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contents

EDITORIAL

It is a wonderfully warm Christmas this year in northern Manitoba, making the holiday rush an unusually easy affair. There are no frozen noses, square tires, and chilly fingers in the dashing in and out of stores. When it started snowing this morning, I cheered. New fallen snow on Christmas morning is a glorious thing to behold--when the weather is only 5 degrees below. At *the quint*, now seven years old and in its twenty-fifth issue, we are celebrating this issue by offering a Christmas package of papers and poems that showcase the diversity of our writers' interests. We are particularly honored that Lucy Antsanen, an aboriginal storyteller, has shared the story of Thanalthur with Amanda Antsanen, an Aboriginal and Northern Studies major at the University College of the North. In this quint you will find topics that are concerned with postcolonialism, architectural spaces in literature, Charles Dickens' detective fiction, Joan Didion's California, treatments of the landscape in Western films, questions raised by forgery and authenticity, and the dubious nature of memoir.

In "The American South as Post-Colonial Society" Jefferson Fortner examines the similarities found in South Africa's and the American South's social structures. Then, investigating the use of space as a means of confinement, Sarah Forest George in "Space of One's Own: The Confinement of Artificial Spaces in Edith Wharton's *Summer* and Willa Cather's *The Professor's House*," examines the nature of family ties and bonding in works by Edith Wharton and Willa Cather. "Mounting His High Tower': The Detective as a Fuction of Narrataive in *Bleak House"* is an engaging fascination of Charles Dickens' sleuth, Bucket, as a narrative function by Erica McCrystal Next, Katarzyna Nowak-McNeice's "Joan Didion's California: Literary Representations of History, Melancholy and Transgression" thoughtfully explores Californian identity. D.B. Jones's engaging close readings in " Landscape, Character, and Love in Three Classic Westerns,"offer new insights into the relationships between landscape and the American Character in Western film. Amanda Denman's"Ladies and Gentlemen, I Wouldn't Fool You For The World: Forgery, Authentication and *The Art Instinct*" takes us into the fascinating world of aesthetics, intention and forgery in the art world. Finally, we are honoured to welcome George Steven Swan back to *the quint.* A playful and penetrating discussion of William Styron's manipulation of fact and fiction, " William Styron's Dubious Memoir: Sophie and Styron's *Sophie's Choice"* is, at times, a wonderful Derridean exercise in authorial slippage.

the quint welcomes James A. Wren and his powerful, versatile verse to the journal. Anne Jevene has provided a sampling of Christmas photos that may make you think again about the nature of your tree in the living room. And we are proud to display Wilfred Ruttkowski's sophisticated treatment of a Christmas day in northern Europe on our cover. Here's to stimulating reading and thoughtful poetry by the fire this holiday! At *quint,* we are all looking forward to warm and peaceful Christmas day and wish you and yours all the best in the coming year. *the quint* will be back in March with more offerings just in time for Spring. Until then, Merry Christmas and may the Northern Lights be always be dancing over your home.

Sue Matheson
Co-Editor

On Sunday, November 9, 2014, Amanda Antsanen, majoring in Aboriginal and Northern Studies at the University College of the North, interviewed Lucy Antsanen, a Northern story-teller and an expert on the subject of Thanalthur, the Dene heroine who brought Dene and Cree people together during the time of the Fur Trade. Here, Lucy shares the story of Thanalthur with Amanda and *the quint*...

Lucy Antsanen

The Story of Thanalthur

Amanda: Who is Thanalthur?

Lucy: The first time I heard that story was by my mom and dad. When I was a child, I picked out a red jacket and my mom said to me, "You got yourself a red jacket like Thanalthur". That is when my mom told me about Thanalthur. That's how I understood about her. When I was in University I had to write paper about people that lived in the era of 1875. They told me I have to research and find three sources before I write about her—and if there is no sources I could not write about it…I really wanted to write about her and I found three sources and I started to write about her. Thanalthur was a young teenager, they said she was 14 or 17 and some said she was 20. Long time ago in those days First Nations did not write down birth dates of a child like European did, so they did not know the actual age of her, but she was a teenager.

Amanda: Where was Thanalthur from?

Lucy: The researchers say that Thanalthur is from somewhere in Manitoba, but long time ago people did not name lands, and First Nations used to live everywhere. Dene people used to live up north now where it is called Nunavut and Baker Lake and also here in Manitoba. Where the Cree people kidnapped her was around Manitoba.

Amanda: Why did they kidnap her?

Lucy: Long time ago, people used to get into battles…They said that when Dene and Cree people were fighting, the Dene people did not leave any survivors, but the Cree people would capture some Dene women. Thanalthur's relatives where all killed and she was the only survivor. When a Dene person tells this story, they said there were no relative with her, but the research claim she was with one of her relative. So, all her relatives were killed but they kidnaped her because she was beautiful and that is how she ends up with Cree people; she was held for at least two years.

Amanda: Did the Hudson Bay and Northwest Company affect the Dene and Cree people?

Lucy: Long time ago, when the Europeans met up with the First Nations…the white men started working with the Cree and Dene for furs…The Europeans wanted the beaver pelts and that is how the Europeans started to live among Dene and Cree people and that is how they built a trading post and it was also known as a store. That is where people traded their furs for guns, ammunitions, axe, knives, like all those kind of things.

Amanda: Did the Cree start to trade with Europeans first?

Lucy: Yes, the Cree people were the first ones to trade with the Europeans. That is how they started to kill Dene people, because they had guns, ammunitions and Dene people did not have those kinds of things. The Cree people started trading with the Europeans first and that how they started to kill the Dene people.

Amanda: Did the First Nations get along with each other before?

Lucy: Long time ago, people usually had wars between different groups like Inuit, Cree from the North and South were the enemies with the Dene, so they could not get along or lived with each other. They always had wars among each other before Europeans came and then fur trade beg[a]n. During the fur trade the "peace" was made between Cree and Dene and this was because of Thanalthur. With the help of the Thanalthur the Europeans made "peace" between Dene and Cree.

Amanda: Did the Cree and Dene always fight because of the goods?

Lucy: I think you mean they traded valuable things, like guns, blankets.

Amanda: What about food and knives?

Lucy: Yes, that too. The Cree people had already traded with the Europeans settlers, so they had the weapons to kill Dene. Thanalthur met the Europeans and they started to help her to help their people and also to trade. Thanalthur talked among Dene and Cree to make peace, she spoke too much she lost her voice couple of times. She wanted "peace" between Cree and Dene for the next generation. The Cree people were selfish and wanted all the goods to themselves.

Amanda: If Thanalthur had not known her cultural ways, do you think she would have survived?

Lucy: Long time ago, children were taught from the early age to live on the land. The children were taught to hunt and trap by their parents. She observed elders and her parents and that is how she learned to survive in the wilderness. That is how she survived when she was on her own and she used her strands of hair to make snares to catch wild animals to survive because winter was coming. Her relative fell through the ice and the ice covered over her and she drowned. Before that, Thanalthur and her relative were traveling back to their people, but her relative fell through the ice. So, she turned back towards to where the Cree people where trading with the Europeans. Even though she knew her traditional aspects she turned back because she thought she might not survive the winter. She went to the trading post.

Amanda: Is she a hero to all Dene Nation?

Lucy: Yes. It has been 300 years now since she passed away on February 5, 1717. She died of some kind of sickness, but we do not know which diseases. I don't know if she died of

red measles or TB because in those days there were no doctors. She got ill in December and she died in February 5. It's been 300 years to this day. People are still sharing her story. It is called oral history and that's how the elders share her story. Thanalthur is never forgotten by the Dene people and the Caucasian people are writing about her in articles, comics, and graphic novels. She is considered a hero to the Dene people and Caucasian people.

Amanda: What did she do for all the Dene Nation?

Lucy: Dene people say that if it wasn't for Thanalthur all the Dene would have been [made] extinct by the Cree people because they had guns and ammunitions. So, without Thanalthur we would not have been here, don't you think? Because of her…most of the people are living in western society lifestyle. The Europeans had their trading post in the Cree territory and after Thanalthur passed on the Europeans made a trading post in Churchill, so the Dene would trade with them. This was around 1718, but it was not called Churchill at the time. The trading post was in York Factory in the time Thanalthur was still alive.

Amanda: Is there anything you like to add to this interview?

Lucy: When Thanalthur went back to look for her people with the Europeans, she got herself a red coat, but when we say "Eeeh" it could be a dress, jacket or a shirt, so when I think about it, I think she got herself a red winter coat because it was winter. Long time ago, blankets were made out of wool, so we wouldn't know if her coat was made out it. I think she chose the colour red and trading post workers might have made a coat for her. On February 5 that is when we remember her. The week before February 5 is when I usually taught students and teachers about her. That is the day we let the students wear red to remember her and to say thank you. I have lots of red clothing and to always remember her. I will always teach and tell her story until the day I pass on. It was on this month in November that Thanalthur met up with the Europeans or the Europeans met up with her.

Amanda: *Maci-Chok!!!*

Photo: Anne Jevne

The American South as Post-Colonial Society

by Jefferson Fortner, Gaston College, Belmont, North Carolina, and York Technical College, Rock Hill, South Carolina

There are remarkable similarities between *Sorrows & Rejoicings*, by Athol Fugard from South Africa, and *The View from Pompey's Head*, by Hamilton Basso from the United States, whose novel is set in South Carolina in the 1950s. There are also similarities between the two societies. These similarities remain even if one ignores, for the moment, America's colonial history, with its displacement of Native American Tribes, while also ignoring the initial Boer and English settlements with their corresponding displacements of African Tribes. Furthermore, looking beyond post-Independence America, it is possible to view America as a Neo-Colonizing Society, as an extension of the imperialist tendency in Western—Euro-centric—civilization. Still, the similarities in world view that was predominant in specific eras for each culture leads credence to the concept that the American South, or specifically South Carolina in the 1950s, can be viewed has having existing as a post-colonial society, functioning under the same dynamics that exist for post-colonial societies in general.

The similarities between the American South and South Africa become most pronounced within the context of the English Boer Wars and the American Civil War. In both instances, one finds one white society making war against another white society. The Black population in South Africa, not enslaved to the extent of the Black population in South Carolina, was in some ways strategically left in worse condition, since at least part of the moral and ethical justification for the war in America was over the injustices done to blacks. Also, in both instances, there is an occupation after the wars, with the English colonists displacing the Dutch colonists as the colonial power in control of South Africa and United States governmental forces occupying South Carolina. Once again, the plight of the South African black probably worsened, whereas, for a time, there was at least some effort to improve the position of the blacks in South Carolina. As is well known, this effort, Reconstruction, ended unsuccessfully, worsening conditions for Blacks in the South. In time, both the occupying presence of Northern Armies enforcing Reconstruction in South Carolina and the British Colonial Government in South Africa came to an end. It is at this moment that the similarities between the two societies become the most pronounced.

Both societies had a conservative white population that took control after the withdrawal of the occupying powers and each created an official code of laws relegating the black population to second-class status legally and socially; the question as to which system, Apartheid in South Africa or The South's Jim Crow/Segregation laws were the more detrimental would be an example of hairsplitting. Each was heinous. Also, in both societies, a conservative, white ruling class maintained its cultural and political dominance by demonizing any liberal/progressive writer or advocate that spoke against the system. Ultimately, in each society, heroic struggles for human rights lead to racial demonstrations for equality. The initial response from the conservative establishment was violence, conflict, and repression. Eventually, the challenges to the system were successful. Now, each area continues to cope with the challenge to fulfill the promise of equality and social cooperation.

The similarities in these societies are accompanied by similarities in the authors' experiences. Hamilton Basso was born in Louisiana, and lived at times in other sections of the South, most notably in both North & South Carolina. He experienced literary success at a young age, and his largest commercial success was *The View from Pompey's Head* in 1954. Unlike the white, literary, southern intellectuals of the Agrarian Movement, Basso had the love/hate relationship with the South that was typical of the white Southern "Expatriate" who flees the South, but only understands himself through reflection upon his homeland. Southern intellectuals of this strip are typified by the writings of Willie Morris and Thomas Wolfe, who was a friend of Basso's, and to whom he is frequently compared. These literary intellectual types were usually liberal in their politics, and were in essence fleeing the stultifying conservative atmosphere as much as the racial injustice and historical trauma. However, outside of the South, they found themselves outsiders in a new land, as much out of place as they were at home.

Loraine Robinson, in *The Southern Literary Journal*, calls attention to this aspect of Basso's career. In a review of a biography of Basso, Robinson tells the reader that, "The almost obligatory move to New York occurred early in Basso's career. There he

experienced a kind of spiritual isolation that only would become more marked each time he returned physically to his hometown. Later in life, Basso would live alternately in the mountains of North Carolina; in Aiken, South Carolina; and in New York" (133).

Like Basso, Athol Fugard experienced literary success relatively early. Although a white writer, his engagement with theater and playwriting in South Africa almost immediately involved a dynamic with black/white themes, and with mixed race casts and audiences, issues that brought him into conflict with the authorities of the white government. It would be easy to overstate the importance that self-exile had upon Fugard. It would also be easy to over-dramatize his experiences outside of South Africa as self-exile, or Fugard as an intellectual expatriate. It has, however, been an element of his life. In his immediate youth, after his college experience and before taking up the pen, he left South Africa and became a seaman, sailing to Asia. After his writing / theater career was well established, and after his work had brought him into conflict with the white authorities, he then spent some time in London. Dennis Walder, writing in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography,* sums up some of Fugard's other experiences as a South African intellectual working overseas during Apartheid:

> Soon Athol and Sheila Fugard had saved enough to leave for Europe, like many ambitious young colonials before and since. But after being turned down by the Royal Court in London, and a brief spell acting in a play by David Herbert about a Coloured (mixed-race) man trying to pass for white, *A Kakakamas Creek*, which premiered 24 May 1960 at the Festival of Avant-garde Theatre in Brussels, he decided it was time to return home. It was, he felt, in some sense an act of solidarity with his troubled country, which so many others were then leaving, as emigrés, exiles, or refugees. (Walder)

The differences between Fugard and Basso primarily center on the fact that Fugard lived to see a post-Apartheid South Africa. His themes have now moved on to issues of reconciliation and of the more personal dynamics of immediate interaction between characters. Basso, however, did not live to see a post-Civil Rights South, having died in 1964 at the age of 60.

The central characters in each work reflect the same sensibilities. One that has been noted as a central theme for Basso: the individual who leaves his home only to struggle with self-identity as a stranger in exile. In *Sorrows*, this individual is the Poet, David (Dawid) Olivier. In Pompey's Head, this character is split between two characters, the aged novelist Garvin Wales, and the main character, a lawyer who represents Wales' New York City publisher, Anson Page. In each case the characters involved are politically liberal in sentiment. In Sorrows, David is less overtly liberal when it comes to his domestic arrangements, along with the social dynamics and (to him) idyllic nature of his native Karoo district. Still, he is opposed to the racial laws of his country, and while in college in Johannesburg (in his backstory), he once demonstrated actively against them. As a result, his writings are banned and his decision to leave is the more overtly political. He says, "That is why I am leaving the country. My writing is the only weapon I've got. Without it I'm useless" (24). In *The View from Pompey's Head*, the secondary character, Garvin Wales, is more overt in his rage against the entire society, especially the privileged upper class society that has never known the pain of his own poor, hardscrabble life. At first his

literary impulses are focused on that:

> I grew up without a mother, not knowing I ever had one. She dropped me in a corn patch and ran. I mean that. I wasn't born, I was dropped. Dung, you might say. And as soon as she was able to run, she did—not that I blame her for that, God knows. My father was a brute. I was only eight years old when he died, but I would have murdered had I dared. I had one thing that was mine, a bantam rooster, and one Saturday night, drunk, he wrung its neck—that sort of thing doesn't happen in your world, does it? You people never know. And by Christ I hated you for not knowing! I wanted to rub your faces in that dirt and filth, just as mine was! (Basso 394)

Both characters invest part of their work into the issue of race relations. In *Sorrows,* David's wife reflects on the first time she saw him:

> It reminded me of the very first time I saw him. The Wit's campus in 1976—on the steps of the great hall. A huge student rally in support of the Soweto Uprising. But that time he made twenty-one-year-old Allison Fogarty very nervous. His combination of passion and politics left me in no doubt that I was watching one of those evil agitators the Government was warning us about. (Smiles at the memory). (Fugard 7)

In the play, the police end the rally and drag David off of the stage. The work of Garvin Wales in Pompey's Head is less overtly political, but it still has an impact. As Anson Page describes the themes behind Wales' first novel:

> What Garvin Wales was saying was that only the so-called "primitive" peoples were in touch with their true environment; that modern man had strayed too far from his original source spring; that even if he tried to find his way back to them [. . .] he could not escape his doom." (Basso 31)

Anson goes on to describe the societal / establishment reaction to Wales' novel, where the book is banned, outlawed and burned, and Wales himself is denounced on the floor of the Senate.

As noted, David, in *Sorrows*, leaves his country as an overt political act. His work has been banned, and in order to write and be published, he leaves for London. Garvin, in Pompey's Head, actually left his home before publishing his first book. His leaving the South appears to be as much wanderlust as anything else. His travels take him to Mexico and many other places. Even Anson Page, in Pompey's Head, leaves the homeland, in his case to become a lawyer in New York. Both Anson and David experience a sense of isolation within their new surroundings.

Anson Page, a native of South Carolina working for a large law firm in New York City at the beginning of *Pompey's Head*, is about to be assigned to investigate some difficulties and a possible law suit between Garvin Wales' wife (who now has power-of-attorney for the aged writer) and Garvin's publisher. Anson has been called into a meeting with the head of the law firm. He has been in New York City for 15 years. His continuing sense of difference, of "otherness", is described in this manner:

> Anson had got over feeling like an imposter, but he was still conscious of being an outsider. He explained his present position by saying that he

was a Pawnee who for one reason and another had been adopted by the Crows; he acted, spoke, and dressed like a Crow, but he still thought like a Pawnee—lucky for him that they didn't know how often he was tempted to raid their horses. After he was made a partner, Mr. Barlowe, feeling called upon to indicate that the tribal initiation was at last complete, had several times asked Anson to call him by this first name, Charles, but Anson never even thought of accepting the invitation. You didn't address your elders by their first names in Pompey's Head and if you minded your manners you always said "sir," and he gathered that Mr. Barlowe was just as pleased.

(Basso 24)

Still, Anson had managed to cope with his sense of "otherness" and had thrived.

At the end of the novel he returns to New York City. David, on the other hand, is crushed by his disconnect from the Karoo district of South Africa. He goes to London with his wife, Allison. He is determined to use his writings to rejoice in…to celebrate…. Freedom. The play's title, *Sorrows & Rejoicings*, reflects the title of Ovid's book of poetry in exile and the book of poetry that David is intending to produce in exile. However, he never does. He develops mumps, which—when contracted as an adult—can (and does) leave a man sterile. Now his "seed," his inspiration, is dried up, both literally and figuratively. Instead, he drinks heavily and neglects everything, his wife, his job, and his intended career. At one point, in a drunken ramble directed at Allison, he begins to stare out a window and muse in a lyrical vein. He checks himself, and says:

> There's a nice little poem hidden away in all this, you know. The only problem is, how the hell does a cry of despair, because that is what it would be if I wrote it, how does that fit into a volume called *Rejoicings*? Come to think of it though, is there anything left in my life that could be an occasion for rejoicing? And even if by some miracle there was, doesn't look as if I'd be able to do anything about it, does it. Do you know how long it has been since I've written a line about anything? The ink in my fountain pen has clotted and dried up like the blood in a dead man's veins. God knows I've tried to get it flowing again but if my writing ever had a heart it has stopped beating. I'm drought-stricken…an officially declared drought-stricken area. (Fugard 33)

David has come to an understanding of himself and the effect that exile from his home has had upon him. David could have stayed at home and accepted not being published or read again; He could have faced imprisonment for speaking out; however, he chose exile, and the exile itself has crushed him. He goes on to tell Allison, "We should never have left. I would have survived solitary confinement back home. I won't survive freedom here" (Fugard 34).

Even Garvin Wales, in *Pompey's Head*, the one character who has most thrived from his Hemingwayesque life, is aware that his source is his home in The South; when

Anson finally meets the aged writer, in the scene that includes the denouement of the tale, Garvin reveals his closely guarded secret, the one that creates the crux of the story. Thinking back to first causes, and to his life just after his first book was published, Garvin tells Anson: "'I only had one subject," Wales said. "The South. I had the war, too, every man who's been in a war has that, and I also had that time I was in Central America and my two voyages as a seaman. But my real subject was the South'" (Basso 395).

In each case we have an individual of a somewhat liberal bent voluntarily choosing exile from their homeland. However, in spite of both David's and Garvin's liberal stance within society, in both works we also have the dynamics of white/black race relations complicated by the fact that each is hiding a blood relationship with a black person. In David's case, in Sorrows, it is his sexual union with and love for Marta, the colored maid of his family, and the resultant mixed race daughter that he fails to acknowledge. In Garvin Wales case, in *The View from Pompey's Head*, his success with his first novel has led to the return to his life of his mother, who he discovers to be officially a "black" woman, so light skinned in complexion that she could "pass" for white. For David, the stigma of "loving" a colored woman and fathering a mixed race child would, both David and Marta believe, harm his career. For Garvin, the stigma of being the child of an "officially" black woman (making him officially black) would remove from his grasp the prize he has been reaching for—the climb out of his lower class, hardscrabble, white trash background (pushed down to the even lower echelons of being "black")—along with the loss of his newly acquired, beautiful—South Carolina social elite—wife. In both, the liberal is opposed to the conservative white establishment and the racial injustices of official discrimination within their society, but unwilling to reveal their own involvement with the "other" race.

Finally, one finds the further theme that each work shares: the "Return" home. As noted, this is a crucial construct that Basso consciously worked within: the idea of exile and return. Although it is not necessarily a long-term theme of Fugard's, it is certainly a primary theme of this play. Indeed, Fugard goes so far as to utilize a quote from Ovid's *Tristia* as the epigraph of the play, a foreshadowing of the "Sorrows" that his exile will mean to David. Unlike Ovid, who never saw Rome again, David does return from London. He is ill and dying. He never lived up to the promise of his literary youth, because leaving the land stripped from him the source of his voice. It should be noted that the differences in era are most notable now. David comes home to a Post-Apartheid South Africa. He has come home to die. He is no longer active, politically, or on any other level than his illness, but his unacknowledged daughter will now live in a less repressive world. Still, the play is not primarily a play concerning race relationships in spite of its subplot of interracial love and the child that was a result of the union.

Meanwhile, Anson Page, in *Pompey's Head*, has returned to 1950s South Carolina. Aside from the mixed race heritage of Garvin, which is the mystery to be revealed in the story, the level of engagement with racial issues in the story is nearly non-existent. Basso has Anson much more engaged within a novel of manners, of returning to the mores of a socially stratified, highly conservative, white South Carolina. Unlike any of the other characters, he returns in the end to his exile in the North, where, though an outsider, he has more freedom. Talking to a porter at the train station as he is leaving town, the last

lines of the novel reveal the continuing stultifying atmosphere from his perspective:

> "Well, sir," he said, "how did you find things in Old Pompey? Just the same?"
>
> "Yes," Anson said. "Just the same" (Basso 409).

This lack of direct engagement with racial issues in *Pompey's Head* does represent a difference in the sensibilities of the two works. In spite of the fact that Sorrows is not directly about racial issues, there is a level of engagement. David, as a college student, had been directly engaged in anti-apartheid demonstrations. He is a liberal in favor of the cause. This ultimately makes his failure to acknowledge his relationship and his daughter quite shameful, and the power of the emotions represented by that failure is the base of the daughter's discontent in the tale.

In *Pompey's Head*, there is no such engagement with the racial issue involved. Even taking into consideration that the novel was written and published before the Civil Rights movement, there was still a significant amount of Civil Rights activity going on in the country in the 1950s. Basso's decision to essentially ignore developing characters that represented 30 to 40 % of the population of South Carolina at the time, while simultaneously developing a storyline that relied on the revelation of the slightly mixed race heritage of one of the "white" characters, can only come under the heading of what Toni Morrison pointed out in her essay "Black Matters"; the liberal white's tendency in America to ignore bringing the potentially explosive dynamic of racial relations into their work, since any attempt at creating viable characters would entail developing notable characteristics—characteristics that might suggest differences in the races. The white liberal in America would not want to be accused of pointing out differences in the races, so they drop the challenge completely. This represents a significant difference between the two works, and perhaps between the respective liberal subcultures. Still, the two literary works point out the thematic similarities—the sensibilities—of two regions that underwent similar experiences.

So, the question arises: can South Carolina, or the American South in general, be considered to have existed in the 1950s as a post-colonial society? Are thematic similarities in some of the literature enough to consider? On the basis of comparing literature alone, probably not—but, there are other considerations. Postcolonial societies seem to share a sense of "otherness," a tendency to engage in collective navel gazing and self-consideration of their unusual dynamics within the world. This would certainly be true of the American South, whose intellectuals have long engaged in pointing out their uniqueness within America. Benjamin Schwarz, in *The Atlantic Online*, reviewing several books about the region in an article entitled "The Idea of the South," quotes Reynolds Price of North Carolina in a discussion of geographic and cultural differences within the United States:

> I can travel from Durham, North Carolina, to Jackson, Mississippi, which is a distance of 800 miles, and find that people are still speaking almost exactly the same dialect that I have grown up with and known all my life, whereas I can go from Durham, North Carolina, to Philadelphia, a distance of 400 miles, and find them speaking an utterly different dialect ... So it's not so

much a matter of geographical distance as it is of a prevailing tradition over a large part of the country. (qtd. in Schwarz, par. 14)

This sense of "otherness" can also be noted in other societies, and is discussed in the works from those regions. One example is India. In the novel *Shadow Lines* by Amitav Ghosh, a character reflects on why events that happened in Srinagar, in Kashmir, led to riots hundreds of miles away in Calcutta, within the Indian State of West Bengal, and in Dhakka, within the former state of East Pakistan, or East Bengal. News of the event that leads to the riots had raced across India by word of mouth within a week. Picking up a toy compass and a map of Asia, the character begins to draw circles on the map. He discovers that the distance from Khulna, in East Pakistan, to Srinagar, is 1200 miles. With Khulna as its center, the arc of the compass passes through Srinagar and also passes through distant countries on the other side of the area's circumference. He muses on the fact that:

> Chiang Mai in Thailand was much nearer Calcutta than Delhi is; that Chengdu in China is nearer than Srinagar is. Yet I had never heard of those places until I drew my circle, and I cannot remember a time when I had not heard of Delhi or Srinagar. It showed me that Hanoi and Chungking are nearer Khulna than Srinagar, and yet did the people of Khulna care at all about the fate of the mosques in Vietnam and South China (a mere stone's throw away)? I doubted it. But in this other direction, it took no more than a week (Ghosh 227).

This is more than mere national identity, for it is dealing with different countries, as it would be if dealing with Khulna and Hanoi. This is a sense of a separate identity—one that ties Khulna to Srinigar but not Chungking, just as Price's sensibility ties Durham to Jackson, but not Philadelphia.

There can be found the same sensibility of "otherness" in Derek Walcott—if expressed from a point of view of taking away—of negation; Walcott considers the dynamics of being a colonial within the Caribbean, of being of mixed race within a culture defined by its European and African cross-currents, and always struggling to avoid being defined by either. In his essay "What the Twilight Knows: An Overture," he rejects the move away from European Culture if it includes a move toward African Culture. He rejects anything that only embraces one side of his heritage or overemphasizes one over the other, saying: "…mongrel as I am, something prickles in me when I see the word Ashanti as with the word Warwickshire, both separately intimating my grandfathers' roots, both baptizing this neither proud nor ashamed bastard, this hybrid, this West Indian"(Walcott 10).

Clearly, The American South's sense of uniqueness, of being "other" than another region or area or nation, is not an isolated sensibility. It is a sensibility that is common within post-colonial societies.

It is not this sense of otherness alone, however, that tends to define a post-colonial society. It is also the sense that the occupier, the colonizer, has changed the society, forcing their own ways of thinking and seeing onto the colonized people. Walcott provides an excellent comment upon this. He notes that the very language they use is the language of the imperial occupier and has its impact upon the mental effort to cope with the West Indian intellectual's colonial status: "All these are affirmations of identity, however forced. Our bodies think in one language and move in another, yet it should have become clear,

even to our newest hybrid, the black critic who accuses poets of betraying dialect, that the language of exegesis is English, that the manic absurdity would be to give up thought because it is white"(Walcott 31).

Edward Said, in the introduction to his work, "Orientalism," carries this dynamic farther. He points out that one factor of imperialism has been to bring education to the colony, to bring literature and learning as a way to define knowledge on the Imperialist's terms (Said). Although the American South already shared literature and learning with the North, the loss of the war and the occupation during Reconstruction did lead to this very change in thinking that both Walcott and Said have noted. The advent of "The New South" represents this very change in thinking and culture. The South began a turn from its antebellum agrarian society to a more urban, industrialized "America". It took time for this to fully develop, and the conservative natures of the white establishment lead to moments of intellectual "reaction," such as the literary "Agrarians" with their recidivist manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand*. However, eventually "The Sun Belt" emerged as one of the most American of regions, firmly capitalistic and progressive (in business if not politics), and one of the most successful remoldings of regional or national characters in the world, able to stand as an example alongside any of the accomplishments in colonial nation-building that the British or any other colonial power accomplished in any other part of the world.

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Jersey Shores

In recent years
These streets have taken on strange voices
Rust, spun beneath these pavement stones,
At every glance, poles dangle and
Meter-thick glass fragmented
Rancorous plates of iron
Echo-chewing man-made phalluses,
Their massive milk-while light unloaded, fading
Little by little in wheelbarrows through my window.

When I wake
Least expecting it,
Gone
The floral headdresses and crass skirts I'd saved up a lifetime for
Instead.
Under crowded beaches, or what is left
lined with two-star hotels, aging discos
Something called a casino here and there
No longer catering to bitch vendors and beach masseurs
Barely carving their living into a pound of flesh
Blind musicians
Cathouse whores
Among a fever-pitched wealth of blue-shaven chins
My evening shadow

Cheaper services long gone,
Now stand
Extorting police and revenuers alike

Harbingers and their grimaces
Against the thin noses of the wanton and wanted
The dribbling glances dollop houndish ambition
Now stripped bare
Throats, barely agape and dry
Not a single miracle left
For their senses

Impotent and cheated
By this stage and
My life
No other exits
I'll torch my room
Head back into the streets
Maybe someone still remembers where.

—James A. Wren

Photo: Anne Jevne

Space of One's Own: The Confinement of Artificial Spaces in Edith Wharton's *Summer* and Willa Cather's *The Professor's House*

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In scholarship concerning Edith Wharton's and Willa Cather's work, scholars have tended to focus on the gender structures and confinement of Wharton's Charity Royall, while most Cather scholars have analyzed relationship between Professor St.Peter and Tom Outland. However, the intersection of space and character in both of these seemingly disparate novels brings together these authors and their characters. Both Charity and St. Peter have rooms of their own—spaces in the novel which seem to serve as isolated sanctuaries for these characters. However, these rooms of their own do not serve to bring these characters and self-exploration or identification. Rather, the rooms of their own serve as confining spaces in which these characters are reminded of other familial relations from which they wish to distance themselves. Thus, these spaces do not isolate, but are penetrated by Mr. Royall and by St. Peter's wife and children. As such, the architectural spaces in *Summer* **and** *The Professor's House* are representations of the characters' bonds with their families in these texts. Charity and St. Peter are reminded of their troubled relationships with their families in these rooms, and thus yearn to leave

their confining rooms in order to return to the organic nature outside of these artificial architectural confines.

Summer has tended to be analyzed through gender psychological and sociological frameworks, but some scholars have framed Wharton's work in terms of the relationship between space and psyche. Lisa Stephenson writes that Wharton "characterizes the modern novel as a product of design" (1097). Wharton's interest in architectural space and design translated into both her arrangement of the novel itself, but also her presentation of rooms, spaces, and characters' movements within those spaces. Stephenson claims that in *Summer***,** the North Dormer library serves as "a claustrophobic 'prison-house'" for Charity, as "Its dusty, tomb-like space mirrors Charity's sense of paralysis within the limiting boundaries of North Dormer" (1099). The library does represent a confining space in which Charity is reminded of her personal confinement in relation to her potential roles in life as a female. However, her bedroom within Royall's home represents a more immediate *prison-house* in which Charity is physically and emotionally confined for much of the novel by Royall. Annette Benert argues that Wharton "create[d] in the structures themselves the evidence and emblems of a tyranny that is exercised by people of privilege" (94). In the Royall home, Charity's containment in her room suggests that Royall, in his ownership of the entire home, exercises his power over Charity through her confinement in the room, as Wharton's "Structures of enclosure dramatically conjoin her architectural expertise and her horrified fascination with the extremities of human oppression" (94). Thus, architecture and the relationality of characters are inextricable tied in much of Wharton's work, and Charity's relation to Royall is tied to her physical relationship to her room in his home. Claire Preston also argues that architecture, in Wharton's works, serves to reveal the underlying social arrangements of her characters, but the female characters' relationship with nature is also telling of their social interactions, as "Even the Mountain in Summer has a more coherent and organic social disposition" then the architectural spaces in the novel (64). Thus, Charity's room of her own in the Royall home does not serve to liberate her, but as scholars conjecture, it confines and reminds her of the power under which the house functions—Mr. Royall. Nature, in *Summer*, serves as the counter to this confined architectural space. It is from the confinements of her bedroom that Charity flees to spend time in nature, on the hillside, and in the mountain.

The Professor's House has elicited much scholarship surrounding the relationship between Tom and St. Peter and the themes of aging and vicarious living. However, St. Peter's relationship with Tom is a result of his deeper fraught relationship with spaces in the novel. According to Cynthia K. Briggs, St. Peter, as well as many of Cather's other characters, is set in a "pattern, creating a private, sheltered space that opens on an expansive view of the world" and this room "is a place of spiritual and practical order in which a person is nourished and from which a person can securely move into the world" (159). Thus, according to Briggs, St. Peter is isolated in his room, but this isolation is complemented by his ability to look outside—to penetrate the walls and view the world from his sanctuary. Cather, herself, has claimed that in *The Professor's House* "I tried to make Professor St. Peter's house crowded and stuffy ... Then I wanted to open the square window and let in the fresh air that blew off the Blue Mesa" (31-2). Thus, St. Peter's

room of his own—his office—is a space in which he is seemingly isolated, but has the freedom to open up to the world and view it from a distance. Though this may be true, St. Peter's room, nonetheless does physically and metaphorically suffocate him. Despite his ability to open windows, this room still haunts him and confines him through the novel, as he is not able to actually breathe in the air of the Mesa. Thus, these scholars and Cather herself have focused on St. Peter's ability to confine or release himself from his room, but because he doesn't release himself through the novel, his office seems to be a more sinister, confining *prison-house*, much like Charity's bedroom.

In *A Room of One's Own*, Virginia Woolf states that writing and self-realization are only possible when one has "money and a room of her own" (4). Though Woolf was specifically writing this piece about women's relationship with writing, her statement nonetheless declares that a room and money are already in the possession of scholarly males, and are conducive to their writing, while women must strive to achieve this level of freedom. As Lisa Stephenson claims, "Contemplation and the cultivation of self-knowledge occur in private, interior spaces such as libraries and sitting rooms" (1102). She affirms Woolf's notion that spaces are directly and causally related to one's ability to think and self-reflect. Likewise, Cynthia Briggs claims, the "sanctuary" of a room of one's own is how "space feeds the spirit" (160). All of these authors connect the physical architecture of space with one's inner ability to think and reflect, whether through writing or simple contemplation. However, I want to complicate these authors' analyses by arguing that having "a room of one's own" and money to accompany it are not enough for self-realization. The kind of room one inhabits must fit other criteria other than it simply belonging to the individual. Charity Royall's and Professor St. Peter's experiences in rooms of their own complicate Woolf's idea by problematizing what it means for a room to be one's own. Though it is Charity's room, the home itself belongs to Royall and he is able to penetrate the walls of her room as he pleases, making her room a space of confinement and a reaffirmation of the psychological control Royall has over her as her adoptive father and later as her husband. Likewise, St. Peter's office serves as the quintessential literary sanctuary for Woolf—a space in which he is submerged in other literature and has the isolation and space to create his own work. However, even though St. Peter has the room of his own, his office is, again, within the bounds of his home—his walls are penetrated by the reminder of his relationship to his family, as his walls serve as the boundaries connecting him with the rest of the family home.

To analyze the ways in which Charity Royall and Professor St. Peter fluctuate between artificial architectural spaces and organic natural environments, I will first look at the rooms belonging to these characters. The earliest presentations of Charity and St. Peter in rooms of their own present their confinement—the ways in which others have physically and emotionally entered into these supposed sanctuaries of solitude. Then, I will look at the escapes these characters make from the confines of their rooms. However, after Charity escapes to the mountain and St. Peter vicariously escapes to the Mesa, these characters, nonetheless, return to their rooms. Finally, I will look at the reasons these characters return to their rooms and the ways in which their rooms continue to pose a menacing threat to Charity and St. Peter. Specifically, Royall's presence is even more prominent when she returns to her room, while St. Peter's room becomes a health hazard

to him. However, before these characters venture out and back to their rooms, they first must establish the rooms as their own.

In the Royall home, Charity has a bedroom dedicated specifically to her by her adoptive (though not legally adopted) father Royall. This is the room in which Charity sleeps and finds sanctuary from the rest of the house—in the ordinary sense of a home, this is her bedroom. However, Mr. Royall owns the home, and by extension, Charity's room. Throughout the novel, Royall freely enters Charity's room, without asking for consent. This entrance doesn't seem to be threatening, until Royall penetrates her room with the intent of sexual intercourse. After "he put his foot across the threshold, she stretched out her arm and stopped him" (71). Though she stopped him from further sexual advancement, Royall has nonetheless already crossed her threshold of privacy in Charity's room. That he is able to open the door and cross this personal threshold without Charity's consent reveals the extent to which this room, though Charity's by name, is nonetheless open territory for Mr. Royall's advancement. Thus, in Virginia Woolf's conception of having a room of one's own, Charity does not have her room because she does not financially sustain the room and her familial obligation to Royall interferes with her having the room entirely to herself.

St. Peter's office is seemingly a place of sanctuary for his studies, but this isolated space is only isolated insofar as its walls are surrounded by the rest of his home. Though "[t]his was the place where he worked," St. Peter's office is an artificial space: "it was a sham" (8). The office in which St. Peter was supposed to find solace and sanctuary was a place that was merely artifice. First, like Charity's bedroom he worked in the office, "And not he alone" (8). Augusta penetrated and crossed the threshold into his office, and her forms likewise had a place in his room. Though this visitor is invited and encouraged by St. Peter to visit, she nonetheless enters into his sanctuary, bringing the outside world into his space. Like Charity's room, this space is not fully a reflection of St. Peter because it has the presence of another, and as such, her presence reminds St. Peter of his life outside of those walls—his relationships and his familial obligations. Thus, just as Charity is reminded of Royall's overbearing presence through her room, so St. Peter is reminded of his familial relations and the power his wife and children have over his choices in life.

Charity's and St. Peter's rooms are only rooms of their own to the extent that they are isolated from the outside world—and neither room is truly isolated from the social and familial relations and obligations. The isolation needed for these characters to self-reflect and self-identify beyond their relations to others is not provided by these rooms. The construction of these rooms within larger homes prevents them from being true rooms of their own: they are "sham[s]" (Cather 8). The suggestion that one may have a room all to oneself may itself be a sham. The familial and social bonds which these characters maintain, for good and ill, penetrate into their personal spaces, just as those social bonds penetrate and form their identities. Thus, just as Charity can never rid herself of the stigma of being rescued by Royall, so she can never fully expunge him from her room either. Likewise, as much as St. Peter desires to fully separate and isolate his family life from his studies, he cannot fully separate the two. Even in his isolated room to which no others may penetrate (unlike Charity's room), the presence of his family beyond the walls of the office penetrate within.

In *Summer* and *The Professor's House*, the confinement and artificiality of these characters' rooms become too suffocating and both of these characters experience a return to nature. For Charity, her multiple trips to the hillside to daydream are small journeys into nature, but her two major pilgrimages to the mountain serve as her return to nature—to the primitive, yet organic lifestyle of the mountain people. Likewise St. Peter uses his garden as a small escape from the confines of his home and his office, but it is in his vicarious experience of Tom's adventures on the Mesa that St. Peter psychologically returns to nature. Much like Charity's mountain, the Mesa reveals a primitive existence, but it is an organic and free form of living that St. Peter has not known.

Charity uses nature as a retreat from her work and home life. While she "hate[s] everything" when she is trapped in the confines of the library and Royall crosses the threshold in her bedroom, when she returns to nature—to the hillside in North Dormer, she finds a solace and sweetness that isn't present when she is indoors (56). When she is resting on the hillside, "Every leaf and bud and blade seemed to contribute its exhalation to the pervading sweetness in which the pungency of pine-sap prevailed over the spice of thyme and the subtle perfume of fern, and all were merged in a moist earth-smell that was like the breath of some huge sun-warmed animal" (89). Charity finds "sweetness" and is able to "exhale" when she ventures into nature. It is a comforting presence for her that is juxtaposed against the confinement she feels in the architectural spaces of North Dormer.

St. Peter's garden served as a small escape from the confines of his office and his family home. "In the spring, when homesickness for other lands and the fret of things

unaccomplished awoke, he worked off his discontent here" (6). This garden, the open nature gives St. Peter the feeling of freedom and the open space required for him to self-reflect, which he does not get from his own office. After twenty years of tending, St. Peter "had got the upper hand of it" (6). This garden, unlike his relations with his family or the borders and contents of his office, is something St. Peter is able to completely control. Much like Charity, it is in this garden that St. Peter feels freedom from others, and by extension, control over his own life and his surroundings.

Beyond her small escapades on the hillside, Charity makes her full return to nature in her first and second attempts to reach the mountain. She claims "'I'll, go to the Mountain—I'll go back to my own folks'" (162). Just as she turned to organic nature whenever she felt confined and stifled in the buildings of North Dormer, so she turned to the Mountain when she could not bear the company of the North Dormer citizens. However, this first trip to the Mountain is cut short by Harney's rescuing on her journey. After she learns of her pregnancy, however, she again decides to return to the Mountain, as "She supposed it was something in her blood that made the Mountain the only answer to her questioning, the inevitable escape from all that hemmed her in and beset her" (217). Because Charity struggled to connect socially with the townsfolk and she couldn't remain contained in the architectural confines of North Dormer, Charity committed to a full pilgrimage back to the primitive nature of the Mountain people—her people.

St. Peter's full pilgrimage into nature occurs not in a physical escape like Charity, but in a psychological escape through his vicarious reading and reflecting on Tom Outland's adventures. St. Peter saw that "The desk was a shelter one could hide behind, it was a

hole one could creep into" (141). Indeed, St. Peter did situate himself within his office, behind his desk, and then peered out into the nature beyond through Tom's experience. Again, Cather claimed "to open the square window and let in the fresh air that blew off the Blue Mesa" (32). From behind his desk, St. Peter entered into the "flat country" of the Mesa, on which "landmarks mean so much" (165). Likewise, St. Peter entered the caves of the "extinct civilization" of primitive people and noted the architecture and artifacts of this long-gone community (180). Just as Charity does a sociological survey of the mountain people, so St. Peter surveys the primitive lifestyle of the Mesa people through Tom's findings.

Both Charity and St. Peter escape the artificial confines of their rooms for the organic nature for which they yearn. Though their returns to nature were organic and freeing, as these characters were no longer surrounded by their overbearing familial obligations, the return to nature was nonetheless unsustainable for both Charity and St. Peter. These characters were finally able to start self-identifying outside of and beyond their relations with others, but the primitive cultures which they encounter are representative of their primitive selves—what exists beyond their homes, money and their relationships. Charity sees the true nature that exists in the Mountain. Though the people are free from the social confines of North Dormer, they nonetheless live as "drink-dazed creatures" in "savage misery" (234, 229). This primitive behavior is not the clean, pristine nature which Charity desired to return to, but represents a more difficult and frightening primitive nature. St. Peter comes to realize the new self he sees that "The Kansas boy who had come back to St. Peter this summer was not a scholar. He was a primitive. He was only interested in earth and woods and water" (241). Like Charity, St. Peter realizes his new self in nature, where he has rejected his social surroundings, but this includes the work he was passionate about. Both of these characters recognize that a return to nature requires some form of social sacrifice, and while they are willing to give up certain social standards, Charity is not willing to sacrifice her social tact, while St. Peter cannot give up his studies and his passion for the work he has done and continues to work on.

Yet both Charity and St. Peter return to the rooms which formerly and presently confine them. Though the confines of their homes and rooms prevent self-liberation or exploration, the utter freedom of the organic nature and the loss of all social connection is not a sacrifice these characters are willing to make. These characters return to the artificial confines of their rooms in order to reassemble their social structures and affiliations.

Charity returns to her room in Royall's home because she rejects the primitive society she finds on the mountain, and by extension, her primitive roots in that culture. The humans looking like "nocturnal animals" and the children appearing to be "poor creatures" force Charity to reassess her plan (226, 234). Charity is not willing to expose herself to this kind of living, much less her unborn child. Thus, Charity notes her social responsibility to her child in the more civilized town of North Dormer. Likewise, St. Peter returns to the confinement of his room, as he never really left the confines of his office or his desk. The reason he never leaves, he only vicariously ventures to the Mesa, is because he also recognizes his social responsibility to his family.

Charity recognizes the social responsibility she has over her new child and recognizes

the importance of society for that child. Charity felt "she could not remain at North Dormer [...] but everything beyond was darkness" (237). Confronted with the harsh confines of North Dormer as well as the primitive savagery of the Mountain, Charity decided to pick the more endurable society for her and her child. As a female with child, no other option was presented to Charity beyond these two communities, and though nature allows her the freedom to express herself, Charity chooses to bring her baby into a community that is less brutal and carnal. As Charity made this decision, "She felt her resistance melting, her strength slipping away from her as he spoke" (242). As she gave up her resistance to the town, so she also gave up her resistance to Mr. Royall. The man who drove her into the wilderness and who made the social life in the city unbearable for Charity became her husband when she had no alternatives. Thus, Charity ends the story in the same place where she began—in her bedroom in Royall's house.

Though she ends up back in the artificial confines of her room, Charity is nonetheless different when she returns to Royall's home. No longer does she have the energy and compulsion to resist the town, the social hierarchies, and Royall, and she gives in to the "irresistible current" of life—her marriage to Royall (243). Thus, upon her wedding night, Charity lay in bed, as "Trembling and holding her breath she watched him, fearing that he had been roused by her movement,; but he did not stir, and she concluded that he wished her to think he was asleep" (250). Charity's return to her room mirrors her earlier situation in Royall's home—Royall, again, crosses the threshold into her room without asking permission, and he sits next to her bed while she sleeps. Her space is not her own. The little freedom she found on her hillside and in her journey up the Mountain is gone,

as she is back in the space which is defined by her relation to Royall—now her husband.

St. Peter also returns to his office after his struggles to decide where to situate himself after his journey to the Mesa: "He really didn't see what he was going to do about the matter of domicile. He couldn't make himself believe that he was ever going to live in the new house again" (247). St. Peter cannot fully move into his new home with his family, but neither does he think he can remain in his old home, alone, ignoring his familial responsibility to live with and take care of his wife and children. St. Peter notes that "The university, his new house, his old house, everything around him, seemed insupportable" (131). He cannot situate himself in any of these spaces, as he is unable to fully sacrifice his social and scholarly commitments in order to return to nature, but he also dreads the confines of the domestic spaces in the novel. While trying to decide where to settle, St. Peter situates himself back in his old office.

However, much like Charity's room is penetrated again after she marries Royall, so St. Peter's office was menacing him. As "The storm had blown the stove out and the window shut," St. Peter's office began to fill with gas (252). Upon noticing the threat, however, much like Charity's response to Mr. Royall's presence, St. Peter passively accepted the encroachment of the threat. He notes that "The thing to do was to get up and open the window," but instead St. Peter asks, "How far was a man required to exert himself against accident?" and he left the window closed (252). Just as Charity gave in to the "irresistible current", St. Peter's return to his office is a giving into to some fate or accident that he claims to be unaccountable for.

Both *Summer* and *The Professor's House* have ambiguous endings. Though both

characters seem to meet tragic fates, returning to the prison-houses of their confined spaces, and they both give into external forces and pressures, the endings are also open for some hope for these characters. After Charity marries Royall and returns to his home, she seems to be confined and trapped, again, under his influence without her own sanctuary beyond his reach. However, at the end of the novel, Royall notes, "'You're a good girl, Charity'" and she responds, "'I guess you're good, too'" (255). Though Royall has been a domineering and authoritative agent in Charity's life, this conversation is ambiguous as to what *good* means. *Good enough* may be the best that Charity can ask for in her situation as a single, pregnant woman. *Good* may also be a better descriptor for a relationship than abusive or dangerous relationships. But *good* also seems to fall short of happy, loving, passionate, caring, or many other descriptors of loving relationships. So while good describes some positive qualities between these characters who are now wed, good also seems to fall short of what Charity has expected in life. Compared to the "sweetness" and freedom she felt in nature, her good relationship with Royall doesn't seem to match this passion she has for open spaces. Charity's choice to return to the confines of her room seems to be a good choice compared to the mountain, but there is no great choice for her that frees her from the architectural confines of North Dormer.

The Professor's House, likewise, has an ambiguous ending. Much like Charity settles for good or good enough with Royall, St. Peter is socially confused about how to situate himself in relation to his family. At the end of the text, it is noted that "At least, he felt the ground under his feet. He thought he knew where he was, and that he could face with fortitude the Berengaria and the future" (258). Again, St. Peter concludes his thoughts with "at least" as though he has received only the minimum amount of satisfaction in his position. Though he has lost his old office (as he cannot return to the dangerous room), and he still detests the new home, he nonetheless has "ground under his feet" (258). If St. Peter is happy to be alive, then the ground beneath his feet is a reaffirmation of the life he still lives, no matter what spaces he inhabits. Or the ground under him could refer to the earth and nature on which he stands, for he still has the connection to nature which he noted in his garden and through his longing to visit the Mesa. If he is ultimately returning to nature, through his garden or another way, then he has finally lost the confining walls of his study which confined and suffocated him. However, if all St. Peter has is the ground beneath his feet, then it seems he is missing much more from his life. He is missing the structures of home, of university, and the companionship of his fellow men. St. Peter, like Charity, sits at an integral point where the *ground* beneath him could be representative of the open space which he sought, or it could be representative, again, of one aspect of his architectural surroundings—another border which confines him. If he had lost his life in his old office, perhaps he would not have ground confining him from below.

Edith Wharton and Willa Cather both had rooms in which they did their writing. They saught sanctuary and isolation in these spaces in order to fulfill Virginia Woolf's assertion that in order for individuals to write, self-reflect, or self-identify, the individual needs to have a room of one's own and the money to sustain that room and the necessities of life. Cynthia Briggs notes that Cather "took long sojourns on Mount Monadnock and through the surrounding countryside" to write and contemplate (159). However, Doris

Grumbach notes that Cather found a "private place in the attic" to isolate herself and write when she was young (327). Wharton, likewise, used space not only to physically prepare herself to write, but she used architectural spaces and configurations as a form for her writing. Lisa Stephenson notes that Wharton had a "custom of relating novelistic form to architectural design" (1097). Much like Cather, Wharton was attuned to the spaces in which she wrote and the ways in which architectural spaces impact and define literature. Both of these authors, thus, were able to find the space, within or beyond architectural walls, to do their writing and thinking. Their characters, Charity and St. Peter, however, struggle to find the same freedom these authors had.

In *Summer* **and** *The Professor's House*, the rooms belonging to the primary characters do not fulfill Virginia Woolf's definition of a room of one's own. These rooms are confining to the characters and the walls are too permeable to the social world around them. Thus, as St. Peter notes, the architectural structure of these rooms are "shams"—they do not isolate these characters from their relationships. Nature, thus, provides an escape for these characters. As Cather explored Mount Monadnock to write and Wharton explored the land surrounding her properties, so Charity and St. Peter return to nature to free them from the walls of their homes. But Charity's hillside is still in the confines of North Dormer and St. Peter's garden sits next to his home, and both of these locations are trespassed by others. Thus, both Charity and St. Peter return to a deeper, more primitive nature in the Mountain and the vicarious travels through Tom on the Mesa. The primitive nature proves unsustainable for both characters, as they cannot reject all of their social responsibilities and pressures to return to primal nature. Thus these characters return to their rooms—confining though they are. These characters seemingly end their stories in tragedy as they are again trapped within the architectural and social bounds of their community. The ambiguous endings of these novels underscore the problematic situations of these characters. At the end of *Summer*, Charity's ambiguous feelings about her relationship with Royall is a result of the problem she faced in deciding between two spaces in which she felt uncomfortable—both on the Mountain and in Royall's home. Likewise, St. Peter's feelings are ambiguous about the ground on which he stands as to whether it is a comforting ground in which he is free or if that ground is part of a confining structure. Both of these characters fluctuate between those artificial architectural locations and the organic nature, but neither character consclusively found the freedom which they sought.

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‘Mounting his High Tower’: The Detective as a Function of Narrative in Bleak House

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Dickens’s novel of London, *Bleak House,* uses the labyrinthine cityscape to house a web of characters and plot lines. As the novel progresses, plots and characters converge to moments of encounter, connection, or resolution. A crucial figure in spatial and temporal convergence is Dickens’s detective figure, Mr. Bucket. Critics have established a detective’s role in fiction much positioned around agency. D.A. Miller argues Bucket is representative of all police and therefore of disciplinary power (70), while other critics argue the job of the detective is to return moral order to society. I should like to contend that Bucket’s purpose in the novel is to serve as a vehicle for narrative mobility. There is little evidence that Bucket is driven by a moral compass. Rather, his purpose is a function of narrativity, helping move and shape the narrative much like an independent narrator. Bucket appears when he is needed, and therefore actually does not enter the text until a third of the way through. Once Bucket materializes into the text, though, he drives and directs the narrative with a purpose of functioning spatially and temporally, moving action forward amid the backdrop of the vast city of London. Bucket’s extraordinary omniscience and navigational skills thereby make him less a human character and more

a signifier of narrative progression.

Critics of detective fiction tend to focus on the inherent power of the detective figure. For D.A. Miller, Mr. Bucket demonstrates that "law enforcement is capable of showing a human face" (70). Stephen Knight argues that crime narratives serve a moral social purpose. He argues specifically of *Bleak House*: "Bucket's detection is not as important as, nor key to, the exposition of social crimes that permeate this massive account of nationally perceived threats and values" (47). Detection, then, becomes a process of maintaining social and moral order, which again gives the detective figure power. Without dismissing the detective figure's agency, I should like to consider another way he functions within the text. Bucket has noted powers of perception that impress other characters, but he is not limited to solving mysteries in a complex, entangled urban setting; Bucket effectively extends scope of vision and controls pace in the novel. His intuitive caliber as a detective, then, is reflective of his faculty as a narrative tool. This article will argue such a parallelism can been observed through Bucket's apparent and actual omniscience, his savvy navigational acumen, and his figurative manifestation of time and space convergence.

I. Omniscience

Bucket is capable of traversing landscapes and resolving the novel's conflicts because Dickens places him on the periphery and gives him omniscience. Bucket, serving as a police detective, is an outsider to the various social circles he must pass through in order to investigate. Yet it takes an outsider to solve crime because he can see from a wider vantage point. Paradoxically, the outsider is also very much an insider of the city. Bucket sees beyond the normal human scope of vision and seamlessly navigates the city. Therefore, he simultaneously exists within and without in order to solve crime. Bucket's ease of mobility positions him at various crucial vantage points that aid him in his pursuit of information or people. At times, Bucket physically positions himself in places to witness action, as when he says to George about his hunt for Gridley, "I know where my man is because I was on the roof last night and saw him through the skylight" (401-2). At other times, Bucket creates the appearance of omnipresence. This occurs in his conversation with Mercury about Lady Dedlock's evening habits. Bucket tells Mercury he saw him let Lady Dedlock into the garden and approximates a time and her manner of dressing (814-16). This gives the impression he actually saw her, which serves a useful technique in obtaining and verifying information. In this case, pretending to have seen proves just as effective as having actually seen. Such notable powers of vision are noticed by other characters, as Bucket seems to Mr. Snagsby "to possess an unlimited number of eyes" (363). The perception of omniscience is crucial to Bucket's influence on others, but also reflective of a mythic ubiquity not granted to other characters.

Bucket has what Emily Heady calls a "detached photographic eye" (334). Bucket's vantage point actually goes beyond a camera lens's capacity for he has apparent superhuman abilities of surveillance: "He has a keen eye for a crowd—as for what not?—and looking here and there, now from this side of the carriage, now from the other, now up at the house windows, now along the people's heads, nothing escapes him" (Dickens 804). Bucket's ability to see across the landscape is described literally and figuratively in ways that blur the lines of the real and the imaginary. Bucket is more than a detective, or even a human being; rather, his function is as a signifier of narrative progression to give access

to certain views of his perceptive scope, extend suspense, and eventually resolve plot. The apparent overlap of literal and figurative perception can best be seen in his pursuit of Lady Dedlock as he scans the expanse of the city:

> There he mounts a high tower in his mind and looks out far and wide. Many solitary figures he perceives creeping through the streets; many solitary figures out on heaths, and roads, and lying under haystacks. But the figure that he seeks is not among them. Other solitaries he perceives, in nooks of bridges, looking over; and in shadowed places down by the river's level; and a dark, dark, shapeless object drifting with the tide, more solitary than all, clings with a drowning hold on his attention. (864)

The "high tower in his mind" is the exclusive figurative vantage point given to Bucket that the reader has limited access to. We cannot see to the breadth or depth that he sees; and without his interiority, the our limited views cannot be meaningfully assembled. Bucket can hover over the city and see questionable figures in various places. He sees a "dark, dark shapeless object," a figurative manifestation of the woman he pursues. Seemingly, he has already foreseen her demise even if he cannot yet physically locate her. The passage evokes Bucket's transmundane vision, and momentarily pauses narrative progression as he zooms in on different corners of the labyrinthine cityscape in search of the figure that will tie up a lingering thread of plot.

Bucket's wide vantage point allows him to see across a horizon of the city. Structurally, the narrative form itself provides a framework for multiple horizons. Action is suspended, as the serial form cannot allow for its progression until the "dawning" of the next installment. Dickens creates suspense within his literary horizons rather than closure. It is the prolonged wait for the next installment that engages reader anticipation. Bucket exists within these horizons, detecting from afar, with a more expansive vantage point of the city and action than the reader, even though the reader has access to multiple narrative perspectives. For Elana Gomel, the fluctuation of narrative perspective provides a unique positioning for the reader: "'city-ness' is conveyed in *Bleak House* from two different perspectives: that of an omniscient third-person extradiegetic narrator and that of a first-person diegetic narrator, Esther Summerson. The novel's alternation between the bird's-eye view and the human-eye view creates two intersecting configurations of the urban space, the vertical and the horizontal" (300). While Esther's accounts are limited, the third person narrator presents a more expansive view of the city, and then zooms in and out of particular scenes. Yet while the reader has access to both perspectives, Bucket still sees more than the reader. Both the third person narrator and Esther narrate Bucket's movement, yet cannot penetrate his complete line of sight or interior deductive reasoning. The reader also has limited access to Bucket's narrative perspective. Dickens draws awareness to there being this third perspective, but does not disclose all Bucket sees or provide all his interior knowledge. Dickens does this in order to create suspense within the mystery plot. When Tulkinghorn is murdered, Dickens limits narration to evoke the mysterious atmosphere felt by the other characters. For Ian Ousby, the narrative fluctuations actually distort the reader's understanding of the text: "Like the characters themselves, [the reader] can understand events only partially and make mistaken guesses at their true nature. In these circumstances he relies on Bucket, as he had earlier relied on the third-person narrator, to re-establish the clarity of vision which the shift in narrative method has temporarily destroyed" (106). The reader's reliance on Bucket further extends

his powers of narrativity and omniscience. Partial understanding of circumstances will eventually be resolved by Bucket, but in the meantime, the reader is left in suspense and depends upon his movement and presentation of information to fill the gaps in narrative plot.

There is a parallel drawn between Bucket and the third person narrator: both have abilities of omniscience from afar and close up. Peter Thoms actually argues that a third person narrator "may engender an oppressive sense of widespread surveillance" (84). This is akin to Miller's notion of Bucket as representative of authority. There are few times Bucket's existence reflects a panopticonal oppressiveness, as when Jo is described as "possessed by an extraordinary terror of this person [Bucket] who ordered him to keep out of the way; in his ignorance, he believes this person to be everywhere, and cognizant of everything" (722). Jo fears Bucket's ubiquitous existence because his saturated presence is felt even when absent. George calls Bucket a "rum customer" (722)[1], further suggesting Bucket as a suspicious fellow. While such an impression on other characters may contribute to an authoritative influence, it also adds to Bucket being a perpetually mysterious and even mythical figure. As a figurative representation, both Bucket and his infamous forefinger are used as symbolic physicalities of narration. Mr. Snagsby's mulls on Bucket "with his forefinger and his confidential manner, impossible to be evaded or declined" (407). Here Snagsby notes Bucket's extraordinary abilities. He knows that Bucket and his finger can see all and know all. Therefore Bucket's position may be best described as inspiring sublime awe, stimulating both fear and wonder.

Due to his mobility and capacity for seeing from wide-range vantage points, Bucket becomes a part of the literary landscape while simultaneously a part of Dickens's cityscape. Bucket can be inserted into any place and time in the novel and successfully investigate and navigate his surroundings. In order to look at the ways Bucket functions within the landscape of the novel, we must first turn to the literal landscapes into which Bucket seamlessly materializes. This occurs with Bucket's first appearance in the novel, introducing his character with a touch of miraculous mysticism. The chapter titled, "Mr. Bucket" announces his entrance into the story. However, Bucket does not formally enter into the scene. He is already present in Mr. Tulkinghorn's room when Mr. Snagsby sees

> a person with a hat and stick in his hand who was not there when he himself came in and has not since entered by the door or by either of the windows. There is a press in the room, but its hinges have not creaked, nor has a step been audible upon the floor. . . . Except that he looks at Mr. Snagsby as if he were going to take his portrait, there is nothing remarkable about him at first sight but his ghostly manner of appearing. (355)

Bucket already exists within the narrative landscape when the reader and other characters first encounter him. His sudden appearance in the scene is mystical and "ghostly," for he does not physically enter, but is markedly already present in the room. This scene suggests Bucket has a superhuman ability of materialization. And as his heightened surveillance abilities enable him to see, in this scene Bucket's mystical presence allows him to listen. Later, Bucket materializes into a room again: "A servant came to the door to announce Mr. Bucket, which was quite unnecessary, for Mr. Bucket was already looking in over the servant's shoulder" (943). Bucket appears abruptly to blur the borderlines between his presence and absence in the text, and further impose his omniscient functionality.

As a detective figure Bucket needs to see and hear in order to solve the mysteries of

the city. Like his apparent "unlimited eyes," Bucket's use of disguise has the appearance of extraordinary transformative powers. While investigating, Bucket seems to magically appear: "the physician stopped, and taking off his hat, appeared to vanish by magic and to leave another and quite a different man in his place" (401). Dickens uses "vanish by magic" to heighten a perception of Bucket's supernatural, superhuman abilities of materialization. Bucket's magical qualities also extend to his finger: "Mr. Bucket and his fat forefinger are much in consultation together under existing circumstances . . . He puts it to his ears, and it whispers information; he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction" (803). Again Dickens invokes a mysticism that surrounds Bucket. He is more than human due to his omniscient abilities, but also because he is guided by a mystical voice that speaks to him through his finger. The finger, like Bucket himself, becomes another physical representation of a tool. Knowing information, heightening Bucket's senses, and manipulating other men, the finger serves as an embodiment of godly power and perception. The finger guides Bucket, who then guides the reader; but since the finger is physically attached to Bucket, its power easily transfers to the man and both collectively work to see and navigate through the narrative.

Bucket's mobility on the literary landscape also allows him to cross class lines. Through what Ousby calls a "supernatural mobility," Bucket is not bound by class (99). He knows his way through Tom-all-Alone's and he has an open invitation to the Chesney Wold, "where he comes and goes as he likes at all hours, where he is always welcome and made much of, where he knows the whole establishment, and walks in an atmosphere of mysterious greatness" (805). Dickens again uses mystical rhetoric to heighten Bucket's impression on others and further establish his extraordinary existence as a narrative tool. Bucket's social mobility in part comes from the persona he projects in the company of others. He is able to gain Dedlock's trust so much so that he can come and go as he pleases. The "mysterious greatness" of Bucket reflects the subliminal awe previously discussed, though in this case it is of admiration. Bucket's ease of mobility through Chesney Wold makes the home a microcosm for the city and for the novel itself. Bucket "knows the whole establishment," demonstrating his powers of omniscience in a domestic setting that is also reflective of his narrative omniscience.

By traversing social hierarchies Bucket actually resembles a detached narrative perspective. Gomel describes, "The extradiegetic narrator is a detached, disembodied observer, capable of hovering above the busy urban panorama or sliding up and down the totem pole of society because he is not part of it" (302). Bucket functions in the same way as Gomel's extradiegetic narrator, freely entering in and out of different class environments. Bucket also crosses class lines through his knowledge. He says to Dedlock, "I know so much about so many characters, high and low, that a piece of information more or less don't signify a straw. I don't suppose there's a move on the board that would surprise *me*" (818). Bucket asserts his extensive intellectual and social scope, claiming no action would surprise him. This is the case because he perpetually sees and knows all. Dickens gives Bucket the appearance of visual an knowledgeable omniscience to both influence other characters and direct the reader through a complicated structure of narrative text. For Christopher Pittard, Bucket has a vantage point in the middle of clashing classes: "With Bucket, Dickens at once created the prototype of the literary detective, and emphasised his uncertain status in society, as the figure who stands

halfway between respectable society and the criminals." But even positioned in between classes, Pittard notes, "Bucket has an air of omniscience." By not firmly situating his detective figure in a particular class, Dickens allows Bucket the social mobility needed to solve crime.

Bucket's influence is perpetuated by his mysterious nature and ubiquitous presence. When Bucket visits George and Mrs. Rouncewell the narrator observes, "He is a sharp-eyed man—a quick keen man—and he takes in everybody's look at him, all at once, individually and collectively, in a manner that stamps him a remarkable man" (759). The narrator again draws attention to Bucket's perceptive vision and acuity while noting his prominence. This observation supports Bucket's incontestable eminence that is later described through his "mysterious greatness" felt in Chesney Wold. Such observations seem to contrast, though, with Bucket's first appearance in the text: "there is nothing remarkable about him at first sight but his ghostly manner of appearing" (355). However, descriptions of Bucket as "remarkable" refer to his actions rather than his physical characteristics. It is his "sharp eyes" looking at everyone in the room that impress George and Mrs. Rouncewell. His "mysterious greatness" in Chesney Wold is noted by his movement through the grounds. And his materialization into Mr. Tulkinghorn's room is the noted remarkable action in Bucket's first scene. Therefore Bucket's mystical presence creates admirable awe that is heightened by his actions of surveying, moving, and appearing.

With such a narratological ubiquity and influence over other characters Bucket is the perfect tool for finding missing persons and solving crime. Having a vantage point on the periphery and within domestic intimacies situates Bucket in an ideal place for

both permeating and withdrawing from the text. In his analysis of crime and detective fiction, Dennis Porter emphasizes that landscape is: "as ideologically significant as stylistic level and the type of hero" (189). The cityscape of *Bleak House* contains many mysteries within its dark labyrinthine roads and permeating fog. Introducing a crime plot within such a setting requires Dickens to include a detective figure capable of navigating this complicated city. Porter argues "landscapes appear either as the source and extension of the crimes reported or their antithesis" (190). In *Bleak House,* London is muddy, foggy, and gassy. The landscape's descriptions invoke a feeling of suffocation. Such a setting then, requires someone like Mr. Bucket, who can see and move through the fog. Bucket permeates the text much like the fog; he is ever-present, or at least successfully gains the appearance of ever-presence to continuously gain information and progress plot.

II. Navigation

It is due to Bucket's omniscience and placement within the landscape that he can so skillfully navigate the city. Bucket not only successfully navigates London to find people, he also effectively steers the characters and reader to the solution of the murder mystery, and therefore to plot resolution. For Peter Thoms, a detective figure has an authorial duty to the reader: "We rely upon the detective to lead us out of the fiction's labyrinthine byways and, like any storyteller worth his salt, to entertain us in doing so" (10). Bucket knows his way around the city and proves skilled in tracking other characters; thus his position can be likened to both a storyteller and narrator. Many critics regard Bucket's navigational aptitude represent his authoritative and disciplinary power. Since Miller argues Bucket as representative of the police, he claims, "when Mr. Bucket escorts Mr.

Snagsby through Tom-all-Alone's . . . the detective's thorough knowledge of the place as well as the extreme deference shown to him by its inhabitants (who call him 'master') indicate the degree to which the police have saturated the delinquent milieu" (69). For Miller, Bucket's ubiquity serves an imperialized institutional function. In this light, Bucket may be viewed as less of a human character since he serves as the signifier of a legal and penal system. However, Bucket's navigational skills are also evident of his narratological function of extending vision and mobility while simultaneously serving the need to solve mysteries. Bucket has acquired the skills to move easily through space, as he is a self-proclaimed "man of the world" (Dickens 401). Bucket's mobility within the city allows the reader (and oftentimes other characters) to follow his pursuit of information and people.

To first look at Bucket's navigational skills within the city, we must turn to the scenes when he physically moves through London's streets in search of people. When Bucket takes Mr. Snagsby into Tom-all-Alone's looking for Jo, he has a particular way of moving through the streets: "As they walk along, Mr. Snagsby observes, as a novelty, that however quick their pace may be, his companion still seems in some undefinable manner to lurk and lounge; also, that whenever he is going to turn to the right or left, he pretends to have a fixed purpose in his mind of going straight ahead, and wheels off, sharply, at the very last moment" (357). The narrator struggles describing Bucket's movements, his "undefinable manner," and in following Bucket's rationale. Bucket's abrupt changes in direction make him difficult to physically and rationally follow. Neither Mr. Snagsby nor the narrator can explain why he changes direction so quickly, demonstrating his internal compass as inaccessible to others, even an omniscient narrator. Bucket, therefore, is privy to more than the narrator, and possesses an adroit navigational acumen that elevates his narratological aptitude. The reader is left, then, following his movement rather than the reasoning behind it. Without Bucket's interiority or the narrator discerning the reasons behind Bucket's movements, Bucket fulfills his role as a navigator. He is not a rationalizing or moralizing character; his function in the text is to move.

When the narrative perspective shifts to Esther's first person account, Bucket still commandingly directs the movement as they pursue Lady Dedlock. Esther serves, then, as a bystander, a reporter of the action, which she has difficulty with because she lacks both an instinctive compass and knowledge of the city. Esther says,

> I was far from sure that I was not in a dream. We rattled with great rapidity through such a labyrinth of streets that I soon lost all idea where we were, except that we had crossed and re-crossed the river, and still seemed to be traversing a low-lying, waterside, dense neighbourhood of narrow thoroughfares chequered by docks and basins, high piles of warehouses, swing-bridges, and masts of ships. (868)

Rather than participating in a Victorian realist tradition, this passage invokes the mysticism that constantly surrounds Bucket's actions. Esther struggles to distinguish the reality of their journey with a dream because the pace of movement causes her to feel lost. Despite noting fixed markers, Esther cannot lucidly follow movement because for her, the city is a labyrinth. Yet Bucket navigates it easily. He provides no explanation for his movements, and instead, just makes Esther follow him. In this way, Bucket's method and skill as a navigator through the city is reflective of his way of navigating the reader through the novel. Such an immense novel, even with two narrative perspectives, frequently leaves

the reader in suspense. Bucket, alleviates the suspense when he finds people of interest and solves the mysteries, but first he must take the reader and characters on journeys to reveal that end.

Bucket's navigation is also dependent on his ability to effectively communicate with others. In this sense, he uses socialization to immerse himself in the narrative landscape and make it easier to navigate. Esther watches Bucket's process of navigation during his communication with residents: "we stopped at offices . . . and I saw him in consultation with others. Sometimes he would get down by an archway or at a street corner and mysteriously show the light of his little lantern. This would attract similar lights from various dark quarters, like so many insects, and a fresh consultation would be held" (903). Esther watches Bucket consult, but she makes no report of the content exchanged during these encounters. Esther is a mere observer, much like the reader, at an extended distance from Bucket's information and navigational skill. He will lead both Esther and the reader to the objects of their pursuit, eventually. But while he navigates through the city, Bucket further extends his ability to permeate the novel by controlling the movement of the text through both momentarily stopping action and then accelerating pace. As a figurative representation of illuminator--for Bucket will eventually shed light on the mysteries of the novel--Esther also notices how Bucket literally lights their path with his lantern and how this light is used to connect with more people to gather more information, suggesting Bucket as a narrative illuminati.

Bucket's consultations with others also reflect his superior presence in the city. While I have argued such an appearance makes him into a more extraordinary and ubiquitous figure, it also helps him with narrative mobility. The narrator observes Bucket's affability and its effect on his mobility:

> Mr. Bucket pervades a vast number of houses and strolls about an infinity of streets, to outward appearance rather languishing for want of an object. He is in the friendliest condition towards his species and will drink with most of them. He is free with his money, affable in his manners, innocent in his conversation—but through the placid stream of his life there glides an under-current of forefinger. (803)

The narrator refers to people here as "his species," suggesting a detachment of sentiment and humanity. Rather, Bucket socializes for the purpose of gaining a wider network of access within the city. Bucket's "under-current of forefinger" again suggests the mystical power of his finger while representing his role as detective and the need for socialization to aid in solving mysteries. Bucket's socialization is immeasurable through a "vast number of houses" and "infinity of streets," further giving Bucket what seems like mythical potency, but which are capabilities of a narrator. He can move anywhere and encounter anyone with a godlike air. Esther refers to Bucket as someone "whom everybody seemed to know and defer to" (869). He is omnipresent and possesses godly acclaim. Meanwhile, the people of the city become tools for Bucket as he uses them to gain necessary information. Esther's observations suggest Bucket knows what persona to emit to gain access to everyone in the city: "he was up and down at every house we came to, addressing people whom he had never beheld before as old acquaintances, running in to warm himself at every fire he saw, talking and drinking and shaking hands at every bar and tap, friendly with every waggoner, wheelwright, blacksmith, and toll-taker" (881). Bucket can enter into any domestic space in the text and communicate with ease to

people he does not know. He presents an affable personality and gains respect, clearly for influence and obtaining needed information. His permeation through the city makes him capable of navigating the streets and knowing the people. In the scope of the novel, London is presented as such an immense city, but Bucket, because he exists as a tool for navigation, can move through it easily.

Shifting to the textual framework, Bucket also navigates the reader through the narrative plot. Peter Brooks defines plot as "the dynamic shaping force of the narrative discourse" (335). From a structural view of *Bleak House*, the plot has a difficult task in "shaping" due to the inherent largeness of both the city and the novel. Dickens creates networks and connections between various characters through many subplots, but it is Bucket who also greatly contributes to shaping the novel. Bucket's omniscience and navigational skills help bridge the connections between characters of different social strata and unveil the truths behind the mysteries. The detective figure, then, fulfills a role beyond that of a legal or penal system's prescribed occupational duties. In his analysis of detective fiction, Peter Thoms argues, "the detective functions as an authorial figure, attempting to uncover the story of crime, and the 'case' becomes a story about making a story" (1). This is fitting of Franco Moretti's application of Russian formalist notions of fabula, as events produced by the detective, and sjuzet, as the events produced by the criminal (146). Because the detective has the power to "produce" narrative, he serves a narratological function to the reader. He is not just another character who is part of the narrative; in establishing fabula, he extends himself beyond narratable figure to a figure who narrates. In this case, *Bleak House* becomes a novel about narrative construction. In a monumental novel about a monumental city, Dickens establishes and moves plot through a character who, though a figure within the plot, better serves as a function of the plot.

Concerning the mystery plot in particular, it is useful to consider criticism of detective fiction in conversation with narratology. For Thoms, "Nineteenth-Century detective fiction is an inherently self-reflexive form, which exposes simultaneously the constructedness of its narratives and the motives underlying their creation" (1). Yet Dickens has imbedded many layers of plot in *Bleak House,* which further extends a challenge in unraveling the narrative construction. To examine Bucket's contribution to the narrative discourse, we must regard the way he is committed to resolution. Bucket is not present during the first third of the novel because his figure is not yet needed by the characters or even by the reader. Bucket has a purpose of solving mysteries, and in doing so, ultimately guiding the plot to its resolution. Considering the two narrative perspectives, Robert W. Pendleton argues they create two different worlds that Bucket ultimately converges: "By uniting momentarily the two worlds of *Bleak House*, Bucket brings the repressed 'story,' in Russian Formalist terms, into focus with the 'plot'" (319). Bucket's capacity to merge narratives further makes him a function of the novel, successfully driving the text to its denouement. Such a resolution is necessary for plot construction, as R.S. Crane argues the "good" plot is "the final end which everything in the work, if that is to be felt as a whole, must be made, directly or indirectly, to serve" (123). Bucket, by facilitating the movement of plot and narrating the fabula, does lead us to this "final end," at least for the parts of the narrative he can insert himself into. His actions help Esther find her mother, solve a murder mystery, reconnect George with Mrs. Rouncewell, and apprehend the actual criminal. Yet because Bucket is a narratological tool, Dickens is not committed

to resolving anything about his character. Bucket's function is to resolve other plots and make bridges between the fluctuating narrative structure rather than serve as a character with his own story.

Bucket bridges gaps for the reader, filling in needed explanation and alleviating suspense. Dickens uses suspense to heighten the reading experience and prolong arriving at his denouement. As previously noted, Bucket's mobility adds to the suspense when the reader witnesses his abrupt movements, but not his rationale. Yet predominantly it is the absence of information that creates suspense in the novel. Tzvetan Todorov argues the story of the crime "is in fact the story of an absence" because it is not present in the physical text (46). Yet absence paradoxically stimulates a feeling of presence of suspense, anticipation, and fear created by a mystery with an unknown killer. Bucket's prolonged absence from the text also brings awareness to his presence. Bucket, then, is a tool for both prolonging the suspense and eventually relieving the reader from suspense. Critics who discuss suspense look at the ways it functions for the reader and how it anticipates resolution of plot. Miller argues, "the novel dramatizes the liabilities of fragmentation and postponement within the hopeful prospect that they will eventually be overcome" (76). The fragmented narration and lengthy text suspends the reader in the text. Further, Brooks discusses Barthes's hermeneutic code as concerning "the questions and answers that structure a story, their suspense, partial unveiling, temporary blockage, eventual resolution." He goes on to argue, "the clearest and purest example of the hermeneutic would no doubt be the detective story, in that everything in the story's structure, and its temporality, depends on the resolution of enigma" (339-40). Brooks says the detective story is "pure" in building suspense and leading to resolution. Bucket, then, as a tool for creating and relieving suspense, is the embodiment of pure hermeneutic narrativity.

Both Dickens's suspense and narrative movement are also implicitly related to temporality. In Porter's analysis of detective fiction, he argues the genre is "committed to recovery" as solving the plot depends on both forward and backward movement (29). He calls this closing the "logico-temporal gap" (30). Bucket's navigational skills and omniscience allow him to "recover" what is missing, whether it be people or information, and in doing so, relieve the reader of the built up suspense that the long novel has been committed to building.

III. **Temporality**

Looking at the plot of *Bleak House* through a temporal lens allows for Bucket to emerge not only as a navigator of plot but also as a device interconnected with time and pace. Plot, which functions as the movement of action over time, depends on novelistic pace to progress. Such movement can be seen through the way Percy Lubbock likens narrative reading to a visual experience in which readers are spectators, as a book is "a procession which passes across our line of sight" (87). Dickens certainly encourages this type of reading experience in *Bleak House,* as readers become followers of Bucket, and therefore of the plot progression. Readers cannot participate in the plot; they must watch from afar, guided by a tool of novelistic pacing. Peter Brooks argues that plot's temporal extension is critical to a text, for "narrative stories depend on meanings delayed, partially filled in, stretched out" (342). Extending text and the widening gaps in the story slow the pace of the narrative. For *Bleak House*, Bucket's lingering movements, social encounters, and

physical absences delay plot progression by slowing down the pace until Dickens is ready for him to take us to the conclusion.

The movement of plot contributes to an active reading experience. Gerard Genette articulates the connections between temporality and movement and how they are related to the experience of reading:

> The temporality of written narrative is to some extent conditional or instrumental; produced in time, like everything else, written narrative exists in space and as space, and the time needed for 'consuming' it is the time needed for *crossing* or *traversing* it . . . The narrative text, like every other text, has no other temporality than what it borrows, metonymically, from its own reading. (34)

For Genette reading becomes an act of moving across the physical space of the novel. Dickens's long form extends the reader's journey to "cross" the field of the text. This is especially true for the contemporary serial reader whose time to read was further limited by the publishing pace of the release of installments. Therefore, multiple layers of time exist, as there is the speed of events in the story and the speed it takes the reader to "consume" the text. Bucket can only function in the first case. As he moves toward plot resolution, Dickens extends length with other plots, and publication distribution limits reader fulfillment of the gaps left by suspense.

In *Bleak House*, Bucket affects plot progression because he has spatial and temporal abilities beyond the human faculties of other characters. Dickens even writes, "Time and place cannot bind Mr. Bucket. Like man in the abstract, he is here to-day and gone to-morrow—but, very unlike man indeed, he is here again the next day" (803). Bucket seemingly exists both within and without the narrative boundaries of text. "A man in the abstract," Bucket is not a character in a humanistic sense, but a representative abstraction of plot and temporal movement. His existence is perpetual because his absence still brings attention to a presence and crucial functionality within the text. The limitations on Bucket's physical presence in the novel also serve another purpose: to prevent the story from being uncovered too quickly. Dickens says Bucket is not limited by time and place, for he can navigate any landscape; therefore, in order to maintain his long form, Dickens must limit Bucket's physical presence in the text.

Bucket has a direct relationship with time in the novel that is not limited to movement. His knowledge of where characters are at any given time puts him in position to intervene with action, merge narrative webs, and ultimately use both temporal knowledge and movement to arrive at resolutions. For example, Bucket reveals the murderess to Sir Dedlock after looking at his watch: "The party to be apprehended is now in this house" (829). At this moment, "now," plot and time converge so that a revelation can be made public. Bucket's omniscience therefore allows him to fill Porter's "logico-temporal gap." Knowing truth and having a relationship with time gives Bucket the ability to relieve suspense and lead to minor and major resolutions of plot.

The moments that Bucket bridges connections or resolves plot serve as time and space convergences. Bucket's facilitation of such moments make him representative of Mikhail Bakhtin's chronotope, defined as, "the intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships that are artistically expressed in literature." For Bakhtin, "in the literary artistic chronotope, spatial and temporal indicators are fused into one carefully thought-out, concrete whole. Time, as it were, thickens, takes on flesh, becomes artistically

visible; likewise, space becomes charged and responsive to the movements of time, plot and history. This intersection of axes and fusion of indicators characterizes the artistic chronotope" (84). In *Bleak House*, Bucket becomes a signifier of time and space convergence by finding hidden characters, solving mysteries, and connecting characters and threads of plot. The scenes where time "takes on flesh" are when Bucket's movements bring active awareness to pace. For example, a combination of his omniscience, navigational skills, and chronotopic figurativeness allow Bucket to lead Esther to Lady Dedlock's body. The pursuit of Lady Dedlock is at times rushed, so that Esther can hardly keep up, and other times slowed in order for Bucket to interrogate locals, making Bucket in complete control of the novelistic pace. The noted visibility of temporal significance allows Bucket to serve as a figurative chronotope when he finally brings Esther to Lady Dedlock's body, fusing together not just the pursuit with the object of pursuit, but the history of Esther's infancy with her mother's recent struggles.

Serving as a signifier is one way Bucket functions within the text and becomes emblematic of Bakhtin's chronotope. Bakhtin says chronotopes "are the organizing centers for the fundamental narrative events of the novel. The chronotype is the place where the knots of narrative are tied and untied" (250). Bucket, as representative of a chronotope, navigates and moves the text to points of convergence, "the knots." These serve as moments of discovery. Finding Jo, Gridley, Lady Dedlock, and discovering the identity of the murderess are all moments when plot and time converge and mysteries are unraveled. When Bucket facilitates such moments of discovery, he becomes a figurative chronotope. Robert Pendleton argues that Bucket merges narrative of life and death, and in doing so, "is the surrogate for the invisible artist who kits together the fragments of

Bleak House" (318). For Pendleton, Bucket is representative of the storyteller detective who writes the narrative for the reader ignorant to the criminal's story. Rather than call Bucket representative of an "artist," I argue that moments of merging, bridging, and converging all demonstrate Bucket's figurative representation of chronotope. Bucket is not inventing something original, for what has happened in the past is already a part of the story's history. He does not invent the story of the crime; he merely recounts it. In doing so, Bucket brings the past to light in the present. The moment of awareness to truth is a moment when narratives of different times confront one another. For example, finding Jo in Tom-all-Alone's is important to Bucket's pursuit of information to fill in gaps in the mystery. Likewise, uncovering where Gridley is hiding turns into a confrontation between Gridley and the law that Gridley no longer has the strength for. Gridley's death occurs quickly after the moment of convergence; his independent plot thread cannot be upheld after Bucket's pursuit brings the men face to face. Ultimately, solving the mystery of Tulkinghorn's murder and capturing the murderess is Bucket's greatest moment of plot merging. In the space of Dedlock's home, Bucket functions as chronotope who brings the action behind the mystery, the story of the crime, to a position of verbal revelation. Bucket finally explains, rather than moves, suspending time to elucidate the circumstances behind the murder.

Bucket serves a purpose in the narrative, not as a character, but as a tool for narrative revelation. In fact, Bucket does not have many characteristics that liken him to the level of other human characters. There are no indicators he has a sense of morality, sympathy, or humanity. He is motivated to solve mysteries, but Dickens does not provide what fuels this motivation. The only human qualities he exhibits are an amiable personality

and effectiveness as a communicator. But these characteristics serve a purpose of allowing him to manipulate information out of people, as when he learns of Lady Dedlock's night walks from Mercury (814-16). Since Bucket is not rooted in human essence, and holds many superhuman abilities, his function in the text is not to be read as a character, but used as a narratological tool.

The few moments that Bucket seems human are subverted by their actual narrative purposes. Bucket may appear a neighborly man when he says he is "so fond of children" to Mrs. Bagnet and proceeds to tell a personal story about a friend while playing with the children on his lap (760). But this moment of human compassion and connection serves a larger purpose. He flatters and tries to please the family in hopes of getting in their good graces. Bucket even sings and expresses a wish for Mrs. Bagnet and Mrs. Bucket to become good friends (764). Yet Bucket's amiable and playful demeanor is a rouse so he can interrogate and apprehend George. As Bucket says, "I have a duty to discharge" (767), which outweighs a seemingly compassionate personality. Bucket repeatedly refers to his "duty" in arresting George while simultaneously trying to maintain a friendship with him. It may be argued that Bucket knows George is not guilty and is sensitive to his feelings. However, since all evidence points to George, it is likely he will be apprehended by someone else and the capturer receive reward. Bucket, knowing George is actually innocent, prevents anyone else from capturing him while he continues to investigate the crime. Much of this investigation occurs behind the scenes, for Bucket's next insertion into the novel is as he surveys the funeral and soon after reveals to Dedlock the killer is a woman. His explanation extends the chapter until Mademoiselle Hortense enters and Bucket reveals the whole truth of the murder. Bucket's apprehension of George, then, serves as a narrative stall for building suspense and engaging sympathy for a wrongfully accused man. The reader can well ascertain George's innocence, even if we cannot determine who the actual killer is. The scenes in the prison cell build sympathy for George and allow him to reunite with his mother. Though Bucket is not present in the scene, his actions lead to this reunion, which further demonstrates him as a figurative chronotope. It is through Bucket that profound moments can occur in isolated time and space. For the reader, George becomes a sympathetic subject. But this event also elevates the suspense, begging to question who the actual killer is and if he/she will be found in time to absolve George.

Dickens has Bucket formally depart the narrative when the detective is no longer needed to fulfill a narratological function: "He unbolted the door, called in the bearers, wished us good morning, and with a look full of meaning and a crook of his finger at parting went his way" (947-8). Bucket and his finger exit formally, in contrast to the textual materialization that introduced him. His ability to converge time and plot and unravel mysteries is no longer needed. However, since Dickens has already declared Bucket's omnipresence, his formal departure does not indicate permanence. Bucket will continue to exist on the periphery, watching from his high tower, ready to materialize into a physical presence whenever needed. As an influence on future detective fiction, Mr. Bucket is the embodiment of effective surveillance and tracking, and a vehicle for relief from suspense and to plot resolution. The detective, then, as a new figure in fiction, extends himself beyond the limitations of regular authorities and becomes a figurative representation of moving, merging, and resolving within a narrative framework.

End note

1. “ ”

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Dear J. Kim:

Just thought I'd remind you,
Certain I am that you've forgotten by now

Among the hoards and whores
Against the glare of garish neon harpies
The ribald invites of chartreuse-dipped divas
You once stood nonpareil
Never alone exactly, but
Quiet
Hung and hanging on my every word.
I fell for it
You fell against me
And the rest
My version of that night, less of heartfelt charity than
A capricious parasite borne
—certainly you can remember that much—
The dead weight
And me,
Neither the strength nor the inclination to struggle
Fight and rise
Above that temptation and Temple
Mound left smoldering,

Your pile of ashes, heaping cinders and hissing embers
Stumbling together
A glow like carbuncles burst
Jasmine and gardenia stenches hovering above the silences
Engulfed in darkness
With nothing, absolute, nothing
Visible
Even the angels trembled and my heart strained for more light

Among the harsh lamentations, the murmurs of the still
Small voices silenced, turned out, away, weeping
In the inevitability of it all. . .

Just thought I'd remind you how
Today among the hoards of whores
Lambasted momentarily in the glare of neophyte harpies
And chartreuse-dripping divas
I, too, stand nonplussed, alone
As each angel turns
And all the world weeps with them
In silence.

—*James A. Wren*

Joan Didion's California: Literary Representations of History, Melancholy and Transgression

by Katarzyna Nowak-McNeice, University of Wroclaw, Poland

Joan Didion is the unquestioned bard of California: she sings California in much the same way that Walt Whitman sang America. On the surface, her prose concerns itself with romance: marriages, sex, extramarital affairs and all the drama that accompanies them, be it among the hop growers in the Valleys (*Run River*), in the vacuous landscape of Hollywood (*Play It As It Lays*), or in a fictitious South American colony (*A Book Of Common Prayer*). If one searches deeper, though, it becomes apparent that Joan Didion writes about California's history and California's future, and that ultimately her main preoccupation is the exploration of Californian identity, which is suggested both by the dominant air of melancholia discernible about all of her writing and by the compulsive return to the idea of the frontier. Not only are her characters melancholic; the very language used to describe them betrays the melancholy mode of presentation. Melancholy defines the land she writes about, and Didion's prose is of and about California: she is the bard of the land, singing its glory as she bares its shortcomings. In the present essay I examine Didion's oeuvre, unearthing the signs of melancholy losses which inform her prose: the loss of the idealized pioneering past, the loss of the frontier ethics, and the loss of belief in a stable, unified identity. All these losses are placed in the context of historical events that are elevated to the status of local myths and that ultimately shape Californian identity.

Didion published her first novel, *Run River,* in 1963, while she was living in New York. She describes the impulse behind the composition as nostalgia for the land of her childhood, saying that she wrote herself a California river (cf. *Where I Was From* 157). In 1964 a collection of essays *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* immediately followed, with California clearly in the focus of her journalism. Similar pairings may be observed throughout her long – and not yet finished – career, and it is a fairly obvious task to observe how her journalism interweaves with her prose. Her next novel, *Play It As It Lays,* appeared in 1970, followed by *A Book of Common Prayer* in 1977. Two years later she published another collection of essays, *The White Album* (1979). In these texts, novels as well as journalistic essays and vignettes, she discusses the place of her origin. In 1992 Didion published *After Henry,* a multi-faceted contemplation of the country's politics, media, entertainment and sports, and a volume that contains pieces preoccupied both with Los Angeles and New York. She returns to the issue of California identity in *Where I Was From* (2003), another collection of essays which is quite explicit about her interest in understanding California and its character. However, a careful reading of her writings reveals that even those texts that are seemingly preoccupied with other themes, such as the later novels, *A Book of Common Prayer, Democracy* or *The Last Thing He Wanted*, revolve around the place that she claims in many senses of the word: California. The

aim of this essay is to contrast the views Didion presents in *Where I Was From* with her sentiment represented in the earlier texts, ultimately attempting to understand how and why Didion arrives at the conclusions in the later texts.

Where I Was From is an important collection, because Didion tries to make sense of her heritage and undertakes the issues of California history and its character in an explicit, straightforward manner (unlike, for instance, in *A Book of Common Prayer*). She revisits the ideas she wrote about earlier, and a sense of disillusionment and nostalgia emerge; Thomas Mallon describes the volume as "an attempt to account for what Didion now sees as the 'strikingly unearned' pride she and her family took in California and their early arrival there" ("On Second Thoughts"). Among the stories of Didion's childhood, her schooling, comments on the importance of water preservation and the assessment of the state of politics there emerges the central narrative, the one of emigration, of which the most tragic is the story of the Donner-Reed party.

The drama of the Donner-Reed party happened against the backdrop of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in 1846, when California was still officially Mexican. The United States acquired California in 1848 on the strength of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, following the Mexican-American war, but before the official act that ceded California to the Americans, there was already a steady influx of American settlers into Mexican Alta California. Indeed, some Americans saw the annexation of California in terms of historical necessity: in *Two Years Before the Mast,* published in 1840, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who was to become California's first important chronicler, exclaims, "In the hands of an enterprising people, what a country this might be!" (Chapter XXI), expressing the sentiment not isolated at the time which deemed that such a fertile, rich land must be taken from the hands of the lazy, backward Mexicans (despite his humanist approach, Dana actually mentions the "California fever" which is laziness) and put under control of the innovative and energetic Americans who will fulfill its potential as an earthly paradise. Writing a hundred and fifty years later, Kevin Starr sums up the argument expressed by Dana with the words, "American in one way or another, California was destined to be," suggesting the inevitability of the turn of events as we know them.

Just as Dana puts the annexation of California in pragmatic terms – he mentions making use of the land, rather than invoking the divine providence to justify it – a similar kind of inevitability is found in Didion's first collection of essays, *Slouching Towards Bethlehem.* In fact, Didion warns her readers against thinking in categories other than utilitarian, saying, "when we start deceiving ourselves into thinking not that we want something or need something, not that it is a pragmatic necessity for us to have it, but that it is a *moral imperative* that we have it, then is when . . . we are in bad trouble" ("On Morality" 163). Didion finishes her ruminations ominously, "I suspect we are already there" ("On Morality" 163), confirming the pessimistic assessment of society and its mores. Her negativity is a suggestion that the world is not what it used to be: in the past, the pioneers used to observe the moral code, and even though it was the most basic one, the sort that she calls "the wagon-train morality" ("On Morality" 158), Didion's times compare unfavorably with the past which emerges as more ethical.

It is not surprising that Didion sees American expansion and settlement of the frontier in terms of ethical demand placed on the settler; such a strand of thinking has been evident

from the beginnings of European settlement in North America, gaining prominence in the nineteenth century. The dominant contemporary theory known as Manifest Destiny attempted to explain the nation's course and it presented expansionism as the fulfillment of the nation's own potential and a duty towards the nations of the world. Manifest Destiny was a term coined by journalist John O'Sullivan in November 1839; the huge success of the term was due to the fact that it was first used as justification of both the Mexican-American war and the acquisition of California, and later served the purpose of explaining American policy in a variety of contexts.[1] The main conception that O'Sullivan puts forward echoes the ideas of American exceptionalism of Alexis de Tocqueville and John Winthrop's "City upon a Hill", and it is also an expression of the optimistic belief in progress and human capability.

O'Sullivan states:

> The expansive future is our arena, and for our history. We are entering on its untrodden space, with the truths of God in our minds, beneficent objects in our hearts, and with a clear conscience unsullied by the past. We are the nation of human progress, and who will, what can, set limits to our onward march? Providence is with us, and no earthly power can. ("The Great Nation of Futurity" 427)

Even though O'Sullivan's grand ideas of progress and expansion were not unquestioned at the time of their expression, they signify a certain tendency in American press and letters, Puritan in its provenience, to see history as a reflection or at least an indication of a higher order. Just as Henry Dana, Jr. proposes that the land and the people will benefit from American governance of the province, O'Sullivan also suggests that American dominion over the continent is a matter of progress and fate; he does not advocate violent overtake of the land, but sees the development as part of a historical process, justified by the larger forces of divine providence and natural law, working hand in hand. Presenting the American settlement of California, Didion points out that it "resembles Eden" ("Notes From a Native Daughter" 176) and that it is the place "where we ran out of continent" (NFaND 172), thus emphasizing the liminality of the experience and its mythical aspect. Didion's early presentation of California history is not far from O'Sullivan's; as she stresses, "it is characteristic of Californians to speak grandly of the past" (NFaND 172).

The grand concepts of the divine plan and historical necessity justified the influx of pioneers into California in the mid-nineteenth century – the Donner party was one of many of such groups of settlers; yet it is their story that provides an exceptionally dramatic illustration of the determination of settlers and their perseverance in the face of adversity. In April 1846 they traveled from Springfield, Illinois to Independence, Missouri, where the California Oregon Trail began. Their journey for California started in May. They were hoping to reach California before the winter snowstorms would close the passes through the last and the most perilous part of their journey: the passage through the Sierra Nevada. Yet a series of errors in judgment, inexperience and mishaps accumulated and their results were tragic. The most catastrophic was the decision to take the cut off that in fact added over a hundred miles to their journey. Then, having travelled the length of the continent, the party had mere miles to go before reaching the pass that

1 Roberta L. Cole points to the use of the idea of Manifest Destiny as recent as the Gulf War and the conflict in Kosovo.

would take them down to California, yet instead of pushing on, they camped for the night. The following day the pass was covered with snow that made their journey with wagons and cattle all but impossible. They were stranded for five months with hardly any food or shelter.

Kevin Starr describes the importance of the Donner party story in the Californian repertory of myths:

> Making winter camp near Truckee Lake (now called Donner Lake) in the High Sierra on November 4, 1846, the Donner party endured before its rescue the following April a phantasmagoria of horrors, including murder and cannibalism, that remains to this day a fixed and recurring statement of California as betrayed hope and dystopian tragedy. Yet the survivors of the Donner party managed to fit in, even to thrive, in California after their ordeal was over. (63)

The meaning of the Donner party's story is highly ambivalent: Starr mentions frustrated hopefulness and utopian expectations that go awry, yet even in his account there is a note of ambivalence as he muses on the surviving members of the Donner party not only to find a place for themselves in California, but even to prosper, as if finding a prosperous life was an undeserved reward for those who were part of the murderous and cannibalistic group.

Didion evokes similar uncertainty as to the moral aspect of the story when she asks a seemingly rhetorical question, "Did not the Donner-Reed Party, after all, eat its own dead to reach Sacramento?" (NFaND 176). Their deeds, however despicable, serve to validate the meaning of the land they set as their final destination; they are the highest sacrifice. The violation of the taboo of cannibalism is the price they pay for their dream; hence the value of the dream increases. Yet, simultaneously, such a validation of the crossing becomes problematic when one asks if perhaps the price for the taboo violation is too high, and the dream of the land becomes tainted by it, rather than made more precious. This is the type of question that Didion does not ask in her first collection, but that comes haunting her in the later volumes.

In *Where I Was From*, Didion refers to the stories of the overland pass, including her ancestors', to call the Donner Lake: "the locale that most clearly embodied the moral ambiguity of the California settlement" (*WIWF* 75). The landscape itself comes to evoke the ethical questions related to the pioneering past of California; the locations that always figure large in her essays and novels. In "On Going Home," for instance, she mentions her grandfather's photo in which he is "a young man on skis, surveying around Donner Pass in the year 1910" (OGH 166), while in *Run River* her characters drive to their own wedding when "the year's first snow settled over the Sierra Nevada" (66). These locations suggest the restraint of an overt optimism in the assessment of California. In *Where I Was From,* Didion is more explicit: she quotes the moral lesson that is to be drawn from the Donner party ordeal given by one of the survivors: "Remember, never take no cutoffs and hurry along as fast as you can"; in "Girl of the Golden West" she reminds her readers of the advice found in the "emigrant diaries" and points out that the same spirit characterizes westerners today as well (102). The pioneering attitude is summed up by "cut[ting one's]

losses and head[ing] west" (103); not looking back, not examining is admonished as the best strategy when dealing with the unimaginably foreign and vast spaces. Yet Didion is highly critical of the lesson that one learns from the emigrant diaries: she describes it as "the artless horror" and perceives it as a sign of "constricted moral horizon" (*WIWF* 75). This harsh assessment signifies the final disillusionment she comes to, the opposite of the redemptive power of the story of the overland passage that she suggested in "Notes from a Native Daughter".

In her criticism of the vision of the crossing as a story of triumph of moral and physical strength Didion talks of the "darkest . . . betrayals", quoting an instance taken from a diary by an emigrant named Bernard J. Reid who crossed the Great Plains in 1849. Reid's party came upon an abandoned wagon and a girl of about 17. Reid tells his readers that she "seemed like one dazed or in a dream." He learns the story of the girl, Miss Gilmore, recently orphaned and entrusted with the care of her younger brother, probably sick with cholera: Miss Gilmore's family lost their oxen, and after the parents died, they were promptly abandoned by the group they had been traveling with. Their party decides to leave Miss Gilmore and her sick brother behind because they are afraid of "being caught by winter in the Sierra Nevada Mountains" which would be potentially deadly. Reid reports: "The people of her train had told her that . . . some other train coming along with oxen to spare would take her and her brother and their wagon along" (*WIWF* 36). By recounting the story Didion suggests that it is not exceptional, but rather, it possesses the elements of a typical crossing narrative, filled with fear and a basic will to survive. It does not portray the nobleness of spirit and empathy one would wish to see there.

The story of the crossing is the story of hardships and lethal danger that fills the journey, which suggests that whoever manages to complete it, passes a series of tests both of their physical resilience, but, more importantly, also their valor and their principles. Didion calls it the "redemptive power of the crossing"; which suggests not only moral tinge to the endeavor, but a religious framework in which it must be placed, and she reminds us that it was "the fixed idea of the California settlement." She does not find this staple element of the crossing narrative unproblematic; rather, it provokes her to probe deeper which she puts in a series of questions: "for what exactly, and at what cost, had one been redeemed?" (*WIWF* 36-7). Returning to the story she recounted earlier, she puts her query in a different way, "When you survive at the cost of Miss Gilmore and her brother, do you survive at all?" (*WIWF* 37).

These questions, as pressing as they are, are left suspended, which suggests the difficulty, if not impossibility, of giving definite answers to the issue of survival. In order to understand what survival might mean in this context, it is useful to turn to Judith Butler, who explains the meaning of survival with reference to melancholia when she states, "Survival, not precisely the opposite of melancholia but what melancholia puts in suspension – requires redirecting the rage against the lost other, defiling the sanctity of the dead for the purpose of life, raging against the dead in order not to join them" (1997: 193). Butler sketches here a continuum with the two poles, one of survival and the other of melancholia, emphasizing that the two are not necessarily opposing, yet one in a sense eclipses the other: between them the questions Didion poses are suspended.

If we want to find answers to the questions about the meaning and value of survival, we necessarily must understand what the "lost other" in this context is, against which Didion's Californian subjects are "raging." In the story of Miss Gilmore, she and her family are lost to those who decide to push on, to abandon her lest they might die, too. In the story of the Donner party, it is those on whose flesh the surviving members feed in order to finally reach California.

For Didion, the Donner party story is a recurring theme. It provides a subtext for her narrative in *Run River,* the novel which, in her own words, was written to deal with the homesickness for California she suffered when she moved to the East coast and whose aim was to "put . . . a protective distance between me and the place I came from" (WIWF 169); in other words, it is a novel written to battle the melancholia connected with her homeland; the novel written to survive.

No wonder, then, that the issue of survival is often referenced in *Run River.* On the walls of the childhood bedroom of Martha, one of the central characters of the novel, one does not find the pastel posters expected in a girl's room, but "a large lithograph of Donner Pass" – a suggestion corroborated later throughout the novel that Martha is a belated pioneer herself. The lithograph on Martha's wall has "two neat columns" with "the names of the casualties and the survivors of the Donner-Reed crossing" (100).

Such neat distinctions between those who survived and the ones who perished prove unsustainable, and Didion questions their value as much in the novel as she does in her essays. In the novel, Martha commits suicide by drowning in the river that provides the central symbol of history in the novel. Martha dies, and the dual reasons suggested in the text are that she is scorned by the man she loves, and she is deeply disappointed by the fact that the pioneers' ideals she wants to live by are impossible to attain and nobody else respects them anymore.

Martha's belated adoption of the pioneering values is questioned in the text. The narrator reveals this ambiguity when saying, "Martha's favorite game as a child had in fact been 'Donner Party'" (100). Martha always chooses to play the role of Tamsen Donner – an unorthodox choice of a role model, since Tamsen Donner is the woman who died in the mountains and never made it to California. She decided to stay with her husband, sending her children away to California with a rescue expedition. Had she decided to go, she would have remained alive, as she was described by the witnesses as relatively strong and healthy, despite the overall appalling conditions of the group. Her act – in the words of her daughter who wrote a memoir decades after the events – is an act of sacrifice, and perhaps also of mistaken loyalty, since she left her children to care for her dying husband.[2] Martha, like Tamsen Donner, chooses death in a melancholic gesture: both of them decide to join the dead. Melancholia, to use Judith Butler's formulation again, puts survival in suspension, and ultimately wins over it.

The melancholic air that characterizes California in Didion's writings is suggested on multiple levels. Martha, incidentally, reads Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy,* which provokes her father to comment, "Melancholia's one study you don't need any lessons in" (59). Martha, the spiritual daughter of pioneers, embodies the melancholy element that Didion sees in California. Such a melancholic assessment not only of

2 Cf. Eliza P. Donner Houghton's memoir, *The Expedition of the Donner Party and Its Tragic Fate* for the firsthand (however biased) report. For a recent critical assessment of the Donner Party's ordeal, see Rarick (2008) or McNeese (2009).

California's past, but also its future, leads Didion to state ultimately what she suggests in all her writings: "The settlement of the west, however inevitable, had not uniformly tended to the greater good, nor had it on every level benefitted even those who reaped its most obvious rewards" (*WIWF* 151). She confesses, "this thought came to me as a kind of revelation" (*WIWF* 151) – thus admitting that the power of optimistic narratives such as O'Sullivan's Manifest Destiny underscored also her thinking.

The confessions undermining the beneficial effects of the pioneering endeavor in the West come in Didion's late writing, in *Where I Was From*; in *Run River,* her presentation suggests an ambiguity of the enterprise, but it is conveyed in the hints at the melancholic nature of the pioneering past rather than in the explicit statement that she presents forty years later. A significant part of *Where I Was from* is devoted to *Run River,* which makes the memoir a melancholic venture in itself. Yet for all the probing and analysis, in her presentation of California history Didion still reaches back to the white American settlement of the province and not any further, as if her white American ancestors crossed the Great Plains to find themselves in a void, waiting for their cultivation. The blind spot of her vision remains the non-white, non-European inhabitation of California.

Didion's limitations of historical vision can be explained with the use of Anne Anlin Cheng's understanding of American identity. Cheng applies Freudian theory of melancholia to her analysis of American character, which allows her to state: "Dominant white identity in America operates melancholically" (11). Cheng refers here to the Freudian idea of melancholia as founded upon loss which is incorporated into the melancholic ego. Cheng points to the exclusion of such subjects as women or black Americans in the

crucial moments of American nationhood, such as the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, which supposedly gave equal rights to every American subject, yet clearly defined this subject as white, male and propertied.

Cheng further explains: "white American identity and its authority is secured through the melancholic introjection of racial others that it can neither fully relinquish nor accommodate and whose ghostly presence nonetheless guarantees its centrality" (Cheng, Preface xi). If we think of Joan Didion's vision of Californian identity, then the crucial omission of any other agent of history than white and Protestant – such as Californios, non-white settlers or Native Americans – so strikingly at odds with historical reality, guarantees the centrality of white American identity precisely in the sense proposed by Cheng. Thus Didion's presentation of California history through the lens of her family history, and her representation of ethics in terms of what she dubs wagon-train ethics means not only that California history is dramatically shortened to include only the last hundred years, but that it also pivots on an exclusion that becomes the kernel of melancholia, documented in her writings. Melancholia defines the land she writes about.

In her texts, both journalistic and novels, Didion presents a multi-faceted description of the essence of California and the West. For Didion, the definition of the West rests on scarcity: she evokes Bernard DeVoto's formulation, which she deems the best: the West is the land "where the average annual rainfall drops below twenty inches" ("Holy Water" *The White Album* 65). In *After Henry* she talks about the propensity to cut one's losses and head west (103) and the "abrupt sloughing of the past" (102) as characteristic traits of the westerner and especially Californian; in *The Last Thing He Wanted,* a protagonist is defined

by "whatever it had meant to him to come out of the West and confront the established world" – a suggestion that one is a westerner if one understands the crucial difference between the West and the rest of the United States. The West is where resourcefulness is not optional, but necessary to secure one's survival; the West is where one turns when one wants to start anew; the West, finally, is not like other places. To a large degree, it remains a frontier and it keeps reminding its inhabitants that existence there is always perilous. The melancholic atmosphere discernible about Didion's California serves to remind one, too, that one's demise always looms near.

Didion's silence concerning non-white settlers in California can be further explained with the use of Judith Butler's thoughts on melancholia. Butler comments on the impossibility of expressing melancholic grief, one of the prerequisites of melancholia, and states, "What cannot be declared by the melancholic is nevertheless what governs melancholic speech – an unspeakability that organizes the field of the speakable" (1997: 186). Butler adds, "Melancholic speech . . . remains unable to speak its loss" (1997: 186). In Didion's melancholic presentation of California, she looks back at the pioneer past and she locates the core values there: the loyalty to family, the very basic code of behavior that she calls "wagon-train morality". In *Where I Was From* Didion reconstructs her own vision of the past that she presented in her earlier texts and reassesses her confusion about the value she attached to the myth of California. Yet for all the elegiac, melancholy tone of her collection, she remains unable to go beyond the repertory of images she has always used to weave the California dream. She remains unable to speak about those she sentences to silence and oblivion.

In melancholia, Butler reminds us, "loss itself is lost" (1997: 183). She further explains, "In other words, according to the melancholic, 'I have lost nothing'" (Butler 1997: 183). Even though Didion claims some losses, she disavows others: non-American subjects shaping California history for centuries before it becomes one of the States are forgotten. On the other hand, Miss Gilmore, Tamsen Donner, Martha Knight, Didion's own "great-great-great-great-great-grandmother Elizabeth Scott", whose remembrance opens *Where I Was From*: these are the losses Didion documents in her writing, and all of Didion's texts, including her journalistic pieces and her novels, are about loss.

It is true as well of *Where I Was From,* which locates loss at the core of Didion's musings on California. She states, "It took me a while before I realized that 'me' is what we think when our parents die, even at my age, *who will look out for me now, who will remember me as I was, who will know what happens to me now, where will I be from*" (204). These frantic questions remain unanswered directly, yet the suggestion of the text is that our sense of belonging is connected to our blood relatives – the idea which takes us back to the band-wagon morality and loyalty towards family members as the simplest and the most basic rule guaranteeing not only physical, but also spiritual survival. These questions also imply a shortening of historical perspective even more drastic than before: California history, for Didion, does not extend back to the mid-nineteenth century now, it stretches back to her parents. The immediacy of history, as Didion wishes to present it, hints at its unrepresentability in the melancholic terms.

When Didion writes about the Donner party and other pioneers, and when she questions survival at the expense of others, she is struggling against the dominant mood

of melancholia, and battling the impulse of oblivion, of giving in to death. Her writing ultimately represents the indomitable Californian spirit, in all its embattled, conflicted complexity. After all, Didion is the "Golden Girl" and the "Native Daughter", and California is where she was and is from.

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Landscape, Character, and Love in Three Classic Westerns

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By definition, Western movies use landscape for more than just scenic pleasure. A Western partakes of the grand theme of American expansion into unsettled territory, the imposition of order on an untamed wilderness (or, in some cases, the ruination of Eden). Even Westerns set in the confines of a town, such as *High Noon* (1952), *Rio Bravo* (1959), or *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962), imply a wilderness just outside of town. If we aren't given a direct glimpse of the surrounding wilderness, we infer it from the boots, the leather, the horses, and of course the guns. And yet it is the rare Western that incorporates landscape significantly into a theme that is more focused than western expansion or into a character more individualized than the bringer (or opponent) of civilization. This might seem odd, given that a desert, prairie, or mountain landscape would seem to offer limitless potential for thematic enrichment, character development, or both. Perhaps most directors have assumed that the generalized meaning of a Western setting is suggestive enough. Or perhaps making imaginative, original aesthetic use of a film's setting, whether western, rural, or urban, requires unusual talent and inspiration.

It does happen occasionally. The directors of three classic Westerns, all from the

mid-1950s, deliberately used landscape to illuminate a character or enhance a theme, or both. The three films are John Ford's *The Searchers* (1956), Budd Boetticher's *7 Men from Now* (1956), and Anthony Mann's *The Naked Spur* (1953). It so happens that in each case, the significant aspect of character or theme the landscape illuminates involves love, if predominantly from the male hero's point of view.

John Ford used Monument Valley for several westerns, usually to signify the immense and harsh environment into which American settlement expanded. He liked to contrast the imperturbable massiveness of the Valley's soaring buttes with the vulnerability of the tiny groups of pioneers trying to traverse the Valley or settle there. In his early sound-era westerns, such as Stagecoach (1939), the Indians inhabiting this landscape were mere extensions of it: savages in a savage landscape. They had no humanity or individuality. In *The Searchers*, however, Ford infused Monument Valley into the character of the white protagonist, Ethan Edwards (John Wayne). The identification of the Valley's rugged intimidating landscape with Ethan's rugged intimidating character begins at the very first moment he appears. His brother Aaron and sister-in-law Martha see him approaching their homestead from a considerable distance, emerging from the stark landscape like a long-dormant desert seed quickened by rain. Although initially he is in extreme long shot, we already sense he is formidable: from the moment they recognize him, Aaron and Martha seem both welcoming and apprehensive. Here comes our close kin, they seem to feel, and here comes trouble, they seem to fear.

We soon get hints why Aaron and Martha are ambivalent about Ethan's unexpected appearance at their homestead. Ethan, who has been away and out of contact for several years, is defensive about his recent activities, which may include outlawry, and about his reason for returning. Aaron is suspicious of his brother's intentions—with more reason than he knows. At a moment when Aaron is outside the house, Martha strokes Ethan's coat affectionately, and a moment later, when no one is looking, Ethan and Martha embrace with repressed but evident emotion. Compounding his apparent adulterous impulses, Ethan has a misanthropic streak, especially against other races. The family's informally adopted, part-Cherokee son, Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), is humiliated by Ethan's racial animosity. The couple's two innocent daughters are the only members of the household who are thrilled by Ethan's visit.

While Ethan, Martin, and some neighbors are away tracking down rustled cattle—which proves to be a ruse designed to lure them from the settlement—a Comanche band attacks the Edwards homestead, burns it down, kills the parents, and kidnaps the daughters. The next day, an enraged Ethan leads a small party of rescuers, including Martin, after the tribal raiders. Only it soon becomes apparent to Martin that rather than rescue the girls, Ethan aims to kill them. Having been despoiled by what Ethan regards as a vile race, the girls are not fit to live. Martin proves to be the most reliable partner in Ethan's pursuit, but he stays the course not just to help find the girls, but also to prevent Ethan from killing them.

In their first encounter with the Comanche, the search party notices them appearing atop a ridge to their left, then some more of them on a ridge to their right. The emergence of the Comanche reflects the way Ford had regarded Native Americans heretofore: as part of the landscape, part and parcel of the wilderness, savage but not noble, and not

really human. Ethan makes a point of distinguishing Comanche from humans when he speaks of them. But when the searchers, after five years and now reduced to just Ethan and Martin, and having discovered that the older girl has been raped and killed, finally meet the Comanche Chief Scar face to face, we learn that Ethan knows their culture and language. Chief Scar could be Ethan's double because of his reciprocal savage hatred of the White Man, at whose hands he has lost two sons. If Scar is not a human, as Ethan seems to think, then by Ford's cinematic logic neither is Ethan.

Scar has several wives, one of whom Ethan and Martin recognize as the now sexually mature Debbie. This discovery prompts an eventual cavalry-led raid on Scar's encampment. During the raid, Martin kills Scar and Ethan scalps him. Then, with murder in his eyes, Ethan chases down the terrified Debbie. When he catches up to her, apparently to kill her, he instead picks her up like we had seen him do years earlier when she was a little girl and says, "Let's go home, Debbie."

Even lovers of *The Searchers* have criticized this moment as unmotivated. From early on in the epic pursuit of Scar's tribe, Ethan has voiced his intention to kill Debbie when he finds her. Yet the film is laden with hints at an interpretation that would justify Ethan's act of affectionate mercy. Early in the film, he had given the child Debbie a combat medal she fancied. His secret love of his brother's wife might have been enough to soften his heart toward her daughter Debbie. She is, after all, his niece. And perhaps she is more: the possibility exists that he, not Aaron, is Debbie's biological father. Early in the film, as the settlers ride off in search of their rustled cattle, Ethan brings up the rear, thus visually dominating the departing group. Martha and Debbie enter the frame in the foreground, and Martha puts her arm around Debbie as they watch Ethan ride off. It's as if they're watching husband and father depart, not brother-in-law and uncle. Martha's actual husband is staying behind, not going on the cattle search; later, sensing danger, their son says he wishes Uncle Ethan were here. Ethan is at least figuratively Martha's husband and her children's father.

Thus on a metaphorical level, and possibly (but not crucially) a literal one, Ethan's hatred for the now-older Debbie whom he imagines defiled could well be accompanied by love for a daughter whose innocence he remembers. Rage and compassion towards one's offspring is not an uncommon mix of emotions. Lear's rage at Cordelia, for example, is fueled largely by his great love for her. But Ethan's extensive knowledge of Indians suggests he may have lived among them, and perhaps have a love-hate relationship with them as well. Before the final raid on Scar's encampment, Ethan says he wants to bequeath what property he owns to Martin, to whom he has hitherto directed racist jibes. It's not just an aside to point out that part-Cherokee Martin, not Ethan, represents the ideal Fordian Western hero. Like Wyatt Earp in *My Darling Clementine* (1946) or Captain Brittles in *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949), Martin is brave and effective in a lawless environment and yet decent and comfortable in society. He is the only one in this film with the mettle both to stick with Ethan through the entire search and to stand up to him to protect Debbie when they find her. Martin is the film's moral center. And he marks the climactic turn in Ford's evolving cinematic treatment of Native Americans. Scar participates in the change as well, for if Ethan *is* human, as the film richly if disapprovingly depicts him, then so is Scar. In earlier films, such as *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* and *Fort Apache* [1948],

Ford had begun to show a sympathy towards Indians that was absent from *Stagecoach*. In *The Searchers*, there is a moral equivalence between the two races. In *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964), Ford takes the side of the Indians.

But the strongest hint for Ethan's apparent change of heart is given after the change has occurred. In the film's final scene, Ethan approaches a homestead—not his dead brother's but that of his brother's neighbors—much as he did in the opening scene, but this time accompanied by Martin and cradling Debbie in his arms. As they approach, the family hurries out to greet them. Martin's girlfriend Laurie rushes past Ethan to embrace Martin and lead him inside. Laurie's mother and father lead Debbie inside. Everyone ignores Ethan, the hero, the one who brought Debbie home. He is not invited into the home. No one is interested in him. Realizing this, and accepting it, he turns to walk away apparently to return to the wilderness, and as he does so, the door is closed in an organic fade-out, shutting Ethan out. This cold, heart-wrenching moment suggests that Ethan, the only person capable of rescuing Debbie even if he thought he intended to kill her, is not wanted in her world of civilization, and that he knows it. In an act of love, he gives her the gift of his disappearance from her life. He belongs to the rough, dry, hard wilderness from whence he came. At the same time, however, purged of his hate, he has been humanized, as have the landscape's original inhabitants.

Ben Stride (Randolph Scott) in *7 Men from Now* is as tough as Ethan Edwards and as adept as Ethan in the wilderness. Unlike Ethan, however, Stride doesn't belong there. It is not his home. He is a rugged man whose natural habitat is civic society. The wilderness for Stride (and the protagonists of other Boetticher Westerns) is a place of

banishment, trial, and atonement. In Stride's own words, his pride cost his wife her life. He had been sheriff of Silver City for twelve years, lost an election, and refused an offer to be the new sheriff's deputy, causing his wife to take a job at the Wells Fargo office. In the course of a robbery at Wells Fargo, she was killed.

We learn this only later, because the film begins, as Boetticher Westerns typically do, *in medias res*. In a heavy downpour, Stride seeks refuge in a cave occupied by two shady ruffians. Soon it is apparent that he was not just seeking shelter, he was seeking them. When they realize this, they try to shoot him, but he had anticipated their action and shoots them first. He now has killed two of the men involved in the robbery during which his wife was shot. When he kills them all, we gradually sense, he will have atoned for his fatal prideful act and can resume a place in civil life.

In pursuit of the remaining outlaws, of whose identities he is uncertain, he aids a young couple whose wagon is stuck in muddy gully. Since the husband, John Greer (Walter Reed), is clearly incompetent, Stride accompanies them for a while. They are heading for California via the small town of Flora Vista. Stride and the woman, Jane Greer (Gail Russell), quickly develop a sexually charged attraction to each other. Stride is too honorable to act upon his desires but not too honorable to imply them.

Soon the three are joined by the malevolent Bill Masters (Lee Marvin) and his two unsavory sidekicks. Masters knows about the robbery and the killing. He figures Stride is after the killers and not the loot: a strongbox containing $20,000 in gold. He also thinks that at least one of the killers has the gold. When Stride finds that man and kills him, then only Stride will stand between Masters and the gold. But when Masters

directs some offensive sexual innuendo at Annie and belittles John for being soft and "short of spine," Stride drives him off. Masters goes to Flora Vista, where he meets up with the remaining robbers and their leader Payte Bodine (John Larch).

Unbeknownst to Masters or anyone else but Greer, the strongbox is in Greer's wagon. Greer is on a secret mission to deliver it to Bodine in Flora Vista, before turning westward for California. He has been paid to make this delivery, no questions asked. He did not know what was in the box.

Both a preliminary and the climactic shoot-out in *7 Men from Now* take place among the granite boulders of the Alabama Hills near Lone Pine, California, which feature prominently in Boetticher's Randolph Scott Westerns. Unlike the craggy buttes and chimneys of Monument Valley, these rocks are rounded, smooth-surfaced, perhaps even inviting. But they're also hard, harder than the sandstone of Monument Valley, as the harsh ping of ricocheting bullets suggest. They seem to reflect Stride's character: tougher than anyone else in the film, but also possessed of a soft side. He is a morally balanced man.

In the final showdown, Stride has set out bait for the remaining gang members—and for Masters. The strongbox, which Greer has abandoned in shame and fear, now sits in a clearing among the giant granite rocks. Here will occur either Stride's demise or his redemption. We bet on him, because his rugged stoicism and moral fiber seem to match the impassivity and invulnerability of the rocks. He prevails, despite having been shot in the leg and knocking his head knocked against a boulder in the earlier shoot-out. Atonement doesn't come easy. Having exorcised his real-life demons and assuaged his guilt, he can return to civil society. We last see him in a new job: the once-refused deputy position. There is a strong hint that he and the widow Greer will marry one day.

In *The Naked Spur*, Anthony Mann combines an unstable environment (landslides, a crumbling cave, a storm, and raging rivers) with occasional cinematic tropes to underscore his main character's neurotic obsession and moral stress. Although the camerawork is a comparatively small contributor to tension in the film, it is the first of the film's resources to be deployed for this purpose. The opening shot is a long-held static shot of mountainous terrain over which the major acting credits scroll. (Most of the film was shot in Rocky Mountain National Park, in Colorado.) After about thirty seconds, the camera suddenly jerks to the right to a slightly shaky close-up of a spur on the boot of a man on horseback, over which the title appears.

The man is Howard Kemp (James Stewart). He exudes unease. To his repressed shame, he is on a bounty hunt. When he went off to fight for the Union, he signed his ranch over to his fiancée, who sold it in his absence and ran away with another man. If Kemp can capture the murderer Ben Vandergroat (Robert Ryan), and return him dead or alive to Abilene, Kansas, where Ben shot a marshal, Kemp will earn enough money to buy back the ranch from its current owner. He enlists the aid of an aging prospector, Jesse Tate (Millard Mitchell), who can help him track Ben.

Their first encounter with Ben is signaled by a rash of boulders tumbling down around them from a steep bluff. While figuring out what to do, they are joined by an unwelcome third party, a dishonorably discharged army lieutenant, Roy Anderson (Ralph Meeker). The three discover that Ben is at the top of the bluff pushing the

boulders down on them hoping to kill or maim Kemp. It doesn't work, and with Roy's help Ben is soon disarmed and captured.

Accompanying Ben is Lina Patch (Janet Leigh), an orphaned young woman who is under Ben's thrall. Ben brutalizes her, manipulates her, controls her. Lina appears loyal to him but not particularly loving. Apparently she is a prisoner of her own insecurities, an abused waif who can imagine no alternative.

From here on, Ben plays each member of the capturing party against another. He tempts Jesse with a tale of a secret gold mine, nudges Roy to be jealous of Kemp, and continuously taunts Kemp about his fiancée's betrayal, his morally indefensible bounty-hunting mission, and even his name, calling him Howie instead of Howard. He twice reminds Jesse and Roy that the reward money would go further if one or two of the party were eliminated. He prods Lina to flirt with Kemp in the hopes of distracting him. But Lina develops some affection for Kemp, tempered by disapproval of his dishonorable mission.

Ben is a force of nature's dark side. All the environmental disturbances seem related to him or at least something he can take advantage of. He causes not just the early rockslides but also a partial cave-in later. He takes advantage of stormy weather to push Kemp off his horse and down a slippery steep slope. Having escaped captivity, he will, at the film's climax, set up an ambush atop a granite escarpment alongside a raging river. It's as if he and nature are in cahoots to exacerbate Kemp's moral unease to the point of ensuring Kemp's failure.

During a heavy rain, they seek shelter in a cave. At this point, Mann uses the environment—weather—to create a stunningly moving scene. Lina and Kemp are outside the cave talking. They are enjoying the sound of raindrops on the cookware still sitting on the remnants of their campfire. The raindrops on the metal create primitive but delightful music. But Lina has been sent to Kemp with instructions to lead Kemp on while Ben escapes. It seems to us, though, that Lina is genuinely interested in Kemp and is falling in love with him. It seems that way to Kemp, too, who proposes marriage. As they embrace, Kemp suddenly discovers that Ben is trying to escape. Kemp foils the plan, but he assumes Lina had deliberately engaged with him in order to help Ben. He kicks the singing cookware in hurt rage.

Director Mann makes maximum use of the film's climactic setting. The raging river is prominent in numerous shots, several of them at very high angles, inducing vertigo or at least emphasizing the danger. During this extended scene, huge menacing logs are seen carried by the fearsome current. To reach Ben, Kemp has to scale a vertical rock face with the aid of his spur. Discovered by Ben as he nears the rim, Kemp throws his spur at Ben, hitting him in the face and eye. Before Ben can respond, Roy shoots him. Ben falls into the river and gets caught up in some rocks and brush on the far side. Thinking only of the reward, Roy attempts to retrieve the body but is rammed by a log and swept downstream, presumably to his death. Kemp manages to haul in the body. As he drags it toward his horse, he grumblingly voices his determination to take the body back and collect the reward. He is trying to talk down both Lina and his conscience. But love wins him over. Lina, who has proved her honesty by now, declares her willingness

to go with him wherever he wants. His resolve weakens. He gets his shovel, starts to dig a grave, and—now on the verge of moral cleansing—suggests he and Lina go to California. Kemp buries Ben, and they head west, Kemp's neurotic quest for material restoration exchanged for moral recovery—for love—and for clear skies, open space, and a calm camera.

Raoul Walsh's *Pursued* (1947) does not rise to the level of near perfection that characterizes *The Searchers*, *7 Men from Now*, and *The Naked Spur*, but it deserves a brief mention because it uses the western landscape in an intriguing and unusual way. The film was shot in northern New Mexico's Red Rock Mesa and Dark Lake Canyon in rugged terrain overlooked by high, domineering rock formations. Most of the time Walsh films them with the sun behind high cliffs or rock faces. They become almost black, towering over the haunted figure, also backlit, galloping in the sunlit area below. The figure on horseback in these scenes is usually Jeb Rand (Robert Mitchum).

The deep black shadows represent a dark memory that haunts Rand, not just because it was frightening but also because he can only vaguely recall it. Moreover, what happened that night seems to have had repercussions on his life so far (he is in his mid-twenties, it appears) and to threaten worse to come. It almost destroys the love that develops between him and his step-sister Thorley (Teresa Wright), and almost kills him. We, and he, learn what happened that night through a story told in flashback by Jeb himself. The darkness of the film, the sense of doom hovering over Jeb, and the flashback technique give the film a strongly noirish tint. Thorley is no femme fatale, although she tries to be one at one point. However, her mother, a good woman now, is ultimately revealed arguably to have been one, once, when a romantic liaison led to the horrible events that Jeb vaguely recalls and which still threaten him. But while the film is a good one, and its use of shadows powerful, it is the darkness rather than the landscape per se that suggests Jeb's psyche as well as the general doom cast on the story.

That *The Searchers*, *7 Men from Now*, and *The Naked Spur* involve love stories does not distinguish them from other Westerns. Although it's a fact not widely remarked upon or much written about, most Westerns in the canon involve love stories. *Stagecoach*, *My Darling Clementine*, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, *Red River*, *High Noon*, and *Shane* are love stories. Ford's three cavalry movies are love stories. *Rio Bravo*, *The Wild Bunch*, and *Unforgiven* are love stories, too, although the love in these two movies is between or among men.

What distinguishes *The Searchers*, *7 Men from Now*, and *The Naked Spur* is the role the landscape plays in the love stories. The lonely, formidable Monument Valley environment is congruent with Ethan's inapproachability; its ragged edges, rough surfaces, and sharp crags are a projection of his soul. When he returns to it at the film's end, he is also re-merging with it. But the toughness that enabled him to save Debbie banishes him from her subsequent life. After saving her, his next, necessary act of love is to exit her life, although as a changed, better man. The huge granite boulders of the Alabama Hills mimic Stride's strength and inner moral solidity. Being granite, they are in fact harder than the eroded sandstone buttes and spires of Monument Valley, and we get a sense that Stride is indeed a better man than Ethan. The granite is not at all sharp-edged. There is a feminine hint in it, suggesting perhaps a sensitive element occupying comfortably a

corner of Stride's manly core. By risking all among the boulders, he atones for his past error and is permitted to love again. In *The Naked Spur*, the instability of Howard's environment reflects his moral neurosis, which is cured only when he yields to love for a woman. Nature—the nature that surrounds *him*—won't calm down until he does.

Ford, Mann, and Boetticher are arguably filmdom's top three western directors (although one could make a case for including Peckinpah, Hawks, and Leone). Landscape being an essential element of Westerns, it should not surprise us that the pinnacle of each director's achievement in Westerns involves using the landscape more powerfully than in his other films. (Boetticher's *Ride Lonesome* (1956) is as good as *7 Men from Now*, but the two are essentially the same film.) But why is it that the unusually powerful use of landscape in these three films is so closely related to each film's love story, and not just to the final showdown between the hero and his antagonist, an event that typically seems to lie at the heart of the genre?

The answer may be simple (or simplistic; the reader will judge). The western protagonist is male, and his maleness has to do with his ability to thrive in rugged western surroundings. The relationship between landscape and character is distinctive in each of these three films: an extension of Ethan's essence; the solidity that Stride needs to match in order to expunge his guilt; an outer manifestation of Kemp's inner turmoil. Ethan, Stride, and Kemp are Ford's, Boetticher's, and Mann's emotionally richest Western characters. The strongest emotions being love and hate, the most satisfying stories almost always involve the overcoming of the latter, or something like the latter, by the former. Certainly there is hatred in the three films, and in each one the hatred is ousted by love. That the love is in one case nonsexual, and in neither of the other two torrid, suggests a mature, hardened kind of love, hardly romantic, and reflective of the male protagonist's seriousness. Almost inevitably, then, the landscape in each film, since it reflects or represents the character in some essential way, is inextricable from the emotional relationship between the protagonist and the woman he learns to love.

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"La Mariee," 1950

Always the same

That celestial light
Creeping forward through a crack
--of course, I always leave the door ajar—
I wake, leap up from the couch
Into the distance and through the dark
Glancing in all directions
No need to flee just yet

Having gulps of hard-earned air, I'd perhaps never breathe again
Fear a concern
Feet planted, firm against the ground
Hearing only whispers
Tearing the silence of these nightsa

Suddenly,
Just as quick,
Thrust from nowhere, felling me hard beside those feet
Our little secret
Followed by a hiss, a nibble
A bite

These chants sung under toil
Hardened hearts beating wreakless
And my legs part to force
Fears subside for the worst
And lazy reveries meant with each thrust

No penetrating yearnings
Not within me, my desire
Grasping a knife in my left
The sacrificial goat in my right

—James A. Wren

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I Wouldn't Fool You for the World:" Forgery, Authentication and *The Art Instinct*

by Amanda Denman, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio

In 1937, a new painting that was touted as a masterpiece was discovered to have been painted by the Delft artist, Vermeer. *Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus* was authenticated by professor and art expert, Abraham Bredius as "every inch a Vermeer." It hung in the Boymans Museum in Rotterdam and was visited by countless admirers. It was…. a fake. Han van Meegeren, a failed artist in his own right, who decided to fool the so-called experts, had actually created the painting, not just for financial gain, but for payback for not admiring the works he painted in his own original style. He eventually confessed and his painting, including the undoubtedly stunning Disciples was relegated to storage (Dutton 177). Some thirty years later, another forger, Elmyr de Hory, would again cause a stir in the art world. Before his suicide, many believe committed to avoid extradition, in 1976, he had his own biography by a notorious faker in his own right, was the subject of one projected documentary by French filmmaker, Francois Reichenbach, and would be forever immortalized in a "new style of film" created by the great director, Orson Welles in what would be his last completed and released feature-length film, *F for*

*Fake***.** De Hory's paintings have not been relegated to storage: as a matter of fact, many are still believed to hang on the walls of museums and expensive private collections all over the world; and in 1994, Japan hosted an exhibition of his work. It was believed to include forgeries of de Hory (Jorwald). Van Meegeren's and de Hory's stories of forgery are only two examples, with very different afterlives, that have played out over time and that have raised several important questions regarding aesthetics and aesthetic practices: What constitutes a work of art? What role does authenticity play? What about the experts? Is originality the basis for valuing an aesthetic experience?

Art critics and experts throughout the twentieth and into the twenty-first century have debated the answers to these questions. But the answers have largely remained unsatisfactory, particularly for Denis Dutton, professor, critic and art historian. In his book, *The Art Instinct: Beauty, Pleasure, and Human Evolution***,** Dutton posits his own theory about the meaning of art and the classification of forgery as an "artistic crime" as products of evolution. This paper will unpack the implications of Dutton's theories on forgery and authorial intention, first through a close reading of Dutton's claims and secondly through an examination of the "essayistic documentary" by Orson Welles, *F for Fake*. What we will find will be at least a complication, at most, a refutation of the problem of forgery as Dutton formulates it and perhaps a clearer understanding of the human aesthetic experience.

In a chapter of *The Art Instinct*, Dutton identifies three "aesthetic problems" that can perhaps be understood through an evolutionary psychological perspective. They are "intention," "forgery," and "Dada." All three are "problems" in the first place because they present challenges and contradictions to the list of "characteristic features found cross-culturally in the arts" that "can be reduced to a list of [12] core items…which define art in terms of a set of *cluster criteria*." The list comprises both "features of art" and "qualities of the experience of art." These criteria are:

1. 1. Direct pleasure
2. 2. Skill and virtuosity
3. 3. Style
4. 4. Novelty and creativity
5. 5. Criticism
6. 6. Representation
7. 7. Special focus
8. 8. Expressive individuality
9. 9. Emotional saturation
10. 10. Intellectual challenge
11. 11. Art traditions and institutions
12. 12. Imaginative experience (51-58)

Dutton identifies these criteria as being cross-cultural, spanning thousands of years of human experience, allowing art to be explained as a process of evolution. He states:

> Decisions made by women and men over hundreds of millennia have honed the human virtues as we now understand them…Not all of these evolved human excellences…are implicated in a general understanding of art and

beauty. But some of the virtues clearly are, and connecting them with natural selection and sexual selection gives us a powerful means not only to talk about the origins and universal characteristics of the arts worldwide but also to throw light on issues and paradoxes that have bedeviled theoretical aesthetics since the Greeks. (166)

Thus, the problems that he lists above, particularly intention and forgery which seem inextricably intertwined, arise out of "deeply held but conflicting intuitions that we all share about the nature and value of art." Dutton claims "evolution…is the key to understanding why these issues are so contentious in the first place" (167).

His explanation begins with the issue of authorial intention, particularly its dismissal by postmodernist theorists. He explains that, in particular, French theorists such as Barthes and Foucault, of "treated literature as texts produced by ideological systems which were in control of the writer and any intentions he might have…Libidinal forces, culture, economic determinants: the meanings of texts were controlled by anything but the individual mind of the author" (168-69). Dutton rejects a culturally determined explanation of the significance of a work of art because, as an artifact of a particular human's skills and abilities, the intention of the author must be considered. Indeed, "there is no getting around the fact that historical works of art are created by historical people. Whatever the intellectual peculiarities this fact creates for theory, as readers and critics of real works of art we are continuously captivated by the talents of the real people who make them" (177). The tensions in the meaning of a work arise out of the three

"functions" of language "in human social life." The communicative/descriptive function describes the everyday, non-fiction, narratives in which we describe our surroundings, our experiences, and our ideas. The imaginary function is language "as a creative medium for telling fictional tales" and is often identifiable by certain markers to let the hearer/reader know that what they are presented with is a work of fiction. The third function is "the fitness indicator function," which "coexists" between the other two and is "language use as a show of skill, style, and intelligence" (173-174). This third function allows for judgments and evaluations to be made on the skill with which others communicate, either in the communicative/descriptive sense or as an imaginary function. This ability to evaluate is "an ever-present voice whispering to us that one kind of truth always matters: the truth about the sobriety, knowledge, intelligence, seriousness, or competence of the fact-teller or the fiction-maker" (175). Without acknowledging authorial intent, without acknowledging the very real person behind the aesthetic expression, we have no way of recognizing where and how these functions overlap and no way of evaluating the "truth" of what is put before us. The ambiguity of what is true and what is valuable, particularly in the absence of authorial intention, leads us to the issue of forgery.

Many critics have tried to understand what it is about art forgery that creates such strong reactions of disappointment and anger in the viewing public. One idea, put forth by Alfred Lessing, is that "aesthetically it makes no difference whether a work of art is authentic or a forgery" (62) nor is the problem of forgery merely "a moral or legal normative concept" (64) but that "forgery is a concept that can be made meaningful only by reference to the concept of originality" (68). Thus, in the case of *The Disciples* by van

Meegeren, the offensiveness of forgery is not to be found in any aesthetic depreciation through knowledge of its fakery, but because the originality that the forgery possesses is not van Meegeren's own, but is a copy of Vermeer's originality: an aesthetic style or quality that was exclusively Vermeer's own in the historical and cultural milieu in which it was created. In an earlier essay entitled, "Artistic Crimes," in a book edited by Dutton, *The Forger's Art,* Dutton dismisses Lessing's position as a "kind of philistinism" that states that "if a work of art is a forgery, then it must somehow be without value: once we are told that these are van Meegerens before us, and not Vermeers, we reject them, though their formal properties remain unchanged" (184). Another critic, Nelson Goodman, posits an explanation for our psychological response to forgery by noting that "no one can ever ascertain by merely looking at the pictures that no one ever has been or will be able to tell them apart by merely looking at them;" in other words, knowledge and experience of art can mature over time and what was once considered to be genuine may be eventually discovered to be a fake. This is particularly true now in light of the technological advancements that we have developed for identifying a work's authenticity (95). Goodman also pointed out that "Any supposed new discovery of a work by an old artist will be assessed and authenticated in part by the extent to which its features conform to the artist's know oeuvre. But once incorporated into the artist's oeuvre, a new work – maybe a forgery – becomes part of what Goodman calls the "precedent class" of works against which further new discoveries will be assessed (Dutton 179).

As Dutton points out, Goodman does not actually explain, "why we object to forgeries in the first place." But musicologist Leonard Meyer does. Meyer posits a social-constructionist theory as to the objectionable nature of forgery in art. Because our cultural values include an "overweening" interest in originality and "the cult of genius," our aesthetic sensibility is directly tied to our "cultural heritage" and cannot be separated as such (184). Dutton claims that Meyer's position "only thinks through half the issue:"

> If we didn't have these cultural values, then we would never have so valued – and perhaps even heard of – the work of Vermeer in the first place. Were that the case, van Meegeren would never have wasted time painting his forgeries. It's not as though forgery would be tolerated in this hypothesized world: it could not exist as a practice in the first place. (184-185)

Dutton explains our objections to forgery by identifying what it is about artistic expression that sets it apart from other human activities: the performance of a human achievement. "Every work of art is an artifact, the product of human skills and techniques…less immediately apparent is the element of performance in a painting that has hung perhaps for generations in a museum, or a long-familiar musical composition. Yet we are no less in such cases confronted with the results of human agency" ("Artistic" *176*). Our "aesthetic intuitions" allow us to recognize in this "performance," or act of "making," a "communion with another soul," that constitutes a "high-skill" display, creating in the beholder feelings of admiration at the achievement. The basis for these evaluative feelings is to be found in evolution.

> As with the intentional fallacy, the paradoxes of forgery are generated by conflicting adaptive functions of works of art. On the one hand, we have

> the natural impulse to treat the work of art in a disinterested or decoupled manner, as an object that gives pleasure in the imagination. On the other hand, and in ways that conflict with this first aspect, works of art are skill displays, Darwinian fitness tests, and dependent on an innate information system that emerged in sexual selection. (188)

When a work of art is forged, the audience feels cheated; the achievement was not authentic, the skill-display, even if impressive, is not a genuine expression of that particular person's true potential for originality. Because we are genetically hard-wired to appreciate these displays, Dutton predicts that "highly skilled performances that excite admiration will be a focus not only of critical evaluation but of continual inspection and interrogation about potential for cheating" (192) which is why forgery must be detected, rooted out and properly punished.

Dutton's account of these aesthetic problems as having their origins in our Pleistocene-era ancestors is a provocative explanation of a temptingly universal, biological root for art and art appreciation. However, it is decidedly biased against what we know to be the importance of culture in determining art forms and their value, the institutionalization of art, the commodification of art and the growing problems of authorship and forgery in an "age of mechanical reproduction" that has far exceeded earlier artists' conceptions of what digital technology could do. The second half of this paper will explore some of these objections by looking at the ways that Welles's film, *F for Fake*, complicates Dutton's notions of forgery by producing a work of art whose subject matter *is* forgery and that includes blatant depictions and instances of forgery within itself.

First, for a brief synopsis of a very complicated film, let us turn to German film scholar Peter Lang, who provides the most intelligible account of the basic premise:

> Though completed in 1973, *F for Fake* premiered at a film festival in San Sebastian and in New York in September 1974. On the surface, F for Fake is a documentary about the activities of three forgers: Elmyr de Hory, a Hungarian who forges famous works of art (from Matisse to Modigliani to Picasso) and sells them directly to either art dealers or to the museums; Clifford Irving, a rather unimportant American novelist [and de Hory's biographer] until he forged a biography on Howard Hughes claiming to reveal the true story about the billionaire's life; and Orson Welles's own 'forgeries,' including his infamous report of a Martian landing in *The War of the Worlds*… (29)

Interspersed with these intersecting stories are magic tricks, a reflection of Chartres cathedral, a scene entitled "girl watching," musings on the likelihood of some of the more outlandish Howard Hughes rumors and a tour de force of fictional filmmaking involving Picasso, Welles's collaborator and companion for the last twenty years of his life, Oja Kodar, and Kodar's "grandfather," himself a seemingly gifted forger. What emerges from this myriad collection of fakes and fakers is what Lang and others have called a new form in filmmaking, the documentary essay. Part fact, part fiction, it is a masterful manipulation of the three functions of language that Dutton points to and makes it nearly impossible to identify the veracity of anything that is shown or heard on the screen: a direct challenge to the third function, the fitness indicator.

The film began as the brainchild of French documentary filmmaker Francois Reichenbach. He had heard of the audacious success of Elmyr de Hory when he had bought some "original Modigliani's" from Elmyr in his former career as an art dealer; he admittedly bought them for a fraction of what they should have been worth and sold them for double the profit to a museum, where they may or may not still hang in the Modigliani section (Lang 61). Reichenbach went to de Hory's home, the island of Ibiza, and there shot footage of Elmyr in a variety of settings: his home (rented and paid for by his dealers, but not his own), giving parties for friends, at cafes, and while at work. Reichenbach also did extensive interviews with de Hory's recent biographer and friend, Clifford Irving. Reichenbach explained his project to his friend Welles just as the story that Irving was suspected of forging the upcoming "autobiography" of the reclusive billionaire Howard Hughes was breaking news. With Reichenbach's cooperation, Welles took over the footage already shot, added new elements about the Irving/Hughes scandal as it unfolded, his own "charlatanry" and various other elements to make it his own. But is it? The concept, the research, the camera shots, the interviews are all Reichenbach's material, products of his originality. And yet it is Welles who has turned them into a high-skill display of artistic achievement. Is *F for Fake* then, in some parts, a filmic forgery? The easy answer is that it is not, since Reichenbach welcomed Welles to the material and because the ways in which Welles edited the material for presentation were his own. In this case then the authorial intention must be modified to include the editor as the author. Arguably, this is a problematic formulation given that the editor is only responsible for pulling the original materials together after the fact. Then again, the structure that the editor creates determines the way that the visuals and sounds will be interpreted by others, including by so-called experts. But more on editing later.

Experts get the brunt of Welles' own challenge to the established view of what makes forgery an affront to art. His idea of our objections to forgery are very much antagonistic to Dutton's own in that Welles sees the cultural framework of art as responsible for its own vulnerability to fakers such as de Hory: through the institutionalization, the academicization and the commodification of works of art. Were it not for these practices, art appreciation would have more to do with a genuine aesthetic response and less to do with whose name is signed to the picture and how much money that makes it worth. As Welles gleefully notes, experts "are God's own gift to the faker's." It is the experts that have spent the greater portion of Welles post-Hollywood career touting his non-mainstream filmic endeavors as flops, so Welles does have a personal stake in "undermining many cherished beliefs about authorship and the means by which experts…validate such notions" (Rosenbaum). It is also experts that originally authenticated the *Disciples* of van Meegeren as Vermeers; and it was countless experts who authenticated, bought, sold and displayed de Hory's work around the world. What makes de Hory's foray into forgery particularly fraught is the fact that his career as a faker started by accident: for years, he had tried to make a living through his own original work and had been rejected. De Hory explains that one day a lady of high rank, a potential client and self-described art aficionado, visited de Hory's studio and spotted what she thought was an original Picasso line drawing on the wall. She offered him $6000 for the "great work" and de Hory's new career was born (F). De Hory "describes himself as a starving artist who was "absolutely unable to sell any of his own paintings." "Who would have resisted that temptation?"

he asks, if society was that easily fooled, one might add" (Lang 84). For the camera, de Hory paints or draws several "original" works by supposedly great artists right before the viewer's eyes and then promptly burns them. The skill in copying these styles is certainly his own achievement. However, de Hory is aware of the danger of showing off too much and is careful to explain that he never signs the paintings as the artist in question: the signatures are added later by the sellers. This seems to make de Hory feel less culpable for the crime of forgery because the subject matter is his own and the possibility of a copied style is a matter of coincidence, not premeditation. Of course, this is bunk; de Hory knew what he was doing and why he was doing it. But it returns us to the issue that Dutton and other forgery theorists have raised regarding the aesthetic experience versus (an innate?) objection to a "misrepresented artistic performance" ("Artistic" 187). Obviously, for de Hory's forgeries to be successful, they must have contained some of those qualities that make the work of great artists great. However, if the aesthetic qualities are present and the paintings are not signed, are not admitted misrepresentations, then the objections surely can't be said to arise from, or solely from, the viewer's feeling of having been cheated. Indeed, as Welles says in the film, "If the lawyers would just let us, we could name you one highly respected museum which owns an important collection of impressionists every single one of them is painted by Elmyr" (qtd. in Lang 85). So in some instances, the viewer remains unaware that they were cheated: but the experts, whose money was spent and whose reputation is on the line, objected very strongly; enough so to investigate, try and convict the ruthless sellers who took advantage of de Hory, Legros and Rissaud, and who would eventually try to have de Hory extradited for his "crimes." It wasn't until years after the fact, if then, that the public was made aware of any deception

committed. This point is brought home by the refusal to cooperate or answer questions regarding the possibility of de Hory's in the collections of museums that were contacted by director Knut W. Jorwald for his own documentary of the fate of the forger's works. *F for Fake* then answers the question of what makes forgery objectionable not by turning to our Pleistocene-era fitness displays and emotions, but through answering the questions: "How is society's opinion developed?" and "Does, in fact, society have an opinion?" "The answer is given in the film: "The value [of art] depends on opinion. Opinion depends on the experts." As Lang points out, "this fact is immediately challenged for Welles continues: "A faker, like Elmyr, makes a fool of the experts. So who is the expert? Who is the faker?" (85). *F for Fake* allows room for and appeals to the audience to question "their faith in expertise" (86); a faith that is culturally, not biologically, shaped. Dutton of course concedes "forgery episodes so often involve the foolishness of curators and critics as well as the financial misfortunes of the rich," so "it is easy to dismiss them as amusing sideshows in art history." But he feels that "tracing our objections to forgery down to their Darwinian roots, however, puts the subject in a different light. Authenticity, which in the arts meets at the most profound level communion with another human soul, is something we are destined by evolution to want from literature, music, painting, and the other arts" (193). Yet in the case of de Hory, the lack of authenticity had been known only to the few that had verified, and paid money, for the works in the first place: the so-called experts.

Another way that the film complicates Dutton's formulation of the aesthetic problems of intent and forgery can be found in Welles's tribute to the anonymously

constructed and designed cathedral at Chartres. Dutton claims that "History and culture give us the artistic forms…in which we evaluate skill and virtuosity, but our admiration of skill and virtuosity itself is an adaptation derived from sexual selection off the back of natural selection" (175). That we are innately hardwired to feel certain emotions, such as of awe and admiration, is certainly plausible: but that skill and virtuosity can be at all recognized *prior to* the display of said skills in particular forms that define what those skills needs to be is problematic. The methods through which one can judge whether or not a skill is being performed must be derived from a social agreement on what activities are or are not skillful. It isn't enough to simply acknowledge that "the forms" are dictated historically and culturally; the recognition of the skills that those forms display must also be culturally agreed upon. This may account for why the aesthetic experience differs across cultures and times; because as technology advances, we must redefine what skills are available for judgment. This is why Welles's directing and editing of Reichenbach's work is not forgery, but is itself an artistic achievement. It is Welles's decision-making process, deftness with editing equipment and ability to tell disparate stories out of scattered materials that sets his work apart as an aesthetic achievement: but the "skills" involved in these practices certainly weren't able to be admired prior to the invention of film and film-making techniques. To return to the cathedral, it continues to be recognized as a virtuoso display of skill in architecture, as well as one of the most beautiful buildings in the world: but the authorship, and therefore the author's intentions, remain a mystery. If the creator's motive for display is to be traced back to art as a fitness marker, then surely anonymity negates any possibility of the artist experiencing the benefits of producing recognition of his skill and virtuosity. And yet it was built and has been admired for centuries.

Finally, one must wonder what Dutton would make of a work of art, like *F for Fake*, that deliberately and repeatedly tries to pass off its own forgeries on the audience. A brief catalogue of the fakery that shows up in this film includes: magic tricks, a long shot of who is supposed to be Kodar that is actually her sister in a similar dress, an "original" de Hory depiction of what Hughes may now look like that is drawn and signed "Elmyr" by Welles, stock footage of Howard Hughes that is actually a picture of actor Don Ameche, montage techniques that create the illusion of a conversation between two characters who are actually filmed in different times and spaces, fake backgrounds and "location shots," Kodar's "grandfather" as played by her actual father, an "appearance" by Picasso that consists entirely of close-ups of photographs of his eyes filmed through a window frame to make it appear that he is ogling Kodar, the word "practioner" appearing in the title cards that has invariably been read as "practitioners," a clip from the *War of the Worlds* broadcast that Welles has newly written and recorded (Graver and Kodar), and finally, a promise, verbally given and "in writing" that "during the next hour, everything you hear from us is really true and based on solid fact," without actually revealing when that hour begins and ends. These are all deliberate attempts by Welles to fool the audience and yet they comprise most of the elements that make this film a successful, and new, form of cinematic art. To Dutton, the "psychological effect" of "feel[ing] cheated" is the result of what he believes is "an evolved emotion, one long familiar to common sense but assumed to be merely cultural or conventional by many theorists. There is no one word to describe it, but it includes feelings of awe, admiration, esteem, and *elevation"* (emphasis his) (190).

And yet it is the very experience of being cheated that this film creates and calls attention to that has produced said feelings of "awe" and "admiration" for Welles's work.

What I hope is clear from this interpretation of *F for Fake* is that Dutton's evolutionary explanation for the "aesthetic problems" of intention and forgery are not necessarily as clear cut as they may seem. Much of what we deem art, much of what gives us an aesthetically pleasing experience, is molded and complicated by the cultural, institutional and economic boundaries that encompasses the act of creation in our society. To simplify or dismiss these socially constructed explanations is to buy into the hype of one's own expertise – and to perpetuate possibly false standards that relegate great works of aesthetic skill and ability to the obscure fringes of the museum basement, the criminal's bank account or the film vault.

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Photo: Anne Jevne

WILLIAM STYRON'S DUBIOUS MEMOIR: SOPHIE, AND STYRON'S *SOPHIE'S CHOICE*

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"No one will ever know the secret from which I write and the fact that I say it changes nothing."[1]

- Jacques Derrida

I. INTRODUCTION

The following pages assess the 1979 bestselling novel by William Styron (1925-2006), *Sophie's Choice*,[2] and its eponymous hit 1982 film. Attention thereto is summoned afresh by the 2012 publication of *Selected Letters of William Styron*.[3] The underlying factuality of *Sophie's Choice* was attested to repeatedly by Styron. He identified the Sophie's Choice widow named Sophie Zawistowska with an actual, widowed Brooklyn-Sophie of 1949. He identified Zawistowska's fictional paramour Nathan Landau with Brooklyn-Sophie's actual lover of 1949. On the other hand, Styron denied even recalling Sophie's last name. It is difficult to acknowledge that Styron or his movie's director or their studio would have shot so fraught a screenplay for 1982 release utilizing an original participant's real-life name. Challenging credibility is it also that Styron would reiterate (as he did) his claims to autobiographical accuracy while simultaneously supposing that Sophie might still survive.

1 Benoît Peeters, Derrida: A Biography, p. ix (Malden, MA: Polity Press, 2013) (Andrew Brown trans.) (Epigraph).
2 William Styron, Sophie's Choice (New York: Random House, Inc., 1979).
3 Selected Letters of William Styron (New York: Random House, 2012) (Rose Styron ed.).

For in 1979 the law of libel was such that, in charging fornication, irrelevant was the absence of ill-will. Prominently rose the prospect of extortionate litigation by plaintiffs. Too, in 1979 the public disclosure of private facts objectionable to a person of ordinary sensitivities was tortious. And an independent form of tortious invasion of privacy was publicity emplacing a plaintiff in a false light in the public eye. Such false light did not need to be defamatory. A mores test looked to be applicable.

As of 1979, William Styron must have become completely cognizant of the respective 1970 and 1971 golden motherloads struck in both the publishing, and cinema, enterprises by each of Erich Segal and Herman Raucher. The artistic creations of each of those high-profile celebrities had attained greatly remunerative, popular-cultural success. Each of those two novelists had netted fame and fortune thanks to a smash bestseller and its eponymous filmization. By curious coincidence had each middle-aged man advertised his personal connection to his real-life model for the young lady of teary destiny in his novel. Between 1971 and 1979 William recounted on paper the tragedy of his own star-crossed heroine, Sophia Zawistowska. Between those dates he confided to the planet that he, not unlike Segal and Raucher, had known the flesh and blood incarnation of the inspiration for his fictional heroine. But Styron did not claim, as claimed by Raucher of his own leading-lady, to have known the inspiration of his heroine carnally. Did Styron conjure Sophie from something so diaphanous as his literary imagination?

II. THE BROOKLYN-SOPHIE BEHIND SOPHIE'S CHOICE: FACT, OR FICTION?

A. The Case for Fact: The Summer of '49

His biographer, James L. W. West, III, recounts how Styron arrived in Manhattan in May 1949.[4] Young Styron located ground floor lodging at 1506 Caton Avenue[5] in Brooklyn. His new, immediately-overhead neighbors displayed their noisy propensity for lovemaking gymnastically. They not only were audible through the ceiling[6] but rattled Styron's ceiling light fixture and "the furniture in his room shook."[7] Thereafter,

4 James L. W. West, III, William Styron, A Life p. 166 (New York: Random House, Inc., 1998).
5 *Ibid.*, pp. 168-69.
6 *Ibid.*, p. 167.
7 *Ibid.*, p. 168.

One morning Styron met a survivor of one of the death camps. She was a fellow roomer at 1506 Caton Avenue: he met her on the doorstep of the rooming house as he was going out for breakfast. She had blond hair and was quite handsome, with high cheekbones and a lovely voice. He talked with her briefly; her English was good, but she spoke it hesitantly and with an accent he could not identify. Her first name, he learned, was Sophie. She told him her last name, but it was a complicated mixture of consonants, and he forgot it. He noticed that she had a number tattooed on her wrist, but he did not yet ask about it. They chatted several more times over the next few days, and she went out with him once or twice on his walks around the neighborhood. During these walks he learned that she had acquired her tattoo at Auschwitz and that she was a survivor of the internment camp there, but that she was Catholic, not Jewish. The difficult last name and the accent were Polish; though she was not a Jew, she had been imprisoned by the Nazis all the same, as had thousands of other Polish Gentiles. After she had been set free from Auschwitz, she had recuperated in a hospital and had emigrated to the United States. She was now living with her cat in a single room upstairs at 1506 Caton Avenue; her boyfriend lived there too, in a single room next door to hers. Styron did a little discreet reconnoitering and discovered that *it was Sophie who occupied the room above his and that she and her boyfriend were the noisy lovers*. Styron saw the boyfriend from time to time on the stairs or on the walkway outside and nodded to him, but that was all. He seemed innocuous and undistinguished. Styron was intrigued by Sophie, however: she was a little older than he, perhaps in her late twenties, and seemed exotic and mysterious.[8]

However, on a "late June"[9] weekend, the future novelist departed these Caton Avenue digs.[10] The final weekend in June 1949 was June 25-26. And most improbably would the prior weekend, June 18-19, have been recollected as late in June. So Styron's Sophie sojourn spilled into the summer of '49. In 2011, William's daughter, Alexandra, related that her father had hoped to retain his Brooklyn flat as late as "the start of summer 1949".[11] And the story of Styron's narrator Stingo (the Styron-figure), Nathan Landau and Sophie Zawistowska was the story of a summer.[12] Offers West: "On whom is Sophie Zawistowska based? …Sophie is based on several women. Her physical looks and the fact that she is a Polish Catholic come from the real Sophie whom Styron had known in Brooklyn in the summer of 1949."[13]

In June 1974, shortly after visiting Auschwitz, Styron in the *New York Times* wrote, in part, of Nazi genocide victims there:

8 *Ibid.*, p. 169 (emphasis added).
9 *Ibid.*, p. 171.
10 *Ibid.*
11 Alexandra Styron, Reading My Father: A Memoir, p. 90 (New York: Scribner, 2011).
12 William Styron, *supra* note 2, pp. 33 ("the summer") and 455 ("that summer").
13 James L. W. West, III, *supra* note 4, p. 419.

Or there were the few ravaged survivors, like the once devoutly Catholic Polish girl I knew many years ago, the memory of whom impelled my visit to Auschwitz. It was she who, having lost father, husband and two children to the gas chambers, paid no longer any attention to religion, since she was certain, she told me, that Christ had turned His face away from her, as He had from all mankind.[14]

Already had Styron during April[15] revealed of his new book[16] that

…the story I'm telling is, well, it's half-real and half-fiction. But this girl – the one whom I knew and upon whom my fictional Sophie is based – did go to Auschwitz, she did lose her father, her husband, and her two children to the gas chambers and I'm writing about her. But the way that these things happened are fictional because she told me no more; she vanished from my life for one reason or another. I didn't pursue her any longer. *She did not have any such relationship with the Nathan I've alluded to*. But the agony of her life as it must have been is something I'm seeking, these many years later.[17]

He expatiated that his Auschwitz visit was undertaken so he could proceed "at least having seen the place where all this happened to Sophie."[18] Moreover: "There are three characters and one of them, a Jewish boy who is very much involved with a Polish girl named Sophie, is deranged and certainly a fanatic, troubled, probably schizophrenic."[19]

Later, Styron shared with Judith Thurman these thoughts on the origins of *Sophie's Choice*:

I don't want to make it sound creepy and metaphysical, but I woke up one morning in the spring with the vivid memory of this girl, whom I met in Brooklyn, in a rooming house, more than thirty years before….[20]

Moreover:

Sophie, however, was really the girl's name. She had survived Auschwitz, was a Polish Catholic, had a tattoo. The real Sophie had a lover, but he was a colorless sort of fellow—not anything like Nathan in the book. Their wild lovemaking was true, though. They were at it night and day. And that was one of the things that allowed me to emphasize

14 William Styron, *Auschwitz*, in This Quiet Dust, and Other Writings, pp. 302, 304 (New York: Random House, Inc., 1982), from the N.Y. Times Op-Ed page, June 25, 1974.
15 An Interview with William Styron *Ben Forkner* and *Gilbert Schricke*, in Conversations with William Styron, p. 190 (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1985) (James L. W. West, III, ed.), from 10 Southern R., October 1974, pp. 923-34.
16 *Ibid.*, p. 199.
17 *Ibid.*, pp. 200-01 (emphasis added).
18 *Ibid.*, p. 201.
19 *Ibid.*, p. 199.
20 Judith Thurman, *William Styron: An Interview,* in *Sophie's Choice:* A Contemporary Casebook, p. 12 (Newcastle: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2007) (Rhoda Sirlin and James L. W. West III eds.) (from Mademoiselle, February 1983).

Stingo's awful yearning for the same thing—which he couldn't have.[21]

As late as 2002 Styron insisted: "The Sophie I based my heroine on was a real character in my life; the young woman I knew had suffered cruelly at Auschwitz and had been a Polish Catholic."[22] Evan Hughes in 2011 reiterated: "The real Sophie upstairs on Caton Avenue had in fact been Catholic…."[23]

Thus during 1981 had Styron himself reconstructed his Brooklyn-Sophie connection:

In the late forties I moved in a boarding house in the Flatbush area of Brooklyn, precisely where my novel takes place. It isn't New York. It's more like Neuilly, a kind of Nowhere. One fine morning, at the doorstep, I met a young blond woman, superb, older than me but still young. Her English was a bit hesitant. A number had been tattooed on her arm. We took a few walks together. She had come back from Auschwitz and was in love with a man with whom she lived above me (I derived the character of Nathan from him). He was a nice man, really, and quite inoffensive.…[24]

On that date, this exchange transpired with his interviewer Michel Braudeau of *L'Express*:

E: Did the Sophie of Brooklyn write to you after the book's publication?

WS: No. Not a word from her. But I did receive a rather astonishing letter: "You seem to be describing a woman I knew in Brooklyn in 1949," wrote my correspondent. And that's what is fantastic. I knew the real Sophie in 1949 and not in 1947 as I wrote in the novel. What makes me believe that the man wrote the truth is what he adds: "This woman lived in an apartment on Caton Avenue." Now, I mentioned that street only in passing at the end of the book, without giving it much importance, so I'm sure that this man was not inventing. He continued: "I knew that woman and together we went to Jones Beach just as you mentioned it; her name was Sophie."

I went nearly mad reading that honest, sincere letter, which gave another incredible detail: "After lying on the beach, I couldn't find the car I had rented in the parking lot. She became angry. I didn't have enough money to take her out. I didn't call her for a week and one day she called me. She was in tears because of her boyfriend and she said to me: 'Guess what he did to me? *He strangled the cat.' And she was crying.…" Exactly the kind of thing Nathan could have done*. And this man asks me if, perchance, I had not taken the same type of twisted mind as a model.

21 *Ibid.*

22 Speech by William Styron at the AJCF Dinner, December 3, 2002, http://agreg-ink.net/litt/2005/styron1.html.

23 Evan Hughes Literary Brooklyn: The Writers of Brooklyn and the Story of American City Life, p. 195 (New York: Holt Paperbacks, 2011).

24 Why I Wrote *Sophie's Choice Michel Braudeau*, in Conversations with William Styron, *supra* note 15, pp. 243, 246, from L'Express, February 28, 1981, p. 76.

E: And the real Sophie…

WS: …was called Sophie, of course. And has never written to me. Perhaps she has died, disappeared.

E: Or else does not read novels?

WS: When I knew her, she was absorbed in Manhattan Transfer, by Dos Passos. In two years my book has been very widely circulated. She may possibly have read it. I don't know.[25]

The authoritativeness of *Sophie's Choice* Styron extolled to Braudeau beyond its Brooklyn-Sophie element:

I knew very well that I was grappling with an enormous subject which could explode in my face at any moment. This may seem a bit vain, but the fact remains that on all important points, those I felt I absolutely had to deal with, Auschwitz or Occupied Poland for example, I received no fundamental criticism. This allows me to think that in a certain way, in some desperate way, I mastered my theme. I knew that if someone could point out, "You're making a grave error there; such a thing did not exist at that particular time," then the whole book would fall apart. And no one would have missed the opportunity to corner me. But here it is. There are no small errors either, and I'm proud I was able to be precise in this book. I'm proud to have spoken the truth. It gives the book some authority.[26]

Truth speaks with authority.

B. The Case for Fiction

i. The Summer of '49

As already seen in section IIA, *supra*, in 1981 Styron informed Brandeau, respecting Styron's male correspondent alleging his own acquaintance with Brooklyn-Sophie: "What makes me believe that the man wrote the truth is what he adds: 'This woman lived in an apartment on Caton Avenue.' Now, I mentioned that street only in passing at the end of the book, without giving it much importance, so I'm sure that this man was not inventing."[27] Styron's announced certainty is incredible, unless Styron never had read *Sophie's Choice*.

25 *Ibid.*, pp. 246-47 (former emphasis in original; latter emphasis supplied).

26 *Ibid.*, p. 251.

27 *Ibid.*, p. 247.

Sure enough, late therein, the janitor of the rooming house[28] of Sophie, Nathan and Stingo, is dispatched by Sophie to purchase a fifth of whiskey: "He ambled the five blocks over to Flatbush Avenue. … Returning in the sweltering heat, he loitered for a moment at the edge of the park, watching the playing fields of the Parade Grounds.…"[29] Thereafter, "… he hurried back to the Pink Palace at a dogtrot now, nearly getting run down on Caton Avenue.…"[30]

Their overwhelmingly pink[31] rooming house borders Prospect Park.[32] Stingo's room has a view of the corner of that Park, called the Parade Grounds.[33] Sure enough, the Prospect Park Parade Ground remains bordered by Caton Avenue. For Caton Avenue extends along some eight blocks south of that Parade Ground. Their length leaves them some four to twelve blocks west (Stingo: "five blocks") of Flatbush Avenue.[34] How challenging was a surmise of 1979 (or 2015) that Sophie rented a residence on Caton Avenue?

As already seen in section IIA, *supra*, Styron told Braudeau, regarding Styron's male correspondent, that this correspondent relayed Sophie's long-ago, weepy report that her boyfriend had strangled the cat.[35] Said Styron to Braudeau: "Exactly the kind of thing Nathan could have done."[36] Styron's announced certainty ("exactly"), is incredible, unless Styron had not been listening to his own interview. For shortly before had Styron thus characterized to Braudeau his real-life Nathan figure: "He was a nice man, really, and quite inoffensive. …"[37] But were Styron's true-life model for Nathan a nice man, really, and quite inoffensive, why would strangling Sophie's cat and making her weep be exactly the kind of thing Nathan would do? Were Styron's real-life "Nathan" a colorless fellow, nothing like the novel's character (as Styron told Thurman), why would he strangle her cat?

ii. The Saga of Benjamin Crovets

Therefore, while Styron's male correspondent, Ben Crovets of Wantagh, New York, indeed was a three-dimensional incarnation, his own existence did not substantiate any

28 William Styron, *supra* note 2, p. 501.
29 *Ibid.*, p. 502.
30 *Ibid.*
31 *Ibid.,* pp. 33, 178 ("Yetta Zimmerman's Pink Palace").
32 *Ibid.,* p. 33.
33 *Ibid.*, p. 36.
34 http://maps.google.com/.
35 Why I Wrote *Sophie's Choice Michel Braudeau*, in Conversations with William Styron, *supra* note 15, pp. 243, 247.
36 *Ibid.*
37 *Ibid.*, p. 246.

existence of the wraithlike Brooklyn-Sophie. Only his 1982 (not 1979) letter to Styron lies within the William Styron Papers, 1855-2007, in the David M. Rubenstein Rare Book & Manuscript Library, Duke University.[38] Therefore, imaginably was there never any such 1979 letter to Styron. For during 1982 a playful Bill might have recruited a co-hoaxer as his 1949 Brooklyn-Sophie witness. Thereupon, Bill could have drafted or dictated Crovets's alleged letter to Styron of 1982.

Speculating less luridly, Bill between 1979 and 1982 could have warmed to the prospect of holding a 1949 Brooklyn-Sophie witness in the wings, although Brooklyn-Sophie was altogether a Styronian invention. Could a correspondent excited by the novel actually synthesize a spot of shared history with the wholly unreal Brooklyn-Sophie? (Remember William's quotation from Crovets that he and Sophie "went to Jones Beach just as you mentioned it.") For certain. For it shortly will be seen that no less a witness than Alexandra Styron attests that more than one woman crawled out of the woodwork to announce *herself* Brooklyn-Sophie. Their boast was far more daring than would be a male's claim of mere acquaintance with Brooklyn-Sophie.

Yet could not Ben Crovets have been a genuine witness to a genuine Brooklyn-Sophie? Not likely. For most conveniently to some and inconveniently to others, the very last thing the 1982 letter tells Styron is that this supposed Brooklyn-Sophie acquaintance never knew her last name. Ben Crovets did not forget Brooklyn-Sophie's last name normally over the course of three decades. He never knew it at all. Not unlike Bill Styron, who either forgot it according to biographer Bill West or never knew it either. Some coincidence.

iii. The Seductiveness of Manhattan Transfer

Styron recollected that Brooklyn-Sophie was absorbed in *Manhattan Transfer*[39], by John dos Passos.[40] Published in 1925, what was *Manhattan Transfer*? Explained John Dos Passos biographer Townsend Ludington:

Manhattan Transfer perplexed some critics and was an outright offense to upholders of the genteel tradition like Paul Elmer More, who would soon term it "an explosion in a cess pool." But others found it superior. "Wasn't Dos Passos' book astonishly good?" Scott Fitzgerald asked Max Perkins late in December. The reviewer for the *New York Times*, H. L. Stuart, called the novel "a powerful and sustained piece of work," despite what he termed Dos Passos's "exasperated sense of the unpleasant." He correctly linked

38 Ben Crovits to William Styron, June 6, 1982, William Styron Papers, 1855-2007, David M. Reubenstein Rare Book & Manuscript Library, Duke University ("a short dating period," "I never even knew her last name").
39 John dos Passos, Manhattan Transfer: A Novel (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1953).
40 Townsend Ludington, John Dos Passos: A Twentieth Century Odyssey (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1980).

the author with impressionist and "super-naturalist" writers, the latter term being akin to what the reviewer for the Literary Review, Herschel Brickell, called "Neo-Realism," which stressed "the ugly and sordid." "One must grant it a rough vigor and something of the vitality of our island," Brickell wrote, "much, too, of its commonness and sheer vulgarity." For him, as for many readers, however, the book was interesting primarily as "a literary experiment."

But most pleasing of all to Dos Passos whenever it was that he read the reviews clipped and mailed him by Harper and Brothers was that of Sinclair Lewis, who in the *Saturday Review of Literature* declared *Manhattan Transfer* to be "a novel of the very first importance" which could be "the foundation of a whole new school of novel-writing." Lewis speculated that Dos Passos might be the originator of "humanized and living fiction" more nearly than were already renowned American novelists like Dreiser, Cather, or Sherwood Anderson. "I regard *Manhattan Transfer*," Lewis wrote, "as more important in every way than anything by Gertrude Stein or Marcel Proust or even the great white boar, Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses*."[41]

In 1949, was that a lure for all those fetching blonds in their twenties, reading English as a second language and residing among the impecunious at 1506 Caton Avenue? (Impecunious Styron departed Sophie and their boarding house when he was broke.)[42]

But Ludington continues:

With *Manhattan Transfer* Dos Passos achieved artistic maturity. The novel, which included the expressionistic techniques he had developed during the previous several years, was a montage about New York that presented a wide variety of characters who passed through the pages of the novel to demonstrate the author's themes of materialism, conformity, political corruption, and lack of communication. The book was a satire, in places harsh and bitter, but also amusing because of Dos Passos's use of burlesque as well as the ludicrousness of the lives of some of the characters, who dashed helter-skelter about a city that loomed larger throughout the book than any of the individual figures. If he had not achieved the "humanized and living fiction" which Sinclair Lewis claimed *Manhattan Transfer* was, he had caricatured New York and members of its populations effectively – had succeeded brilliantly in achieving what he had set out to do.[43]

Was this a magnet for youthful males come to Brooklyn, aspiring to be novelists themselves? In 1949, did Bill Styron know that Dos Passos had been writing *Manhattan Transfer* when Dos Passos lived in Brooklyn at 106-110 Columbia Heights, facing the Brooklyn Bridge?[44] *Who* at 1506 Caton Avenue really was absorbed in *Manhattan Transfer*?

For that matter, Sophie Zawistowska in Brooklyn reads *The Sun Also Rises* (a creation of the 1920s) in French.[45] In the 1947 springtime beauty of Brooklyn's Prospect Park, she plunges deeply into *Studs Lonigan*[46] (a product of the 1930s). Concededly, the long paragraph preceding the longer paragraph ending in the title '*Studs Lonigan*' reveals Sophie's inexperience with urbanism and fear of New York. Therefore, Sophie Zawistowska could be absorbing American urban literature like an anthropology student. Sure enough, *Manhattan Transfer* concerns Gotham. But Zawistowska's *Studs Lonigan* is about Irish Catholics in Chicago, tending to distance Zawistowska's supposed self-education via fiction from the Dos Passos city where she has Jewish associates. And for Styron to have Sophie Zawistowska exposed through French to that Hemingway novel twice distances her from New York: Hemingway's is a novel set in Europe being read in an alien tongue.

Anyway, how would a thirty-something Polish woman happen to devote herself to Ferrill and Hemingway? True, these works were popular in their time and thereafter, e.g., 1947. But most bestsellers fade into obscurity. How could Sophie Zawistowska happen to embrace this already-aging pair of books which, like *Manhattan Transter*, survived to be canonized by 1979 as Great American Literature? At 1506 Caton Avenue in 1949, who really plunged into works the like of *The Sun Also Rises*, and Studs Lonigan? Was it a Polish Brooklyn-Sophie? Or was it a William Styron who conjured both Brooklyn-Sophie and Sophie Zawistowska from thin air?

iv. Dialing Up a Dreamboat

Were lusty lads of 2015 to encounter a superb young blond in Brooklyn, they would go Google her. In benighted 1949, they would exploit that 1506 Caton Avenue lead, looking her up in the telephone book. And what would they find there?

Sure enough, the 1506 Caton Avenue listing read: "Apts&Apt Houses"[47] to be phoned at BU 4-9197. Too, listed at that address was "Terrill EdwC",[48] number UL 6-4215. But nobody else. No Sophie. No Polish name. Not in the Brooklyn Address Telephone Directory of November 18, 1949. That date followed Styron's springtime fix on Sophie, and would have likewise succeeded the Jones Beach (i.e., warm weather) outing with

41 *Ibid.*, pp. 242-43.
42 Why I Wrote *Sophie's Choice Michel Braudeau*, in Conversations with William Styron, *supra* note 17, p. 246.
43 Townsend Ludington, *supra* note 40, p. 242.
44 *Ibid.*, p. 228.
45 William Styron, *supra* note 2, p. 349.
46 *Ibid.*, p. 91.
47 Brooklyn Address Telephone Directory (New York Telephone Company, pub., 1949).
48 *Ibid.* The City Directories had ceased publication in 1934. Correspondence to author, June Koffi, Brooklyn Public Library, November 28, 2011.

Sophie of Styron's male correspondent.

v. Cruising For a Bruising

Alan J. Pakula was nominated for the 1982 Academy Award for Best Writing, Screenplay Based on Material from Another Medium for adapting the script from Styron's novel. In 1981, would a seasoned writer like Styron and Hollywood director like Alan J. Pakula make a seemingly autobiographical movie about Sophie's fornication, using Brooklyn-Sophie's real name? Would the movie's studio, ITC Entertainment, have permitted this? (ITC Entertainment, the Incorporated Television Company, sold distribution rights to Universal Studios, which sale meant Universal would handle release of pictures like *Sophie's Choice* still in production at the time of sale.) To do so would mean cruising for a bruising. For the separate torts of invasion of privacy, and of defamation, were in hand for any real Sophie to unleash. And a surviving corner of defamation is attributing "unchastity to a woman." This old legal phrase was less quaint-sounding in 1979 than today.

After all, how many young Sophies were Polish, formerly Roman Catholic, had lost a father and husband to the Nazis (and two children to the gas chambers), survived Auschwitz, lived during the late nineteen-forties in a boarding house in Brooklyn in the Caton Avenue neighborhood, and bore a number tattooed upon her arm? Well might a real-life Sophie have been egged into suing either by a gallant, protective husband eager to vindicate her honor in the eyes of contemporaries who recognized Sophie, or else by an avaricious spouse merely smelling 1979 or 1982 damages.

For that matter, how many heterosexual Jewish men lived during the late nineteen-forties in a boarding house in Brooklyn in the Caton Avenue neighborhood with handy 24-7 access to a young Polish woman named Sophie with an Auschwitz tattoo? Both the novel[49] and movie[50] style Nathan an "expensive funny farm" denizen. Both the movie[51] and novel portray Nathan as dependent upon, e.g., cocaine: "'He took this stuff called Benzedrine,' she [Sophie] said [to Stingo], 'also cocaine. But huge doses. Enough at times to make him crazy…it was not legal.'"[52] Not legal is right. Cocaine has been a federally controlled substance since the 1914 passage of the Harrison Narcotics Tax Act.[53] Well might an identifiable "Nathan" (however actually denominated) consult a lawyer

49 William Styron, *supra* note 2, p. 425.
50 *Sophie's Choice*, ITC Entertainment, at one hour, 56-58 minutes (Artisan Home Entertainment) (www.artisanent.com).
51 *Ibid.*
52 William Styron, *supra* note 2, pp. 311-12.
53 Ch. I, 38 Stat. 785 (1914).

in 1979 or 1982 when seeing himself depicted as a pathetic, unemployable, funny farm alumnus, illegal drug-indulger, suicide-prone, dependent widow-fornicating, psycho. How deranged? Exactly the sort of chap to strangle the cat and make Sophie weep.

Certainly was Styron accessible circa 1979. Recounts his daughter Alexandra:

After the book [*Sophie's Choice*] came out, I used to answer the phone at home so my father wouldn't have to.

More than once, I remember women with heavy accents explaining the nature of their call in tearful and dramatic tones. *Dad* – my notes would read – *a lady called. I can't spell her name. She says she's Sophie*. And a number somewhere in Michigan, or New Jersey.[54]

Does anyone wonder why Alexandra here drops her Sophie-claimant topic in the middle of a paragraph? It is as if her father had tipped-off Alexandra that Sophie was as real as Tinkerbelle.

During World War II, Styron served in the United States Marine Corps. Might not even a middle-aged ex-Marine (if there be ex-Marines) have been nervous that Alexandra one day would answer their doorbell only to witness some hulking sons of Sophie push past Alexandra to punch Alexandra's progenitor in his probosis? Would Styron as an interviewee affirm Sophie's real name, and advertise the actual 1949 Caton Avenue whereabouts of both Brooklyn-Sophie and Nathan, if he believed such a real fornicatrix (to say nothing of her 1949 co-fornicator) might still live? Alternatively, Styron had sworn to Pakula and ITC Entertainment that Brooklyn-Sophie (and therefore any "Nathan") never walked the earth. Which alternative sounds the more like Hollywood?

III. LAW AND LIABILITIES IN 1979-1982

A. *Sophie Zawistowska, Fornicatrix and Felon*

i. The Washington Caper

In Styron's novel, Stingo and Sophie journey by train from New York southward.[55] In "a shoebox of a room in Washington, D.C.,"[56] of the Hotel Congress[57] the virginal Protestant

54 Alexandra Styron, *A Sentimental Education*, in Brooklyn Was Mine 43, 57 (New York: Riverhead Books, 2008) (Chris Knutson and Valerie Steiker eds.).
55 William Styron, *supra* note 2, p. 447.
56 *Ibid.*, p. 475.
57 *Ibid.*, pp. 456 and 495.

male and the lapsed Catholic share, e.g., unwed orthodox sexual copulation,[58] and oral sodomy.[59] In Washington, again, Stingo and Sophie copulate in the movie.[60] If legal in the 1947 of the novel, fornication in the District during 1949 had been criminalized in 1948.[61] It still was a crime in 1979. Oral copulation, and placing a sexual organ into another's mouth, both were felonies.[62] Fornication remained legally taboo until a statutory repeal of 1981, which left unrepealed the outlawing of those oral felonies.[63]

ii. The Connecticut Caper

In Styron's novel, Sophie has arrived in America in 1946.[64] In the autumn of that year,[65] Sophie and Nathan motored to Connecticut.[66] There Landau treated the widow to a benzedrine sulphate-fueled "twentieth-century Superfuck".[67] This diaphragm-protected,[68] unmarried Sophie, delighted with "his extravagant ability to make her *come*"[69], whispered Polish into his ears, translating for Nathan "It means *fuck me, fuck me!*"[70] Sophie recounted to Stingo of her spell at a Connecticut inn[71] during this sojourn with Nathan: "After a bit he said, 'Want to fuck?' And I said right away without even thinking twice, 'Yes. Oh, yes!' And we made love all afternoon,…"[72]

Could it be rendered plain to a 1979 jury that the 1947 Sophie Zawistowska and Nathan Landau represent the 1949 Brooklyn-Sophie and a male 1506 Caton Avenue fellow-boarder, why might a publisher's attorneys fret? At least as late as 2009 the nation's law reviews still could cite to Connecticut judicial authority for the proposition that words spoken of an *unmarried woman* and charging her with fornication were per se actionable.[73] As of that date America's law reviews still could cite to Connecticut statutory law as

58 *Ibid.*, p. 496.
59 *Ibid.*, p. 497.
60 *Sophie's Choice*, *supra* note 50, at 2 hours, 8 minutes (Washington) and 2 hours, 20-22 minutes (fornication). *Ibid.*, p. 498.
61 D.C. Code, § 22-1601 (1948) (repealed 1981).
62 D.C. Code, § 22-3502.
63 D.C. Code, § 22-1002.
64 William Styron, *supra* note 2, p. 66 ("last year, when she arrived over here in America").
65 *Ibid.*, p. 315.
66 *Ibid.*, pp. 317 and 329.
67 *Ibid.*, p. 331.
68 *Ibid.*
69 *Ibid.* (Styron's emphasis).
70 *Ibid.* (Styron's emphasis).
71 *Ibid.*, p. 343.
72 *Ibid.*, p. 345.
73 Amanda Connor, *Is Your Bedroom a Private Place? Fornication and Fundamental Rights*, 39 N.M. Law Review 507, 522 (2009), citing Page v. Merwine, 8 A. 875 (Conn. 1886).

sustaining the proposition that words imputing *to a man* his commission of the crime of fornication are per se actionable.[74]

B. *Libel in 1979 or 1982*

The suits at ITC Entertainment circa 1981 would have investigated the law of defamation, and the right to privacy. The law of that juncture authoritatively would be summarized in the fourth edition of William L. Prosser's Handbook of Torts.[75] Circa 1981 they would learn that libel extends to motion pictures,[76] the sound in a talking picture accompanying and being identifiable with the film itself.[77] A number of states by statute, and several courts, determined that the charge of the crime of adultery or fornication, encompasses infamous punishment or moral turpitude.[78]

Neither ill-will, nor absence of honest belief, was essential for liability in the initial instance[79]:

The only limitation placed upon the liability is that the defamatory meaning and the reference to the plaintiff must be reasonably conveyed to and understood by others; and in the case of the use of a name for an obviously fictitious character in a book, it has been held that there is no liability where no sensible man would understand that it is intended to depict the plaintiff.

The effect of this strict ability is to place the printed, written, or spoken word in the same class with the use of explosives or the keeping of dangerous animals. If a defamatory meaning, which is false, is reasonably understood, the defendant publishes at his peril,

74 *Ibid.*, citing Conn. Gen. Stat. Anno. § 52-237 (West 2004). Most jurisdictions also recognize "per se" defamation, where certain allegations are automatically presumed to cause damage to the Plaintiff. Typically, the following may constitute defamation per se:

- Attacks on a person's professional character or standing
- Allegations that an unmarried person is unchaste
- Allegations that a person is infected with a sexually transmitted disease
- Allegations that the person has committed a crime of moral turpitude.

Joshua A. Roberts, *Internet Defamation: Defending Your Name*, The Forensic Examiner, p.19 (Winter 2011).
75 William L. Prosser, Handbook of the Law of Torts (St. Paul: West Publishing Company) (4th. Ed., 1971).
76 *Ibid.*, § 112, p. 752.
77 *Ibid.*, p. 753. Generally speaking, defamation is the issuance of a false statement about another that causes that person or entity to suffer harm. Slander involves the making of defamatory statements usually by an oral (spoken) representation. Libel involves the making of defamatory statements in a printed or fixed medium, such as in a magazine or newspaper. Today, most courts treat both forms of defamation the same.
Joshua A. Roberts, *supra* note 74, p. 19.
78 William L. Prosser, *supra* note 75, §112, p. 759.
79 *Ibid.*, p. 772.

and there is no possible defense except the rather narrow one of privilege.[80]

Naturally, the prospect for extortionate litigation loomed large. Plaintiffs' frequent exploitation of their opportunity constituted an open secret.[81] *Explosives. At his peril. No possible defense.*

C. *The Right to Privacy in Tort in 1979 or 1982*

Akin to the traditional civil tort of libel is the civil tort of invasion of privacy.

i. Public Disclosure of Private Facts

Problematical is privacy. Privacy represents a series of interconnected social and policy issues.[82] Its definition commands no consensus even within the English-speaking lands.[83] The struggle over privacy is a power struggle.[84] Some see privacy as an ethical responsibility impinging upon a party accessing second party-information: "The question is, once they have that information, what do they do with it? That is where the ethical choices are made and where the responsibility lies."[85] Exclusion can protect privacy[86]: "Exercising control over private information becomes much easier if one can exclude third parties from one's property."[87] Privacy tort law influences people's incentives to exclude, or not.[88]

80 *Ibid.*, p. 773 (footnote omitted).

81 *Ibid.* "Damages are typically to the reputation of the Plaintiff, but depending upon the laws of the jurisdiction, it may be enough to simply establish mental anguish." Joshua A. Roberts, *supra* note 74, p.19. On the other hand, there recently has been empirically evidenced a human propensity to overestimate the negative impact of defamation on other persons (a third party effect). Consequently could an ordinary reasonable person-standard unreasonably lower the defamation standard, and thereby check freedom of expression. Roy Baker, Defamation Law and Social Attitudes: Ordinary Unreasonable People (Northhampton, Mass.: Edward Elgar Publishing, 2012). Acknowledges even the seasoned defamation law practitioner Roberts: Regardless of the nature of the communication, coming up with a numerical value to quantify the damage is difficult in every defamation case where actual monetary loss is negligible, speculative, or impossible to determine.
Joshua A. Roberts, *supra* note 74, p.19.

82 Colin J. Bennett, The Privacy Advocates: Resisting the Spread of Surveillance, p.1 (Cambridge: Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press, 2008).

83 *Ibid.*, p. 2.

84 Christena Nippert-Eng, Islands of Privacy, p. 167 (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2010). "Privacy is about nothing less than trying to live both as a member of a variety of social units – as part of a number of larger wholes – and as an individual – a unique, individuated self." *Ibid.*, p. 6.

85 Jeff Jarvis, Public Parts: How Sharing in the Digital Age Improves the Way We Look and Live, p. 110 (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2011).

86 Lior Jacob Strahilvitz, Information and Exclusion, p. 22 (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2011).

87 *Ibid.*, p. 22.

88 *Ibid.*, p. 99.

The distinguished expert on the law of privacy,[89] Professor Daniel J. Solove of George Washington University Law School, in 2011 dismissed attempts to isolate the essence of privacy. For the concept is too complex to be distilled thus.[90] Privacy means diverse things that resemble one another but overlap at one simple element.[91] The forms of the invasion of privacy are numerous.[92] One such is the disclosure of secrets.[93] The harm can lie in the exposure of one's concealed information.[94]

Sure enough, even in 1979 the law of privacy comprised several distinct types of invasion of different interests of a plaintiff. All were linked by the plaintiff's right "to be left alone."[95] And one such invasion of the privacy right was the public disclosure of private facts.[96] This entailed publicity of a highly objectionable nature given to private information

89 See, e. g., Daniel J. Solove, Understanding Privacy (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2010); Daniel J. Solove, The Future of Reputation: Gossip, Rumor and Privacy on the Internet (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2008); and Daniel J. Solove, The Digital Person: Technology and Privacy in the Information Age (New York: New York University Press, 2006).

90 Daniel J. Solove, Nothing to Hide: The False Tradeoff Between Privacy and Security, p. 24 (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2011).
Why does our concept of privacy vary from time to time? Here's one theory: Privacy is allied with shame. We are all ashamed of something about ourselves, something we would prefer that no one, or just a few people, know about. We want to keep it private. Sometimes, of course, we should be ashamed. Criminals always want privacy for their acts. But we're also ashamed—or at least feel embarrassment, the first cousin of shame—about a lot of things that aren't crimes. We may be ashamed of our bodies, at least until we're sure we won't be mocked for our physical shortcomings. Privacy is similar; we are often quite willing to share information about ourselves, including what we look like without our clothes, when we trust our audience, or when the context makes us believe that our shortcomings will go unnoticed.
Stewart A. Baker, Skating on Stilts: Why We Aren't Stopping Tomorrow's Terrorism, p. 316 (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2010). Less loftily, informational self-determination commonsensically could evidence itself to an untutored runaway slave confronting interrogators: "The first point decided, was, the facts in this case are my private property. These men have no more right to them than a highway robber has to my purse." James W. C. Pennington, The Fugitive Blacksmith: Or, Events in the History of James W. C. Pennington, ch. 2 (London: Charles Gilpin, 1849) (2nd ed.) (http://ia700506.us.archive.org/12/items/thefugitiveblack15130gut/15130-h/15130-h.htm).

91 David J. Solove, *supra* note 90, p. 24.

92 *Ibid.*, pp. 24-25.

93 *Ibid.*, p. 25.

94 *Ibid.* Sure enough, the *Bundesverfassungsgericht* (Federal Constitutional Court) in the Federal Republic of Germany, a society sensitive to privacy issues, Vanessa Fuhrmans, *Germans Tally Their Concerns Over Census*, Wall St. J., July 29, 2011, at A29, recognized rights to information self-determination. *(Rechts auf informationelle Selbstimming)* with its *Volkszälungsurteil* (census verdict) of December 15, 1983, drawing upon Articles 1(1) and 2(1) of Germany's Basic Law is (*Grundgesetz*), her *Constitution*. BVerfGE 65, pp. 1ff (https://zensus2011.de/live/uploads/media/volkszaehlungsurteil_1983.pdf). Now, storage costs are virtually nil, and processing power is increasing exponentially. It is no longer possible to assume that your data, even though technically public, will never actually be used. It is dirt cheap for data processors to compile dossiers on individuals, and for them to use the data in ways we didn't expect. Some would argue that this isn't really "privacy" so much as a concern about abuse of information. However it's defined, though, the real question is what kind of protection it is reasonable for us to expect.
Stewart A. Baker, *supra* note 90, p. 318.

95 William L. Prosser, *supra* note 75, § 117, p. 804.

96 *Ibid.*

about a plaintiff, although it be true and no defamation action would lie.[97] Long-familiar to ITC Entertainment's motion picture attorneys would have been the leading precedent regarding the public disclosure of private facts:

But the decision which became the leading case, largely because of its spectacular facts, was Melvin v. Reid, in California in 1931, where an exhibited motion picture revived the past history and disclosed the present identity of a reformed prostitute who, seven years before, had been the defendant in a notorious murder trial. Other decisions have followed…[98]

Concededly such matters rendered public must be offensive and objectionable to a reasonable person of ordinary sensibilities.[99] While everyone might anticipate some casual observation of her,[100] "It is quite a different matter when the details of sexual relations are spread before the public eye…"[101] There appeared to be a sort of mores test, whereby liability obtains only for publicizing what is highly objectionable given the ordinary views and customs of a community.[102]

And in 2011 University of Pennsylvania School of Law Professor Anita L. Allen, the feminist philosopher, reflected:

Dredging up the past can hurt feelings, stir negative emotions, and ruin lives. We can see clearly the potential cruelty and harmful consequences of resurrecting the past in the patterns of a familiar line of privacy tort cases. In these cases, someone suffered humiliation and loss of standing in the community because someone else chose to bring up – the victims might say dredge up – the truths of their past. In 1931, *Melvin v. Reid* pitted a homemaker, who had once been a prostitute acquitted for murder, against filmmakers who used her actual maiden name in The Red Kimono, a movie based on her life…

Three short decades ago, reliance on expectations of substantial privacy about the past were [sic: was] highly reasonable.[103]

Bear in mind that three brief decades prior to 2011 was 1981. Styron's novel was published in 1979. Styron claimed of Brooklyn-Sophie that his novel *used her actual name*. The film *Sophie's Choice*, was released in 1982.

97 *Ibid.*, p. 809.
98 *Ibid.* (footnote omitted), citing inter alia Melvin v. Reid, 112 Cal. App. 285, 297 P. 91 (1931).
99 *Ibid.*, p. 811.
100 *Ibid.*
101 *Ibid.*, (footnote omitted) citing inter alia Garner v. Triangle Publications, 97 F. Supp. 546, (S.D.N.Y. 1951).
102 *Ibid.*, p. 812, citing Sidis v. F-R Pub. Corp., 34 F. Supp. 19 (S.D.N.Y. 1938) affd.113 F.2d 806 (2 Cir. 1940), cert. den. 311 U.S. 711.
103 Anita L. Allen, Unpopular Privacy: What Must We Hide?, p. 166 (New York: Oxford University Press, 2011) (Studies in Feminist Philosophy) (emphasis added) (footnotes omitted).

Sexual relation. *Mores* test.

ii. False Light in the Public Eye

Publicity placing a plaintiff in a false light in the public eye represents an independent form of the invasion of privacy. The false light need not be defamatory. In all probability would a mores test apply.[104] Should anyone value the opinions of others, then the feeling of shame can result from the loss of her good reputation[105]: "Privacy cases do go considerably beyond the narrow limits of defamation, and no doubt have succeeded in affording a needed remedy in a good many instances not covered by the other tort."[106]

Especially sensitive to the ITC Entertainment motion picture attorneys and Styron would have been the tort of placing a plaintiff in a false light in the public eye given Time, Inc. v. Hill.[107] In 1952 the Hill plaintiff's home had been invaded by escaped convicts and he and his family held hostage.[108] A 1953 novel was published about the incident (including purely fictional elements), and a play resulted from this novel (incorporating those same fictional elements).[109] A 1955 *Life* magazine story about the play portrayed the play as the factual experiences of the Hill family (whom Life named).[110] Paramount had turned the play into a movie with Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, and Gig Young (i.e., a high-profile movie) in 1955.[111] In an action under New York statute, New York courts

104 William L. Prosser, *supra* note 75, § 117, p. 813.
105 David C. Rose, The Moral Foundation of Economic Behavior, p. 23 (New York: Oxford University Press, 2011). Even psychiatrists and psychoanalysts who acknowledge the phenomenon of private, internal shame appreciate the reality of public external shame: Shame is a sharp and searing *feeling* of failure and defectiveness about oneself. When shame asserts itself, it must always be acknowledged, for it takes precedence over thoughts, plans, or other feelings. A conviction of unworthiness descends upon us and we long to "sink into the ground." This devastating feeling of self-consciousness and inferiority seems unremitting as well as unalterable and we shrink from the gate of others (public, external shame) or we avert our *own* eyes (private, internal shame) and pretend that we feel otherwise. Just as the external response to shame is *hiding*, the internal response is *disavowal*.…[W]e will consider a variety of feelings and emotions that relate either directly or more subtly to shame. While at times these responses may seem to overlap, with only slight semantic differences between them, each in its way conjures a particular shade or hue of shame. Andrew P. Morrison, The Culture of Shame, p. 40 (New York: Ballantine Books, 1996) (Morrison's emphasis). "Embarrassment is the less intense version of interpersonal shame." *Ibid.*, p 41. "Humiliation is an intense version of interpersonal shame – for example, the little boy's response to his mother's scowl when he wets his pants." *Ibid.* "Guilt differs from shame, because whereas shame is derived from feelings of embarrassment and humiliation that result from being discovered, feelings of guilt will be experienced even if there is no chance of discovery." *Ibid.*, p. 228n.2 (emphasis added).
106 William L. Prosser, *supra* note 75, p. 813.
107 385 U.S. 374 (1967).
108 William L. Prosser, *supra* note 75, § 118, p. 826.
109 *Ibid.*
110 *Ibid.*
111 *The Desperate Hours* (film), page 1 (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Desperate_Hours (film)).

held there was liability for the falsity.[112]

The Supreme Court of the United States held those misstatements privileged because rendered with neither knowledge of falsity nor with a reckless disregard for truth.[113] Plainly would this defense be missing for one or another potential 1979-1982 defendant in a false light action brought by either Brooklyn-Sophie or "Nathan" regarding *Sophie's Choice*. Certainly would it have been absent had William Styron been sued in 1981 over his interview. The false light invasion of privacy doctrine as applicable to motion pictures had been drastically narrowed by 2002.[114] Nonetheless, its revitalization, at any rate regarding docudramas, was even at that date being championed.[115]

Both of these privacy actions – public disclosure of private facts (*mores*), and false light in the public eye (mores) – required something secluded or secret pertaining to the plaintiff.[116] Generally agreed was that a plaintiff need not plead nor prove special damages.[117] Should there exist evidence of special damage such as the unjust enrichment of the defendant, it was recoverable.[118] Should a wrongful motive or state of mind appear, punitive damages were awardable upon an identical basis as in other torts.[119] A defendant's mistaken yet honest belief in the plaintiff's consent could go to mitigate damages.[120] Otherwise it marked no defense.[121]

Traditionally was sexual behavior thought to entail economic externalities.[122]

Externalities are spillover effects onto bystanders.[123] The stigma attaching to deviant sexuality[124] is born of social attitudes[125] towards intimacy and sex (problematicality, externalities). And those attitudes evolved over millenia in the context of varying governmental policies.[126] (Tangled are the law, values, and emotions.[127]) This history indicates that the law does not, primarily, create the stigma borne by unconventional sexual behaviors. In fact, illegality does not correlate reliably with social stigma. For example, acting in pornographic films is legal. In most of the United States, marijuana possession is not. Yet it is the latter which is the far less socially stigmatized of the two.[128] *Mores*.

Such psychohistorical attitudes demarcate the (multimillenial) mores-momentum.[129]

112 William L. Prosser, *supra* note 75, § 118, p. 826.
113 Time, Inc. v. Hill, 385 U.S. 374, 390-98 (1967).
114 Matthew Stohl, *False Light Invasion of Privacy in Docudramas: The Oxymoron Which Must be Solved*, 35 Akron L.R., pp. 251, 254 (No. 2, 2002).
115 *Ibid.*, p. 282.
116 William L. Prosser, *supra* note 75, § 118, p. 814.
117 *Ibid.*, p. 815.
118 *Ibid.*
119 *Ibid.*
120 *Ibid.*, p. 817.
121 *Ibid.*
122 George Steven Swan, *The Economics of Obstruction of Justice and Employment at Will*: Rowan v. Tractor Supply Co., 81 U. Det. Mercy L. R. 305, 311-14 (2004).
123 According to Ronald H. Coase, awarded the Nobel Prize in Economics in 1991, Graham Bannock, R. E. Baxter and Evan Davis, Dictionary of Economics, p. 61 (New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1998), "…economists usually call for government intervention, which may include direct government regulation, when the market does not operate properly--when, that is, there exist what are commonly referred to as neighborhood or spillover effects, or, to use that unfortunate word, 'externalities'." Ronald H. Coase, Essays on Economics and Economists, pp. 72-73 (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995).
124 Repugnance plays a role in attitude-formation, Andrea L. Bonnicksen, Chimeras, Hybrids and Interspecies Research: Politics and Policymaking, p. 116 (Washington; Georgetown University Press, 2009), but need not equate with wisdom. *Ibid.*, p. 115. The bases of the intuitive reactions to human-nonhuman research, for example, could be clarified via researching repugnance's psychological roots. *Ibid.*, p. 133.
Social liberty is intimately bound up with certain intellectual virtues. It can hardly exist in a world where large groups of people feel dogmatic certainty about matters which are theoretically doubtful. It is the nature of the human animal to believe not only things for which there is evidence, but also very many things for which there is no evidence whatever. And it is the things for which there is no evidence that are believed with passion.
Bertrand Russell, Fact and Fiction, p. 71 (New York: Routledge, 1994).
125 Peter de Marneffe, Liberalism and Prostitution, pp. 18-19 (New York: Oxford University Press, 2010).
Liberalism, as I understand it, is constituted primarily by a principle of liberty: that the government may not limit individual liberty for insufficient reason, when this principle is interpreted by a certain kind of view about what reasons are insufficient. Because liberal theorists regard many different reasons as insufficient, and because those who regard themselves as liberal do not completely agree on which reasons these are, it is impossible to specify completely the content of this principle of liberty in a way that would gain universal assent. *Ibid.*, p. 159.
126 *Ibid.*, p. 19.
127 See, e.g., John Deigh, Emotions, Values, and the Law (New York: Oxford University Press, 2008). For that matter, what is wrong with cannibalism? See, e.g., Allan G. Hutchison, Is Eating People Wrong?: Great Legal Cases and How They Shaped the World (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2010). Apparently is naught deemed deranged with cannibalism, to judge from the behavior of some:
South Korea began to scrutinize the pill ["stamina boosters"] last year after SBS, one of the nation's major television broadcasters, ran a documentary accusing Chinese pharmaceutical companies of collaborating with abortion clinics to make pills allegedly from human fetuses and the remains of dead infants. Laurie Burkett, *Seoul Moves on China Pills Said to Come from Fetuses*, Wall St. J., May 8, 2012, at A14.
128 Peter de Marneffe, *supra* note 125, p. 18.
129 *Ibid.*, p. 19. Today's mores are such that the Wharton School's Judd B. Kessler and Harvard Business School's Alvin E. Roth emphatically find: "Proposals to introduce monetary payments for organs are constrained by concerns about the morality and ethicality of such practices, and *repugnance* toward cash markets for organs…." Judd B. Kessler and Alvin E. Roth, *Organ Allocation Policy and the Decision to Donate*, 102(5) Am. Econ. R. 2018, 2019 (2012) (authors' emphasis). The revulsion that modern America experiences toward bestiality exemplifies, even more clearly than does public revulsion to infanticide, a feeling deeper than any reason the public can articulate. Richard A. Posner, Sex and Reason, p. 230 (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1992). A public policy of indifference to bestiality would clash with the core of contemporary Western morality. *Id.*, p. 231. Bestiality taboos ranks among the surviving fragments of the moral tradition of the West. *Id.*, p. 232. 'Twenty-five states make it a crime to have intercourse with an animal in private. Prosecutions still occur, but not often." William N. Eskridge, Jr., Dishonorable Passions: Sodomy Law in America 1861-2003, p. 341 (New York: Viking Adult, 2008).

Fornication and consensual sodomy constitute the solitary criminal laws in American history whereby the state acts purely to curtail consenting adults' forms of intimacy.[130] Therefore, even were the 1949 stigma of fornication generated primarily by the supposition that such sexual behaviors are distinctively problematic, and even were said supposition today deemed erroneous, those two truths might prove nearly irrelevant to the practical law of 2015 America[131] (let alone of the 1949 or 1979 United States).

Tort. Privacy. 1949. *Mores*.

IV. THE BIRTH OF SOPHIE ZAWISTOWSKA

Assuming, *arguendo*, that the tale of Brooklyn-Sophie as a flesh and blood woman is a yarnspinner's gentle hoax, where might one seek an inspiration behind Styron's publicization of his *Sophie's Choice* as drawing upon some real-life Sophie?

A. *What Happened in 1970*

The 1970 Paramount Pictures romantic drama film, *Love Story*, was the highest grossing film in the United States and Canada of 1970.[132] It then ranked, in United States and Canadian gross only, as the sixth highest grossing film of all time.[133] It originated in a screenplay by Yale Professor Erich Segal (1937-2010).[134] Paramount solicited Segal's adoption of its movie into a novel as publicity anticipating the film release[135] of December 16, 1970.[136] Segal's novel, *Love Story*[137] was released on Valentine's Day 1970.[138] It became the bestselling work of fiction in the United States in 1970. It was translated into 33 languages (at least ultimately).[139] By the week of Valentine's Day 1971, *Love Story* **already had undergone translation into 17 languages (only twelve months post-release).**[140]

In each nation wherein it had been published it had been ranked as the bestseller.[141] In a February 10, 1971, interview for the Washington Post[142] Segal declared:

> "Some people seem to want to make me out to be a meretricious, mercenary character," he said. "And I'm not guilty of that rap."
>
> The idea for the novel came when a student visited him and told him of a young woman who had supported her husband through graduate school.
>
> "I sat down and started writing immediately. The story poured out of me. I changed everything except for the girl's death and the fact that she supported her husband through graduate school. I wrote sincerely, for myself. I wasn't thinking of publication. I just had to write the story…Jennie (the heroine) was modeled on a girl I used to go with."[143]

Subsequently, Styron told Hilary Mills during 1980:

Q: What was the original inspiration for *Sophie's Choice*?

A: It was a kind of revelation, a dream, in which I woke up one spring morning…. I sensed I had dreamed a vision of a girl named Sophie whom I remembered from Brooklyn in the postwar years. She was a very vivid image in my mind and in dream. When I woke and lay there for quite a long time with a sense that (and I don't mean to sound fancy or imply that this was a psychic experience because it wasn't) but I realized and had almost been given a mandate to write this book. I saw the whole thing plain: the idea of combining Sophie's story with a story I had heard of another victim of the camps who had to make a choice between her children – all this seen through

130 Even so much was acknowledged emphatically by the petitioners in the Supreme Court sodomy case of Lawrence v. Texas, 539 U. S. 538 (2003): "Consensual sodomy and fornication have been the *only* criminal laws in American history where the State has acted solely to limit forms of intimacy by consenting adults." Brief of Petitioners, text at n. 16 (emphasis of Petitioners) (http://legal-dictionary.thefreedictionary.com/Brief+of+Petitioners).

131 Peter de Marneffe, *supra* note 125, at 19 (example is prostitution). In fact, even the sale of controlled substances only doubtfully relates to morality. Richard A. Posner, The Problematics of Moral and Legal Theory, p. 109 (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1999). Concededly, to criminalize such a service tends to "immoralize" it. *Ibid*. But why? This is not because most people take their moral cues from the criminal law; it is because criminalization has a selection effect. Law-abiding people (that is, people who have better opportunities in legal than illegal business) exit, and the criminal class becomes the provider of the service, lending an unsavory air to it. Just consider who distributed alcoholic beverages before and after Prohibition, and during it. *Ibid*.

132 Love Story (1970 film), pp.1, 4 (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Love_Story) (1970_film).

133 *Ibid*.

134 Love Story (novel), p. 1 (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Love_Story) (novel).

135 *Ibid*; Love Story (1970 film), *supra* note 132, p. 2.

136 Love Story (1970 film), *supra* note 132, p. 1.

137 Erich Segal, Love Story (New York: HarperTorch, 2002).

138 Love Story (novel), *supra* note 134, p. 1.

139 Erich Segal, pp. 1, 2 (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Erich_Segal).

140 Phil Casey, *Erich Segal: The Loved One*, p. C1 (The Washington Post) (Feb. 11, 1971).

141 *Ibid.*

142 *Ibid.* ("in town last night").

143 *Ibid.*, p. C3. Meretricious or mercenary? "One may or may not admire certain aspects of Erich Segal's character, but it must be admitted that these less savory attributes do not get in his way.' Nicholas Meyer, The Love Story Story, p. 121 (New York; Avon Books, 1971) (1st ed.).

…I discovered something very interesting about Erich Segal: if he wasn't talking he had nothing to say. Which is to say, he wasn't interested in what anyone had to say. In fact, so far from being interested, he was absolutely unequipped to hear any speech that did not pertain to him directly, either as a question or else as some form of unbounded admiration. I have said earlier that I discovered no egomaniacal directors or stars working on *Love Story*. This is true. But there were egomaniacs involved with the film.

Ibid., p. 53.

the eyes of a young man. It was almost as if the story was outlined.[144]

Top that, Segal!

B. *What Happened in 1971*

One recollects the 1971 bestselling novel by Herman Raucher, *Summer of '42*,[145] and the hit 1971 film of the same name from a screenplay by Mr. Raucher. His novel derived from his screenplay. Each of these versions of the story presents, or insinuates, the sexual intercourse of an adult war widow with a virginal, teenaged boy during the summer of 1942.

The underlying substantial factuality of *Summer of '42* was attested to repeatedly into the twenty-first century by Raucher. He identified the Summer of '42 widow named Dorothy with an actual, widowed, Dorothy, and its virginal lad named Hermie (who is initiated by Dorothy) with himself. On the other hand, Raucher denied ever learning Dorothy's last name. Raucher in a 2002 interview says that the Dorothy affair developed "Just as I wrote it."[146] Raucher says his "most autobiographical" script "moved events around, as far as who my friends were and who was with me at the time."[147] Raucher "knew not to talk about"[148] the Dorothy affair: "I never told anyone until I wrote the book.[149] So Raucher in 2002 cited no witnesses.

Raucher recalls of the letters sent to him in the aftermath of the movie: "I recognized her [Dorothy's] handwriting...but we were talking about 1971, which was almost 30 years after the incident, and I get this letter—and I never knew her last name—and the postmark was Canton, Ohio, and she had remarried."[150] *Never knew her last name*. (Would you have caught Dorothy's last name?) Did Raucher's *Canton*, Ohio, letter-story slyly bait a gullible Great Unwashed? Had Herman surmised that Brooklyn-Sophie was a fraud, spiced by Styron with Bill's 1981 story of a correspondent recounting his own *Caton* Avenue Sophie. When did you last think upon Canton, Ohio? (When have *you* ever thought "Caton" at all?)

Raucher's screenplay and novel displayed sympathetically the intercourse of a widow with a virgin. The widow was like Sophie, a World War II-era widow. Raucher's screenplay (and novel) exploit a wraparound format whereby the now-aging male reflects on his haunting past. Likewise do both the novel and film, *Sophie's Choice*. Brooklyn-Sophie appears to be a hoax conjured by an author with a twinkle in his eye.

Love Story and *Summer of '42* are romances with young married couples. Both climax with the death of a young spouse. According to Erich Segal, Love Story's beloved, doomed spouse Jennifer Cavilleri (played by Ali MacGraw in the film released on December 16, 1970) was modeled on a girl with whom Segal used to go. A Herman Raucher reading Segal's Post interview could not miss the parallels. Segal connecting himself personally to his goldmine-romance (his dying heroine being "modeled on a girl I used to go with"), who could call Erich meretricious or mercenary? And who could call Herman, inserting himself into Summer of '42 as a heartbroken war-widow's solitary comforter, meretricious or mercenary?

Erich Segal was a screenwriter who novelized his script for a 1970 movie into a 1970 romantic novel. Herman Raucher was a screenwriter who novelized his script for a 1971 movie into a 1971 romantic novel. Erich Segal was solicited to do Segal's novelization by Paramount Pictures. Herman Raucher was solicited to do Raucher's novelization by Warner Brothers. Segal's blockbuster novel heralded Paramount's blockbuster film. No hermit, Herman could not have missed Ali MacGraw on the cover of the issue of *Time Magazine* dated January 11, 1971,[151] not even a month past the release of her movie. Raucher could not have avoided Segal's case. It was a hopeful precedent for his own.

But wasn't Segal's story true? Nicholas Meyer is a formidable author in Meyer's own right.[152] Meyer was the Paramount Pictures unit publicist (i.e., the press host, and official scribe) on the movie *Love Story*.[153] All of the material that concerned *Love Story*'s making necessarily passed through Meyer's hands.[154] His 1971-published, personal account of that production[155] relied on his contemporaneous notes from those events, his press

144 Creators on Creating: William Styron *Hilary Mills,* in Conversations with William Styron, *supra* note 17, pp. 235-36.
145 Herman Raucher, *Summer of '42*, (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1971).
146 Herman Raucher Interview (extended), pp. 1, 4 (http://web.tcpalm.com/specialreports/summerof'42/raucher.html).
147 *Ibid.*, p.3.
148 *Ibid.*, p. 14.
149 *Ibid.*, p. 10.
150 *Ibid.*, p. 8.
151 Time Magazine, January 11, 1971 (cover). For that matter, Ali McGraw graced the cover of Town & Country magazine dated February 2012. But her photo dated from 1969. Perhaps coincidentally was McGraw the Town & Country covergirl at age 72, Leslie Bennetts, *The Real Ali McGraw*, Town & Country, February 2012, p. 62, for the month of the Blu-ray re-release of *Love Story*. *Ibid.*, p.64.
152 See, e.g., Nicholas Meyer, The Seven-Per-Cent Solution (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1993); Nicholas Meyer, The West End Horror New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1994); and Nicholas Meyer, The Canary Trainer New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1993).
153 Nicholas Meyer, *supra* note 143, p. 11.
154 *Ibid.*, p. 13.
155 *Ibid.*, p. 14.

releases and articles about the film, and upon the memories of himself among others.[156]

As to the veracity of Segal's workproduct:

> There are conflicting rumors about the origins of *Love Story* and Segal himself has told different versions of how he got the idea for the script. Besides his blurred statements on the subject, various friends and enemies have their own theories as to how he came up with it. Almost all agree that the story was inspired by an actual couple that Segal knew at Harvard. Whether the girl died or lived is uncertain. Whether they were married or not is also obscure. Whether one was rich and the other poor, whether the boy's parents forbade the match on pain of disinheritance—this is all speculation. In any case, there can be no doubt that the story is essentially Segal's original creation.[157]

In other words: "What elements of Segal's autobiography are present in *Love Story* are difficult to ascertain. Unable to describe the genesis of the work we must content ourselves with its vague origins."[158]

Meyer errs. One need not (at least in 2015) content oneself with the "vague origins" of Segal's blockbuster novel in their "different versions." For the literary critic of 2015 finds available that novel's own 1970-2015 aftermath. Observe that in the frenzy of 1970-1971, no (supposed) widower of the doomed Ali McGraw-character himself strode forth to tell their tale for profit. No dollar-incentivized publisher hunted-down that young man with an offer to publish his ghostwritten memoir. (President William J. Clinton was impeached by the House of Representatives on December 19, 1998. The Senate acquitted him on February 12, 1999. Monica Lewinsky's publishing contract to co-write a memoir with celebrity biographer Andrew Morton[159] was only announced mid-November 1998.[160] Yet "their" memoir already was published by March 5, 1999.[161]) If he were half of "an actual couple Segal knew at Harvard," then was such a publisher's search guaranteed not to be hopeless. Nonetheless, no such man appeared even following Segal's 2010 death.

Did he ever exist?

Compare with the discretion of a hypothetical real-life widower underlying Segal's *Love Story* the 1972-2005 denials by Mark Felt of his role as Watergate's "Deep Throat." Felt, after the death on May 2, 1972, of J. Edgar Hoover, became Associate Director of the F.B.I. until his June 12, 1973 retirement. Going public only by May 31, 2005, Felt seemingly had consumed 31 years of federal pension. He had told his wife he feared prosecution for his misdeeds.[162] But Felt's family saw potential profit in his coming-out. This Felt agreed was good reason.[163] Segal's widower would have feared neither prosecution nor forfeiture of pension. Yet his silence stretches longer than the lies of Mark Felt.

With Segal's bogus story on the record first, a bolder Raucher could go Segal one better. Segal's sympathetic young heroine's original Segal claimed he actually knew personally. Daringly for 1970s America, Raucher could communicate of the vague origins (in his own biography) of *Summer of '42* that a real-life Dorothy (Raucher's sympathetic young heroine's original) Herman actually knew Biblically. And he knew her in a Biblical sense as a mere pubescent. Even so might an imaginary Dorothy to catch America's imagination have been born.

156 *Ibid.*, p. 15. Accuracy is of primary importance in such a work, and, while I feel confident in my account of events and incidents to which I was—in what I believe is the legal phrase—a material witness, I feel bound to say that in researching the vast body of supplementary material required to round out the history of this film, it was not unusual to come up with two or more conflicting versions of the same story. In such cases I have tried to indicate the uncertainty in which they are shrouded by mentioning the difference of opinion on the subject and including, where possible, the principal versions of the incidents in question. When dealing with the scattered recollections of a number people—some of whose interests in this history were diametrically opposed—the author must tread a wary path and hope that no grotesque or significant error has marred his attempt at truthfulness.

157 *Ibid.*, p. 57. Having suggested the general source of inspiration it is less simple to explain what was within it that struck him so powerfully. Why did a professor of classics and comparative literature, an intellectual with no particular reputation for either sentiment or sentimentality (there is no record, for instance, of his ever having come close to marriage, himself), choose to throw himself with such vigor and authority into the writing of a work of flagrantly emotional appeal?

158 *Ibid.*, p. 58. Meyer at once adds parenthetically: (It is interesting to note that there was another film called *Love Story*. Made in 1944, the British film starred dark-haired Margaret Lockwood as a pianist with an incurable disease. Also starred were Stewart Granger and Patricia Roc; the film is remembered today, if at all, for the beautiful score by the distinguished British composer, Hubert Bath.)
Ibid. Many are the comparisons of *Love Story* with *Camille*. *Ibid.*, pp. 216-19. In turn, a later movie reminiscent of *Love Story* was the love story directed by Lone Scherfig entitled *One Day*. Joe Morgenstern, *'One Day': A Stutter-Stop Affair to Forget*, Wall St. J., p. D3, August 19, 2011.

159 See, e.g., Andrew Morton, Andrew, the Playboy Prince (New York: Severn House, 1983); Andrew Morton, Duchess: An Intimate Portrait of Sarah, Duchess of York (Chicago: Contemporary Books Publishers, 1989); Andrew Morton, Diana's Diary: An Intimate Portrait of The Princess of Wales (New York: Summit Books, 1990); Andrew Morton, Diana: Her New Life (London: Michael O'Mara Books, 1995); and Andrew Morton, Diana: Her True Story in Her Own Words (New York: Pocket Books, 1998).

160 Post *Reports Lewinsky Book Deal* (November 16, 1998) (http://articles.chicagotribune.com/keyword/andrew-morton).

161 Andrew Morton, Monica's Story (New York: Saint Martin's Press, 1999). Notice whose name is in the title (on the cover) but absent (as author) from the title page?

162 According to John D. O'Connor, his attorney. John D. O'Connor, *"I'm the Guy They Called Deep Throat,"* Vanity Fair, July 2005 (http://www.vanityfair.com/politics/features/ 2005/07/deepthroat200507).

163 *Ibid.* "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matthew 6:21; Luke 12:34 (King James).

C. *What Happened between 1974 and 1979*

In 1974, William Styron unburdened himself to the public. William did so on the heels of the 1970 and 1971 respective bonanzas running to Segal and Raucher. Styron related that he had known a Polish girl many years prior. Upon her the fictional Sophie was based. Styron's true-life acquaintance had lost her father, husband, and children to the Nazis, and had lost her religion. Top that, Erich and Hermie!

Like Raucher, Styron would profess ignorance of his heroine's real last name, while noising (to his own profit) her first name. Like Raucher, Styron would profess ignorance of whether his onetime young lady still survived. Like Raucher, who had professed to have received mail from the long-ago Dorothy, Styron would profess to have received mail from a male long-ago acquaintance of Sophie: Ben Crovets. Said correspondent, by most agreeable coincidence, told a tale of a man sounding just like Styron's model for "Nathan." In turn, by most agreeable coincidence had said correspondent, like Styron, somehow never caught Sophie's last name. Had an avaricious Styron, shrewdly skirting catastrophic litigation, himself begotten Sophie Zawistowska's supposed model, Styron's Brooklyn-Sophie?

V. WHO MIGHT HAVE MIDWIVED BEN CROVETS?

William Styron and novelist Philip Roth already were friends when Bill began work on his *Sophie's Choice* manuscript.[164] Virtually simultaneously with the publication of Styron's book, Roth published Roth's novel *The Ghost Writer*[165] in The New Yorker issues of June 25, 1979[166] and of July 2, 1979.[167] Set in 1956,[168] this novel is narrated by Roth's fictional alter ego, Nathan Zuckerman. Zuckerman, then publishing his first short stories, is 23 years of age; when Styron moved into 1506 Caton Avenue, Sytron's age was 23.[169]

While Zuckerman visits a literary celebrity, he is introduced to a lovely, 26-year-old[170] woman with a faintly foreign accent, Amy Bellette.[171] A 34-pages long interlude entitled

164 Selected Letters of William Styron, *supra* note 3, p. 498.
165 Philip Roth, The Ghost Writer (New York: Farrar, Straus and Girous, 1979).
166 Philip Roth, *The Ghost Writer*, The New Yorker, June 24, 1979, p. 26 (Part One).
167 Philip Roth, *The Ghost Writer*, The New Yorker, July 2, 1979, p. 28 (Part Two).
168 Philip Roth, *supra* note 165, p. 3.
169 *Ibid.*, p. 3-5.
170 *Ibid.*, p. 125.
171 *Ibid.*, pp. 23-25.

Femme Fatale[172] reveals Amy to be Anne Frank, snatched by the British from the jaws of death in Belsen.[173] An anguished Amy-Anne says of her alias Amy (Amy: beloved) Bellette (Belle: beautiful): "So I took the sweet name – to impersonate everything that I wasn't."[174] Only in the following section of the book does Zuckerman disclose that the entire Anne Frank persona of Amy (who is real enough in Roth's world of *The Ghost Writer*) is a "fiction I had evolved about her [Amy]."[175]

Like Styron's, Roth's tale is told through the eyes of a young, male alter ego, who fixes himself upon a young, foreign-accented woman. Like Styron's, Roth's story prominently features a Jew named Nathan. Like Styron's novel, Roth's *Femme Fatale* fiction recounts the horrific history of a Holocaust survivor. Like author Styron (who evoked Miss Zawistoska: one of a kind, hence, his wholly fictional woman without a real-world counterpart) Roth-Zuckerman evoked Amy Bellette, whose name conjures everything she wasn't. What Amy wasn't was survivor Anne Frank: a woman wholly fictionalized by the himself-fictional Zuckerman, hence doubly devoid of a real-world woman-counterpart.

At least as early as 1979, did Philip Roth know something about his fellow-fictionalist's friend Brooklyn-Sophie that most of the world did not? Had a profit-prone Styron fathered Brooklyn-Sophie? Roth was a high-profile author of comic stories as well as of more somber literature. Roth himself was no stranger to the politically-correct pillorying of a fictionalist.[176] Did Roth suggest Styron's recruitment of a jolly, third-party partner, to be let-in on Styron's joke, to serve as substantiating witness to Brooklyn-Sophie? What qualification would a storyteller like Philip Roth find attractive in a party to such hoax? Styron's Wantagh correspondent was Mr. Crovets. In Yiddish, *vits/vitz* **means joke.**[177]

Published on June 11, 1979, *Sophie's Choice* already had been sold to Hollywood by July 5, 1979. [178] By 1979, William Styron was experienced in the minefields of politics and culture. His previous novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner***,**[179] had elicited a storm of racial controversy.[180] And the producer, director and screenwriter of *Sophie's Choice* was Alan J. Pakula. Born in The Bronx to parents of Polish Jewish descent, Pakula could have been sensitive to attacks (as anti-Semitic) upon Styron's story of a Polish Catholic

172 *Ibid.*, pp. 122-155.
173 *Ibid.*, pp. 125-26.
174 *Ibid.*, p. 153.
175 *Ibid.*, p. 157.
176 Claudia Roth Pierpont, Roth Unbound: A Writer and His Books, p. 7 (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2013).
177 Leo Rosten, The New Joys of Yiddish, p. 416 (New York: Three Rivers Press, 2001) (Lawrence Bush rev.).
178 Selected Letters of William Styron, *supra* note 3, p. 534.
179 William Styron, The Confessions of Nat Turner (New York: First Vintage International edition, 1993).
180 See, e.g., William Styron's Nat Turner: Ten Black Writers Respond (Boston: Beacon Press, 1968) (John Henrik Clarke ed.).

in Auschwitz.[181]

Robert Mulligan had directed Summ*er of '42* **f**rom Herman Raucher's screenplay. Between 1959 and 1968, Mulligan was known for his extensive collaborations with (as his producer) Pakula.[182] Had Mulligan been well-aware that Raucher's tale of Raucher's own adolescent sex with Dorothy was imaginary, and tipped-off Pakula and Styron on the merits in adhering to an imaginary, Styronian Brooklyn-Sophie story? Was an implicit threat (that Styron and Pakula could deliver a witness to their flesh and blood Auschwitz victim, Brooklyn Sophie) weighed as a deterrent to minimize assaults on *Sophie's Choice*? For how many critics would dare scorn the biography of a provable Holocaust survivor? Was Brooklyn-Sophie Styron's human shield?

Did Roth and/or Mulligan and/or Pakula midwife the Ben Crovets-role of convenient correspondent? Immediately post-July 5, 1979, did Styron-Pakula recruit some such handy witness? Perhaps coincidentally, on September 1, 1979, William Styron wrote to his aforementioned male correspondent, in Wantagh, New York:

The reason I'm certain that 'your' Sophie and 'mine' must be the same girl is that I *did* know her in 1949 (not 1947, as I wrote in the book) and also she did live, as I did, in a rooming house on Caton Avenue—something I did not mention by name in the book. Those two facts clinch her identity.[183]

That Styron letter on the heels of the novel's publication prefigured this one of July 26, 1982:

Still no word from our Sophie, so I suspect she either went a long way off (back to Europe?) or met some unkinder fate. I never learned her last name, either. Perhaps the movie, when it appears in December, will cause her to surface, but I doubt it. Meanwhile, if you ever hear anything, let me know.[184]

By most agreeable coincidence did this missive anticipate the movies' release, with its risk of reignited controversy. Yet why suppose Styronian cynicism between September 1, 1979, and July 26, 1982?

181 See, e.g., Phyllis Deutsch, Sophie's Choice: *Undeserved Guilt*, Jump Cut: A Review of Contemporary Media, pp. 9-10 (February 1984) (no. 29) http://www.ejumpcut.org/archive/onlinessays/JC29folder/SophiesChoice.html: "moral perversity"; "the novel's basic anti-Semitism"; "Indeed, the depiction of Jews in *Sophie's Choice* suggests that Jews—dark, dishonest, vindictive, obsessional, cruel—got just what they deserved").

182 http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Mulligan.

183 Selected Letters of William Styron, *supra* note 3, p. 537.

184 *Ibid.*, p. 557.

VI. WILLIAM STYRON AS STUDENT OF DEFAMATION

William Styron was a close friend of,[185] a neighbor of,[186] and a 1984[187] eulogist of,[188] playwright Lillian Hellman. Remarks of January 25, 1980, concerning Hellman by novelist Mary McCarthy on *The Dick Cavett Show* resulted in a defamation suit. Hellman sued McCarthy, Cavett, and a PBS affiliate (Channel Thirteen) for $2,225,000. According to Hellman's complaint, McCarthy had broadcast statements "false, made with ill-will, with malice, with knowledge of its falsity, with careless disregard of its truth, and with the intent to injure the plaintiff personally and professionally."[189] Would plaintiffs Brooklyn Sophie and phantomlike "Nathan" have been situated to sue Styron, Styron's publisher, and the *Sophie's Choice* studio, for defamation with ill-will, with knowledge of its falsity, with careless disregard of its truth, and with the intent to injure plaintiffs? No, not were they nonexistent.

Between those two letters to Wantagh of September 1, 1979, and July 26, 1982, Styron wrote to Hellman on April 2, 1980. He discussed her defamation suit:

Had she [McCarthy] said—just for example—that you [Hellman] were a card carrying Party member until the year 1960 (or that you were a lesbian, or that you had committed a fraud) you would probably have a sound case. But the very grossness of her statement—I was about to say, a kind of sublime silliness, paradoxically protects McCarthy, since it is so ludicrous that it plainly defies belief.[190]

Is this the language of a *naïf* so unalerted to defamation or invasion of privacy issues as to noise the reality of his Brooklyn Sophie-Nathan" dyad (Brooklyn Sophie being a reality, and both perhaps alive to sue)? Or are these the words of an author media-wise, and media-advised, on the perils of naming living persons in unpleasant fictions (and secure in his knowledge that Brooklyn-Sophie was ever-insubstantial)?

Prudent, prior to any answer, would be a rereading of Styron's letters to Wantagh. On September 1, 1979, Styron said: "…she [Brooklyn-Sophie] did live, as I did, in a rooming house on Caton Avenue—something I did not mention by name in the book."[191] Well, yes. Not mentioned *by name*. His implicit joke is: Anybody could decipher my Caton Avenue clues! On July 26, 1982, Styron said: "Perhaps the movie, when it appears in

185 William Wright, Lillian Hellman: The Image, the Woman, p. 316 (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1986).

186 *Ibid.*, p. 289.

187 *Ibid.*, pp. 421-22.

188 *Ibid.*, pp. 423-24.

189 *Ibid.*, p. 386.

190 Selected Letters of William Styron, *supra* note 3, p. 540.

191 *Ibid.*, p. 537.

December, will cause her to surface, but I doubt it."[192] Well, yes. Obtrusive is his jest: *But I doubt it!*

Black humor. Irony. Who is Sophie Zawistowska? The Polish word *swoistość* means individual nature,[193] or specificity.[194] Styron's fictional Sophie *Zawistowska* is one of a kind. There is no *Brooklyn*-Sophie. Nor is Sophie's last name coincidental.

An unignorable name ("Jemand von Niemand") Styron inserts eight times in seven pages,[195] adding "von Niemand's,"[196] and "Dr. von Niemand."[197] Styron as Stingo declares of the M.D. who demanded Sophie's fraught choice between her son and daughter in Auschwitz: "I have christened [interesting verb] him Fritz Jemand von Niemand because it seems as good a name as any for an SS doctor—…."[198] *Jemand*, in German, means someone, somebody, anyone, anybody.[199] Niemand, in German, means "nobody, no one, not anybody."[200] So the satanic SS physician is the opposite of a specific individual, he being devoid of *swoistość*.

As noted hereinabove, during 1981 Styron (who previously had been burned by critics scorching his historical-novelization of African-Americans' slavery ordeal) knew his *Sophie's Choice* subject could explode in his face at any moment. Yet, at the risk of appearing a tad vain, he held that concerning every important point *Sophie's Choice* attracted zero fundamental attack. Styron understood that were anyone to highlight any grave mistake concerning an anachronism his novel could collapse. For nobody would have passed-up the chance to corner him. In 2002, Styron related:

[T]he prohibition against the outsider attempting to grapple with the mystery of Auschwitz strikes me as empty piety. *Certainly I was aware of the hazards*. I sensed an infringement, almost an indecency, on my part should I dare try to delineate the core of the camps, with its tortures, its unspeakable barbarities. Therefore I deliberately distanced myself from the interior of Auschwitz, setting all the action outside the camp, in the Commandant's house, where the horrors could be registered through Sophie's consciousness as remote sights, sounds and smells. This distance helped bolster my conviction that, with further discretion, I should be able to extract from Auschwitz some central truths.[201]

Yet in 1981, there stood *Sophie's Choice*, uncompromised, with its author declaring his pride in telling the truth. Can that 1981 Styronian speech have accompanied Styronian delight in simultaneously silently rejoicing:

Sanctimonious critics lay in wait, eager to corner me and to explode my *Sophie's Choice*. But I'm proud to have evaded that wolfpack eager to corner me. I've made morons of everyone who swallowed whole my Brooklyn-Sophie fairytale, despite my manifest clues. In this very interview I've presented the Caton Avenue venue of my apartment as an item only a Brooklyn Sophie's acquaintance could know (a conclusion preposterous given details in my novel), and I've alleged that my model for Nathan was both inoffensively nice plus exactly the kind of man to strangle Brooklyn Sophie's cat. Lord what fools these mortals be!

Indeed, how tightly parallel the actual McCarthy and the hypothetical Styron cases? McCarthy had excoriated Hellman to Cavett and his PBS viewers as a prevaricator.[202] Pressed by Hellman's attorneys to name every example of Hellman's dishonesty,[203] McCarthy had listed, inter alia, "The unbelievability of 'Julia'."[204] ("Julia" was a section[205] in Hellman's 1973 memoir,[206] *Pentimento*.[207]) McCarthy added to her interrogatory answer, inter alia: "That no one ever came forward in the years following Pentimento's publication to say that they also knew Hellman's remarkable and heroic Julia."[208] (McCarthy's interrogatory answer, filed with the court, was available to the public.[209]) How many witnesses between 1979 and 2015 strode forth to attest how they, likewise, knew Styron's remarkable if not heroic Brooklyn Sophie, or ectoplasmic "Nathan"?

How many, indeed. On May 2, 1949, Styron wrote to his father from 1506 Caton Avenue that by June he would be sharing his apartment with Bob Loomis of Duke, who was to arrive in New York to jobhunt.[210] For Robert Loomis had edited Styron's work for the student magazine at Duke. A book editor at Random House between 1957 and 2011, Loomis was to edit each of Bill's books but Styron's initial novel.[211] Had Loomis and Styron sworn, side by side, to Random House (as later to Pakula and ITC Entertainment)

192 *Ibid.*, p. 557. See, e.g., Alan Ackerman, Just Words: Lilian Hellman, Mary McCarthy, and the Failure of Public Conversation in America (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2013).
193 http://polish.slavic.pitt.edu/polish/main/php; http://en.bab.la/dictionary/polish-english/swoistość.
194 Jacek Fisiak, The New English-Polish and Polish-English Kosciuszko Foundation Dictionary, p. 920 (Krakow: Publishing House Towarzystwo Autorów i Wydawców Prac Naukowych Universitas, 2003) (1st ed.); http://en.bab.la/dictionary/polish-english/swoistość.
195 William Styron, *supra* note 2, pp. 481-87.
196 *Ibid.*, p. 485.
197 *Ibid.*, p. 486.
198 *Ibid.*, p. 481.
199 Langenschiedt's German-English English-German Dictionary, pp. 13, 161, 583 (New York: Pocket Books, 2009) (2nd ed. rev., updated).
200 *Ibid.*, p. 209.
201 Speech by William Styron at the AJCF Dinner, December 3, 2002, *supra* note 22.
202 William Wright, *supra* note 185, p. 387.
203 *Ibid.*, p. 389.
204 *Ibid.*, p. 390.
205 *Ibid.*, p. 345.
206 *Ibid.*, p. 343.
207 Lillian Hellman, Pentimento: A Book of Portraits (New York: Little, Brown and Company, 1973).
208 William Wright, *supra* note 185, p. 396.
209 *Ibid.*
210 Selected Letters of William Styron, *supra* note 3, p. 56.
211 http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Loomis.

that litigation was not to be feared because Brooklyn-Sophie (and consequently any "Nathan") never walked the earth?

VII. CONCLUSION

The preceding discussion has reviewed the novelist William Styron's 1979 bestseller *Sophie's Choice*, and its adaptation, the 1982 hit movie[212] of that title. Creative industries are so understood in the context of today's cultural economics that they plainly embrace both low and high culture. This comports with a world wherein both consumers and producers of cultural services and goods engage in busy crossover activities.[213] There already has emerged an entire adaptation industry, with a cultural economy of literary adaptation.[214] And there exists an entire discipline of adaptation studies.[215]

The substantive factuality underlying *Sophie's Choice* had again and again been attested to by Mr. Styron. He in 1974 identified his novel's Brooklyn widow named Sophie with a real-life, widowed Brooklyn-Sophie who had lost her father, and who also had been in Auschwitz[216] where she had lost her two children. As late as 2014 Gavin Cologne-Brookes submitted: "Sophie may be a fiction (though Styron did meet an Auschwitz survivor named Sophie), …."[217] Nonetheless, Styron disclaimed remembering Brooklyn-Sophie's last name.

Notably, when the novelist confronted, personally, a pair of potential cross-examiners, the story Styron spun (age, midsummer, year) tangled tangibly. Styron turned 24 on June 11, 1949, the month he departed Caton Avenue:

Interviewer: Was there a chance you might have fallen in love with the real Sophie?

Styron: I don't think that would have been possible because, for one thing, she was about ten years older than I was, so therefore she was not really available. A woman of 31 is still young, but is markedly older in the eyes of a 21-year-old.

Interviewer: Was there any connection between meeting Sophie and *Lie Down in Darkness?* Between her and Peyton's tragedy?

*Styron***:** I don't think there's any direct connection. I don't actually know what happened to the real Sophie. I mean, that was fiction. I stayed in that house where the real Sophie lived only, I would say, about six weeks, and then I left. I left in the middle of the summer of 1947 and moved up the Hudson River.[218]

That Styron, or his film's experienced director (Alan J. Pakula) and studio (ITC Entertainment) would have shot any screenplay on so sensitive a topic toward a 1982 release while using a true-life participant's name is hard to credit. Questionable also is it that a Styron of 1981 would confirm, as Styron did, a claim of autobiographical accuracy while in the same breath speculating that Brooklyn-Sophie could yet be numbered among the quick. (A Brooklyn-Sophie of 30 in 1947 or 1949 would in 1981 have been only 64, or even 62, years of age.) For the 1979 libel law was such that gold from the defendants' teeth-litigation on the part of a plaintiff Brooklyn-Sophie against Styron and the studio was a live menace. The absence of Styronian ill-will was beside the point. Distinctly loomed extortionate litigation.[219] Moreover, during 1979 a public disclosure of private facts objectionable to persons of ordinary sensitivities was a tort. Too, publicity placing a plaintiff in a false light in the public's eye marked an independent variant of tortious invasion of privacy. That tortious false light could be one non-defamatory. Applicable, apparently, was a mores test.

212 Texts offering analyses of cinema and genocide include Film and Genocide (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2012) (Krisi M. Wilson and Tomás F. Crowder – Taraborrelli, eds.) and Marek Haltof, Polish Film and the Holocaust: Politics and Memory (New York: Berghahn Books, 2011).

213 Ruth Towse, *Creative Industries*, in A Handbook of Cultural Economics pp. 125, 126. (Northhampton, MA: Edward Elgar Publishing, 2011) (Ruth Towse ed.).

214 Simone Murray, The Adaptation Industry: The Cultural Economy of Contemporary Literary Adaptation (New York: Routledge, 2012).

215 *Ibid.*, p. 1.

216 In the camps-complex styled Auschwitz, Auschwitz One was the chief site. Frank Stiffel, The Tale of the Ring: A *Kaddish*, pp. 169-70 (New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1984). It was Auschwitz One's sinister sister-site Birkenau that encompassed ovens and gaschambers, proving the destination of Jewish transports of occupants for gassing at once. *Ibid.*, p. 170.

217 Gavin Cologne-Brookes, Rereading Styron (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2014).

218 *Interview with William Styron: Victor Strandberg and Balkrishna Buwa*, 49 Sewanee Review, pp. 463, 467 (Summer 1991).

219 Still evolving is today's law of privacy, its domains encompassing, e.g., intimate relations, and digital-age information control. Imagining New Legalities: Privacy and Its Possibilities in the 21st Century (Palo Alto: Stanford University Press, 2012) (Austin Sarat, Lawrence Douglas and Martha Umphrey eds.) (The Amherst Series in Law, Jurisprudence, and Social Thought). For that matter, it is argued that (even if it is impossible legally to defame the dead) it is possible maliciously to "defame" the dead to their harm. Raymond Angelo Belliotti, Posthumous Harm: Why the Dead Are Still Vulnerable (Lanham, MD: Lexington Books) 2013). And philosophers have confronted the challenge of explaining the duty to treat with dignity even the dead (beyond profiting from our respect). Michael Rosen, Dignity: Its History and Meaning, p. 10 (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2012).

APPENDIX

Even Still the Ghost of William Styron Stalks

Can one now think of the Holocaust as culture?[220] A 2011 Balaji Ravichandran review discussed the publication of the 1988 novel *Fiasco***,**[221] by Hungary's Imre Kertész in a Tim Wilkinson translation. It is a prequel to Kertész's 1975 novel *Fatelessness***.**[222] And *Fatelessness* follows Kertész's adolescent alter ego, Köves. Mr. Ravichandran explained that the first third of *Fiasco* is a prelude, seen through the eyes of "old boy"[223] (apparently Kertész). Thereafter the real novel unfolds with Köves's life in a fictionalized Communist Hungary. The main element of *Fiasco* is Köves's aim to write about the Holocaust. Köves is told by editors that the topic already has been heavily published-upon.[224] Kertész's "old boy" asks if these horrors can be diluted. How might an author prevent readers' withering of emotion? "One way suggested implicitly in the book, through its very structure, is formal diversity, a fragmentation of the narrative."[225] The story of Köves is "a story within the story to keep the critics and average reader reading."[226]

The emotional high point[227] emerges from a minor character's reading to Köves his preface[228] to a yet-unwritten novel. He is unable to start the novel – about a mass murderer – because he is incapable of grasping one's descent into moral monstrosity: "Köves replies by recounting an incident from the time when he was a prison guard…A single incident, such as an otherwise pacifist guard being induced to strike a prisoner because of the latter's refusal to eat, is enough to trigger the transition."[229]

Kertész won the 2002 Nobel Prize in Literature. Had Kertész copped William Styron's Nobel? Styron's *Sophie's Choice* was published well before 1988. And it was a novel (set in 1947) written about the Holocaust. In 2011, Ruth Franklin in her study *A Thousand Darknesses: Lies and Truth in Holocaust Fiction*[230] recorded of "*A Kudarc* (Fiasco, translated into German, Spanish, Hebrew, and other languages, but not English), …."[231] But *not* English.

Too, *Sophie's Choice* was a novel seen through the eyes of an older man. Further, that older man is obviously the novel's author, Styron himself. And Styron's young, male protagonist, Stingo, aims to become a writer. The structure of *Sophie's Choice* is one of formal diversity, with a story within a story. Also, Stingo makes express reference to a (in 1947) yet-unwritten novel that the *Sophie's Choice* reader knows will be written by Styron (=Stingo). The background of *Sophie's Choice* is one of mass murder. Furthermore, the emotional peak of S*ophie's Choice* is the revelation that unthreatening, almost pacific, Sophie during 1943[232] had been entrapped in that morally monstrous Nazi project by a "single incident". Moreover, during 1945, Styron was U.S. Marine "prison guard" as the commander of a guard platoon in the U.S. Naval prison on Harts Island in Long Island Sound.[233] Ravichandran overlooks that Köves, a draftee,[234] is assigned to "a post as a prison guard in the central military prison."[235]

Are these random coincidences?

220 Imre Kertész, The Holocaust as Culture: A Conversation with Imre Kertész (London: Seagull Books, 2012) (Thomas Cooper trans.).
221 Imre Kertész, Fiasco (New York: Melville House, 2011) (Tim Wilkinson trans).
222 Imre Kertész, Fatelessness (New York: Vintage Books, 2004) (Tim Wilkinson trans). The Köves Trilogy concludes with Imre Kertész, Kaddish for an Unborn Child (New York: Vintage Books, 2004) (Tim Wilkinson trans).
223 Balaji Ravichandran, Book Review, Times Lit. Supp., September 9, 2011, p. 19.
224 *Ibid*.
225 *Ibid*., p. 20.
226 *Ibid*.
227 Ravichandran says Berg's preface-reading scene affords "The finest moment in *Fiasco* – which has the emotional impact of the scene from *The Brothers Karamazov* in which Ivan hands back the keys to Heaven—…." *Ibid*.
228 The preface is found in Imre Kertész, *supra* note 220, pp. 295-308.
229 Balaji Ravichandran, *supra* note 223, p. 20. The prison guard-recalcitrant prisoner scene is found in Imre Kertész, *supra* note 220, pp. 341-49. This Köves "reply" is by way of a letter. *Ibid*., pp. 330-52.
230 Ruth Franklin, A Thousand Darknesses: Lies and Truth in Holocaust Fiction (New York: Oxford University Press, 2011).
231 *Ibid*., p. 122.
232 William Styron, *supra* note 2, pp. 389-90 and 392.
233 William Styron, Letters to My Father, p. 39 (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2009) (James L. W. West III ed.).
234 Imre Kertész, *supra* note 220, p. 332.
235 *Ibid*., p. 334.

BOOK REVIEWS...

JOHN BUTLER

Zhong Lihe, *From the Old Country: Stories and Sketches of China and Taiwan. Edited and translated by T.* M. McClellan; Foreword by Zhong Tiejun. New York: Columbia University Press, 2014.

Zhong Lihe

Zhong Lihe and his valuable vignettes of Taiwanese life

In 1976 there appeared in Taiwan a publication of the *Complete Works* of one Zhong Lihe, and in 1980 a biopic about this author, *China: My Native Land*, was screened. Zhong Lihe (1915-1960) was well-known in Taiwan for having produced one book of short stories during his lifetime, *Oleander* (1945), and for posthumously winning (1956) a literary prize for an unfinished novel, *Songs of Bamboo Hat Hill.* A new and revised edition of his *Complete Works* was issued in 2009. His name, it seems, remained almost completely unknown o Western readers. Indeed, the literature of Taiwan in general receives little attention, although there is a large and ourishing community of writers there, especially short story writers, and it is to this genre that the present book belongs. Columbia University Press is to be highly commended for publishing this book as well as en entire series of modern Chinese literature from Taiwan; it's high time that the "other" China received its due on the literary stage, and after reading this book one may well ask why it had not been translated and published years before.

Zhong Lihe came from a rural area in the southern part of Taiwan, where his father ran a farm in Meinong in the Hakka district of Taiwan. The Hakka people were originally immigrants from the Guangdong area of China, and are now the second-largest ethnic group in modern Taiwan. Zhong would spend most of his life in rural communities, although he travelled to Beijing and other mainland cities, and had spent some time in Manchuria when it was the Empire of Manchukuo, nominally presided over by the ex-emperor of China, Pu Yi, but effectively ruled as a province of Japan. Taiwan itself, of course, had been under Japanese rule since 1895. Zhong's origins as well as his travels allowed him to form a unique perspective which is reflected in these stories, which range from local recollection and semi-fictionalised autobiography to "The Fourth Day," featuring a full cast of angry yet pitiful (and, to a degree, pitiable) Japanese soldiers (the only Japanese in the book) who prove completely unable to handle the defeat of the Imperial Japanese army in 1945.

Zhong's stories recreate the pre-war world of the Hakka peasantry and paint a vivid, if somewhat melancholy picture of a world that sometimes seems to have an aura of innocence about it, but which will soon be destroyed by war and oppression, never to rise again in its original form, as the later stories show us. Zhong's writing does exhibit a certain amount of almost sentimental nostalgia for the world that has been lost; the first story in the book, for example, "My Grandma from the Mountains," looks back affectionately at an old woman who "never told lies to us children," and "always seemed to be smiling a profound, almost imperceptible smile." Hatred, falsehood and violence are in the future; the narrator doesn't even know that his grandmother is a "Gari," an aboriginal, and the Japanese don't start playing a part in his life until he goes to a Japanese school.

The stories range from the autobiographical to the more general and universal, and are divided into five parts. We begin in Zhong's village, his "formative years" as he calls them, and then move out into the larger world. Zhong creates an autobiographical *persona*, A-He, but whilst he continues narrating the fictional autobiography in the second part of the book, his name is not mentioned there. Part Three returns the narrative to "The Homeland," and the last two sections are set in Meinong, where the author eventually settled. The divisions all refer to places, which are of paramount significance to Zhong and sometimes even appear to transcend the importance of the human characters in the stories, although this is less apparent in the early childhood stories of the first part of the book.

Zhong is equally good, however, at evoking places and people; if Grandma in the opening story is just another old woman to the reader at first, by the end Zhong has brought out what made her more than that to the narrator. He is able to do this with all the characters he presents in the various stories; Koreans, Japanese and Chinese are featured, all seen participating in the human comedy, regardless of customs, religions or nationalities. "In the Willow Shade" introduces two Koreans, Park and Kim (perhaps generic representations because these are such widespread names in Korea) who are caught up in their own social system, which dictates that they enter into arranged marriages at an early age. The narrator befriends both of them, but he is closer to Park, who, like himself, reads serious literature, and is separated from the girl he has loved since childhood; Kim, the poorer of the two, leaves school because his wife and child are practically starving. When Park leaves school to find his sweetheart, the narrator understands his decision emotionally, but cannot quite understand why his friend would throw away an education and the possibility of a good job. For the narrator, the consideration of the practical side trumps the emotional; it's no accident that the last section of the book is entitled "Meinong Economics," and in a story entitled "Rain," a "good match" is defined this way: "he's clever, educated and has a good job. And the family, they have money, they have land, they have shops. . .Your family and theirs are perfectly matched." Zhong's narrator reveals himself as being, at heart, the practical Taiwanese who must make the correct choices; he may not understand other peoples' motivations, but he can only see them in terms of his own perspective, namely the prospective groom's earning potential and the solid wealth of his family.

The narrative has a great range, from insalubrious areas of Beijing (still called "Peking" here), rural Taiwan and Manchuria, and Zhong draws his characters from all classes and all walks of life. This book gives readers a glance into a world that is now largely gone, completely overtaken by the modern world and where the social systems are undergoing rapid changes to a more "western" way of life. Zhong's book does not judge; the narrative presents the situations from the point of view of someone caught between the two worlds, a traveller who really cannot quite come home again. This is a valuable book; it's well-translated and presents a moving, living picture through its vignettes of Taiwanese life in particular, perhaps without too much nostalgia for the old ways but without entirely welcoming the new ways either. The book is attractively illustrated, too, which contributes significantly to the immediacy of the stories.

This review previously appeared in *The Asian Review of Books.*

JOHN BUTLER

Leopoldo Alas, *La Regenta.* John Rutherford, Tr. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books (1984), 2005.

Sensational, sensitive and ironic

If you've ever read and enjoyed any nineteenth-century "desperate housewives" classics, namely Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (1856), Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* (1873-77) or Ibsen's *A Doll's House* (1879), you will not want to miss this one, Leopoldo Alas's *La Regenta* (1885). That this massive (733 pages in a large-format Penguin Classic) tome had been so little-read outside its native Spain, and indeed not much inside it until recently, reflects more on the reading public than it does on the author, and once in a while a reviewer needs to reminds readers of its existence. The reviewer regrets deeply not having read this book before, and suspects, by the lack of reviews, that not many others did either, and felt that readers were doing themselves a disservice if they didn't at least give it a try. It is far more psychologically-penetrating than Flaubert's novel and (dare one say it?) much wittier and more biting in its satire than Tolstoy's; indeed Alas may be mildly rebuked for creating so many loathsome characters in one novel. Critics at the time panned the book as a near-plagiarism of Flaubert, but it is nothing of the sort; Alas manages to mix the moral gravity that we find in Tolstoy with biting wit, humour and an unparalleled exploration of his characters' inner lives, and his novel is packed with finely-drawn portraits of many secondary characters. Indeed, some critics believe that Alas's protagonist Ana Ozores is often eclipsed by these interesting people and that she sometimes gets lost in the society which surrounds her.

Leopoldo Alas (1852-1901) was by day a mild-mannered and well-liked liberal-minded law professor at the University of Oviedo in Asturias. When he was not teaching Roman law, he was a fearsome literary critic who called himself "Clarín" (the Bugle), a writer whose reviews were nervously-awaited by many an aspiring author. Dogged by poor health all his life, Alas produced a number of well-received short stories, a great deal of journalism, and one other completed novel, *His Only Son* (1890), which Alas intended as the first of

a trilogy. It has not yet been translated into English, and is considered somewhat inferior to *La Regenta*. Alas wrote a play, *Teresa* (1895), and his collection of shorter works, *Moral Stories*, was published in 1896.

La Regenta is set in a provincial town, probably modelled on Oviedo, and named Vetusta, which means "old" in Latin as well as in Spanish. The time is the late 1870's, just after the restoration of the Borbón monarchy in 1875 and the end of a short-lived republic. Alas is gloriously ironic about Vetusta, which he calls "the city of heroes" and then goes on to tell us how these heroes are all settling down after a heroic feast of "boiled bacon and chick-pea stew." The inhabitants of Vetusta are priest-ridden, to say the least, and the classes are clearly-delineated, from the proud but often broke "genuine" nobility, to people who have managed to delve far enough into their family background for a tenuous link to some obscure royalty from the middle ages, and still others who have been "away" (often to America) and made fortunes. There is an historian who serves as a tourist guide and who makes up history as he goes along, a prelate who spends a lot of his time staring through a telescope (readers are not told exactly what at), and a woman (Doña Visitación) who likes to throw parties but doesn't have a decent kitchen to cook the food in, so she borrows one from one of her noble neighbours and uses their house, too, while she's at it. There's a hen-pecked marquis whose wife, "revealing a suggestion of what had once been charms, but were now languishing hillocks," thinks he's an idiot (he's not), the blonde servant-girl Petra whose "attributes" are always being remarked upon by the clerics, an attractive, voracious widow, Doña Obdulia, whose clean petticoats are of great interest to several people, and Don Alvaro Mesía, who thinks he is "an electrical machine of love," is an inveterate and shallow womaniser who eventually becomes the lover of Doña Ana, the wife of the story. "What women want," Don Alvaro declares, "is *physical attraction*" [sic]. His sidekick, the "young marquis" Paco Vegallana, is obsessed with sex, and could "describe all the aberrations of feminine sexuality in ancient times."

Doña Ana de Ozores, *la regenta*, is a member of one of Vetusta's noble families, but because her father married an Italian dancer she is looked down upon by her aunts, in whose house she is raised after her father's untimely death. Her husband, Victor Quintanar, is somewhat older than her, and used to be the town magistrate, hence the use of the title for his wife; Ana marries him to escape from an even worse marriage which her aunts attempted to force her into, to one Don Frutas, known as "the American," one of the people who made it rich overseas. Quintanar is a kind but unexciting person, yet he has a secret inner life which reminds the reader of that other Spanish nobleman, Don Quixote de La Mancha; Quintanar is a great fan of the drama of the so-called "Golden Age" of Spanish literature, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and mentally he likes to live there, much as Don Quixote wanted to revive mediaeval chivalry. It's a curious twist; the *husband* is more of a Madame Bovary

than Doña Ana, at least as far as the influence of reading is concerned! And Ana does not stop loving her husband, who is not quite as stolid as Dr. Bovary or as stiff and hard as Count Alexei Karenin; what gets to her is his emotional unavailability and the sheer boredom of life in Vetusta for a woman

Leopoldo Alas

with something resemblinga soul. Yet even Ana does not escape the ironic eye of the narrative; she is a person "full of that tender, profound self-pity which often made her so indulgent towards her own defects and sins." Ana shares with her Russian namesake an older husband, and with Emma Bovary the stultifying atmosphere of a provincial town, and all three women are surrounded by people who are hypocritical, pious, gossipy, conformist, vicious, phony, backbiting or all of the above. With them she shares a propensity to fall in love with men who are not what they seem to be on the surface; the result is tragedy, but not, at least directly, for Ana. It is her husband who is killed in a duel, and she is left face – to-face at the end with the third person in the strange *ménage à trois*, the telescope-wielding canon theologian and her erstwhile confessor, Don Fermín De Pas!

Leaving the reader hanging in the air about how the story got to that point, it needs to be said that there are many memorable characters in *La Regenta*, but Doña Ana is not really one of them, because the narrator is sympathetic to her, and understands that the causes for her distress are more interesting, such as the venality of many of the townsfolk and the sheer unremitting boredom of life in a provincial town. In fact, one wonders why Oviedo has actually erected a statue of the fictional *Regenta* which has become one of its tourist attractions. If the inhabitants of the Oviedo in 1885 saw themselves in Vetusta, they might have found a lamp-post with Leopoldo Alas's name written on it, but at the time, few people seem to have noticed. Alas is the master of the inner monologue, and most of the characters get a lengthy one; a reader can really get to know some of these people, and they are almost palpably unpleasant. Ana is perhaps sympathetic to a degree; she is intelligent and sensitive, and finds that neither marriage nor religion can substitute for real love, but ultimately she fails to find the latter, and Alas deliberately makes the ending ambiguous, which speaks to his skills as a "realistic" novelist. This is indeed "one of the outstanding works of Spanish literature," as the back cover blurb notes, and John Rutherford's wonderfully sensitive translation makes Alas's book come to life easily in English without losing its Spanish flavour. If the BBC turned tale this into a mini-series and if Alas's skilled, ironic psychological penetration could be captured by a sensitive director, it would, as a period-drama, be sensational.

JOHN BUTLER

Beverley Foulks McGuire, *Living Karma: The Religious Practices of Ouyi Zhixu.* New York: Columbia University Press, 2014.

Changing karma

"My body, mind, and the outer world suddenly disappeared. I then knew that my body came from beginningless time and perishes in the very spot it is born. It is only a shadow manifested by entrenched delusion." This stunning revelation from his *Autobiography* (included as an appendix) was recorded by the twenty-three year old Ouyi Zhixu (1599-1655), a Chinese Buddhist monk whose belief in the possibility that one could change one's *karma* is here explained in full for the first time in English by Beverley McGuire, an Assistant Professor of East Asian Studies at the University of North Carolina, who developed this book from her 2009 Harvard dissertation on Ouyi. As suggested in the press release for this book, it "sheds much-needed light on a little-known figure and his representation of *karma*, which proved to

be a seminal innovation in the religious thought of late imperial China;" as Professor McGuire points out, Buddhism in the later part of the Ming Dynasty (it fell in 1644) has been rather neglected by scholars in the field. Furthermore, as a decided non-expert in Buddhist studies, this reviewer can state that in spite of the apparently esoteric nature of the content, Professor McGuire has managed to produce an eminently readable and interesting book which shows us what the inner world of a seventeenth-century Buddhist monk looked like, and how he applied the rituals and practices of his religion to his spiritual (and physical) life. This is a scholarly book based on a great deal of specialised research, but it's surprisingly accessible to anyone with an interest in Buddhism and its development in China.

Karma is usually understood (at least in part) as a principle of causality, whereby what we do now influences the future outcome of our lives. Many people, Buddhists or otherwise, believe that we cannot escape our karma, and that its consequences are inevitable. The nearest Western term may be "fate" or "destiny," in the sense understood by, say, the Stoics or other philosophers of predetermination. Definitions and understandings of the term, however, differ; as Professor McGuire notes in her Introduction, "it has expansive connotations that cannot be reduced to cause and effect." This is certainly the case with Ouyi's understanding of it; "sometimes he suggests that certain religious practices can result in the instant elimination of karma, although at other times he suggests that karmic retribution will still come to fruition." Ouyi's main contribution to the subject is his assertion that karma is not necessarily inevitable, and that there were things the individual could do to change its course and its effect.

How does Ouyi suggest that we can go about acquiring the power to change our karma? His answer is complex, and involves a great deal of effort on the individual's part. Using himself as an example, Ouyi ranges from simple vows through divination, to repentance and ascetic actions which seem very odd to us at first glance, such as the "filial slicing" of the flesh, the deliberate burning of the arms and head, and even writing Buddhist texts in his own blood, although the ordinary act of writing in pen and ink is still important, indeed an integral part of the process. If some of these rituals seem strange, readers need only remember that some orders of Christian monks regularly used flagellation, and that some Christians today regularly re-enact the Crucifixion to show their devotion, and that mortification of the flesh is part of some Islamic practices, too. Repentance, Ouyi suggests, might actually eliminate one's karma altogether, liberating the penitent from the consequences of past actions. Another recommendation from Ouyi is "therapeutic illness;" he wrote in a letter that "illness is good medicine for our generation. It consumes defilement and deluded thoughts." Uncannily, in far-off London at about the same time, John Donne, recovering from a serious illness, was writing in his *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions* (1623) that "affliction is a blessing, and no man hath enough of it," and thanking God that his illness had made him meditate more profoundly on what Ouyi calls in his *Autobiography* the "great matter of life and death." For both men, being ill reinforced the idea that the body is "impermanent and a source of suffering" and that sickness "is an occasion for transforming one's karma," although, of course, Donne would not quite have put it that way. When one is lying in bed experiencing pain and suffering (and the seventeenth century offered few distractions for patients), a heightened sense of awareness may be one of the positive results.

Professor McGuire divided her book into sections, each one dealing with Ouyi's methods for changing one's karma. Divination is the "karmic diagnostic," followed by repentance "for eliminating karma," vows "to assume the karma of others," and "slicing, burning and blood-writing" to achieve the "karmic transformation of bodies." She discusses each stage of Ouyi's practices in terms of both how they fit into the history of Chinese Buddhism and as texts which invite close reading. For this reader her most interesting technique for examining Ouyi's thought is the inclusion of the monk's short *Autobiography*, in which he traces his development as a monk from his birth to the age of fifty-three, but he says "my vows were unfulfilled," at which point he dies, and the narrative is

taken over by his "unworthy disciple Chengshi," who finishes it for him. Professor McGuire treats this text (and others) as an act of religious devotion in itself; for her, it is the narrative of religion that matters, and the *Autobiography* provides readers with an insight into the mind of a great religious innovator. If we want to know why he burned his face or wrote in blood, Professor McGuire shows us through her detailed analysis of Ouyi's own writings as they relate to these (to us) bizarre acts and their ethical consequences. Ouyi Zhixu was a man who ran against the stream; as such he has been neglected by Buddhist scholars and is hardly known in the West. Professor McGuire not only re-examines his teachings and places them within the history of Chinese Buddhism, but allows us, through the *Autobiography* and her quotations from Ouyi's letters, to get to know something of the mind of this significant and extraordinary man.

This review previously appeared in *The Asian Review of Books.*

SUE MATHESON

***How I Escaped From Gilligan's Island and Other Misadventures of a Hollywood Writer Producer*. Madison, WI: The University of Wisconsin Popular Press, 2005.**

Froug 's Hollywood

A professor emeritus and the former chair of the School of Theatre Arts, Film, and Television at the University of California, Los Angeles, William Froug has written five popular books on wcreen writing, including the *Screenwriter Looks at the Screenwriter*, *Screenwriting Tricks of the Trade,* and *Zen and the Art of Screenwriting* (Volumes 1 & 2).Hooked on movies since the age of four, Froug left radio in the early 1950s to try his hand at writing for television. After forty years in the business, he escaped to UCLA. As But before he did, Froug wrote and produced many of the shows that America has grown up with, among them *The Twilight Zone*, *Adventures in Paradise*, *Gilligan's Island*, *Bewitched*, and *Charlies Angels*.

How I Escaped From Gilligan's Island is a book for anyone who enjoys insiders' stories and prime time television. This book is so well written when I put this book down, I couldn't find it. My kids had it.. I had trouble getting it back from them. ..but I did. In it is the down-low on Lucille Ball, Aaron Spelling, Rod Serling, Alan Hale, and Elizabeth Montgomery. As soon as I finish writing this review, I'll have to give it back to them.

The unpredictability of Froug's career is another reason why it is impossible to stop reading it. As Froug ably demonstrates, Hollywood is like a "floating crap game" (3): in television, "you can be a hero one day and a bum the next, without so much as a phone call" (3). Froug himself experienced this, going to Mexico for a week as a "richly rewarded, lauded hero" and returning to Hollywood to learn during his absence that he had become "a pariah" (3). There had been a turnover in management while he was away, and the new management at CBS Television City couldn't get him out of the studio fast enough.

According to Froug, Lucille Ball (left) had no sense of humor.

Froug arrived in Hollywood with a keen sense of the absurd. He begins *How I Escaped From Gilligan's Island* by explaining how he became a screenwriter. During the Second World War, Froug had served on subchasers in the Pacific theatre. At the end of the war, as the newly arrived commanding officer of the PC800, stationed in the Marshall Island chain, he was ordered to look for downed aircraft. The war, however, had ended the week before and there were no aircraft flying. With nothing to occupy their time, he gave his men permission to amuse themselves by shooting sharks although "it was clear that the sharks were winning" (6). Then

he went into his cabin and pounded out two hundred pages of his first story, titled "Enough Money." "The first single sentence was the moment my career in Hollywood began," Froug says, noting that he hadn't the slightest doubt that his encounter with shooting sharks launched his career as a writer: "I could hardly have imagined I would spend the next forty years of my life in Hollywood as a writer-producer, encountering sharks of the two-legged variety, several of them shooting back at me" (8).

During a nine-year sting of writing for CBS's Pacific Radio Network Froug also produced and directed radio dramas.. He then took the next logical step into television, which he feels lucky to have survived.

Insider stories often are guilty of omissions and exaggerations, but Froug's greatest strength throughout is his honesty and straightforward approach to his material. Truth always carries with it authority. As a result, Froug is unquestionably the last word on television in the Fifties and Sixties. As Peter King points out, nobody knows Hollywood and television better than Bill Froug.

One revealing anecdote involves Mickey Rooney whose virtuoso performance in *Eddie*, a thirty-minute monlogue for *Alcoa-Goodyear Theatre* should have won him an Emmy. As the Emmies were handed out that year, it was *Eddie's* night: Jack Smight won as best director, Al Brenner won for adapting Kenneth Hughes' script,, but Rooney did not take home an emmy. Instead Fred Astaire won the Emmy for Best Performance by an actor. Understandably, Rooney was upset at being passed over for Astaire: in the men's room, Froug discovered a very drunken Rooney staring at himself in the mirror: "Fuck 'em," he yelled, "Fuck 'em all! Who needs the bastards!" before staggering out the door. As Froug comments, who could blame him?

A handsome hardcover book with a wonderful picture of William Froug's image on a television screen floating in the ocean and surrounded by sharks, *How I Escaped From Gilligan's Island* is a must-read for any one interested in television and popular culture. Published by Popular Press, it is a steal at $XX.XX. Seriously consider buying this book. I know you won't regret it.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Sue Matheson is an Associate Professor who teaches literature and film studies at the University College of the North. Her interest in cultural failure has become the base of her research: currently, Sue specializes in popular American thought and culture, Children's Literature, Indigenous Literature, and Western film.

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call for papers

The *quint's* twenty sixth issue is issuing a call for theoretically informed and historically grounded submissions of scholarly interest—as well as creative writing, original art, interviews, and reviews of books. The deadline for this call is 15th February2015—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

quint guidelines

All contributions accompanied by a short biography will be forwarded to a member of the editorial board. Manuscripts must not be previously published or submitted for publication elsewhere while being reviewed by *the quint's* editors or outside readers.

Hard copies of manuscripts should be sent to Dr. John Butler or Dr. Sue Matheson at *the quint*, University College of the North, P.O. Box 3000, The Pas, Manitoba, Canada, R9A 1M7. We are happy to receive your artwork in digital format, PDF preferred. Email copies of manuscripts, Word or RTF preferred, should be sent to either jbutler@ucn.ca or smatheson@ucn.ca.

Essays should range between 15 and 25 pages of double-spaced text, including all images and source citations. Longer and shorter submissions also will be considered. Bibliographic citation should be the standard disciplinary format.

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