
the quint
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Kahente
Rogers
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Chartrand
Yogerst
Milward
Allen
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Tata
Leonard

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contents

BOOK REVIEWS

EDITORIAL

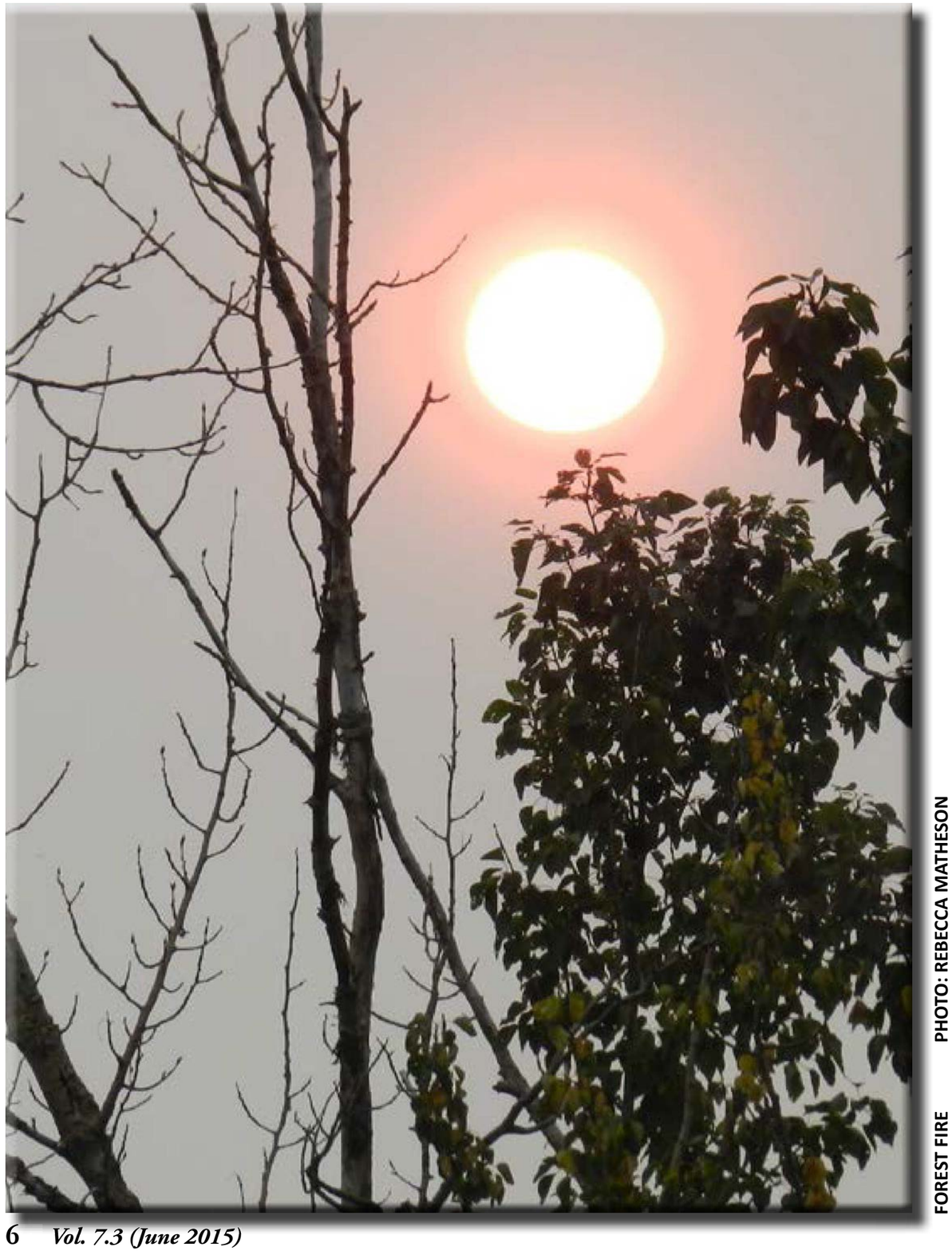
This issue is designed for people who enjoy clear days and warm evenings, bright water on the lakes, and the rattle of leaves in the wind. Once again celebrating our regional talent and writers from far away places, diversity is the hallmark of this *quint which* contains articles by writers working in Japan, Canada, and the United States. We are honored to present a lecture by the renowned Shakespeare scholar, Peter Milward SJ, proud to present the work of Carleton University's Kahente Horn-Miller, and excited to present articles by Joann Furlow Allen, Chris Yogerst, Zachary D. Rogers, and Michael Angelo Tata.

It is hard to imagine how the catholicity of topics which these writers invite you to consider could have been more varied: for the long summer evenings, this *quint* offers you questions of Shakespeare's religious orientation, the use of humor as medicine, issues facing Chicana mothers, the use of genre conventions in *The Shootist* (1979) and *True Grit* (2010), the modes of confession in "Howl" and "The Kaddish," and, last but certainly not least, insights into Warholian celebrity. There is something in this issue for everyone. For readers who are interested in our creative offerings, Michael C. Montesano's tightly crafted lyrics produce sophisticated insights about the interplay of imagination and image. Kendra Leonard's long poem is one of the best I have read since encounteringT.S. Eliot's musing about feline fellowship in *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. And *the quint* is honored to present Maya Kesrouany's beautifully crafted short story announcing her return to writing.

Our visual art offerings showcase the powerful work of Thompson artist Terrence Wastesicoot who amalgamates images found in popular culture with traditional elements of Indigineity. Rebecca Matheson has graciously agreed to allow *the quint* display her interesting take on the smoke of forest fires drifting into Northern Manitoba, and Anne Jevne has lent us her insight into the nature of summer in the North.

As always, *this quint* reminds us of the importance of good reading, interesting ideas, unusual images, and thoughtful poetry as summer nights stay bright and we spend as much time as possible outdoors. Our next *quint*, forthcoming in September, will celebrate the arrival of migrating flocks going South again and mark the beginning of autumn here. Until then, we wish you once again the best that the Summer can bring and all the happiness that always accompanies warm weather and abundant growth.

Sue Matheson
Co-Editor



FOREST FIRE PHOTO: REBECCA MATHESON

Shakespeare and the English Jesuits

by Peter Milward SJ (Emeritus), Sophia University, Tokyo, Japan

If I may begin this lecture with a little autobiography, my first encounter with Shakespeare was at the Jesuit college (or high school) of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon. There our education, at least in the field of English, consisted first of learning many of Shakespeare's sonnets by heart, and then of treating the memorable speeches of the plays to the same method of heart-learning. Thus it was, by the time of my graduation in 1943 I had come to the conclusion that there was no other author in English literature really worth studying than Shakespeare. Subsequently, after entering the Society of Jesus that year, and after further studies of English literature at Oxford University, I came to the same considered conclusion, that the only real author in the whole field of English literature was Shakespeare. And so, when I was sent to teach English at Sophia University in Japan, it seemed to me only natural to specialize in Shakespearian drama. At the same time, since I was a Jesuit, it seemed to me equally natural to specialize in the religious background of that drama, and that background also happened to be what we regard as the "heroic age" of the English Jesuits from the time of Edmund Campion onwards.

In giving this lecture on "Shakespeare and the English Jesuits", therefore, it again

seems only natural for me to begin with Edmund Campion – for three reasons. The first is that I first undertook the special study of Shakespeare's plays at an Oxford college established for young Jesuit students named Campion Hall, which had originally been situated next to Campion's own college of St. John's. The second is that I am now in Australia at the kind invitation of the president of Campion College, Dr. David Daintree. And the third, more basic reason is, needless to say, the contemporary connection that may have existed between the young Shakespeare and the mature Jesuit priest Edmund Campion. The evidence for this connection is in turn based on what is called "the Shakeshafte theory" of the young Shakespeare's presence in Lancashire in the spring of 1581 under the auspices of a Catholic gentleman named Alexander Houghton. In the summer of that year Houghton drew up a will in which there occurs the name of a William Shakeshafte in connection with play clothes and musical instruments, as if he was a player, or rather a tutor to the younger members of the household. Could this, scholars have wondered since the contents of the will came to light in the early 20th century, be the young Shakespeare? There are many reasons pointing to him, which I needn't go into now, beyond mentioning that the last of Shakespeare's presumed schoolmasters at Stratford happened to be a next-door neighbour of Houghton, one John Cottam, whose brother Thomas came to England as a seminary priest with Campion and was arraigned with him in Westminster Hall in November 1581. What is more, Campion himself came to Lancashire that very spring and received hospitality from a half-brother of Alexander Houghton, Richard Houghton, and thus he would surely have made the acquaintance of the young Shakespeare during his sojourn there – if Shakespeare was indeed Shakeshafte.

Now before I came to form this connection between the young dramatist and the mature Jesuit, I had long been aware of many interesting similarities between various passages in the plays of the one and the *Spiritual Exercises* of the founder of the Jesuit Order, St. Ignatius Loyola. I had even written a long study showing this connection in detail, which was published in Japanese in 1991, and I later developed it in the form of a monograph in English entitled *The Plays and the Exercises* in 2002. Then I began to wonder, considering all these similarities which couldn't have all been merely due to chance, how Shakespeare could have been so familiar with the text of the Exercises. After all, they hadn't yet been translated into English, and even in Latin the text wasn't easily available except to the Jesuits themselves, since it wasn't a book for spiritual reading but a practical guide-book for priests giving the Exercises to others. This problem was solved for me by an article on Shakespeare and the Jesuits by Richard Simpson, contributed to the *Times Literary Supplement* in December 1998. So I was enabled to develop this connection partly in a paper I presented at a conference on "Lancastrian Shakespeare" at the University of Lancaster in the summer of 1999, on "Shakespeare's Jesuit Schoolmasters", partly in an article on the same subject I contributed to the Jesuit periodical *The Month* in April 2000, and more fully in the Epilogue to my monograph of 2002. This connection consisted not just in a possible meeting between the young William and the older Jesuit, but also in the likelihood of the latter having given the Exercises in full to the former, and thereby influencing his whole subsequent life, including his choice of a dramatist's career as his unique way of bringing about the kingdom of God on earth. Thus the plays of Shakespeare taken as a whole, or what TS Eliot calls "the pattern in Shakespeare's carpet", may be seen as nothing but a seemingly secularized version of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.

With this theory in mind, I have just finished my latest MS entitled "The Pattern in Shakespeare's Carpet", which I originally entitled "Shakespeare's Psalter" – taking five of his more famous comedies, as his five joyful mysteries of the Rosary, followed by five of his more famous tragedies, corresponding to the five sorrowful mysteries, and then five of his later romances, for the glorious mysteries, with ten chapters under each mystery for famous sayings in each play. If I may say so, though I am the author, the chapters taken together produce a tremendous impression of what the dramatist is really trying to say in all his plays taken together – significantly without the presence of any of his history plays, which contrarily form the backbone of the First Folio of 1623.

It was in the company of another great English Jesuit, Robert Persons, that Campion arrived in his home country in the summer of 1580, in what has been called somewhat exaggeratedly "the Jesuit invasion of England". Their arrival did not pass unnoticed by the English authorities, but it was met with a barrage of criticism. And once they themselves without further provocation put pen to paper, everything they wrote served only to increase the controversy, till between them and their opponents they had given rise to some eighty published works of controversy within that decade. This all took place just before the presumed arrival of William Shakespeare in London from Lancashire, if, as William Shakeshafte, he had observed the provisions made on his behalf by Alexander Houghton in the will of 1581 and had joined the players (while remaining secretly a tutor) of Sir Thomas Hesketh and had then, on Hesketh's death in 1588, gone on to join the other players of Lord Strange, son and heir to the Earl of Derby, and followed them to London. From now on there is no indication that the dramatist ever met Persons, who had left England on Campion's execution in December 1581, never to return, but there is every indication that he was familiar with many of Persons numerous writings, especially his one non-controversial book commonly known as "the Book of Resolution" (1582). Indeed, it may be said that much of what may be termed the spirituality of Shakespeare's plays is derived not only from the Bible and the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, not forgetting the popular Imitation of Christ by Thomas A Kempis, but also from this no less popular book of Christian devotion, especially in the form of its Protestant adaptation by one Edmund Bunny.

Thus, to limit myself to the one play of *Hamlet*, which echoes so many religious and spiritual writings of the time, I may quote words that recall Hamlet's opening soliloquy where Hamlet is speaking of his mother and Persons of the body, "that body, which was before so delicately entertained...whereupon the wind might not be suffered to blow, nor the sun to shine... is left for a prey to be devoured of worms". Again, where Hamlet considers "this goodly frame, the earth", Persons considers how this earth "is enriched with endless and inestimable treasures, and yet itself standing, or hanging rather, with all this weight and poise, in the midst of the air". Yet again, in his account of why, according to Hamlet, "man delights not me", Persons notes concerning the world of men how (as in both Hamlet's great soliloquy, and Shakespeare's own sonnet lxvi) there one "shall see justice sold, verity wrested, shame lost, and equity disguised. He shall see the innocent condemned, the guilty delivered, the wicked advanced, the virtuous oppressed". Further, whereas Hamlet in the graveyard of Act V recalls the medieval theme of *Ubi sunt?,* he seems to be doing so in the very words of Persons, "Where will all your delights, your

recreations and vanities be? all your pleasant pastimes? all your pride and bravery in apparel? your glistering in gold? your wanton dalliances and pleasant entertainments?" There, too, we may find many more such echoes, some of which I have mentioned in my book on *Shakespeare's Religious Background* (published in 1973), with its chapter devoted to "English Jesuits".

In that same book of mine, I also note the commonly recognized influence of Persons' other, more notorious "Book of Succession" (1594), on Shakespeare's early comedy of *Love's Labour's Lost.* First, in an exchange between two minor characters, the girl Jacquenetta greets the parson Sir Nathaniel with the words, "God give you good morrow, master parson", only to be answered by the parson's friend, the pedant Holofernes, with a heavy pun on Father Persons' name, "Master parson, or quasi pers-on; an if one should be pierced, which is the one?" And again, in reply to the parson's learned mention of "a certain father", implying one of the Fathers of the Church, Holofernes returns to the same pun, with a more precise reference to the recent "Book of Succession", "Sir, tell me not of the father; I do fear colourable colours" – where "colours" has the Elizabethan implication of treason. Then, in a subsequent book of his entitled *Of Three Conversions* (1603-4), Persons, in opposition to John Foxe who praises the Lollard martyr Sir John Oldcastle in his famous *Book of Martyrs* (1563), observes that this same Oldcastle under the altered name of Sir John Falstaff was, in fact, "a ruffian knight, as all England knoweth, and commonly brought in by comedians on their stages". On this observation the Protestant historian John Speed subsequently criticized Persons in his *History of Great Britain* (1611) for having "made Oldcastle a villain, a robber and a rebel, and his authority taken from the stage-players" – a fact which, he adds, is "only grounded from this papist and his poet, of like conscience for lies, the one ever feigning and the other ever falsifying the truth", with evident reference to Persons as "this papist" and Shakespeare as "his poet". Indeed, it is not unlikely that this pointing of his finger at Shakespeare in 1611 in association with Persons the Jesuit was one of the reasons prompting the dramatist to quit the stage that very year after the production of *The Tempest.*

With the death of Campion in 1581 and the exile of Persons, it seemed as if "the Jesuit invasion" had been effectively quelled by the English authorities, but, as Campion had prophesied in his famous "brag" of 1580, others followed in their footsteps, making this what I have called "the heroic age" of the English Jesuits, notable among whom were three men who call for fuller mention in connection with Shakespeare. The first, William Watson, was for a time superior of the English Jesuits after his arrival in the country in 1584, and he was soon involved in a series of notorious exorcisms that took place in certain houses of the Catholic gentry near London, together with a former classmate of Shakespeare's at Stratford, now a priest, Robert Debdale. This Debdale had run away from Stratford in 1575 with the schoolmaster Simon Hunt and had entered the English seminary at Rheims, established by Dr. William Allen for the formation of English Catholic priests, while Hunt had gone on to Rome and become a Jesuit. Anyhow, the exorcisms practised by Watson and Debdale became sufficiently notorious for Shakespeare to allude to them in his early *Comedy of Errors* in the exorcism practised by the schoolmaster Pinch on Antipholus of Ephesus, where the practice is satirized. Only the schoolmaster's name is identical with that of the Puritan author of a pamphlet

attacking the exorcisms under the title *The Knowledge and Appearance of the Church,* and so the satire rebounds against the Puritans, not the Jesuits.

Nor is that the end of the affair, which was subsequently written up presumably by Weston himself in an MS "Book of Miracles". This came into the hands of the Anglican authorities, and one Samuel Harsnet was commissioned to write a refutation of it in a book entitled *A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures* and published in 1603, in time for Shakespeare to make use of it as a secondary source for King Lear, particularly in his characterization of Edgar as a mad beggar. This has been interpreted as a sign of the dramatist's Anglican sympathies, but the fact that one of the priests engaged in the exorcizing had been a classmate of his at Stratford might well have been a main attraction of the book for him. Moreover, the fact that Edgar is also characterized as a hunted priest, against whom proclamations are given out and spies are set and ports are watched, places him in a class not only with Robert Debdale (who shortly suffered martyrdom for his activities) but also with Edmund Campion (who vividly described the situation of such priests in his letters to his superior in Rome). Yet another character in the play who shares many of the characteristics of the hunted priest, not least in his correspondence with Cordelia in France on behalf of Lear, is the loyal Kent, whose situation may be seen as a cross between Persons from his position abroad and the masterly Jesuit John Gerard for his activities at home.

After Weston was arrested and imprisoned in 1586, his place as superior of the Jesuit mission in England was taken by Henry Garnet, who had come to England the previous year with the poet Robert Southwell, and we find both men in close connection with

Shakespeare for a variety of reasons. The connection with Southwell was first explored by a modern Jesuit Christopher Devlin in his *Life of Robert Southwell* (1956), in a chapter entitled "Master W.S.", the initials of the person to whom Southwell dedicated his first book of poems, *Saint Peters Complaint* (1595), and who is here identified with William Shakespeare. The same connection is further developed in my chapter on "English Jesuits" in my *Shakespeare's Religious Background* (1973). But its fullest development is to be seen in a recent book by John Klause entitled *Shakespeare, the Earl, and the Jesuit* (2008), in which the Earl is Shakespeare's young Catholic patron, the Earl of Southampton, and the Jesuit is Robert Southwell, who suffered martyrdom in the very year that most of his poems were published. What Klause makes abundantly clear in his book is the extent to which Shakespeare in both his poems and his plays was indebted to the language of Southwell in both his poems (which had been circulating in MS long before they came to be published) and his prose writings. Comparing the writings of the one with those of the other, as Klause does in many parallel columns of similarities, one forms the impression that the dramatist must have known the work of the Jesuit almost by heart – almost as if the martyr was his "muse of fire".

As for the connection with Henry Garnet, this only appears after some twenty years of the Jesuit's hidden apostolate in England, till he was no longer able to evade the pursuit of the authorities in the wake of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605. Then he was eventually caught, significantly in the Shakespeare country, which happened to be the country of many of the plotters, imprisoned and interrogated in the Tower of London, before being brought to trial as "ringleader" of the Plot in the spring of 1606, when

much of the evidence against him turned on his use of "equivocation", or the use of words in a double meaning for the purpose of avoiding incrimination. It is for this reason, and in this context, that he appears in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, especially in the scene of the drunken Porter who imagines himself as porter of hell-gate in one of the old mystery plays. Among those he pretends to admit into hell is "a farmer that hanged himself", with apparent reference to Garnet's pseudonym of Farmer, and "an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven", with even more manifest reference to Garnet's recent use of equivocation. Subsequently, in the same play Macbeth himself says he doubts "the equivocation of the fiend/ That lies like truth." Only, it may well be asked, who is the equivocator? Scholars are all but unanimous in pointing their accusing fingers at Garnet, and yet Garnet patiently explained the proper use of equivocation at his trial, not for attack on others but for self-defence, especially in the interests of truth and justice. Rather, in this case, as in all such cases, including that of Southwell at whose trial in 1595 the same issue had been raised, the attackers were not the Jesuits but their enemies, the agents of the English government, and nominally the two Cecils, father and son, Sir William, Lord Burghley, who died in 1598, to be succeeded by his wily son Sir Robert, Earl of Salisbury. It is they who had long been familiar employers of "the equivocation of the fiend", to justify their long continued persecution of innocent English Catholics under the reigns of both Elizabeth I and James I, as has recently been abundantly proved by Francis Edwards in his trilogy of books on the subject, *Plots and Plotters in the Reign of Elizabeth I* (2002), *The Succession, Bye and Main Plots of 1601-1603* (2006), and *The Enigma of Gunpowder Plot, 1605* (2008).

Lastly, let me turn to this play of *Macbeth* as a whole. It is such a famous play, and it is commonly studied by English schoolboys as one of their first plays of Shakespeare to be studied and learnt by heart at school – as I studied and learnt it when I was scarcely ten years old. Little did we know then, and few of us ever came to know afterwards, how corrupt is the text of the play. It was never published in the dramatist's lifetime, and it only appeared in print for the first time in the First Folio seven years after his death. Even so, it has all the signs of a patched up job, not all of it written at once but at various stages during the first five years of the new century and eventually put together hastily to celebrate the arrival in England of the King of Denmark in the late summer of 1606. As a play, it is (with *The Comedy of Errors*) one of the shortest of Shakespeare's plays, and yet it includes one or two scenes not by Shakespeare and another longer scene that clamors to be cut. As for the Porter scene, it has been regarded by many critics, including Coleridge, as unworthy of the great dramatist, especially when we take into consideration the words of Hamlet himself against the propensity of fools to speak "more than is set down for them". No doubt, the two editors of the First Folio, fellow actors of Shakespeare in the King's Men and both of them devout Protestants, allowed this addition to the text of Macbeth, with the other mention of "the equivocation of the fiend", to stand as confirmation of the Protestant, anti-Jesuit sympathy of the dramatist – as also appears in their treatment of the history plays, occupying the central position in the Folio and culminating in the co-authored play of *Henry VIII* with its concluding speech of Archbishop Cranmer in prophetic praise of the reign of the little princess Elizabeth.

Anyhow, what with the probable personal connection with Edmund Campion,

to begin with, followed by the numerous evocations of the writings of Robert Persons, and then the exorcisms of William Watson with his seminary colleague Robert Debdale, followed by the seeming implication of Henry Garnet in the Gunpowder Plot as seemingly recorded in *Macbeth***,** and above all the overwhelming evidence for the inspiration of Robert Southwell's writings on the poems and plays at least of the Elizabethan period, it becomes all but incontrovertible – according to Newman's favorite method of proof from a convergence of independent probabilities – that Shakespeare was not only connected with the leading Jesuits of this "heroic age" but also seemingly worked hand in glove with them.

Mother Tongue

at a light I read on a rear windshield
I am my parents' last breath
watch the driver take off in a trail of black smoke

this is the air our children breath
this is the city we have built: Qosqo, Cusco, Cuzco

Manco Capac declared this his capital
around 1,000 A.C.E.

Pachacuteq built his city on top
some 400 years later

Pizarro tried to knock it down
and failed

Ama Sua
Ama Llulla
Ama Quella

Quechua law cut out your tongue
if you lied, the Spanish cut it out for the truth

contemporary law does a lot
with the tongue

3 years after the mayor put his name on the project
cobblestones on Saphi are pulling up like plow divots

speaking in tongues, cutting them out
this is the air our children breath

—Michael C. Montesano

Terrence Wastesicoot
Forest Fire
Acrylic and Airbrush
20 in x 20 in

IO STER IS (It's funny): Humor as medicine in Kanienkehaka society

by Kahente Horn-Miller, Carleton University, Ottawa, Ontario

Indigenous peoples have an immense capacity for laughing in the face of adversity. As a part of the Kanienkehaka[1] community of Kahnawake, I often hear laughter somewhere in the crowd at public gatherings and I have been witness to its ability to diffuse tense situations. As such, political events, ceremonies, and even funerals are never without their requisite humor. In times of high tension, someone somewhere can be heard to crack a joke with a responding raucous laughter erupting from the crowd. Many would ask why this occurs; humor it seems is not usually found in such situations. It is this aspect of Kanienkehaka humor which sparked this work.

I have often heard a story about Lasagna[2], a Warrior who participated in the 78 day standoff at the Kanehsatake Pines during the summer of 1990. He made a particular joke during a high point in the tension. Originally a patient at the Kanehsatake Treatment Centre for Drug and Alcohol Abuse, he chose to remain in the Pines with the people of Kanehsatake when the dispute broke out. As they faced the Canadian Army and the Sureté du Québec during that long hot summer Lasagna was heard to say "You know what? I don't like this part of the treatment!" in reference to his previous status as a patient at the Centre. This provoked much laughter and is still talked about today, some twenty-five years later.

1 Kanienkehaka means 'people of the flint'. It will be used instead of the word 'Mohawk'.
2 See York and Pindera, 1991; Sévigny, 1993.

Humor is found in every culture and takes on different forms, from the obvious like clown characters honking their noses and making faces to the more subtle phrases in dialogue like the remark made by Lasagna during the Oka Crisis. What makes Lasagna's statement so funny? This line of questioning leads us to ask what purpose does humor serve for the Kanienkehaka more specifically? Humor, it seems, is integral to any gathering in Indian Country. Expressed verbally, physically or visually, diverse forms of humor have specific meaning and usage within Indigenous cultures which relate closely to our world view and philosophy. As a result, what may appear to be funny to some may not be funny at all to others, depending on who makes fun, how it is used and how it is perceived across cultures. Oftentimes, because of these differences in its appreciation, usage, it is misunderstood and misinterpreted. Although, what is the same about humor in all cultures is the ability of laughter to bring together a group of people who speak the same language and recognize the same nuances inherent in the humorous dialogue and visual illustrations.

Indigenous humor is easy to recognize and we always welcome the chance to laugh at a good joke. For First Nations cultures and more specifically the Kanienkehaka people, humor serves to turn colonization on its back exposing its fleshy underside. Our people are experiencing its after effects and so we are always ready for the chance to stare it down and laugh in its face. Beyond exercising the belly muscles, humor serves as a survival mechanism meant to bring about balance in an unbalanced world. In order to understand how this works in Kanienkehaka culture, it is first necessary to illustrate who we are and our underlying world view and philosophy in which balance plays an important role. With this in mind, humor will then be looked at in terms of its function as a balancing mechanism used by the people. This aspect of humor presents itself in various forms, most notably in the artwork of Kanienkehaka artists such as Bill Powless, Shelley Niro and Louis Karoniaktajeh Hall. Their work can be perceived not as art in terms of the Western canon but as a self referencing tool used to exercise the mind of the viewer and their relationship to colonization. It is this skewed relationship that we laugh at as we look to their work; we are not laughing so much at the images but at our reality as Onkwehonwe[3] people. In our view, if we can keep on laughing then we keep on surviving.

The Kanienkehaka are one nation in an alliance of six nations called the Haudenosaunee[4] Confederacy. The six nations: Kanienkehaka, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca and Tuscarora[5] are organized into a symbolic longhouse[6] structure with the Kaienerekowa or Great Law of Peace as its governing constitution. The Confederacy was formed to stop the warfare and fighting that was occurring between the original five nations. Due to various circumstances, the Kaienerekowa did not spread to other parts of the world and unite other nations in peace as it was originally intended to do. The Covenant Circle Wampum represents this unification of the six nations under the principles of the Kaienerekowa.

The very nature of the culture and world view from which I gather my strength, thoughts, and understanding of the world is based on maintaining this equal relationship

3 Onkwehonwe means 'the original people' and is used by Kanienkehaka people to reference all Indigenous peoples.

4 Haudenosaunee means 'people of the longhouse' or 'people who make the long house'. It is used by the people instead of the term 'Iroquois'.

5 In the early 1700's, the Tuscarora nation began the long process of joining the Confederacy as the sixth nation. They went in under the wing of the Seneca who acted as their elder brother and now they sit beside the Senecas when there is a Grand Council. This is why the Confederacy is sometimes called the Six Nations Confederacy.

6 The longhouse was the original dwelling of the Haudenosaunee People.

with the natural world. An attitude of thankfulness and acknowledgement is a guiding principle of the culture that I come from.[7] The Kanienkehaka have ceremonies and political procedures that embody these principles. When the Haudenosaunee people tell the story of the founding of the Confederacy, we speak of Dekanawidah or the Peacemaker who delivered a message of peace. This message, the Great Law or Kaienerekowa, was a way to find peace involving three fundamental principles – righteousness, meaning justice practiced among people using unselfish minds in harmony with the flow of the universe; reason, meaning soundness of mind and body to include the peace that comes when the minds are sane the body is cared for; and power, meaning the authority of Indigenous law and custom.[8]

The Kaienerekowa is designed to affirm the independent status of nations and individuals engaged in the quest for a unified approach to mutual problems. These dependent relationships are patterned after the natural world, so the symbolism is easy to understand and follow. As a governing constitution, it encompasses all aspects of the social, political and spiritual lives of the Haudenosaunee people and contains all the codes of conduct, thought and knowledge needed for the people to function, to understand our ceremonies and to maintain social and political life. The Law and the story of its development provides for a method of counseling and decision-making, involving ceremonies and procedures which build toward a consensus of the people. This consensus denotes a relationship between the people that reveals true equality, the same sense of equality that is reflected in our relationship with the natural world.

7 For further discussion on the themes of renewal, dualism and continuity in two versions of the Thanksgiving Address in the Great Law of Peace and the Code of Handsome Lake, see Carol Cornelius, 1992.

8 Mohawk Nation Office, 1982, p. 3.

An important aspect of any meeting or ceremony is the Thanksgiving Address or Ohén:ton Karihwatéhkwen which means 'words that come before all else'.[9] The use of this has been outlined in the Kaienerekowa and serves as a constant reminder for us to be mindful of this special relationship that we have to Mother Earth[10]. Its recitation achieves the similar effects as storytelling, in that it captures the audience in a dialogic/visual space where they activate their imagination and can 'see' the words and engage with what the teller is saying. The Thanksgiving Address itself speaks to the balance that must be maintained, which is not simply a balance between good and evil or a polarization between two opposing forces. In our way we don't ask for anything, we can only thank creation for what has been provided.

These words give thanks to the natural world, the earth, and all that is over, under and upon it. The Ohén:ton Karihwatéhkwen reflects our relationship to our 'mother', who we are, how we think and how we feel. Not only do we see it in the real world around us, but we also 'see' it each time it is recited. Through its continued recitation it serves to help us remember what this earth offers to keep us alive; our duty to take care of it; and how to maintain an equal and balanced relationship with it. This basic premise is what serves as a guide for our everyday actions. As we conduct ourselves in our lives, dealing with political issues, conducting our ceremonies, singing our songs,

9 *Whenever the statesmen of the League shall assemble for the purpose of holding a council, the Onondaga statesmen shall open it by expressing their gratitude to their cousin statesmen, and greeting them, and they shall make an address and offer thanks to the earth where men dwell, to the streams of water, the polls and the lakes, to the maise and the fruits, to the medicinal herbs and trees, to the forest trees for their usefulness, and to the animals that serve as food and giver their pelts for clothing, to the great winds and the lesser winds, to the Thunderers; to the Sun, the mighty warrior; to the moon, to the messengers of the Creator who reveals his wishes, and to the Great Creator who dwells in the heavens above who gives all the things useful to men, and who is the source and the ruler of health and life. Then shall the Onondaga statesmen declare the Council open*. Wampum #7. Ohontsa Films, 1993, p. 9.

10 'Mother Earth' is a common term used to describe the earth and references the world-view and philosophy of Indigenous cultures.

dancing our dances, planting our gardens, this thankfulness and sense of responsibility to one another is inherent in our actions and words. As we do these things, we work to maintain balance, peace, and a rational mind. The way to achieving a rational mind is to maintain an equal relationship to the earth and to one another. If this is achieved, then we continue to survive as Onkwehonwe.

The governing constitution of the Kanienkehaka peoples, the Kaienerekowa[11] is a tangible manifestation of this balanced relationship with nature. One simply has to look at the world around them to understand the Kaienerekowa in its strength and elusive simplicity. Today we have a culture surrounding us that is completely opposite to the tenets of the Kaienerekowa – individualistic, self-centered, and materialistic – separated from the natural world.[12] We are quick to observe how out of balance the contrasting world views are. These humorous comparisons are the basis of stories and are fodder for a number of jokes. Kenneth Lincoln in his seminal work on Indian humor describes this difference – "Indian-White tragedies can be alchemized through the alembic of modern red humor; intercultural differences shift toward seriously playful texts, which tell us much about ourselves, American and Native American."[13] These playful texts are found everywhere in Indian country, in stories, songs, visual imagery including in more formal fine arts.

11 This relationship with the Kaienerekowa is what the western culture would call ideology but the word that we use to describe this is the word 'tsionkwetáh:kwen'. This word, literally translated, means 'the things that we really believe in'. It reflects our connections to one another and to nature, in that these are natural connection, ones that we don't have to think about and analyze. They are from nature and so they just are there to exist with us. So, we don't have to think about whether it is true or not, it just comes from inside, from that very core that is tied to Mother Earth when our mothers place our placenta in the ground after birth.

12 See Battiste and Henderson (year) who describe the contrasting Indigenous and non-Indigenous world views.

13 Lincoln 1993:27.

For many Indigenous artists, their art is a commentary on the effects of colonization.[14] Particularly, humor in Kanienkehaka art serves the same function as a 'balancer'. For the viewer, our world-view, social, political and spiritual context shapes how we respond to art. Taking it one step further, with reference to maps, Robert David Sack describes the context specific affect of symbols—"feelings are most successfully and naturally expressed by symbols whose meanings seem to be in part affixed to the vehicle themselves. They do not appear to be conventionally or arbitrarily decided. These symbols are said to present rather than represent. Their meanings, unlike the scientific ones, are not clearly specified and stable, but rather depend far more on the contexts in which they appear. In terms of the objective side, such symbols seem to be over-determined, fluid and context-dependent." [15] Taking this one step further, if we look to art as symbol, the meaning of art shifts and changes according to the viewer and the context. If we look at art then as a form of language, and apply Sack's theory, the language of art then is not fixed and there are no rules. The elements of an artistic creation depend on the whole for their identification and meaning and in turn that meaning can shift and change. In essence, the art of Kanienkehaka people maps our world-view and our current situation and change with each viewer and in each context.

Humor is in every Indigenous culture and may be indicative of survival through the worst parts of colonization. Sharon Many Beads Bowers described societies without humor as neither great nor healthy. Humor then is a sign of a healthy community.[16] Humor takes on different forms with many similar functions. It can be seen as an art

14 Put source here about art as commentary. (ask Rachelle)

15 Sack 1980:29.

16 Bowers1992:140.

form as Lincoln describes, "Telling or penning a joke is risky business…and crafting a good joke, telling a comic story, or simply conveying one's humor may be the highest verbal (and transverbal) interactive art of all… joking is a kind of daily cultural poetry."[17] Oftentimes, because of the differences in its usage, it is misunderstood and misinterpreted. This exclusionary aspect of humor is explored by Henri Bergson in R.D.V. Glasgow's work on laughter. Bergson is described as an echo—

"Listen to it carefully: it is not an articulate, clear, well-defined sound: it is something which yearns for prolongation by reverberating from one person to the next, something which—beginning with a bang—rumbles on like thunder in the mountains. And yet this reverberation cannot go on for ever. It can make its way through as wide a circle as you please: the circle will still remain closed."[18] The usage of humor speaks to a desire to be on the same wavelength. Laughter also has that special ability to bring together a group of people and uplift their spirit and strengthen their resolve. I would like to now bring you in to the circle and explore Kanienkehaka humor.

> *You're a half black and half Indian. You poor slob. Not only did they steal your land, but they make your work on it for free!* Oneida Comedian, Charlie Hill

Humor in Kanienkehaka culture takes on the role of a balancer. I have attempted to illustrate our world view in citing the Ohén:ton Karihwatéhkwen at the beginning and in discussing the Kaienerekowa. If we can recall, within it we find four main elements: balance, life, peace, and a rational mind. These are important aspects of our culture and have a role to play in our use of humor. It is through our ceremony, songs, and dances

17 Lincoln 1993:7.
18 Bergson in Glasgow 1997:64.

we achieve this balance, but humor also serves as a mechanism we use to bring about balance, peace and a rational mind. When we are confronted with change, fear, death, and colonization to name a few, humor is enacted using the things we see. We use humor as a form of commentary on those things and to bring us together on a deeper level. These codes are based in nature. So the symbolism is easy to understand and follow. Our language that we use to describe humor shows the deep connection between the act of laughing and the self.

There is no one Kanienkeha[19] word used to denote humor; rather it is a series of words that make interplay around the idea of the person, the soul and balance as they relate to the individual. There is a word *ahse'iatsteriste* which literally means 'to touch someone', not in the physical sense but to reach out and touch someone with your spirit. Laughter is spontaneous, in our view it is an opening up of the spirit. When we laugh we open up ourselves to each other which promotes unity and balance. Thus, it serves to bring us out of the depths of sorrow, fear, disillusionment, confusion, and back to a rational mind. And, if we have a rational mind, then we can think, act, and ultimately live.

This aspect of humor as balancer has been illustrated by people that spoke of it in relation to the funeral setting. When someone dies, we hold a three day wake. During this time, the body is laid out and people come and go, some staying all night. Inevitably at any time, laughter can be heard in the room, and it is not a hidden laughter behind hands but sometimes a huge great guffaw that erupts from the belly. While this might be offensive to others, this is acceptable in Kanienkehaka culture. In our view, death and

19 'Kanienkeha' is the word for the Mohawk language.

serious situations can push the inner soul of a person down and it is very important to bring them back to life. Laughter serves to bring up the spirit of the people. There are words that we use to describe this process such as *teshako:nikonhraweniet*[20] which literally means 'he stirs their minds to bring about humor', like stirring up the bottom of a lake. What is important about this word is the 'kon' within it. This comes from the word for spirit which is sa:ton'hets, which when literally translated means 'your inner body comes to life' or you are going from a state of being inert to action. There is an action as laughter evokes your inner spirit and you come to life again. Another word used is *tesakone'konrawenien*, which literally means 'to make the body come to life'. Thus there are two important functions of humor in the funeral setting, it is meant to stir up the mind and also to bring the body to life not only through the cerebral aspect but literally through the large intake of breath that we do when we laugh, oxygen feeds the blood and the brain. Humor then, in this situation is a positive healthy thing, helping to bring the family out of depression. Humor brings about a rational mind, which leads to peace and balance.

This usage of humor has been described by Loran, a traditional Kanienkehaka who said "You need to bring it back up. That's why we have [it] within the ceremony of the ten days, and the wake. Within that you say sewat:nikonkwatare- you on that side of the house, your minds are down here [a hand indicates a lowered position of the mind or 'sadness']. *Kni:i ionkwa:nikon kets kwen*, our minds are picked up here. So we come into the meeting, we say all of the words that are supposed to be said and then we go on with things that we normally do, when we finish, we sit down with people we are comfortable and we start talking about joking and humorous stories and so on. And we bring life back into the gathering." The laughter serves then to balance the sadness. Humor uplifts the family so they can continue to live. Loran says - "Your inner body comes to life. Without thinking, you're laughing. You are finding everything so humorous and then you come to life." In conversation, he went on to describe the spreading of laughter through a ceremonial crowd – "When you bring that life in, if you have certain people, you have to be careful…because sometimes the family that is 'heavy in the mind'[21] might be offended by a certain individual that is just laughing. So he'll go over there and he'll start talking with certain people that he is comfortable, and they'll start a little laughter here and a little laughter there. And then it will catch on until somebody close to that family who they are comfortable with will slowly come up with issues too, all of the sudden they're into the stories too and now they're laughing too. And that's what we need to happen within that whole wake ceremony."

> *When asked by anthropologist what the Indians called America before the white man came, an Indian said simply, "Ours."*[22] Sioux author/scholar, Vine Deloria

This central idea of achieving balance and uplifting the minds of the people through humor also serves in other situations besides funerals. It has been widely documented that First Nations communities face epidemic rates of suicide, incarceration, drug and alcohol addictions, along with other numerous health and social problems. These are some of the effects of colonialism, and they are proving difficult to overcome. As a result, we are often confronted with stereotypes that verify to the non-native observer how eroded our

20 The root of this word is 'nikonra', meaning the main element of love. As someone described, meanness is not funny. While, 'onikonra' is the mind.

21 This is a saying that comes from a literal translation of the Kanienkeha word for sadness. The English translation is commonly used in conversation.

22 Notable Quotables http://www.geocities.com/snoopythewriter/DELORIA.html.

culture and communities are. Although, we are beginning to interpret them differently and are reclaiming them to reflect the light and laughter that still survives.[23] This same light and laughter can be seen in Kanienkehaka artist Bill Powless' *Indians' Summer.*

(Fig. 1) ...Bill Powless *Indians' Summer*, 1984

Acrylic on canvas 177 x 97 cm

In this work, the modern day image of the 'Indian' is recovered by Powless. This work not only reflects the complexity of the contemporary Onkwehonwe identity after

23 See Kanietiio Horn video short "The Smoke Shack" (date) for a humorous commentary on the proliferation of tobacco industry in Kanienkehaka communities.

colonization but the difficulty in reaffirming it beyond the stereotypes as well. Through humor, he portrays an accurate and naturalistic image of the native man in all his fleshy corporeal glory. What we see is our brother, our uncle, and our neighbor. It is a way of inverting these stereotypes so that reality is in your face and for the Indigenous viewer, you can't help but laugh because you are laughing at the reality. This is the guy back home on the 'rez' sitting on the porch every summer with a beer in his hand as you drive by. The double chin, breasts, big belly, and red bikini briefs reminds us not to be so closed about who we are physically and what we have become. Indigenous people joke a lot about body parts. The body is natural and joking serves to remind us of that. Our bodies have functions and we have been taught to be ashamed of them by the Church. We joke about our bodies to make them less sacred. Looking deeper, this painting also comments on what colonization has taken away from Indigenous peoples. Our land was taken away, our source of food was taken away, our culture, traditions, our life style was all taken away and replaced with colonial junk. As a result we are fat, we are unhealthy, we have high rates of diabetes and so we are left with a men, women and children who look like this. But, despite this transformation, a certain dignity and nobility remains. The feeling we are left with is a comfort, a confidence in what our spirit has surpassed – colonialism. Therefore, we laugh because what we see is so true and it is much easier to laugh. Laughter helps us not get so angry and overwhelmed with what we are confronted with. It helps us to push away that GMO piece of cake and get on that treadmill and fight for our survival.

The light and laughter that we seen in the eyes of Powless' subject and ultimately

recognize in ourselves, also serves to bring back the balance and rational minds of the people by dispelling the anger also stirred up by serious political issues and most especially during tense standoffs. This aspect of humor in these times also been described by Loran – "your actions…You don't have to say anything. You just have to do something…you know people are watching. You just do something that catches their humor….it's the relaxing key to the society and we don't know how to use it anymore. Very seldom you'll see in a tense situation someone try to break that air that you can crack. You need to make it flexible…Like our people [say], how come he looks so peaceful just sitting there? The military's comin' in, they are going to attack. How come he looks so peaceful? One is we are not afraid to die. We are always prepared to die. The other thing is he is lookin' around like this, and he sees tanks comin' at us and helicopters comin' at is, what do we got? We got sticks with nails in them, and young people running around and they saying we are gonna win this with sticks with the nails in it…He sees the humor in that. But he also sees the importance of that event happening because we are still alive. The way that was given to us by the creator and the responsibility that was given to us it's still alive and he is there to see it still alive. He might be gone tomorrow but he's gonna' die standing up for what the creator gave to us. And if it takes a good laugh to bring him through it then that's what's gonna' do it." Humor rears its head often in Indigenous communities in response to the effects of colonialism and we all agree that laughter as a response is preferable to sadness and anger.

My people have a great capacity for laughing at ourselves, and at the world at large, most particularly in times of crisis. Laughter to us, denotes survival. Vine Deloria, wrote in his seminal work Custer Died for Your Sins, "Humor, all Indians will agree, is the cement by which the coming Indian movement is held together. When a people can laugh at themselves and laugh at others and hold all aspects of life together without letting anybody drive to extremes, then it seems to me that people can survive."[24] Tewenhitoken, a Kanienkehaka language teacher spoke of this same aspect of humor as a survival mechanism – "Rather than looking at things and really complaining about it, we look at things and laugh about it. And I think that goes with all races, Onkwehonwe races. There are the few that you will find that complain about all the atrocities that have happened to us, okay yeah, but that's in the past. Because it doesn't make us any better, if we complain about it. Positive energy, negative energy. Maybe that's part of [it] there, rather than dwelling on it, and complaining about it, making ourselves sick about it, we've just learned to accept it and laugh about it, turn something negative into something positive…it's almost like self preservation, but it's automatic. Without thinking we seem to laugh at things rather than having it eat at us." This perception was apparent after the 1990 Oka Crisis, with charges looming over the heads of most of the Indigenous participants, it left many with post-traumatic stress syndrome and other problems, but throughout you could hear the peoples' laughter. Kahentinetha, a Kanienkehaka woman who helped to defend the Pines during that summer talked of how she dealt with the stress, "The Department of Indian Affairs was trying to fire my boyfriend after the 1990 Mohawk Oka crisis, but they could not find him because they did not know what he looked like, I took a picture of a laughing Yassar Arafat with the notation "Has anybody seen Dave St---y?" and put it on all the bulletin boards in the department. It was hilarious to the Indigenous employees but made the 'colonialists' mad." It was her way of laughing

24 Deloria 1969: 167.

in the face of adversity.

Throughout our struggles with serious health, social and political issues we have manage to continue laughing. As they say, 'it is much easier to laugh than to cry'. In our way, there is a running humorous commentary on these issues. Kahentinetha also spoke of how this happens in the community of Kahnawake. She described one of the colorful characters of her youth – "The late Charlie Canadian, a longtime taxi driver, would give you tales of woe about our community throughout your entire ride, and then in the end he would always say, "But it's no use". So we nicknamed him "It's No Use" just to take the bite off of the seriousness of what he was telling us." The tales of woe presented with the running of the meter, and the hopelessness that followed reflect the seeming insurmountability of the enduring Canadian colonial ideologies, yet without fail they are always contradicted with humor as illustrated by the nickname. Shelley Niro's *Standing on Guard For Thee* (1991) (Fig. 2), as part of a series titled *Mohawks in Beehives* embodies this same pervasiveness of Kanienkehaka spirit through the balancing of the positive and negative. Characterized as her 'personal antidote to Oka', Niro states "…this is my way of being able to deal with those sorts of things. Being able to deal with a feeling of absolute dread – the sky is falling – and I felt like I was really being pushed up against a wall. So it's a psychological exercise in 'surviving."[25] As part of this series, *Standing on Guard For Thee* makes play of symbols of colonial intrusion and sovereign authority that were so much a part of the Oka Crisis.

25 Ryan 1999:72.

(Fig. 2) Shelley Niro *Standing on Guard for Thee*, 1991

Hand-tinted black and white photograph 36 x 28 cm

The ability to play before the commemoration of the Canadian colonial process illustrates the power of Kanienkehaka world-view in the face of adversity. As the women clearly enjoy themselves before the towering monument, they simultaneously render that monument null, immovable and distill the commemoration to decoration. The strength of Kanienkehaka identity throughout the colonial process is celebrated with life, movement and color. The bodies of the women are tinted and are in contrast with the monument and along with their posture of all-out laughter emphasize their vitality and enjoyment. The framing of the photo crops the figure and renders its subject unidentifiable, if only

to the non-Kanienkehaka observer. Joseph Brant, the figure on the top of the monument, has played a dominant role in the history of the Kanienkehaka written by non-native historians. It is a role that is often contradicted by the oral history of the people. In Niro's piece, Brant's role is de-emphasized and he is placed in the background to the current realities of the Kanienkehaka, therefore flipping colonial identity construction on its head. It is the statue that is left unnamed as the women dance and laugh before an empty symbol, one that no longer has the power to designate authority. As the image renders the monument null and celebrates the confidence and enjoyment of the women, the title drives the last ironic nail into the coffin of colonial 'success'. The realities of colonial patriarchy embodied in the monument dissolve in the face of three women whose identity is clearly intact. The monument's permanence is the reality that Charlie Canadian was talking about, but the women demonstrate the reality of Kanienkehaka survival through humor and irony. These elements are in constant negotiation with one another and as such it is the women that bring balance into this image, tipping the scales of power through play and laughter. Laughter takes the edge off, bringing our minds back into balance. Through the expression of it and the resultant laughter that erupts from our throats and bellies, we achieve a state of rationality. It clears the mind and allows us to live again.

Through humor then, we are able to look at the difficult things and make fun, which enables us to deal with some very serious issues. After a good laugh, things are not so hard anymore. As Sharon Many Beads Bowers describes, humor gives us the social sanction to look at things a little differently.[26]

26 Bowers 1992:140.

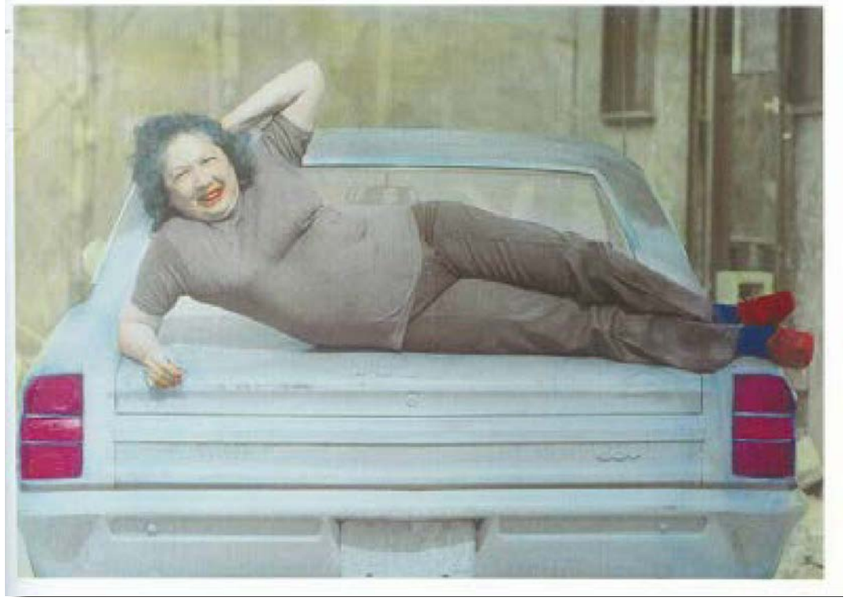
> *This man could not speak English and had to get his test results from the hospital. He took his friend with him to translate. His friend came out of the doctor's office shaking his head. "what did he say I have". "I never heard of this before, but you have sugar by Jesus."*

Humor is also part of personal commentary about another individual. Many define this sort of humor as public ridicule, which can be harmful. R.D.V. Glasgow describes how the harm comes about. Ridicule is an imitation of healing aspect of humor. In cheap reflection, these kinds of jokes took become a point of social interaction and exchange with their own repercussions - "Most immediately, it may offend and hurt those attacked, undermining their identity, threatening their security and in general lowering the quality of their lives. But it may also insidiously foster and propagate harmful stereotypes and prejudices which then become a pretext for actual aggression."[27] In Kanienkehaka culture, humor is used in a way to train the mind and to bring an individual back into the group. Often misinterpreted as disrespect, it serves a bonding function. This is described by Lincoln as a sort of permission that takes place. It is a sort of familial or social agreement – "It's a way of circling pain…of encompassing reality's 'threat' to the ego by using that very threat to *open* an audience to its common, if not bonding, values. 'One' may tease oneself in an existential or academic vacuum, but as with most things human, a cultural 'other' makes it more fun; and three draws a crowd."[28] The Kanienkeha word we use to describe this type of humor is *tehar wa kwen:te* which means 'he makes it flat'. It denotes a sort of dry humor, in that the seriousness is taken out of it. It is a coded form of learning. You have to figure out they are saying because the norm is being stretched and tested.

27 Glasgow 1997:57.
28 Lincoln 1993:26.

Richard William Hill describes this clearly, "behind every joke is a social norm being stretched and tested, and I would suggest that our laughter might also serve as a release of anxiety over these symbolic transgressions. In this sense, jokes remain both outside and within the rules; they are, within varying limits, a socially sanctioned form of social transgression."[29] Jokes and humor then, allow us to critique, to probe the limits of our values and to suggest new possibilities. Something is said and later you figure it out, then you burst out laughing. It is also meant to ensure you are not too serious and experience the joy in life. In making fun of someone who looks ridiculous, you are trying to get that person to think about what they are doing and challenge them to think beyond what they deem as normal and everyday. This has been described by Loran within the context of education – "we are so busy trying to survive in the white man's world that we can't take the time to teach our children what we were taught. The way we were taught. We were taught in the family unit. Now schools are teaching us, now the pre-k is teaching us, now the babysitter is teaching us, but all through that whole thing, that great big screen, that four-foot screen is teaching. Then we wonder why how come these young kids are, we are laughing at them these young kids running around here with the crotch way down to their knees, and trying to walk like someone they're not. We look at them we say something is wrong with them, something is wrong with their mind…why does he want to be something else he's not? He's going to teach his kid how to be a city person. Those people down in Harlem, he's going to teach all about their culture and the way they are. That is what we look at and we say – *te tat ni kon rok te***.** And the way you say te tat ni kon rok te, its serious but its funny…you are saying his mind is not all there. He doesn't have enough mind, brain." In essence, the humor is used to make a commentary as a way to bring the individual back to a rational mind with the intent that they will see what they are doing and correct it.

When commentary is made on the situation of First Nations in a particular art piece, like Bill Powless' *Indians' Summer* or Shelley Niro's *Standing on Guard For Thee*, a First Nations person viewing it is going to invariably laugh. Why? Because it is better to laugh than to cry. Niro, illustrates many of the same points in her other work. In this piece entitled *The Rebel* (1987) (Fig. 3), Niro has photographed her mother laying 'babe-like' on the back of an old 'Rebel Charger' car.



(Fig. 3) Shelley Niro *The Rebel*, 1987

Hand-tinted black and white photograph 21.2 x 26.5 cm

This hand-tinted picture celebrates the life, light, power and enjoyment of Kanienkehaka women. Niro's audience is one that is close to her – she says "It comes back to being

29 Hill 2001:22.

with your brothers and sisters and knowing what is going to make them laugh when I create something. I think a lot about them when I am doing that… It's bringing your audience down to one person and that one person represents the community that you do come from." If it is going to make her family laugh then it is going to have the same effect on the rest of us. In it we see our own sisters, mothers, aunts and the lady at the bingo hall sitting in her polyester pants, drinking a Pepsi, with the curlers in her hair smokin' a cigarette and dabbing her bingo cards, not giving a damn what anybody thinks of her. It makes us laugh because we recognize ourselves as reservation women. If we look closer, we can also see what Kanienkehaka women have become. How colonization has changed us. Niro views the humor that comes out of her work as having a healing element. She states - "I think it is a healing element, if everyone is stuck in that place where every one is sad…it could lead to sickness. I think we are brought up to think that humor is important, because it stimulates and it keeps your mind working trying to think of sharing something with somebody else so that they don't get into that dark dark spot. I think it is a gift that we have with each other and we know we have to do it and we know we have to use it." Niro goes on to speak of the responsibility one has to take if using humor – "I think we are pretty intellectual…we have gone through the teachings and as a collective we know what the stories are supposed to mean…it's bringing people out of the darkness and enlightening other people and being aware that what you do or what you produce has an effect on other people. I think that we are always trying to keep that in front of us. Once you establish yourself as an Iroquois artist, you take on this huge responsibility not only as an artist but as a community person…from the odd bits that I do, there is a responsibility that we have to really be serious about. Humor is one of those things that I think is a serious responsibility that it has to be…something that is very spontaneous and natural."

This same serious use of humor in art is seen in the work of Kanienkehaka Louis Karoniaktajeh Hall. Not a well-known artist outside of the Kanienkehaka communities, his work is a reinterpretation of the history and culture of the Kanienkehaka.[30] Self-taught, his art portrays evocative images of strong men and beautiful sensuous women, all in an effort to change the stereotypes and bring about an awareness of the effects of colonization on our people. His work often evokes a loud laugh from the Indigenous observer while a sharp intake of breath can be heard from the non-native observer. The Catholic Church was the subject of many of Karoniaktajeh's paintings and drawings. This one in particular, *Holder of Heaven. Toroniawakon* (date unknown) (Fig. 4) is a statement on the usurpation of the free will of the Kanienkehaka people by the Catholic Church.

(Fig. 4) Louis Karoniaktajeh Hall *Holder of Heaven. Toroniawakon.* Acrylic on wood

30 See Horn-Miller, Kahente "The Emergence of The Mohawk Warrior Flag: a symbol of indigenous unification and impetus to assertion of identity and rights commencing in the Kanien'kehá:ka (Mohawk) community of Kahnawake" (Master of Arts, unpublished).

(Fig. 4a) Louis Karoniaktajeh Hall *Holder of Heaven. Toroniawakon*

Acrylic on wood

If you look closely you can see the bus in the lower right corner called the Purgatory Express. On it is written "There's one born every minute and we're ready to take him…" Below that is "Believers in front and "Born again pagans in the rear." A humorous take on the good Catholic life that many people attempt to live, this work denotes a certain powerlessness of the individual once they 'get on the bus' also known as Catholicism. Once on, you are along for the ride. And, in moving away from the church, you are a pagan once more. This is a take on the issue of segregation in the United States where black people had to sit in the back of the bus. This work provides key symbols that can easily be understood. A Kanienkeha word that could be used to describe this is *sako'ti nikon:ra seron:nis* which literally means 'to help to bring the mind to balance'. When we look at this work, we laugh. It evokes that knowing kind of laughter, that comes from shared collective experiences and knowing the history of colonization and the role that the Church has played in it. This same laughter can be heard in the Kanienkehaka community of Kahnawake. The former Priest at the Francis Xavier Church used to wear a long scarf down the front of his tunic. On it were three clans – bear, wolf and turtle. Anyone who was traditional longhouse[31], when they looked at it would frequently laugh. When I asked about this, they expressed that this was ridiculous to them. Why was a priest wearing the symbols of the longhouse? It's contradictory to what we know of the church's involvement in colonization. In order to be able to rationalize it one has to laugh first. This laughter prevents us from being overwhelmed by feelings of rage, frustration and loss that come with these shared experiences with Catholicism. Beyond religion, we laugh at all that colonialism has attempted to do to us. It is this response to what Canada was attempting to do that provoked Lasagna's comment at Oka.

In Kanienkehaka culture we teach our children to laugh instead of cry when they are hurt or sad or find themselves having done something wrong. Rather than a mother screaming while the child is falling, then racing over to grab and console the child, we go over calmly to see if they are alright and then say, "Anything wrong? No. Well, that was

31 'Traditional longhouse' is a term used to describe those who follow traditional beliefs and ceremonies and are not part of any other kind of religious denomination.

a silly thing you did. Don't do it again". If the child is hurt, the mother still goes calmly to investigate and does what has to be done. My own mother used to say to me, "Stop climbing that tree. If you fall down and break both your legs, don't come running to me". This teaching is the beginning for learning to laugh in the face of adversity. Laughter then is a way to change the mental thought from a negative to a positive, so that the rational mind is brought back into balance in order that you may continue to follow your natural instructions, which is to live. If we allow ourselves to wallow in sadness, we would not look after our kids, we would not look after ourselves and we would eventually die. Humor has played an important part in our survival as Onkwehonwe. Kakaiosta, an elder and former school principle in Kahnawake says that we live according to what we carry in our soul. We go with our instinct. There is a separation between the soul and the cognitive. We see now that for the Kanienkehaka, the emotion of laughter is not cognitive. Laughter, in our understanding is a spontaneous thing that occurs naturally yet serves as very important function. The Kanienkeha language has a definite word for that - *tekaton ha:rikte* which literally means 'what's inside your center being is your spirit and when it explodes into laughter', it comes from *te sa ton tak ton* which means 'your soul or spirit in your center comes out'. It refers to that aspect of laughter where we open ourselves to each other spontaneously, naturally much like medicinal plants that also grow naturally. Laughter then is like a medicine. It enables us to survive and to begin to heal from the effects of colonization. As Tewenhitoken said - "I think it's like all that everybody says about laughter, that its medicine. But we ourselves, I think, laugh more than most races…there's humor in whatever we do. It's something that is always a part of us."

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Qosqo

the Incas
moved these mountains
all through deathless February

leveled them
plane by plane
for every arable inch

tilled in tiers, gone
to seed la oca, camote
manzanilla, ch'iri ch'iri

these walls sustain the centuries
stand sentry in the clouds, clouds
comb the grasses, rippling untold green

—Michael C. Montesano

Terrence Wastesicoot
The Prophecy, Part 2
Acrylic, Airbrush and Pencil
9 in x 12 in

Some Lives of Pangur Bán

I

The first time I was, I was
a tiny wee kitten.
My grey shadowy-colored mother birthed me with my brothers and sister
in a little niche
in the pile of logs against the monks' house.

She usually lived in the barn
among the warm goats
but we were summer kits
and out little cave was cool and safe
from the hounds in the stable.

I grew to be a fine man-cat, and my stripey brothers and I fought.
My handsome sister ran off with a midnight tom.
We were dispersed,
my mother back to the barn,
and I to a man with a sweet singing voice.

My man was called Siadhal
and he had fine white hair like me.
We worked in the night to begin our days,
he worked with words,
and I hunted mice in the granary, and made kittens with my
mother's other daughters.

He lived in a little stone dwelling-place
all by himself, my Siadhal.
A table, a bed, a basin for himself, a basin for me.
I outlived him. I had a better diet: richer and more filling.
One morning he was still.
I told the other men, and they wrapped him up and
planted him in the grass.

I lived in the granary after,
I ate many mice and made many kits.
And when I was still one morning,
the men wrapped me up,
and recited Siadhal's words to me,
and planted me in the grass with him.

II

I did not last so very long,
this time I was born.
My mother was an old
cat, and we were so many.

We nested in a pretty basket, though,
kept by the fire in a dark stone house.

The lady liked the kits and gave us
her bits of roving and wool.
Roving is a tangle, a thick spider's web made over hundreds of spider-years,
but with no tasty spiders to eat.
But there were more hounds than there were kits
and kind ladies, and the hounds were not
careful with their large rough feet, shining teeth set in rosy gums,
and great lolling bodies.

III

Did you know, once a man read a poem
that said what my Siadhal
had written about me,
in another language
and he made it into a song?
It is a fair song, for a sweet voice either man or woman to sing.
I am Pangur, white Pangur, and my monk and I are happy alone together,
a scholar and cat.

I don't know why the man wrote the song.
He wrote many songs about solitary people, though,
just like Siadhal and myself, alone together.
Maybe he saw a white cat
and thought of the poem.
Maybe he knew the poem
and wanted to praise the work to do daily,
Siadhal at his words
and me in the granary catching grain-fat mice for dinner.

The poem is by a man who knew my first homeland well.
His words fit well into the rhythms of Siadhal
and the other men of the monks' house.
A happy rhythm, like the steps that lead to
the pounce on the dinner!
Or the little dance Siadhal's feet made
when the joy of his work filled his body.

IV

Once I was born to a city cat
who lived in the street.
We were birthed in the bin, amid fish and potato peelings.
She was a fey one, my mother that time.
Scared of her own shadow, and the white-skirted girl's too,
the girl who put out cream for her.

But fish are very tasty, and we all lived to climb up from the bottom of the bin
in time.

I didn't much care for the street, I like being
white and clean, I am vain, I admit it.
So off I went to find a house, mewing in the mews
and looking for a girl or lad to take me in.

I found one before winter, and spent the rainy days
in a window ledge, not far from the canary in its
swaying gibbet. But out in the rain I went after
liberating the canary from its long march
of the same five notes to death
by bringing swift and sharp claws
to its lovely pale breast.

So it was, many houses, many meals, many nights in the rain.
A cat cannot live on cream alone,
and mice were scarce in such houses
of comfort.
A noisome parrot, smell and squawk
kept me nestled in my lady's bed chamber
for many months, with cream and fish,
until her silly mother
a woman with odd beliefs
also squawked
that I'd smother the baby.

Houses, birds, babes. And then I found
the house of the ancient hound.
A low hound, a dark hound, a hound with
enormous ears,
he is an old hound, a blind hound, a deaf hound
a hound whose bones make the sounds
of creeping footsteps on the stair.
He is too slow to chase me,
too slow to roll on me,
too darkened and quieted in his faculties
to harm me.
Instead, he warms me, and I rub his back.
I keep my claws inside.
We share a daily catch of fish,
and so here I'll remain.

V

I'm Little Cat
or White Cat
or I'm Honey.

There was white cold stuff,
it was cold.
The lady with hair light like mine saw me.
She put me in her shirt.

We have a house.
With plants
and books.

There's another cat.
She's called Lady.
We have baskets
with blankets
under the window.
Mine is green. Lady's is blue.

I can't get in the window
like Lady. She can jump.
I'm too little, my legs
don't stand still
for jumping.
Instead they wobble.
I'm better at climbing.

Lady sleeps on the bed
on the left pillow,
and I sleep on the bed
below the left pillow.
The lady
sleeps on the right.

The lady writes books.
Lady and I play
and sleep.
Lady sometimes catches bugs,
and eats them up.
I have never caught a bug.

I have a mousie
made of brown felt
with a pink string for a tail.
The lady made it for me.
It smells nice and tastes good
when I chew on its nose.

Our house is warm
in the white cold time.
When the lady goes away,
Lady and I sleep
in our baskets with the blankets.

When she comes home,
we lean on her legs.
At night sometimes we jump on her feet.
And other times we are
tiny kittens
and nest on her shoulders.

VI

Sometimes I am just an
imaginary cat.
A would-be cat.
Alongside the would-be
black cat she would call
Behemoth.

VII

Now I'm in a movie,
but it's not really me.
it's another Pangur Bán,
one made of lines and colors
and circles and film.
But he has a good story.

He's in the right place,
all the right places.
The monks' house, the forest,
a boat, the homeland,
places with fish, birds, tasty things.

I think many cats
will be Pangur Báns,
what with little children
and wise adults
seeing the film
in which I am and am not.
But they aren't really me,
and I am just waiting.

I am just waiting for the next
scholar, the next solitary one,
alone in a little room,
happy with learning.
He may be a monk, or
he may be a doctor. She may be
a writer, or she may be a scientist.
He may be dark, or she be fair, or he
be tall, or she be little. Waiting for
a Pangur Bán.

People say, just wait, if you want a cat,
one will find you.
Once I came to a woman through a mail slot.
Once I came from a field,
where a man who made music
saw me when he was running.
I'm waiting for the right one,
the one happy alone, who will
be happy with me
alone together,
scholar and cat.
And then I'll come.

—Kendra Leonard

Motherhood issues in Chicana Culture: A Paradoxical State

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The mother-daughter relationship looms large for many Chicana writers. Each must do battle directly with her mother and her ancestral mothers in her own way. Diana Tey Rebolledo (1995) notes that in the writers' memories, in their witnessing, are many references to the chain of women who came before them (p.x). She later points out that many Chicana writers insert the names of their mothers, grandmothers, etc., into the texts and titles of their stories. "It is as if this naming of our *antepasadas* (the women who came before us) also inscribes them into subjectivity"(p.153). Many Chicana writers describe the paradox of trying to come to terms with the dichotomy of the loving mother who, nonetheless, participates in perpetuating the patriarchal system that subjugates her daughter, or in some cases, subjugates her daughters-in-law. There are reports of mothers encouraging their sons to beat disobedient wives. Often rebellious, these modern writers create tension between generations by refusing to shoulder their share of the inherited burden. Still, the lessons of their mothers seem indelibly inked on the subconscious of the Chicana writers. In fact, according to Jay Clayton (1993), "... the intensity of the

bond between mother and daughters often seems to push to the margin other forms of relation" (p.141). Lorraine Lopez, (as disclosed to Jantie Tielken, 2002), "many people keep secrets in their hearts about their ambivalent feeling for their mothers ... "(p.4). Coming to terms with ancestral mothers is one step toward releasing those secret feelings.

According to Gloria Anzaldúa, in "Bridge, Drawbridge…" (1990), "Writing is dangerous because we are afraid of what the writing reveals: the fears, the angers, the strengths of a woman under a triple or quadruple oppression. Yet in that very act lies our survival because a woman who writes has power" (p.171). Helena María Viramontes explains in "'Nopalitos': The Making of Fiction," from *Making Face, Making Soul* Hacienda Caras (1990), that *Mujeres* (women) are raised to believe that the family unit is their only source of safety. "But" she adds, "what may be seen as a nurturing, close unit may also become suffocating, manipulating and sadly victimizing"*(*p. 293). She goes on to add that "We cannot, nor will we divorce ourselves from our families. But we need a change in their attitudes. If I am to succeed as a writer, I need my family to respect my time, my words, myself" (p. 293*).*

Through their writings, Chicana authors reveal both the lessons and the stories of their mothers as well as their own conflicted feelings. In *Borderlands (1*987), Anzaldua says "Our mothers taught us well; men aren't to be trusted, they are selfish and are like children ....We were never alone with men, not even those of our own family" (p.17). On a more positive note, Cherrie Moraga, in "La Güera," from *This Bridge Called my Back* (1981), says, "I remember all of my mother's stories, probably much better than she realizes. She is a fine story-teller, recalling every event of her life with the vividness of the present, noting each detail right down to the cut and color of her dress" (p.27). Nonetheless, Moraga admits to sometimes wanting to deny the voice of her "brown mother" *(*p. 31). In "Female Language, Body and Self" from *Anxious Power* (1993), Carol J. Singley states the woman writer's dilemma: "She [the woman writer] experiences a double bind in relation to the mother. Identifying with her maternal aspects places her outside discourse, but severing the tie with the mother means denying some part of the self' (p. 6).

Because of this ongoing struggle, many of the better-known literary works by Mexican and Chicana authors have as a primary theme the relationship between mother and daughter. Mexican author Laura Esquivel, in her novel *Like Water for Chocolate* (1992), presents for many the ultimate portrait of the injustice Mexican women have historically heaped on their daughters in the name of duty and tradition. This novel features protagonist Tita, the youngest daughter of a traditional Mexican family. Tita is a mystical girl who can magically control elements around her, yet cannot change her cursed birthright as dictated by her position in the family: that she is never to marry or have children, but rather spend her life caring for her mother. She comes into the world in a flood of tears, which foreshadows her woeful life.

When a suitor approaches Tita, her mother summarily reminds her that no one in the family has ever broken the tradition concerning the duty of the youngest daughter. Tita knows, intellectually, that such a system is unfair and flawed—after all, who would there be to take care of Tita herself? What about women who marry but have no children? She is, however, helpless to alter her fate, which is to remain alone, in the kitchen, forever cooking and forever serving. What she resorts to doing is supernaturally banishing one sister, Gertrudes, and slowly poisoning the other, Rosaura, the one who is allowed to marry Tita's lover.

A telling analogy to Tita's feelings for her mother is made as she watches her mother, Mama Elena, killing quail for Rosaura's wedding feast: "Mama Elena was merciless, killing with a single blow. But then again not always. For Tita, she had made an exception; she had been killing her a little at a time since she was a child, and she still hadn't quite

finished her off" (p.49). What finally makes Tita mad enough to boil over "like water for chocolate" is the knowledge that the same fate as hers is slated for her beloved niece, Esperanza, Rosaura's only daughter. Tita has some magical control over the people and events around her, yet is still powerless to alter the culturally dictated positions.

In the novel *The Last of the Menu Girls* (1986), by New Mexico author Denise Chávez, the central metaphor is the home, family and neighborhood. The narrator and protagonist, Rocío, obsesses about her mother, and about her own ambivalent feelings for her, ranging from repulsion to grudging appreciation. Her descriptions are very sensory. In one scene, Rocío stands in her mother's closet and sees "the shoes of a woman with big feet, tired legs, furious bitter hopes. They are the shoes of someone who has stood all her life in line waiting for better things to come"(p.79). In the closet, Rocío can smell her mother. She describes the smell as that of a woman "forty-eight years old in her flowered bathrobes and suits of gradually increasing girth. It is the soft, pungent woman smell of a fading mother of three girls...In the darkness there is the smell of my mother's loneliness" (p.80). When asked to rub her mother's arthritic feet, Rocío looks away and holds her nose, but when her mother rubs her own thigh, Rocío says it is with a "delicate and lovely hand"(14). Rocío also says that her mother speaks truthfully when she claims still to have lovely thighs, yet she, Rocío, states she never wants to be like "my mother, her scarred legs, her whitened thighs" (p.17). Thus, through her fiction, Chavez manages to convey the complicated and conflicted feelings that many Chicanas express toward their mothers. This theme of unresolved issues with one's mother remains pervasive among Chicana writers.

Latina poets also express ambivalent feelings about their mothers, the women to whom they owe so much yet whose lives they so desperately do not wish to emulate. In her article "Cactus Flowers" (1986), Sandra Cisneros discusses various Tejano poets.

One poet discussed is Rebecca Gonzales. Cisneros quotes from Gonzales's poem "The Difference" in which Gonzales, according to Cisneros, "uses her mother as the measuring stick between one generation and the next in an apt summary perhaps of the new directions of Chicana feminism" (p.78). The poem, from the collection *Slow Work to the Rhythm of Cicadas,* states in part: "I left home intent on traveling light/ taking only the bare moralities/graciously returning to my mother /l*a vida y el Corazon/* she had first promised my father (p. 78).

Alma Luz Villanueva illustrates in her poem "I Was a Skinny Tomboy Kid," from *Bloodroot,* presented in Tey Diana Rebolledo's Women Singing in the Snow…(1995), "the kind of independent stubbornness young girls often need to have if they are to endure" (p. 115): "And I vowed / to never / grow up / to be a woman / and be helpless / like my mother." The poem also shows the gradual respect for one's mother that comes with a daughter's maturity: "but then I didn't realize / the kind of guts / it often took / for her to just keep / standing / where she was" (p.-115).

An especially problematic relationship, as illustrated by Cisneros and other Chicana writers, exists between modern Chicanas and the *Abuelitas* (little grandmothers as they are affectionately called). On the one hand, *Abuelitas* serve as links to one's heritage and past, and are very much respected as symbols of all that is loved best about one's culture: home, food, family. The fact that *Abuelitas* are mentioned so often in Chicana texts could be due in part to the frequent presence of a grandmother, often a widow, in Mexican and Mexican-American households. Whereas mothers work all day serving their families and are often seen by their daughters as symbols of repression, grandmothers have the time to share stories with their granddaughters about own their pasts and about shared cultural roots and are, thus, awarded more respect. It is mostly the grandmothers, therefore, who hand down family traditions through the female line, thus creating strong bonds.

It is a recurring theme in literature, according to Evangelina Vigil-Piñón (1987), for Latina girls to learn their social behavior by serving as apprentices to their elder female relatives, particularly their grandmothers (p.8). For Chicana writers, according to Tey Diana Reboledo in *"Abuelitas:* Mythology and Integration in Chicana Literature," from *Women Singing in the Snow*…(1995), *Abuelitas* embody the past and thereby provide a link to the nostalgic, mythological, "lost world" of their ancestors that is so sought after by many of these writers. The *Abuelitas* serve not only as a backdrop to heritage but also as a mirror image of the past for the writer herself (p.154). These close, familial ties to the grandmothers can be seen in both Chicana poetry and fiction.

The woman speaker in Lorna Dee Cervantes's poem "Beneath the Shadow of the Freeway," from Evangelina Vigil-Piñón's *Woman of her Word*…(1987), credits her own beginnings of self-acceptance as being largely due to her grandmother, the "innocent Queen," who believed in myths and was wise in the ways of nature. Her mother, by contrast, was a "fearless Warrior." Both mother and grandmother had suffered violence at the hands of men, and the speaker vows to have a future of her own making. Still, Cervantes, in her poem, "spins a golden thread that binds her to her *Abuelita:"*

> ... in time, I will plant geraniums.
>
> I will tell myths about birds.
>
> I will tie up my hair into loose braids
>
> And only trust what I have built
>
> With my own hands. (p.155)

Abuelitas, though largely venerated by their granddaughters, are not always favorably presented in Chicana literature. Many Chicana authors, as well as their fictional characters, have antipathy and resentment for their grandmothers, as well as for their mothers, for passing on a legacy of guilt and servitude. Some modern Chicanas clash with their *Abuelitas* who believe that once a woman becomes a mother, all other considerations—like personal happiness—become secondary. Due to their close links to their Mexican heritage, some old-fashioned *Abuelitas* blame American culture for making their Chicana daughters and granddaughters question their traditional roles as passive, dependent women—eternally willing to take back unfaithful husbands. Some grandmothers are truly abusive to their granddaughters, others merely embarrassing. An example of an abusive grandmother comes from Chicana writer Naomi Littlebear. In her article "Dreams of Violence," from Cherríe Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa's *This Bridge Called my Back* (1981), relates that after being attacked by boys on her way home from grade school, she was more afraid of going home to her grandmother than she was of the attack itself:

> As [I] neared home, my fear increased. I knew what would await me there. I could close my eyes and see the vision a hundred times over. I would slowly approach the door and before my entire body entered, she could smell the mischief, sense the energy-my grandmother immediately stopped whatever she was doing and demanded a full story. But always my story would be cut in mid-sentence. Because whatever state I was in, I provoked it. "Why are you Dirty?" Have you been fighting? "Did you tear your dress?"-a volley of quick demands and accusations came threateningly to me, making me feel scared, watching her come towards me, reaching over to the door where the razor strap hung 'her *bonito*' [little beauty] as she called it. Reaching towards me, strap in hand. My feet

> turning to lead. Trying to run away, backing into a corner. But where the strap couldn't reach me, a vicious pinch could. I flew thru [sic] the door being chased by more leather stings. I ran far, sometimes two blocks away, my skin boiling, red crisscrosses atop the scratches that the leather jackets had made. I cried alone barely able to make out the shapes of people and cars thru [sic] my tears. (p.16)

While some grandmothers are cruel, others, because of their ties to the past, tend to be very religious and spiritual. These qualities make them good storytellers and good keepers of the myths, but some of their old-fashioned practices can be baffling to their granddaughters. *Abuelitas* are the ones likely to so humble themselves in front of religious symbols that they embarrass and confuse their children and grandchildren. Some perform acts of contrition such as licking an altar floor, or walking on their knees up to a shrine for the Virgin of Guadalupe.

For some Chicana mothers and daughters, the maternal relationship remains paradoxical. Daughters fear abandonment by the "mother" culture, all the while rejecting its values. Aurora Levins Morales, in *This Bridge Called my Back* (1981), says,"Daily, we feel the pull and tug of having to choose between which parts of our mothers' heritages we want to claim and wear and which parts have served to cloak us from the knowledge of ourselves. My mother and I work to unravel that knot" (p.23). Nancy Carter writes that "House, native land and mother's gardens can represent undeniable sources of power—if only the seeker can overcome their negating, isolating aspects..."(p.20). No one wants to see her mother's pain become her own, yet according to Anzaldua in *Borderlands* (1987), the Chicana turns to her ancestors for guidance, to the dark-skinned woman who has been "silenced, gagged, caged, bound into servitude with marriage, bludgeoned for 300 years." And yet still continues "to fight for her own skin and a piece of ground to stand on...a homeground where she can plumb the rich ancestral roots into her own ample *mestiza* [Indian and Spanish] *heart."*(p. 22). Accordingly, in her article "Extraordinary Woman," Anna Castillo writes that from her female ancestors she "learned that death is a woman, I learned that life, too is a woman and that an intimate relationship with death and life was my inevitable legacy as a female, as the granddaughter of a *curandera* and as a child of Guadalupe"(p.75). In the writings of Sandra Cisneros, particularly in *Caramelo* (2002), where the presence of the "Awful Grandmother," alive and dead, is feared and felt throughout, references to female characters of all ages act out the ambivalence which is inherent between mothers and daughters. Into even the most tempestuous of familial female relationships, however, she infuses a spirit of hope and strength that comes from being the daughter of a "Smart Cookie," as Esperanza, the protagonist of *The House on Mango Street* (1984), refers to her mother in the vignette also called "Smart Cookie." In this vignette, her mother memorably says, "I could've been somebody, you know?" (p. 91). Elizabeth Martínez perhaps speaks the greatest truth, in the introduction to her book *500 Years of Chicana Women's History*, when she says simply to all readers, "Mexican-American women have often made your history. They have set so many examples of courage and beautiful commitment for us all" (p.ix).

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Tongue Point, Autumn

waves their sharp translucence
sober, obdurate cold
minnows stalk the bedrock

moss beds shoulder the world
and the wet earth supports them
currents burnish the stones

the air a blade on whetstone
smoky rain down cedar
an owl calls, blinks, turns

—Michael C. Montesano

Terrence Wastesicoot
Two Wolves
Acrylic, Airbrush and Pencil
24 in x 36 in

Affirmation of Myth and Nostalgia in *The Shootist* (1976) and *True Grit* (2010)

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As genre expert Thomas Schatz says, "the evolution of Western heroes from agents of law and order to renegade outlaws or professional killers reflects a genuine change in the genre" (*Film Genre* 691). The nature of the Western hero went through some changes during the classic period as each filmmaker had a different vision of the nature of the hero. John Ford's heroes were very masculine and violent, while Anthony Mann's heroes were more reserved everymen forced into horrible situations. When someone watches a genre film, Schatz continues, "one tends to negotiate the genre less by its individual films than by its deep structure" (*Film Genre* 692). This is a useful way of looking at both *The Shootist* and *True Grit* because a reading of each film is inadequate without putting them into the context of the Western's long and storied history. Neither film would have the same impact if it were not for the building blocks created during the Western's classic period.

To date, critical responses to *The Shootist* have not considered how this film affirms the classic framework of the Western mythos. In "*Shane* Redux: *The Shootist* and the Western Dilemma," for example, Gabriel Miller argues *The Shootist* is an informal remake of the iconic *Shane* that situates the gunfighter, Books (John Wayne) in a time where "the garden has been cultivated" and gunfighters are no longer needed (71-72); in "The Shootist: Going in Style," Kirk Ellis analyzes the film in terms of adaptation for its source novel: Ellis notes that in the film Books is more of a mentor figure (48); and in "A Country for Old Men: *Unforgiven*, *The Shootist*, and the Post-Heyday Western," Jean-Christophe Cloutier reads *The Shootist* with other films that feature aging heroes such as *Unforgiven* (1991), *Gran Torino* (2008), and *No Country for Old Men* (2010).

The Shootist, however, can (and arguably should) be recognized as what John Cawelti calls "myth for its own sake" (258). This type of genre transformation affirms a myth that was created by the classic period. In such films, Cawelti writes, "a traditional genre and its myth are probed and shown to be unreal, but then the myth itself is at least partially affirmed as a reflection of authentic human aspirations and needs" (*Genre* 258). *The Shootist* (1976) comes from legendary director Don Siegel who had recently helped solidify Clint Eastwood as a star in *Dirty Harry* (1971). With *The Shootist*, Siegel uses the larger-than-life star John Wayne to show the end of an era and the demise of the famous gunfighter character through the genre's most iconic star. This film shows the end of the Wild West through a respectfully critical lens.

The opening sequence of *The Shootist* shows that this film builds off of the classic era, ultimately working to affirm the myth of the Western. Before the film starts, the Paramount logo is in black and white, which transitions into a montage of clips compiled from old Wayne films, all in black and white (the clip from *Rio Bravo* was obviously

changed from color to black and white for effect here). There is also a voice-over about the legendary J.B. Books (Wayne) that tells us he was not an outlaw and, in fact, spent some time as a lawman. He also had a "matching pair of .45s with ivory grips that were something to behold," as told by Gillom's (Ron Howard) narration. Books had a nationwide reputation for getting out of any dangerous situation alive and is a treasure to some because it was unheard of to have a gunfighter grow up to die a more natural death (natural being anything not coming from the end of a gun barrel).

The film takes place during 1901 in Carson City. After taking down a potential robber, J.B. Books rides into town to see an old friend, Dr. Hostetler (Jimmy Stewart). The meeting, however, is unpleasant as we find out that Books has inoperable prostate cancer. Given only a short time to live, Books decides he will stay there and die in town. Hostetler gives him something to relieve his pain and recommends he lodge with Mrs. Rogers (Lauren Bacall) who has an open room. Her son, Gillom, is beside himself upon realizing that the legendary gunfighter J.B. Books is staying under the same roof. As word of Books' whereabouts gets out, local wannabe gunslingers get ready to take down Books for the sake of growing their own reputation.

J.B. Books

Most of the characters in *The Shootist* are representative of characters from the classic period. It is no coincidence that Wayne and Stewart were cast in these roles that are similar to the ones in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence*, which Schatz calls "Ford's nostalgic and bittersweet farewell to the Westerner and his vanishing ideals" (*Film Genres* 76). Aside from Books, Dr. Hostetler is important because he represents a similar character

to Stewart's Ransom Stoddard, just like Wayne's Books resembles Tom Doniphon. Here we can see how Robert Altman's syntactic approach (stressing genre's arrangement of its building blocks) is important, seeing classic Westerns continue to influence characters in later Westerns. While Hostetler is a minor character, he represents the same element of progress and civilization that Stoddard did. Books and Hostetler have known each other for a long time, and we learn they have both dealt a lot with death; however, it is Books who never grew out of the Old West. The contradiction between Books and Hostetler is similar to Stoddard and Wayne's Tom Doniphon. In both films, Stewart's character ages with the growing community while Wayne's character appears stuck in the chaos of the Old West.

Therefore, J.B. Books is a relic of the Wild West, still alive to tell his story, though he is reluctant to tell it. Almost everyone that surrounds Books is fascinated by him, yearning to hear anything that comes from the legend's lips. This is seen through Gillom's overwhelming obsession over Books since his arrival. Before long, the entire town knows that Books is there. Several townspeople begin to capitalize on his looming death. The film shows how "while rooted in history, the myth of the American West quickly took on a life of its own" (McMahon and Csaki 2). Similar to Ford's famous line, "when legend becomes fact, print the legend," certain characters in *The Shootist* desperately want to print the legend. The town's journalist, Dobkins (Rick Lenz), wants to do a final interview to which Books responds by putting a gun in Dobkin's mouth and kicking him out of the house. The undertaker also wants to award Books with a free funeral though the reality is that he only wants to get a hold of Books' body to display it to the public for a fee. To

put salt in the wound, Dobkins tracks down Books' old flame, hoping she would seduce Books into a marriage. Doing so could help sell a book, entitled "The Shootist," full of stories told from the widow of the great gunfighter.

Additionally, in Books we see the gunfighter's rugged individualism that is curbed once mortality is realized. The opening scene shows that he is still a strong individual, but the stop at the doctor's office changes everything. Books keeps with him "symbols of his violent life and his new compact with death; a pistol and an embroidered cushion to ease his pain when at rest" (Lusted 211). The pistol symbolizes his past and the past of the Western genre, the shootouts in dusty streets and smoky saloons. The cushion, on the other hand, represents the aged hero who is no longer rugged and is very much vulnerable. Books toes the line between the two by opening up to Mrs. Rogers while also defending himself from assassins who poke their six-gun into his room in the middle of the night. The myth of the heroic gunfighter takes a critical stance in *The Shootist* when Gillom sees a glorified killer in Books, while others like, Marshal Thibido (Harry Morgan), are looking forward to Books' passing as it will represent the death of the Old West.

The conflicting view of Books from the people of Carson City represents "the nostalgia for printing the legend [that] has been overtaken by a more realistic interest in the way they were" (Durgnat and Simmon 69). *The Shootist* confirms the myth that the gunfighter was at one time heroic, but it also confirms that times have changed. Therefore, the myth is affirmed, but not without criticism focusing on the reality of the legend. In fact, "Wayne was suffering from the same cancer as the character he portrays

in the film and died shortly after it was completed" (Lusted 212), which makes this film, its star, and the main character, a major relic of the Western genre.

Civilization has won, it is 1901, a new world is opening up; "Wayne's larger-than-life Westerner seems misplaced there" (*Film Genres* 54). In the beginning of the film, Hostetler advised that a man with Books courage should not be brought down by the painful death of a cancer. Books affirms the myth of the gunfighter by deciding to die as violently as he had lived. He takes on the local shootists, killing them (ensuring the evolution of civilization), only to be shot in the back by a cowardly bartender. Of course, the shot in the back was a major taboo in the Old West, which is why Gillom shoots the bartender. However, as Schatz describes, "when Gillom throws aside his weapon and turns his back on Books, the hero who had outlived his time and place, he reaffirms the Westerner's demise" (*Film Genres* 54). This sums up how the myth is affirmed through a critical view of the gunfighter (or Westerner). Books knows he is a dying breed and soon will not be needed to defend against the evil chaos that lurks in the wilderness.

Mrs. Rogers

Looking at the history of the genre, one may notice a potential lack of influence from female characters in the Western. Of course, there are some, such as *Forty Guns* (1957), *Rancho Notorious* (1952) and *Johnny Guitar* (1954) that have strong female leads driving the film, but for the most part, the genre is dominated by males. Many Westerns feature women in influential roles; however, "compared to their male counterparts, their representations have not had the same iconic immediacy and value" (Heba and Murphy 309). *The Shootist* affirms the myth of the Western woman as a keeper of the household

with Mrs. Rogers, though the changing times have allowed her to play a more pivotal role in the lives of those around her.

The influence of Mrs. Rogers can be seen primarily through Gillom, who is torn between his churchgoing mother and the allure of Books' violent legacy. Both Mrs. Rogers and Books each "represent the Western's basic contradictions and conflicts" *(Film Genres* 54). In the classic Western, the allure of Books would win over most crowds. We can see how the youth look up to the gunfighter in *Shane* before he eventually rides off into the sunset, the standard heroic send off. In *The Shootist*, however, there is no heroic send off, only a violent death. Books represents the past, while Mrs. Rogers and Gillom represent the social order that drives the new American Dream. The reason Gillom tosses his gun at the end of the film is because he knows that in order to survive and be a part of the new society he must let the past die with Books. Regardless of how appealing the icon of Books may be to Gillom, the influence of Mrs. Rogers succeeds that of Books.

While discussing Wayne's characters in his later films, David Lusted says, "these characters are protective, almost motherly, teaching a new generation the subtleties of honest survival" (213). The same can be said about Mrs. Rogers, who in *The Shootist* acts as a mother figure not only to Gillom but to Books as well. When Mrs. Rogers found out the notorious history of Books, she was terribly put off; however, learning about his vulnerability ultimately softened her view of him. Books was no longer the same man he once was and clearly needed help, referring to himself as "a dying man who is scared of the dark." Such emasculating words would never have been uttered by a classic Western hero. As examined earlier, Books is only a relic of the Wild West and now has

transformed into a man who depends on the civilization he once worked to protect. It is the welcoming presence of Mrs. Rogers that allows Books to open up.

For Gillom, Mrs. Rogers' influence does not override that of Books at first, though Books himself does not let Gillom look blindly at the violent legend of the Old West. After Books notices Mrs. Rogers' fear of Gillom idolizing the wrong person, Books takes responsibility by making sure Gillom will not follow in his footsteps. Books tells Gillom "there is more to being a man than handling a gun." However, we know that at one time Books likely defined his masculinity by the barrel of his gun. Books also tells Gillom about his code, which is simple and old fashioned: he will not be wronged, insulted or manhandled. Naturally, he refuses to do these things to others and expects the same from them. In addition, Books informs Gillom the danger of mixing booze and guns (just before taking a swig himself). Books helps ease Mrs. Rogers' concern about Gillom by allowing for the clear contrast between the new and old world to be presented.

Mrs. Rogers is still old fashioned in the sense that she does not force her views on anyone; however, her influence throughout is undeniable. Blake Lucas, discussing the numerous misconceptions of the Western, says that "none is more saddening or wrong-headed than the notion that women are unimportant in it" (301). It is Mrs. Rogers whose presence alone impacts those around her; she represents the inevitable progress of the community. She is crucial to the survival of Gillom, who is part of a generation that will let the gunfighter die in order to aspire to something more. Through Mrs. Rogers, we see the strength of women in the Western. The next film, *True Grit*, has an even more prominent female character. While *The Shootist* affirms the myth of the Western with

minor stray from the classic period, *True Grit* provides pure nostalgia for the classic genre films.

True Grit (2010)

True Grit is an example of what Cawelti referred to as the "cultivation of nostalgia" (253). This type of post-classic transformation occurs when "traditional generic features of plot, character, setting, and style are deployed to recreate the aura of a past time" (*Genre* 253). This aura is generally one of warmth, a sense of a time when things felt more secured. Obviously, the Western has gone through many changes. *True Grit* offers a film that resembles the classic genre that was described in chapter two. Genre experts Joel and Ethan Cohen did an adaptation of the Charles Portis novel that has more fidelity than the 1969 film directed by Henry Hathaway, starring John Wayne. Because of the time that has passed since the last classic Western, it qualifies as a true cultivation of nostalgia. Watching this film is like hearing the Coen brothers say "this is why we love the Western." Of course, the film is not just a blind rehash of old tropes. It would not be the Coen's style if it did not offer something different, as we will see in the role of the female lead.

In 2007, the Coens directed a noir Western with *No Country for Old Men*. They took a different path when adapting Cormack McCarthy's novel that went against the standard Western format where good and evil are easily understood. In *No Country for Old Men*, "we find the notions of the hero, the villain, the narrative and hence the moral framework, and the stability of the Western film are shattered" (Devlin 222). The film's characters have changed with time; the old timers can no longer understand the nature of the villain. What we know about the Western is turned upside down, similar to what Clint Eastwood did with *Unforgiven* (1991).

Looking back at the classic period of the genre, we can see that "the moral poles of good and bad in the Western cinematic society are very clearly defined (Devlin 221). We always knew John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart were the good guys; they stood against evil that threatened to corrupt civilization. While *No Country for Old Men* was far from a traditional Western, the Coens went back to a more standard genre film with *True Grit* in 2010. Mattie Ross (Hallee Steinfeld) seeks revenge on her father's killer, Tom Chaney (Josh Brolin), who has run off into Indian country. She seeks the help of the meanest U.S. Marshal in town, Rooster Cogburn (Jeff Bridges). Though, they are not the only ones after Chaney, as Texas Ranger Laboeuf (Matt Damon) is also after him for killing a senator in Texas.

The journey to find Chaney and the Pepper Gang ends up in a sentimental trip through Westerns of the past. Most of the characters are traditional yet seem new again as contemporary audiences rediscover what brought the genre eternally into popular culture during the 1940s and 1950s. The good and bad characters are obvious as the adventure takes us through a mixture of landscapes made famous by John Ford (wide open plains and valleys) and Anthony Mann (deeply wooded forests and jagged mountain tops). Cawelti notes, "a contemporary nostalgia film cannot simply duplicate the past experience, but must make us aware in some fashion of the relationship between past and present" (253). This is exactly what *True Grit* does by looking at the two main characters who are representative of past Westerns but also bring to the genre something new that reminds us why the vaunted genre refuses to die.

Rooster Cogburn

When looking back at the Western and *True Grit*, one will likely notice the contrast between Jeff Bridges and John Wayne, who played Rooster Cogburn in the original Henry Hathaway film. "The classic Western hero is invariably both morally good and best at fighting" (Durgnat and Simmon 76), which are two characteristics present in Cogburn. Hallie sought him because she was told he has "true grit," which has gained him a reputation for being the meanest and most effective marshal there is. Cogburn is traditional in how he represents good but is clearly most comfortable in the wild and has no problems or reservations for entering Indian Territory to pursue Chaney. Cogburn is a relic because of the time passed since the genre's Golden Age. Seeing the film in 2010 feels like a nostalgic rediscovery of a character that was lost and now is found.

The typical Western heroes "are likely to be men guided by reason and would not be heroes if they were not" (Den Uyl 39). Cogburn appears to have multiple reasons for going on a manhunt, all of which are ultimately virtuous. Most obviously, he was paid by Mattie to find Chaney. His interest in this job is, of course, noble because he is aiding the fight against the chaos that was brought to the town when Mattie's father was murdered. While he is getting paid for the job, the audience understands which side he is on and assumes he could not be paid to kill an innocent man. Cogburn's role as a U.S. marshal leads us to believe he is good. We also learn during the courtroom scene that Cogburn might be the most bloodthirsty marshal they have (he killed 23 men and shot many more). However, Cogburn claims to never have shot anyone who did not deserve it. This makes his sense of morality slightly more ambiguous, but once again his position as a U.S. marshal tells us he continues to stand for good, protecting the order of his community.

While Cogburn is without question one of the good guys in the film, he is not necessarily at home in the civilized town (we see him sleeping in the back room of a grocery store). Discussing typical patterns of action in the classic Western, Cawelti says that it usually "involves a hero who possesses some of the urges toward violence as well as the skills, heroism, and personal honor ascribed to the wilderness way of life" (45). This explains why Cogburn is not fully comfortable in the town setting and why he thrives in the chaotic situations that have made him a successful marshal. Such characteristics are displayed usefully in Ford's *The Searchers*, where Ethan has the ability and drive to kill those responsible for taking his sister. Such actions come at the price of alienating himself from the family. The final sequence of the film shows Ethan walking away from the house, the door closing behind him, signaling the Western heroes' preference for the wilderness instead of civilization as Jim Kitses argues in *Horizons West: Directing the Western from John Ford to Clint Eastwood*.

Similar to J.B Books, Cogburn is an aging Western hero. The obvious difference is that Cogburn is still working. What connects them each to the classic genre hero is that "there are very few greenhorns among Western heroes. Most heroes, even if they are young in age, have the sort of experience that gives them a kind of practical wisdom" (Den Uyl 39). Throughout the film we learn how much Cogburn knows about the outlaws in the region. Every time they find a dead man or get in a shootout he explains how he knows them, what they do, and where they hide out (demonstrating the experience that comes

with age). This is similar to *The Shootist*; age affects the relationship between Books, Gillom and Mrs. Rogers. The clash of age/experience in *True Grit* is not only between Cogburn and Mattie but also between Cogburn and Laboeuf.

Cogburn has a paternal relationship with Mattie, constantly looking out for her. At first, Cogburn does not want Mattie to go along. When she does, he protects her from Laboeuf's lashings after she swam her horse across the river. Cogburn ultimately ends up saving Mattie's life, riding a horse to death attempting to save her from a poisonous snake bite, driven by his maternal desire to protect her. Cogburn's relationship with Laboeuf is much different and driven by professional frustration. When Laboeuf suggests an action, Cogburn will respond with something like "how long have you guys been mounted on sheep down there in Texas?" Laboeuf may be a member of an elite organization; but since he has tracked Chaney through several states without apprehension: his status is diminished in the eyes of both Cogburn and Mattie. In both cases, Cogburn's age and level of experience beats out his company but provide for plenty of conflict along the way.

Mattie Ross

The biggest difference between Cogburn and the classic Western hero is that he is not the center of the film (even though Bridges had top billing). This also sets the film apart from traditional Westerns because the main character is a female (Mattie both narrates and drives the film). As stated earlier, there have been Westerns where the female is the central player, but this is different because of the leading female's young age. The focus in the 2010 version of *True Grit* is on Mattie, a fourteen-year-old girl who is wise beyond her years and is the propelling force behind the film. Some scholars like Pam Cook (whose study was done prior to the later version of *True Grit* with its empowered Mattie) believe that the woman in the Western has continuously given up independence, "ceding power to the hero and accepting secondary status as mother figure, educator and social mediator" (295). Mattie has no secondary status in 2010 version of the film; she works as the catalyst behind almost every action. The 1969 version of *True Grit* was made at the tail end of the classic era, which clearly influenced the rewriting of the story to make Cogburn the focus.

Cook continues, "if she [the Western woman] is allowed to be active, it is in the hero's cause rather than her own" (295). It is easy to see that this idea does not fit in Mattie's case as the cause (revenge and justice) is very much her own. Laboeuf also hunts the same man for a crime in Texas. Therefore, they each have different reasons for going after Chaney that renders their drive independent of one another. It is Mattie who opens and closes the film with narration, and it is because of her will and courage for justice that the story played out the way it did. Mattie differs from Mrs. Rogers who is much more traditional (staying primarily in the home). Mattie takes her father's gun and plans on killing Chaney with it. She does what she has to do in the sense of the clichéd phrase, "do what a man's gotta do." Mattie sees it as her duty to avenge her father's death.

Examining women and the Western, Blake Lucas writes, "the myth that the traditional heroine of a Western is a passive and pallid figure has inevitably led to the belief that her role must be subverted" (301). Some critics (see Lehman) have argued that there is a misogynist and even racist bent to the genre that can be seen in classic Westerns. The diminished role of women in late classics such as the *Dollars* Trilogy (1964-1966)

and *The Wild Bunch* (1969) give weight to such ideas. However, this idea of woman as a secondary figure is also based on how the woman represents civilization in classic Westerns. Generally, wilderness in the Wild West is male-dominated, whereas the civilization/town is unique because of its female inhabitants. Women stay in the safe bubble of the frontier town and rarely venture out into the wild. A good example is in *The Searchers* where the women stay home and rely on the men to pursue a kidnapped family member. *Stagecoach* also shows women as in need of protection, the drivers not wanting women on a coach going through Indian Territory. In *True Grit*, Mattie does not request protection, even though she gets it from Cogburn. She is independent enough to pack her own gun, buy her own horse, and swim it across the river. The only reason she needs protection is because she is only fourteen years old, though her heart and mind act much older and stronger.

True Grit may share more resemblance to the classic Westerns in the Anthony Mann canon. Films like *The Naked Spur* (1953) and *The Furies* (1950) have important female characters that play major roles in the narrative. In fact, "the heroine figures strongly in every Mann Western and tends to have a decisive influence on how the narrative plays out" (Lucas 306). Mattie's place in the film works as a nostalgic representation of the more dominant women in classic Westerns. These female characters were generally oversimplified in previous scholarly analysis as submissive to a male-dominated genre. What makes Mattie different from the standard hooker with a heart of gold or tightly wound church girl found in many classic Westerns is her young age. Mattie's innocence comes from her youth that only shows in her appearance and the way others treat her.

Just about everyone in the film underestimates Mattie upon first meeting her until her quick wit and intelligence shines through. A great example is when she goes to sell back the horses her father bought. Going up against a tough salesmen who refuses to do further business with her, Mattie ends up talking her way into an even better deal.

The original *True Grit* was written to make John Wayne's Cogburn the central role, even though Mattie was the main character in the Charles Portis novel. The Coen brothers were true to the novel, which allowed Mattie to push the narrative, both opening and closing the film with her narration. Looking at the changing role of women in Westerns allows us to see them as "mirrors of the larger social changes occurring in the United States" (Heba and Murphy 326). While the Western as a genre is still dominated by male characters, the always growing strength of women in contemporary society has allowed a film like *True Grit* to be much more socially acceptable. Some have argued in years past that genre has declined because of "its resistance to the impact of social change" (Cook 298). Without question, the woman is a powerful player in this film. Mattie even gets the hero send off at the end, walking off over the horizon, which is reminiscent to how the classic hero rode off into the sunset (*Shane*, *Stagecoach*, etc). The difference here, however, is that Mattie is walking away from gravestones and not a recently saved town.

Conclusion

Any genre that has lived as long and shared the kind of popularity that the Western has is going to grow and evolve in several directions. The films in this essay represent part of a positive genre construct that evolved after the classic period. As Schatz says, one way to view film genre is as "a commercial, highly conventionalized popular art

form and subject to certain demands imposed by both the audience and the cinematic system" (*Structural* 100). This is exactly what drives both *The Shootist* and *True Grit*. Each film builds off of the classic period in a way that highlights the popular and iconic elements of the genre. All of the important characters are present, but not necessarily in the traditional sense. These films are respectful of the classic films because they add more building blocks to grow the important elements of the genre.

The Shootist represents post-classic genre transformation because its "sense of historical reality and […] feelings about genre and myth have come into collision" (*Genre* 259). This is seen in the way the gunfighter (Books) is portrayed, as an aged and dying "hero." The youth (Gillom) still looks up to his legacy, but Books insists that his legacy is full of lies. The myth of the gunfighter has collided with the reality of a changing time. The film takes place in 1901, a short time into the twentieth century and there appears to be no place for gunfighters. This is why, in the end, Gillom tosses the gun and walks home with his mother. The days of the Wild West were over. That did not mean that there was no longer an appreciation for it; the myths were affirmed in the sense that the legends created were still appreciated by many. However, it was time for new and different heroes to step up. Books is killed, (Wayne rarely died in his films), and civilization is preserved without his presence. However, again the myth is preserved because Books was able to die ridding the town of other violent characters. Gillom's throwing of the gun signifies his rejection of the gunfighter lifestyle, confirming the progress of the new century.

The setting of *True Grit* is much more standard, as mentioned earlier, and is reminiscent of classic Ford and Mann landscapes. *True Grit* works as a nostalgia film because "it set its highly traditional generic content in a slightly different context" (*Genre* 253). This gives us a sense of both past and present. All of the traditional players are there, but the female character is the focus. The gunfighter is also aged considerably. It is as if the characters have grown since they were first introduced. The male hero is older, but the female is considerably younger and the central figure in the story. They are each fun to watch because they represent elements of the classic paradigm that made the genre famous. The gunfighter (Cogburn) is aged, but he still brandishes his six-gun, rifle and cowboy hat that can be seen from atop a horse. The Western female in Mattie has taken a step forward, driving the story and commanding our respect and admiration. The film is also self-aware of its post-classic placement, which can be seen in the final shots of Mattie looking at Cogburn's grave in a wide shot on the horizon.

Gillom and Mattie, or perhaps Siegel and the Coen brothers, posit two different views of the Western. Gillom ultimately rejects the myth of the gunfighter he once championed to accept the progress of time into the new century. Conversely, the last shot of Mattie on the horizon, a setting often used along with a sunset sending off a hero, helps the genre continue to print the legend. Mattie mourns the heroic gunfighter who saved her life. As Kitses notes, "In a post-modern society determinedly blending and breaking genres, and genders and ideologies there inscribed, we can find dominants and respondents, myths and aberrations everywhere" (*Introduction* 19). *The Shootist* and *True Grit* respond to the Western's setting and place in time to comment on the evolution of the Western, ultimately allowing the genre to evolve while holding on to its legendary iconic status.

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Stolen

snow stops falling
night begins to settle, sharpen
someone playing trumpet outside

I'm sleeping in my freshman dorm, my
roommate is snoring in the bunk above
I dream I enter his dreams

passing through
the clearest window
frosted at the corners

I'm in a helicopter with his brother
who is my brother
stolen by circumstance to the military

I look out over the Arabian Sea
hours before sunrise softens the darkness
into which he plummets

I dream my only brother
jumping, flying, falling away
the halo of his splash

I read he swam to Kuwait
walked to Falluja
ghost of the apocalypse

passing through
the clearest window
frosted at the corners

—Michael C. Montesano

Terrence Wastesicoot
Father
Acrylic
36 in x 18 in

The Creation of Community Through the Language of Confession in "Howl" and "Kaddish"

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Allen Ginsberg is known both as a poet and a public figure of protest. He is often imagined as a member of the subterranean culture that characterized the generation that came to be known as the beat generation in the fifties. In the sixties, he became a guru for a new generation of youths who attempted to create a counter to the cold war culture that developed in the United States during the previous decade. Unfortunately, the public and political persona of Ginsberg has undermined analysis of his work. Usually scholars examine his work through the lenses of political analyses, or they examine his work through a fusion of psychoanalysis and biography. The biographical nature of his work has also bound his poetry closely to modern literary historians attempt to define a generation of writers. Although these critics will briefly note the homage that he pays to Walt Whitman, they often criticize the formlessness and seemingly undisciplined nature of his work. Often these critics will praise the emotional force of his poetry while simultaneously critiquing the style that created the emotional power of his work. As James Breslin, who examines Ginsberg from a historical and

biographical perspective, notes, "Ginsberg writes often, quickly, and, as his career has advanced, apparently without too much revision; his cult of spontaneity results in unevenness, but it also generates some of the realstrengths of his writing" (83). Breslin's words may have some validity in the work that Ginsberg composed in the late sixties and early seventies, but the implication of carelessness in his "spontaneous" prose may be exaggerated or misunderstood. After reading the *Collected* Poems in 1985, Marjorie Perloff, who has provided a wonderful analysis of the structures of Ginsberg's poems, argues, "The charge of formlessness, of poetry as mere rant, will no doubt continue to haunt Ginsberg, but the publication of his *Collected Poems* should do much to dispel it" (201). When Ginsberg's early and late poems are viewed, he proves that he is able to effectively follow poetic forms, so when his most famous and formless poems are analyzed, they must be examined for purpose. Although spontaneity seems to be emphasized in two of his most famous poems, "Howl" and "Kaddish," the language of spontaneous thought is structured in the two poems for a particular effect and purpose. Each clause and unorthodox structure in the poetic language of Allen Ginsberg is creating and mimicking certain structures of thought and voice. In "Howl" and "Kaddish," Allen Ginsberg carefully uses unconventional punctuation and syntactic structures to create an associative confessional tone akin to free association in psychoanalysis, but he also transforms the privacy of the confessional in text form into a communal act through the creation of rhythmic structures that demand to be read aloud and heard.

To understand the purpose and effect of Ginsberg's poetry, one must start by understanding the type of poet that Ginsberg is attempting to become. Although the biographical interpreters of Ginsberg have lacked close attention to form and structure, they have helped in understanding Ginsberg as a poet and speaker. Ginsberg imagines himself as a romantic poet, and his purpose, according to Breslin, is to "reassert the romantic poet as prophet" (83). Ginsberg has fashioned himself as a romantic, and the political and social criticism in his poetry does serve society as a prophetic voice, but the voice of Ginsberg is more complex than mere prophesy. If Ginsberg is functioning as a romantic poet, then his poetry must also function on a deeper level than mere social criticism. In M.H. Abrams seminal work on romantic theory, he reminds readers of the foundation of romantic poetry and art when he writes, "Repeatedly romantic predications about poetry, or about art in general, turn on a metaphor which, like 'overflow,' signifies the internal made external" (48). The tone of Ginsberg's poetry extends beyond prophecy because he is externalizing his internal thoughts, feelings, dreams, and beliefs; therefore, his poetry is confessional. In "Confessional Counterpublics in Frank O'Hara and Allen Ginsberg," Anne Hartman argues that Ginsberg's poetry is an altered version of the confessional that is used to "articulate dissident sexuality" and to "simultaneously address and construct a counter- hegemonic homosexual public" (48). Although Hartman's analysis of the transformative nature of Ginsberg's poetry in creating a dissident subgroup through confession is valid, she fails to notice some of the subtleties in the structure of Ginsberg's confessional tone that seem to extend beyond the mere subversion of the cold war culture through public discourse about homosexuality. Ginsberg's homosexuality is present in his poems, but it is placed in his poems as a sign of the externalization of his internal desires.

The confessional tone of Ginsberg's work must be understood within the terms of his role as the public speaker of the internal, but the influence of psychoanalysis must not be understated. The form of confession is often synonymous with religious traditions. Confession is usually associated with the confession of ones sins. Even outside of the religious context, confession is connected with sin. For example, confession in the public sphere is often the confession of sinful or culturally taboo actions; it is the confession of the adulterous politician, the improprieties of a celebrity, or the next autobiography of scandalous revelations. Although the mainstream American culture in the 1950s may not approve of his lists of activities in "Howl" or "Kaddish," Ginsberg is not confessing sins. Instead, the externalization of the poet, in Ginsberg's case, is akin to the free association and self-revelation that occurs between the patient and the psychoanalyst, but the associative thought process of "Howl" and "Kaddish" is not directed toward a professional; he is addressing an open audience. Therefore, his confessional tone is not just the externalization of the Romantic poet, but it is the revelation of the speaker's inmost desires and thoughts without inhibition. The tone argues against the judgment that may usually arise from such public revelations, and Ginsberg seems to invite the audience to participate in and work through the poet's desires and their own. For the exploration of the subconscious to be analyzed in psychoanalysis, it must be assumed that humanity shares similarities in cognition, emotion, and desire. Ginsberg, as a poet and confessor, confesses his own desires and thoughts, and through his singular act, he confesses the desires of his audience, which creates a text in which the audience can commune with the speaker. Although "Howl" and "Kaddish" differ in subject matter, they are both representatives of the associative confessional tone that Ginsberg created through unconventional syntactic structure to create community. "Howl" seems more distant from the speaker of the poem than "Kaddish," but the structure of the poem illuminates Ginsberg's unorthodox syntax, his confessional tone, and his creation of community through tone, syntax, and rhythm.

An associative and confessional tone are created in Ginsberg's "Howl" through the careful structuring of the poem in three different sections that share similar structures, but convey three different interrelated ideas. The three sections share commonality in form through the use of parallel structure throughout the poem. For example, in section one, Ginsberg writes:

> I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,
>
> dragging themselves through negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angel-headed hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of the night,
>
> who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the pernatural darkness of the cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities emplating jazz,
>
> who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw ammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated. (1.1-5)

The opening of the poem describes a generation being destroyed by madness, and then it transitions into a long description of this generation's madness through the

repetition of nonrestrictive relative clauses that are headed by the pronoun "who." Each clause functions as an adjective clause, which will be used henceforth since it is a better descriptor of the function of the clauses. The adjectival clauses vary in length, but they all seem to follow an intermingling of anapestic and iambic patterns. Ginsberg does not restrict his verse to a standard meter per line; instead, he stretches each line to various verse-paragraph lengths that demand for the reader to slowly pace through each subgroup. The slow rhythm of the opening parallel structure requires the reader, who may not have experienced this section of America, to become acquainted with each and every member: from the ones "who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes" to those "who let themselves be fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists, and screamed with joy" (Ginsberg 1.7; 1.36).

The list of adjectival clauses creates a list of subcultures that are counter to the dominant American culture during the Cold War in the 1950s. The Cold War culture that he attempts to counter is best described by Oliver Harris in "Beating the Academy: "In context of ideological Cold War, containment of communism abroad was fought out through forms of personal self- containment, so that definitions of desirable national and individual identity were made to coincide" (217). The drug-crazed subterranean culture that "burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the narcotic tobacco haze of capitalism" is far from the norm expected by the mainstream culture. (Ginsberg 31). In fact, Harris writes of the failure to conform to social and political norms as a "perversion and subversion that risked the health of the American body politic" (217).

Ginsberg's catalog of adjectival clauses may at first seem to distance the speaker from the subgroups of counter-culture that he describes. After all, the poem begins with the simple statement, "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness" (Ginsberg 1.1). The subject is the "I" of the speaker followed by the transitive verb "saw," which seems to provide some distance for the speaker. The speaker seems only to be an observer of this mad, drug- crazed, self-mutilating, and sexually liberated generation, and, although it is his generation that he describes, it is not apparent that he is one of the members being destroyed. Yet, the observer is present for every moment of debauchery and subversion. The tone is not a tone of judgment, but it seems to ring with joy as it describe those "who blew and were blown by those human seraphim, the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love" (Ginsberg 1.37). Yet, judgment is passed whenever capitalism is criticized. Ginsberg writes of the accepted mainstream culture that was propagated by advertisers and its effect on his generation when he writes of those

> …who were burned alive in their innocent flannel suits on Madison Avenue amid blasts of leaden verse &and the tanked-up clatter of the iron regiments of fashion
>
> & the roglycerine shrieks of fairies of advertising & mustard gas of sinister intellectual editors. (1.56).

Those who were burned alive are the innocent who must endure the use of art for commercial gains or re-enforcement of cultural norms. By celebrating what would be described as perverse behavior in line 37 and mourning the use of art for commercial gain, Ginsberg squarely places himself among the generation that is being destroyed

by madness.

To further his connection in part one of "Howl," one only has to examine the last few paragraph-lines. Ginsberg breaks the adjectival clause, and directly addresses Carl Solomon, who is literally in an insane asylum, and says, "ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time—" (1.72). The direct address is followed by the adverbial clause "while you are not safe" and the re-assertion of the speaker into the poem with an "I am" statement. The statement is conditional in the sense that as long as Carl is not safe from the attempts of the mainstream culture to strip him of his madness, then the speaker is also not safe. The development of the catalog of subculture and the addition of this interruption and reposition of the speaker transforms the poem from an observational poem to a confessional. The distance at the outset is broken, and the audience realizes that the speaker is a part of the generation he describes. The first section is no longer an observation of his generation; it is a confession of both his behaviors and his generation's behaviors.

The confessional tone becomes more apparent as Ginsberg transitions into section two, where he breaks the pattern in section one with a question: "What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open their skulls and ate up their brains and imagination?" (2.1). The question allows the reader to break from the parallel prolixity of the first section, reflect on the cause of the madness described in the first section, and prepare for the answer to the question of madness. Ginsberg provides the answer in a series of short parallel exclamations. He writes, "Moloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch the loveless! Mental Moloch! Moloch the heavy judger of men! Moloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone soulless jailhouse and Congress of sorrows!" (Ginsberg 2.3-4). Ginsberg uses parallel structure in the second section as he did in the first section, but he provides more variation in the pattern. In the section cited, he names the cause of madness and adds an appositive to describe the madness. In later passages, he breaks the pattern by listing the name of Moloch followed by an adjectival clause: "whose" (2.5-6). The parallel structure is shorter, but he structures it in this manner to capture the rage of the speaker, who is naming the evil and reflecting upon the seeming omnipotence of Moloch, or the mainstream culture.

The short, rapid exclamations re-enforce the fact that the speaker is confessing his thoughts in a style of free association. Each appositive is an association that Ginsberg has with the evil of Moloch, and the naming and associative descriptions allow the speaker to identify, confess, and reject the problems with mainstream American culture in the 1950s. The closing of part two furthers the therapeutic act of confessing by climaxing into a rage that dissipates into mourning. The speaker screams, "Visions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies! gone down the American river!/ Dreams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole boatload of sensitive bullshit!" (Ginsberg 2.13-14). The final lists contrast the descriptions of Moloch. They list items that have been replaced by Moloch; the items that the subcultures are trying to capture, which clarifies the desire for hallucinatory drugs and other methods of transcendence in the first section. The section closes with the repeated image of the items of desire being washed "Down to the river! into the streets!" (Ginsberg 2.16).

The first section uses the parallel structuring of adjectival clauses to describe a subculture and to confess the speakers participation and identity within the subcultures; the second section uses parallel appositional exclamations to confess the rage of a generation that is trying to connect with ideas that were lost to mainstream cold war culture; and the third section continues the pattern of parallel structures, but the tone of the confession changes to the final stage of a confession: reconciliation. The section begins with a direct address to an inmate in an asylum, and the speaker develops a parallel structure that uses a simple "I am" statement followed by a description of where the addressee is. For example, Ginsberg writes:

> Carl Solomon! I'm with you in Rockland where you're madder than I am/ I'm
> with you in Rockland where you must feel very strange
>
> I'm with you in Rockland where you imitate the shade of my mother
>
> I'm with you in Rockland where you've murdered your twelve secretaries
>
> I'm with you in Rockland where you laugh at this invisible humor
>
> I'm with you in Rockland where we are writers on the same dreadful typewriter (3.1-6).

Following the last section, it is easy to read the opening direct address as an exclamation of rage, but the lines that follow reinforce the idea of unity and solidarity that Ginsberg seems to have tried to construct through imagery and syntax. The tone of each statement shows the speakers progression from disillusionment and rage to a confidence in the present through unity. Carl Solomon becomes a symbol for the subculture that he describes in section one, and the repetition of "I'm" statements without a full stop binds each statement together, re-enforcing the unity of the diverse subcultures and the speaker with the diverse subcultures. The confession of the speaker is transformed from a personal observation to a series of rage filled exclamations, and, finally, to the unification of the speaker with the subcultures through a series of community building statements: "I am with you."

The confessional tone of "Howl" creates an interaction between the speaker as a confessor and the audience, but the confessional is further transformed into a communal confession through the unconventional syntactic structure and rhythms of the poem. For example, in the first section, the syntactic structure of the poem builds a catalog that implies solidarity of the subcultures into a singular subgroup. The paragraph-lines list adjectival clauses for 78 paragraph-lines before the first period, which is introduced at the end of the first section. The subcultures are cataloged into a single run-on sentence that is a metaphor for them. The sentence does not conform to normal expectations; it does not pause for the reader, or allow the reader to refocus on the subject through the repetition of the subject. Instead, each image is paced with clause after clause without break. Like the subculture it is describing, the sentence is formed by Ginsberg to live and express itself through its own unorthodox, yet cohesive, syntactic structure.

The second section also breaks from normative syntactic patterns by listing a series of exclamations and incomplete thoughts that are characterized as incomplete by their lack of verbs. The third section, like the first, ends without a period. Like much of the poem, one thought flows into another and is unified in a cohesive whole that does not end. The unity created by Ginsberg through his use of parallelism and unorthodox syntactic structure is a reminder to the subcultures that the fight is not finished. The disillusionment and anger that has driven the rejection of mainstream American values will continue beyond the poem, and the rhythm and cohesion created through Ginsberg's poem without the use normative structures strengthens the voice of the subculture from which Ginsberg speaks.

The confessional tone and style created through this unconventional syntactic structure forces the reader to read the poem aloud for the sake of understanding. Since the poem does not conform to normative punctuation, the voice of the poem must literally be heard. The long lists of the first section are cognitively more palatable through speaking and hearing the words. The exclamations of the second section demand to be screamed. The parallel "I am with you" sentences of the third section demand to be read with a group. The demand for the poem to be read aloud through the structure re-enforces the communal aspect of the confessional that Ginsberg creates. It also takes the therapeutic aspect of confession of one's inner most desires in psychoanalysis and forces the desires of the speaker, which are mirrored in the audience, to become normative desires. After all, the madness in "Howl" is only madness to the mainstream culture in which the speaker lives.

"Kaddish," although it varies greatly from the theme of "Howl," also uses an unorthodox syntactic structure to create an associative confessional tone, and it is also structured rhythmically to be read in community. Where "Howl" addresses Carl Solomon and a generation, "Kaddish" is addressed to one person: Ginsberg's recently deceased mother, Naomi. Like Carl Solomon, Naomi suffered from mental illness. Unfortunately, the mental illness described in "Kaddish" is not a diagnosis that arises from a perversion of American Cold War culture; instead, Ginsberg describes his mother as someone who actually suffered from debilitating paranoia and schizophrenia.

"Kaddish," as a poem, is the encapsulation of Ginsberg's grief from his mother's death; it is an attempt to reconcile the memories of his mother's madness and its effects on Ginsberg as a child, an adolescent, and a young adult; and it is an attempt to find some type of spiritual peace for himself as a griever and his mother who is dead. In his essay on Ginsberg's spiritual self- othering, Craig Svonkin best describes the poem when he writes, "In 'Kaddish,' Ginsberg transforms another traditional Hebrew poetic form, the *kaddish* or traditional mourners' prayer for dead relatives, into a hybridized prayer/elegy/blues ballad for his dead mother" (187). The poem is structured through a series of interlocking and associative images that arise as Ginsberg walks through Greenwich Village and downtown Manhattan and recalls his mother's life. The memories within the poem are interspersed with questions and reflections about life, death, and the possibility or lack of possibility for an afterlife.

"Kaddish" is more personal than "Howl" from the outset, which creates a more confessional tone. From the start of the poem, he reflects on his mother's death as he

walks. Ginsberg writes, "Strange now to think of you, gone without corsets &and eyes, while I walk on the sunny pavement of Greenwich Village" ("Kaddish" 1.1). In the beginning, he addresses his dead mother, who is referred to as the "you" of whom he is thinking. The speaker's tone is informal, which is signified by the implied subject "it" and the implied verb "is." The speaker expects the reader to fill in the ellipses in the conversation. After all, in the psychoanalytic form of confession, the speaker should work through the process of his or her thoughts through association. Speaking becomes a form of thinking that allows the speaker to organize and reflect on his or her thoughts, but the organization comes during or after the thought is expressed. The process and style can be seen in the opening lines and throughout the poem. For example, he writes:

> Dreaming back thru life, Your time—and mine accelerating toward apocalypse, the final moment—the flower burning in the Day—and what comes after, looking back on the mind itself that saw an American city
>
> a flash away, and the great dream of Me or China, or you and a phantom Russia, or a crumpled bed that never existed—
> like a poem in the dark—escaped back to Oblivion—
> No more to say, and nothing to weep for but the Beings in the Dream, trapped in its disappearance,
>
> sighing screaming with it, buying and selling pieces of phantom, worshiping each other,
>
> worshiping the God included in it all—longing or inevitably?—while it lasts, a
>
> Vision—anything more? ("Kaddish" 1.5-12).

Syntactically, this section resembles the rest of the poem. Ginsberg rarely ends a sentence with a full stop, and often his sentences are not complete. Instead, he structures strings of incomplete clauses into a unified whole and separates them with commas and dashes. For example, in the first three lines, the images are unified in thought, but the clauses cannot stand alone, yet they cannot fully stand together. Even the middle clause, which has the components of a complete sentence, does not create a complete independent clause because the subject and verb is interrupted by a dash. The structure replicates the act of thinking through speaking. The nonstandard form is not used in writing, but this style of speaking would be normal in the type of free associative, confessional style that Ginsberg is creating.

The influence of psychoanalysis in his tone and style is overtly present in "Kaddish" through descriptions of his mother's body, and her attempts to seduce her son. In one section of images, Ginsberg writes:

> One time I thought she was trying to make me come lay her—flirting to herself at sink—lay back on huge bed that filled most of the room, dress up round her hips, big slash of hair, scars of operations, pancreas, belly wounds, abortions, appendix, stitching of incisions pulling down in the fat like hideous thick zippers—ragged long lips between her

> legs—What, even, smell of asshole? I was cold—later revolted a little, not much—seemed perhaps a good idea to try—know the Monster of the Beginning Womb—Perhaps—that way. Would she care? She needs a lover. ("Kaddish" 2.103)

Other critics have taken note of the Freudian influence on this passage. Breslin notes, "what we really see here is how one Post-Freudian writer, pretending to be open and at ease about incestuous desire, affect sophisticated awareness as a defense against the intense longings and anxieties" (99). Breslin is correct in placing Ginsberg as a poet who is self-aware of the Freudian impulses in his work, but Breslin still seems to perceive Ginsberg, as the speaker, as one who cannot escape his subconscious desires even in his awareness of them. The confessional and associative tone of the poem seems to support the process of thinking through the past and processing the memories for the sake of reconciliation rather than the smug self-consciousness that is utterly unaware of its own subconscious. In "'Strange Prophesies Anew': Rethinking the Politics of Matter and Spirit in Ginsberg's *Kaddish*," Tony Trigilio seems to come closer to what Ginsberg, as the speaker is attempting to accomplish:

> The prophetic impulse of *Kaddish* is to recover the mother and rewrite her madness as redemptive through a sideration of the historical causes of her inspired madness. The placement of this incest scene within the narrative is crucial to the erstanding Ginsberg's revision of divine madness. (785)

The application of narrative to the speaker's experiences with Naomi re-enforces the confessional and associative style of the poem, which places it in the vein of a psychoanalytic confession. Although the incestuous topic in the narrative is self-aware of its Freudian influence, the structure of this passage seems to support the process of coming to terms with his mother's madness and death. The passage begins with a complete sentence: "One time I thought she was trying to make me come lay her" ("Kaddish" 2.103). Then, the speaker follows the complete thought with a dash. The clause that follows the dash uses dependent adverbial clauses that do not necessarily refer back to the verb in the first clause. Instead, each clause seems to list the actions of the mother, but the subject, the mother, is missing. Again, this structure replicates the process of associative thought in spoken form. The idea is understood despite the ellipses, which is acceptable in spoken language. The associative process continues after the list of adverbial clauses. Ginsberg lists the physical features of his mother in a way that describes them for the audience, but the list also seems to be connected through association with the mother's body and with association to similar images. For example, the list traces a series of images that look similar and seem to be associated with each other through visual appearance: "slash," "scars," "stitching," "thick zippers," and "ragged long lips" ("Kaddish 2.103). Each word and image, although not synonymous, is similar in its description. One word or image arises out of the previous in the list. Also, the words that are connected to the wounds and body parts are intermingled in association: "operations," "abortions," "appendix," and "incisions" ("Kaddish 2.103). To further the associative structure of the language, the previous paragraph lists images of spoiled food that his mother cooked for him, and then it juxtaposes the earthly images of rotten food with the image of his mother's naked body ("Kaddish 2.102-103). In these passages Ginsberg is obviously using the arrangement of words and paragraphs

to recreate the process of association in psychoanalysis, which creates the verisimilitude of a speaker who is attempting to provide order or logic to his past experiences.

The overt personal subject matter of this poem may seem to separate this poem from the community-building status applied to "Howl." After all, the confessional within the poem is addressed to his mother, but his mother is dead, and the questions with which he wrestles are not questions his mother can answer. The narrative that he imposes upon his mother's life is for him, and the poem's confessional tone and associative structure replicates the thought process of a person who is organizing his thoughts about an event in order to reconcile them. The personal aspects listed can be deceiving because the poem at heart is communal in its confessional form.

The process of the poem seems to be both for the speaker and the audience. After all, he is not just wrestling with his mother's death; he is asking questions about his own mortality, and his questions are the audience's questions. For example, he asks if life is anything more than a vision ("Kaddish 1.12). Also, the *kaddish*, the traditional prayer for the mourners of the dead, is prayed in unison with a community of believers. "Kaddish," Ginsberg's poem, is not the traditional prayer, although it has aspects of the traditional prayer, but it serves a similar function. At the end of the first section of "Kaddish," Ginsberg writes:

> Magnificent, mourned no more, marred of heart, mind behind, married dream, mortal changed—Ass and face down with murder./ In the world given, flower maddened, made no utopia, shut under pine, almed in Earth, balmed in Lone, Jehovah accept. (1.50-51)

In this passage, Ginsberg breaks from his self-reflective musings, and he describes the condition of his dead mother through a series of adjectivals, and he ends the passage with an imperative to Jehovah to accept his mother. The religious aspects of the poem turn parts of the poem into a prayer that must be prayed communally since his title implies a communal prayer of mourning.

The rhythmic structure of the poem also creates a structure in which the poem must be read aloud, and, since it is read aloud, one must also assume that it is to be read in community. The lack of full stops in the poem and the use of dashes create a breathing structure in which the reader must follow to understand the rhythm of the poem. For example, Ginsberg writes, "Over and over—refrain—of the hospitals—still haven't written your history—leave it abstract—a few images" ("Kaddish 2.1). In this passage, the phrases are broken, which creates the verisimilitude of a forming thought. If the poem is read aloud, the dashes are meant to be moments for the speaker to pause, which would give emphasis to the associative confessional tone. Since the poem has whole stanzas of uninterrupted and incomplete phrases that reflect natural speech and thought, the reader of the poem will have a better understanding of the poem if he or she both reads and hears it. The spoken form of the poem illustrates the thought process of the speaker, it clarifies ellipses, and it recreates the thought process of the speaker for the audience. The contemplation on death, the associative memories on life, and the rhythmic speech of the mind invites the reader to hear the confession and join the confession. The confession, in form, becomes the prayer for the community. As the speaker comes to terms with death, the audience too must come to terms with

death.

Although "Howl" and "Kaddish" explore a range of different topics, both poems represent Ginsberg's ability to use carefully chosen unorthodox structures to create a confessional tone that is similar to the style of free association, and, through these unorthodox structures, he invites his audience to participate in the act of confession by speaking and hearing the poem. Through the community-building act of reading the poem aloud, the audience is able to come to terms with personal and societal issues as Ginsberg comes to terms with these same issues. Ginsberg's seeming spontaneous poetry is only an illusion of language that invites the reader to understand, to live, and to connect with others.

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October Yard

a crow's back is not black
not the one, middle of the pack
picked up first and looped
through the oaks over the shed

those wings spread the dark
of an instant's glint, blink at the sun
bright as the infinite dead

—Michael Montesano

Terrence Wastesicoot
Close to the Sun
Acrylic
36 in x 36 in

Warholian Counter-revolution and the Culture of Meta-celebrity

by Michael Angelo Tata, Independent Scholar, Miami/Fort Lauderdale, Florida

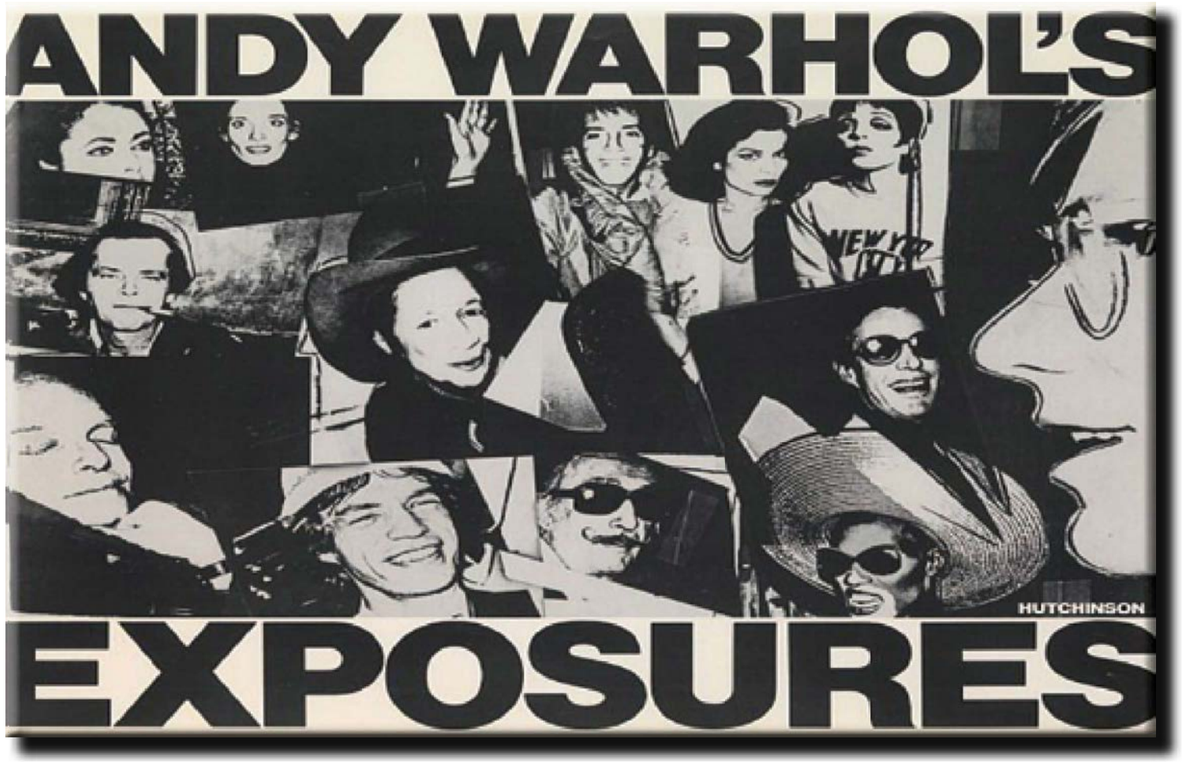
(This paper is dedicated to Holly Woodlawn.)

Cabbed up to the Iranian embassy ($2.50). There were no demonstrators out in front. Inside I saw Otto Preminger again and it was the second or third time in a few days, so he asked me what we were going to do tomorrow. I posed for pictures with the queen in front of my portrait of her. She said she was jealous of Hoveyda because he had eight Warhols and she only had four. The queen is taller than me (*Diaries*, Thursday, July 7, 1977).

Better Pleasure

Andy Warhol enervates the impetus to overturn an oppressive social order: it's the most important program within his philosophy of fame, which I have elsewhere defined as "meta-celebrity," or the fame of fame (that is, all in fame that transcends the mere fact of being-famous, as well as the popularity of popularity, a telepopetic call for fame's future, the Romantic-heroic survival of art's end via a protracted mourning miraculated as joy in a present dominated by increasingly measurable quanta of popularity).[1] Through

1 See my "Adventures in Meta-celebrity: Andy Warhol and the Fame of Fame" in interactive Italian journal 013 Media, Summer 2014.



Glamour Pandemic

Andy Warhol"s Exposures (1979)

Warhol, the Revolution's oomph dissipates. No longer encouraged to overturn a sedimented and oppressive order, the artist after Warhol is instead charged with the more contemporary responsibility of propagating fame's desublimated hedonism. The Warholian legacy produces a vibrant wordliness; rather than critique the status quo from a distance, the artist as envisioned by Warhol exists to sample the extravagant tastes of the dominant classes from amongst their midst, not to *épater le bourgeoisie*, which had already been done and done well by Dada, Surrealism and the avant-garde, and certainly not to liquidate those in power or to reject the fallen present in favor of an optimized future, but rather to turn the negations of *épatisme* back upon themselves in the production of

an eerie performance of affirmation that is at once a posture and an embodiment and that in a deeply troubling way exudes sincerity. Entering their rarefied spaces, breathing their air, sipping their champagne, Warhol the socialite dedicates much of his career after the 1960s to capturing the upper echelons in images and words — this despite a deep awareness of his project's inherent decadence, as shown by the original (rejected) title of his 1979 book of celebrity photographs *Exposures*, which was *Social Disease*.[2]

Recording their every move, he documents the dramas and banalities of the fortunate few with paintings like the Celebrity Portraits and writings like the *Diaries* or *Andy Warhol's Party Book*.[3] Hence we learn about Jerry Hall's B.O., Halston's assignations and Liza Minnelli's cocaine indulgences, while being schooled on how to behave at "weddings, funerals, art openings, charities, etc.": these blips dominate the radar screen of Baudrillardian post-history, and forecast the great Social Media transformation society will endure at the start of the coming millennium.[4] Dissolving the revolutionary impulse, Warhol also dispels its accompanying psychological and existential baggage: anxiety, alienation, anomie, the affective coordinates of existential thought. Yet Warhol is nothing if not

2 In *Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close Up* (New York: Cooper Square Press, 2000), Bob Colacello explains the history of the title "Social Disease": "*Social Disease* was what we wanted the book to be called. It perfectly captured the tongue-in-cheek tone of the text and the photographs, and made fun of Andy's obsessive partying and the world of discos and society in general…Andy loved it, Fred loved it, Chris, Brigid, and I loved it—and for a while, Grosset loved it. Then someone at B. Dalton, the all-powerful bookstore chain, said they'd have to order fewer copies for their suburban and small-town stores if that was the title, and we settled on *Exposures* for lack of anything snappier. We also threw out our first cover: a black-and-white snapshot of Jackie Onassis and Bianca visiting Liza backstage with *Social Disease* stamped across it in bright red" (420-421).

3 According to Bravo's documentary *The Whole Warhol* (2002), each portrait was 40" by 40" so that one day all could be connected into a quilted whole. Such an *assemblage* smacks of the two elements of totalitarian society outlined by Arendt in *The Origins of Totalitariansim* (New York: Harvest Books, 1976): gullibility and cynicism (see "The Totalitarian Movement," 382-388).

4 "Weddings, Funerals, Art Openings, Charities, Etc." is the seventh chapter of Warhol's and Hackett's *Andy Warhol's Party Book* (New York: Crown Publishers, 1988). This posthumous book functions both as social diary and Castiglione-quality etiquette book: "Going to funerals is a good way to remember who's dead. I try to avoid funerals, but if you don't go to them it's easy to forget who's in heaven—acquaintances die and three months later I'm back to asking people how they are" (130).

The Whimsicality of Dictatorship *Mao (1974)*

thorough. True to form, he rejects revolution while setting up revolutionary heroes like Mao Tse-tung (*Mao Wallpaper,* 1974), Vladimir Lenin (*Lenin*, 1986) and Ethel and Julius Rosenberg (their invisible glutes haunt electric chair images like *Lavender Disaster*, 1963) and revolutionary icons like the Communist hammer and sickle (*Hammer and Sickle*, 1977) as celebrated entities in their own right.

Demonstrating that capitalism has room for even its most ferocious opponents, Warhol represents the great absorptiveness of flexible accumulation: under the sway of what Ernest Mandel has quite famously referred to as late capitalism, everyone and everything are theoretically collectible, even those personae and items most resistant to commodification. The road to liberty ends with the comforts of consumption. Occupying a vertiginous *cul de sac*, the pleasures of the flesh and of exchange value loop around and around, numbing their consumers into eschewing the

progressive in favor of the vibratory (itself an exuberant stasis like the strings of String Theory). That this terminus is desirable might come across as a wicked proposition, but Andy Warhol demands that it not be taken lightly. Whether or not the revolution has ended, the capitalist subject is sufficiently insulated from the pressure to rise up, thereby forestalling the implementation of change in favor of sensual enjoyment and the scintillating immediacy of being-known.

Children of the Romantics, we find ourselves subscribing to notions of the aesthetic or poetic act as dissolving the rulebook of normalcy to create an alternate, less restrictive order where liberty reigns liberally. Following the osmotic law of emapcipation, freedom is made to flow from areas of high to low pressure. Such is the legacy of modern thinking, a mentality indebted to the notion of revolution — and such is Warhol's assault on the modern mind with his counter-revolutionary tendencies (his love of Imelda Marcos and the Shah of Iran, among other imperials). Radicalized, the revolutionary idea produces the possibility of bloodshed without end (for example, Trotsky's notion of "permanent revolution").[5] Yet as Hannah Arendt points out in *On Revolution*, the concept of revolution is itself fatally flawed as a result of a constitutive internal incoherence. Strangely enough, Warhol seems to intuit this knowledge, recognizing the bankruptcy of revolutionary ideology for an emerging future centered on celebrity, itself a deeply conservative venture.

5 "The form of government the two movements developed (Nazism, Communism), or, rather, which almost automatically developed from their double claim to total domination and global rule, is best characterized by Trotsky's slogan of 'permanent revolution' although Trotsky's theory was no more than socialist forecast of a series of revolutions, from the antifeudal bourgeois to the antibourgeois proletarian, which would spread from one country to the other" (*The Origins of Totalitarianism*, 389). While Stalin rejects permanent revolution in favor of "socialism in one country," his mania for the purge testifies otherwise.

Given that the act of revolution itself institutes its own foundational principles as the basis of a new status quo (*novus ordo saeclorum*), revolution seduces its adherents into believing that they are acting in the service of elevated abstract principles like justice or *fraternité* (or, in art, "abstraction" or "form"), when all they are accomplishing is making way for the latest social monolith: in short, the revolution that ends Revolution, which stops revolving for a future that becomes but a paralyzed present. Since revolution must insulate its fruits from the threat of future revolutions, it performs the dual tasks of supplanting an established order while instituting a new one (true anarchy is thus not feasible, since lack of order is also order, a chaos theory of the political). Even an idealist like Trotsky, for whom permanent revolution tantalizes with promises of manifest destiny, is doomed to hypocrisy and failure. What this means for the revolutionary idealist (or even the player Arendt identifies as "the professional revolutionist") is that, for true revolution to take place, there can be no new lasting institution of order, since each time an order sediments it must be subjected to fresh destabilizations.[6] For Arendt, Revolution is almost always a conservative affair whose goal is to re-stabilize and re-institute.[7] As a cultural example, future-oriented texts like Wordsworth's Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, Shelley's *Defence of Poetry* or William Blake's *Jerusalem* are technically not revolutionary, since they make no provision for future revolution; their foundational assumption is that the

6 For Arendt, the professional revolutionist is the one who, detached from the social conditions which plunge the world into revolutionary chaos in the first place, observes and speculates from the safety of an ivory tower. The Professional Revolutionist is the ideologue; out of touch with the reality he claims to represent, he treats revolution as a thought experiment. In his detachment, the Professional Revolutionist thus parallels the situation of the Hegelian *philosophe*, who does not act, but contemplates (hence Kierkegaard's critique of Hegel as the spectator of history). See Arendt's *On Revolution* (London: Penguin Books, 1990)—specifically "The Revolutionary Tradition and Its Lost Treasure," 258-275.

7 Revolution's basic shortcoming is that it fails to found a social organ; in other words, there has been no way to embody a principle of radical change within the social order created by the actions of the French, Bolshevik or American revolutionaries. While temporary organs, such as the French *sociétés révolutionaires,* Bolshevik *soviets* or Jeffersonian wards do spring up, they are fast liquidated by those who have, via revolution, gained power.

changes they recommend can rectify poetic and social conditions sufficiently to free the imagination from its fetters once and for all, effectively making revolutionary behavior unnecessary. A political instance would be Marx's famous end of history after class conflict finally disappears. That Marx envisions a cessation to struggle and progress points to the conservative truth of revolution, which, as Arendt underscores, never passes beyond its astronomical definition (revolution as circular or elliptical planetary orbit — as something regressive, fixed, charted, in motion, but going nowhere, in essence vibratory).

Moreover, in her survey of the revolutionary tradition in the West, Arendt makes the piquant observation that, to its detriment, the American Revolution has culminated not in freedom or liberty, but rather in the pursuit of happiness. Inescapably hedonistic, Americans are all too quick to relinquish any sense of the revolutionary, which ultimately has less to do with happiness than with social equity or human justice, both of which involve too much effort to qualify as inherently felicitous. What gets lost, according to Arendt, is the treasure of a revolutionary tradition — a situation made all the more urgent by Andy Warhol's status as post-revolutionary cultural giant, since his art and no other makes the Arendtian point so boldly:

> The American dream, as the nineteenth and twentieth centuries under the impact of mass immigration came to understand it, was neither the dream of the American Revolution — the foundation of freedom — nor the dream of the French Revolution — the liberation of man; it was, unhappily, the dream of a "promised land" where milk and honey flow. And the fact that the development of modern technology was so soon able to realize this dream beyond anyone's wildest expectation quite naturally had the effect of confirming for the dreamers that they really had come to live in the best of all possible worlds (139).[8]

Andy Warhol is one of these dreamer-immigrants lost in the plenitude of mass production, watching television, eating chocolate bars and fantasizing about the future reception history of his own image, visually repeatable and historically mobile.Revolutionizing revolution, he cares only for the pleasures of consumption while farming out the work of production — even though, as his *blasé* attitude indicates, pleasure itself may qualify as a snooze, desublimation leading almost directly to the postmodern anhedonia predicted by psychoanalysis (for example, Zizek). Replacing the desire to overturn social order with the desire to consume the many products of that order, Warhol represents the promise of the good life. For Warhol, art is not the pleasure of seizing the means of production from the bourgeoisie, nor of intervening in industrialism, but of consuming the products available to the haves. In true Arendtian form, Warhol rejects the modern idea that the artist function as visionary, prophet or social reformer. Becoming instead an artist who is first and foremost a master consumer, Warhol becomes an exemplar of aesthetic futurity for an art system that has closed itself operatively from both en external and internal environment, as Systems Theory describes the evolutionary movement of art toward an increasing complexity marked by a multiplicity of competing self-descriptions that

8 Significantly, this fantasy is the dream of the poor: "For abundance and endless consumption are the ideals of the poor: they are the mirage in the desert of misery" (139). Here Warhol's childhood poverty figures prominently; in the Arendtian critique, his state of being disenfranchised opens him to the mirage of endless consumability, giving birth to his aesthetics (as well as his economics—such is the genesis of the Warholian pack-rat).

Royal Nitrates

Austin Polo Club Ad (2013)

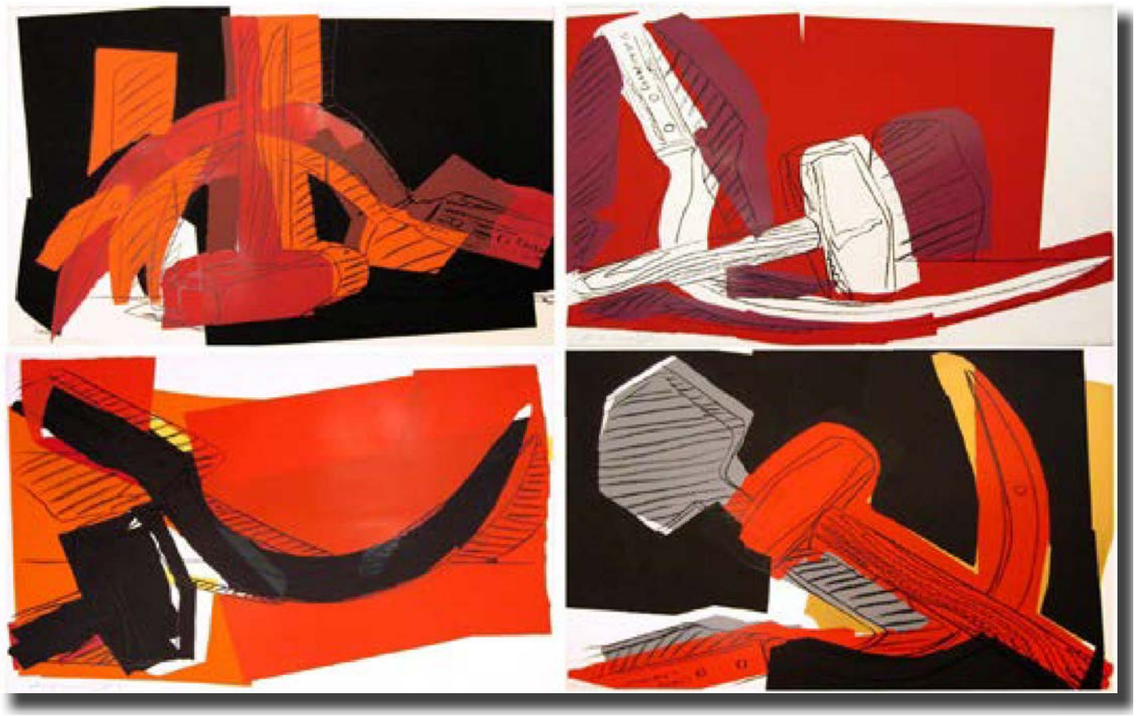
explode the essential.[9] The full range of junk produced by Adorno's abhorred "culture industry" now matters most, as Mona Lisa herself assumes a place between rhinoplastic "after" photographs (*Before and After* 3, 1962) and photo-booth multiples (*Ethel Scull Thirty-Six Times,* 1963).

Marie Antoinette's Wiener Cart (Let Them Eat Hot Dogs)

Warhol's capitalist magic is that the pluralism he champions coincides with the post-revolutionary wonderland in which the Hegelian subject or Marxist ideologue frolic. Liberated from the exigencies of change, the fully cognizant Hegelian *Geist* and fully revolutionized Marxist laborer transcend conflict and achieve a permanent stability that masquerades as freedom. Their essences will no longer move; from a Systems-theoretical standpoint, the game of identifying art's nature will finally end, for as Niklas Luhmann remarks in his *Art as a Social System*: "Too much identity inevitably means: no future" (308). Since for Warhol an isomorphic situation develops ("isomorphic" in the word's geometrical sense, as in the similarity of triangles), it is "as if" a revolution has occurred, despite the fact that society has not been overturned, but endorsed as-is.[10] For Marx, the

9 In *Art as a Social System,* Niklas Luhmann, Systems Theory's chief proponent, applies evolutionary biology and autupoietic theory to the Eurpoean art system as a whole, examining its increasing functional isolation from physical and social environments against which it defines itself. Beginning in Lascaux, art moves toward then away from religious-mystical symbology making the invisible visible (for example, Bernini) to a secular semiology examining the life of the sign (for example, Daumier) and finally to the identitarian innovativeness/novelty of the avant-garde (for example, Warhol). This schema runs parallel to Danto's, and represents an alternate reading of the Hegelian trajectory. See his *Art as a Social System* (Stanford; Stanford University Press, 2000).

10 The Valley Girl implications of the phrase "as if" are not lost on me here. That *Clueless'* Cher speaks a post-revolutionary lingo is hopefully a topic to which I will one day return (Heckerling, 1995). See also Hegel's critique of Kant's metaphysics and aesthetics as a mere system of "oughts" or "as ifs" in his *Aesthetics*: ultimately, Kant's aesthetics (and epistemology) remains "a mere ought deferred to infinity" ("Historical Deduction of the True Idea of Art in Modern Philosophy," LXXVII, 63).



Pop-u-nism *Hammer and Sickle (1977)*

division of labor cannot survive the end of history. As the split between the bourgeoisie and proletariat becomes obviated by the final act of revolution returning production to the collective organ, the need to divide labor among experts vanishes.[11]

Suddenly everybody can do everything; questions of specialization appear to be extracted from an archaic language game no longer spoken as post-revolutionary humankind, liberated from the burdens of production by a benevolent State, finds its essence

11 Oscar Wilde's *The Soul of Man under Socialism* reaches a similar terminus, since for him the point of socialism is to liberate human beings from uglier pursuits: "Now as the State is not to govern, it may be asked what the State is to do. The State is to be a voluntary association that will organize labour, and be the manufacturer and distributor of necessary commodities. The State is to make what is useful. The individual is to make what is beautiful…To sweep a slushy crossing for eight hours on a day when the east wind is blowing is a disgusting occupation. To sweep it with mental, moral, or physical dignity seems to me to be impossible. To sweep it with joy would be appalling. Man is made for something better than distributing dirt. All work of that kind should be done by a machine" (32). See *De Profundis and Other Writings* (London: Penguin Books, 1982).

freed, hunting in the morning, fishing in the afternoon, rearing cattle in the evening, even criticizing after dinner, as *The German Ideology* famously prescribes. In imitation of the Marx and Engels, Arthur Danto wryly comments at the end his essay "The End of Art" that, in the post-revolutionary world, "you can be an abstractionist in the morning, a photorealist in the afternoon, a minimal minimalist in the evening" (*The Philosophical Disenfranchisement of Art,* 114). Warhol, too, faux-vapidly comments in his book *POPism* that, in an ideal world, "you ought to be able to be an Abstract Expressionist next week, or a Pop artist, or a realist, without feeling that you have given up something" (222). The Virtual Revolution has transpired, with Andy Warhol as its pluralizing hero. Since nothing is at stake, everything is possible. Subject positions multiply without end. Lacking gravity, the universe flies marvelously apart. Without the need to specialize, humanity is free to pursue its own interests, to dabble in this and that, to putter and tinker. Producing a professional dilettante, the revolutionized world regresses labor to play.

Where does Warhol stand with regard to the Enlightenment project itself? The most basic issue here is whether or not Romanticism, with its revolutionary imperative, constitutes a schism with Enlightenment thinking, or if it represents merely its fulfillment, as postmodernism completes modernism by negating it through the fact of absolute succession. If Warhol is a paragon of Romanticism, as I have argued in my *Sublime Superficiality,* and his Romanticism terminates not in revolutionary activity but in unapologetic creature consumption, there remains the problem of his own relation to Enlightenment projects (for example, the democritization of knowledge, social emancipation). Since postmodernism does define itself against modernism, if only due to the

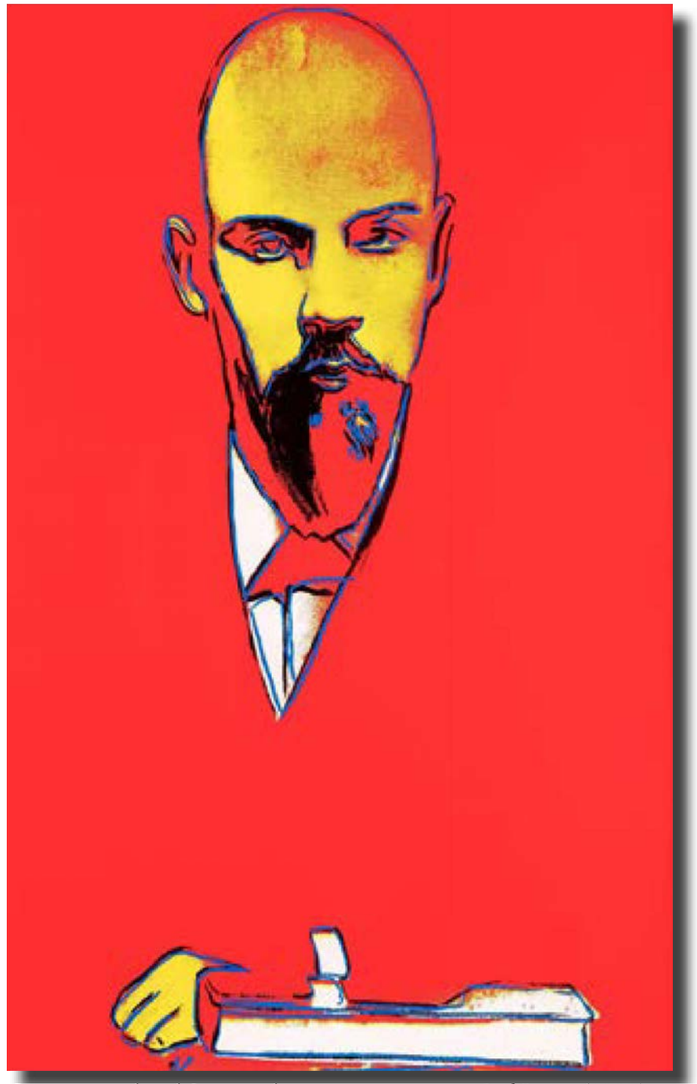
fact of time, the nature of that "againstness" demands qualification — whether it be best described as a rupture, a coda, a caesura (as one might find in the midst of a line of poetry), an event planned for and anticipated by modernism itself (much as the lysosome of cellular biology is the site where Dawkins' selfish gene situates its planned obsolescence), or as some other vital mereological relation linking part and whole with the force of an animating *telos*.

The Romantics, for whom fame looms large (in particular through the poetry of Keats), clearly envision their project as effecting a split with Enlightenment thinking (for example, with Augustan poetics, Regency politics, or Newtonian physics). Even Systems Theory identifies Romanticism as the turning point when the art system truly begins the

Fast Car *Art Car (1979)*

internal dialogue which will allow it to create a stable identity encompassing both variety and selection, or principles of change and choice that ultimately stabilize a dynamic structure optimizing environmental interactions through a future-oriented novelty: the sheer economic fact of there being an art market which is a subsidiary of a market market orients the Romantic creator toward consumable production at the same time that it generates the creative freedom to perfect *Innerlichkeit*, with perhaps the inner life taking on the qualities of marketable commodity. Warhol's renunciation of a revolutionary aesthetic (and social-political) tradition undermines that modern organ of change, the avant-garde, but it does so Romantically, as I have described in my *Sublime Superficiality*, as the sublime is transferred from picturesque experience of vertical thrust to a rhizomic horizontal sprawl redefining depth as something spreadable and flat (*Mont Blanc* gives way to the strip mall). That Warhol retains some semblance of avant-gardeness through his terminal Romantic rejection of revolution may seem oxymoronic or even counter-intuitive, yet investigating this condition makes way for a critique of Enlightenment aspirations and their transmissibility without terminating in either an Institution Theory of Art or the paradoxical production of *indiscernibilia*, as Arthur Danto has so ekphratically offered in terms of a solution to the philosophical puzzle of mechanical reproducibility.

For perhaps the most paradigmatic Warholian example of what revolution comes to mean within the culture of late capitalism, I look to the most obvious place: his soup cans, this time not for their relation to the sacramental, as I have done in earlier work, but for the way they emblazon the death of revolution on a thunderstruck present enjoying itself too much to exert effort. Repeatable, serialized, even "Fauved" (*Colored Camp-*



Concentrated and Spectacular *Red Lenin (1987)*

bell's Soup Can, 1965), Warhol's aluminum cylinders veer off the road to utopia. As a candidate for revolutionary object, the soup can at first seems to offer little more than comic relief. That an aluminum receptacle filled with tomato *purée* should ever come to transform the visual arts is laughable. Comparing Warhol's wimpiness with the alleged heroism of a Pollock reveals the presence of an important aesthetic (and sexual) change. While the one makes its presence known through connotations of ordinariness, inconsequentiality and feminine domestic order, the other asserts a violent masculine struggle for some sort of transcendental truth. One speaks in a whisper while the other bellows. Comparing it with the nobility of a van Gogh reveals a fundamental dissonance, for though the one makes no attempt to spiritualize the products of everyday life, the other portrays the ordinary (a boot, a sunflower) as spiritually infused and existentially loaded. One remains lost in its objecthood while the other convulses.

As these comparisons indicate, the diminutive soup can refuses the revolutionary narrative (this, despite the fact that it is "ordinary" in precisely the same way that, for Wordsworth, "ordinary" speech is ordinary — and, in light of Augustan verse, revolutionary). To refuse revolution in the early 1960s in urban America was to defy all expectation of what an avant-garde artist could hope to accomplish; to engage in society portraiture in the 1970s and 1980s was equally surprising. Such was the Pop revolution in its Warholian mode — for even when compared with the work of his Pop contemporaries, Warhol's paintings offend the revolutionary sensibility, their refusal to remain stable as anti-capitalist objects producing the requisite outrage.

Is the soup can a celebration of everyday American existence? A critique of the hegemonic status quo? Proof that modern life, with its emphasis on standardization and normalization, has become bereft of all existential meaning? All questions may be answered in the affirmative, making the Campbell's Soup Can as immortalized by Warhol difficult to assimilate either to the narrative of art's progress (Hegelian aesthetic revolution) or the narrative of the artist's struggle with the quasi-religious burden of artmaking (van Gogh's and Pollock's burden).[12] "I finally got a BWM painted, black with pink roll-on flowers. Maybe they'll read meaning into it. I hope so" (*Diaries*, Tuesday, April 18, 1978); like Warhol's later BMW, the soup asks to be read at the same time that it exudes indifference to the act of reading, a pulsation critics have always seized upon in his work. In short, the soup can sells; it has mass-appeal, and will please everyone from the most die-hard Communist ideologue to the most clueless Valley girl shopaholic, each of whom

12 For a closer look at van Gogh's burden, consult Antonin Artaud's *Van Gogh, the Man Suicided by Society* (1947) in *Antonin Artaud: Selected Writings* (Berkeley: University of California, 1988). This essay recounts perhaps the most notorious example of the psychological toll taken by aesthetic modernism.

can interpret it in turn.[13] *Voilà*: the blood of the guillotine is replaced by the lycopene-saturated tomato pulp of the soup factory. Hannah Arendt's prognosis of the American Revolution has come to pass: it has, much to the horror of the Frankfurt School, ended in the simple, unmediated pleasure of savoring a steaming bowl of smashed tomatoes brought to you by the bounty of Omaha, Nebraska.

Reflecting life after the virtual revolution has come to pass, Warhol's soup cans, among other images, testify to the fact that the most avant-garde act is to renounce the avant-garde altogether, to destroy originality *originally*: for novelty, too, must be transcended, through its negation begging the Wittgensteinian question of what kind of mathematics would result if we left inexorability behind to discover that two negatives didn't exactly make a positive, but created some third thing beyond the mere digital series that was not merely its repetition or sublation.[14] What survives the revolution is an art of total surface, an aesthetics of ingestion, even Derridean exemplorality, here the exemplary orality of total consumption. Mortifying the revolutionary tradition, a body of ideas, beliefs and hopes which has accompanied the Enlightenment as a dangerous spectre from Robespierre to Lenin, Warhol's soup cans constitute the very paradigm shift bringing art to an end. However, detaching art from pretensions to historical magnificence, they instead serve to free art from ideological stagnation. Liberated from the revolutionary imperative, art continues through a proliferation of superficial Pop objects whose only revolutionary act is to renounce the inherited mania for turning the world upside-down. Complicit, art loses its modern purity and wallows in the mud of the ordinary, famous for being famous, just like so many socialites and grocery store products — even like Romanticism itself, if we follow the New Historical critique of British Romantic poetry and its exposure of a conservative core at work.

Tinkerbelle Time *Photographed by Anton Perich*

Even if one is poor, there are always the joys of Coca Cola and hotdogs — pleasures to which the Queen of England and Elizabeth Taylor have access to, as well as dirt farmers and domestic help:

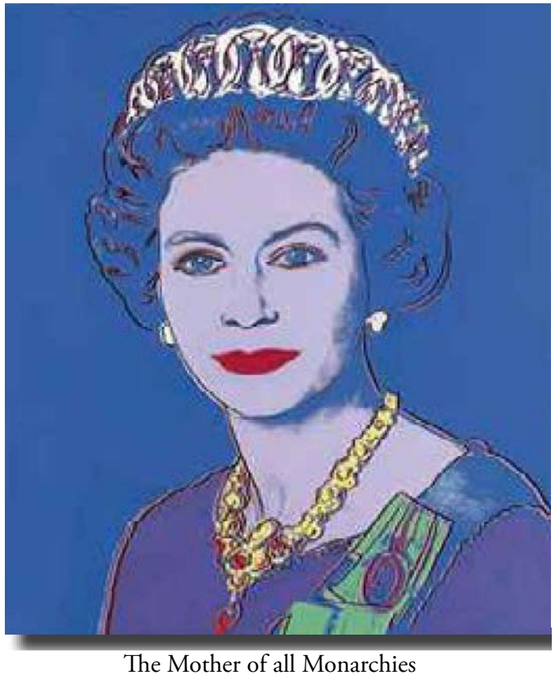
> In Europe the royalty and the aristocracy used to eat a lot better than the peasants—they weren't eating the same things at all. It was either partridge or porridge, and each class stuck to its own food. But when Queen Elizabeth came here and President Eisenhower bought her a hot dog I'm sure he felt confident that she couldn't have had delivered to Buckingham Palace a better hot dog than that one he bought her for

13 Styles of collecting Warhols are important in that they point to a pathological parataxis. Bob Colacello's *Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close Up* recounts such stories: "One day in 1974, Halston came to lunch and bought ten miniature Mao paintings, for about $2000 each" (260). Ultimately, Warhols are made for the shopaholic. They are meant to be consumed *en masse*, not singularly, each implying a series, each a series of seriations, each a call to action for this perverse mereology according to which there is no singularity, despite so many serrated edges.

14 *On Certainty* presents one paradigm for re-imagining the double negative: the wild tribe for whom the rules of combining minus signs differ from ours. *Remarks on the Philosophy of Mathematics* explores philosophical wonderment and its relation to the inexorable with regard to certain truisms of our mathematics (tow negatives make a positive, for example, or 2+2 = 4).

> maybe twenty cents at the ballpark. Because there *is* no better hot dog than a ballpark hot dog. Not for a dollar, not for ten dollars, not for a hundred thousand dollars could she get a better hot dog. She could get one for twenty cents and so could anybody else (*Philosophy*, 101).

In Warhol's world, pleasure is for everyone, not merely the well-to-do. La Dolce Vita can belong to Donna Summer, but it can also belong to an impoverished go-go boy dancing his heart out to "Hot Stuff." Buying the hype, Warhol envisions a global utopia promising cheap thrills via daily Bread and Circus. Consuming these products results in an odd variety of solidarity: after all, money really might be everything. And fame can certainly be bought — although it costs so little to savor, especially in the wake of the digital revolution we have presently all come to embrace, even if our nerves are dead to pleasure from some strange combination of Botox and overstimulation.



The Mother of all Monarchies
Queen Elizabeth II of the United Kingdom (1985)

Life Aboveground

As the fame of Warhol's iconic soup cans gains him entrée to an international world of prestige and privilege, the phonetic and onomastic texture of the proper name/rigid designator shifts, as does the social fabric of which such bodies is composed. Street names like the Sugar Plum Fairy and Rotten Rita, protagonists of *a, a novel*, give way to salon names like Happy Rockefeller, Honey Berlin, and Lady Bird Johnson, while metaphorical markers like the Duchess or the Mayor find themselves obviated in favor of literal designations (*real* Duchesses, *real* mayors). These new names clump together

magnetically, presenting a social configuration by which older orders find themselves sublated (Brigid Berlin's glamour passes to her mother, Honey). Bob Calocello reports one such collage in *Holy Terror*, as Warhol and his entourage attend a Marcos soirée at the Carlyle Hotel:

> Still being videotaped, we moved into the center of the sitting room and admired the view of Manhattan, Queens, *and* New Jersey, while noting the names on the cards attached to the flower arrangements set up on pedestals: Jerry and Betty Ford, Nelson and Happy Rockefeller, Henry and Nancy Kissinger, Hugh Carey, Abe and Mary Beame, David and Peggy Rockefeller, Dick and Honey Berlin…"Gee, Brigid's parents are really up there," said Andy. And after a beat, "Can you see my pimples in this bright light?" (272)

Intercontinental Sovereignty
Queen Ntombi Twala of Swaziland (1985)

Finally, Warhol is able to speak Edie Sedgwick's language, to articulate the names of the rich as an insider (think, for example, of Edie's attachment to a name like "Fou

Fou").[15]

Underground cinema stars—Taylor Mead, Joe Dallesandro, Ondine — are now succeeded by terrestrial, even arboreal cinema celebrities — Ali McGraw, Liza Minnelli, Sylvester Stallone. Similarly, the rock-n-roll star represented by Lou Reed or Nico pales in comparison with the disco star represented by Grace Jones or Debbie Harry. Though the alternate celeb does persist — Tinkerbelle, Divine, Victor Hugo, Crazy Matty — this creature no longer flies solo, having been reabsorbed into a more comprehensive social field. These fringe specimens spice up the bourgeois tales of the *Diaries*, mixing up social strata to produce collages in which unlikely souls find themselves juxtaposed: "Talked to Tinkerbelle and she was saying how she makes out with everybody she interviews, that she was making out with Christopher Walken and that his wife was getting upset. She said she cut her arm falling on the glass from a skylight — she's broken into a friend's apartment — she thought they had some drugs in there. I guess Tinkerbelle's really wild" (Saturday, December 23, 1978). No longer eminent in their own right, proper nouns like "Tinkerbelle" (another jumper, like Freddie Herko or Andrea Superstar) achieve value only by virtue of their contrast with the names of world and cultural leaders.[16] A name like Tinkerbelle points to primitive urban wildness; it tempers a name like Honey Berlin, whose whimsicality betrays an artisocratic and provincial excess.

What pulls Warhol away from revolution and toward counter-revolution is primarily his love of hierarchy. As I have stated in my other writings about Warhol, his deepest fascination is for the status quo: how things are, where people have ended up, how the world finds itself organized. The fact of existence intrigues Warhol, and so he seeks not to change

ShowTime *Page Six (November 26, 2014)*

that order as an existentialist might, but to enter and represent it (not, of course, without a healthy dose of irony, most of which takes irony as its object of subversion). Reigning queens and kings of every walk of life thus intrigue him, whether they rule a country (Imelda Marcos, the Shah of Iran), dominate a fashion scene (Diana Vreeland, Diane Von Furstenberg), or preside over a party scene (the DuPont twins, Dianne Brill). With commercial success, Warhol draws closer to the wealthy, whose commissions drive his business, and whose illumination lights the way for new aesthetic scandals directed primarily against a liberal avant-garde programmed to loathe the bourgeoisie: in the language of Systems Theory, he represents the moment at which the art system's internal dialogue with itself comes to a crisis point as "novelty" no longer becomes an adequate project for a postmodern object which has exhausted itself rebelling against a tradition categorized by mimesis, representation and the technical mastery of illusion.[17]

15 "Where's Fou Fou?" she asks at the famous 1965 Philadelphia ICA opening, searching for her debutante friends among fraternity boys, one of whom arrives dressed as a Mexican migrant worker (as reported in *Greater Philadelphia*, November 1965, 157). Fou Fou also appears in *Camp*.

16 Submerged within my discussion of "names" is the question of onomastogenesis, or how street names are created from birth names (for example, the production of Holly Woodlawn from Harold Azjenberg, Candy Darling from James Slattery Jr., or even Andy Warhol from Andrew Warhola). For psychoanalytic accounts of name-formation, see Žižek's discussion of the names "Lucky Luciano" and "Joseph Stalin" in *The Sublime Object of Ideology* (107-108).

17 Again, my systems-theoretical reference is to the work of Niklas Luhmaan, whose alternate account of the end of art involves art's having exhausted both the symbol and the sign, moving on to a standard of novelty according to which success and failure are judged. Warhol represents the end of the novelistic, in that he drains originality of any possible revolutionary content, essentially bankrupting the *Jetztzeit* by complicitizing it. See Luhmann's *Art as a Social System*, in particular the chapter "Self-Organization: Coding and Programming," in which he describes the emergence of the modern *objet* as self-programming and doubly entered.

Imelda's Parataxes *Philippine Daily Inquirer (October 12, 2014)*

While he begins his career immersed in the vortex of freaks and crazies epitomized by the early Factory, he ends it in the company of the eminent, the propertied, the monied, many of whom come off as no less insane the Factory crowd — as when, for example, Imelda Marcos entertains guests at her East 66th Steeet townhouse with her vocal stylings: "Imelda's gotten a little too fat, though, so if I did her picture I'd want to do it from the old days, when she was Miss Philippines in the pageant. She was being a hostess and she sang, later on after dinner she sang about twelve songs — 'Feelings,' and then that song from the war, you know, the oozy-doozy-bowsy-lowsy one. Oh, what is it? 'Mares Eat Oats.' Everybody said that once Imelda gets started partying you can't stop her, that she's always the last to leave, and it was true, she was going strong" (*Diaries*, Wednesday, October 3, 1984).

Compared with the behavior of a Warhol regular like Andrea Whips Feldman, Imelda becomes a character out of Max's Kansas City's back room:

> Her [Andrea's] big thing at Max's was to do "showtime", which basically involved getting up on a table and getting her tits out and acting like a lunatic. People would start off by yelling, "Andrea! Andrea Superstar! It's Showtime!" and she'd sit there sucking her thumb and saying in her little girl's voice, "Noooo…I don't wanna do showtime…" but they'd go "Come on, Andrea, you're a big star, you're bigger than any of them, you're at the top." And she'd start to say, "Yeah…I am at the top…I am a Superstar…" and her friends would be going. "Show us you're a star, Andrea!" So she'd jump up on the table and get her tits out and start yelling, "It's SHOW-TIME! It's SHOW-TIME! It don't rain on my parade! Everything's coming up roses, baby!"[18]

Extreme narcissists, Imelda Marcos and Andrea Feldman draw on personal reservoirs of generosity and exhibitionism to entertain their fans: they give the gift of themselves infinitely, oblivious to questions of talent or reception.

Read against Warhol's Superstars, Imelda thus comes off as a reject who has gone for the big time and made it — hence Warhol's put-down of Imelda as a "phony" (Colacello,

18 Jayne County relays this and other stories about Andrea Feldman's Showtime performances in her *Man Enough to be a Woman* (London: Serpent's Tail, 1995, 72-73). Holly Woodlawn also recounts Andrea's antics in her *A Low Life in High Heels* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1991); see especially the chapter "Madcap Mania at Max's Kansas City," 157-170. Feldman starred in the film *Trash* along with Holly, and battled Holy for top billing: "'Hey, shut the fuck up! Don't you know who I am? I'm Mrs. Andy Warhol. Now shut up!...This is Holly Woodlawn and she's in my new movie. Holly, I'm gonna make you a star, baby. I'm gonna make you a Superstar because I'm Andrea Whips Warhol'" (Woodlawn, 137). Feldman eventually became one of the famed Warhol suicides, jumping out a window in February 1972 with a Bible and "Happy Birthday Andy" note (Bourdon, 321-322) or rosary and can of Coca-Cola (Bockris, 269), depending upon which source is consulted. Like Freddy Herko and (later) Tinkerbelle, she defenestrates her way to freak fame.

274). As a consequence, the rarefied stratosphere of the jet setters becomes an involuted 60s Underground in which freaks achieve worldly success and assume positions of power: ultimately, stars are stars, each suffering from delusions of grandeur and omnipotence only some of which are rewarded with earthly wealth. When Imelda becomes the subject of a Filipino documentary and Warhol is invited to a private screening, the end result is indistinguishable from Warhol's earliest movies: "We all sat in the front row in the otherwise empty room and waited for the Chinese servants to figure out how to run the portable movie projector. 'Is this glamorous, Bob?' whispered Andy. 'I mean, here we are with the First Lady and the First Son and the First Daughter and the Mr. and Mrs. Ambassador and just us, nobody else. So it must be glamorous, right? But then they can't get the projector to work, and it's just like the screenings at the old Factory, right?'" (Colacello, 276). Yet beyond questions of technical inexpertise, even Imelda's film jives with the Warhol aesthetic of filming life as life: "The Filipino documentary turned out to be Imelda's home movies, with a voice-over narration by the same fellow who narrates golf tournaments on television, in a hushed and reverent whisper, describing in words the very same image that was on the screen, in case anyone was blind" (Colacello, 276). Taken as such, Imelda's documentary becomes a version of 1964's *Tarzan and Jane Regained… Sort of*, with Taylor Mead's voiceover finding an analogue in Imelda's deferential narrator. Like Warhol, she too mortifies the cinema. Even better: like so many of Warhol's famous junkies, she too never sleeps: "'You know,' said Imelda, 'I only need two hours of sleep a day. This is God's gift to me'" (Colacello, 274).

3,000 Pairs of Panties Are Not Enough

Along with Warhol, Imelda is a master of accumulation, acquiring Francis Bacon paintings and Bulgari diamonds one after the other in a presumably infinite series of material gains consonant with the grammatical technique of *parataxis*, or that type of coordination represented by all that the word "and" can concatenate in the endless series it generates: "The year before, she had electrified the art world by asking for prices at the Francis Bacon retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. When told that the Met paintings were not for sale but that there was a Bacon show on at the Marlborough Gallery, Imelda had immediately motorcaded down to 57th Street, and, the buzz was, snapped up twenty large canvases at $200,000 each. She was really bringing home the Bacon — and also, that same trip, according to a Bulgari associate, a million-dollar diamond" (Colacello, 270-271). Even after her being deposed, the shadows of that parataxis persist, as the popular press keeps vigilant track of the quantities she has managed to amass, and Warhol makes note: "In the *Times* it said that Imelda Marcos left 3,000 pairs of shoes in the Philippines. Maybe she *was* trash, I mean when I think about the type of people they were wining and dining. And they found porno in Marcos's room. It's like somebody went through your apartment and wrote about it *(laughs)* in *The New York Times*. 'This Is Your Apartment.' That's a good TV show.'" (*Diaries*, Sunday, March 9, 1986).

Beyond mere footwear, Imelda's underwear is also the subject of public (and Warholian) scrutiny: "And the Marcoses are still in the news. Now they've found 3,000 black panties. And it's funny to hear a congressman say, "Why did she need so many panties?" (*Diaries*, Sunday, March 16, 1986). Warhol is even confused for Imelda and

Ferdinand by Con Edison, which continues to send Warhol the Marcoses' bills: "And that's when I remembered that I'd actually been getting the Marcoses' Con Ed bills at my house, with a notice saying they were going to turn off the electricity if they didn't pay the bill. It's something about the way the address was written, it would always come to me at 57 East 66th and I opened them" (*Diaries*, Friday, December 11, 1981). Imelda's neighbor and acquisitional double, Warhol replaces older doppelgängers like Edie Sedgwick with fresher and even more troublesome ones.[19] The game of doubles launched by the work of Jean Paul and central to Romanticism is very much at work with these Warholian twins, who like all clones instill a sense of the uncanny into the heart of intersubjective reality, which we must admit is capable of reproduction for many different motives, not all of them savory.

Furthermore, as a dense spectacle in herself, Imelda (as well as the Shah and Empress of Iran) represents for Warhol the possibility of an infinitely multiplying commission. Economically, the magic of Guy Debord's concentrated spectacle (the figure of the Leader in totalitarian *régimes*) is precisely that its monopoly on representation makes it the only game in town; unlike the diffuse spectacle (the more promiscuous, imagistic chaos of capitalist cultures), the concentrated spectacle ensures its own multiplication through an eradication of the competition. As Colacello reports, Warhol courts Imelda as client and patron with the hopes that securing her commission might give him total control of her image back in the Philippines, as well as the images of her fellow autocratic friends and associates:

> And, unlike President Ford, or any other leader of a democratic nation, Imelda Marcos really could order up scores of her silk-screened likeness, for every cabinet member's office, governor's mansion, and ambassador's residence, fulfilling one of Andy's fondest fantasies: the single commission that miraculously multiplied ad infinitum. And then, wouldn't President Marcos want *his* portrait, too, to hang side by side with the First Lady's in every post office, train station, and national-bank branch in the land? And once the Marcoses set the trend for official portraits by Andy Warhol—so flattering, so easily reproduced—wouldn't the Pahlavis and the Saudis, Hassan and Hussein, the King and Queen of Thailand, all follow? And how about Imelda's new best friend, Mrs. Mao Tse-tung? (271).

All roads lead back to Mao, as Warhol, perhaps delusional, imagines his bloated images of the Communist superstar achieving a life outside irony (would Mao ever paper the rooms of his residence with Warhol's *pagliacco*-like rendition of him?). Like Imelda, the Shah and Empress of Iran also promise a lucrative bottom line: "Now is the time to pop the question about the Shah's portrait to Hoveyda. I mean, his face really lit up when the Empress said that, because it was his idea, so now he'll want to help us with the next one. Then there's the three kids, Bob. You could be on easy street, but you better hurry. You heard them yelling out there" (Colacello, 359).[20]

While Warhol never does secure Imelda's commission, which vaporizes along with her power, he does receive the green light to execute portraits of Shah Mohammed Riza

19 Being neighbors with Imelda comes as proof that Andy is up there: "The Cristina Ford lady was there, so grand, and Imelda was dancing with Van Cliburn. They were serving champagne like water. I heard that Imee Marcos is seeing Lupo Rattazzi again. Said goodnight to Mrs. Marcos. Then I walked home" (*Diaries*, Friday, December 11, 1981). That Warhol can walk home from a fête at the Marcoses', and that he can mention the detail without ado, marks him as royal in his own right.

20 Interacting with royals like the Shah necessitates the involvement of ambassadors and other middling figures—hence the presence of Fereydoun Hoveyda, Iran's ambassador to the United States. An ex-film critic, Hoveyda embraces Warhol both as go-between and peer, bringing his Iranian coterie the ultimate Western commodity, Warhol. Yet Hoveyda's relationship with Warhol is marked by tenderness, as when he is one 6 out of 400 invitees to attend Warhol's Shadows opening at the Dia on January 25, 1979: "Six out of 400: Truman Capote, the Eberstadts, Fereydoun Hoveyda, who just resigned as ambassador, and the Gilmans. So 394 of our best friends were no-shows." Although Hoveyda escapes the Ayatollah, his brother remains behind in Iran and is hanged by the new *régime* (see entries for Monday, April 9, 1979, Thursday, April 19, 1979, and Monday, May 7, 1979).

Pahlavi, Empress Farah, and the Shah's twin sister, Princess Ashraf. Operating at the fringes of respectability, Warhol makes dangerous friends of the Pahlavis. The popular press finds Warhol's attachment to the Shah's dynasty troublesome, epitomized by the headline chosen when his photograph with the Empress graces the cover of the *Village Voice*: "The Beautiful Butchers" (Colacello, 363). Balanced against commissions from, for example, Jimmy Carter and Miz Lillian, images like the Shah's, Empress' and Princess' make it clear that Warhol's sole focal point is fame itself, no matter in whom such a quality inheres (drag queens, socialites, presidents, dictators). In the final wash, positioning himself close to régimes like the Marcoses' or the Pahlavi's becomes a supreme example of Warhol's continual desire to situate himself near danger. The imminent peril of a political debacle or insurgence entices Warhol, who never tires of living on the brink of disaster. The charm of Imelda and the Shah is their soon-to-be evanescence — a charm not without its financial liabilities, as when the collapse of Pahlavi rule results in the Shah's inability to pay for portraits of himself and his family (according to Colacello, Warhol loses $95,000 out of a promised $190,000). The spectre of revolution looms throughout Diary entries, as when Warhol attends a luncheon in honor of Empress Farah: "Bob and I cabbed to the Pierre Hotel for lunch in honor of the empress of Iran. There were demonstrators out front and it was scary, they wore masks, but they were Iranians, you could tell, because their hands were dark…The queen was reading a prepared speech and it was going along okay, and then a woman in a green dress in the press section stood up and screamed, 'Lies, lies, you liar!' and they dragged her out" (Thursday, July 7, 1977).

Dangers such as these strike even closer to home, as when Warhol's Iranian connection earns him a bomb threat on May 1978, and his plans to attend *soirées* at Fiorucci, MoMA, and Xenon cause nerves to soar (Colacello, 366). When finally asked by Empress Farah to do her portrait, Warhol betrays the precariousness of the situation: "'Really?' said Andy, eyes bright, voice brighter. 'Let's go there right away and do it.' Then he lowered his voice and muttered to me, 'Before something happens'" (Colacello, 285). Like his shooting by Valerie Solanas on June 3, 1968, the threat (or actualization) of physical violence marks Warhol as famous: for to be known requires a certain violence. Only somebodies receive such attention; nobodies fade unnoticed into an extra-media oblivion. Keenly aware of death's glamour, Warhol never strays from its force field. Risky, the Marcoses and the Pahlavis reproduce the dangers of a Solanas, a Tinkerbelle, or a Sedgwick: they too might go up in smoke, dragging Warhol along with them. Their volatility pulses through Warhol's veins as he teeters on royalty's abyss in a country devoid of the monarchic vestige yet craving visualizations of foreign hegemonies. Without this teetering, there is no Warhol. Embracing the counter-revolution, Warhol, always a risk-taker, walks a path fraught with peril from all sides: that is, if there are sides at all (we might not be dealing with *n-gons* anymore). Here, Derridean questions of an inside and an outside seem not to carry the force of autopoietic ones about system and environment, as we part company with artificial partitions and enter the incandescent space that is fame's white on white. The field is either empty or full: we must resuscitate 17th-century debates about the continuum and the vacuum to make any determination at all, which is perfectly fine, for what is postmodernism, but an endless loop of retrospection that somehow gains futurity, almost counterproductively and against its intentions? We have not yet met the Kardashians, and yet they are coming.

Fatally Farah

Queen Farah and Andy Warhol *(1977)*

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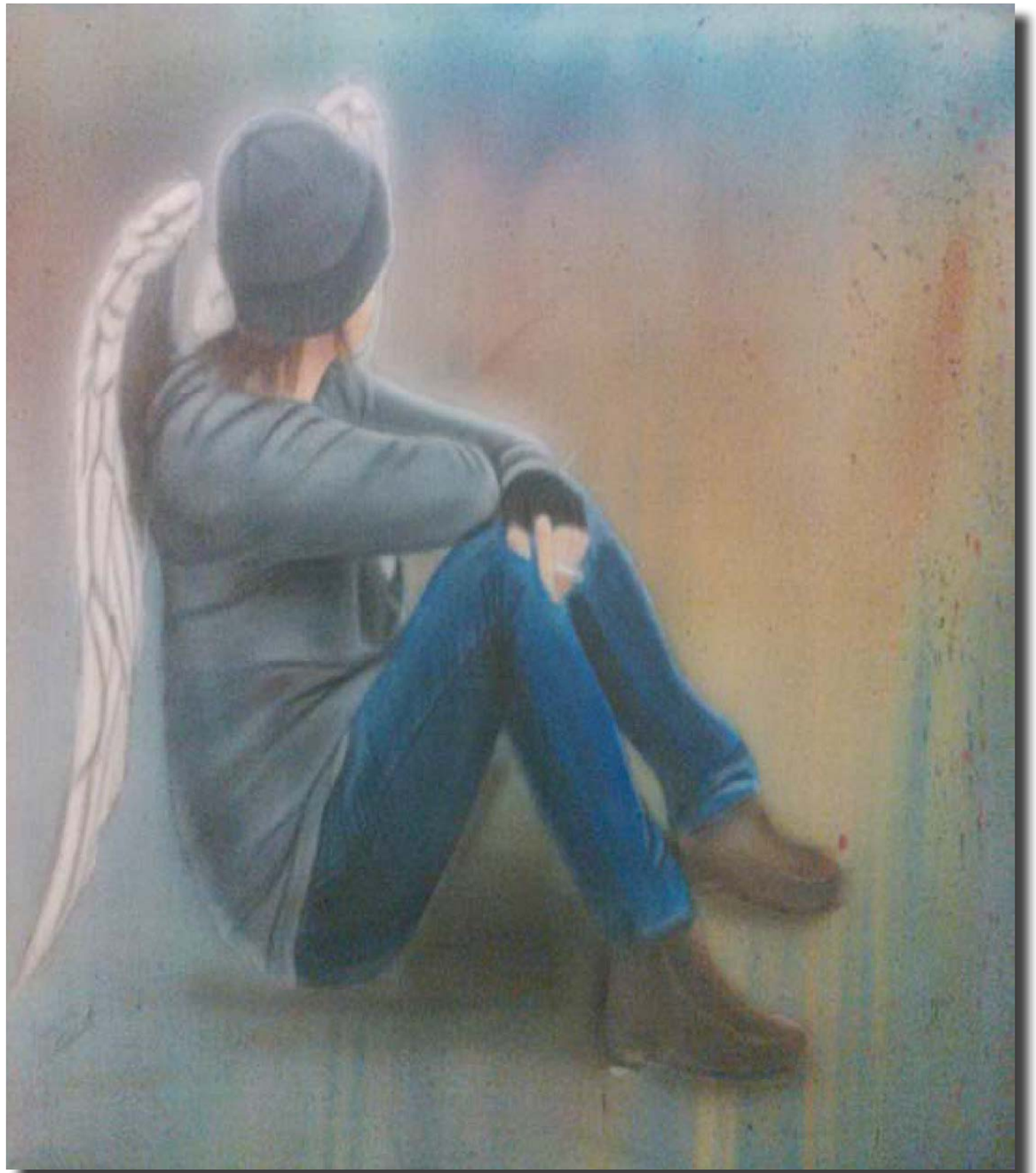


Terrence Wastesicoot
Still An Angel
Acrylic
48 in x 36 in

Riverrain

by Maya Kesrouany

He would walk a little on the pier that afternoon, in his usual silence and the stern look of almost defeat pleated into his eyelids.

You could tell, too, if you just looked at him, that that was a familiar look, well on him, that is. He walked for about four hours, told me a year later that he got to the south end of the city and didn't realize it for a second, that his eyes would stay open the whole time, he couldn't even blink as the cold winter wind left the waves just to slap the surface of his pupils. He told me his eyes stayed open for four hours and that the sun was nowhere to be seen and that he walked and walked and walked.

He never told me why he started that walk, but I knew how he wanted to end it. He had tried for years to be aware of where his feet would take him – these random strolls were a habit of his, you see, and sometimes they lasted a couple of days. He would forget to tell us where he was going because he simply never knew he was going anywhere at all. The first 20 times we looked everywhere, solicited the vigilant eyes and ears of everyone we knew, but the 21st time seemed a little hackneyed and we did not want to be crying wolf anymore, so we let him do it, let him go on his strolls, and sure enough, he always found his way to us when his feet gave up on him.

But that afternoon, he told me a year later, something felt different: he said he could feel the drops of wave-water lashing against his pupils.

"They were almost gentle, too. I was surprised. But there they were, sliding down the inside of my eye and tumbling down my cheeks. Not exactly like tears, but just as salty." Later he would tell me that his eyes felt moist and comfortable, that his pupils were swimming around in the white bloodshot canvas, softening the color palette. And that he was pleased with the feeling. He would write about his feeling of pleasure, momentarily true, he would add, certainly there, and real, very, very real.

On his walk over the bridge, he ran into the newspaperman, the one who had been handing him the daily paper through his car window for the last 23 years, always in the same spot and always at the exact same time. "Today the rain will come finally, so you best get going."

"They said it would rain last night too and it didn't. Why would it do it now?"

"Well, don't stay out in the rain."

She drove home a little earlier that afternoon, having got the call that is. Parked her car in the usual spot almost by the neighbor's oversized tree – she had asked him several times to have it trimmed at least, living in the city with such oversized greens would not do when you had children and groceries and power cuts. She called the mayor and everything, then realized this was one of the battles she was never going to win so she let it go and decided to focus on her wandering husband. Rushing up the stairs not nearly frantically enough, she opened the door and looked at my face, put the grocery bag down, and said she had to wash her face, that it had been a long day and the traffic, as it always is, was unbearable.

My face stood there, waiting for hers to return.

When she came back a few minutes later, she started telling me about an article she had read that morning, about the oldest woman in the world, who had lived to be 115 years and who was being studied now. She said the scientists had a good feeling they would find the secret to self-rejuvenating life in the dead woman's bloodstream, or cells she said. She didn't mention him at all, but talked endlessly about the secret to a longer life and the miracle of being and all that. She believed in God, and kept waiting for scientific and not just Church miracles, and today she had come across one and it would distract her from the wandering, the aimless city jetting, until she sat down and closed her eyes.

He was on the back of her eyelids too.

By then, it was dark and we decided we would have to go looking for him.

"Is your jacket on?"

"Yes."

"Close it."

"Yes."

"And the shawl, wrap that around your ears."

"Yes."

"Alright we're good to go."

And we started driving on what seemed to be the longest night of not-yet-but-almost rain. As she focused on the road, I looked out for the promised torrents, thinking the whole time that he has a slight tear in his left shoe and the rain was coming. Momentarily, I would close my eyes so I could see his face, and there it was right where it always was, and then eyes open, I would rummage through the faces on the pavements and in the streets, squinting now and again.

She noticed the recurring squints from the corner of her eye as she watched me without watching me, a skill mothers develop in a day. She also tried to crack a smile, something felt desperate in the folds of her face that evening, something felt creased. And it wasn't a wrinkle. Everyone always talked about her tight skin, youthful looks, soft eyes. She truly was remarkable, steady, beautiful.

We drove for what seemed like days, tedious hours in the dark corners of the city that was used to its own dark when its people never were. Every once in a while, another car would show up on the street and the rain was definitely coming. We knew now that we could feel tired and restless and we could want to give up, but we wouldn't and we would drive around until we found him.

"Do you think you'd leave us one day? When you're done with school? Would you go?"

She asked me in the calmest voice I had ever heard in my life. There was so much peace in those words, so much resignation to the darkness outside that was suddenly making its way into her family, her little unit that she'd kept steady for years.

"At some point I guess. Strange question for 3 a.m. in the morning. Are you worried I won't come back?"

"Oh no n o." She shrugged and her entire face broke into the sweetest smile she had ever put on. "I know you will come back. I want you to know it's alright to leave. When your father started going on his walks."

The quiver in her voice told me the calm was definitely momentary and now long gone. She had to draw in a breath, like she hadn't drawn one since the first time he went on his walk. Something was different about her face tonight.

"It was because he needed to leave sometimes. And I didn't understand that much but then over the years, I started to get it. And I wished he would take me with him, but I guess I understood that would be the opposite of what he wanted. He was never a poetic man, you see, this was not about some romantic stroll. He was anxious – you couldn't see it unless you shared a bedroom with him for years. He wouldn't breathe well at night. And the walks, they helped him breathe."

Then there was the longest stretch of silence my mother and I had ever experienced. The rolling tires drowned some of it, but it was a hectic silence, anxious about what it was repressing, anxious like he was, now I knew, and from that night on the silence at home would always be an anxious one. We thought it was fitting that even the silence would reflect some of his presence or absence. It was one way the walls paid tribute to the man of the house.

After some time, we saw a shadow in the distance, leaning over the edge of the highway,

blowing smoke into the cold morning air. We weren't sure at first, but soon enough the curve of the back, the stained hair, the shirt we had bought him last summer, there it was, there he was, the calmest I had ever seen him, watching the rings of smoke, breathing, slow.

We parked some feet away and watched him, she and I watched him like our own breath depended on those smoky puffs. When he drew on the cigarette, we held our breath and when he released the rings, we breathed out. Anxious silence.

Her slender fingers fetched mine, cold and rough, and trapped three of them in a circle. We didn't look at each other and we didn't say anything. It was almost understood that we were in the presence of a moment that we would never make our peace with, a moment we would never comprehend, and that we were complicit in the testimony to the resilience of that moment, to the side of his face that was completely unaware of our presence and to the calm on his mouth that was entirely alien to us.

We watched him for a while, almost holding hands, in a naked silence that released its anxiety through his nostrils, and now was just naked, empty, like the shades of the morning light falling through the cracked driver seat's window on her unkempt hair.

We were shaken from our stupor by the rain coming down in harsh rebuke, scolding us for just sitting there. We always just sat there. She ran out of the car and grabbed his hand, the one with the drenched cigarette, told him in a hurry that I was in the car and that we were going to take him home. He looked at her like he had only seen her once before, like she was someone he was looking for after a first encounter and was so happy to have finally found again, and his mouth fell into an easy smile. Hers a difficult one.

He said in his letter that he knew eventually he would stumble on the river, that he was following its grumbles and heavy breath for miles and so he always knew where he was going, even when he didn't. He said that he had something to find in the river and at around 5 a.m. that morning when we found him, he had found it.

For the many years that followed his last walk, we never talked about it. I did leave them, and she stayed, waiting for me to come back, he waiting for the whisper from the river to come to him in some final moment of release. He kept to himself after that walk, mostly nodding in answer to her questions, smiling at her, sometimes caressing a loose strand of her hair, and almost always looking into her eyes. But he didn't say much.

She made up for his silence, and spent her days talking to him, to her neighbors, to the passers-by, to her co-workers, to me. Even when I wasn't there – she made me tapes, one a day of her rambling thoughts that she insisted echoed the rambling of the river that muted her husband's voice. And she wrote me letters, one every week, then emails when she figured out they'd get there faster even if they took her longer to put together. He would sit next to her, she said, on his own chair and look at the screen with a somber smile on his face, and she would describe the days to me, the sounds of the birds outside, the new plants, the new seeds they found at the nearby local market, the new neighbors, the scandals, the silence. She talked mostly about the silence, describing it poetically as the loudest noise. She said when she wrote that, his face beamed at her and he nodded in approval. She said she didn't know who he was anymore but that he kept her company.

That he enjoyed the garden.

The fresh scent of cucumbers.

The smell of the neighbors' laundry whipping through his bored nostrils.

She never knew he was writing a letter too, in secret, and with his characteristic patience. He wrote three words a day after we found him smoking a cigarette and listening to the river rapping relentlessly on the city's dirty shores. Three words a day, and he never forgot, never missed a day, always found the perfect moment, always wrote it down. Three years later we had 6935 words, handwritten in perfect calligraphy, with every daily output dated and signed.

I found the letter one summer when I came home to stay a month with her after he passed. She'd been writing so much she had stacks of letters and papers and notes all around the house, in a perfect order that made sense only to her.

"I find it makes sense to me when I write it down. He makes sense to me, you do too, the house, the flowers."

"That's good then, keep doing it, maybe we can put it together, one day, all of it, and we can make sense of it together, once and for all. Make sense of the walks and the silence. Do you think we could?"

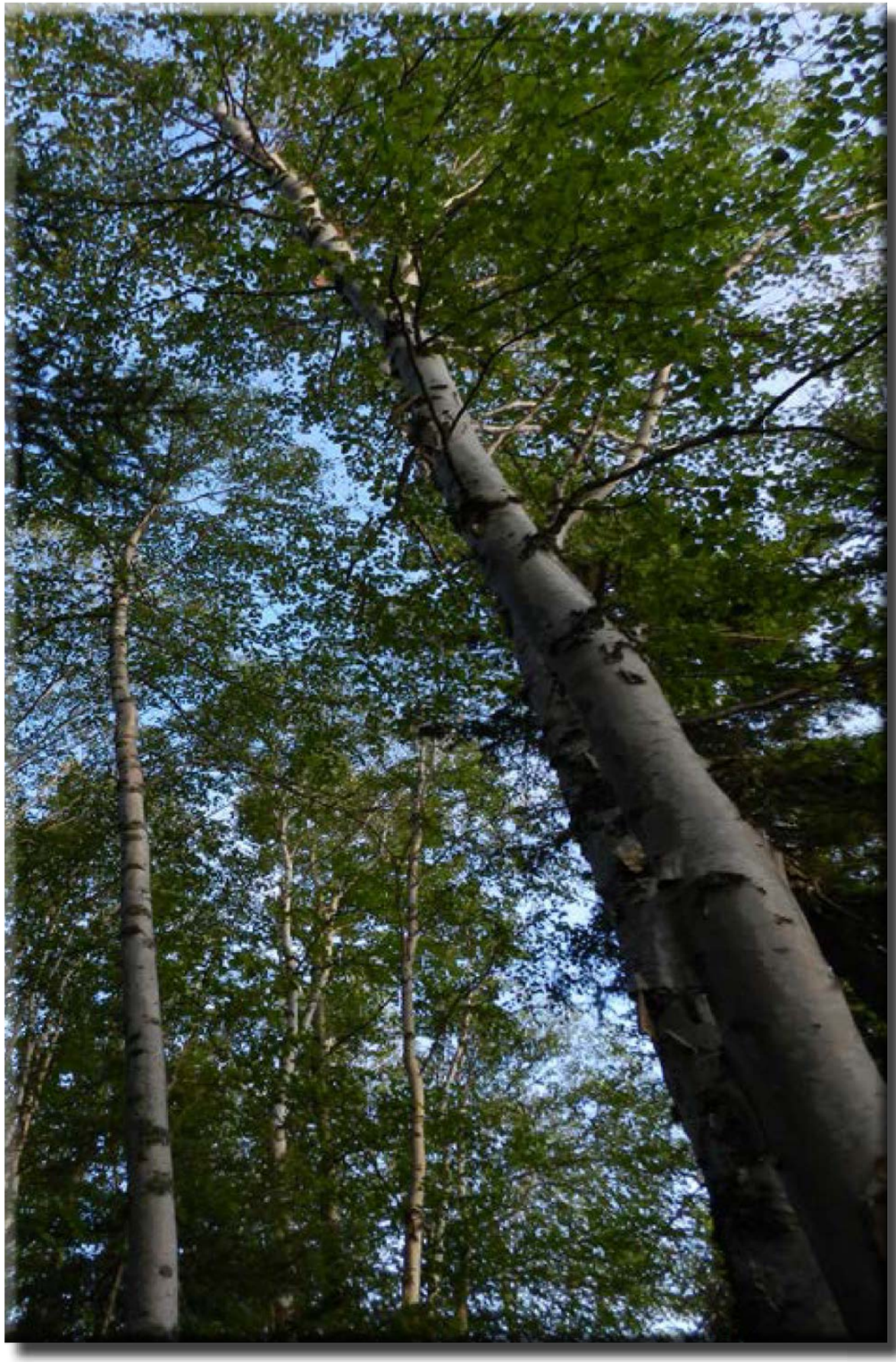
She smiled in one of the very rare moments when silence was able to win her over, when it was momentarily louder than the words in her head. And tapped her fingers on mine, like she used to do on our long drives looking for him.

The next morning I found his letter. He had kept it almost hidden, stacked away between the papers on her writing desk. Smart man that he was, he knew she would never look there, and even if she did, she would not see it, she would not expect that he would have left his own words near hers, the possibility of that exchange had never occurred to her. Never seemed possible.

I recognized the handwriting through the sealed envelope. It was too designed to be hers. Too perfect around the edges, too clean. The letters, much like my father, stood each on its own, in a premeditated maze that made sense inasmuch as it resembled random drops of riverrain. Salty as he had claimed, although riverrain was always sweet before him.

I read the letter about 15 times before I placed it back in the envelope and put it on her desk, cleverly camouflaged again amidst the stacked piles of her words. And I never told her it was there or what was in it. He would have wanted her to find it on her own. That I knew for sure. When I left her that afternoon, I gave her the longest embrace I had ever given her. Pressed my arms around her so hard it made her cough and smile, smile and cough. I knew she thought it was strange, my sudden burst of unrequested affection, as she fidgeted under the unexpected strength of the circle I trapped her in, but she said nothing. Then I drove away and waited for her to call me one day to talk about the letter. She never did.

A few years later, when she passed away and I went back to the house, the letter was still there, on her desk, in the same place I had left it, slightly more open, with water stains on its edges. Riverrain. She had finally found it.



THIS GREEN PHOTO: ANNE JEVNE

JOHN BUTLER

Kim Namcheon, *Scenes from the Enlightenment: A Novel of Manners.* Charles La Shure, Tr. Champaign: Dalkey Archive Press, 2014.

Displacement and hope in Korea

This is the second book I have ever reviewed by an author who suffered execution for his writing, the first one being the Philippine writer José Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere*, who faced a firing squad in 1896. Like Rizal before him, Kim Namcheon (1911-1953) found himself on the wrong side of the authorities because of his writings; in 1953, he was "purged" by the new North Korean government along with other former members of the Korean Artists Proletarian Federation, an organisation to which Kim had belonged under the Japanese occupation of Korea. He had already been arrested by the Japanese twice, and the Federation had been disbanded by them in 1935. After the Second World War, Kim, now a full-time journalist and critic, appears to have supported the North Korean communists, as he served in the Supreme People's Assembly, but after the Korean War his ideological masters changed, and the results were, for Kim, ultimately tragic.

It is rare to read a book written by a North Korean, but as the work was published in 1939 it can hardly be termed a novel of the North, as Korea was still united, albeit under Japanese rule. The Japanese had moved into Korea insidiously, beginning in the 1890's when they engineered the assassination of the nationalistic Queen Min and had tried to bully King Kojong into ceding them quasi-colonialist

power. The king responded by declaring himself emperor and making every effort to peacefully resist Japanese encroachment; he was eventually forced to abdicate, as was his rather weak son, Sunjong, and the Korean Empire more or less petered out when the latter abdicated in 1910, the year before Kim was born. He thus entered the world as Japan started to formally consolidate its power on his hapless country, and so, as Charles La Shure's introduction explains, "Kim spent most of his life as a citizen of the Japanese Empire, a native of a land that no longer existed."

The novel is about transition, and was originally entitled *Taeha*, which Professor La Shure tells us means "great river;" indeed, there are many references in the book to the River Biryu, which perhaps, as rivers often do, serves as a symbol of life. As Heraclitus famously pointed out, "you can never put your foot twice into the same river," and the Biryu flows inexorably on as the lives of the characters change, visually representing "the author's desire to produce a family chronicle of grand scope," as professor La Shure writes, "not unlike a roman-fleuve." This may be a quibble, but when I hear the term 'roman-fleuve" I think of Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*, a massive production of seven volumes and three thousand pages; *Scenes from the Enlightenment* is one volume and three hundred and fifty-two pages. What it does share with the roman-fleuve genre is that it spans a considerable amount of time and traces a transition in the social structure through the study of one or two families or groups. Perhaps Professor La Shure retitled the book based on some short stories which featured the same characters because he felt that it was closer to the "novel of manners" written by such familiar figures (to us) as Jane Austen, smaller productions, but ones which feature generational and social shifts portrayed with a sometimes not-so gentle irony.

Kim sets his story back in time, just before the fall of Sunjong's erstwhile empire; Kim does not tell us the exact year, but we know it was after the Russo-Japanese War (1905) and perhaps a few months before the formal end of Korea as an independent state in 1910. The changes undergone by the characters in the book had, in fact, been taking place for some time, and so the exact time-frame becomes less relevant

Japanese infantry during the occupation of Seoul, Korea, 1904

than the nature of the social and ideological changes. Korea had been for centuries a country which followed a Confucian philosophy with its strict insistence on hierarchies and such ethical concepts as absolute filial piety from one generation to another. Money was taking the place of family lineage and social status as a basis for power, which meant that the people on the margins perceived the possibilities that might be extended to them if they could achieve a more socially egalitarian system. Thus Kim presents readers with two opposing characters, Bak Rigyun, who claims aristocratic ancestry, and Bak Seonggwon, the self-made businessman, who ironically shares the same surname and claims the same ancestry, however distant. Bak Rigyun and his brother measure their worth in terms of what their family once *was*; Bak Seonggwon, "a fearsome and ruthless moneylender," bases his on what he is *now.* Bak Seonggwon is known as "Assistant Curator Bak," which is described as "a respectful title," but Bak Rigyun scoffs that this "is just an empty title bought with money, a bought title!" Pitifully he tries to preserve the old family monument situated just outside the ironically-named Visiting Immortal Gate, "as it stood there awaiting its own demise—just like their hollow boasting that they were *yangban* [Korean nobility]," but that would take money, which Bak Rigyun hasn't got.

Bak Seonggwon, the

modern man who yet rejoices in old family pretensions and titles which he cannot discard, demonstrates a typical schizophrenia when his son gets married; he asks a "traditional" schoolmaster, Gu, to head up the groom's wedding procession, but he has one of the "enlightened" members of the community, his brother-in-law Choe Gwansul, serve as what we would term "groom's man." He is thus making some attempt to reconcile the old and new, but the result is hilarious; Gwansul has a moustache which he likes to twirl and carries a "new-style cane," which he finds difficult to wield whilst riding on the traditional mule in the procession. He also refuses to wear "a respectable horsehair hat, like Schoolmaster Gu," preferring a Western-style flat cap, sports "new-style glasses that rubbed his nose sore," as well as Western socks which some gawking children declare are "made of leather." The serious undertone to all this is that Bak Seonggyon, for all his modernity, cannot quite abandon Confucian customs and rituals, nor can even he, with his economic clout, escape entirely from tradition; he needs that title, bought or not, to fully maintain his respect in the community. When he becomes Vice-President of the athletics meet at the school, which is part of the traditional Dano Festival still celebrated in Korea today, he regains that respect. But modern life creeps in. Two boys cut their hair

The Dano Festival today.

and comb it Western-style; the Japanese storekeeper imports box after box of exotic western goods, and when a bicycle appears in the village everyone wants to ride it, and some are content merely looking at it and marvelling.

The novel also contains a love-plot, which, in contrast to the humorous treatment that Kim gives to the social aspects of the story, those which indeed make it a novel of manners, has a tragic outcome. Korean society during the time in which Kim's novel is set was very patriarchal, with women, especially younger ones, treated as mere chattels. This is not so say that they were necessarily ill-treated on an individual basis (there are, at least, no wife-beaters in Kim's novel), but wealthier men have concubines, and those who own land or employ people seem to take upon themselves a Korean version of *droit de seigneur*, in which a social inferior's wife may be treated as fair game when the husband isn't around. This happens in the case of one of Bak Seonggyon's sons, although we are told that the woman, although little more than a mere servant, chafes at her arranged marriage. Kim allows the woman to express her misgivings both about her marriage and her "master's" son's advances, and the outcome is tragic.

Kim's novel gives readers a good idea of what it must have been like to live on the cusp of transition from a Confucian, almost feudal society to a modern one, and how difficult it must have been for people to make compromises between the new and the old. The gently satirical passages poke fun at such things as hats and hair-styles, but these are outward expressions of something more profound and unsettling. Bicycles don't seem that big a matter for us now, but what must it have been like for people who had never seen one or who had never experienced riding one? Behind the hats, clothing and bicycles comes the whole mechanism of westernisation, and with the surface changes comes a shift in consciousness which will never go back to what it once was. Kim has amply succeeded in conveying this sense of displacement mixed with hope. And we know, from the vantage-point of the twenty-first century, what happened to the northern part of Korea a few decades later.

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SUE MATHESON

Leya, Ella. ***The Orphan Sky.*** **Naperville, Illinois: Sourcebooks Inc., 2015. 355 pp.**

A great translation of Haddad's Mujnun Layla

Born in 1948, Qassim Haddad is a Bahraini poet who has published more than twenty collections of poetry and prose. Displaying and developing innovative trends in Arabic poetry since the Second World War, his poetry explores Arab heritage while being committed to a progressive, modern prospective. No exception to this rule, this text, the *Chronicles of Majnun Layla & Selected Poems,* visits and rewrites the historical legend of Qays which originated in the seventh century.

Haddad's treatments of the Madman of Layla, the story of a lover so enormored that he was named after his beloved, must have been an enormous challenge for its translators, Ferial Ghazoul (a critic, professor and chair of the Department of English and Comparative Literature at the American University in Cairo) and John Verlenden (who began teaching at the American University Cairo in 1993). Sound and sense in Haddad's poetry not only had to be considered simultaneously when they translated his collection of Manjun Layla—the tones and ambiguitites of the Arabic translated into the English also had to be embedded in as the different versions of original story on which Haddad's work rests were subverted. As Haddad himself points out in the epigraph, this is a work in which the writer "is not enslaved by forms; he creates and betrays forms simultaneously."

Aptly, Ghazoul and Verlenden's "Introduction" comments that Haddad's strategy when composing his narrative is "that of a palimpsest": he does not "scrape off the earlier texts." (12). Rather, Haddad "superimposes his own on them, producing partly an erasure and partly a dialogue with the earlier text in its many variants" (120).

With this in mind, it is impossible not to notice how multi-layered *and* multi-faceted Ghazoul and Verlenden's translation of Haddad's work is, being at its base a translation of a translation. Haddad's own version of *Manjun Layla* is itself a modern adaptation of Qays' tale that eroticizes the old story while conveying the emotional timbre and textures of its antecedent(s). Haddad's approach to the legend creates interesting contradictions out of a dialectic generated between the past and the present which rings true for both Arabic and Western readers. It is not surprising that Ghazoul and Verlenden's sensitive and senuous treatment of Haddad's *Chonicles of Majnun Layla & Selected Poems* was awarded the King Fahd Centre for Middle East Studies Translation of Arabic Literature Award in 2013. We are indeed fortunate that Syracruse Press published their work in its *Middle East Literature in Translation* series.

A handsome softback showcasing Dia Azzawi's illustration of Mahnun Layla, Qassim Haddad's *Chronicles of Majnun Layla & Selected Poems* casts the traditionally Platonic story of the star-crossed lovers, Qays of the tribe of Banu 'Amir of Arabia and his beloved Layla in an unusual, passisonate plot that departs from tribal conventions. In previous versions of the lovers' legend,

Qays' infatuation for Layla is unrequited. Not permitted to wed the object of his affections, he is driven insane by his passion. Known as Majnun (madman), he breaks with the patriarchal conventions of his tribe by making his emotions known in his poetry, retreating to the wilderness and living in self-exile until his death.

In this updated version of the legend, Haddad relocates the source of Qays' insanity.--Qays and Layla's love is requited (many times and in many ways) although they are not allowed to marry and she is wed to another. Love itself, not the denial of its sensual fulfillment, is revealed to be the root of the lover's insanity.

Aptly, Haddad's Layla is not the helpless kept daughter of tradition, but, as Ghazoul and Verlenden point out, " a daring, articulate woman who dismisses the worn-out customs of her people" (11). But however modern their relationship seems to be, the lovers find themselves unable to transcend the forces of their traditional culture. In the end, Qays, the lover/poet, is found in

the wilderness, murdered by love in a shocking image of a she-gazelle drinking his blood while she shades "his body from midday's solar immensity" (73).

As Haddad's speaker notes, in the poems of the *Chronicles,* love has many doors that Qays crosses while the rest of us linger at their thresholds. Generally those who experience the cravings of love are able to return from the experience, but the reader who travels with Quays , like him, may find it impossible to do so after putting this book down. This version of Majnun Layla is not for the squeamish or weak-hearted. Erotic images of self-immolation and self-devouring are plentiful. Suffering from thirst, the lover tastes the sweetness of his beloved's presence. Wolves appear to devour gazelles. Bodies become cups and carafes from which lovers drink. Qays discovers that love is a hunger that cannot be satisfied and a state in which the lover can never find rest. In short, love is a "malady without cure" (61), which guided Qays to "the waters of ruin" (75).

Of course, Qays' discovery is one which is universal. Many poets in many cultures have written about this experience. Interestingly, Haddad evokes and dismantles this subject in a work of ironic intertextuality. Layla is not only a woman but also a "djinn selecting a slain man" (21). The Muse of the slain, the beloved consecrates and drives her lover insane. Singing of her beauty, the poet exaggerates his death. In Haddad's verse, *le petit mort* becomes *un grand aventure.*

If Qays' excesses and madness become too excessive, the collection of poems in the second half of this volume offer a welcome relief to the reader. "Selected Poems" contains an assortment of 27 lyrics (short and long) that act as a counterpoint to Qayss tragedy. These poems also explore the nature of love. Haddad's choices here are illuminating, being examples of lovers drawn from history, religion, fiction, and philosophy.. Compact poems like "Genesis" [Quivering, this earth / Where can I put down my foot?" (95)] and "History" Vol. 1:435 [Those who were: were once" (92)] rub shoulders with longer, euqally powerful, works like "Tell Us, O Scheherezade," "Adventure," and "Catalog of Suffering (Selections)." When read together, these poems provide a context for the poet/lover and his excesses, providing a perspective that the infatuated, unlucky Qays could not enjoy.

If you are acquainted with the *Mujnan Layla*, are interested in Arabic culture, like Eric Clapton's music, or follow Qassim Haddad's works, then Ghazoul and Verlenden's translation of the *Chronicles of Majnun Layla & Selected Poems* is a book to buy and enjoy. If you have not encountered Arabic poetry, are new to the study of Middle Eastern legends or just want to broaden your horizons, you should also buy this book. It is a compelling introduction to the literature and culture of the Arab world. In 2001, Haddad received the prestigious poetry prize awarded by the Owais Foundation for distinguished life achievement. As Ghazoul and Verlenden's assert that he is the best poet in the Arabian Gulf and one of the best in the Arab world today. For Western readers, this book is an excellent introduction to Haddad and his culture that has been recently been over-simplified and misunderstood in the Western media.

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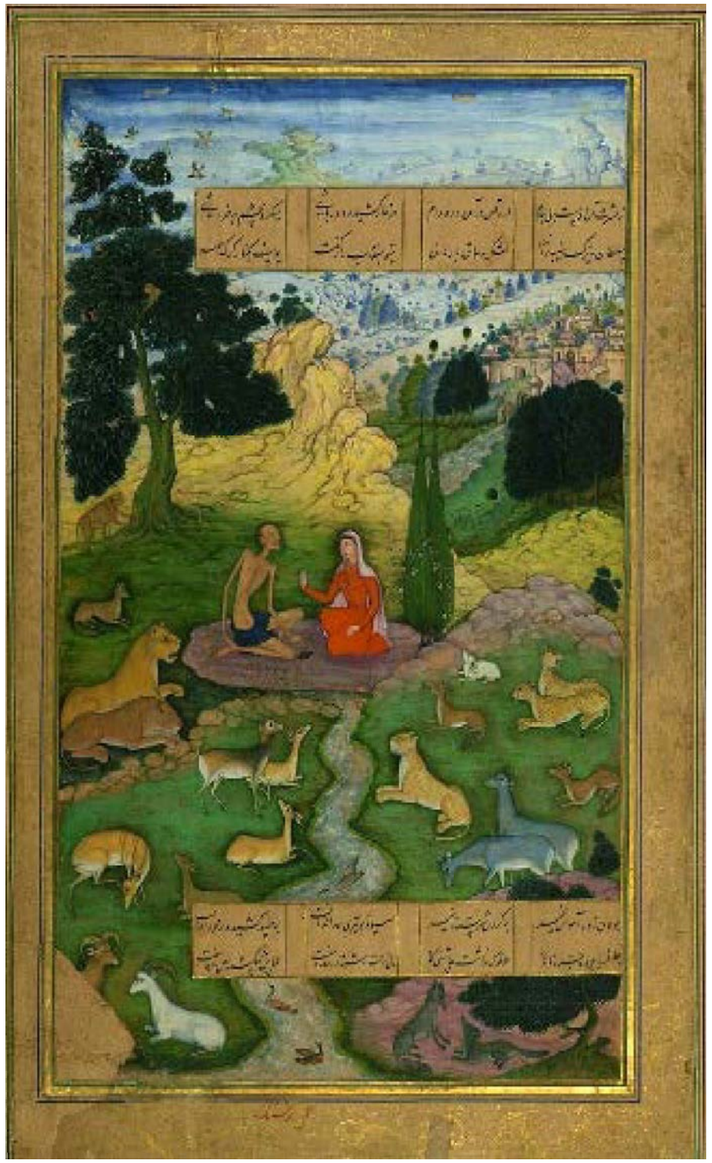

A Mughal Miniature of Qays and Layla in the wilderness.

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call for papers

The *quint's* twenty eigth 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 August 2015—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

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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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