the mountains or he could come to the village and find work. Within a generation, former rebels would marry the first generation of Lion children planted by Lion Noble himself. This meant a lifetime of prosperity, peace and health. It took Lion about 25 years to end the average civil war in this way.

This "colonization by fertilization" took on a life of its own. Once two or three countries in a continent became "lionized," other poor or warring countries began to lay down their guns. "Rich countries rarely have civil wars," spoke Lion, "so let's make all countries rich." By 2100, the continent of Africa was totally peaceful, prosperous and safe. It also became an economic dynamo that for many years ranked No. 1 in the world for output and productivity.

"The idea of a master race is a good one," said Lion, "but only if the master race is the human race. Old history is the story of the pure

trying to stay pure. New history is the mixed becoming more mixed. It will end when everyone is related to a Lion."

Over the generations, Lions were urged to marry non-Lions of every stripe. In the United States, white Lions from the suburbs married many black girls from the projects. Black Lions from big cities married poor white men and women from Kentucky and Utah. It was a very powerful alliance. The children of such marriages felt that there was no need for suburbs or projects.

Lion Noble wanted his sons and daughters to be the elite until there was no more elite. So for one day a week they were taxi cab drivers, garbage men, miners, waiters. Since all Lions did this, these jobs lost their stigma as inferior positions. After all, if you were going to be the garbage man on Friday, why would you ridicule your garbage man on Tuesday? In this way, Lions were humbled but they also learned a great deal about these positions and invariably found better ways to do them. For example, after a few months directing traffic, a clever Lion thought to stagger shift hours for workers in the downtown sector. He met with

other Lions, and the changes were made swiftly. Traffic jams slowly ceased to exist.

Every Lion had access to the Lion Web site within his or her own mind by swallowing the wafer microchip. Lion Noble himself had downloaded his brain at 40, at 50, at 60 and at 70 into the Web site. Therefore, it was going to be possible to ask Lion Noble for advice 500 years from now. World developments were downloaded daily into the Lion brains which assimilated the new information instantly. Lion was as relevant as the New Testament used to be. A Lion could ask, "Noble, I worry about the future. What shall I do?" The Lion Mind would reply, "You are part of me so you will always be loved and needed."

Many people began to masquerade as Lions so Noble decreed that all true Lions would have a gold L branded into the backs of their necks; each was unique and unduplicatable. A new Lion greeting came about. A Lion would embrace a Lion and look for the L on the back of each other's necks. Rubbing someone else's L was a sign of good luck and cooperation.

Lion Noble left his body at age 100. "I like round numbers, and plus the work is finished," he said. "Besides, my brain will be with you always." That was the last e-mail. It was also issued one year after his death, after he had long been cremated. No one grieved and pondered his bier.

His first posting after his death went like this: "See? It is not so bad. Every Lion will have his own Web site into perpetuity just like me. Our great, great, great, great grandchildren can speak with us; any Lion can speak to any other Lion in any other generation for that matter. You will never lose track of your descendants. They will never lose track of you."

So every day a Lion starts the day with the Lion's prayer and ends the day with the Lion's prayer. It goes like this: "I am a Lion, I was created to serve and prosper. I will act gently and boldly. I will never forget who I am. I am of the blood of my father who is with me always. I will never forget that only blood truly conquers."

POETRY

Yvonne Tomek

Delta State University

Driving to the Hospital at 3:00 a.m.

(for Jim)

A new land

So dark that it is

Pure

Metallic

In essence

Everywhere

Words spoken by us

To obscure meaning
And words so clear
As still to be
Understood.

Across the seas,
The natives are beating
Their drums to drive out
Rahu and Ketu, demons of
A total eclipse that they
Have never learned
Not to fear.

They bathe in
The Ganges to cleanse
Their sins.

But now,
In the foyer,

Green leaves and

Easter lilies

And around the

Corridor waiting,

A painting to look at –

A stone bridge, lakes of

Reflective waters, a farm house

Lawn, from long ago.

Asleep, awake,

And afternoon brings

Back the sun.

ESSAY

Daniel J. White

Mississippi State University

Seceding from the Flag: A Defense of Donald Davidson

At the end of the First World War when America slowly began addressing its unethical treatment of African Americans, some in the South began to cast aside connections with racism in its Antebellum past. Nevertheless, David A. Hallman insists, Donald Davidson, who believes that "the past is parent; since the present can only grow out of what preceded it," relies upon history to dictate his view of how a modern society should function (68). Hallman also notes that "from the 1920's on, Davidson chose to write his vision of Southern agrarianism, and his reputation suffered accordingly" (64). Davidson wrote during a period of gross discrimination, and he refused to reject his controversial views during his life. This decision leaves Davidson and his work vulnerable to seclusion. However, Davidson sought "to expose the

directions and conventions of [his] society, and to retrieve the lost virtues of the tradition from which it had sprung" (Hallman 69). However, the need to critique the shortcomings of Southern culture does not warrant the rejection of Davidson's artistic work from the contemporary canon.

Davidson admires, and celebrates a culture guilty of bigotry and h "was generally identified as the spokesman for the conservative Southern agrarian tradition" (Hallman 61). Criticism ought to differentiate between those elements of Southern culture that should be abandoned and those, as Davidson suggested, that should be cherished. William Pratt presents some of Southern culture's favorable traits:

> … the slowness of motion and speech … as well as the hot-bloodedness, are properties the climate instills in all races of the South. … [The feudal character of Southern society] comes out in the courtly politeness of manner, the reverence for the aged and th dead, the sense of stability and permanence in human values … like the love of the land and the faith in God, [Southern culture

> stands] as a kind of essential rightness, to betray which would be to betray oneself, and to lose heart completely. (xxxvi-xxxvii)

While these values perhaps lack an inherent flaw, the region that created them is far from faultless. Assuming that Southern values unilaterally promote bigotry because they were developed during slavery is both wrong and shortsighted, so Davidson should be critiqued, not censored, for presenting these principles in his poetry. After all, Southern cultural values have influenced writers like Davidson and have helped generate some of the most acclaimed literature of the twentieth-century. His"Sanctuary" stands as an excellent example of one of his poems that is highly informed by his beliefs, and a close reading of this poem reveals his prowess as a poet and the continued relevance of the study of his poetry.

The Fugitive Poets edition of "Sanctuary" divides the poem into four uneven verse paragraphs. Respectively, the paragraphs measure nine, eight, fifteen, and fifty-one lines in length. The consistent use of specific North American Indian tribes and the patterns of Davidson's

regional devotion set the poem in the South and likely in his native state, Tennessee. The title suggests that the poem addresses a religiously sacred place and/or a place of refuge in uncertain times. The speaker begins with an imperative to the imagined audience, an as yet undisclosed relative of the speaker: "remember this when I am gone, / And tell your sons" (1, 2). The command and the immediate reference to the future absence of a wizened patriarchal figure provide a sense of melancholic urgency concerning the speaker's as yet undelivered message. Still in the second line, the speaker pauses after the first two iambs. He then states that the reader "will have tall sons" (2). The use of the adjective "tall" makes an illusion to one of Davidson's earlier collections of poems, *The Tall Men*. In the title poem of that collection, he sets John Sevier, Andrew Jackson, and David Crockett as examples of the tall men. Davidson uses the same adjective to create a self-referential allusion that rewards readers who are familiar with his body of work.

Davidson's speaker continues to express controversial views as he presents how and when to retreat from an invading force, which demonstrates how the land and a strong cultural heritage can serve as a refuge from outside influences. In the third line of the first verse paragraph, the speaker warns that "times will come when answers will not wait" before reiterating his imperative that the audience should "[r]emember this" (3, 4). However, the speaker provides a qualification for when his audience should know to flee "to the wilderness" (5). He says the time to run is when "defeat is black / Upon your eyelids … / In the dread last of trouble" (3-6). The family should fight against the invading force until defeat is inevitable. He praises the South's decision to resist the North and the end of slavery before he suggests that the family retreat to the woods: "… your foe / Tangles there, more than you, and paths are strange / To him, that are your paths, in the wilderness, / And were your fathers' paths, and once were mine" (5-9). Davidson adds emphasis to the speaker's words by providing two lines that contain extra unstressed syllables, and lines that end with the same word:

"wilderness" (5, 8). Significantly, the invaders' lack of familiarity with navigating wooded areas suggests that they hail from the industrialized North, mirroring Davidson's view that cities and their inhabitants threaten rural life and solidifying the link between the poem and the Civil War. Also, the extra syllable and ending two lines with the same word emphasizes the "wilderness," and the speaker credits the "wilderness" as the family's historical place of refuge here and later in the poem (9, 53-56). The last line notes how the "paths" the specific audience should follow are a birthright passed from father to son or grandson (9).

This first verse paragraph touches on two core Southern cultural elements: the love and defense of the land and reverence for family. Since Davidson celebrates lands and families associated with slavery, the celebration of the values practiced by these families on these lands could be interpreted as racially insensitive. However, the speaker's call can also be read merely as support for a reliance on the wisdom of their forefathers if not the specific beliefs of the forefathers. This allows an

internalization of the regional landscape, which enables a cultural tradition to survive an event like the Civil War while purging itself of negative elements, like slavery and racism.

At the beginning of the fourth verse paragraph, the speaker uses seven short imperatives and a biblical allusion to continue expressing the necessity of speed; however, the most significant contribution to this poem comes in its suggestion that the location or region is not something fixed or tangible:

> Do not look back. You can see your roof afire
>
> When you reach high ground. Yet do not look.
>
> Do not turn. Do not look back.
>
> Go further on. Go high. Go deep. (33-35)

Davidson alludes to the story of Lot and his wife through enjambment in the thirty-third and thirty-fourth lines. By warning his descendent against looking back from the top of the hill, the speaker effectively elicits the fear of destruction associated with the biblical story in any

reader who knows the story of Lot. The imperatives order the audience to abandon the physical location of the home and retreat to a safer "high" ground. Interestingly, Lot's story ends with God raining destruction on the corrupt city, Sodom. The allusion seems particularly fitting and accurate when one considers Davidson's general disdain for cities and industrialization in favor of a more agrarian life style. The similarities certainly suggest that Davidson consciously made this allusion; additionally, the enjambment of the sentence crossing the thirty-third and thirty-fourth lines reveals the temptation of looking back by at first only informing the audience and reader of the ability to see th burning home. The combination of prosody and a biblical allusion reveals how Davidson combines Southern culture and the Judeo-Christian mythos to emphasize and support a lifestyle which allows agrarians to make their homes wherever they can be isolated from the cities and work close to the land.

In lines sixty-four and five, the speaker makes a few seemingly insensitive remarks about how "the Cherokee / Came to our eastern

mountains" (65). The use of the plural first person possessive to represent ownership of the mountains suggests an unjustifiable sense of entitlement to the mountain regions by assuming that they were created specifically for his people. A literal interpretation of the speaker's bias reveals a possible example of racism towards the Native Americans and "[o]ld Indian tribes before the Cherokee" (64) that were likely driven out by the Cherokee. While one might read the speaker's comments as though they only applied to his biological lineage, the images contained in the sixty-fifth through the sixty-eighth lines show how the speaker use 'our" in an ideological sense that likely includes the earliest inhabitants, the Cherokee, and his biological kin. He describes how "[m]en have found / Images carved in bird-shapes there and faces / Moulded into the great kind look of gods. / These old tales are like prayer" (65-68). Davidson creates a spiritual heritage through the evolved representations of these preceding Native American gods. The images are based on their shared unity with the land and their mutual ability to find and use this ancient sanctuary that joins these two distant groups as unified

Agrarians. This interpretation is further supported when coupled with lines sixty-eight through seventy-two:

> … I only know
>
> This is the secret refuge of our race
>
> Told only from a father to his son,
>
> A trust laid on your lips, as though a vow
>
> To generations past and yet to come. (68-72)

After presenting historical facts concerning the first westerners who inhabited the location, the speaker reminds his son that these are all speculations. Because the father intends for "race" to extend to "[t]o generations past and yet to come," including the spiritual and ideologica heritage of the Cherokees and predecessor tribes, the controversial use c "race" becomes rather benign.

While Davidson's speaker recognizes that this sacred place provides an opportunity for reflection and retaliation, he shows a

preference for the peaceful isolation that this ancient sanctuary provides. Though he previously denied him the chance to look back, the speaker offers the son a chance to observe what he has left behind. He tells his son that "[t]here, from the bluffs above, you may at last / Look back to all you left, and trace / His dust and flame" (73-75). However, the father does not tell his son to merely look. He informs the son that this is the time "[i]f you would gnaw his ravaging flank, or smite / Him in his glut among the smouldering ricks … [to] plan your harrying" (76, 77, 75). The father recognizes the temptation to seek revenge, but he again appears to be a man made wiser by combat, possibly from the Civil War, because he immediately offers his son a second option:

> Or else, forgetting ruin, you may lie
>
> On sweet grass by a mountain stream, to watch
>
> The last wild eagle soar or the last raven
>
> Cherish his brood within their rocky nest,
>
> Or see, when mountain shadows first grow long,

The last enchanted white deer come to drink. (78-83)

Davidson suggests metaphorically through the father that those who would defend Agrarian ideals need only retreat to the mountains and enjoy their lives because their very existence maintains the heritage of that lifestyle. In this way, the references to the eagle and raven both represent the peaceful shelter that the sanctuary can provide. Beneath this shelter, it becomes possible for the son to "[c]herish his brood" and preserve agrarianism.

If "Sanctuary" is read as an author's attempt to preserve the heritage of agrarianism, it shows how much of Davidson's work can be used to discern some of the better qualities of the South. Also, it shows how Davidson's poetry demands the literary analysis that its quality deserves. Paul Conkin praises Davidson for fighting for the elements of the South that he believed in: "repose, noblesse oblige, romantic love, beauty, good manners, and a belief in God" (35). Davidson offered these elements and the principles of Agrarianism unwaveringly as an answer to contemporary woes, and in his view of the Agrarian Southern

Culture, he presents arguments that should connect to modern sensibilities. Ignoring Davidson's work or attempting to gloss over the less desirable or more uncomfortable aspects of it or his life does a disservice to his place in the canon and to Twentieth Century poetry studies. Beyond the study of poetry, the value of Southern culture must be determined by considering the discomforting questions surrounding complicated authors like Donald Davidson.

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POETRY

Yvonne Tomek

Delta State University

The Distillery

For my Aunt Suzanne and Uncle Jean-Eugène Després

I remember
My Uncle in the cellar, the "cave",
They called it, on the same level of the
House – the left wing of it.

How he infused
Coiling tubes of glass with
Green liquid, in the sun,
Like emeralds

Spiraling through

And

Tumbling

Down;

Liqueurs held up

To be examined for

Clarity,

Color,

Intensity;

My uncle holding

Them up toward light of

Open windows in an

Offering;

Essences—

Cassis, Prunelle, Crème de

Menthe

From the garden,
That ripen in August,
In that Eastern part of
France;

Bottles encased, wrapped
In monogrammed foil—
Sold at marketplaces and
Fine restaurants of
Paris;

Some poised on
Office shelves gathering
Dust; the scent of
Before and after dinner
Liqueurs

Permeating cellar, courtyard,
And crystal Sunday dinner
Afternoons.

My uncle Jean-Eugène and aunt Suzanne
Take Jim and me to the middle of
The garden again, where

A little, twisted
Two hundred year old
Plum tree stands, holding
Soil where it all began.

Something of it
Wants to live.

ESSAY

James Tomek

Delta State University

Resurrecting Henry Fool: the Faun, Dynamo Humming and Teaching Poetry

What is the secret of education? What knowledge should we develop in its pursuit? In *The Education of Henry Adams,* the narrator is haunted by how to get knowledge out of the Paris "World Fair" of 1900. His mentor Langley teaches him that science is the development or the economy (management) of forces:

> Langley knew what to study, and why, and how; while Adams might as well have stood outside in the night, staring at the Milky Way. Yet Langley said nothing new, and taught nothing that one might not have learned from Lord Bacon, three hundred years before; but though one should have known the "Advancement of Science" as well as one knew the "Comedy of Errors," the literary knowledge counted for nothing until some teacher should show

> how to apply it. Bacon took a vast deal of trouble in teaching King James I. and his subjects, American or other, towards the year 1620, that true science was the development or economy of forces; … (1)

What are these "forces" and how did I get here? While teaching Mallarmé's "Afternoon of a Faun," about a satyr or faun trying to remember his failed attempt to seduce two nymphs, and, using as an intertext, Frank Zappa's modern day "Dinah Moe Humm," about a singer's bet with a prostitute to bring her to ecstasy, a student suggested another intertext -- that I see *Henry Fool*, a 1997 Hal Hartley film, about an intellectual "hobo" Henry Fool, a failed writer, and his influence on a blue collar worker, to write a great poem, that is scatological and yet in perfect iambic pentameter form. What are the forces that make art instead of obscenity, that make people poets instead of mere writers? Can we teach these forces? One force is in the symbol. Roger Haight, a theologian, sees the divine sphere or transcendent experience approachable only through symbols (62). The resurrection symbol is the

development of the glorification of Christ, to the sphere of God, as the bearer of salvation and grace as he appeared to his immediate disciples and then to present day believers. The physical resurrection would undermine the symbolic representation that has to do with faith in Christ and his exaltation as bearer of love (Haight 202). Poetry is language at the transcendent level. There is a connection between seduction and the teaching of poetry as teachers want to seduce their students into loving them and their subject. Students sometimes catch what poetry is and become poets while the teachers recede to oblivion and remain virginal in their subject. Mallarmé's poem, Zappa's song, and Hartley's film are about poetry at an erotic and almost pornographic level. Adams' essay can help to connect them. After looking at the role of the faun in Mallarmé's poem and the faun's resurrection as the singer in Zappa's "Dinah Moe Hum, and after defining Henry Adams's two forces of education, the dynamo and the virgin, I will look at *Henry Fool* as a film that resurrects the teacher as poet.

The Teacher, the Blaspheming Faun and the Chastised Clown

Wallace Fowlie says the faun's monologue represents Mallarmé's most significant inquest into the problems of eroticism and especially into the perplexing but omnipresent relationship between the sexual dream world of the poet and his creative life (148). The faun has had an experience with two nymphs, both a failed sexual experience and a failed creative experience of putting his afternoon to music. The first three lines set up the whole poem.

> These nymphs, I want to perpetuate them.
>
> So clear,
>
> Their light rose color, that it floats into the air
>
> Heavy with woodsy sleeps.
>
> Did I love a dream?

> *Ces nymphes, je les veux perpétuer.*
>
> *Si clair,*
>
> *Leur incarnat léger, qu'il voltige dans l'air*
>
> *Assoupi de sommeils touffus.*

Aimai-je un rêve? (vv1-3)

"Perpetuate" can be the desire for copulation with the nymphs or the desire to preserve the experience in a poem or musical piece (Fowlie 152). The poet, as faun, asks himself to try to reconstruct the dream:

Let us think…

Or whether the women you gloss (interpret)

Figure a desire of your fabulous senses!

Réfléchissons…

Ou si les femmes dont tu gloses

Figurent un souhait de tes sens fabuleux! (vv8-9)

"Gloses" is a scholarly professor word. The faun's lascivious side has had the experience and his reflective "professor" side tries to explain the experience. The faun is an artist, too, as he alludes to his only proof -- the sounds murmured by his flute (v16). He asks the swamp to tell the

story, but he immediately takes over explaining that he was cutting reeds ("les creux roseaux" v26), an improvised instrument, when he saw a group of swans ("cygnes") who became nymphs and fled from him in the tawny hour (v31-33).

Ce vol de cygnes, non! de naïads se sauve
Ou plonge. . .
Inerte, tout brûle dans l'heure fauve (vv31-33)

The faun tries to improvise the "A" note and predicts that he will wake up alone like a virgin or lily (lys v37)), as Fowlie says, "naïve in experience, but very experienced in desire (156). With music, he will replace the experience (vv47-51). At the end of the first act, he is drunk and "playing" the empty grapes.

Thus when I have sucked the light from the grapes,
To banish a regret dispelled by my pretense,
Laughing I raise to the sky the empty bunch
And blowing into their luminous skins, avid
With drunkenness, until evening I look through them.

Ainsi, quand des raisins j'ai sucé la clarté,
Pour bannir un regret par ma feinte écarté,
Rieur, j'élève au ciel d'été la grappe vide
Et, soufflant dans ses peaux lumineuses, avide
D'ivresse, jusqu'au soir je regarde au travers. (vv57-61)

The faun calls himself a clown "un rieur," who has lost the prize and is playing the grapes, saying that he wanted to get drunk in the first place.

In the second act of the poem, the poet-faun explains the details of the seduction. The culminating point of the drama—his "crime" was that he had hoped the innocent one would be turned on (tinted) by watching him with the experienced one.

For, scarcely had I hidden my passionate laughter
Under the happy folds of one of them (holding
With a little finger so that her feather whiteness
Should be tinted at the emotion of her sister growing excited,
The smaller one, naïve and not blushing:)

When my arms, relaxed by vague deaths,
That prey, forever ungrateful, liberates itself
Without pity for the sob with which I was still drunk.

Car, à peine j'allais cacher un rire ardent
Sous les replis heureux d'une seule (gardant
Par un doigt simple, afin que sa candeur de plume
Se teignit à l'émoi de sa soeur qui s'allume,
La petite, naïve et ne rougissant pas:)
Que de mes bras, défaits par de vagues trépas,
Cette proie, à jamais ingrate, se délivre
Sans pitié du sanglot dont j'étais encore ivre. (vv 85-92)

Instead, the younger one became afraid and fled and left the faun in a "sob" of uncompleted "orgasm" (vague deaths). The faun consoles himself (v93) with the thought of future conquests, even Venus herself on Mount Etna. Here, the dream ends quickly, the length of a broken alexandrine, as he grows weary of his dream-making and empty of words.

I hold the queen!

O sure punishment . . .

No, but my soul

Empty of words and my heavy body

Succumb late to the proud silence of noon:

Without more I must sleep in forgetting the blasphemy,

Lying on the thirsty sand and how I love

To open my mouth to the potent star of wines!

Couple, goodbye; I go to see the shadow that you became.

Je tiens la reine!

O sûr chatiment . . .

Non, mais l'âme

De paroles vacante et ce corps alourdi

Tard succombent au fier silence de midi:

Sans plus, il faut dormir en l'oubli du blasphème,

Sur le sable altéré gisant et comme j'aime

Ouvrir ma bouche à l'astre efficace des vins!

Couple, adieu; je vais voir l'ombre que tu devins. (vv104-110)

He must sleep now without dreams, forgetting the blasphemy. What is the blasphemy? Is he imitating God in his desire to be a creative poet? Or, is he cursing the poetic side of himself who is refusing to continue to create poetry? The last note is a final reminiscence of the couple that are turning into the pure shadow, the pure emptiness that they have become.

To Wallace Fowlie, the artist faun is a virgin—an adolescent who searches self-understanding, especially in the secret forces that formed him as artist (165). Fowlie raises this poem to the level of "pure poetry" emptied of didactic elements. The form arises from the power of language (164). The twelve syllable alexandrine is a classic unity in French tradition that produces clarity in complex experiences. The "teacher" Mallarmé creates a faun who gives a classical form to his primal instincts of seduction and creativity. He needs the discipline of being able to mold his interior melody to the alexandrine form and he needs to forget the blasphemy of cursing the poetic side of himself and

giving up. The faun in the poem fails in his quest to recapture the experience/dream. Mallarmé was a failed teacher in school, but a successful poet in the art world. The faun keeps resurrecting. Debussy composes a prelude. Njinski dances it in the *Ballets russes*. Matisse painted it in the 1906 *Joie de vivre*. In 1973 Frank Zappa rewrites the faun as a singer, successfully seducing his public of two prostitutes.

Dinah Moe Humming: The Faun Seduces the Nymphs

From the 1973 album *Over-nite Sensation*, Frank Zappa's "Dinah-Moe-Humm," like Mallarmé's *Afternoon of a Faun*, is a multi-voiced dramatic monologue, where a singer-narrator has a bet with a prostitute, who in turn has a bet with her less wise sister about all men.

I couldn't say where she's comin from
But I just met a lady called Dinah-Moe-Humm
She stroll on over, say look here, bum
I got a forty dollar bill say you can't make me cum
(Y'jes can't do it)
She made a bet with her sister who's a little bit dumb

She could prove it any time all men was scum.

The narrator struggles at length, but cannot reach what the prostitute says is a "spot that gets me hot." She explains that mysteriously "she can't get into it unless she is out of it and that she has to be out of it, before she gets into it." Transcendence is involved and something more than physical orgasm is desired. The "spot" is more spiritual or symbolic. The narrator then turns his actions and attention to the sister. Where Mallarmé's faun fails in arousing the younger nymph by his actions with the experienced one, Zappa's faun succeeds as Dinah-Moe "watched from the edge of the bed/With her lips just a twitchin an her face gone red." The narrator comments that all Dinah-Moe needed was some "discipline." Is he alluding to the Apollo-Dionysus duality of passion and form? Is it Mallarmé's "discipline" of comprehending more fully the erotic experience in alexandrine form? In the second chorus, he succeeds in "hearing" – "some Dinah-Moe-Humm." How is Zappa reading *Afternoon of a Faun* ? Why does his faun succeed? Is the

"hum" spiritual artistic ecstasy between artist and audience? One of my colleagues suggested an allusion to "The Dynamo and the Virgin" in *The Education of Henry Adams*, an autobiographical work, written in the third person, by the historian-journalist-diplomat-novelist of the title. Here, Adams, as teacher, will tie in the humming of Zappa's sexual/spiritual ecstasy, with the mysterious forces of creation, in the medieval gothic world and in the modern machine world.

Dynamos and Virgins: Ways of Knowing

In this text, Adams displays his theories on the forces in education seen in the symbols of dynamo and the virgin. His scientist mentor Langley prefers the force of dynamos that will empower future cars and planes. The mechanical nature of education likes what is practical and measurable. Adams, not a "measurer," hears the humming creative energy of the dynamo.

> To him [Langley], the dynamo itself was but an ingenious channel for conveying somewhere the heat latent in a few tons of poor coal

> hidden in a dirty engine-house carefully kept out of sight; but to Adams the dynamo became a symbol of infinity. As he grew accustomed to the great gallery of machines, he began to feel the forty-foot dynamos as a moral force, much as the early Christians felt the Cross… No more relation could he discover between the steam and the electric current than between the Cross and the cathedral. (3,4)

To the creative humming of the dynamos, Adams prefers the sign of Venus and the Virgin for their symbol of fertility and creation -- especially the virgin who developed the forces of faith that built the cathedrals (11,14,15,16). The historian/artist side of the scientist tracks the force of virgin: creative desires -- where they came from and where they are going. The "pencil," says Adams, acts as a staff guiding one in labyrinth of education. It is a "symbolic" pencil, used by the likes of Descartes and Pascal that gives newer forms and names to this mysterious creative force (18). Mallarmé's "pencil" transforms the faun's sexual desire into creative desire and puts it to music. Zappa

personifies the humming of the dynamo as a sign of a super sensual, both physical and mental, seduction. *Over-nite Sensation* is the title of the album, but it is also a symbol of transforming a physical sensation into an eternal form of desire. Zappa rescues Mallarmé's faun with Henry Adams's "pencil" "re forming" the faun as a successful lover. Failing in the classroom, Mallarmé becomes a successful poet teacher, moving others to "exalt" the symbol of the faun's desire. The faun wants his nymphs to be turned on sensually and artistically. The teacher/poet desires a reading, loving relation with his students/readers. Poetry can be born in the space between the teacher and the student, the poet and the reader.

Simon Grim Resurrects Henry Fool

In Hal Hartley's film, *Henry Fool,* the title character is a "teacher," who will eventually become recognized through his creations. He is a clown, who will become "chastised" and resurrected as an artist. In the opening scene, we see Simon Grim, in his garbage truck world, surrounded by tires and humming machines, drinking a Budweiser and

then voyeuristically watching a young couple starting to engage in sex. Henry Fool rents a basement room in Simon's house, inhabited by his sex starved sister and pill popping mother. Henry stacks several grammar school type composition notebooks containing his "confession" which he describes as:

> a philosophy. A poetics. A politics, if you will. A literature of protest. A novel of ideas. A pornographic magazine of truly comic book proportions. It is, in the end, whatever the hell I want it to be. And when I'm through with it it's going to blow a hole this wide straight through the world's own idea of itself.

He encourages Simon to write. We see Simon, who appears slow and dim-witted, slaving to write with a close-up of a used pencil. The result is a scatological poem in perfect iambic pentameter. Henry knows poetry when he sees it. He encourages Simon not to be discouraged when publisher Angus James first refuses the poem.

> Can you sit there, look me straight in the eye and tell me that you don't think this poem is great? That it is not at once a poem of great lyrical beauty and ethical depth; that it is not a genuine, highly profound meditation on the miracle of existence?

Henry advises Simon to change vocations.

> Look. In my opinion, this is pretty powerful stuff. Though your spelling is Neanderthal and your reasoning a little naive, your instincts are profound. But the whole thing needs to be given a more cohesive shape. It can be expanded, followed through, unified. Do you see what I'm getting at? Are you willing to commit yourself to this? To really work on it? To give it its due in the face of adversity and discouragement? To rise to the challenge you yourself have set? And don't give me that wonderstruck "I'm only a humble garbage man" bullshit, either.

Simon has a natural "virginal" attitude towards poetry. He finds old poetry books in the garbage and prefers to read them in their "pristine" condition without modern footnotes against the scholar Fool's recommendation of up-to-date editions. Henry shows him the library, but Henry is torn between researching literature and "looking for chicks" like the true faun that he is, mingling his sexual desire with his creative urges.

Most of the readers are patrons of "The World of Donuts," a convenience store where Henry buys beer and where he first posts Simon's poem. There are many reactions to the poem. The counter girl, Gnoc Deng, is a mute who, upon reading it, starts humming a tune. The couple, Warren and Amy, whom Simon originally spied on, are patrons. Warren, who now campaigns for a right wing politician, is appalled by the poem, like the Board of Education, which has also condemned it. The girl, Amy, is editor of a high school paper and wants to print it. Mr. Deng, the proprietor, argues with the censorship people, claiming that it is poetry. Maria, Simon's mother, at first looks at the poem and starts to play the piano, but stops because she thinks that she is not "remarkable" enough. On the next reading, she commits suicide. When Fay, Simon's sister, reads the poem, her menstrual cycle is upset. She will become pregnant by Henry. Henry also has had a dubious past, having spent time in prison for having relations with a minor. Simon, upon becoming a known poet, changes roles with Henry as he teaches Henry how to operate the humming garbage machines. Simon, although not critically

endorsing Henry's "Confession," does try unsuccessfully to publish it. After a five year interval, Henry and Simon, who is now a well-dressed writer, are reconciled. Henry does chastise himself by killing Warren, who has become a wife beater and child molester. Simon saves Henry from arrest, by sending him to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize, in his own persona -- Simon Grim.

Henry is a clown and a failed writer, but he is a teacher who inspires a poet. Simon's poem, which is never seen or heard by us viewers, is a "symbol" of the force of poetry that penetrates through common prose. Hal Hartley resurrects Henry Fool in a *deus ex machina* ending by turning him into the poet, Simon Grim. We are in Henry Adams's world of dynamos and virgins. We have the engine house world of the garbage trucks and tires and the poetic world of the donut shop. Henry, accompanying himself on piano, gives Simon a grammar lesson on the word-sound "their" in a crescendo of statements: "there are the donuts; it is their donut; and they're the donut people." The donut wheels are the cooking creative world, where the center is cut out—the

prose—to create the poetry on the edges. Donuts represent the forces of poetry.

The faun wants to seduce the nymphs to love him and his music. The singer wants Dinah-Moe to hum in a higher sexual orgasm. Poets want people to read them and turn their words into poetry. Teachers, like Henry Adams, Mallarmé, and "Henry Fool," and teachers of readers also create the forces that turn prose into poetry. In (publisher) Angus James's office, two salesmen are promoting the digital age, saying that the book is a thing of the past. The publisher laments the age of reading books on television, but he does ask how the digital revolution will help sell books. He was looking at it from a scientific practical point of view of economic forces and not a poetry readers' "angus" – I mean angle!

Mallarmé was a failed teacher -- a virgin -- but a great poet, who created many different types of readers in the future centuries -- music readers, dance readers, art readers, rock music readers and teacher readers, like my teacher Wallace Fowlie, who first explained Mallarmé to me in the poem "The Chastised Clown," about a clown quitting the

circus and blaspheming his art. We have all read the faun and are humming our own tunes. The blasphemy of the faun has become our religious language. We are the donut people.

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POETRY

Diane Rachel Langlois

Louisiana State University at Eunice

To Gregor

It was just adolescence
Hard rivers into bone
To stay his voice
Silent for awhile; he asked his mom
"Can you get me a girlfriend?"

And she smiled at what she could not give
His young hands looking to hold
Abstractions like love and infinity
A likely voice to befriend him
Like his laborador "Napoleon"

Then it came this gift
From river to bone to ivory

He claimed his own hands—

He left us for awhile

On this trip to love and infinity

Practicing his piano hours at a time

Red tunes and yellow tunes,

Clear blue primaries flowing

Into oranges and greens toward

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms--

His black dog howling in near-tune

Singing to the eternal heavens

Voices climbing toward God

This thanks for happy friends.

POETRY.

Maura Gage Cavell

Louisiana State University at Eunice

Ghosts and Echoes, a Haunting Feeling

Ghosts whisper through the music
ner daughter plays in her room.
She tries to chase them into the wallpaper;
hey move too fast.
We all chase them sometimes;
hey run to the edge
of the mirror, inside it.
They are always ahead,
out trapped like a whisper
never carried to a listener.
Desperate to hold onto them,
she feels memories
ust within reach,

but they fly off—no harness
nor weapons can stop them
in their tracks.
They run deep or shallow,
but they float away as clouds.
The woman has forgotten
the name of her daughter's husband,
has forgotten him; a haze
takes his place. The surgeons
removed more than the tumor;
memories rush past her
like snow flurries.
She tries to grab them,
but like snowflakes,
they blow away or melt.
Memories are slippery
in her grasp; they swim off
like fish, shake free.
She cannot hook onto them.
She knows they are there,

hears their hollow echoes.
She grows pale struggling to hold on
to what her daughter
told her yesterday.
Come tomorrow, all will be forgotten;
Ghosts and Echoes, a Haunting Feeling—2
(no stanza break)

The pain dissipates as she forgets
for what she'd been striving;
memory, memory—a murmur,
a gesture—
flailing arms, grasping
hands.

ESSAY

Melanie Anderson

University of Mississippi

Steven Hall's *The Raw Shark Texts* as Postmodern Ghost Story

When Steven Hall's novel *The Raw Shark Texts* appeared in 2007, critics hailed it as a thriller, a horror story, and a new addition to postmodern slipstream fiction in the style of writers such as Thomas Pynchon, Haruki Murakami, and Mark Z. Danielewski. The novel is certainly postmodern in its fragmentation, from the level of character to the physical book itself, which is replete with letters, journal entries, diagrams, passages from fictive books, and flipbook sections where text resolves into pictures. In addition to its postmodern style, I see this nove as a contemporary manifestation of the ghost story, and I have had success teaching it as such in my composition classes organized around haunted fiction. The novel is flooded with supernatural and Gothic touches, including the oddly empty house that Eric Sanderson wakes up in, unable to remember who he is or why he is there, the savage,

conceptual shark that pursues Eric, the trauma and subsequent repressions that haunt him, and a nineteenth-century mad scientist who uses mesmerism and eventually the internet to achieve immortality.

Out of all of these paranormal and horror aspects, though, the touch that I find most interesting in this novel is how Hall uses Derridean thoughts about spectrality and the connections between signifiers and signified in order to write a postmodern meditation on ghostliness. I read Eric Sanderson Two as haunted by his unknown past, which he is trying to reconstruct, and by his lost love Clio. At the same time, however, I also read Sanderson as a ghostly figure in his own right as he is the trace or iteration of the first Eric Sanderson from before the traumatic accident and his ensuing amnesia. During Sanderson's adventure, Hall merges boundaries between any and all binaries such as text/imagination and reality, past/memories and present, and life and death, creating a novel that is indeed groundbreaking fiction, but is also a postmodern exploration of identity and liminality through a new spin on an old genre—the ghost story.

The plot of *The Raw Shark Texts* follows the second incarnation of Eric Sanderson, a man who has survived a near-fatal encounter with a Ludovician, or conceptual shark. At the beginning of the novel, we find Eric waking up on the floor of his bedroom a blank slate. He does not know who he is, where he is, or why he is there. Luckily, he finds his wallet with his ID and a note from his previous self that instructs him to contact a psychologist named Dr. Randle. Dr. Randle tells Eric that he suffers from a dissociative disorder brought on by the death of his significant other Clio. At this point, Dr. Randle shares no details, but we learn later that Clio passed away in a diving accident while she and Eric were on vacation in Greece three years earlier. According to Randle, Eric has experienced "severe psychological trauma" and is "blocking out memories which are too painful or difficult for the mind to deal with" (Hall 11). She also tells him that this is his eleventh recurrence.

This diagnosis soon comes into question, however, when Eric begins receiving letters from his first self. According to the first Sanderson, the memory loss is the result of repeated mental attack by a

large conceptual shark, or Ludovician. In each letter, signed "with regret and hope, The First Eric Sanderson," the first Eric tells the second Eric everything that he can remember about the shark and how to escape it. From the information in these letters, we learn that life is tenacious enough to exist everywhere, even in the currents of "human interaction and the flows of cause and effect" and that "the streams, currents, and rivers of human knowledge, experience and communication which have grown throughout our short history are now a vast, rich and bountiful environment" (64). In this novel, conceptual fish swim the currents of human thought and communication through books, letters, e-mails, and even memories. The Ludovician is the top-predator in this environment and its effects are devastating. It will "select an individual human being as its prey animal and pursue and feed on that individual over the course of years, until that victim's memory and identity have been completely consumed" (64). In the course of his travels, the second Eric meets a man named Mr. Nobody who is a gruesome, empty husk of the physicist he used to be. His academic work became so disconnected from physical

reality and enmeshed in thought that he became the prime target of a Ludovician. The shark destroyed his memories and personality to the point that he is, for all intents and purposes, a zombie. This will be Eric's fate if he cannot destroy the shark.

The terrible twist to Eric's situation is that it is his previous self's fault that the shark is chasing him. The first Eric's inability to move on with his life after Clio's death revolves around his problem with memory. Initially, he tries to keep everything as she left it as a memorial to her; then he purges all of her possessions; finally he wishes that he did not let go of her things, and he yearns to remember her perfectly. Giving her up is impossible and keeping her alive in a subjective and developing memory is too difficult. In his quest to enshrine his memories of Clio as she truly was and keep them alive, the first Eric sought out and interacted with a Ludovician, thus becoming its prey. He mistakenly believed that once he was consumed, his memories of Clio would be kept inside of the shark, "somehow reconstructed and eternally sustained" (265). Immediately, the novel is focused on loss, absence,

and trauma: the loss of Clio so damaged the first Eric that he is now an empty shell of himself and must recreate his previous self's journey to find a professor who, hopefully, can help him stop the shark before what identity he has regained is lost again. Along the way, Eric begins to piece together his broken past, and he uncovers the story behind Clio's death and the first Eric's madness. This mystery is set into motion by the haunting of Eric Sanderson by his past self and Clio, and the rebuilding of his identity from "nothing," as he calls it, into awareness of his past and his motivations. In order to discover these things, the present Eric becomes a specter of sorts and journeys into the areas betwixt and between, as Derrida writes, "all the two's one likes" (xviii).

If, as critic Julian Wolfreys argues, all text is a spectral and uncanny medium of communication between author and reader, then the first Eric and Clio are doubly spectral. They are characters on the pages of the text, but they are also haunting the second Eric as he attempts to come to terms with his traumatic break. While they are physically absent from the present action of the novel, the first Eric and Clio are

motivating the present Eric's quest, and they appear as haunting traces throughout Eric's memories, dreams, and the journal entries that he is constantly decoding. Because the slightest trace of Eric Sanderson's past catches the shark's attention like blood in the water, the journals with the story of Clio's death and its aftermath have been encrypted through a complex and slippery code. This code is not only always off by one letter, which requires context for it to be fully deciphered, but in addition, the "final" translation is yet another layer of code that must be penetrated in order to discover the second half. This idea of encryption plays into the slippery aspects of the novel itself as genre-bending—is it a horror novel, a sci-fi thriller, a fantasy, a mystery, a love story? This confusion is apparent in the work's very form and structure. Besides the flipbook aspect that I mentioned earlier, the novel is also a puzzle book in that there are various "un-chapters," as Hall calls them, hidden in cyberspace and real space for fans of the book to find. These chapters have negative page numbers and fit between the published chapters. Thus, the idea of absence is built into the text itself both for Eric when

the text that he is reading is unclear, in code, or simply incomplete, and for the reader of the novel since there are mysterious chapters that are not present in the published material.

Besides the ghostly presences of the first Eric and Clio and the text's ghostly layers upon layers, the second Eric Sanderson is spectral in his own right. He is "in-between," timeless, placeless, and empty. Even though he is *not* fully Eric Sanderson because of his memory loss, he is not *not* Eric Sanderson in a physical sense and that is the identity that he chooses to pursue. During his quest to find Dr. Fidorous, Eric must negotiate the conceptual waters carefully to avoid the Ludovician, and he becomes chameleon-like in his ability to fade away from the environment, adopting the mannerisms and voice of another man, whom he painstakingly studies and mimics. He also uses streams of recorded conversations, books, and other people's post to misdirect the shark. According to Wolfreys, "Neither material nor non-material, the haunting figure uncannily traverses between matter and the abstract, between the corporeal and the incorporeal, incorporating itself within both" (24), and

Eric certainly is a master of the indeterminate as he hides his physical body behind and within concepts.

Even the quest on which he embarks with his cat Ian and his guide Scout, moves from what we would call reality to pure thought and imagination, and sometimes through a mix of the two; as Savannah Schroll Guz posits: "[Eric] subsequently achieves an existence that operates sometimes in tandem with, but usually beneath and between, aspects of active reality" (1). Eric begins in the concrete world with Dr. Randle attempting to diagnose his ailment, but he quickly realizes that he cannot find his answers there. He decides to trace the first Eric's journey to find Dr. Fidorous, an eccentric expert on conceptual fish who observes and protects languages from his secret laboratory hidden under a library. Eric's last stop before he meets his guide to Fidorous is a hotel in a flooded village. This hotel has many transitional qualities, including the owner Aunty Ruth who is paralyzed from a nasty car accident that, according to the story given, she *should not* have survived. Interestingly, Ruth and her husband seem to understand that Eric needs help. They

take him in, even though he has a cat, and they fix his jeep. Moreover, the village where Eric stops has been devastated by a flood that he describes in postructuralist terms: "Everything beyond the gateposts was furious: a river gone gigantic and deformed and crazy, banks burst and out on a greedy, rolling brown rampage. The size and force of it overloaded me, made me sick and dizzy. *A too muchness*.... No boundaries" (Hall 98). It is this place of liminality and excess that functions as Eric's transition point into the next leg of his journey: un-space and pure imagination.

In order to find Fidorous hidden away in his textual rabbit-hole of papers and information underneath of a library, Eric must follow Scout into un-space, "the empty, abandoned areas in the world.... the pockets of no-name-place under manhole covers and behind the overgrow of railway sidings" (Hall 79-80). Guz describes un-space: "The suggestion offered by this name is that areas devoid of kinetic life and its attendant energy are not conventional spaces. They are its opposite—a navigable vacuum roamed by intellectual exiles and conceptual prey...not

outcasts…but reality's expatriates and refugees" (1). Before Eric moves completely into a life of his mind, he must make the transition from populated and communal places into the isolated and forgotten areas behind the scenes of the rat race of actuality.

In addition to refiguring the spaces between with regard to identity and space, Hall also uses Eric to disrupt the typical flow of time from past to present to future. Eric Sanderson has the ability to free-float through time very much like Derrida's spectral figure who "no longer belongs to time" (xx) and can undo the opposition "between actual effective presence and its other" (40). One example of the deconstruction of the barrier between past and present is the communication between the first and second Erics. The first Eric writes letters to his future self with the hope that he can correct his errors, and he is conscious of the time travel aspect of these missives, writing at one point, "It's raining here in the past. I hope the weather there in the future is better" (Hall 76). Once Eric reaches Fidorous, he takes up residence in the first Eric's room, and finds a mission statement from his previous

self: "It isn't just the past we remember, it's the future too. Fifty per cent of memory is devoted not to what has already happened, but to what will happen next. Appointments, anniversaries, meetings, all the rolling engagements and plans, all the hopes and dreams and ambitions that make up any human life—we remember what we did and also what we *will* do. Only the knife-edge of the present is 'hard' to any degree" (260). Through the second incarnation of Eric, Hall emphasizes the malleability of time as it is experienced and remembered. Time in the novel is meant to be fluid. Indeed, it was the first Eric's belief that he could freeze his memories of Clio and give her a form of conceptual immortality in his mind that resulted in his freeing the Ludovician and destroying himself through monomania. He became trapped in a bubble of grief, as he notes in his encrypted journal: "The world strained to move on without her and I strained to hold back the tide" (411). The only way for Eric to fix this situation is to reconstruct the past and digest it in a beneficial way. He must learn from his grief and move on, not

simply repeat the actions and mistakes of the first Eric. There must be a difference this time.

The final stages of Eric's adventure take place fully outside of "physical reality," and the final conflict showcases a blurring of every boundary that has been transgressed so far in the novel. Like children building a fort, Fidorous, Scout, and Eric build a semblance of a ship out of crates, books, computers and various odds and ends because it is their communal belief that it *is a shark hunt* that creates the scene of a shark hunt on the open water. As the first Eric explains in an early letter, there is a transference between the words of a text describing a scene and the appearance of the scene in the reader's mind with his or her own touches. With the proper abilities (and a little faith), one can change reality through printed words, making text and thought come to life, literally. Material reality is collapsed into conceptual reality, as Eric and his companions must cross the border between signifier and signified. Moreover, the past is mixed into the present, as aspects of Eric's personal past begin repeating during the conflict. After the shark

damages the conceptual boat, it drifts to the island where Clio died. During the final battle, Scout is submerged in the shark cage and presumed lost and Fidorous is crushed by the cage while trying to save her. Eric's two closest friends die, and he must face the shark alone.

Once Eric faces and defeats the shark, or rather his deep traumatic block of the events surrounding Clio's death, he remembers all of his past and learns a valuable lesson from Scout, who has survived the ordeal and serves as a double of Clio. She tells him, "Sometimes things go bad and there's nothing anyone can do about it. None of what happened was your fault, Eric. I don't blame you for it.... It was an accident" (424). The last two pages end the book with a rejection of simple either/or answers. On the left page, there is a newspaper article that announces the discovery of Eric Sanderson's body, an apparent suicide, as a result of "prolonged emotional trauma" (426). The body is found in a foundation works, which would certainly qualify as an "un-space" location. On the facing page, there is a postcard from Eric to Dr. Randle that assures her that while he will not return, he is "well and

happy" (427). As my students pointed out in a class discussion of the novel, the discovery of the physical body once a ghost has finished whatever business he had left on earth is a convention of ghost stories. Now that Eric has worked through his grief and transitioned to the "other side" or some form of meta-reality, his physical life can be officially ended. The ultimate pages of the *The Raw Shark Texts* neatly dovetail Eric's life and death, his past and present, and for Guz, the novel's power lies in this play of possibilities: "Hall's explorations of intersticed possibilities…are the most captivating parts of the book" (1). Through the spectral existence of the second Eric slipping betwixt and between traditional boundaries, Hall creates a penetrating look at how trauma and grief can damage the human mind and how sometimes healing requires exploring those other possibilities in the spaces between and understanding the intimate relations between past and present, living and dead, and reality and imagination.

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POETRY

Henry Rogers

University of Central Arkansas

I will not write about my dead dog

There are 13 reasons why I will not write about my dead dog.

1. There has been too much written about the loss of dogs,
   Whose owners know well such loss is common,
   All dogs who live must die.
2. Canine eulogies suffuse their sodden pages
   With cliché-ridden sentimentality,
   To which I refuse to contribute.
3. Such cheap emotions, in which I shall not indulge,
   Are fueled by what Is after all only the loss of
   a dumb animal and
   a spark of divine in the heart.
4. The fallacy that each dog is unique
   Is a delusion to which I will not succumb
   And can easily dispel.

5. To wit: There have been many
Fox Terriers who captured owners from shelters.
6. Many Fox Terriers were named for Hemingway,
grizzled and bearded like him,
Hunted, took trophies like him.
7. Other Fox Terriers chased squirrels,
Plunged dauntless into brush,
Came forth unscathed,
Trotted arrogantly
With bloodied beard,
Copperhead clinched in bladed jaw.
8. Other Fox Terriers bullied older dogs,
Challenged Dobermans,
And barked—
At cats, at dogs,
At birds, squirrels, people, and air—
Yips unceasing, excruciating,
Cutting night and ear as a scalpel does skin.
Were "Little Asshole Dogs."
9. Yet they also danced delight,

Leaped greetings skyward
Like springing trout suspended,
Joy quivering in air.

10. And other such terriers ran into sleep,
Slept trusting, innocent, pup-again sleep,
Lap-curled, underarm tucked,
Nose against cheek.

11. Then escaped all control one final time,
Dreamed into nowhere,
Did not awake to rebuke or caress,
Left all behind,
Took all away.

12. Thus other Fox Terriers can also be replaced
At all points,
Even to the glint of gold
In brown eye and passionate heart.

13. Ergo, there is no need to mourn
Other than a slight emotional inconvenience
Which should last no longer
Than life.

Nor shall I foolishly grasp at the supposedly consoling fantasy

That dogs and owners will someday be reunited

In a Disneyworld paradise

Merely because a dog's weight

Lessens the moment his soul departs.

These are the 13 reasons I will not write about

My dead dog.

ESSAY

M. Tyler Sasser

Mississippi State University

Jonson, Shakespeare, and the "little eyases" Who Wrote *Hamlet*

More often than not modern scholars contest that authorship of early modern texts was often collaborative or anonymous, and the legality of ownership, which often remained open to question, only augmented the practice. This idea mostly emerges from the theoretical work of Michel Foucault who has had a profound influence on modern understandings of authorship. In "What is an Author?" Foucault famously asserts that "there was a time when the texts that we today cal 'literary' [...] were accepted, put into circulation, and valorized without any question about identity of their author" and only "in the seventeenth or eighteenth century" did these texts come to require "attribution to an author" (149, 148). In this essay I wish first to evaluate briefly some of the central and influential claims made by Foucault and his many

followers regarding the collaborative nature of early modern drama. Their theories appear to have ignored much empirical evidence which has consequentially resulted in an exaggeration of collaborative practices particularly as they pertain to William Shakespeare, who, according to one biographer, has had as many as five thousand books "suggesting – or more often insisting" that someone other than Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare (Bryson 181). Yet, a collaborative element indeed surfaces in Shakespeare's dramatic canon, *Hamlet* in particular, that does convincingly suggest some sort of authorial interest in collaboration. The practice emerges from Prince Hamlet's own commentary on dramaturgy, which in itself bears upon a conflict between Shakespeare and Jonson. Thus, in what follows, I suggest that in *Hamlet* Shakespeare is not so much participating in a collaborative project with another historical playwright but that the Bard is actually parodying the practice through the relationship between King Claudius and Prince Hamlet.

The collaborative nature of early modern literary culture exists in *Hamlet*, but it exists within the textual relationship of Hamlet and Claudius. More specifically, Shakespeare is partaking in an acrimonious competition now commonly referred to as the Poets' War, which became most heated during the closing years of the sixteenth century, with Ben Jonson as Shakespeare's greatest rival in this poetic war. While it would be rather excessive to argue that Claudius and Hamlet allegorically represent Jonson and Shakespeare, I do wish to contend that Claudius embodies the character generally of a poet of this time, and specifically of one who is interested in asserting his power through his skillful control over language and, by doing so, takes on a Jonson-like persona. This idea especially emerges after obtaining an understanding of the rancorous relationship between Jonson and rival poet Shakespeare. Indeed, Claudius and Hamlet battle verbally for control of Elsinore and some of the most powerful exchanges in all of Shakespeare occur as a result. Likewise, in 1601 Jonson and Shakespeare were engaged in a theatrical battle for recognition in the London theater circuit. Hence,

rather than a historical collaboration between Shakespeare and one of his contemporaries, this poets' war acquires an authorial position where Hamlet wistfully longs for a "mighty opposite," as he states near the end of the play (5.2.62). In their linguistic dueling, Hamlet and Claudius's dialogue establishes patterns of reciprocal exchange, what Michael Pennington calls a sort of "toing and froing" (173). Readers witness the competitive natures of the two playwrights through the emulous rivalry of Claudius and Hamlet. Thus, Shakespeare and Jonson's relationship, in turn, becomes the crucial impetus behind the construction of *Hamlet*.

Helping to further an idea mostly ignited by Roland Barthes, Foucault maintains in his now canonical "What Is an Author?" that the current basic assumptions about authorship, the ones that many readers consider a "solid and fundamental unit of the author and the work" have not always existed (141). These often fetishized notions of an author only "came into being once strict rules concerning author's rights, author-publisher relations, rights of reproduction, and related matters were enacted" (148). Following the now conventional Foucauldian

approach, most critics have taken these ideas a step further and argued that collaboration was not only common but the primary mode of composition. Jack Stillinger, for one, calls such collaboration as so "frequently occurring" and "routine" as not even needing to be studied before Romanticism since the practice was so common (201). Gerald Bentley and Jeffrey Masten also chime in to say that "long before 1590" collaboration in London was a "well-known phenomenon in the drama" which explains why so many plays before the reign of Elizabeth are anonymous or unknown (Masten 198). "Altogether," Bentley concludes, "the evidence suggests [...] that as many as half of the plays [...] in the period incorporated the writing [...] of more than one man" (199). Yet, even if we accept Bentley's research, we can deduce that just as many dramatists worked solitarily, half by his own account.

Though often overlooked by the large number of critics predisposed with Foucauldian theory, not all Shakespearean scholars have found critics such as the aforementioned convincing. For instance, Brian Vickers contests that "every point in [Foucault's] history of the

'late emergence of the author' is dubious, if not obviously wrong" (509). Vickers then launches into an equally rigorous attack on Masten's book, calling his research at best "vague, or self-contradictory" (528). Vickers is his most caustic when after illuminating Masten's inconsistencies he remarks, "it is already evident that Masten copied Foucault's trick of making large historical generalizations without feeling the need to cite supporting evidence," and he again later accuses Masten's book of "lacking any empirical grounding" and his conclusions "unsupported with any historical evidence" (529). Importantly, Vickers does not ignore collaboration as a common practice, even for Shakespeare, but he encourages critics to acknowledge that some plays were co-authored and some simply were not. He compares printed attributions of single versus co-authored plays between 1580 and 1649, and by his count, 416 of the plays published during this time were single authored and only 26 acknowledged multiple authorship- enough to understand collaboration as common, but at a ratio of 16 to 1, says Vickers, it is difficult to call it prevailing (529-30).

Some critics even brand the 1623 Folio of Shakespeare and the earlier 1616 Folio of Jonson as the first single author "works" in early print culture. Yet, in his article "What Is a Co-Author," Jeffrey Knapp offers several examples of title pages indicating single-authored texts printed before either of these two folios. Unlike Foucault, who does not provide one supporting text for his claim of single authorship beginning around 1599 and 1600, Knapp provides many specific examples of popular single author "works" printed before either of Jonson or Shakespeare's folios.[1]

However, neither Knapp nor Vickers articulate a concern for the fact that title pages indicating a single author do not necessarily mean they were written by a single author or even *that* single author. Knapp completely ignores the social context of an early modern literary scene where writers would frequently work together and exchange lines casually. Indeed, he bases much of his diatribe against critics such as Bentley and Masten purely on these title pages. Furthermore, while Knapp's research unquestionably indicates some sort of growing

concern with the publication of complete *Works* by single authors, it does not take into account a print culture that often, at best, loosely connected the author on the title page with the "actual" author, or authors, of the text that follows.

Thus, the debates over the potential author, or authors, of *Hamlet* appear as perplexingly shrouded as its title character. Indeed, as one Shakespeare biographer has humorously noted, "with so little to go on in the way of hard facts, biographers of Shakespeare are left with essentially three possibilities: to pick minutely over legal documents [...]; to speculate (every Shakespeare biography is 5 percent fact and 95 percent conjecture" [...]; or to persuade themselves that they know more than they actually do" (Bryson 15-16). But it is important to remember that questions concerning authorship need not be limited to what Jorge Garcia calls in his "Can There be Texts without Historical Authors?" "epistemic," where knowledge is obtained only through the concrete and the factual. Rather, an understanding of authorship can be "metaphysical" as well (245).[2] One can argue with Garcia that "a

complex set of causes can come together and by chance produce what under normal circumstances only an author can produce" (250).

Therefore, critics should consider how the socio-cultural nature of the late 1590s provided an environment where Shakespeare could comment on the collaborative nature around him during *Hamlet*'s composition. Without specific evidence on a particular play, scholars can at best only generally note the collaborative nature of early modern writing. Hence, regarding *Hamlet*, it becomes entirely possible that Shakespeare does not so much work in collaboration with another historical writer outside of the text as he instead depicts and parodies this act through Hamlet and Claudius. This collaboration, in return, becomes responsible for authoring the text.

Throughout the play, Hamlet's demeanor resembles that of an amateur of the theatre rather than a college student of Wittenburg. His interest in dramaturgy dominates the play at times, directing attention to the Shakespeare and Jonson's part in the Poet's War. After evaluating how these issues manifest within the text, readers will better understand

why exactly issues of competitive theatricality haunt the play. As a result, *Hamlet* emerges as a play more about acting than extracting revenge. For both Hamlet and his creator, "the play's the thing," both for exposing Claudius's guilt and outshining his rival playwright.

Hamlet was first acted in the Globe Theatre, built in 1599 by Shakespeare's acting company Lord Chamberlain's Men, in 1600. During the next couple of years Shakespeare expanded *Hamlet*'s commentary on the War of the Theatres. He first introduces these topical concerns with the theatre early in the play when Rosencrantz informs Hamlet that "the players" or "tragedians of the city" will soon arrive (2.2.315, 328). Hamlet asks if "they hold the same estimation they did when [he] was in the city" (2.2.334-35). Though Hamlet never specifies exactly what "city" he means, he is likely making a topical reference to London that would have greatly amused the Londoners watching the performance, since ironically Hamlet is asking, during a performance in London, why the actors have left London. The maelstrom that audiences

encounter in the sequence between 2.2.315 and 3.2.288, in part, reflects this war.[3]

Between the final Quarto publication in 1604 or 1605 and the 1623 Folio, Shakespeare adds some 26 lines to Hamlet and Rosencrantz's discussion here regarding these "tragedians."[4] Hamlet asks why they left the city and are traveling to Elsinore, and Rosencrantz replies, "I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation" (2.2.332-33). Here, according to Neil Taylor and Ann Thompson, "innovation" most likely refers to theatrical issues in London during the turn of the century, particularly a "revised fashion for children's companies" (259). At this time, Ben Jonson was directing a group of child actors at the Blackfriars Theatre whose continued growth in popularity was removing a lot of business from other theatre companies.[5] Hamlet inquires into the waning reputation of the players, who have traveled all the way to Denmark in search of work, and Rosencrantz's explanation and the short conversation that follows appear only in the Folio:

> [T]heir endeavor keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't. These are now the fashion, and so [berattle] the common stages – so they call them – that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither. (2.2.337-44)

Hamlet finds it difficult to believe that young children, nothing more than unfledged, immature hawks, could be so admired. He stands in disbelief that these "little eyases" could become so popular as to frighten the playwrights:

> What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escorted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is [most like], if their means are [no] better), their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession? (2.2.345-51)

Hamlet, in awe, asks if this situation is even possible and if the boys are successful, only to have Guildenstern confirm that there has been indeed "much throwing about the brains" in the theatres (2.2.358). This conversation refers to the Poets' War occurring at the turn of century mostly between child actors and their playwright Ben Jonson on one side, and the adult actors with Marston, Dekker, and Shakespeare as their writers on the other. By now, the Globe audience would be in a fit of laughter witnessing Hamlet, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstein simultaneously discuss and take part in this "throwing about the brains" (2.2.358).

James Bednarz best explains this moment in the play: "When in 1601 Shakespeare wrote the 'little eyases' passage into his drama, the Chamberlain's Men was the only company of common players under direct attack from a private theater, and the Children of the Chapel was the only private acting company currently producing plays attacking the 'common stages'" (227). Jonson is the only known dramatist who wrote for Blackfriars between 1600 and 1601, and, according to Bednarz,

Shakespeare "directed the passage at this readily identifiable adversary" (227). Specifically, Jonson's *Poetaster*, performed by the Children of the Chapel, ran at the Blackfriars Theatre around 1601 and 1602; since it is after that performance that Shakespeare adds the aforementioned lines to the Folio, he must have viewed the play as Jonson's hardest blow.[6]

Bednarz calls Shakespeare "Jonson's most spectacular critic and his foremost beneficiary," and Shakespeare profits from the inspiration that such a competing atmosphere provides (3). Yet such an observation need not be limited to these competing playwrights. Indeed, this competitive scenario illuminates the relationship between Claudius and Hamlet. No doubt Hamlet is Claudius's "most spectacular critic," and just as Shakespeare benefits from this poetic civil war, so does Hamlet, in some ways, benefit from his father's murder and usurpation. Without Claudius's disruption of Hamlet's life, the young prince would probably have remained a young truant, forever dividing his time between the classroom and the theatre. Likewise, without Jonson, Shakespeare may never have chosen to incorporate issues of theatricality into *Hamlet*,

what Harold Bloom calls "plays within plays within plays," and without Claudius's plotting, Hamlet may very well have never had the necessary atmosphere to launch such a strong and unlimited consciousness (19).

With that understanding, it is easy to recognize Claudius and Hamlet's poetic standoffs as representative of the competing nature of Jonson and Shakespeare in the midst of their own war. Hamlet, like Shakespeare, needs an adversary to challenge his unlimited poetic and cognitive ability and Claudius, like Jonson, believes he is up to the task. Nevertheless, Claudius, though a talented and quick-thinking poet, is an amateur compared to his nephew.

Like these poetic-battles, there are other elements of the play that suggest an artistic competition between Claudius and Hamlet. If space permitted, I could discuss each of the instances where Shakespeare comments on the similarities between King and Prince. Indeed, they are both skillful poets employing their adept use of language throughout the play. Moreover, they are each able to manipulate those around themselves, they exercise control over a number of characters, they both

write many of the minor characters and subplots into the play, and they both feign their feelings: madness for Hamlet and remorse and concern for Claudius. At one point, the Ghost even warns Hamlet that Claudius uses his words as a weapon of control, like the poison used to kill him. It is hardly surprising that Shakespeare would consider words such a strong weapon and Hamlet, not to be outdone by Hamlet, will later refer to his own words as "daggers."[7] [1]Furthermore, the most theatrical element of the play is *The Murder of Gonzago*, the famous play-within-a-play. In this play-within-a-play, readers witness Hamlet's excursus on the importance of acting well in addition to his literally writing "some dozen or sixteen lines" into the play for the tragedians to perform before his uncle (2.2.540). In a play so methodically concerned with matters of dramaturgy, here Shakespeare presents Hamlet-as-director and writer.

If Shakespeare viewed *Poetaster* as Jonson's "biggest blow," then here very well may be Shakespeare's retaliation: both a superior play in wit and a number of barbs addressed specifically to Jonson. With so little empirical evidence to base one's conclusions, attempts to decide

which early modern texts are collaborative and which are not appear to be nothing more than an exercise of endless futility. Attempts to know exactly what words came directly from what pen, and who added what lines to which publication when, seem endless. Likewise, sweeping general statements about all writers of the 16th and 17th centuries always collaborating and rarely being concerned with what the printers did with their work seem equally erroneous. What remains clear is that the English Renaissance allowed for an unparalleled abundance of art that permitted some of the greatest works in the language. From this environment, competing playwrights Ben Jonson and William Shakespeare produce what might not have otherwise existed. Theatrical elements are everywhere present in *Hamlet*. Indeed, Claudius, the Ghost and Hamlet all play a significant part in "writing" the play. The play would not exist without Claudius's decision to commit fratricide, and Hamlet would still be mourning his father if the Ghost had not sent him into action. Though *Hamlet* is indeed the tragedy of Hamlet, one can easily argue that the plot belongs to Claudius or even the Ghost before it

does to the Prince. While social energies may not have asked "To be, or not to be," the Poets' War and the collaborative and competitive nature of early modern writers appear indisputably responsible for a complex sort of circumstances that helped create and augment *Hamlet* (3.1.55). Without Shakespeare's emulous rivalry with Jonson and his "little eyases," and their own "throwing about the brains," the play as it exists in the Folio might never have existed.

NOTES

[1] A few examples of complete *Works* whose title pages indicate single authorship prior to Jonson's 1616 folio include Chaucer (1532), Lupset (1546), More (1557), Becon (1564), Tyndale, Frith, and Barnes (1573), Dering (1597) Heywood (1562), Skelton (1568), Gascoigne (1587), and Daniel (1601). Many of these single authored *Works* experienced multiple editions before 1616.

[2] Garcia explains his metaphysical approach to questions of authorship: "It is important to keep in mind, however, that the question raised in this paper is metaphysical and not epistemic. I am concerned with whether there can be texts without historical authors. I am not concerned with the epistemic issue of whether knowledge that something is a text requires knowledge that it has an author or knowledge of the identity of the author" (245).

[3] Also recall a couple of scenes earlier when Hamlet spoke to this audience through soliloquy and commented on their "memory hold[ing] a seat / In this distracted globe" (1.5.96-97). This line is even more ironic after considering the extraordinary length of *Hamlet*. Which at more than 4,000 lines is twice the length of *Macbeth*.

[4] I refer to the second Quarto publication of *Hamlet* in 1604 *or* 1605 because they appeared at the same time, and the texts are identical except for the dates. The most rational explanation for the difference in dates is simply that the quarto was being published at the end of 1604 and the beginning of 1605. Today six copies survive. Coincidentally, the three 1604 copies are in American and the three 1605 copies are in England.

[5] Common stages were theatres open to the public as opposed to Blackfriars, a private theatre, where the children were performing.

[6] *Poetaster* is Jonson's second play for the child actors at Blackfriars Theatre. According to Tom Cain, "*Poetaster* is clearly about the role of the poet in society, but it is also an "experiment by Jonson in satirical comedy" (4, 1).

[7] In the soliloquy that closes act three, scene two, Hamlet considers what he will say to his mother, Queen Gertrude, when he confronts her and concludes that he "will speak [daggers] to her, but use none" (3.2.396).

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