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What Verdict Would a Buddhist Juror Render in the Zacarias Moussaoui Case?

Shaun Randol
p 16-21

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MESSIANIC POLITICS

Justin Feng
p 51-57

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WHAT WERE THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT INFLUENCED THE
DEVELOPMENTS IN THE ROLE OF THE DA'WA?

ISMA'ILI DA'WA IN FATIMID EGYPT

Hatim Mahamid

Page 1-15

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Content

- i** Note on contributors
- 1** **Isma‘ili Da‘wa and Politics in Fatimid Egypt.**
Hatim Mahamid
- 16** **What Verdict Would a Buddhist Juror Render in the Zacarias Moussaoui Case?**
Shaun Randol
- 22** **Cry Babies Challenging the Feminist Myths.**
Ayse Naz Bulamur
- 39** **Swinging Through Spheres: Jazz, Gender, and Mobility.**
Steph Ceraso
- 47** **Cosmopolitan multilingualism**
Guido Monte
- 51** **Messianic Politics.**
Justin Feng
- 58** **Rethinking Identity: The Coloniser in E. M. Forster’s *A Passage to India*.**
Ahmad M.S. Abu Baker
- 71** **Re-imagining Healing after Trauma: Leslie Marmon Silko and Judith Butler Writing against the War of Cultures.**
Sophie Croisy
- 87** **AHA* n.3: gwyrlen (garland)**
Guido Monte
- 88** **Mayflower.**
Thomas Aiello
- 94** **Kate Bush: Performing and Creating Queer Subjectivities on *Lionheart*.**
Debi Withers
- 109** **The Patron Saint of Broken Glass.**
Cathryn Molloy
- 118** **Expostulations Concerning the Unity of the Self: Double Consciousness, Dual Perspective and Why Bother with all That?**
Semra Somersan
- 136** **Intellectuals: a Story from Enlightenment to the Modern World.**
Reyhan Atasü Topçuoğlu
- 145** **Polyphony in Miguel Barnet’s *Biografía de un cimarrón*.**
BioDun J. Ogundayo
- 157** **In the Light of Scarry’s *On Beauty and Being Just*: Reading a Post-Modern Iraqi Painting into Perspective.**
Zaid N. Mahir
- 167** **Deconstructing the Narrative: Language, Genre, and Experience in *Erasure*.**
Kimberly Eaton
- 178** **Bet you didn’t know your PC could be a **Zombie**.**
Andrew Ockrim

Note on contributors

Ahmad M.S. Abu Baker

An assistant professor in the English Department at Al al-Bayt University/Jordan since 2003, Ahmad Abu Baker received his Doctorate from Murdoch University in Western Australia in Colonial and Postcolonial literatures. He has designed and taught in several courses including: Short Story, The Novel, The Modern Novel, American Literature, Shakespeare, Comparative & World Literature, Literary Criticism, Literary Selections and Modern Drama. In “Re-thinking Identity” Abu Baker contemplates the effects of “colonist” influence on colonials, as is evident in E.M. Forster’s *Passage to India*.

Thomas Aiello

Thomas Aiello is a PhD (History) candidate at the University of Arkansas. He has published numerous articles on early twentieth-century U.S. cultural history. He has also presented at a number of conferences including his paper “The Confusion of Multiple Clarifications: Black Newspapers’ Presentation of Black Baseball in 1932,” which he delivered at The Association for African American Historical Research and Preservation’s Third Annual Conference (2006) which was held at Seattle University. Aiello’s *Mayflower* is a creative writing piece, which deploys dense symbology, patterns and repetitions to captivate its reader.

Ayse Naz Bulamur

Ayse Naz Bulamur began her PhD in literary studies at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee in 2003. Bulamur has participated in several

conferences including the 2006 Joint Conference of National Popular Culture and American Culture Associations (PCA/ACA) at Atlanta, Georgia. Previous publications include “Dialogical Zone in Hannah Webster Foster’s *The Coquette*” which appeared in *Entertext* 5.3 earlier this year. In this contribution to *Nebula* Bulamur gives us a very twisted and multifarious narrative which pushes experimental writing to the extremes of its limits and comes back with a coherent and innovative work of both fiction and scholarship.

Steph Ceraso

Steph Ceraso received her MA in English Literature at the University of Vermont in May 2006. She has received a number of awards including the Marion Berry Allbee Award for “Best Graduate Student Essay,” for her essay, “Survivors’ Tales: Cultural Trauma, Post-Memory, and the Role of the Reader in Art Spiegelman’s Visual Narratives.” Ceraso’s areas of interest include Jazz Studies, Feminist Theory (particularly gendered spaces/geographies), and Contemporary Historical Fiction. She currently teaches courses in Composition and Jazz Literature at Western Carolina University in Cullowhee, North Carolina. In her contribution to *Nebula* Ceraso provides a highly engaging critique of gender boundaries and popular culture.

Sophie Croisy

Sophie Croisy received her PhD in contemporary Anglophone literature from the University of Florida in May of this year. Croisy has participated in a number of conferences across the U.S. and her publications include “Mark Doty: Reflecting

the World through Passion,” which appeared in *DS Magazine* (Vol. 1, issue 2, March 1999), as well as an essay on Linda Hogan which is forthcoming in 2007 in the New *Encyclopedia of Native-American Literature*. In her contribution to *Nebula* Croisy investigates unconventional paradigms and models for trauma, taking “war” cultures as her starting point.

Kimberly Eaton

Kimberly Eaton received her MA from in English at Rutgers University with a concentration in Women’s and Gender Studies. She was a member of faculty with the Writing Department at Rutgers University and is chairing a panel at the 2007 NEMLA convention. In her first contribution to *Nebula* Eaton provides a critique of Percival Everett’s *Erasure*, focusing on issues of race, language and experience.

Justin Feng

Justin Feng received his BS in Bioengineering from the University of California, San Diego in June 2006. His article on the rhetorical and ideological similarities between Zionism, Islamism and U.S-ism is both intellectually engaging and revealing. It is not often that we see a cross-disciplinary contribution (from the Sciences to the Humanities) such as this one, particularly among graduates. Feng sets a good example to follow.

Hatim Mahamid

Hatim Mahamid is a lecturer in the Dept. of Middle Eastern Studies at Ben-Gurion University. He received his PhD from Tel Aviv University in 2001, where he specialized in the History of Medieval Islam, from Fatimid to Late Mamluk Egypt and Syria. He has published numerous journal articles and contributed to three critical anthologies as well as presenting papers at numerous conferences. His book *Al-Tatawwurat fi Nizam alHukm wal-Idara fi Misr al-Fatimiyya* was published by al-Asil in Jerusalem in 2001. In his contribution to *Nebula*, Mahamid provides a thorough and well-documented study of the “Isma‘ili Da‘wa and Politics in Fatimid Egypt.”

Zaid N. Mahir

Zaid N. Mahir is a current faculty member of the University of Baghdad (College of Languages), a professional translator, and a writer. His translations -- including literary articles, critiques, book reviews, narrative, poetry, and two books -- have been published in Iraq and other Arab countries. Zaid is currently using his bilingual expertise to review and annotate (in English) Arabic books on folklore, popular literature, and oral tradition as a research assistant at the Center for Studies in Oral Tradition at Missouri University. He is also currently involved in translating into English his Arabic war-novel, *The Way to Baghdad: Day 18 of the War*. In his contribution to *Nebula*, Mahir explores meaning, positionality and relational-space in three Iraqi Paintings.

Cathryn Molloy

I wrote “Patron Saint of Broken Glass” as a

graduate student in English at the University of Rhode Island, where I recently finished my M.A. The story engages in an inquiry into the effects of taking Christian ideology too literally as well as how people use religious identities to create boundaries between themselves and ‘others.’

Guido Monte

Guido Monte teaches Italian and Latin literatures at the Liceo A. Einstein of Palermo. For the Italian Ed. della Battaglia, he wrote with Vittorio Cozzo *Tremila mondi in un solo istante di vita (Three thousand worlds in just a flash of life, 2000)*. Blending is his present writing aim: in his most recent works (for ex. *Leuconoe*, N. Ipsa, 2004) he blends languages, noises, archetypes, voyages “beyond”, writers and ancient poets. For more on Monte and/or his work see:

<http://www.wordswithoutborders.org/article.php?lab=Genesis>,

<http://www.litterae.net/Trad%20Virgil.htm>,

<http://www.happano.org/pages/fragments/63.html>

Andrew Ockrim

Andrew Ockrim received his Bachelor of Information Technology/Business Administration in 1995. He has worked in information technology for over 14 years with some of Australia’s biggest corporations including IBM Global Services (Australia), IBM Olympic, Caltex/Ampol Petroleum (Chevron-Texaco), NCR Asia Pacific and various government departments only

to name a few. He is currently working for the NSW Attorney Generals Dept (Australia); as well as consulting to private clients on information security and physical security countermeasures. In his second contribution to *Nebula*, Ockrim frightens us once more by give us an accessible account of how identity and non-literal computer theft is made possible by our basic connection to the internet.

BioDun J. Ogundayo

BioDun J. Ogyndayo is Assistant Professor of French and Comparative Literature at the University of Pittsburgh, Bradford Campus. He is an Associate Editor of the *International Journal of the Humanities*. He earned his Ph.D. in Modern Languages and Literatures at the State University of New York, Buffalo. He is also a translator. He has co-published a translation with Arlin Migliazzo and Pierette Christiane-Lovrien, *Lands of True and Certain Bounty: The Geographical Theories and Colonization Strategies of Jean Pierre Purry* (London University Press, 2002). His most recent publications include “Creole”, *Encyclopedia of African American Literature* (Greenwood Press, 2005), “Secret Societies”, *Encyclopedia of African American Folklore* (Greenwood Press, 2005); “Folklore”, *Encyclopedia of the Middle Passage*, and book reviews for the *African American Review*. He is currently editing a volume of essays on cross-cultural expressions of spirituality. In his contribution to *Nebula*, ‘BioDun investigates “Polyphony in Miguel Barnet’s *Biografía de un cimarrón*.”’

Shaun Randol

Along with publishing academic articles that revolve around peace and conflict resolution and terrorism I am also a published poet. This fall I will be attending the Masters in International Affairs program at The New School University in New York City. In his first contribution to *Nebula*, Randol asks: ‘What Verdict Would a Buddhist Juror Render in the Zacarias Moussaoui Case?’

Semra Somersan

Currently assistant professor in the Dept. of Sociology at Bilgi University (Istanbul/Turkey), Semra Somersan graduated from the Bosphorus University with a B.A. in economics. She won a Fulbright scholarship to do graduate work in the US where she received an MA in social psychology in 1974, and a PhD in anthropology in 1981, both from Ohio State University. She returned to Turkey after two years as a visiting lecturer in the US. Somersan has been awarded two nationwide Journalist prizes for her work for *Nokta* News and *Cumhuriyet* Newspaper. In addition to articles published in a variety of journals in Turkey and abroad, she has also published two books *Ethnicity and Race in the Social Sciences* (Istanbul: Bilgi University Press, 2004) and *Politics and the Environment in Turkey* (Istanbul: Metis, 1993). In her second article to be published in *Nebula* Somersan investigates the concept of “double-consciousness” as it appears in western philosophy.

Reyhan Atasü Topçuoğlu

Reyhan Atasü Topçuođlu received her B.A. in Economics at Bilkent University (Turkey) and her M.A. in Sociology at Middle East Technical University (Turkey). She is currently a research assistant at Hacettepe University. Her work has appeared in a number of Turkish scholarly journals and she is currently working on subjects of violence, patriarchy and human trafficking as a scholar of women’s rights, women’s work and as an activist. In her contribution to *Nebula* 3.2, Topçuođlu investigates the relations between intellectuals across disciplines and histories, taking the works of Antonio Gramsci and Michel Foucault as her focal point.

Debi Withers

Debi Withers is a PhD candidate affiliated with the University of Wales, Swansea. Her dissertation focuses on ‘Kate Bush: Invocations, Performances and Transformations of the Feminine Subject.’ In her thesis Withers uses Kate Bush’s work in order to explore questions about subjectivity, the body, history, structure, feminism, queer and postcolonial theories. Her contribution to this issue gives us a glimpse into this intriguing work in progress.

Isma‘ili Da‘wa and Politics in Fatimid Egypt.

By Hatim Mahamid

This paper will discuss the mutual influence between politics and the Isma‘ili *da‘wa*, particularly after the establishment of the Fatimid government in Egypt. Some questions arise at this point, such as: ‘what were the circumstances that influenced the developments in the role of the *da‘wa*?’ and, ‘had the office of *dā‘ī* undergone a process of politization as a result of the personal political interests promoted by the viziers?’ In examining these questions, I will attempt to emphasize the interrelations between the Isma‘ili *da‘wa* and the political circumstance during the Fatimid regime in Egypt.

Prior to al-Mahdī’s appearance on the scene by the beginning of the tenth century, the *da‘wa* mechanism had a more theoretical aspect, whose purpose was to overthrow the Abbasid rule, which the Isma‘ilis and several other Shi‘i movements deemed illegitimate. On the other hand, the *da‘wa* served as a means to establish the universality of the Isma‘ili Imamate. However, with the constitution of the Fatimid rule in North Africa (Ifrīqyā) the Isma‘ilis had found it difficult to effect a doctrinarian union among the various factions of the Shi‘a. Furthermore, the Isma‘ili Fatimid government was faced with a demanding political trial, without the support of an applicative and established judicial system to assist it in addressing the challenges of the new situation.

Following the occupation of Egypt by the Fatimids in 969, the *Ismā‘īliyya* managed to enforce its political authority for nearly 200 years, during which it did not succeed in converting the Sunna, nor did it coerce the local residents to convert their religious belief, as had been claimed by several scholars.¹

The propaganda and preaching institution (*da‘wa*) formed a central ingredient of the Fatimid establishment – both religious and political.² The Fatimid caliphate put a special emphasis on the strengthening, systematization and overt institutionalization of the *da‘wa*. Judge al-Nu‘mān bin Ḥayyūn is considered the first Fatimid legislator to have created a considerable body of knowledge, for the use of the Isma‘ili judiciary and *da‘wa* systems, in addition to having written historical essays relating to the *Ismā‘īliyya*.

Historical sources available today show that despite the linkage between the office of the Isma‘ili judge (*Qāḍī*) and that of the missionary (*Dā‘ī*), it was not before the days of Imām al-Ḥākim bi-Amr Allāh (r. 996-1021) that the first official appointment, that of the judge Ḥusayn bin ‘Alī bin al-Nu‘mān (999-1004),³ had been made for the office of “Judge of Judges” (*Qāḍī al-Quḍāt*) and “Preacher of Preachers” (*Dā‘ī*

al-Du‘āt). Later in the Fatimid period, the missionary functions were transferred to the viziers.

The function of chief *dā‘ī* was of utmost importance in the Fatimid government and served as a central pillar in the propagation and reinforcement of the Isma‘ili mission both in areas under direct Fatimid domination, and those outside the state boundaries (*ḡazāra*). The hierarchy of the *da‘wa* establishment was organized with the utmost care and precision, beginning with the chief *dā‘ī* and ending with the Isma‘ili initiate (*mustaḡīb*), the main objective being the perpetuation of the Isma‘ili propagation and its success.

The Fatimid palace was not only a center of political authority but also the seat of the chief *dā‘ī*, known as the *Maḡlis al-Dā‘ī* or *Maḡlis al-Da‘wa*. Meetings and assemblies of the senior Isma‘ili ‘ulama were held in the palace, both for decision-making purposes or as sessions of Isma‘ili training and education.⁴

The enforcement of Fatimid authority over all aspects of administration – political, civilian and religious – was gradual so as not to provoke unrest within the local Sunni majority.⁵ In 364/974 (A.H./C.E.) the Isma‘ili judge ‘Alī bin al-Nu‘mān was appointed chief judge of the Fatimid state,⁶ thus ending the predominance of the Sunni law system for the duration of the Fatimid period. In fact, the chief judge was often involved in *da‘wa* activities and bore the additional title of “Preacher of Preachers” (*Dā‘ī al-Du‘āt*). Such were the Banū al-Nu‘mān during the first Fatimid period.⁷

The authority over the *da‘wa* remained generally in the hands of the presiding chief judge, up until 441/1049 when the last of the al-Nu‘mān’s sons, al-Qāsim, left office. Consequently, Abū Muḡammad al-Ḥasan bin ‘Abd al-Raḡmān al-Yāzūrī (d. 450/1058) was appointed vizier and responsible for the *da‘wa* authorities, in an attempt to keep him away from the influence of al-Sayyida al-Wālida, the mother of Imām al-Mustaḡfir. Thus, for the first time, the vizier took hold of the Isma‘ili *da‘wa*.

The appointment of vizier Badr al-Dīn al-Ḡamālī (1072-1094) marked the beginning of a new period, dominated by mighty and powerful viziers who were nicknamed “the viziers of the sword” (*wuzarā‘ al-sayf*). They took control of nearly all administrative authorities including the Isma‘ili mission. They appointed preachers, missionaries and judges as their delegates, and came to be known by the title of “Guiding missionaries of the Isma‘ili believers and guarantor of the judges of the Muslims” (*Hādī Du‘āt al-Mu‘minīn wa-Kāfil Quḍāt al-Muslimīn*).

Isma‘ili Da‘wa and Education

The Fatimids made use of the tradition that mosques have been centers of Islamic life, to propagate and reinforce the Isma‘ili doctrine among the populace, as exemplified by judge al-Nu‘mān ibn Ḥayyūn at *al-Manṣūriyya* mosque during the rule of the Caliph al-Manṣūr and Caliph al-Mu‘izz in Ifrīqyā (North Africa). Due to the fact that the Isma‘ili religious interpretation and *da‘wa* relied on both esoteric (*al-bāṭin*) and exoteric (*al-zāhir*) meanings of the holy scriptures (and other religiously-related phenomena) and

the educational system was also adapted to these principles. The Fatimids were therefore extremely cautious in conducting lessons and da‘wa sessions.

With his appointment as chief judge of the Fatimid state on behalf of Imām al-Manṣūr in Northern Africa, al-Nu‘mān undertook a complex and multi-faceted duty: administering the Isma‘ili law; training judges and notaries (*‘udūl*) for future dispatching to remote lands; preaching and holding sermons in *al-Manṣūriyya* mosque; and teaching the Isma‘ili doctrine to initiates and other occasional listeners. The sermons held by al-Nu‘mān became a regular educational venue at the *al-Manṣūriyya* mosque – an Isma‘ili educational institution in its own accord. However, what distinguished the Isma‘ili teaching was the fact that the lectures given by al-Nu‘mān required the prior approval of the Imām, who also determined the guidelines concerning the method of teaching and performing da‘wa with respect to its exoteric and esoteric components, and to the aimed audience. This was due to the fact that the Imām was considered the highest source of interpretation (*ta’wīl*) and knowledge (*‘ilm/ḥikma*).

We find al-Nu‘mān’s method being implemented under the Fatimid rule in Egypt in the form of “sessions of wisdom” (*maḡālis al-ḥikma*). *Maḡālis* were arranged according to the mastery level of the participants and their affinity to the ruling class: *al-awliyyā’*, *al-ḥāṣṣa*, *ḥurum* (the caliph’s wives), sessions dedicated to the simple folk, to foreigners and sessions for women held in *al-Azhar* mosque. The books and teaching materials used by the dā‘ī in these sessions also required the caliph’s prior approval.⁸

Among other responsibilities, the chief dā‘ī was also the supervisor of the state’s Isma‘ili educational system, his main task being to direct the scholars and ‘ulama in propagating the principles of the *Ismā‘īliyya* and strengthening its foundations. Thus, it is difficult to separate between religious preaching conducted for missionary purposes and for the reinforcement of the Isma‘ili doctrine, and religious education whose objectives were to prepare ‘ulama, missionaries and functionaries’ who worked in the Fatimids’ service.

The founding and functioning of the Fatimid educational and religious institutions was inspired and directly supported by the Fatimid caliphs (central government). Consequently, they acted as missionary centers in the service of the *Ismā‘īliyya*, both directly and indirectly. The gatherings, lectures, sermons, and lessons (*maḡālis al-da‘wa / maḡālis al-ḥikma*) conducted in these institutions attracted students and inspired individuals not only from among the Isma‘ili adherents but also from other religious streams in the population. According to al-Maqrīzī, one of the lessons held by the Isma‘ili judge Muḥammad bin al-Nu‘mān in 385/995 was so overcrowded that the result was the death of eleven people.⁹

The Cairo mosque *al-Azhar* acted as a multipurpose institution in the service of the *Ismā‘īliyya*. It was built by the Fatimid commandant Jawhar al-Ṣiqillī as a symbol for the Fatimid Isma‘ili rule and a place to be used by the Fatimids and their adherents for conducting the Isma‘ili religious rituals, so as to prevent friction with Egyptian Sunni devotees. Heinz objects to the above contention and argues that since it was built, *al-Azhar* functioned exclusively as an educational institution.¹⁰

Heinz’s claim raises a number of important questions: Can we isolate purely educational goals from

missionary objectives in the context of a religious Isma‘ili establishment? And in a broader context, is such a division of purposes possible in Islamic educational institutions of the medieval age? ‘Alī bin al-Nu‘mān who was chief *dā‘ī* and judge until his death in 374/984, held his first lessons at *al-Azhar* mosque in the month of Ṣafar 365/ October 975.

Vizier Ya‘qūb ibn Killis (d. 380/990) was the first to formalize the Isma‘ili educational activity at *al-Azhar* with the assistance and funding of the Fatimid government (Caliph al-‘Azīz).¹¹ In 378/988 Ibn Killis received the official authorization of Caliph al-‘Azīz’s to undertake the tutoring of 37 students of the Isma‘ili law. Al-‘Azīz also allocated stipends and salaries for the students and their supervisors as well as accommodations in the mosque’s vicinity.¹²

Despite the great controversy surrounding al-Ḥākim’s capricious policy and his mysterious lifestyle, he was considered one of the mightiest Fatimid caliphs who strived for the formalization of the Isma‘ili mission and education. The Cairo *Dār al-‘Ilm* was also an institution devoted to Isma‘ili *da‘wa* through the teaching of rational and philosophical sciences, as well as a place for acquiring religious and general education.¹³ One additional indication to the missionary function of *Dār al-‘Ilm* was the appointment of the chief *dā‘ī* as the supervisor of this institution, thus reinforcing the connection between education and *da‘wa*, both of which served one major goal – the buttressing of the *Ismā‘īliyya*.

The number of students and adherents who attended the study sessions (*mağālis*) at the Fatimid palace grew substantially during the reign of Caliph al-Ḥākim bi-Amr Allāh (d. 411/1021). Separate sessions for men and women were held almost daily.¹⁴

Several reasons may have influenced the establishment of *Dār al-‘Ilm* by al-Ḥākim: overcrowded lessons and *mağālis al-ḥikma*; the need to separate lessons and *mağālis* according to the topic being studied; and possibly the Imām’s own ambitions. Despite its distinct Isma‘ili character, the institution had drawn numerous students from various origins and religious schools, some of which belonged to the Islamic orthodoxy, particularly to the Ṣāfi‘iyya, *Mālikiyya* and *Hanafīyya*.¹⁵ Al-Maqrīzī indicates that *Dār al-‘Ilm*-type institutions spread all over Egypt during the Fatimid period, reaching a total of nearly 800.¹⁶ Not only the *Dār al-‘Ilm* benefited from the increased support of al-Ḥākim but also institutions such as *al-Azhar*, *al-Muqs* and *Rāšida* mosques. To fund the various maintenance and regular functioning expenses of these institutions al-Ḥākim endowed ample *waqf*.¹⁷

The libraries at the Fatimid palace and the *Dār al-‘Ilm* in Cairo were placed under the direct supervision of the chief *dā‘ī*.¹⁸ These libraries were badly damaged and looted in times of crisis, particularly during the “great crisis” (*al-šidda al-‘uẓmā*) of al-Mustanshir’s period and at the end of the Fatimid era following the abolishment of the caliphate by Ṣalāḥ al-Dīn.

Uprisings that broke up in Cairo during the “great crisis” disturbed the regular activity of *Dār al-‘Ilm* and interfered with its educational and missionary goals. The second half of the Fatimid period was characterized by a decrease in the Fatimid Isma‘ili educational and missionary activity, which was overshadowed

by the political struggles among viziers, army commandants and governors, in addition to the schisms within the Fatimid dynasty.

The Fatimid educational system also spread outside Egypt into various cities of Fatimid Syria, although in a more limited form. Despite the little facts we have regarding these institutions, we may assume that apart from *da'wa*, the Fatimids attempted to propagate the Isma'ili doctrine in various regions outside Egypt through their educational and religious institutions.

The Shi'i mission was serviced in Aleppo by an institution named *Dār al-Da'wa*¹⁹. Additionally, the library of Sayf al-Dawla al-Ḥamadānī had a secondary destination as a *Dār al-ʿIlm*.²⁰ According to Ibn al-Furāt's version, the Isma'ilis strengthened their position in Aleppo during the second half of the 5th/11th century, mainly as a result of the support received from the Seljuq city commander, Emir Raḍwan bin Tutuṣ. The best indication of the status attained by the *Ismā'īliyya* in Aleppo was the erection of a special mosque in the service of its adherents, in addition to the establishment of a *Dār al-Da'wa*, and the unhindered functioning of these two institutions. As a result, numerous Isma'ili adherents were drawn to the city from Persia as well as from various other Syrian regions. The historian Ibn al-Šaḥna mentions that the majority of Aleppines at the beginning of the 6th/12th century were under the influence of the Shi'a.²¹ The traveler Ibn Jubayr claims that during his journey through Syria in 580/1184 (the reign of Sultan Šalāḥ al-Dīn al-Ayyūbī) the Shi'i adherents in Damascus outnumbered the Sunni adherents.²²

The new vacancies in the Fatimid administration proved to be a factor that served the *Ismā'īliyya* well, particularly during the first Fatimid period. Scholars and clergymen from various regions moved to Egypt to offer their candidacy to the available administrative and religious judiciary positions. Several of these religious appointments were carried out despite the fact that the chosen candidate belonged to one of the orthodox schools of Islam. These scholars came from various origins: some were from the East while others came from various regions in Syria itself. This phenomenon highlights the decisive, albeit mostly unintentional, role played by these high-ranking appointments in "converting" the religious perceptions of the office bearers to the *Ismā'īliyya*. Ya'qūb ibn Killis for instance, came from Baḡdad and was of Jewish origin. Later, he converted to Islam and served under the Fatimids as a vizier, legislator and Isma'ili teacher.

The previously mentioned vizier al-Yāzūrī (d. 450/1058), served under the Fatimids and contributed to the growth of the *Ismā'īliyya*, belonged to the Ḥanafī school and served as a judge in the city of Ramleh. Later, during the reign of Caliph al-Mustaṣir he moved to the Fatimid palace in Cairo and subsequently was appointed vizier and then chief judge and chief *dā'ī* of the *Ismā'īliyya*.²³

Various historians claim that it was al-Yāzūrī who launched the missionary campaign against the Abbasids and chose the renowned Isma'ili *dā'ī* al-Muayyad fī al-Dīn al-Šīrāzī. Thanks to the financial and moral support supplied by Al-Yāzūrī, al-Muayyad succeeded in gathering numerous new initiates in Iraq, among them the Turkish commander of the Abbasid army in Baḡdad, al-Basāsīrī.

Schisms Within the Isma‘ili Da‘wa and Politics

The unconditioned belief in the holiness of the Imām (*al-wilāya*) is one of the main pillars of the Isma‘ili creed, one endowing the Imām with saintly qualities. This custom of endowing the Imām with eminent religious qualities was strongest during the first Fatimid period, but seemed to be decreased significantly after al-Ḥākim’s reign. Thus, revealing the Imāms themselves as political leaders resulted in a disruption between their perceived religious qualities and their political status.

The Fatimid *da‘wa* highlighted the saintly attributes of the Imām, which were said to be transferred unto him by way of inheritance in the form of a divine spark. Endowing the Imām with divine qualities is also apparent in the writings of Ibn Hānī’ al-Andalusī, a poet who dedicated his work to the Isma‘ili *da‘wa*.²⁴

The third Egyptian caliph, al-Ḥākim bi-Amr Allāh, was the most radical of the Fatimid caliphs, whose followers divinized through the *da‘wa*. Several historians describe him as strange and eccentric at times. The number of those who affirmed al-Ḥākim’s divine authority grew during his reign, reaching 16,000 people according to the historian Ibn al-Furāt. As previously mentioned, al-Ḥākim’s period is considered a time of lively activity in both education and Isma‘ili *da‘wa*.²⁵

Interesting is the fact that the missionaries who promoted the divine image of Imām al-Ḥākim were of foreign origin, particularly from Persia. Such as Ḥamza bin ‘Alī al-Zawzanī (al-Labbād), Muḥammad bin Ismā‘īl al-Darazī (Naštukīn), Ḥasan bin Ḥaydara al-Firḡānī (al-Aḥram/ al-Aḡda‘) and others.

The *da‘wa* disseminated in Egypt by these missionaries was twofold: promoting the divine image of Imām al-Ḥākim, and simultaneously execrating the name of the first three caliphs of the Islam. Seeing the unrest this raised among the Sunna adherents, al-Ḥākim helped his missionaries flee to Syria, according to some sources, and provided them with financial and moral support in order to enable them to continue their *da‘wa* activities. The missionary work in Syria gave birth to a new faction within the *Ismā‘īliyya*, known as *Ahl al-Tawḥīd* or *al-Daraziyya* (the Druze), named after the missionary Muḥammad al-Darazī. This community later became a separate sect with its own independent beliefs and religious principles.²⁶ After his mysterious disappearance (or murder), Imām al-Ḥākim’s image of a divine incarnation grew even stronger among his followers, to such an extent that his death was denied and his disappearance considered a miracle. It appears that the promulgation of al-Ḥākim’s sanctity may have been considered as hindering the Isma‘ili *da‘wa*, and was one of the factors which brought his sister, Sitt al-Mulk, to conspire his murder.

The branching out of the *Ahl al-Tawḥīd* (the Druze) can be considered as the first schism within the *Ismā‘īliyya* during the Fatimid period in Egypt. It was a product of the radical propaganda against the Sunna and the intense belief in the divine qualities of Imām al-Ḥākim. It is noteworthy that apart from al-Ḥākim’s missionaries, the majority of the other prominent Isma‘ili *dā‘īs* (propagandists), who were

in Egypt and gained renown during the Fatimid period, were also of Persian origins. Let us list several of these missionaries: Ḥamīd al-Dīn al-Kirmānī (d. after 410/1020); Al-Muayyad fī al-Dīn al-Šīrāzī (d. 470/1078); Nāšir-i Khusraw (d. 481/1088); Ḥasan ibn al-Šabbāḥ (d. 518/1124) arrived in Egypt during al-Mustanšir's reign in 471/1078. Ḥasan al-Šabbāḥ became a protagonist of the Isma'ili da'wa in the East and established a center for the da'wa activities in the *Alamūt* fortress. He was also the leader of the al-Nizāriyya faction after the death of Imām al-Mustanšir in 487/1094.

During the second part of the Fatimid period in Egypt, and particularly in the aftermath of the great crisis (*al-šidda al-'uzmā*) there was a decline in the status of the Fatimid caliphs vis-à-vis the authority of the mighty "viziers of the sword" (*wuzarā' al-sayf*). This weakening of the caliphs, the restrictions imposed on their authorities and the accession disputes and conflicts within the Fatimid dynasty had a negative impact on the Isma'ili da'wa. Four major schisms have marred the image of the Fatimid government in this period:

1. ***Al-Nizāriyya and al-Musta'liyya***; a schism between two sons of the Caliph al-Mustanšir – Nizār and Aḥmad (al-Musta'lī). The split within the Isma'ili da'wa gave birth to a severe schism within the *Ismā'īliyya*, with each side trying to justify its rights and claims to authority. In a political attempt to prove his father's legitimate right to the scepter, Imām al-Āmir bin al-Musta'lī (d.524/1130) went on a missionary journey. He summonsed a general assembly with the participation of Isma'ili 'ulama and clergymen, administration officials and other dignitaries, and made Nizār's sister publicly acknowledge al-Musta'lī's right of ascendancy. This public acknowledgment is known among historians by the name of *al-Hidāya al-Āmiriyya* (the Āmirī guidance).²⁷

2. ***Al-Ḥāfiẓiyya and al-Ṭayyibiyya***: Following al-Āmir's assassination in 524/1130, a dispute over the caliphate broke out between al-Ḥāfiẓ, the cousin of the late Caliph al-Āmir and the supporters of al-Āmir's infant son, al-Ṭayyib.²⁸ This led to another schism within the political circles of the Fatimid dynasty as well as within the da'wa establishment. This new schism, nicknamed *al-Ṭayyibiyya*, was once again focused outside the Egyptian borders, particularly in Yaman and India, by way of the Ṣulayḥid dynasty. In Egypt, the moderate faction of the *Ismā'īliyya* continued its activities, struggling for existence in the shadow of the political conflicts.

3. **The dispute over the succession of Imām al-Ḥāfiẓ (Ḥasan and Ḥaydara)**. The dispute over the title of crown prince (*wilāyat al-'ahd*), which broke out in 527/1133 between the two sons of Caliph al-Ḥāfiẓ, Ḥasan and Ḥaydara, gave birth to another schism.

4. **The involvement of the mighty viziers (viziers of the sword)**: In the period of who were originally army commanders and were known as the "viziers of the sword", the Isma'ili da'wa depended heavily on the attitude of the vizier toward the *Ismā'īliyya*.

Let us review several cases in which the viziers of the sword attempted to undermine the *Ismā'īliyya* in the Fatimid state. Vizier Badr al-Dīn al-Ġamālī set up a campaign to strengthen the Armenian elements in the

army and within the general population by initiating the renovation of Christian religious establishments in Egypt. The most acute and outstanding change took place during the tenure of vizier al-Afḍal bin Badr al-Dīn al-Ġamālī (487-515/1094-1121). Besides playing an active role in determining the successor of Imām al-Mustanṣir, he also abolished some of the *Ismāʿīliyya* customs that prevailed in Egypt since the establishment of the Fatimid regime, and particularly such Ismaʿili rituals as the birth ceremonies of the Prophet, ʿAlī, Fāṭima and the ruling Imām.

In 524/1130, following the assassination of Caliph al-Āmir, vizier Kutayfāt (Aḥmad) the son of al-Afḍal, attempted to remodel the governing policies of the Fatimid state according to the *Imāmiyya*, a rival Shiʿi faction whose conceptions were opposed to those of the *Ismāʿīliyya*. In addition, he appointed Sunni judges for the *Šāfiʿiyya* and the *Mālikiyya* beside the Imami and Ismaʿili ones. This was considered a revolutionary step that contradicted the governing principles to which the state had been adhering since the beginning of the Fatimid regime in Egypt, the days of Imām al-Muʿizz²⁹. Although short-lived, this move was certainly viewed as a novelty and precedent in the Fatimid government of this period. It was also as a sign of the growing weakness of the Ismaʿili *daʿwa* and its potential inability to withstand similar future maneuvers, and of the extent of political involvement in the religious and *daʿwa* affairs.

As part of the succession dispute between the two heirs of Imām al-Ḥāfiẓ, his son Ḥasan adopted a hostile policy toward the Ismaʿili judges, clergymen and his father's followers³⁰. After doing away with Ḥasan as a contender to the throne, Imām al-Ḥāfiẓ took an opposite direction, leaning more and more on the Ismaʿili clergy (*arbāb al-ʿamāʾim*) for staffing key functions in the state administration. Additionally, he appointed Christian functionaries such as the priest Abū Nağāḥ and the Armenian vizier Bahrām to high-ranking offices. Despite his attempts, al-Ḥāfiẓ did not succeed in improving the status of the the *Ismāʿīliyya* and in restoring it to its past splendor.

Towards the end of the Fatimid period, the Ismaʿili *daʿwa* experienced a gradual decline vis-à-vis the Sunni propaganda, which started to gain strength in Syria under the auspices of the Seljuqs/ Zangids, whose influence managed to infiltrate the rows of the Egyptian orthodoxy as well. This tendency gained even more impetus when Šalāḥ al-Dīn al-Ayyūbī moved to Egypt after being requested by the last Fatimid caliph al-ʿĀḍid to restore peace and order. In 564/1168 Šalāḥ al-Dīn was appointed vizier of the Fatimids and at the same time continued to be the commander of the Zangid army in Egypt, and a loyal soldier of Sultan Nūr al-Dīn Zangī in Syria. This duality of authorities has given Šalāḥ al-Dīn formidable power and status, which he promptly used to persecute the *Ismāʿīliyya* in Egypt. His policy was twofold: on the one hand he continued to weaken the *Ismāʿīliyya* by replacing its judges with Sunnis, particularly from among the *Šāfiʿiyya* (Šadr al-Dīn ibn Dirbās); on the other hand he took assertive steps to strengthen the Sunna by erecting educational establishments (madrasas) to service the orthodoxy, in the same manner as the Zangids had done in Syria.³¹ Šalāḥ al-Dīn's actions gradually led to the complete abolishment of the Fatimid caliphate in 567/1171. Egyptian loyalty and political association was officially transferred to the Sunni Abbasid caliphate.³²

Isma‘ili da‘wa and Abbasid Counter-Propaganda

Isma‘ili *da‘wa* had existed in the eastern Islamic lands even before the rise of the Fatimids in Egypt, posing a challenge to the Abbasid rule in the region. *Vis-à-vis* the Isma‘ili *da‘wa*, the Abbasid counter-Fatimid propaganda also gained strength. Its missionaries conducted fierce campaigns against the customs and tenets of the Shi‘a, in order to discredit any arguments supporting its legitimacy to rule over the Islamic community. Sensing the imminent danger of the Isma‘ili *da‘wa*, the Abbasid caliph al-Qādir (r. 991-1031) decided to launch a counter campaign. In 402/1011 he summoned a meeting in Baġdad to which were invited several senior ‘ulama, judges and clergymen. The outcome of this meeting was a protocol (*maḥḍar*) which strongly negated the Fatimid claims to the ancestry of ‘Alī bin Abī Ṭālib and his spouse Fāṭima, daughter of the prophet Muḥammad. According to the ‘ulama of Baġdad, the Fatimid caliph al-Ḥākim was a descendant to the missionaries of al-Ḥawāriġ sect. The Abbasids also claimed that the Fatimids were heretics who, with their customs and philosophy repudiated the Islam. Several nicknames used by the Abbasids denoted this alleged heresy – *kuffār*, *fussāq*, *fuġġār*, *mulḥidīn*, *zanādiqa*.³³

The Abbasid propaganda against the Fatimids continued to receive official authorization from of the Abbasid caliphs, who kept close council with the ‘ulama of the Sunna in Baġdad. In 444/1052, following a series of bitter clashes between the Shi‘a and the Sunna in Iraq and in the eastern Islamic lands, the Abbasid caliph al-Qā‘im summoned in Baġdad a meeting with ‘ulama, judges and clergymen, in order to think up ways to contradict the Fatimid claims. Once again, the ‘ulama issued a decree that denied the legitimacy of the Fatimid rule, and negated their ancestry to the descendants of ‘Alī and Fāṭima. They went on to attribute the Fatimids to one of the Amgushid groups (*al-Maġūs*), known by the name of *al-Dīṣāniyya*. Copies of the protocols (*maḥḍar*) of the Baġdadi ‘ulama’s decision were made public and circulated in various regions with the intention of strengthening the counter Fatimid propaganda.³⁴

Following the demise of the Fatimid Caliph al-Mustansīr (d. 487/1094), and attempting to capitalize on the schism between the *Nizāriyya* and the *Musta‘liyya*, the Abbasid caliphate (Caliph al-Mustazhir, r. 1094-1118) issued another protocol (*maḥḍar*), which again denounced the Fatimids. This protocol was also made public and read aloud in the presence of senior officials. The protocol declared that the Fatimids were heretics and denied the legitimacy of their political and doctrinarian claims.³⁵

Sunni propaganda often took the form of educational-religious and intellectual activities, characterized by a strong Sunni revivalist current. Sunni historians and clergymen invested great efforts in writing historical and religious works, in which they spoke against the Shi‘a, denying its reasoning on the one hand, and highlighting the blessings of the Sunna on the other. The Sunni Abbasid judge Abū Bakr Muḥammad ibn al-Bāqlānī (d. 403/1012) who was in office during the reign of the Abbasid Caliph al-Qādir wrote an essay named *Kašf al-Asrār wa-hatk al-Astār*. In it he responds to the challenges posed by the *Ismā‘īliyya*, discloses the secrets of its philosophy and portrays it in a negative light.³⁶

Abū Ḥāmid al-Ġazālī (d. 505/ 1111) was an illustrious sheikh. Some of his works deal with the revival of the Sunna and the defamation of the various Shi‘i factions. Among his major works in this context we find

Ihyā' 'Ulūm al-Dīn, *Al-Munqiz min al-Īlal*, *Al-Qisās al-Mustaqīm*, and *Huḡḡat al-Ḥaqq*. Another essay, which dealt directly with the *Ismā'īliyya* and the denial of its claims was *Faḍā'ih al-Bāṭiniyya wa-Faḍā'il al-Mustaẓhiriyya*. In this work, al-Ġazālī draws a comparison between the Fatimid Shi'a, which he depicts in grim outlines, and the blessings of the Sunni regime of the Abbasid Caliph al-Mustaẓhir.³⁷

The *da'wa* competition also motivated the construction of religious educational institutions, which served the orthodox schools of Islam. The Seljuq vizier Nizām al-Mulk is considered the first to establish a system of religious institutions, which was known by his name, *al-Nizāmiyya*, and was supported by waqf endowments made by senior officials. Nizām al-Mulk himself also wrote a book, named *Siyāsat-Nāmeḥ*, in which he expounds on the Sunni religious sciences and refutes the innovations and the Shi'i movements, the theologians (*al-Mutakallimūn*), the philosophers, the Sufis and the Isma'ilis (*al-Bāṭiniyya*). Nizām al-Mulk's negative attitude towards the *Ismā'īliyya*, is probably what induced its adherents to plot his assassination in 485/1092.

The Seljuq domination of Syria enabled their masters (the Zangids) to initiate revivalist operations in the region both by concentrating actions against the *Ismā'īliyya* and by erecting educational institutions to service the Sunna, emulating the *al-Nizāmiyya* madrasa in Iraq. By the end of the Zangid period (569/1173) there were 27 institutions in Damascus and 19 in Aleppo, among them centers for religious higher education including madrasas, ḥānqāhs, ribāṭs and zāwiyas. The beginning of the 6th/12th century saw an escalation in the struggles between the Sunnis and the Isma'ilis within Syria, especially after the death of the ruler of Aleppo Raḍwān bin Tāj al-Dawla Tutuṣ (d. 507/1113). The ensuing uprisings took the lives of many Isma'ilis. The rest fled to the Lebanon and Naṣiriyya mountains, The most crucial period for the victory of the Sunna in Syria was that of Sultan Nūr al-Dīn Maḥmūd ibn Zangī, who worked persistently in all possible ways for its revival.

It is clear that historians, Sunni 'ulama and Abbasid officials have constantly attempted, in various ways, to harm the Fatimids, to create a negative image of their dynasty and to delegitimize their claim to the caliphate. Several historians intentionally diminished the importance or caliber of the Fatimid rulers in Egypt, assigning them titles that were irrelevant to their status such as: the emirs of Egypt (*Umarā' Miṣr*); the rulers of Egypt (*Aṣḥāb Miṣr*); the caliphs of Egypt (*al-Khulafā' al-Miṣriyyūn*).³⁸ Others used the title of *al-Khulafā' al-'Ubaydiyyūn* instead of *al-Fāṭimiyyūn*.³⁹

We find even more negative images being used by historians and Sunni 'ulama who were under the influence of the Abbasid propaganda or that of the rulers in Syria and Egypt after the abolition of the Fatimid regime. For example, the Syrian historian of the Ayyubids Ibn Waṣil al-Ḥamawī, in his essay *Mufarriḡ al-Kurūb fī Aḥbār Banī Ayyūb* (a work dedicated to the history of the Ayyubids and their qualities), emphasizes the negative image of the Fatimids. He denies their alleged ancestry to 'Alī and Fāṭima and even ascribes them Jewish origins. As previously mentioned, there were historians who even referred to the Fatimids as heretics, and made use of such titles as *al-Malāḥida*, *al-Maḡūs*, *Ḥizb al-Šayāfīn*, *al-Bāṭiniyya*, *al-Rāfiḍa* and so on. These historians accused the Isma'ili *da'wa* of being fallacious and untruthful, of calling to heresy and of giving birth to superstitions (*da'wat al-ilḥād*, *da'wat al-mubṭilīn*, *al-kufr wal-bid'a*).⁴⁰

In a propagandist act, following the abolition of the Fatimid caliphate in 567/1171, Sultan Nūr al-Dīn ibn Zangī sent his judge, Šihāb al-Dīn ibn Abī ‘Aṣrūn to the court of the Abbasid caliph in Baḡdad with messages from the sultan, to spread the news of the Fatimid downfall throughout Iraq. The Abbasid caliph showed his satisfaction and appreciation by sending presents, grants and blessings to the rulers of Syria and Egypt, Nūr al-Dīn Zangī and Šalāḥ al-Dīn al-Ayyūbī. He also sent black pennants and other Abbasid symbols to be distributed among the ‘ulama and mosque preachers in Syria and Egypt, as an indication of the enforcement of the Abbasid rule and of the Fatimid defeat.⁴¹

Summary

In the same manner as the Isma‘ili *da‘wa* fulfilled a central role in the rising of the Fatimids to political power and their proliferation during the first Fatimid period, so were the Fatimid politics the main reason behind their downfall. Contradictions with the basic principles of the Isma‘ili doctrine regarding the inheritance of the Imamate and the differences in educational background and opinions among the missionaries have given birth to bitter schisms within the Fatimid dynasty, schisms which were also reflected in the Isma‘ili *da‘wa* and doctrine. These have rendered the Fatimid Isma‘ili regime vulnerable to enemies from within and without. And since the Fatimid authority in Egypt has remained the weakest and most moderate stream of *Isma‘īliyya*, particularly during the second Fatimid period, it has lost many of its political powers together with its religious and doctrinarian characteristics.

Notes

¹ See, Heinz Halm, *The Fatimid and their Traditions of Learning*, (London, 1997), pp. 30-40.

² On the Isma‘ili doctrine and the organization of the *da‘wa* see, Farhad Daftary, *The Isma‘ilis: Their History and Doctrines*, (Cambridge, 1990); Bernard Lewis, *The Origins of Isma‘ilism*, (Cambridge, 1940); Wladimir Ivanow, “*The Organization of the Fatimid Propaganda*”, *Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. 15, (1939). pp. 1-35; Muṣṭafa Ġālib, *Tāriḥ al-da‘wa al- Isma‘īliyya*, (Beirut, 1965).

³ The appointment *sijill* was issued on Šafar 389/February 999; Abū al-‘Abbas Aḥmad al-Qalqashandī, *Šubḥ al-A‘šā fī Šinā‘at al-Inšā*, (10), (Muḥammad Qandīl al-Baqī ed.), (Cairo, 1972), 384-388.

⁴ The secrecy of the Isma‘ili *da‘wa* makes it difficult to trace its exact phases of organization. Regarding the *Dā‘ī al-Du‘āt* and the arrangement of its office and activities within the Fatimid palace see, Taqiy al-Dīn al-Maqrīzī, *Al-Ḥiṭaṭ*, (2), (Cairo, Būlāq Pub., 1970), p. 227; Ibn al-Furāt, *Tariḥ Ibn al-Furāt*, (4), (Ḥasan Muḥammad al-Šammā‘ ed.), (Basra, 1967), pp. 139-140. See also, Muṣṭafa Ġālib, *Tāriḥ al-da‘wa...*;

‘Abd al-Mun‘im Māğid, *Nuzum al-Fāṭimiyyin wa-Rusūmuhum fī Mişr*, (1), (Cairo, 1985), p. 185; Marshal G. S. Hodgson, *The Order of Assassins*, (New York, 1955); A. Hamadani, “*The Dā‘ī Ḥātim ibn Ibrāhīm al-Ḥamīdī (d. 596 H. / 1199 A.D.) and his Book Tuḥfat al-Qulūb*”, in *Oriens*, vol. 23-24. (1974), pp. 258 – 300; Bernard Lewis, *The Origins...*; Ivanow, “*The Organization of the Fatimid Propaganda*”.

⁵ See the promissory letter (*amān*) distributed by the Fatimid commander Ğawhar al-Şiqillī during the conquering of Egypt, Taqiy al-Dīn al-Maqrīzī, *Itti‘āz al-Ḥunaḫa bi-Aḫbār al-A‘imma al-Fāṭimiyyin al-Ḥulafā*, (1), (Ĝamāl al-Dīn al-Şayyal ed.), (Cairo, 1967), 103-106. Also regarding the Fatimid government and administration in Egypt see, Yaacov Lev, *State and Society in Fatimid Egypt*, (Leiden, 1991). Yaacov Lev, “*The Fatimid Vizier Ya‘qūb ibn Killis and the Beginning of the Fatimid Administration in Egypt*”, in **Der Islam** (58), (1981), pp. 237-249. Jacob Mann, *The Jews in Egypt and in Palestine under the Fatimid Caliphs*, (1-2), (New York, 1970). See also, Ḥātim Maḫāmīd, *al-Taṭawwurāt fī Niẓām al-Ḥukm wal-Idāra fī Mişr al-Fāṭimiyya*, (Al-Quds, 2001).

⁶ See Ibn Ḥağar al-‘Asqalānī, *Raf‘ al-Aşar ‘an Quḫāt Mişr* (part of an essay by al-Kindī abū ‘Umar Muḫammad ibn Yūsuf, *Kitāb al-Wulāt wa Kitāb al-Quḫāt*) (R. Guest ed.) (Leiden, 1912), pp. 585-589; Abū Bakr bin ‘Abdallāh ibn al-Dawadārī, *Kanz al-Durar wa-Ĝāmi‘ al-Ĝurar*, (6), (Şalāḫ al-Dīn al-Munağğid ed.), (Cairo, 1961), p. 174; Al-Maqrīzī, *Itti‘āz...*, (1), p. 223. The Banū al-Nu‘mān continued to hold judiciary positions after their father’s death. The patriarch al-Nu‘mān ibn Ḥayyūn served under the Fatimids in North Africa and is considered the founder of the Isma‘ili law and one of the most prominent Isma‘ili doctrinarians of the Fatimid dynasty. He died in Egypt in 363/973 after arriving there with the Caliph al-Mu‘izz li-Dīn Allāh. The last of the judges from among the Banū al-Nu‘māns was al-Qāsim bin al-Nu‘mān. He was dismissed in 441/1049 and replaced by Abū Muḫammad al-Yāzūrī, who also served as vizier under Caliph al-Mustanşir. See also, Şams al-Dīn ibn Ḥallikān, *Wafayāt al-A‘yān*, (5), (Iḫsān ‘Abbās ed.), (Beirut, 1968), p. 415.

⁷ The Abbasids too had a similar official in the service of their religious propaganda (*da‘wa*). His title was known in the Shi‘a as *Ḥuğğā* or *Ḥāğib*. During the Fatimid period this function was known as *Dā‘ī al-Du‘āt*, see: Al-Maqrīzī, *Ḥiṭaṭ*, (2), p. 226.

⁸ See, *Ibid*, (1), p. 391.

⁹ *Ibid*, (2), p. 326. Part of the lessons and sermons held in the Fatimid palace during the reign of Caliph al-Mustanşir were known and published under the name of *al-Mağālis al-Mustanşiriyya*. See, Ṭiqat al-Imām ‘Alam al-Dīn (al-Dā‘ī), *al-Mağālis al-Mustanşiriyya*, (Kamāl Ḥusayn ed.), (Cairo, 1947). The chief *dā‘ī* under al-Mustanşir, Al-Muayyad fī al-Dīn al-Şīrāzī, also held numerous preaching and *da‘wa* sessions for the *Ismā‘iliyya*, known as *al-Mağālis al-Muayyadiyya*. See also, ‘Abd al-Mun‘im Māğid, “*al-Ta‘līm ‘ind al-Fāṭimiyyin*”, in **Al-Tarbiya al-‘Arabiyya al-Islāmiyya**, (1), (Amman, 1989), pp. 265-266.

¹⁰ See, H. Halm, p. 41.

¹¹ Al-Azhar was established in Cairo as a mosque and educational institution for the Fatimids. On the educational procedures in al-Azhar see, al-Maqrīzī, *Ḥiṭaṭ...*, (2), p. 226; *ibid*, (4), pp. 49-55, 192. See also, Muḥammad ‘Abdallāh ‘Anān, *Tārīḥ al-Ġāmi‘ al-Azhar*, (Cairo, 1942).

¹² On the biography of Ya‘qūb ibn Killis see, Ibn Ḥallikān, (7), pp. 27-35; Ibn al-Ṣayrafī, *al-Iṣāra ilā man Nāl al-Wazāra*, (Abdallāh Muḥliṣ ed.), (Cairo 2000), p. 21; Yaakov Lev, “*The Fatimid Vizier...*”, pp. 237-249. On the role played by ibn Killis in the educational organization and implementation at al-Azhar mosque see, ‘Abd al-Mun‘im Māḡid, “*al-Ta‘līm ‘ind al-Faṭimiyyin*”, pp. 268-270.

¹³ See, al-Maqrīzī, *Ḥiṭaṭ...*, (2), p. 334-335, 356. On the organization and activity of the Dār al-‘Ilm in Cairo see, *ibid* (2), p. 254; *ibid*, (4), p. 49; Yūsuf al-‘Ish, *Dūr al-Kutub al-‘Arabiyya al-‘Āmma wa-Šibh al-‘Āmma li-Bilād al-‘Irāq wal-Šām wa-Miṣr fī al-‘Aṣr al-Wasīṭ*, (Beirut, 1991), pp. 104-127; ‘Anān, *Tārīḥ al-Ġāmi‘ al-Azhar*, 49-59; H. Halm, pp. 71-78.

¹⁴ On the lessons (*Maḡālis al-Da‘wa*) at the Fatimid palace see, *Ḥiṭaṭ...*, (2), pp. 222; 324-326; *ibid*, (4), p. 158.

¹⁵ *Ibid*, (2), p. 334-335; Yūsuf al-‘Ish, pp. 110-113, 127.

¹⁶ ‘Abd al-Mun‘im Māḡid, *Tārīḥ al-Ḥaḍāra al-Islāmiyya fī al-‘Uṣūr al-Wuṣṭā*, (Cairo, 1985), p. 164. Although this number is uncertain, it indicates the vast prevalence of this type of institution during the Fatimid period.

¹⁷ On al-Ḥākim’s waqfiyya for these institutions see, Muḥammad ‘Abdallāh ‘Anān, *Al-Ḥākim bi-Amr Allāh wa-Asrār al-Da‘wa al-Faṭimiyya*, (Cairo, 1959), 390-393; ‘Anān, *Tārīḥ al-Ġāmi‘ al-Azhar*, 160-164.

¹⁸ On the Fatimid libraries see, Al-Maqrīzī, *Ḥiṭaṭ...*, (2), pp. 253-254.

¹⁹ Abū al-Faḍl Muḥammad ibn al-Šaḥna, *Al-Durr al-Mūntaḥab fī Tārīḥ Mamlakat Ḥalab*, (Damascus, 1984), p. 35; Yūsuf al-‘Ish, p. 163.

²⁰ On the educational and da‘wa functions of the library of Sayf al-Dawla al-Ḥamdānī see, Yūsuf al-‘Ish, pp. 159-160.

²¹ Ibn al-Šaḥna, pp. 109-110.

²² Muḥammad bin Aḥmad ibn Ġubayr, *Riḥlat ibn Ġubayr*, (Beirut, 1984), p. 252. Naṣir Khusraw, too, claimed before him in his travel accounts in the area in 1047-1050, that the Shi‘a was majority in some of the Syrian cities. See, N. Khusraw, *Safar-Nāmah*, (Yaḥyā al-Ḥaššab ed.), (Cairo, 1970), pp. 48, 50, 53.

²³ See the biography of vizier al-Yāzūrī, Ibn al-Ṣayrafī, pp. 42-47; Taqiy al-Dīn al-Maqrīzī, *Al-Muqaffā*

al-Kabīr, (3), (Muḥammad al-Ya‘lāwī ed.), (Beirut, 1991), pp. 366-408; Al-Maqrīzī, *Itti‘āz...*, (2), pp. 236-247; Muḥammad bin ‘Alī ibn Muyassar, *Aḥbār Miṣr*, (Ayman Fu‘ād Sayyid ed.), (Cairo, 1981), pp. 16-17; Ḥātim Maḥāmīd, pp. 43-48, and see pp. 212-214 the excerpt from the manuscript by Ibn al-Ġawzī, *Mir‘āt al-Zamān*, Paris manuscript, No. 1506, ff). 29-30, Arabe. Biographies of administration functionaries in the Fatimid palace show that many among them originated in eastern lands and thus did not adhere initially to the *Ismā‘īliyya*. This is an indication of the extent of tolerance shown by the Fatimids towards ‘ulama, scholars and functionaries who belonged to different religious streams. See for example the biographies of numerous Fatimid viziers included in Ibn al-Ṣayrafī’s work, *Al-Išāra ilā man Nāl al-Wazāra*. On the role played by the Jewish family Banū Tustar in the Fatimid service in Egypt see, Moshe Gil, *Hatustarim: Hamishpaḥa Ve-hakat*, (Tel Aviv, 1981), (in Hebrew).

²⁴ See the whole poem: Muṣṭafa Ġālib, pp.195-198

²⁵ See, Ibn al-furāt, (4), p. 154. On al-Ḥākim’s qualities see, Muḥammad Aḥmad al-Ḥaṭīb, *Aqīdat al-Durūz*, (Amman, 1980), pp. 37-80; Abdallāh al-Amīn, *Dirāsāt fī al-Firaq wal-Mafāhib al-Qadīma al-Mu‘āṣira*, (Beirut, 1986), pp. 158-160.

²⁶ Muṣṭafa Ġālib, pp. 224-227. On the growth of the Druzi faction after the death of Caliph al-Ḥākim bi-Amr Allāh, and the Druzean belief system and da‘wa see, ‘Abdallāh al-Amīn, pp. 142-162; Muḥammad Aḥmad al-Ḥaṭīb, pp. 103-118.

²⁷ Ibn Muyassar, pp. 99-101; Al-Maqrīzī, *Itti‘āz...*, (3), p. 87. See also, S. M. Stern, “*The Epistle...*”, pp. 20-31. In this context see also the *sijill* (document) of the *al-Hidāya al-Āmiriyya*, Al-Šayyal, pp. 205-230.

²⁸ Several versions exist regarding the existence of an heir to the Imām al-Āmir. On the schism between the al-Ḥāfiẓiyya and al-Tayyibiyya see, S. M. Stern, “*The Succession...*”, pp. 193-212.

²⁹ Ibn Muyassar, pp. 114-115; Al-Maqrīzī, *Itti‘āz...*, (3), p. 142.

³⁰ Regarding the steps taken by the Emir Ḥasan against the Isma‘īli judges see, Ibn al-Ḥafīr, *Aḥbār al-Duwal al-Munqaṭi‘a*, (Andrey Ferry ed.), (Cairo, 1972), p. 46; Ibn Al-Qalānisī, *Īyāl Tārīḥ Dimašq*, (Amidrose, ed.), (Beirut, 1908), p. 242; Ibn Muyassar, p. 120; Al-Maqrīzī, *Itti‘āz...*, (3), p. 151; Al-Maqrīzī, *Ḥiṭaṭ...*, (2), p. 318.

³¹ Šihāb al-Dīn ‘Abd al-Raḥman Abū Šāma, *Kitāb al-Rawḍatayn fī Aḥbār al-Dawlatayn, al-Nūriyya wal-Šalāḥiyya*, (1), (Muḥammad Ḥilmī and Muḥammad Muṣṭafa Ziyāda eds.), (Cairo, 1965, p. 486; ‘Izz al-Dīn abū al-Ḥasan ibn al-Aṭīr, *Al-Kāmil fī al-Tārīḥ*, (9), (Beirut, 1983), p. 110; Al-Maqrīzī, *Itti‘āz...*, (3), p. 319; Abū al-Maḥāsīn ibn Taġrī Bardī, *Al-Nuġūm al-Zāhira fī Mulūk Miṣr wal-Qāhira*, (5), (Cairo, 1935), p. 385; Ġalāl al-Dīn al-Suyyūṭī, *Husn al-Muḥādara fī Tārīḥ Miṣr wal-Qāhira*, (2), (Muḥammad Abū al-Faḍl Ibrāhīm ed.), (Cairo, 1967), pp. 5, 153.

³² Abū Šāma, (1), p. 488; Ibn al-Aṭīr, (9), pp. 111-113; Al-Suyyūfī, (2), p. 216; Al-Maqrīzī, *Itti'āz...*, (3), p. 325; Ibn Taġrī Bardī, (5), 355-356.

³³ Ismā'īl bin 'Umar Abū al-Fidā' Ibn Kaṭīr, *Al-Bidāya wal-Nihāya fī al-Tārīḥ*, (11), (Aleppo, undated), pp. 321-322.

³⁴ On the assembly of the 'ulama in Baġdad see, Ibn Muyassar, p. 13; Ibn Kaṭīr (12), p. 70; Ibn al-Aṭīr, (8), p. 64; Ibn Taġrī Bardī, p. 53.

³⁵ Ibn Muyassar, p. 63.

³⁶ Ibn al-Aṭīr, (11), p. 322.

³⁷ Ibn al-Furāt, (4), p.155.

³⁸ See, Ibn al-Aṭīr, (8), pp. 70, 72, 83. He refers to Caliph al-Mustansir by the title *Šahib Mišr* (the Owner of Egypt / the Ruler of Egypt). Ibn Muyassar, 13, 63, refers to the Fatimid caliphs with the title *al-Khulafā' al-Mišriyyun* (the Caliphs of Egypt). Ibn Kaṭīr names them *Ašḥāb Mišr*, *Ašḥāb Mišr wal Šām* (the Rulers of Egypt and Syria) and occasionally *Mulūk Mišr* (the Kings of Egypt). See Ibn Kaṭīr, (11), pp. 314, 319, 321; *ibid*, (12), pp. 70, 286;.

³⁹ On these titles see, Ibn al-Furāt, (4), pp. 151-172. Ibn Kaṭīr also names them *al-Khulafā' al-'Ubaydiyyūn*. See, Ibn Kaṭīr, (11), pp. 314, 317, 319; *Ibid*, (12), pp.70, 286.

⁴⁰ Ibn al-Furāt, (4), pp. 154, 155, 176-177. When describing the protocol issued by the Abbasid caliph and the 'ulama in Baġdad to denounce the Fatimids and the Ismā'īliyya, Ibn al-Aṭīr refers to the Fatimids by such titles as Amgushids and Jews (*al-Diṣāniyya min al-Maġūs wal-Qaddāḥiyya min al- Yahūd...*). Ibn al-Aṭīr, (8), p. 64; See also, Ibn Kaṭīr, (12), pp. 70, 289-290.

⁴¹ See, Ibn al-Furāt, (4), pp. 173-183.

What Verdict Would a Buddhist Juror Render in the Zacarias Moussaoui Case?

By Shaun Randol

On May 4th 2006, a jury condemned Zacarias Moussaoui to life in prison without the possibility of parole. This was one of two possible fates that awaited the confessed al-Qaeda conspirator. The second option would have been a death sentence, but a unanimous decision necessary to initiate such punishment could not be reached by a jury of Moussaoui's peers, thus relegating Moussaoui to a life of near solitary confinement.

Moussaoui's case was fascinating in all respects. He is so far the only person tried with ties to 9/11; he openly confessed on the stand to being affiliated with the 9/11 plot and its conspirators (his defense team was put in the awkward position of declaring their client inept and delusional). Amongst many other nuances of the soap opera-like proceedings, Osama bin Laden declared that Moussaoui had nothing to do with the 9/11 scheme. However, the particulars of the case whilst intriguing, are of no concern to us in examining the particular questions put forth by this paper. And that is: how would a Buddhist juror have voted in the verdict of Zacarias Moussaoui had s/he been a member of the jury? Does a Buddhist's loyalty to spiritual precepts trump duty to civil law?

For argument's sake one should assume that a Buddhist would have no problem making it through the jury selection process for the Moussaoui trial. So in addressing the question at hand, one should ask: "Would a devout Buddhist be willing to sentence another person to death, knowing that such actions not only go against spiritual belief, but also may be returned in kind down the line – either in the current life or in the next (reincarnated) life?"

In answering these questions (for the purposes of this paper), the details of Moussaoui's trial and whether or not he was guilty of the crimes he was accused of, is neither here nor there. We are only concerned with the perceptions a potential juror with a Buddhist mindset may have held when going into deliberations.

Moussaoui's life sentence (actually three consecutive life sentences), came only after a 'phase one'

determination that Moussaoui was eligible for the death penalty sentence (Cassel 2006). This particular decision merits some attention in addressing our original question: would a Buddhist vote ‘yes’ in regards to the question of whether or not someone is *eligible* for the death penalty but, still be able to vote ‘no’ when the time comes to decide whether the said sentence should be imposed?

Moreover, what is the obligation for a Buddhist towards government imposed law? It is a recurring theme within Buddhist thought that the ‘reality’ surrounding us in fact is not real, but instead illusory, and therefore should be relegated to a ‘lower plane’ of existence. Just like most religions, Buddhism puts the law of man below that of ‘God’s Law’, so to speak. A Buddhist sitting on the Moussaoui jury is thus confronted with the dilemma of choosing to obey the ‘Law of the Land’ or to follow his/her spiritual tenets. This predicament is especially confounding if the particular juror is also patriotic and feels external or moral pressure to bring at least some element of justice to someone responsible for the heinous attacks of 9/11.

Still, unless s/he is fully enlightened and living as a monk at a remote temple outpost, most Buddhists operate within the realm of ‘reality’, and thus not only follow the ‘Law of the Land’ but in nations with large Buddhist populations – Thailand, Sri Lanka, Vietnam, Japan, Bhutan, etc – they also create such laws. And yes, throughout time and even in the present some Buddhist nations have either used or still maintain the death penalty – e.g. Japan at one time did not practice capital punishment, but does today, whilst Cambodia has taken the opposite approach (Horigan 1996). And still other states may choose a mixed bag: Tibet’s exiled government for example, has banned capital punishment outright but reserves the right to physical mutilation (in Lhasa only) as a punishment against treason – a penalty in itself that is not very compassionate or non-violent (Gov’t of Tibet 1996). Also, in terms of civil law, Andrew Huxley of the University of London in his paper shows us that Buddhist case law goes as far back as the third century BCE and indeed “for as long as there have been monks” (1999).

Accordingly, by following the law and determining whether or not someone is eligible for the death penalty (or any penalty for that matter), a Buddhist could conceivably not compromise his/her morals: “Essentially, according to Buddhist teachings, the ethical and moral principles are governed by examining whether a certain action, whether connected to body or speech is likely to be harmful to one’s self or to others and thereby avoiding any actions which are likely to be harmful.” and “...a Buddhist is expected to observe the prevailing law in whatever country they live” (BDEA 2006). In other words an ‘up’ or ‘down’ vote on this particular verdict of eligibility for the death penalty, *largely* does neither harm nor benefit the juror, Moussaoui, or society as a whole. The real test comes when the juror has to then decide whether or not to have a helping hand in putting Moussaoui to death.

Of course the jury did decide that Zacarias Moussaoui was eligible for the death penalty. The tone and direction of the conversation and debate that took place within the jury room is left to speculation. Presumably, the jurists conducted their civil duty without bias or personal prejudice toward the defendant and weighed the merits of the case against him in determining if he would die by execution, or would live out the rest of his life in prison. Again, for the sake of argument, let us assume that all facts and factors presented in the case led to a logical conclusion: that Zacarias Moussaoui should by the letter of the law

be handed a death sentence. What then is the moral duty of the Buddhist juror? Is it to abide by the law and follow the verdict to its logical conclusion? Or is the juror to put spiritual belief in certain Buddhist teachings ahead of the 'Law of Man', take a stand as perhaps the lone hold-out for declaring the death penalty verdict and thus render a life sentence imposition?

In order to understand the juror's predicament one must have knowledge of the principles behind Buddhist reasoning for forgiveness. Of course, just as in Christianity there is a myriad of sects within Buddhism. The thoughts in this paper reflect the general overarching themes of Buddhism as a whole. A frontrunner among these ethical standards is the notion of *karma*. In Western parlance this Buddhist truth is often 'arrogantly' invoked with the simple maxim of: "what goes around comes around". While this idiom highlights the gist of the meaning behind karma, it does not capture the complex essence of how karma is perceived within the Buddhist tradition. Thanissaro Bhikkhu explains the role karma plays in the human condition: "Beings are owners of their actions, heirs of their actions, born of their actions, related through their actions, and have their actions as their arbitrator" (1996). Joy Mills, in an introduction to an anthology devoted to the subject, describes karma simplistically as "action which ever turns upon itself in reaction" (1987).

What one must keep in mind when considering the ramifications of positive and negative actions in regards to karma, is that the reactions to these deeds may not only be doled out in the present life, but also will become part of the life experience in reincarnated lives and indeed may help in determining which life form one may return to earth through transmigration. Mills chose her words carefully when she included 'ever' in her explanation of karma. In other words, a major negative action such as sentencing another sentient being to death will have serious negative repercussions in the next life, either through assignment of a particularly rough experience to live out, or worse, by dictating that this person may be reincarnated in a form of life less than that of human. No matter what the outcome, a Buddhist's ultimate goal is to achieve full enlightenment (Nirvana), akin to the Christian ideal of Heaven. Be it harmful consequences of a major or minor sort, the devout Buddhist realizes that s/he will be set back considerably in their pursuit of Nirvana with each immoral act. Squashing a bug or stealing property is one thing, but sentencing a fellow human being to death is a 'whole new ball game'. The redemptive period of such a severe action could take a very long time, perhaps multiple reincarnations. Such thoughts would remain fixed in the back of the mind of any serious Buddhist, perhaps especially within the mind of a juror with the ability to allow or deny a death penalty sentence.

One cannot overstate the value Buddhist tradition puts upon the tenet of not killing other living beings. One only needs to look at the vast number of texts and precepts that put focus on the topic: the four Pali *Nikayas*; the first of the ten courses of unwholesome action (*akusala-kammapatha*); the third element in the Buddha's eightfold path; the first of five precepts in the rules of training (*sikkhapada*), etc (see Gethin 2004 for a lengthy and more thorough, but surely not exhaustive, look on this topic).

Furthermore Buddhists are wont to initiate programs that engender not only compassion but also facilitate rehabilitation: "Compassion fosters a deep respect for the dignity of all forms of life. The lives of

convicted criminal defendants do have value. ...Capital punishment is anathema to rehabilitation. One obviously cannot rehabilitate a dead inmate” (Horigan 1996). Enough said.

Still jurors are not the individuals who deal the final death blow to any death row inmate. The deed is left to the doctor administering the lethal injection, or the soldier pulling the trigger, or the officer flipping the switch. The direct deliverance of death to an individual leaves the juror in such a sentencing with relatively “cleaner” hands. Does this technicality then render the Buddhist free from any potential repercussions? The answer is a definitive ‘No’. The *Dhammapada* is an ancient Indian anthology of poetical and spiritual verses that many Buddhists look to for guidance in everyday living. The translations from the original Pali are various but the themes and dictates remain constant: Chapter 10 of the *Dhammapada* clearly states that “...all are fearful of death. ...Neither kill nor get others to kill,” a sentiment that is repeated in the final chapter. The scripture continues in said chapter (26):

“Shame on a brahman’s [sic] killer.
More shame on the Brahman
whose anger’s let loose.”

It is clear from these two statements alone from this exalted text (Bikkhu 2003) that not only is killing at the personal level disavowed, but causing another to do the same in the individual’s stead is also sacrilegious. Once again a devout Buddhist runs into another spiritual roadblock if s/he is considering sentencing another human to die.

Thus after only briefly skirting the essence of Buddhist texts, general practices and teachings on civil law and killing, it is clear that the imposition of a death sentence in a civil (or any) case would be nearly impossible for a serious Buddhist to endorse. Utilizing the case of Zacarias Moussaoui is just a mechanism to get the larger point across: that Buddhism and capital punishment cannot be harmonized. But this case is unique in that the jury first had to decide whether or not Moussaoui was eligible for the death penalty and if so, decide if he should actually be given such punishment.

Furthermore Moussaoui’s option of a death sentence, is interesting to focus on for our purposes, not only because it is a topical issue but because the attacks on 9/11 cut deeply into the patriotic and humanistic psyche of most Americans – whether in or near New York and Washington, DC or as far away as the California coast. In a nation where the death penalty is regularly used (through various medium, death and violence have become commonplace), there would have been little collective mourning for the death of Moussaoui had he been sentenced so by the jury of his peers. The United States is a nation that individually and collectively practices the mantra “an eye for an eye.” “For the murder of one or more people, the murder of the perpetrator is required to ‘balance’ the ‘scales of Justice,’ and bring the equation of life and death back to some point of human equilibrium. It is admittedly an odd equation since for the original death we do not offer the reversal of this fact...” (Lichtman 2004). A juror on this particular case could be forgiven for feeling overwhelmed by the push and pull of his or her personal morality against national sentiment for justice for the 9/11 atrocities. And so while an American Buddhist juror should not

necessarily be singled out as having a more complex set of parameters to work within, one can at least be more sympathetic to his plight simply by understanding both his sometimes conflicting religious temperament and domestic policy.

It is of course possible that a Buddhist would not withhold a guilty verdict knowing full well that the death penalty would be invoked. Ultimately however, if a Buddhist juror had misgivings about the karmic reaction or spiritual repercussions of sentencing someone to death (that the perceived gains of doling out justice or revenge would somehow outweigh or counter any negative effects of such actions), s/he would still have to contend with yet another Buddhist principle that would certainly prevent aiding in the death of Moussaoui: *Dharma* is yet another Buddhist principle that when loosely defined teaches righteousness and fairness... and mercy.

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Cry Babies Challenging the Feminist Myths.

By Ayse Naz Bulamur

I met the two angry women in Adrienne Rich's poem, "Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law," when my girlfriends and I were "feminist" chicks desperately seeking for white knights who could cook, clean, and wash the dishes for us. The mother in Rich's poem woke us up from our dreams of finding a perfect guy, who should plausibly be wealthy, handsome, intellectual, and a great cook. We were in tears to read how the mother and her daughter-in-law were trapped in a kitchen "in the prime of their lives." But, of course, they were fictitious characters. So we were still holding on to our dreams of living a 'happily ever after' marriage, where the hierarchical binary of man/woman would not hold anymore. We were intellectual, smart, and ambitious M.A. students, eager to deconstruct traditional gender roles and help men internalize our feminist ideals. There was no way we could identify with Rich's characters full of suppressed anger and unfulfilled aspirations. Moved by their miserable story, we decided to help them out by introducing them to the feminist writers such as Charlotte Gilman, Luce Irigaray, Catherine Clement, and Helene Cixous. They were in the reading list of our Women Writers and Feminist Theory course and we were sure that they would rescue the mother and her daughter-in-law from the oppressions of patriarchy. Otherwise, why should they be in our reading list? But, before going on to our rescue plan, I will first tell you the story of the mother and her daughter-in-law. If you are a lonely and sentimental reader like I am, you will need a lot of tissues to wipe your tears:

The story of the mother is tragic enough to be the subject matter of a Turkish arabesque movie. "Once a belle in Shreveport," the mother repressed all her fantasies, hopes, and expectations, in order to be a proper housewife, and a mother.

Your mind now, moldering like wedding-cake, heavy with useless experience, rich
with suspicion, rumor, fantasy,
crumbling to pieces under the knife-edge
of mere fact. In the prime of your life. (1)

We girls take pictures of the wedding cakes and wonder which song should be played when the cake is brought to our wedding ceremonies. True blue? I will always love you? Quanto Amore Sei? And so on. As sentimental readers, we do not want to disrupt the universal bond between the 'signifier' wedding-cake and its 'signifiers': unity, harmony and love. We are frustrated to see how the wedding-cake brought the mother

mental instability and rottenness. [Do my friends and I really empathize with the sufferings of the mother while we are reading the poem? Or are we much more concerned with the possibility that our dreams of love may crumble to pieces as well? You never know what is really going on in the readers' minds. But that is another story.] All her dreams, expectations are "crumbling to pieces" because she wastes her life with "useless experience," dusting the cupboards, and "waiting for the iron to heat" (4). In order to escape from her futile life, the mother dresses up in the clothes of her past and lives with the "delicious recollections" of her youth, when she was the belle of a small Southern town.

The "wedding cake" has not brought happiness to the daughter-in-law either. Wiping the teaspoons, her "nervy" and "glowering" looks reveal her anger against the social pressures that imprison her in a kitchen. She protests against her duties as a housewife by "banging the coffee-pot into the sink." The sentimental voice in me asks how coffeepots and teaspoons, things that I used to play with as a little girl with my grandmother, can be treated so violently. I still keep them. They keep my memories of playing house with my grandmother alive. Enjoying the time I was spending with her, I had never thought she might also have wanted to 'bang the coffeepots' and stop performing the role of a dutiful and happy housewife both in her marriage and in her play with her granddaughter. How was she spending her life in a kitchen, taking care of her three sons and husband? Was she also losing herself in the sweet memories of her youth while looking at the beautiful Bosphorus view from her balcony? How cozy was the kitchen for my grandmother and the daughter-in-law, who was hurting herself deliberately?

Sometimes she's let the tapstream scald her arm,
 a match burn to her thumbnail,
 or held her hand above the kettle's snout
 right in the woolly steam. They are probably angels,
 since nothing hurts her anymore, except
 each morning's grit blowing into her eyes. (2)

We, the studious M.A. students, use close reading to decipher what morning grit signifies in the poem. We believe that morning's grit wakes the daughter-in-law from her dreams (in which she is free from social restrictions), and brings her into the consciousness of her gender role. We conclude that it is not physical pain, but the social pressure is what she cannot bear. Reading the poem, we silently think about women with different cultural, racial, and religious backgrounds, who give up their hopes and desires to be the perfect housewives.

Still, eyes inaccurately dream
 behind closed windows blankening with steam.
 Deliciously, all that we might have been,
 all that we were-fire, tears,
 wit, taste, martyred ambition
 stirs like the memory of refused adultery
 the drained and flagging bosom of our middle years. (8)

We think of women whose dreams, wishes, expectations from life vanish as they are trapped in a conventional marriage, housework, and child-care with no access to education or career development. They waste the “bosom” of their lives as they sacrifice their ambitions and desires to conform to the expectations of society. Once and for all, we sit down and cry for all women who give up their education, jobs, and love affairs to stay safe in their comfort zones. [Whether we are shedding tears for the desperate housewives or for the possibility that we may become the daughter-in-law cursing the morning grit blowing into her eyes is not clear. Empathy with the characters becomes problematic when the reader’s future is at stake.] But my mother, the daughter-in-law, and I did not cry when my grandfather died. We were secretly happy that his death gave her the liberty to enjoy the rest of her life without any orders or restrictions. But had she ever wanted that freedom?

Well,

there is too much suffering and crying going on here.

How do you think your old fashioned and new critical strategies of interpreting the text will save these miserable women from the oppressions of patriarchy? Do you think offering possible meanings of what morning grit is, will help the daughter-in-law stop burning herself and find better ways of liberating herself from her entrapment in the domestic sphere? Instead of waking the mother up from the dreams of her idealistic past, you girls are lost in your imaginary wedding ceremony with a cake and a love song. Didn’t you learn anything from Iser, Fish, and Barthes what the role of a reader should be? They don’t want passive, sentimental cry babies, as you are. Their implied reader is the one who actively participates in the construction of the meaning in the text, fills the gaps, and constantly challenges and reverses her own interpretations. You, as readers, should stop thinking about your own marriage plans and think about how you can actually change the destiny of these characters! You know that losing oneself in the recollections of the past or burning a thumbnail with a match will not rescue these women from their domestic duties. So don’t sit back and watch them destroy their lives. As active readers, you have the responsibility to help the mother and her daughter-in-law find a more constructive way to rebel against their limited roles in patriarchal society. What are you waiting for? Jump into the text, and help these characters lead a happier life in Rich’s poem.

The girls

are

baffled

with the author’s intrusion.

They are so traumatized with the mother's, daughter-in-law's, and the grandmother's stories that they do not know how to respond to the author's accusations. They are thinking about why they should be obliged to play the role given by these literary critics. The dilemma of whether they should sit down and cry for hours or take the author's advice and be revolutionary readers, is too hard for the girls to handle. But they want to prove to the writer that they know their reader-response and feminist theory. With that academic background, they have the potential to be activist girls and emancipate Rich's characters from the horrible kitchen. Who is this author anyway? Is it he or she? The girls cannot wait to solve the mystery of this author. But they decide that they have to wait. There are more serious issues going on other than discovering the name, gender, and cultural background of the author. Still, the gender of the author is haunting them. They are thinking "what if the author is the white knight in their dreams". It is fun to watch these girls struggling to shift from their dreams into the poem. They don't know, of course, that the author is just another sentimental graduate student, who is pretending to be smart enough to intrude in the lives of her characters. She is not the sexy guy, with dark hair and green eyes, who listens to Italian music in his car and cites poetry. She is not Ronald Sukenick's blonde, with "long legs showing under the shortest of miniskirts" either (76). She does not understand anything of poetry and this is very evident in her papers. Otherwise, why should she rely on her characters to make up stories about Rich's poem? Oh, uh! The girls look like the "thinking woman" in Rich's poem. They seem to be busy with coming up with innovative and fruitful ideas to help out Rich's characters. I see the aura of intelligence and creativity surrounding them. I guess the author's intrusion did work. They are about to make a rescue plan. Let's hear what they have to say:

Nana: Girls, we should read the poem more closely. Rich seems to be upset that only a few women have the courage to smash the system. She writes,

For that, solitary confinement
tear gas, attrition shelling.
Few applicants for that honor. (9)

Even though the mother and the daughter-in-law are oppressed by their gender roles, they do nothing to liberate themselves from the social pressures. They remain silent and conform to their domestic roles by living with the illusion of the past or harming themselves with kitchen tools.

Nezire: Yes! The daughter-in-law "hears the angels chiding": "Have no patience," "Be insatiable," "Save yourself; others you cannot save." But she does not take the advice of the angels to save herself from the kitchen.

Neyla: So you are saying that Rich's characters and even Naz's grandmother participate in their own domination!

Naz: Well, our discussion of the poem while having tiramisu and espresso do not contribute to the women's rights either. We are eating too much and babbling too much. Let's show the author and the sneaky

narrator what we can do. Let's be the "applicants" who are willing to bring these women to their senses.

Neyla: But you girls don't really mean that we are going to be "applicants" to "tear gas, attrition shelling," do you? This plan sounds horrible. Even my waterproof mascara will not be able to resist the tears in my eyes due to gas. What if my nail polish gets messed up while carrying the guns and so on?

Nana: All right. We don't need gas and guns. This sounds too masculine and patriotic. Why don't we become this angry fury, the helicopter women at the end of Rich's poem? We can fly to various feminist texts written in different time periods and consult those writers about what we should do to free women from the restraints of patriarchy. Here is the androgynous, helicopter fury that we need to become...

Nezire: Can we at least finish our tiramisu before starting our flight?

Naz: You are gaining too much weight! What would Sukenick write about while looking at your enormous belly? Waking up from his dreams of the skinny blonde, he would probably have a heart attack!

Nana: Well, while she is finishing up her dessert, let's see how Rich defines these helicopter women so we know the role we will be playing in the rest of the author's paper.

Well,
she's long about her coming, who must be
more merciless to herself than history.
Her mind full to the wind, I see her plunge
breasted and glancing through the currents,
taking the light upon her
at least as beautiful as any boy
or helicopter,
poised, still coming,
her fine blades making the air wince [...] (10)

Neyla: Fine blades sound good! I like the idea of being strong, powerful, and merciless. But, we, girls, don't want to be "as beautiful as any boy." At least I don't! I think we should go to the hairdresser, put some make up on, shave our legs, and pick our sexiest clothes to take with us to our trip.

Dulce ridens, dulce loquens,
She shaves her legs until they gleam
Like petrified mammoth-tusk. (5)

Nezire: Well, as readers of Rich's poem, we can make some changes in the helicopter figure. Can't we? Let's turn this androgynous fury into a sexy, beautiful, and "purely" feminine woman!

The girls

decide to take a break from their confidential meeting about their trip to the feminist texts written in the twentieth century. They all come to the consensus that they have to go the fitness center after they are done with packing and shopping. Otherwise, how can they have “fine blades making the air wince”? They have to pose as the strong, superwomen. They don’t want the feminist writers to unravel their true identity: weak, silly graduate students discussing Rich’s poem, whilst secretly desiring to watch the soap opera “The Bold and the Beautiful” instead. They have a mission now. They need to know the possible solutions that the feminist writers would offer them with which to liberate Rich’s women from patriarchy. They trust Gilman, Irigaray, Clement, and Cixous. The girls remind me of my youth, with full hopes of being a social activist who would actually help the women suffering from poverty, sexual abuse, and their husbands’ oppression. What have I done besides reading, studying, and writing papers? And how does presenting feminist papers in conferences help the “no name woman” in the kitchen, “banging the coffee-pot into the sink”? Apparently, reading Hannah Fosters’ “The Coquette” in the light of Mikhail Bakhtin’s theories and theorizing about Salome’s anger in Elizabeth Cary’s play, “The Tragedy of Mariam”, haven’t helped the cleaning woman’s conflict with her cheating husband. Thus, I turned out to be a “sneaky narrator”, as the girls would say, in another ambitious but passive graduate student’s paper. How will the author’s attempts to use “critifiction” or to “do the multiple”, bring any change to daughters-in-law around the world? Maybe I should quit my job as a narrator. But no, no! I don’t dare to “disturb the universe” by challenging the author’s decision to give me the role of the narrator. I believe in these girls. Besides I have ‘airsickness’. I suppose, “The second coming is at hand.” Instead of “a shape with lion body and the head of a man,” we have four feminist chicks, playing the role of Rich’s fury, coming to liberate women from the injustices and inequalities of patriarchy. So far, the girls are fine with the helicopter and the blades. But they are still resisting being androgynous. They do not see why they need to be androgynous to fly to feminist texts and search for women’s emancipation. Why need masculine traits to challenge patriarchy? They want to be as “feminine” as possible. Here, they are ready to take off! The journey is about to begin.

Nana: Okay girls. I will take attendance before we leave. Nezire?

Nezire: Here.

Nana: Naz?

Nezire: She is here but still sleeping.

Nana: I see... Neyla?

Neyla: Here I suppose.

Nana: Great! Everyone is here. Last night, I went over the texts we will be studying in our Women Writers and Feminist Theory course next semester. Reading list includes feminist writers such as Gilman, Irigaray,

Clement and Cixous. We should start our journey with Gilman's *Herland*, a feminist utopia written in 1915. Perhaps the mother's recollections of her youth in Shreveport and Gilman's utopian visions will match! Then the mother and her daughter-in-law will desert Rich and continue to live in *Herland* happily ever after!

Nezire: Yeah! Then we won't have to play the role of helicopter woman for so long. These French women scare me.

Nana: Don't be a coward! If Gilman's utopia doesn't suit Rich's unhappy characters' needs, we will fly to Irigaray's '*This Sex Which Is Not One*' and to Cixous and Clement's '*The Newly Born Women*'. Since they are dealing with post-structuralism and Lacan, they should be smart enough to help us out.

Naz: I have airsickness. What if I throw up? Do you want me to tell you the stories of how I threw up on people's laps on the plane, taxi, bus...

NanaNezireNeyla: You are too gross to be a lady like we are!

Nana: Anyway. Are you girls ready? Set? G-

Neyla: Wait! Who is going to be the pilot?

Nana: (*getting ready to take off*) I will.

Neyla: But do you have a certificate or something? When did you learn to fly?

Nana: (*helicopter starts to move and it is about to fly*) I didn't.

NezireNeylaNaz: **WHATTTT???????**

"What?"

is not the question.

The question is whether these girls will be able to be "more merciless" to themselves than to the feminist writers. What do they know about women in the early twentieth century, to be able to understand Gilman's utopia? They are probably going to judge her in the light of their twenty-first century standards and will be more confused than ever as to what they should do with the mother and the daughter-in-law. I hope they will be wiser in their reading of Irigaray and Cixous. I hope they won't pick up two or three terms and use them to explain the whole texts. As they are judging these writers in the light of their incomplete knowledge of theory and history, how critical will they be able to be towards their own flight to these texts? How will they question their own interpretive strategies and be critical of their mission to rescue Rich's characters?

The girls should not be left alone. They think they are all by themselves in this ambitious journey. I am on the back seat watching them silently...secretly... while trying so hard not to throw up on one of these girls.

As we are “glancing through the currents”, we are trying to suppress our fear of flying to an unknown Herland. Skimming through the novel, we know that there are only women living in that matriarchal society. Will they be hospitable enough to welcome us with delicious food and diet coke? Or will they use us as prisoners to do housework for them? Good news is that since there are no men, we don’t have to wear make up and dress up. Not the white knight but a bunch of women with short hair will be waiting for us there. We will save a lot of time by not thinking whether our shoes match with our outfit. We will use that time for our investigations, to see whether Herland is a right place for the mother and her daughter-in-law to live in.

Now we are finally at Herland after a chaotic trip in the helicopter screaming and yelling at Nana to fly carefully, throwing up at each other, and wishing we were at home finishing up our tiramisus. The first thing we notice is that there is no dirt, smoke, or noise in Herland. Everything seems to be clean, ordered, pleasant, and beautiful. “Peace, Beauty, Order, Safety, Love, Wisdom, Justice, Patience” make their world go around! The women in Herland welcome us with great hospitality and let us stay in a cottage. After unpacking our suitcases, we sleep right away. But I can’t sleep. I have this nightmare that I am transforming into a fictive existence in this paper or in Gilman’s *Herland* and I am not sure what my true self is. Hearing the knock on the door, I wake up from my horrible dream to see that women in Herland are here in the cottage at 7:00 am. It is amazing to see that these women can’t wait to listen to our stories. It has been a long journey into the night and I don’t even remember the details of our trip. Why did we end up in Herland anyway? I was sleeping while my friends were planning the trip and when we were flying to Herland. We make up a story that will satisfy their curiosity. We briefly tell them how we decided to become the helicopter woman in Rich’s poem and fly to feminist women writers’ texts to find out how we could challenge the oppressions of the patriarchy that imprison the mother and her daughter-in-law in the kitchen. I am not sure whether they actually believe in our story or not. We also add that Herland is the first stop in our trip and that we have two more texts to visit.

The women in Herland seem to have the “evenest tempers, the most perfect patience” and “absence of irritability” (46). My girlfriends and I are thinking perhaps these good-natured women can help the daughter-in-law control her anger and stop hurting herself with kitchen tools. But the problem is that these women do not look “womanly” at all. We are wondering where “the real women,” with long hair and fancy clothes are? How will the mother, “once a belle in Shreveport, / with henna-colored hair, skin like a peachbud,” get along with the women who do not have “feminine charms”? The best part of not having men in the country is that women don’t have to obey their husbands’ orders, cook, clean, or do laundry for them! I wish my grandmother read *Herland*! I am assuming that she had never conceptualized a society where women did not have to imprison themselves in a home. Women in Herland cannot even imagine how the mother and the daughter-in-law do not have a room of their own. Unlike Rich’s characters, they have “the most delicate sense of personal privacy [...]. They have, every one of them, the ‘two rooms and a bath’ theory realized” (125). They are horrified to learn from us that women in patriarchal societies have

to change their maiden names for their husbands’.

So far, so good.

No patriarchy, no oppressive housekeeping duties.

Plus the women have room of their own.

The mother and her daughter-in-law will be so excited to hear this!

I wish we knew their names. ☺

But, then, the women tell us the workings of matriarchy. They explain with “sweet seriousness” that Motherhood is “the highest social service” and “to be encouraged to bear more than one child is the very highest reward and honor in the power of the state” (69). You should see the puzzled and bewildered expressions on our faces. We are thinking how each woman has at least five children without having sex with men! How is this possible? We are not experts in biology but we read *Cosmopolitan* enough to know how things work! One of them explains how the women in Herland “developed this virgin birth capacity” (67).

You see, before a child comes to one of us there is a period of utter exaltation—the whole being is uplifted and filled with a concentrated desire for that child. [...] When that deep inner demand for a child began to be felt she would deliberately engage in the most active work, physical and mental; and even more important, would solace her longing by the direct care and service of the babies we already had. (70)

Even imagining the “period of utter exaltation” makes our faces grow pale and sad. We feel dizzy and are about to faint. Nezire thinks about the money she will spend, Neyla wonders how much weight she will gain, Nana knows how old she will look, and I lament for the sleepless nights after giving birth to five children. We also learn that there is no notion of family here. They consider themselves “all one ‘family’” and they don’t need to know “which child belongs to which mother” (74). It is too sad to think that children in Herland probably don’t know whom they should call on Mother’s Day. They think “in terms of the community” and have no private emotions and feelings. We, girls, are “uplifted and filled with a concentrated desire” for shopping, traveling, watching movies, gossiping, dressing up, and falling in love. Even our desire for tiramisu exceeds our desire to have children. We conclude that the “drama of the country [is]—to our taste—rather flat. You see, they lacked the sex motive and with it, jealousy” (99). After listening to their story of how matriarchal society works, we go back to our rooms and have a meeting.

Naz: Okay girls, what are we going to do know? Do you want to stay here more or ...

Nana: I miss my boyfriend!

Nezire: You don't have a boyfriend!

Nana: I wish I had though. What if we lose our sex motive by staying here longer? There is no courtship going on here. I want men in my utopia.

Neyla: And I want to be a professor not a mother. How am I going to write papers if I have a baby crying in the next room?

Nezire: What if we develop this virgin birth capacity and are pregnant before we even leave?

Naz: What if we lose our "essentially feminine" qualities and don't have the desire to put on nail polish anymore when we go back home?

NazNanaNezireNeyla: **NO! NO! NO! WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO DESERVE THIS?**

Nana: What kind of a "feminist" utopia is this? I have never imagined that matriarchy could be as oppressive as patriarchy!

Nezire: Do you think that we should talk about Herland to the mother and her daughter-in-law?

Neyla: Are you crazy? If we tell the daughter-in-law that she will have at least five children in Herland, she will probably throw the coffeepot and kettle to our heads!

Naz: Shall we go girls?

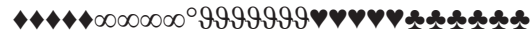
NanaNezireNeyla: Let's go!

Girls...

Stupid, silly, foolish girls!

It is hard to believe that they are M.A. students. Do you see how prejudiced they are against other cultures and centuries? Perhaps I should blame postmodernism for their surface level reading strategies. Well, I haven't forgotten Eliot and how I fell in love with his poems. I should teach these girls close reading and textual analysis. They pick the quotes and paragraphs that will support their conclusion that Gilman's notion of femininity is as oppressive as the one shaped by patriarchy. They even disrupt and subvert the quotes they are giving you. Dear Reader, please go back and read the quote on page 14. Do you see the gap, [...], there? How would you fill in that gap? Let me tell you what Gilman writes in that gap, "Often young women, those to whom motherhood had not yet come, would voluntarily defer it" (70). This means that women have control over their bodies. They can defer pregnancy if they want to. They don't even need birth control pills! And the beauty of motherhood is that the women look after children collectively. They

don't need to endure sleepless nights much. And I believe that they have an idea of "sex-love." Otherwise, why should Ellador leave Herland to be with Vandyck Jennings, a curious American male explorer in the country? But I want to leave with the girls too. I don't want to be surrounded with "sisterly love" in here. One wonders how sisterly that love is...



We are back in the helicopter, hoping that Nana is now an expert pilot, who will be able to find her way from Herland to France. We are so excited that we will meet French men who will take us to fancy restaurants, the Moulin Rouge, and offer us wonderful red wine. The girls find the French language terribly sexy. I find it snobbish. I prefer Italian. Perhaps we can make men fall in love with us by telling our adventurous journey to rescue Rich's characters. We should make our story as believable and real as we can. Maybe they will volunteer to join us in our trip! But we shouldn't talk about Herland much. Otherwise, the attention will shift from us to that all-female society. And we don't want that to happen. Our next stop is Luce Irigaray's *'This Sex Which Is Not One'*. I hope Irigaray will be wise enough to offer us a "real" feminist manifesto. What was that natural instinct of motherhood about? Why should women want domesticity in their utopia? Patriarchy already assigns women the role of loving, caring, and emotional mother. Why does Gilman perpetuate motherhood? These are the questions we are discussing on our way to Irigaray's text. To be honest, we are trying to sound intelligent with our academic discourse. The truth is that everyone is dreaming about the French white knight that they will meet accidentally on the Champs-Élysées.

This time, we find a luxurious hotel in the heart of Paris; after that terrible cottage we had to stay at in Herland. Our sweet and considerate dads send us money for our academic investigations. Otherwise, how can we have money to stay in Paris as poor graduate students? In the morning, we start our "flight" to Irigaray's text. From the first couple of chapters, we see that this French feminist writer knows what the mother and her daughter-in-law are suffering from. We carefully read and highlight the passages where she compares a marriage contract to a system of exchange, in which the bride is a commodity that passes from one procurer to another. She believes that a woman functions as the "currency of exchange" as she is transmitted from her father's hands to her husband's. Her "price" is established in terms of how well she performs her housekeeping duties. A woman does not have any identity other than being a daughter and a wife, who is subject to men's demands. Now we understand why there are no surnames, which indicate man's ownership of his family, in Gilman's utopia. We are thrilled to find a quote that is directly related to the mother and her daughter-in-law's lives: "fatherland, home, discourse, imprison us in enclosed spaces where we cannot keep on moving, living, as ourselves" (212). Now we have a perfect evidence to justify our argument that these women are unhappy in their marriages with unloving husbands and domestic duties. As Irigaray would say, Rich's characters live in the "zone of silence." They don't even share their unhappiness with each other but choose to escape from the enclosed spaces momentarily by daydreaming or hurting themselves. In the meantime, I notice that my friends' eyes also shift from the text to their dreams of going out and discovering this beautiful city. I wish we had time to go to Disneyland in Paris and take pictures with Minnie. I need to buy magnets, key chains, and a t-shirt of Minnie. But we have more work to do.

We find Irigaray's argument about marriage very smart. I think the mother and the daughter-in-love will file a divorce as soon as they find out that they are "currency of exchange" between men. But we are confused when she writes that woman is the "mother earth," "productive earth," "the guardian of nature" and the "material substance." She writes that "the ruling power [man] is pretence, or a sham" that prohibits any return to red blood" (192). Even though she states that she seeks a possibility of non-hierarchical articulation of masculine-feminine, she eventually privileges nature, red blood over pretence and civilization. Then she goes on to claim that woman remains "in flux, never congealing and solidifying." The myth of "feminine essence" in Irigaray's text creates anger and discomfort among us.

Nana: Why do these feminist writers worship motherhood and nature that much? Are we still in *Herland* or in *This Sex Which Is Not One*? I am confused. Hasn't anything changed since 1915?

Nezire: I am confused too. I thought patriarchal ideology was the one to blame for assigning motherhood and childcare to women. I thought feminist writers should be the ones to challenge traditional gender roles.

Neyla: Yeah. Aren't these writers actually perpetuating patriarchy by sustaining women's roles in the domestic sphere? She excludes women from the social sphere by correlating femininity with nature and motherhood.

Naz: I hate nature. I don't even go to picnics. My friends forced me to go to a rain forest in San Juan to see a waterfall! And that was the worst time of my life.

Neyla: I don't want to be the fertile and nurturing mother figure either.

Nana: So who do you think Irigaray is referring to when she says "woman"? Clearly, not us! Is she referring to Chinese, Italian, American, African, or Turkish women?

Nezire: Nana, she is French. I don't think she has ever been to these countries. She probably has no idea of those women's experiences.

Naz: So, is she referring to French women?

Nezire: Come on, Naz. Look around you. Do you think these skinny, snobbish, and fashionable French women want to be the guardians of nature?

Neyla: And what if we don't want to be fluid and multiple? I don't even know what "fluid" means. I want order, structure and clear-cut truths in my life.

Nana: I think Irigaray should go to Herland. She will probably have at least ten children with this motherly instinct.

The girls

give one more chance to Irigaray.

They read through Rich's poem to see whether the mother and the daughter-in-law would happily perform the role of mother earth. Their interpretive strategies lead them to pick stanzas in the poem that will support their criticism of Irigaray. They find what they are looking for. Reading the following stanza, they conclude that Rich challenges the myth of bliss in childbirth, by turning the image of pregnant women into a "tragical machine".

*Poised, trembling and unsatisfied, before
an unlocked door, that cage of cages,
tell us, you bird, you tragical machine-
is this fertillisante douleur? Pinned down
by love, for you the only natural action,
are you edged more keen
to prise the secrets of the vault? Has Nature shown
her household books to you, daughter-in-law,
that her sons never saw? (6)*

The girls don't see any fluidity and multiplicity but suffering and dolor in motherhood. Woman's role as the guardian of nature consumes her strength and leaves her "poised, trembling, and unsatisfied." The girls surely don't want to bring more pain and discomfort to the mother and daughter-in-law by sending them to Herland or assigning them the role of mother earth. As Rich implies at the end of that stanza, the girls believe that childbirth does not make women any closer to nature than men.

Frustrated

with Irigaray's definition femininity, the girls silently walk away from Champs-Élysées, towards the Jewish district, Marais. Walking through the narrow streets, N is thinking of the Jewish guy she once fell in love. N wants to go the Picasso museum in Marais. N is happy that they don't have to fly to the next, and the final text because Cixous is also French. N remembers the stingy Jewish guest she met when she was working at Hyatt Regency. And N considers the possibility that perhaps Federman and Derrida have also passed from those narrow streets. Here they are, sitting at a cozy cafe skimming through 'The Newly Born Women'. Unfortunately, they haven't found handsome French men to accompany them in their investigations.

Yes, we are lonely, dear narrator. We haven't met a single guy besides the ones we asked for direction. They insisted on speaking French. And we insisted on speaking Turkish, Chinese, or English. We are also

losing all our hopes of finding a feminist writer that will actually liberate the mother and the daughter-in-law from their unhappy marriages. But you, dear narrator, are not better off than we are. What have you accomplished so far? You are just a passive voyeur, who judges our reading skills. Don't think that we are not aware of your hidden presence. You are all around us. We see you. Why don't you leave us alone and have our fun in Paris? Don't you have better things to do than just secretly watching us? Well, if the answer is no, then you are as desperate as Rich's characters and we.

We sit down in a café in Marais with our copy of *'The Newly Born Woman'*. On the back cover of the book we read that Helene Cixous and Catherine Clement's book "is a landmark text of the modern feminist movement." This remark refreshes our hopes of finding a feminist theory that we can put into practice to rescue Rich's characters. We also love the color of the book cover and we decide that we want an outfit in light purple. After ordering a coffee, we get serious and start reading the book. This is our last text to explore. Therefore, we really need to do close reading to find a strategy that we can use to liberate the mother and her daughter-in-law from their entrapment in marriage.

---. Stop! I can't stand reading anymore.

---. I don't want to use a dictionary Clement is saying.

<p>Imaginary Groups The Other The Hysteric The Sorceress The Real The Symbolic Jacques Lacan Fueros Marcel Mauss Levi- Strauss Madmen Deviants Neurotics Drifters Jugglers Michelet Attack Abreaction Expulsion Freud Guilt Tarantella Spider The Child The Savage Monstrous Jouissance Seduction</p>
--

Clement's essay "The Guilty One"

or the Internet to understand what

---. The new woman they are talking about cannot possibly emerge from Freud's, Lacan's, and Levi-Straus' patriarchal discourse.

---. What is Clement talking about? And how is her analysis of Freud significant in the mother and her daughter-in-law's lives?

---. She is not thinking of women who have no luxury to read psychoanalytic theory.

---. And how is all this fuss about Freud going to help our cleaning lady convince her husband not to cheat on her?

We decide we want to skip Clement's essay and move on to Cixous' hoping that having coffee in a Jewish

district will help us empathize with her cultural and religious background. Reading a couple of pages, we see that Cixous is more in touch with the “real” world of women. She at least knows that the mother and her daughter-in-law are “nullified, kept out of the way, on the edge of the stage, on the kitchen side, the bedside” (69). And when she mentions that she reads Freud as fiction, we all want to scream in the café: “go Cixous go!” We are sick of reading Freud in Irigaray’s and Clement’s texts. Isn’t it ironic that by circling around Freud’s patients and theories, these women writers lock themselves in the “zone of silence”?

Cixous gets 12 points from us when she questions “nature” and the “essence” of women and argues that sexual differences are socially and historically constructed. We also notice that both Cixous’ and the daughter-in-law’s “anger is unmollified” (74). Would Rich’s characters join Cixous’ struggle to emancipate women from the “shadow” and “wake up among the dead” (64-7)? Can we make them see how they are “trapped within an ideological theater” of patriarchy and speak up for their rights? We are hoping that Cixous will encourage these women to fly away from their “enslavement” in marriage and domestic duties.

Thinking about how we can use Cixous’ feminist theory as a wake up call for the mother and her daughter-in-law, we notice a postman entering the café and slowly approaching us. He hands us a letter, makes us sign a document, and then gets ready to leave.

Naz: Hey! Wait a minute! How did you find us in this café? We are absolutely sure that we didn’t give any address and contact information to the post office in Paris.

Postman: Sorry. I don’t understand Turkish. Bye girls.

Nezire: What is going on here?

Nana: Is this a joke? These weird things only happen in fiction and film.

Neyla: Just open the letter! Stop speculating about truth and fiction.

The girls

are about to read a letter that will change their lives. In the future, they will read this letter to their children over and over again, to lose themselves in the recollections of their journey to the feminist texts. They will modify the details of their story every time they get together and talk about their adventures in Herland and Paris.

Dear N,

My mother-in-law and I would like to thank you for all your efforts to save us from our unhappy marriages and limited lives in the domestic sphere. However, we think that there is a misunderstanding going on due to your misinterpretations of Rich's poem. You are flying from one text to another to search for help. "That is not what I meant at all; / That is not it, at all." I don't even listen to the angels chiding, "have no patience" and "save yourself." Then why should I listen to you? Please leave us alone. I want to spend my life in the kitchen wiping the teaspoons, banging the coffeepot, and letting the tap stream scald my arm. This is the way I cope with my misery. Where did you get the idea that we needed help? Do you think it is easy to divorce my husband and challenge my domestic duties? What other options do I have? How can I go on with my life without marriage, which provides me with financial security? What other alternatives does my mother-in-law have other than losing herself in her happy memories of the past? If those memories make her smile, then what is the point of waking her up from the "delicious recollections" of her past? Just let us be.

Best,
A Daughter-in-Law

The End

Good job girls!

This story will sell more than Danielle Steel's. Even the most sentimental reader will turn off the T. V. when the soap opera 'Passions' is on and read your miserable journey instead. Hey! Postman, you did a great job in arousing reader's curiosity at the end. I always believe that the ending should be tragic, mysterious, or dramatic. It always works.

Postman: Thanks. So how much are you going to pay me?

It depends on how much the story will sell.

Nana: So can I go home now? My children are waiting for me.

Naz: Yes. I also have to cook for my husband. He doesn't want to eat the same food two days in a row.

Nezire: And my house stinks. I need to wash the dishes and do some cleaning.

Neyla: Don't you girls enjoy the bliss of being a mother and caring wife? Now I understand how much I have missed my housekeeping duties.

Nana: Yes. Yes. We should be proud of ourselves for being ideal feminists who worship motherhood and nature. Reading, traveling, and especially flying, sound too masculine.

Nezire: Should we go?

Naz: Let's go.

Neyla: But wait! What are you going to write next?

I will probably write the miserable story of the foolish narrator who stayed in Paris to find a handsome and intellectual guy. Terrible things will happen to her. She will be raped, lose her sight, and live in poverty. But this time I am planning a happier ending. The white knight will come and save the narrator from her predicaments. And they will live happily ever after!

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Swinging Through Spheres: Jazz, Gender, and Mobility.

By Steph Ceraso

I'm like a nurse, a fireman, or a cop on the beat— they all wear their uniforms to work, and I'm no different.

-Drag Queen RuPaul, *Lettin' It All Hang Out*

During World War II, people living in the United States were experiencing the “extremes of both unprecedented restriction and unprecedented mobility” (Tucker 34). As Sherrie Tucker writes, “At the same time that pleasure driving was banned and gas and tires were rationed, 12 million people left home for military service, and 15 million other Americans moved for other reasons, such as work opportunities to pursue dreams not possible during the Great Depression” (34). Interestingly, despite Jim Crow¹ laws and obligatory domestic duties in the private sphere, members of “all-girl” swing bands (often racially mixed ones) were among the most publicly mobile figures of the 1940s. In her book *Swing Shift*, Tucker reveals the story of female jazz musicians who managed to navigate through a masculine American landscape and penetrate the male-dominated, homosocial world of jazz.

Tucker's project is significant for a number of reasons. First and foremost, *Swing Shift* brings a largely ignored part of jazz history into public discourse. Without letting her own voice or personal bias dominate the narrative, Tucker gives 1940s female jazz musicians a space to tell their history the way they remember it.² Secondly, aside from uncovering and compiling a detailed history of “all-girl” bands, Tucker's examination of the role gender plays in jazz is crucial. Gender is something that has been almost totally overlooked in Jazz Studies until very recently. In fact, the erasure of gender from jazz discourse has made jazz appear strangely genderless. But, as Tucker notes, this is definitely not the case: “The dominant swing texts are not gender neutral (although they pass themselves off as such); they are histories of musical men” (6). Thus, Tucker's focus on the female jazz experience is, I think, a necessary and productive step toward understanding jazz in terms of gender (and gender in terms of jazz). And finally, what is perhaps the most fascinating aspect of *Swing Shift* is that it highlights performances of gender (and race) as a strategic means for mobility.³

This paper seeks to examine the ways in which “all-girl” bands simultaneously perpetuated and subverted racist/patriarchal power structures through performance. In addition, Diane Wood Middlebrook's *Suits*

Me: The Double Life of Billy Tipton, the biography of a biologically female jazz musician who lived as a man, will provide another example of how a very different mode of gender performance was used in a similarly strategic way during the same epoch. By viewing the highly stylized gender performances in these texts through the lens of Judith Butler's treatment of drag, I will illuminate how a strategic deployment of specific types of masculinities and/or femininities (flexible/malleable gender constructions) can enable personal and social mobility. Most importantly though, my exploration of gender in a jazz context will illustrate gender's undeniable influence on the way jazz is experienced and consumed.

While male jazz musicians' careers were put on hold due to enlistment and the draft, World War II opened a unique window of opportunity for female musicians. As Tucker states, "the war affected the women's bands quite differently than it did the men's bands...all-woman jazz and swing bands, many of which existed in the prewar years or had players who had been working professionally since the 1920s or 1930s, were suddenly visible and in demand" (16). However, it wasn't simply their musical abilities that suddenly thrust them into the limelight. The only way for these women to receive public approval or respect was to conform to society's rigid gender role expectations.⁴ For example, to gain public acceptance as females in the masculine sphere of the jazz world, it was necessary for female musicians to appear ultra-feminized: "wartime gender discourse demanded reassurance that femininity would not be lost...because worker is constructed as masculine, women's labor must be made to look like leisure or, at least, like a private drama" (47, 57). In other words, women needed to distinguish themselves from men so that it wouldn't seem like they were trying to replace men. Through performing a hyperbolic femininity, then, they were able to construct a public appearance that was quite separate from the male musicians they really were temporarily replacing:

Smiling, made up, wearing glamorous gowns revealing plenty of bosom, holding shining horns aloft as if the tools of the trade struck female musicians as curious, unfamiliar ornaments—a different presence reassured audiences that women who played instruments associated with men refined their femininity (59).

Unfortunately, this type of gender performance caused many "all-girl" bands to be perceived as spectacles or novelty acts rather than groups of talented musicians. Instead of being valued for their skills or being judged on a plane of their own, these women were seen as simply mimicking or imitating members of a masculine profession.⁵

Although female musicians weren't taken as seriously as male musicians because of their hyper-feminine performances, it was these performances that enabled them to pursue their livelihood. By playing a particular role that appealed to the masses, women in "all-girl" bands were able to achieve enough popularity to continue getting gigs (at least during wartime). And, being hired to play in an "all-girl" band meant more than travel, adventure, and excitement; it meant an escape from domestic life, and often, as Tucker states, an escape "from less desirable situations" (55). Female musicians suddenly had the option to flee from housewifery or menial/oppressive careers. Moreover, playing in "all-girl" bands was a lucrative profession. Thus for many women, putting on makeup and an ostentatious dress seemed like a small price

to pay for a career that would open up a world of otherwise impossible opportunities.

However, new opportunities also came with new difficulties and obstacles. For example, during the Jim Crow era, racially mixed “all-girl” bands were in constant danger of being found out and arrested. But again, performance came in handy. These bands often avoided criminal punishment by wearing light or dark makeup to confuse police about their actual racial origins. Tucker writes, “By exploiting police confusion about who was black and who was white, traveling bands with mixed personnel exposed the cracks in Jim Crow” (159). Although racial issues are not my focus for this project, it is clear that “all-girl” bands’ performances of both race and gender were a necessary survival tactic, as well as an effective vehicle for mobility.

I would like to suggest that female jazz musicians’ highly stylized performances of race and gender can be likened to drag. As Debra Silverman (quoting Judith Butler) writes:

Drag ‘fully subverts the distinction between inner and outer psychic space and effectively mocks both the expressive model of gender and the notion of a true gender identity’ (337). I believe that this holds in a theoretical sense whether one is a man in drag...or a woman masquerading in femininity. (73)

Silverman suggests that Butler’s treatment of drag need not only apply to cross-dressers; rather, drag can describe the performances of a woman or man exaggerating (or downplaying) their own femininity/masculinity. And I would add that performing race, like performing gender, “subverts the distinction between inner and outer psychic space” and mocks any notion that one’s racial identity can be determined simply by the shade of one’s skin (73). It seems to me that “all-girl” band members’ performances expose the social construction of both race and gender. Judith Butler writes, “as much as drag creates a unified picture of ‘woman’ (what it’s critics often oppose), it also reveals the distinctness of those aspects of gendered experience which are falsely naturalized...in imitating gender, drag implicitly reveals the imitative structure of gender itself” (Butler 112). Similarly, although female jazz musicians in the 1940s were perpetuating/naturalizing the conventional ideals of hyper-feminine women and racial purity (in places where integration was forbidden), their stories reveal the flexibility and constructedness of race and gender. These women were able to penetrate masculine/white/homosocial spheres by simply applying makeup, and dressing/behaving in an “appropriate” way. In this sense, their performances allowed them to subvert the traditional racial/hegemonic hierarchy that would have otherwise prevented them from becoming jazz musicians.

As the previous examples have shown, “all-girl” band members’ skilled performances were clearly deliberate and purposeful. Tucker states, “In contexts where passing was illegal and dangerous, performer’s participation in constructing alternative representations of race and gender was conscious and strategic” (12). Tucker’s observation contains echoes of Joan Rivière’s 1929 essay, “Womanliness as a Masquerade.” According to Charlotte Kroløkke and Anne Scott Sørensen, Rivière claims that

the border between what could be considered real as opposed to virtual womanliness is in fact

nonexistent...She claimed this to be a long-established fact that was only exposed by the emergence of the ‘new woman’ at the beginning of the 20th century who aspired to economical and political independency and a career of her own—and was therefore considered to suffer from a masculinity complex. Confronted with this, Rivière suggested that women should consciously use mimicry to suit their own ends. (129-130)

We see Rivière’s suggestion being acted out in female jazz musicians’ performances of race and gender (or imitations of “traditional” or “normal” ideals). These women used mimicry to obtain lucrative careers and independence. And, although political freedom for black musicians was impossible under Jim Crow, performances of race did allow for political subversion.

By exposing these strategic and conscious performances here, I do not mean to suggest that women were always in complete control of their own performances. In fact, during a tour of USO camps, “all-girl” bands were given strict instructions from the US government on how they must perform and what they must represent:

Women Camp Shows entertainers had to be perceived as ‘good girls,’ they had to be desirable, and they had to stimulate fantasies of a homeland that soldiers still cared about after fighting a war...Like pinups, they were supposed to be sexy. Unlike camp followers, they were supposed to be ‘good girls.’ *If either link in this complicated chain was disturbed, the USO didn’t want them.* (Tucker 237, 246, my emphasis)

In other words, the government demanded women to represent the private sphere (by serving as symbols of sex and family and home) as they penetrated the public sphere. On the one hand, female jazz musicians’ skilled performances of competing brands of femininities (“the sexy starlet and the girl next door”) enabled these women to see parts of the world they would have never had the chance to see (260). In addition, it gave them an opportunity to fulfill their patriotic duties by comforting and uplifting the spirits of men that were fighting for them. On the other hand, the US government exploited “all-girl” bands and used them to “maintain an atmosphere of compulsory heterosexuality in a homosocial environment” (238). In a milieu where there was an increased chance of homoerotic relations, the government intervened by providing hyper-sexual yet wholesome women as a means to prevent possible “perversions.”⁶ This is a perfect example of how hegemonic institutions enforce and maintain what Butler calls “the heterosexual matrix” (Butler 93). By promoting heterosexuality, the government is seemingly reinforcing gender/sex norms.⁷ But, regardless of who was in charge of directing the gender performances and for what reasons, it was still the performances themselves that enabled female jazz musicians to become mobile within and beyond US borders.

Interestingly, “all-girl” bands are not an isolated example of gender performance at work in a 1940s jazz context. The life of jazz pianist Billy Tipton (formerly Dorothy Lucille Tipton)⁸ demonstrates how drag (in the more traditional sense of the word) is used to achieve both social and personal mobility. Diane Wood Middlebrook’s biography of Billy, *Suits Me: The Double Life of Billy Tipton*, highlights how Billy’s

permanent performance as a man allowed him to become a jazz musician. However, Middlebrook has been harshly criticized for claiming that a career in jazz was the primary motivation for Billy's transformation. For instance, Judith Halberstam writes,

Middlebrook comes dangerously close to claiming that Tipton's life as a man was simply the result of his overwhelming ambition to perform as a musician. Despite recent research providing evidence to the contrary (Dahl 2001; Tucker 2001), Middlebrook argues that jazz gigs were hard to come by for women in the 1930s and 1940s. And by emphasizing the impenetrable nature of this music scene for women, she is able to make Tipton's desire to perform and tour seem like motivation enough for his momentous decision to live his life as man with a woman's body. This rationalizing rubric then forces Middlebrook to view his relationships with women as elaborate deceptions within which, Tipton finds younger women to date and then exploits their sexual naivete, using them as a 'beard.' (57)

According to Halberstam, Middlebrook's judgmental biography portrays Billy as a deceptive predator. She believes that Middlebrook wants to sway the reader to join her in feeling sorry for Billy's wives (who claimed to know nothing about Billy's secret identity). Halberstam continues, "When Middlebrook tries to reveal herself to the reader's gaze, she oddly places herself in the position of a duped wife...she identifies and is in sympathy with Billy's wives rather than Billy" (59).

Although I think it is necessary to interrogate Middlebrook's stance as biographer here, I also think Halberstam ignores how different the worlds of male and female jazz musicians actually were. She cites Tucker's *Swing Shift* in the above quote, but by not acknowledging any of the hardship or humiliation members of "all-girl" bands experienced, Halberstam makes it seem as if there were an abundance of opportunities that would have been appealing to Billy as a woman. Considering Billy's strong masculine identification, putting on makeup and gowns and becoming a symbol of stereotypical femininity doesn't seem like something Billy would have been interested in at all. Moreover, as I stated earlier, male bands were taken much more seriously and had better reputations than female bands. This is apparent in Middlebrook's interview with Roberta Ellis, a former female jazz musician. Ellis states,

Male bands were superior. In retrospect, after traveling for three years with the girl band I later belonged to, I can say that the musicians were very good but were more or less held down, especially in jazz...Jazz was a man's world...I was a girl drummer. That's what we were pushing—female. But if I had been able to get into a male band, with musical expertise⁹ all around me, I probably would have become a better musician. (123)

Thus, performing a male persona enabled Billy to play with experienced musicians in a costume that he felt much more comfortable in compared to the outfits "all-girl" bands were forced to wear at the time. Although Halberstam raises some important questions about Middlebrook's perspective within the biography, I think that Middlebrook's choice to focus on Billy's jazz career is understandable and necessary. There were obviously more factors (psychological, sexual, etc.) that influenced Billy's decision to live as a

man, but clearly his male persona allowed him to achieve a level of public success that would have otherwise been impossible. I would argue, then, that Billy's use of gender performance as a means to negotiate through the male sphere of jazz is in large part what makes his life so unique and therefore attractive to biographers.

At the beginning of Billy's career as a jazz musician, his band members (in addition to his family members) knew he was biologically female. As one musician remembers, "it was common knowledge, you know...that she was female...normal person who dressed like a man, but we knew she was a woman—but very nice...she dressed as a man and she played good piano. Really, no one thought anything about it" (Middlebrook 92). This passage indicates that Billy had an audience who was aware of his performance from the start. And as he got older, that audience became increasingly selective (in his old age the only people who knew his secret were his cousins, Madeline and Eilene). However, the fact that he wanted an audience at all (he could have simply cut all ties to his past) suggests that he was proud of his gender performance and the success and mobility that resulted from it. This pride is only solidified by the way his secret was revealed to the public at large. Middlebrook writes:

The dramatic way she surrendered her secret at the time of her death suggests that she wanted the disguise to become part of the record too...When he died, Billy was wearing no bindings or genital gear, nor was there any sign that Billy was anticipating discovery. But she did not ask Madeline and Eilene [her cousins] to rescue her and keep the secret intact. Until death arrived, Billy swung as easily as ever in the hammock s/he had strung between these pillars of identity, those pronouns that sort the world into opposites and complements." (9, 281)

It isn't surprising to me that Billy eventually wanted credit for his performance. After all, it was an incredibly rewarding performance that helped him live the life he desired. I do not mean to say that Billy should be lauded for disguising his identity. Rather, I think his use of performance as a highly skilled and strategic means to achieve happiness and personal/social mobility deserves to be acknowledged as just that: an impressive and beneficial performance. As Middlebrook notes, "being Billy full-time solved the psychological and social difficulties presented by Dorothy's strong masculine gender identification and her sexual desire for women, quite aside from solving the problem of achieving professional status in a man's world" (138). Thus, despite Middlebrook's intentional or unintentional biases, she clearly portrays Billy as a savvy and talented performer. Furthermore, like Tucker's, Middlebrook's illumination of gender performance in a jazz context has helped pave the way for others to begin to question and analyze gender's salient role in a seemingly ungendered jazz discourse.

Read in dialogue, *Swing Shift* and *Suits Me* illustrate the polar ends of a gender performance spectrum. They provide us with two very diverse gender strategies that allowed jazz musicians to navigate through largely uncharted spheres as women in a dominantly masculine terrain. And, in a more general sense, these texts shed light on some significant connections between jazz and gender. For instance, both gender and jazz performances involve self-invention, creativity, imitation, and improvisation; these types of performances are strategic and context specific. Just as the women I have discussed above tailored their gender

performances according to particular situations, jazz musicians often altered their styles according to the social and political climate in which they were operating. From Swing to Be-Bop to Fusion, the spectrum of jazz is as wide and complicated as the spectrum of gender. After considering these similarities, it is no surprise that some of the most successful gender performers were jazz musicians. Whether one is male or female, it seems that having the ability to “swing” gender effectively is the key to becoming mobile in a jazz landscape.

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Notes

¹ “Jim Crow” refers to the historical period in 20th century U.S. in which the government actively and violently enforced racial segregation, most notably in the South. Although these laws varied within and between states, to my knowledge, racially mixed female bands would have been considered highly illegal across the board.

² In the 1940s, travel and adventure were associated with a brand of rugged masculinity. Franklin D. Roosevelt’s National Parks Project literally projected masculinity onto the American landscape by setting

aside land/nature for men to “conquer.” Thus, a band of female jazz musicians zooming around the country in a bus provides us with a striking image: a feminine invasion of what was considered to be masculine territory

³ For the purposes of this project I will focus primarily on gender, although I do want to emphasize that performances of race are equally important in terms of mobility.

⁴ The “Darlings of Rhythm,” a rather rough-looking, masculine female jazz band who managed to get by because of their gritty, “masculine” playing (as opposed to the sweet sounds of other “all-girl” bands) is the only exception that I am aware of here.

⁵ Women musicians were never thought of as autonomous individuals; rather, they were constantly compared to their male “counterparts”: “Dozens of woman trumpet players were dubbed ‘the female Louis Armstrong,’ drummers ‘the female Gene Krupa’” (Tucker 6).

⁶ This also included the prevention of racial “perversions.” For example, black women’s bands performing at USO Camps had to dress in military garb (Tucker 251). This could be considered an attempt to contain black sexuality in order to prevent interracial relationships. In other words, it was the government’s way of maintaining Jim Crow abroad.

⁷ “Heterosexual matrix” refers to what society considers to be sex/gender norms. Anything outside of the “matrix” or “cultural grid of intelligibility” is deemed socially unacceptable (93). Butler writes, “for heterosexuality to remain intact as a distinct social form, it *requires* an intelligible conception of homosexuality, and also requires the prohibition of that conception in rendering it culturally intelligible” (93). As I have discussed, in Butler’s work drag “introduces a vital instability at the heart of heterosexual norms” and reveals “ontological inner depths and gender cores as regulatory fictions” (93). Ironically, then, the US government’s demand that women must perform a highly stylized (drag) version of femininity actually undermines the heterosexual matrix at the same time it reinforces it. Such performances only denaturalize femininity and reveal its construction

⁸ I will use the pronoun “he” to refer to Billy in this paper since that is the way he wished to be recognized. The quotes I use from Middlebrook use both “he” and “she” to refer to Billy depending on the context

⁹ I think “expertise” here is not necessarily referring to male musicians’ superiority, but rather to male musicians’ years of experience and training that wasn’t available to most women.

Cosmopolitan multilingualism

By Guido Monte

In times of nationalism, false patriotism, and secessionism, fortunately cosmopolitanism is still argued and not only in reference to Enlightenment studies!

It also occurred in ancient times. Cicero, in his *Tusculanae disputationes*, reminds us that Socrates, when questioned about his nationality, used to answer “mundanus”, citizen of the world.

Being cosmopolitan certainly does not mean to repudiate one’s roots; as Paul states, it isn’t we who bring our roots but our roots that bring and sustain us.

It could be interesting to find out whether people’s roots have a common, archetypal basis. Writers such as Schurè in “*The Great Initiates*”, linguists (Semerano in ‘*The Origin of European literatures*’), poets (Pound, Joyce in ‘*Finnegans Wake*’, Eliot), psychoanalysts and mythologists (Jung, Grof, Campbell) have ventured on this difficult task.

I have tried to develop this idea in my ‘*Interior Mind*’, here reproduced.

*With the Golden Bough, you enter
the earth wide opened mouth
to the subterranean sky,
to the very end of darkness
and hollow, under the dull light
of the black sun
you pass oceans of shadows,
beaches of fallen leaves,
the Angelus Novus who lets not looking backwards
people cross - you overtake the Father,
enlightened by fires of future lives,
pointing to the ivory door of misleading dreams.
An interior, hidden mind spreads around the universe -*

*if eyes opened even for a moment,
they could see how things really are:
slow drops of rain on a window pane.*

If we admit that some archetypal ideas are common among our planet inhabitants, then we can state, in the sense meant by Borges, that just one “Book” has been written, as an evidence of the original and permanent cultural unity of the world and it contains all the chaotic fragments ever thought of and written by people searching for the deep truth of things...

Different languages can be approached and mixed together to transmit something that apparently is far in space and time: if we try to translate, for instance, the first verses of *Genesis* or any other holy texts in two or three languages, we realize that the new and different sounds, irrespective of our linguistic knowledge, suggest new, universal, cosmic vibrations that the original version didn't succeed in transmitting.

In any case they reveal the complexity of reading different levels.

*and the land was left barren
et les ombres noires
enveloppaient les profondeurs
et aura divina
super oceani undas*

[and the land was left barren,
the depths enveloped in black shadows,
the divine aura
on the ocean waves]

(see: <http://www.wordswithoutborders.org/article.php?lab=Genesis> Engl. Transl.:Liliana Lo Giudice, French tr.: Rosa Maria Costa)

Beyond the real linguistic contamination, it is easy to be aware of that, even simply translating a poetic fragment in a succession of two or three languages, such as English, French, and Italian. Here are some examples: a few lines “broken” from Virgil's *Aeneid* and a famous eclogue written by the same poet. The context does not matter any more, every new autonomous “nucleus”, quite transformed in Japanese haiku, lives a renewed life inside a renewed cosmic image.

Tempus (*Vergilius, Aeneis X, 467-468*)

stat sua cuique dies

*breve et irreparabile tempus
omnibus est vitae*

tutto è scritto,
anche il tempo breve

e senza ritorno
dell'uomo

everything is written,
also man's brief,
no returning time

chacun a son destin
et le temps de l'homme
est bref et sans retour

Evening (*Vergilius, Bucolica I, 82-83*)

*et iam summa procul villarum
culmina fumant*

*maioresque cadunt altis de montibus
umbrae*

già si vede il fumo delle case

e alte ombre
scendono da alte montagne

and the smoking houses already visible
while long shadows come down
from tall mountains

et déjà on voit la fumée des maisons
et des ombres grandes
descendent de hautes montagnes

(see www.scriptamant.net/scripta/public/dettaglioNewsCategoria.jsp?ID=1000657 or www.litterae.net/Trad%20Virgil.htm ; Engl. Transl.: Laura Costantini, French tr.: Rosa M.Costa)

In conclusion another multilingual experiment of mine shows the result of putting together, in a common archetypal idea, lines of different authors such as Virgil, Dante, and Blake. Mingling their original works, followed by an Anglo-Italian translation (English for Virgil and Dante, Italian for Blake), the result goes beyond a simple intertextual proposal, typical of comparative literatures: it appears like only one hand writing different compositions, in spite of a distance of several centuries and kilometres.

In my work *Kamm Alem* I have exactly tried to develop this experimentation and decided to entitle this fragment “*As if a dream*”.

As if a dream (come in apparenza di sogno)

(Virgilio, *Aeneis VI*, 893-898; Dante A., *Divine Comedy, Inferno*

XXXIV, 139;

W.Blake, The Book of Thel, Thel's Motto)

like a reflection in a glass,
like shadows in the water
like dreams of infants
like a smile upon an infant's face
sunt geminae Somni portae
quarum altera fertur cornea
quae veris facilis datur exitus
umbris
altera candenti
perfecta nitens elephant
sed falsa ad caelum mittunt
insomnia Manes-
his ubi tum natum Anchises
unaque Sibyllam prosequitur
dictis portaque emittit eburna
e quindi uscimmo a riveder le stele
(come riflessi sul vetro
come ombre sull'acqua
come sogni di bambini
come il sorriso di un piccolo viso
there are two Dream doors;
the real shades can easily go out,
through the horny door-
Manes send lying dreams to the world,
through the snow ivory door...
yet talking, Anchises takes his son
and Sibyl through the ivory door
and lets them out
then we went out to see the stars)

(see: <http://www.mid.muohio.edu/segue/index.htm>; Engl. Tr.:Liliana Lo Giudice).

[Guido Monte, *Per un multilinguismo cosmopolita*, 2005, translated from the Italian by Liliana Lo Giudice]

Messianic Politics.

By Justin Feng

“It’s very dangerous, a person exploiting religion for political achievement, because everyone has their own relationship with God.” – Mohammad Ali Ayazi

Americans now live in a time dominated by the language of principles. With the rise of the neoconservative agenda of the Republican party in the United States, the idea of morality now envelops everything from domestic issues to international relations. Politicians use morality as a tool in pursuing political agenda in issues ranging from military intervention in foreign nations to the ethical use of stem cells in alleviating human suffering. Despite the predominance of the national discourse of values in America, such language is not limited to the United States alone. In Israel and Iran, there exists language and policies that suggest a common theme between these three nations. The rise of religious “fundamentalist” rhetoric in the political arena in recent years indicates that current policy is influenced by an eschatological view of nation and globe.

Eschatology is the study of the end times. In the context of three major world religions, Christianity, Islam, and Judaism, it is the belief in a messianic figure coming from a hidden place, who brings about global peace and the destruction of the enemies of the believers. That being the case, how does something so outlandish make its way into government policy making? The upsurge in fundamentalism in the previous decades could have something to do with it, but more likely it is because ever since the creation of the modern governments of the United States, Israel, and Iran, eschatology has been critical in the establishment of these nations.

Starting with the United States, we can begin examining how eschatology can stay within a national consciousness since its conception only to emerge in present day policy making and discourse. In Christian eschatology, there are 3 views of the end, the premillennial, the postmillennial, and the amillennial. Despite the details of each view of the end, all include an idea of Jesus returning, the defeat of Satan and his armies, the Rapture of the believers into heaven, and a millennial messianic kingdom of peace on earth. To some of the puritans who helped establish the colonies in America, the new world was seen as a New Jerusalem, a new millennial kingdom (Jewett, 136). The end of the American Revolution was seen as the beginning of the Millennium, and this view of a millennial American could be seen in the motto of the national seal, *Novus Ordo Seclorum* (“the New Order of the Ages”), but more ominously, could be seen in the American imperialist notion of Manifest Destiny, which seeks to fulfill the millennial destiny of Christian expansion (Jewett, 58-59). Robert Bellah had this to say about the nation: “Behind the civil religion at every point lie Biblical archetypes, Exodus, Chosen People, Promised Land, New Jerusalem, Sacrificial Death and Rebirth.” America was established as a virtuous nation, its people chosen or “almost chosen” as Abraham

Lincoln called it. Washington was our Moses, who brought us out of oppression into the Promised Land, and Lincoln was our Christ (Huntington, 104-106). As the millennial kingdom of Revelations, America was founded on ideas that it had a responsibility to help bring about the Second Coming of Jesus, and with the recent neo-revivalism of the past few decades, we see a return to the language and ideas that helped found this nation.

Israel was founded, in some part, on the Deutero-Isaiah prophecies of a return of the dispersed peoples to their homeland. In Judaic eschatology, one view of the end times is that the Messiah will come and destroy the enemies of Israel after she has suffered much at the hands of heathens, bring together the chosen people who were dispersed, and restore the kingdom of Israel (Mowinckel, 303-311). Accomplishing these things, the Messiah will prove that he is the Messiah, and will allow for him to establish an earthly millennial kingdom. The redemption of Israel would then allow for the redemption of the world (Jewett, 157). Before the Holocaust, most religious scholars were opposed to the notion of Zionism, believing human intervention upset the Deutero-Isaiah prophecies. However, after the Holocaust, religious Jews saw the event as a “divine sign” that they had suffered enough according to prophecy, and that it was divinely willed that they should take the first step towards the end times and reestablish the kingdom of Israel. Even though Israel was supposed to be established as a secular state, its establishment had an impact on the Jewish eschatological timetable.

Iran was in part founded on the principles of Twelver Shi’ism, which believes that the 12th Imam, Mahdi, who was hidden, will come back one day to restore global dominance to the religion of Mohammed, and usher in an eternal era of peace. Although secular academics had a large part in the Iranian Revolution, it was the cult of personality of Ayatollah Khomeini that helped cement the fledgling revolutionary government together. Together with eschatological imagery, Khomeini established his absolute control over the Islamic Republic. Although he never claimed directly the authority of the Mahdi, his actions indicated to the people that he had the Mahdi’s authority, and even went so far as to allow people to come to their own conclusions that Khomeini might have even been the Mahdi himself. The first thing that Khomeini did was take up the charisma of the Mahdi (Aslan, 190). Next, he claimed descent from the 7th imam and accepted the title of imam, like the Mahdi before him. Then he cast the war with Iraq as revenge for the massacre of Hussayn and his family at Karbala even though such vengeance was the exclusive right of the Mahdi. His most overt connection with the authority of the Mahdi, though, was the doctrine of Valayat-e Faqih. There were similar doctrines before, stating that in the absence of the Mahdi, divine guidance comes from the Hidden Imam’s representative on earth, the ulama. However, the difference between Khomeini’s doctrine and the traditional doctrine was that Khomeini concentrated the powers into one person, and claimed additionally that the Faqih had authority identical to the Hidden Imam. The Faqih was the divine heir, and according to Khomeini, “it was the responsibility of the clerics to usher in the messianic era by establishing and governing the Mahdi’s state for him” (Aslan, 191).

Having established that the United States, Israel and Iran all have a basis in eschatology, it is now possible to examine how eschatology affects the current policy making decisions in these governments. We can look at the domestic and foreign issues that these nations must deal with in order to get a better

understanding of how the end times affect the here and now of government.

Starting with Israel, we can see a little bit about how the belief in a Messiah affects the decisions of the government. In the past, the Likud party, a conservative party with ties to the American “neoconservative” agenda, took a hard line towards Arab nations as well as to the Palestinians. Because part of the Deutero-Isaiah prophecies mentions the fact that Israel’s enemies will be crushed/must be crushed with/before the appearance of the Messiah, some hard liners have opposed treaties such as the Oslo accords. By opposing peace and refusing to give up land, some believe that they can trigger the conflict that will finally ease Arab pressure with the destruction and domination of neighboring nations (Jewett, 133, Mowinckel, 269). Although the main reason for the recent Israeli incursion into Palestine and Lebanon has more to do with the sacredness of the soldier, the belief that dominating and destroying Israel’s neighbors may have played a small role in its recent military conflicts. Part of the belief in accelerating the eschatological timetable lies in the fact that only after the Messiah has restored Israel, defeated Israel’s enemies, and saved his people, will he have shown himself as the Messiah. So because of this, some, like the Likud party, do not believe in compromise, but rather that violence can be used to accelerate the timetable, and this is supported in their eyes by the series of wars in the past decades which allowed Israel to expand the boundaries of the territories they claimed as their own (Jewett, 145, 155). The rationale for the domination and subjugation of surrounding nations, according to the Likud, can be explained by the quote by Kahane Kach, who says, “God wants us to live in a country of our own, so that we have the least possible contact with what is foreign” (Jewett, 157). However, one dramatic shift in policy occurred with 9/11 and the events afterwards. One can see that the impact of 9/11 decreased the threat to the state of Israel from Arabs (Karpin, 340). With the current US invasion of Iraq and the ongoing War on Terrorism, not only has some Arab resentment shifted from Israel to America, but Israel is also able to have her allies close by in case of an attack by her neighbors. As a result, with the overall decrease in threat, Israel has been able to give up Palestinian territory in the past, which allowed for an acceleration of the peace process. This in turn allowed for the possibility of both Palestinians and Jews to recognize permanent borders resulting in the potential recognition of states, of which, one can interpret to be the idea of a New Jerusalem. Instead of a violent outcome to the eschatological timetable – bringing about the coming of the Messiah through violence and antagonistic actions – one saw an emergence in more of an individualistic belief in the end times, which promoted holiness and righteousness as ways to bring about the Messiah, since the Messiah is hidden because of Israel’s sins (Mowinckel, 280, 295). Part of the language involves the notion of Israel being free, rich, and prosperous, which evokes Israel’s agrarian beginnings, tying in the notion of the land as sacred, and something to be cultivated (Mowinckel, 308). Instead of constantly looking out at possible aggression of neighbors, Israel could look in and pave the way for the Messiah to come by being holy. However, the belief in a nonviolent resolution to the end time may be put in jeopardy with the recent military conflicts that Israel has been involved in.

Even though Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, elected in June 2005, isn’t the Faqih (and as a result, cannot claim the power of the Mahdi), his actions still reflect the dominance of eschatological discourse in Iranian policy making. A true believer in the Mahdaviat school of thought, Ahmadinejad differs greatly from previous leaders in that he brings the religious realm to the office more conspicuously

than his predecessors. In the past, Iranian policy was that of anti-Americanism (Pollack, 253). American military buildup during peacetime as well as the establishment of bases in Qatar and agreements with the UAE were perceived as a threat to Iran. The destruction of Iraq's forces (a major threat to Iran since the Iran-Iraq war) in the Gulf War (1 and 2) as well as the emergence of new Muslim states in Central Asia as well as cheap arms from the collapse of the Soviet Union allowed for Iran to have its own hegemonic aspirations, that Iran was to create a model state based on Islamic democracy to give to the world (Peterson). However, with Ahmadinejad, one sees acceleration towards the return of the Mahdi. Even a few months ago, in speaking to the UN, Ahmadinejad made a speech that ended with a prayer for the Mahdi to come back soon. His fervor towards the mahdaviat code ("Mahdaviat is a code for the revolution, and is the spirit of the revolution, it's the code of our identity": Peterson) leaves little room for compromise, and is supposed to influence the issues of his presidency, "from redressing the gulf between rich and poor in Iran, to challenging the United States and Israel and enhancing Iran's power with nuclear programs, every issue is designed to lay the foundation for the Mahdi's return" (Peterson). In the past, he has proposed building a train line directly to Jamkaran, the supposed site of the Mahdi's return, from Tehran, and has earmarked \$17 million for Jamkaran. Three years ago, signs in Tehran appeared, announcing that "He is coming." Even, or rather, especially, in his outlook on foreign policy, Mahdaviat influences his thinking. He views the United States as arrogantly trying to assume the role of Mahdi by trying to transform the Middle East in its image of democracy and justice, deploying military forces in the region, and developing new nuclear weapons. As more people in Iran's clerical circles begin to question the legitimacy of Ahmadinejad's actions, one cannot help but notice the similarities between him and George W. Bush. After all, both have claimed that God tells them what to do.

Perhaps the most enlightening aspect of our examination of the effects of eschatology in government in Iran and Israel is that it is most illuminating when it comes to similarities that these nations share with the United States. The United States was not immune to the global neo-revivalism of religion that many other nations experienced in the past few decades. Today, one can argue that our nation is under the sway of the leaders of the "neorevivalist/neoconservative/fundamentalist" movement that seems to be gaining more supporters as we enter what some believe to be the end times. Perhaps the most noticeable sway of these "neoconservatives," as they're called in our national discourse, is the fact that these people have the ear of the president. George W. Bush is a self-avowed follower of the theologian Francis Schaeffer. Some may find this problematic because according to Schaeffer, the neoconservative should "believe civil disobedience, especially focused on the abortion issue, is a necessary tactic to gain control of America until the Second Coming of Jesus and the final triumph of God's kingdom on earth. Because the commandment to achieve Christian control of the entire world comes 'from God,' any tactic or strategy hastening that goal is not only acceptable, but divinely sanctioned. Divine ends, even violent ones, justify harsh means" (Rudin, 52). This partially explains why issues that seem to have little importance have become big issues in the national discourse in recent years. The prevalence of discussion on gay marriages and abortion seems to stem from the fact that a while back, convinced that the final crisis of world history was at hand, neoconservatives promoted candidates and policies suited for Armageddon, and part of the preparation for righteous victory over Satan was an uncompromising moral stance against such issues (along with support for a stronger nuclear force and enlarged military budget, an unquestioning support of Israel, and a

rejection of Palestinian claims for autonomy) (Jewett, 140). Indeed, the rise of neoconservative politicians in the '80s could possibly stem from Pat Robertson's call on millenarians to become political leaders "so that when the battle of Armageddon comes, in the very near future, the country will play its ordained role on the side of angels" (Jewett, 142). In fact, just like the governments of Israel and Iran, the United States has on some part tried to accelerate Armageddon and the Final Judgment through its policies. Part of the reason why environmental standards have become so lax during the Bush administration could stem from the neoconservative belief that by making earth desolate and barren like it is mentioned in Revelations, that they could trigger the end times. Cutting down trees, drilling for oil, all these things not only help fuel America's hegemonic presence in the world, but also help destroy the land so that Jesus will come back sooner. Compared to the Jewish belief in stewardship of the land (Rudin, 53), America's usage of its natural resources may seem irresponsible to liberals, but to neoconservatives, any means by which Jesus may hasten down to earth, bringing about the Rapture, and eternal peace (for neoconservatives: Jorstad, 147) is justified, no matter how gruesome it may seem to others. This line of thinking extends as well into the realm of business. Called on to be stewards of what God has given them, neoconservatives interpret Jesus' parable of the talents to mean that they have a responsibility to obtain as much additional goods as possible (Jorstad, 140).

"It would be difficult, if not impossible, to infuse the political policies and structures of the United States with faith and values only as they apply within our shores. In a world of globalization, a religiously revived America must also be an America that carries the message of that revival around the world" (Hart, 41). This quote by an ex-Senator Gary Hart best describes American foreign policy. When it comes to other nations, the neoconservative agenda shines the brightest. The greatest commandment that Jesus gave, according to neoconservatives, is to go out into the world and make converts of all nations (Matthew 28: 19-20), because once all nations know Jesus, He will come back and bring all the good neoconservative boys and girls with Him to heaven. However, preaching the good news of Jesus Christ to nations isn't always good enough. Sometimes the gospel has to be imposed on others. One of the reasons I heard in churches around California for why Iraq needed to be "liberated" was so that they could hear the Good News (additionally, America has a "moral responsibility" to strike first in order to thwart the maddened purposes of its enemies: Jorstad, 50). This belief in imposing our religious views do not only apply to people we consider our enemies, but also to our allies as well. Defense of Israel is integral to neoconservatives because it is the site of the Second Coming of Jesus (Halper, 41, 199). However, Israel is also integral in the battle of Armageddon, because the massive battle between the forces of good and evil is supposed to happen at Megiddo, which is just outside of Jerusalem (Jewett, 133, Jorstad, 134). Because of this, the Christian Right pushes for foreign policy that will trigger favored scenarios from Revelations (Jewett, 145), rejecting peace, and pushing for Israel to have a hard line towards the Palestinians (it's no surprise then that the Christian right has close ties to Likud). In light of the recent conflict involving Israel, Lebanon, and Palestine, it is interesting to note that the United States vetoed a UN resolution calling for Israel to halt its military actions. In today's climate of global conflict, where the United States is entrenched in two Middle Eastern nations, with eventual plans for Iran, the neoconservative does not think of himself as warmongering, since ultimately only God could destroy this planet and the nations within, and that wouldn't happen until after the Final Judgment, and even then, the neoconservative doesn't need

to worry about suffering because he will be Raptured away before the suffering begins (Jorstad, 51).

One cannot separate religion from politics, and one cannot separate politics from religion. The eschatological views of the predominant religion on which a nation is based, also plays an important role in shaping the domestic and foreign policies of a nation. It is interesting to note that in the discourse on eschatology and policy, there exist relationships between each nation. Iran desires to destroy Israel and America as imposters to the authority of the Mahdi, Israel must defend itself and ultimately conquer its neighbors, and America must help defend Israel until it can be engulfed in war (quite possibly with Iran). There is no better example of the relationship between these three nations than the recent events involving Lebanon and Israel: Israel invades a neighboring nation, the United States supports Israel with military aid, and Iran supports Hezbollah in its quest to destroy Israel. Because messianic politics ultimately calls for the complete and utter destruction of a nation's enemies, when multiple nations believe that they are doing God's work it is problematic when they confront each other. Living in a nuclear age, with America and Israel possessing nuclear weapons and Iran in pursuit of nuclear technology, believing that God has ordained a nation to destroy God's enemies is dangerous because it makes a nuclear option more justifiable, and even appealing. This is already the case: in April, 2006, President Bush said that he would not rule out the possibility of a nuclear strike on Iran in order to prevent it from obtaining nuclear weapons. Humanity stands on the brink of the abyss facing an uncertain future, yet there are ideologies behind governments that would seek to push us over. If we are not wary about what is said and done between nations, we could very well face the end of humanity as we know it.

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Rethinking Identity: The Coloniser in E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*.

By Ahmad M.S. Abu Baker

Abstract

This paper highlights the problematic relationship between the coloniser and the colonised in a colonial context as manifested in Forster's novel, *A Passage to India*. It also reveals the stereotypes with which Orientals are depicted and the constant process of 'formatting' or brainwashing to which newcomers are subjected, in order to generate colonisers who are all the same. Further, it deals with the image of the land as being hostile to the colonisers, fighting them and intensifying their feelings of alienation and exile. The article particularly applies Albert Memmi's theories in his book *The Colonizer and The Colonized*, as well as those of other cultural philosophers. Hopefully, this paper would generate further readings into Forster's novels, especially *A Passage to India*, that depict the problematic issues of identity formation, race relations and complexities of colonial discourse in hybrid contexts.

Much has been written about Forster's novel *A Passage to India*. However, the analysis of the text of the novel from a post-colonial perspective reveals the precision with which Forster depicted the socio-psychological dilemma of Anglo-Indians during the period of the British Raj. A close examination of Forster's depiction of India will further our understanding of the psychological dilemma of Anglo-Indians who wish to call India home.

In this article, I will highlight the process of 'formatting' (i.e. the process by which is created the coloniser and his demonised 'other' which is the colonised), without which Anglo-Indians would not be accepted into the community of the colony. I will also highlight those moments when Forster could not help but feel the 'gulf' that separates him from the Indians. Further, I will focus on the problem of race relations. Such analysis is vital for understanding the deep thematic meaning of the literary text and appreciating the problems of identity formation and the complexities of colonial discourse. At a time when the colonial era is showing signs of a strong comeback, highlighting the traumatic effects of colonisation becomes even more critical.

Forster's novel, *A Passage to India*, depicts colonisation as frustrating any chance of friendship between the English and the Indians under the coloniser/colonised *status quo*. Forster highlights the process of 'formatting', which the newcomers have to go through so that they end up like the other colonial settlers in terms of their ideologies and practices. Clare Brandabur remarks that *A Passage to India* "attempt[s] to deal with colonialism (or post-colonialism or neo-colonialism) with respect to the destructive impact on personal relationships caused by the racist assumptions and psycho-pathology inherent in colonial imperialism" (Brandabur 1993). To Jan Mohamed, *A Passage to India* attempts "to overcome the barriers of racial difference" (Childs 1999:348). Nirad Chaudhuri, on the other hand, criticised it "for its reduction of political history to a liberal's preoccupation with personal relationships" (Childs, p.347).

Further, Bhupal Singh regards the novel as "a clever picture of Englishmen in India, a subtle portraiture of the Indian (especially the Moslem mind) and a fascinating study of the problems arising out of the contact of India with the West" (Singh 1974:221). To Nihal Singh, however, the novel depicts "how the British in India despise and ostracise Indians, while on their part the Indians mistrust and misjudge the British" (Childs 1999:347). Furthermore, Meenakshi Mukherjee also points out that "[p]erhaps relationship—communication between, and understanding of, men who happen to belong to two races—is part of Forster's theme" (Mukherjee 1971:86). To Diane Johnson, one of the novel's themes is "that people from different cultures rarely understand one another" (Johnson 2000).

Forster himself explains his intention in writing the novel. In a letter to Syed Masood on the 27th of September 1922, he states that:

When I began the book I thought of it as a little bridge of sympathy between East and West, but this conception has had to go, my sense of truth forbids anything so comfortable. I think that most Indians, like most English people, are shits, and I am not interested whether they sympathize with one another or not (Forster 1985:15).

Forster's novel is generally well received and viewed in a positive light. Indeed, a "semi-anonymous Indian" ('A.S.B.'), wrote in 1928 that "for the first time I saw myself reflected in the mind of an English author, without losing all semblance of a human face" (Forster 1985:22).

A Passage to India begins with a description of Indian bazaars, which are then compared with Chandrapore where the English live. In contrast to the "general outline of the town [which] persists, swelling here, shrinking there, like some low but indestructible form of life", Chandrapore is "a city of gardens. It is no city, but a forest sparsely scattered with huts. It is a tropical pleasance, washed by a noble river" (p.31). The roads in Chandrapore are "named after victorious generals and intersecting at right angles, were symbolic of the *net* Great Britain had thrown over India" (p.39, my italics). The use of the word "net" betrays Forster's disapproval of the British colonisation of India.

Forster's India is hostile to foreigners and attacks its colonisers ferociously, so as to force them to leave. Despite the British attempts to 'tame' India, it remains a 'wild' country. "[T]he destiny of the English

seems to resemble their predecessors', who also entered the country with intent to refashion it, but were in the end worked into its pattern and covered with its dust" (p.215). The narrator wonders:

How can the mind take hold of such a country? Generations of invaders have tried, but they remain in exile. The important towns they build are only retreats, their quarrels the malaise of men who *cannot find their way home*. India knows of their trouble. She knows of the whole world's trouble, to its uttermost depth. She calls 'Come' through her hundred mouths, through objects ridiculous and august. *But come to what?* She has never defined. She is not a promise, only an appeal. (p.149, my italics)

India refuses to give a sense of home to its colonisers. Hence, they remain in "exile". It is hard on them as well and therefore, the houses they build are only "retreats" in which to hide from its aggressive nature. The Marabar Caves serve as an example of this promise/appeal binary. Fielding sees them from the Club as 'beautiful' (p.197). However, seeing them close up makes one notice that "nothing was to be seen on either side but the granite, very dead and quiet." Even the sky there "seemed unhealthily near" (p.153). The caves appear to be "fists and fingers" (pp.32-33) thus exposing their hostility. Indeed, India makes sure that no coloniser can call it home. Hence, when the Anglo-Indians "looked out at the palisade of cactuses *stabbing the purple throat of the sky*; they realised that they were thousands of miles from any scenery that they understood" (p.188, my italics).

India and its creatures refuse "refashioning", labelling and framing. "Nothing in India is identifiable; the mere asking of a question causes it to disappear or to merge into something else" (p.101). The bird that Adela and Ronny see at the Club escapes being labelled. "[T]hey would have liked to identify it, it would somehow have solaced their hearts" (p.101). India, however, denies them the satisfaction. It proves to be very elusive. Similarly, Adela's desire to see the 'real' India is never fulfilled (p.66). Further, the attempt to identify the animal which hit the Nawab's car also proves to be a failure. "[T]he road had been used by too many objects for any one track to be legible, and the torch created such highlights and black shadows that they [Adela and Ronny] could not interpret what it revealed" (p.104). It is as if India conspires with earth and light to obscure these tracks.

To the Sahibs, India is quite different from Europe. In Europe, "life retreats out of the cold, and exquisite fireside myths have resulted". In India, however, "the retreat is from the source of life, the *treacherous sun*, and no poetry adorns it, because disillusionment cannot be beautiful" (p.214-15, my italics). Ronny notes that "[t]here's nothing in India but the weather ... it's the alpha and omega of the whole affair" (p.68). India's hostility to its colonisers is demonstrated in the heat, which becomes so problematic to the English. "[T]he sun [is] crashing on their backs" (p.158), and they are "pursued by stabs of hot air" (p.169). Hot weather is also depicted as a "monster" (p.203). Lady Mellanby, hence, calls India a "frying-pan" (p.214).

The hostility of India is further highlighted when compared with the depiction of other places in the novel such as Egypt. Egypt is warm and loving. "Egypt was charming – a green strip of carpet". Also, "[w]ith Egypt the atmosphere altered. The clean sands, heaped on each side of the canal, seemed to wipe off

everything that was difficult and equivocal” (p.277). This romantic depiction probably stems from the Elizabethan era in which Egypt is mostly depicted as a land of sexual promise and as an embodiment of the charms of the East in Elizabethan plays- Shakespeare’s *Anthony and Cleopatra* being an example.

In Alexandria, Fielding feels the difference between India and Egypt. “[B]right blue sky, constant wind, clean low coastline, as against the intricacies of Bombay” (p.277). Egypt welcomes the West though it is in the East. The statue of Lesseps symbolises this loving relationship between the East and West in Egypt. It “turn[s] to the East” and “re-returns to the West” (p.263). The idea of Egypt welcoming the West is also highlighted when the ghost of Mrs. Moore is “shaken off” the ship as it enters the Suez (p.255).

Venice is also different from ‘hostile’ India. “The buildings of Venice, like the mountains of Crete and the fields of Egypt, stood in the right place, whereas in poor India everything was placed wrong.” Fielding “had forgotten the beauty of form among idol temples and lumpy hills; indeed, without form, how can there be beauty?” (pp.277-78) India has nothing pleasing to offer to its colonisers.

Moreover, India refuses a friendship between a native and a coloniser. The arrival of Ronny during Fielding’s tea-party ruins the friendly mood. “It was as if irritation exuded from the very soil” (p.94). The sky also turns “angry orange” to express its objection to the presence of the colonisers (p.149). In the last scene in the novel, Aziz informs Fielding that their friendship is only possible once the British leave India. This scene clearly exposes the land’s rejection of such a friendship under the coloniser/colonised status-quo. Fielding asks:

‘Why can’t we be friends now?’ ‘It’s what I want. It’s what you want.’ But the horses didn’t want it – they swerved apart; the earth didn’t want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single-file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House, that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn’t want it, they said in their hundred voices, ‘No, not yet,’ and the sky said, ‘No, not there’ (pp.315-16).

Indeed, Forster acknowledges the need for India to be free before such a friendship can take place and he knows at the same time the problematic issues involved in the effort to set India free.

Forster highlights the relationship between the coloniser/colonised. The novel begins emphatically with Dr Aziz, Mahmoud Ali and Hamidullah discussing “whether or not it is possible to be friends with an Englishman” (p.33). The three characters agree that it is impossible for this to happen in India. The novel ends with Fielding and Aziz leaving each other because such a friendship is not possible under British occupation. It unwinds itself and reaches point zero once more. The English and the Indians can become more intimate, but the problems of cultural differences, stereotyping, and colonisation prevent the possibility of having a real friendship between them.

“The colonial situation manufactures colonialists, just as it manufactures the colonised” (Memmi 1974:56-57). Anglo-Indians, the ‘experienced’ colonists, force their own stereotypes of the natives upon newcomers.

The colonisers arrive fresh from England “intending to be gentlemen, and are told it will not do.” Hence, “[t]hey all become exactly the same – not worse, not better” (p.34). Ronny Heaslop complains that “[p]eople are so *odd* out here, and it’s not like home – one’s always facing the footlights *They notice everything, until they’re perfectly sure you’re their sort*” (p.68, my italics). Individuality is problematic in a colony because the people there should all adopt the same ideologies.

Ronny, like Aziz and the others, is aware of this process of ‘formatting’ newcomers to render them like other colonists. In fact, Ronny himself underwent that process. Hence, Mr. Turton announces that “Heaslop’s a sahib; *he’s the type we want*, he’s one of us” (p.47, my italics). Turton’s words invoke Paul Scott who remarks that “in India the English stop being unconsciously English and become consciously English” (Childs 1999:24). Further, Adela “thought of the young men and women who had come out before her ... and had been set down to the same food and the same ideas”. These young people have “been snubbed in the same good-humoured way until they kept to the accredited themes and began to snub others” (p.67). Clearly, the powerful discourse of the colony guarantees the generation of people who are “exactly the same” in terms of their ideologies and practices.

Ronny adopts the colonisers’ model and defends it ferociously. Memmi explains that “the small coloniser is actually, in most cases, a supporter of colonialists and an obstinate defender of colonial privileges”, and how can he not be when “[h]e enjoys the preference and respect of the colonised themselves, who grant him more than those who are the best of their own people” (Memmi 1974:10-13)? Memmi further explains that “many immigrants who, having recently arrived, timid and modest, suddenly provided with a wonderful title, see their obscurity illuminated by a prestige which surprises even them.” Title and prestige make them “assume such inordinate self-confidence that it makes them dizzy.” The new social status and the privileges make them defend the colony “aggressively” and “end up believing it to be right. In other words, the immigrant has been transformed into a colonialist” (Memmi, pp.46-47).

Ronny accepts his role as a coloniser and enjoys the privileges that accompany it. He would fight anyone who tried to take these privileges away from him. He asks, “What do you [Mrs. Moore] and Adela want me to do? Go against my class, against all the people I respect and admire out here? *Lose such power as I have* for doing good in this country, because my behaviour isn’t pleasant?” (p.69, my italics). The manner in which Ronny handles the story of Mrs. Moore with Aziz in the mosque clearly demonstrates the extent to which he has accepted his role as a coloniser and his will to do anything to maintain his privileges. He is surprised from the way Mrs. Moore talks about Aziz. He wonders, “Why hadn’t she indicated by the tone of her voice that she was talking about an Indian?” Aziz himself realises that Mrs. Moore is a newcomer by the way she addresses him (p.43).

According to Memmi, the coloniser “discovers the existence of the colonizer as he discovers his own privilege”. He explains that the coloniser:

... finds himself on one side of a scale, the other side of which bears the colonised man.
[T]he more freely he breathes, the more the colonised are choked. ... It is impossible for him

not to be aware of the constant illegitimacy of his status (Memmi, pp.6-9).

To him, the illegitimacy of colonisation is a double one. The coloniser finds a place to settle into by taking away that of the inhabitant (Memmi, p.9). If the coloniser refuses his role and shows sympathy to the colonised, other colonisers will reject him. If he accepts it, he will enjoy its privileges and will be accepted in the colony.

Ronny realises the illegitimacy of the British presence in India. Yet, to retain his privileges and to remain an accepted, as well as respected part of the colony, he tries hard to convince himself and others of the legitimacy of the British presence in India. He interrogates his mother:

“Did you gather he [Aziz] was well-disposed?” Ignorant of *the force of this question*, she replied, “Yes, quite, after the first moment.” “I meant, generally. Did he seem to tolerate us – *the brutal conqueror*, the sun-dried bureaucrat, that sort of thing?” (p.53, my italics).

The italicised words reveal Ronny’s awareness of the British status as a “brutal conqueror” and his strong desire to protect it from potential threats.

Ronny gets upset because Aziz called out to Mrs. Moore over her shoes. He protests, “it was impudence. It’s an old trick. I wish you had had them on.” Adela objects to his remark. She asks, “wouldn’t you expect a Mohammedan to answer if you asked him to take off his hat in church?” Her logic of equal standings, however, does not work in the ideological framework of the colony. Ronny explains that “[i]t’s different, it’s different; you don’t understand” (p.52). Adela cannot understand because her moral set of values differs from that of colony settlers.

Mrs. Moore is shocked at the metamorphosis of her son. “The traces of young-man humanitarianism had sloughed off”. She thinks that “[o]ne touch of regret ... would have made him a different man, and the British Empire a different institution” (p.70). She is also shocked to hear her son’s adopted ideological stance. She protests, “[y]ou never used to judge people like this at home.” Ronny announces that “India isn’t home” and relies on “phrases and arguments that he had picked up from older officials, and he did not feel quite sure of himself” to silence his mother and convince her of his adopted new logic (p.54).

Adela, too, notices the change in Ronny. “India had developed sides of his character that she had never admired. His self-complacency, his *ensoriousness*, his lack of subtlety” (p.96, my italics). The colony changes the personality of the coloniser in almost every aspect, even aesthetic appreciation. When Adela and Ronny watched the play “*Cousin Kate* in London together in the past, he had scorned it; now he pretended that it was a good play, in order to hurt nobody’s feelings” (p.60). Further, Mrs. Lesley considers an “unkind notice” about the play in the local paper a “sort of thing no white man could have written” (p.60). Her words justify Ronny’s pretentious opinion of the play.

In contrast to Ronny’s conforming opinion of the play, the individualism of both Adela and Mrs. Moore

is criticised because it presents a threat to the stability of the social system of the colony. Mr. McBryde notes to Fielding that:

...during those twenty-five years I have never known anything but disaster result when English people and Indians attempt to be intimate socially. Intercourse, yes. Courtesy, by all means. Intimacy – never, never if there has been mutual respect and esteem, it is because both peoples kept to this simple rule. Newcomers set our traditions aside, and in an instant what you see happens, the work of years is undone. (p.174)

Similarly, Mr. Callendar remarks that Fielding’s “shirking” of responsibility, which led to the alleged sexual assault on Adela, “was what is to be expected when a man mixes himself up with natives; always ends in some indignity” (p.193). The attempts of Adela and Mrs. Moore to be socially intimate with Indians will disrupt the racist hierarchy of the colony. It will also disturb the colonisers who will realise how inhuman they have become once they compare themselves with newcomers.

Stereotypes are extremely strong, and hence, their lifespan is long. Ronny tries to promote stereotypes and racial discourses to his mother using “phrases and arguments” of senior colonisers. He almost succeeds in making her adopt that same logic. “In the light of her son’s comment she reconsidered the scene at the mosque Yes, it was all true, but how false a summary of the man; the essential life of him had been slain” (p.55). The discourse of the colony is strong, but Mrs. Moore’s strong Christian beliefs, which have not been contaminated by colonisation, make her resist the imposition of this foreign discourse on her mind, although she acknowledges its “truth”.

Colonisation dehumanises and demonises the colonised. Ronny notes that most Indians “are seditious at heart, and the rest’d run squealing The Pathan – *he’s a man if you like*. But these people – don’t imagine they’re India” (p.59, my italics). Memmi notes that “one after another, all the qualities which make a man of the colonised crumble away”. To the coloniser, the colonised “is hardly a human being. He tends rapidly toward becoming an object” (Memmi, p.85-86). Hence, and to the surprise of Mrs. Moore, Ronny considers the way the British treat the Indians as being a “side-issue”. He objects to Adela’s impression that they treat the Indians badly. He protests to Mrs. Moore, “Oh, how like a woman to worry over a side-issue!” Mrs. Moore is surprised it is a “side issue” because her ideological background has not been corrupted yet by colonisation which considers the colonised inhuman.

Further, Ronny tries to convince both himself and Mrs. Moore of the British important presence in India. The colonisers claim that they have the mission of “bringing light to the colonised’s ignominious darkness” (Memmi 1974:74-76). This “mission” legitimises the colonisation and enslavement of other races. Edward Said also notes the depiction of colonised races as being “naturally subservient to a superior, advanced, developed, and morally mature Europe” (Eagleton *et al.* 1990:72). Hence, Ronny announces that “[w]e’re out here to do justice and keep the peace. Them’s my sentiments.” Mrs. Moore, however, can see through his words. She protests:

‘Your sentiments are those of a god,’ Trying to recover his temper, he said, ‘India likes gods.’ ‘And Englishmen like posing as gods’ [Mrs Moore] ‘...and the country’s got to put up with us, gods or no gods ...’ We’re not pleasant in India and don’t intend to be pleasant. We’ve something more important to do’ (p.69).

Colonisation always hides its true objectives behind the mask of bringing knowledge and civilisation to the colonised race. “It is here that the astonishing mental attitude called ‘paternalistic’ comes into play. A paternalist is someone who wants to stretch racism and inequality farther—once admitted” (Memmi, p.74-76).

Ronny’s words are described as “sincere” because he daily tries in court “to decide which of the two untrue accounts was the less untrue, trying to dispense justice fearlessly ... surrounded by lies and flattery” (p.69). Edward Said explains that white men believe that it is their “human prerogative” to “manage” and “own” the non- white world (Said 1987:108). It is here where the “stretch” of “racism and inequality” occurs. Further, the “paternalistic” role of the colonisers justifies and explains their shock at the colonised’s rejection of their so-called sacrifices. Ronny believes that his services are not appreciated. He is happy, however, when the Mohurram troubles take place “for it proved that the British were necessary to India; there would certainly have been bloodshed without them” (p.110). His desire to legitimise his presence in the colony is evident here as well.

Mrs. Moore contests Ronny’s discourse using the discourse of religion. She explains that “India is part of the earth. And God has put us on the earth in order to love our neighbours and to show it, and He is omnipresent, even in India, to see how we are succeeding” (p.70). Ronny’s religion only conforms to the needs of the Empire. He “approved of religion as long as it endorsed the National Anthem, but he objected when it attempted to influence his life” (p.71). Religion is a weak discourse facing a strong racial discourse. Mrs. Moore urges Ronny to “love” his Indian neighbours, but he knows that such a discourse will not function in a colony where racism governs the relationship between the coloniser and the colonised.

In contrast with Ronny, Fielding, who shows sympathy towards the Indians and who mixes with them, is not the “type” nor is he “one of us”. “Having discovered the economic, political and moral scandal of colonisation”, the coloniser “can no longer agree to become what his fellow citizens have become; he decides to remain, vowing not to accept colonisation” (Memmi 1974:19-22). Mr. Turton, therefore, warns that “India does wonders for the judgement, especially during the Hot Weather; it has even done wonders for Fielding” (p.49). Fielding refuses colonisation, and according to Bhupal Singh, “[i]t is through Fielding that Mr. Forster speaks” (Singh 1974:229).

Fielding is fought against because he refuses to be ‘formatted’. “[H]e appeared to inspire confidence until he spoke”. Forster’s narrator warns of an “evil of brains in India, but woe to him through whom they are increased!” (p.80). Fielding realises the complexities and hatred he has to account for his sentiments towards the Indians. “He regretted taking sides. To slink through India unlabelled was his aim. Henceforward he would be called ‘anti-British’, ‘seditious’ – terms that bored him, and diminished his

utility” (p.183). He is worried about the process of “labeling” which affects the way people think of each other (Sarup 1996:14).

Fielding’s individualism makes him “a disruptive force, and rightly, for ideas are fatal to caste”. His belief that the world “is a globe of men who are trying to reach one another and can best do so by the help of goodwill plus culture and intelligence” was “a creed ill suited to Chandrapore” (p.80). Hence, he felt that “the gulf between himself and his countrymen ... widened distressingly” (p.79) because he would not conform to their standards and adopt their ideology. Anglo-Indians try to ‘format’ him to make him the same as they are, “but he had come out too late to lose” his “creed”.

Fielding “had no racial feeling... because he had matured in a different atmosphere, where the herd-instinct does not flourish” (p.80). The “herd-instinct” makes itself felt when Fielding sides with the Indians against the English in Aziz’s case. The Collector warns him that “[y]ou can’t run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, at least not in this country” (p.194). McBryde is also surprised that Fielding “had not rallied to the banner of race” (p.175) following the alleged rape of Adela. He warns him that “there’s no room for – well – personal views. The man who doesn’t toe the line is lost” (p.180).

Memmi notes that “humanitarian romanticism is looked upon in the colonies as a serious illness, the worst of all dangers.” Consequently, to the other colonisers, a coloniser who has this “illness” “is nothing but a traitor His friends will become surly; his superiors will threaten him; even his wife will join in and cry” (Memmi, p.19-22). Indeed, Anglo-Indians suspect Fielding of being a “Japanese spy” (p.218), and they blame him for the Mohurram troubles. Further, Fielding’s attitude towards the Indians changes once he marries Stella. He wonders if he could “defy all his own people for the sake of a stray Indian” again (p.313). Ronny also writes him a letter welcoming him to their camp. “I’m relieved you feel able to come into line with the Oppressors of India to some extent. We need all the support we can get” (p.302).

Despite suffering from “humanitarian romanticism”, the coloniser who refuses colonisation “cannot help judging” the colonised and their civilisation. “How can one deny that they are under-developed, that their customs are oddly changeable and their culture outdated?” Hence, the coloniser “admits to a fundamental difference between the colonised and himself” (Memmi, p.22-25). Fielding, for instance, declares his love for the Indians. “I have never felt more happy and secure out here. I really do get on with Indians, and they do trust me” (p.261). Yet, he cannot get over his racial superiority complex. He feels the presence of this “fundamental difference”.

Fielding feels the presence of a barrier between him and his Indian friends when he sends them picture postcards from Venice. He feels that “all” of them “would miss the joys he experienced now, the joys of form, and that this constituted a *serious barrier*” (p.278, my italics). Further, when his Indian friends express their worry that his name “will entirely die out” since he has no children, he feels that his “indifference” also constitutes a barrier because it “is what the Oriental will never understand” (p.130). Furthermore, when Fielding “was throwing in his lot with Indians, he realised the profundity of the gulf that divided him from them” (pp.181-82).

Fielding feels the differences between him and the Indians in several other occasions. For instance, Aziz's remark that Adela practically has no breasts makes Fielding feel a touch of bad taste because "this derived sensuality ... was alien to his own emotions, and he felt a *barrier* between himself and Aziz whenever it arose" (p.242). Also, he objects to Aziz's adopted proverbs which are different from British ones and which signify the presence of another barrier (p.170). Forster, like Fielding, felt this barrier. He states that "[t]he sense of racial tension, of incompatibility, never left me" (Forster 1985:11). The implication is that no matter how blurred the borderlines separating races get by hybridity, they end up being more emphasised because no native can escape his nativity and no white man can escape his white blood.

Fielding denounces colonisation yet he benefits from it. "[T]o refuse an ideology while continuing to live with its actual relationships" makes the coloniser live "his life under the sign of contradiction". Contradiction deprives the coloniser "of all coherence and all tranquility" because "[h]e participates in and benefits from those privileges which he half-heartedly denounces" (Memmi 1974:19-22). Fielding, as a result, argues with Aziz about who will rule India and how, since there are so many different sects and religions. He questions the possibility of India ever becoming a "nation" (p.315). His love for the Indians is well-established and so is his love for the country. He could be, whether consciously or subconsciously, trying to convince Aziz of the futility of such a dream, since its realisation means his departure from the country and the loss of his privileges as a coloniser.

Fielding deploys tactics and discourses similar to those adopted by colonial powers aimed at making the colonised races lose any hope of independence and freedom. He uses what Ngũgĩ calls "the cultural bomb" which creates "serious doubts about the moral rightness of struggle" and makes the "[p]ossibilities of triumph or victory" appear "as remote, ridiculous dreams" (Ngũgĩ 1986:3). He tries to prove to Aziz that they are inferior to the British. "Away from us, Indians go to seed at once. Look at the King-Emperor High School! Look at your poems... Free our women and India will be free. Try it, my lad" (p.314). Fielding uses the imperative tone to remind Aziz that he is inferior to him.

Aziz is aware, however, that his friendship with Fielding has to retain the colonial hierarchy of the coloniser and the colonised. He "sketched a comic salaam 'I tremble, I obey,' the gesture said, and it was not lost upon Fielding" (p.296). His 'comic salaam', alludes to the 'salaaming-order' that the British imposed after the Amritsar massacre of 1919, which required "all Indians to 'salaam' or respectfully salute an English civil and military officers" (Dolin 1999:180). He is not even allowed to feel superior to the "imbecile" Ralph (p.303).

Further, Fielding tries to convince Aziz that India is not Indian property. He claims that "it's nobody's India" (p.273). He aims to make him despair and see the chances of Independence as impossible. He also tries to convince Aziz of the impossibility of India ever becoming free. He jeers, "Who do you want instead of the English? The Japanese?" He implies that the British are better rulers than any other colonial power since they understand the Indians better. Furthermore, Fielding realises how hard it is for India to be a nation because of its different religions and cults. He, therefore, tries hard to undermine any possibility of India ever becoming a nation.

Despite Fielding's attempts to frustrate Aziz, he remains determined:

'India shall be a nation! No foreigners of any sort! Hindu and Moslem and Sikh and all shall be one! ... *India a nation! What an apotheosis! ... Fielding mocked again.* And Aziz in an awful rage ... cried: 'Down with the English anyhow ... We may hate one another, but we hate you most. If I don't make you go, Ahmed will, Karim will, if it's fifty or five hundred years we shall get rid of you, yes, we shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea, and then' – he rode against him furiously – 'and then,' he concluded, half kissing him, 'you and I shall be friends.' (p.315-6, my italics)

Clearly, Fielding goes to great lengths to convince Aziz that India will never become a united nation. Fielding and Forster denounce colonisation yet they simultaneously gain privilege from it, and this explains the contradiction in their attitudes towards colonisation.

The scene of the boats promises a fresh start, a form of rebirth, for Aziz and Fielding. It coincides with the festival of Shri Krishna in which the whole world is delivered from their pains and sorrow. The boats collide and capsize (p.310). Water in Jungian psychology symbolises birth-death-resurrection. It also symbolises purification and redemption. To Jung, rivers also symbolise "death and rebirth (baptism)" (Guerin 1979:157-58). The fall of the characters into the water becomes a sort of rebirth. They 'die' and are born again. They lose their "doubt" and "sorrow" and are "saved" or "baptised" as if by Shri Krishna. "After the funny shipwreck there had been no more nonsense or bitterness, and they went back laughingly to their old relationship as if nothing had happened." Aziz also forgives Adela (p.311).

The fall into the river generates a paradise-like environment. The land itself appears beautiful now. "Presently the ground opened into full sunlight and they saw a grassy slope bright with butterflies, also a *cobra*, which crawled across doing nothing in particular, and disappeared among some custard-*apple* trees" (my italics). India now appears to give the English a sense of home. "There were round white clouds in the sky, and white *pools* on the earth; the hills in the distance were *purple*. The scene was as park-like as England, but did not cease being *queer*" (p.311, my italics). The italicized words generate sexual images to suggest that temptation is showing its face once more.

The image of the cobra in relation with the apple invokes the Great Fall of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The pool of water suggests the female womb and hence sexuality and Eve. The colour "purple" also suggests sexuality. The threat of being cast away from heaven is foreshadowed by the word "queer". Temptation will wreck the temporary paradise-like atmosphere. It will cast away both Fielding and Aziz from this paradise. They eventually realise, after their painful journey of self-discovery, that no friendship can be attained, and a paradise like this one can exist only momentarily, as long as the coloniser/colonised *status quo* remains effective.

Fielding realises the complex problems involved in befriending the colonized while simultaneously being one of their oppressors. He also realises the presence of a "gulf" between the races which is a serious

barrier that casts shadows at the possibilities of friendship and equality between them. Adela and Mrs. Moore also realise that personal relationships, faith, and knowledge all amount to “nothing” in a country that defies reason and rationality.

To conclude, *A Passage to India* is clearly a novel that defies the premise that friendship can be maintained between the English and the Indians in a coloniser/colonised status quo. Fielding’s criticism of the British imperialist colonisers, of their racism and of the fear they base their regime upon is clearly evident in the novel. Based on inequality and racism, colonisation frustrates any attempts towards having a friendship between Aziz and Fielding. “[P]ersonal relations cannot be perfectly achieved because the barriers that are there cannot be easily overcome The idea of unity cannot therefore be adapted to reality.” Forster “does not end up as a pessimist for, though in the present time and space these obstacles may come in, there is hope in the future” (Satin 1976:69).

To Edward Said, however, it is “a disappointing conclusion” since “[w]e are left at the end with a sense of the pathetic distance still separating ‘us’ from an Orient destined to bear the mark of foreignness as a mask of its permanent estrangement from the west” (Childs 1999:383). By using the words “not now, not yet”, Forster “displaces the estrangement the permanence of which is premised on racial grounds and relocates it on the axis of power.” Further, “Forster pleads for a dialogue with those who believe that friendship between individuals is possible within structures of power in which they are unequally placed because the individual is capable of transcending these limitations” (Pathak *et al.* in Childs, p.383).

Said’s view is the more valid of these accounts. Both Pathak and Satin suppose that the *status quo* of coloniser/colonised is the *only* hindrance that stands between the friendship of the English and the Indians. However, the gulf that separates the two races, and which Fielding and Forster felt, forms a serious barrier that endangers the friendship between them. In effect, even if the English leave India, friendship would still be unattainable because the Orient *is* “destined to bear the mark of foreignness as a mask of its permanent estrangement from the west”.

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Re-imagining Healing after Trauma: Leslie Marmon Silko and Judith Butler Writing against the War of Cultures.

By Sophie Croisy

In this essay, I want to deal with contemporary traumatic issues at play mainly in the work of Judith Butler and Leslie Marmon Silko who are, in more ways than one, theorists of trauma, though they are not officially acknowledged as such. By doing so, I want to continue the work of the few trauma theorists and writers (Cathy Caruth and Jacques Derrida among others) who have pointed out the relationships between traumatized individuals across cultures and time (without erasing the specificity of their traumas). They have done so through an analysis of problematic institutional systems of knowing, thinking, and believing that serve to produce and maintain cultural trauma, and promote, in veiled ways, cultural separation and racism. Both Butler and Silko continue this analysis in their work.

In this essay, I will address, from the perspective of these two thinkers who both belong to so-called “minority groups,” two historical moments (WWII and 9/11) -- the performative power and ethico-political potential of which, work to critique nationalist discourses that promote individual and cultural trauma. I also want to point out the potential for cultural connection or reconnection between traumatized individuals and/or cultures through an analysis of the role played by death—which might seem a bit unusual—in making these connections. These conversations will help me rethink trauma outside the boundaries of conventional trauma theory, and thus bring forth new, rather localized theories of trauma.

Native-American writer (and, in my books, trauma theorist) Leslie Marmon Silko’s treatment of trauma in her two novels *Ceremony* and *Almanac of the Dead* supersedes the well-known theories about trauma developed by contemporary figures such as Jacques Lacan or Cathy Caruth. In her texts, Silko brings forth the historical value of the cultural metaphor of the web (a crucial symbol in Laguna cosmology) to assert the non-singularity of trauma’s representability, the interdependency of certain traumatic stories and traumatized bodies, the building or re-building of connections between these traumatized bodies through a critique of dangerous systematic and symbolic interventions in the healing process, and the redefinition of death as a new starting point (though a rather morbid one) in the process of building human connections (with one’s own lost cultural matrix or between enemy cultures). In short, Silko participates in the process

of rethinking and reshaping trauma theory.

As mentioned above, another important theorist of trauma comes to join Silko in my forthcoming critique of conventional trauma theory and its processes: Judith Butler, who is better known as a queer theorist than a theorist of trauma. The juxtaposition of the work of queer theorist Judith Butler and the work of Native fiction writer Leslie Marmon Silko might appear as an unlikely combination for the connection between these authors is not obvious. However, this juxtaposition is crucial to my project since I want to participate in the process of connection-making between cultural and political entities that have remained separated. These two writers of trauma have never been linked to each other; they are not quoted nor simply mentioned in the same literary or theoretical spaces; and they have not been associated directly to the field of trauma studies but can do much to widen the scope of that field. Here, I am only making visible an already existing connection between two areas, and more specifically two authors (Butler and Silko) who are promoting a connection between cultural groups—in their respective dealings with trauma.

Butler and Silko are important contemporary theorists of trauma because, in the texts I will be analyzing, both authors critique the ways in which certain systems of thinking or believing defined as universal/transhistorical (not to say ahistorical), as well as the symbols that are contained within these systems, can do much damage to an individual, a community, a nation victim of trauma. When I address the issue of trauma, when I write about its characteristics, representations, consequences, etc., I do so “in context.” A trauma is specific and localized and needs specific and localized responses; it needs cures that take into account that specificity and locality. Already known universalized and Eurocentric metropolitan trauma theories and curative practices cannot become the imposed uncritical answer (though they can participate in thinking through that answer, that cure) to a problem that is localized elsewhere (not in Europe, not in the metropolitan theoretical centers). Butler addresses this issue in the context of 9/11, and Silko addresses it in the context of the Native-American involvement in WWII. Not only do both authors bring forward the need to think about traumas in terms of their connectedness to each other in order to foster cultural understanding, but they also write against any universal, symbolic system of knowledge that presents itself as the cure for a very specific, localized trauma. Both authors redefine ways of coping with trauma that move away from the popular systematic responses to trauma we know (medical, governmental and religious interventions are probably making the loudest and more brusque statements about what the responses to a trauma should be). Both authors, in rather morbid ways, see death as a connecting point between individuals and cultures that have learned to hate a constructed enemy that should not be one. Both authors provoke nationalist trauma narratives and deconstruct the racist lies that compose these narratives, in more or less veiled ways.

Re-theorizing Trauma Theory: The Crucial Movement from the Symbolic to the Historical in the Process of Reconnection and Reparation after Trauma

In Laguna cosmology, Spider Woman also known as Thought Woman is the creatrix, the story-teller,

the weaver of the web of life: “Thought-Woman, the spider, named thing and as she named them they appeared” (*Ceremony* 1). Weaving and telling are intricately linked in Laguna cosmology, and this spirit being who is at the same time animal and human, weaves the web of human history, which is also her history. Silko’s *Ceremony* opens with this story, the story of Thought Woman the spider who is thinking the narrative that follows (here Silko herself is the spider). The story is the journey of Tayo, a young Laguna Pueblo, a mixed-blood born of a Laguna mother and a white father, who comes back from WWII with what any Western traditional medical body would recognize as PTSD (Post-traumatic Stress Disorder). Within the context of that war and that of the fighting in the Philippines Tayo participated in, the specific trauma Tayo seems to suffer from is the death of his brother Rocky killed by Japanese soldiers, a death which Tayo was powerless to prevent. We begin the novel thinking that the trauma of WWII will remain through out the novel the uber-trauma, a symbolic trauma around which human history comes to attach itself without ever threatening its overbearing historical position.

Quickly enough, however, Silko moves beyond the specific/symbolic traumatic moment which seems to stand at the origin of Tayo’s suffering, and connects this “originary moment” to a multitude of other moments in order to recreate the traumatic web Tayo will learn to see, with all its connections, so that his healing process can start (and never end). Tayo’s traumatic web is intermingled with the web of life, the web of human history. Thought Woman the spider weaves through story-telling; the telling of new human stories based on the old myths, connected to the past but in a constant state of evolution. Thought woman the spider, a spirit being in Laguna cosmology, is also a human figure and appears throughout the text in the shape of characters: Auntie, The Night Swan, The Katsina Spirit Tse and Betonie the medicine man. They all share Thought Woman’s story-telling power and are responsible for weaving the web of life, adding stories to it that either complicate Tayo’s traumatic web or disentangle it. These characters are often found pulling threads from the fabric of their clothes when they are about to tell a story. These threads help make visible, deconstruct, and make meaning out of Tayo’s traumatic web simply by narrativizing certain traumatic instances, by uncovering/revealing to him certain lines and trends connected to each other that make the traumatic web Tayo wants to disentangle. Tayo, through the process of listening to the medicine man (Betonie)’s stories, songs, ceremonial words, remembers them and remembers the existence of the web of history, a return of memory that takes place through, and not against, repetition. Repetition is not a symptom of trauma but the way towards remembering; it needs to become compulsory because it has the power to save lives. The stories belong to the phenotype (properties both cultural and structural) of Native-American cultures and individuals. They are structural, they are symbolic, but they are the language that is made and remade by history, and that creates and recreate social beings according to the changes brought about by social change. Their origin, their nature, is diffuse and unstable. They are composed of multiple layers, more or less archaic traces of versions of stories that have been modified, transformed by history. They are historical/social because they constantly evolve with time, but they are also timeless. Their evolution, it should be noted, takes place through death as their modification comes as a response to the infringement of a violent other upon Laguna culture.

Old Ku’oosh, the first Laguna medicine man to take care of Tayo after his return from the Veteran hospital, fails in his endeavor to cleanse Tayo from his sickness as Ku’oosh uses traditional stories in order to

do so, stories that speak a language which cannot cure what it does not know, what it cannot name. The structure of the old Laguna language Ku'oosh uses is powerless in front of events "too alien to comprehend" (*Ceremony* 36); an understanding of these events is unavailable through Ku'oosh's language, thus his cures are without effect since they rely on songs and stories cut off from history, with only a symbolic/mythical value. Ku'oosh, however, represents the first step in the process of disentanglement as he speaks to Tayo using the old Laguna dialect, "full of sentences that were involuted with explanations of their own origins, as if nothing the old man said were his own but all had been said before and he was only there to repeat it" (*Ceremony* 34). Ku'oosh reiterates the argument that the past speaks through the present. This repetition, however, takes place without a difference and is significant of the non productive, even dangerous, argument that assimilation has kept Native cultures static or has erased their cultural potential through Christianization and the imposition of the 'language of the enemy'. The supposedly 'disappeared' cultural core of the Laguna nation, according to this argument, is the gap that can never be bridged, a historical loss that turns into symbolic lack and becomes the very root of ignorant discourses that claim the disintegration or degeneration of Native cultures. A very racist argument which materializes in Silko's description of the Gallup Ceremonial, a celebration of Native-culture organized by "the white men there" (*Ceremony*, 116), a ceremony during which tourists buy Native-American jewels from Indians who perform their culture for the entertainment of those same tourists. In the context of that ceremony, Indians are in fact the attraction to be purchased. Their culture becomes commodified by White Americans. It is turned into a crystallized spectacle to be taken as symbolic of Indianness—a concept thus deprived of its social and political dimensions.

Ku'oosh also tells Tayo that as one speaks, as one tells a story or performs a ceremony through story-telling, "No word exists alone, and the reason for choosing each word had to be explained with a story about why it must be said this certain way. That was the responsibility that went with being human, old Ku'oosh said, the story behind each word must be told so there could be no mistake in the meaning of what had been said" (*Ceremony* 35-6). These words are both symptoms and sites of trauma: symptoms of trauma because their repetition without a difference testifies to the traditional Laguna language's unfortunate irrelevance in a contemporary context, and sites of trauma because Tayo's limited comprehension of Ku'oosh's traditional Laguna language further entangles the traumatic web and thus sets him apart from the web of history. However, Ku'oosh's comment is positive despite Ku'oosh's traumatic repetition of the old language since it implies that the linguistic monads that stories are become part of a web of meaning that comes together through the recovery of the past, the recovery of a history re-imagined not in relation to what has been lost, but in relation to what indeed remains but has been erased, forgotten, or misinterpreted. Here, "the story behind each word," the Laguna community's story of coming to mean, coming to be, opens the way towards an understanding of the stories made out of the accumulation and repetition of other versions of these stories. They come to mean through the past remembered, rehistoricized from the perspective of the victim who turns into victor through the recuperation and resignification of traumatic moments, of what has been; and thus through their reentry into the circles of signifiers that compose history.

The stories in Silko's novel are sacred, thus symbolic (they are part of the cultural unconscious and regiment the behavior of the group and the self within that group); and secular, thus historical. They make and

unmake, create and destroy, their performative power is without limits and they tell, they speak “humanity” (meaning that they give birth to it again at every telling) as much as they are spoken by it. Both their symbolic and historical impact can only be preserved through repetition, however. This repetition, though traumatic in the context of old Ku’oosh’s linguistic work, becomes performative in Betonie’s world. The repetition of words and stories, the repetition of history itself, is not symptomatic of trauma, but becomes a challenge to trauma.

In *The Uncanny*, Nicholas Royle writes, “To repeat: the uncanny seems to be about a strange repetitiveness. It has to do with the return of something repressed, something no longer familiar, the return of the dead, the >constant recurrence of the same thing” (84). As Tayo struggles to regain balance by disentangling spider webs, the repetition of stories loses its Freudian sense as it moves away from Freud’s repetition compulsion, a symptom of sickness and regression according to Freudian theory. It becomes a sign of overcoming trauma. It is not instinctive, it is not elementary as Freud would have it, because it is a consequence, not an origin. It came as the result of acculturation. This repetition is not primitive and unconscious, but conscious and desired. It becomes the condition for personal and cultural reparation according to Silko. It is the Freudian death drive resignified, partly “desymbolized” and rehistoricized, that comes to counter cultural death, and thus puts itself in the service of history, in the service of life. As Tayo listens to the stories repeated by Betonie, The Night Swan or Auntie, the structural/symbolic and the genealogical/historical come together to reminisce about the past and make it mean in the present, unveil its presence in the circles of the traumatic web. The symbolic order Laguna words and stories belong to in the world of Ku’oosh, loses its autonomy and is dragged back down into history, into the “symbolhistorical” of Laguna people whose cultural imaginary renews itself through this process of rehistoricizing language by taking into account the world around, Laguna or not, and the changes that take place in it. Remembering and understanding cultural specificity and difference is thus the direct consequence of remembering history as a global, web-like phenomenon which involves a multitude of stories.

The Laguna traumatic web, which is part of the web of history, is composed of a multiplicity of stories that are linked together through one individual, Tayo, in this particular context of the novel. Tayo eventually sees all the points of junction between the words and stories he heard: Rocky’s death and Tayo’s sickness are linked, but not in the way Tayo had thought. They are only two elements in the traumatic web which do not function as autonomous traumas but need to be linked to others: the war, acculturation, the cursing of the rain, the Pueblo community’s loss of balance, Tayo’s loss of language, etc. Tayo’s originary trauma is in fact non-existent. It is constructed through the Western desire to symbolize, not synthesize. To rely on it is unproductive and ultimately dangerous as its forced autonomy, its detachment from the complicated web of history, prevents a kaleidoscopic envisioning of trauma, as well as the beginning of mourning: if trauma is somewhat swallowed by the symbolic order, then trauma is beyond mourning. Silko refuses symbolization by multiplying the possibilities for thinking the origin of trauma as non-existent because multiple, untraceable in a straight line, in time and timeless, in space and beyond any kind of spatial restriction. She also describes death as the story that needs to be told and retold so as to counter narratives/stories which promote the repetition of convenient, familiar, and supposedly convincing symbols that should help Tayo heal. These symbolic/sacred stories turn out unproductive, not to say dangerous,

because when used alone, they erase the human/historical characteristics of Tayo's trauma. They erase the materiality of death, history, trauma. However, Tayo eventually finds its place again in the web of history; he understands his connectedness to an enemy who was constructed as such in the context of warfare (he remembers seeing, in the face of a Japanese man, the facial features of his beloved dead uncle); and he is allowed to remember that death, fear, and pain connect him to this constructed enemy. The very symbols that prevented him from healing then become obsolete.

Silko's *Almanac*: Deconstructing the Western Lie with and through the Dead

In *Ceremony*, Silko defines both trauma and history as intermingled webs in the midst of which individual lives can become interconnected despite their cultural or national status. Silko brings the notions of autonomy and community together in advancing an argument for relationality in the words of Judith Butler, helping us think about the ways in which "we are not only constituted by our relations but also disposed by them as well" (*Precarious Lives* 24). The concept of connectedness between human stories and histories is a theme that Silko takes up again in *Almanac of the Dead*. Building connections between personal, historical, and cultural traumas is here again Silko's main purpose.

The novel is divided into six parts: the first four refer to four traditional geographical areas of the world from the specific to the continental (The United States of America, Mexico, Africa and The Americas). The fifth refers to a theoretical concept that brings down national borders and geopolitical separations: "the Fifth World," world in which Native tribes have taken their lands back from the territories we know today as nations, without worrying about notions of nation and citizenship. The last part of the novel is entitled "One World, Many Tribes" and outlines this reorganization of the geographical and political map Silko wants to achieve in her work. Can organization not according to nations and national borders but according to tribal communities which show their autonomy and relationality in the (one might say unrealistic) process of recovering the land and the lives that were theirs before colonial time, an awakening in or from the other through trauma and through death.

The events of the book revolve around a specific geographical location, Tucson Arizona, and move away from it to connect it with other areas of the U.S. and Mexico where the series of events and stories of the book take place and are told. The first two pages of the book form a map. At the center of the map, Tucson is represented by a thick dot towards which arrows are pointed, arrows coming from all directions, different cities, in the U.S. and in Mexico. Beneath that dot, a straight horizontal line makes a clear cut on the map and marks the frontier between Mexico, the name written in large letters under the line, and the U.S. which, interestingly enough, is not named on the map. These arrows joined in Tucson delimit geographical segments and the names of the novel's characters, more than 50 of them, inhabit these segments, sometimes appearing twice as the events of the novel take them to different areas of the map. All these characters with different and related stories, traumatic histories, are major actors in the complicated and interrelated events of the novel.

On the right of the map towards the middle and next to the dot that marks the emplacement of Tucson, we read, “Tucson, Arizona. Home to an assortment of speculators, confidence men, embezzlers, lawyers, judges, police and other criminals, as well as addicts and pushers, since the 1880s and the Apache Wars” (*Almanac* 15). On the map, Tucson appears not as a point of origin, but as a meeting place, a place of death, a traumatic knot, a vortex of trauma in which characters and stories are swallowed, spit out and swallowed back again to form a web of meaning around what comes to be the central element of the novel: the almanac itself and its notebooks.

On the top left-hand corner of the map, we read, “Almanac of the dead, Five hundred year map. Through the decipherment of ancient tribal texts of the Americans the Almanac of the Dead foretells the future of all the Americas. The future is encoded in arcane symbols and old narratives” (*Almanac* 14). The almanac is not only an archive for the past, but also already an archive of the future. Lecha, grand-daughter of a Yaqui woman who used to be the keeper of the almanac and who transmitted this inheritance to her grand-child, describes its potential power: “those old almanacs don’t just tell you when to plant or harvest, they tell you about the days yet to come—drought or flood, plague, civil war or invasion . . . Once the notebooks are transcribed, I will figure out how to use the old almanac. Then we will foresee the months and years to come— everything” (*Almanac* 137). Through a translation of the past, the almanac will reveal the future. The notebooks are key elements in performing that translation in time; they are the repository of stories and histories, and are always in the process of being read and written. As a matter of fact, the notebooks are fragmented and need to be mended. This mending, this re-weaving of the notebooks will take place through a translation of the preserved stories which come in a foreign language and sometimes are encrypted, made of signs the meaning of which is impossible to unveil if parts of the manuscript are missing. The stories do not mean autonomously; they mean when put in relation with each other. This mending will also take place through the recuperation of lost passages, lost stories that will come from afar as Yoeme points out: “the story may arrive with a stranger, a traveler thrown out of his home country months ago. Or the story may be brought by an old friend . . . But after you hear the story, you and the others prepare by the new moon to rise up against the slave masters” (*Almanac* 578). Each new story is a puzzle piece added to the notebooks, a new thread entering the web of history always already in constant evolution. Stories are sites of revolution, performative and prophetic elements which come together to disturb the flow of Western white narratives of violence and death, elements which “reckon with the past because within it lay seeds of the present and future” (*Almanac* 311). This reckoning is needed but dangerous because the risk of listening to the wrong stories is always a possibility as Yoeme teaches Lecha: “Nothing must be added that was not already there. Only repairs are allowed, and one might live as long as I have and not find a suitable code” (*Almanac* 129). The “already there” alludes to the unveiling of the past, of erased truths, different truths from the ones offered by traditional logocentric and ubertraumatic Western historical narratives which justify or ignore deadly violence done onto some under claims of freedom and democracy for others. This past history is recuperated by Silko throughout *Almanac*, and whoever comes in the way of this recuperation is punished, found guilty of “crimes against history” (516).

These “other truths” are moments of departures from which to rethink history. Only through the recovery of erased stories and histories can one make sense of the notebooks which are sacred but not static; the

stories evolve, are told and retold, and this retelling performs changes in the present and future: “Yoeme had believed power resides with certain stories; the power ensures the story to be retold, and with each retelling a slight but permanent shift took place” (*Almanac* 581). The following words are found on one of the pages of the notebook: “Sacred time is always in the present” (*Almanac* 136). The sacred is a key a site of trauma. As I discussed earlier, myths and symbols are oftentimes dangerous since they keep history immobile, they transfix it, they crystallize it. Here, however, the notebooks do not have the status of a sacred manuscript in the Christian sense. As a matter of fact, the notebooks are a part of history and keep telling it. They have a symbolic role in the sense that they are the teachings of the Aztec sacred snake, but its teachings are rooted in history; they already speak of and warn humanity against the desire for death and violence, and they will really come to mean only when the lost fragments of the notebooks have been replaced. A replacement which slowly takes place through human intervention, the replacement of the lost stories of the dead by the stories of the living which recall these lost fragments. The historical and the mythical/symbolic (which becomes historical) are warped and weaved together to form a new version of history. The notebooks thus foster the process of awakening to the death and suffering of erased bodies and cultures, to their vulnerability as Butler would put it. This awakening happens through death, through the exposition of violence as both structural and historical, an issue I will discuss in depth in the paragraphs to come.

9/11: From Cultural Separation to the Possibility for Connectedness between Nations

As Judith Butler asks in her discussion of bodily politics, and, more specifically, in her examination of the relationship between individuality and community in dealing with issues of legal and political representations of certain bodies (individual, cultural, social, etc.), “if I build a notion of autonomy on the basis of the denial of . . . a primary and unwilling physical proximity with others, then do I precisely deny the social and political conditions of my embodiment in the name of autonomy?” (*Undoing Gender*, 21). She continues, “If I am struggling for autonomy, do I need to be struggling for something else as well, a conception of myself, as invariably in community, impressed upon by others, impressing them as well, and in ways that are not always clearly delineable, in forms that are not fully predictable?” (21-2). The answer to this last question can be and should be positive. To continue with Butler’s words, “We are compelled to speak of the human, and of the international” (37). In the context of discussions on trauma, we are compelled to speak about certain traumatized bodies and point out the specificity of their traumas, but we are also compelled to prevent their unhealthy and unproductive pedestalization in the field of trauma studies, as well as the further hierarchization of traumas. We are also compelled to look at trauma globally (but democratically as Butler would write) and see how certain global or universal notions and theories of trauma can function across nations and time, pending their rethinking in certain cases; and how other theories do not and should be critiqued for wanting to pass as global, democratic theories. Thus, specific traumatic moments can act as shifters, showing the plural character of trauma, its specificity as well as its globality, its autonomy as well as its co-dependence with history. Lately, it seems as though the concern and desire for traumatic autonomy has conveniently erased the performative power of arguments that

promote the co-dependence of nations as well as more global, collective, web-like notions of trauma. “The global” has come to mean danger partly because this global enemy that is terrorism has severely wounded the American people in a very specific way: the so-called “origin” of the terrorist wound in the US, more specifically in the American popular imaginary, is the 9/11 event. The grieving process of America has been kept static by the promotion of a desirable fear for this “global enemy” which sometimes takes a human shape, and consequently the promotion of the kind of violence a war waged against a visible enemy that participates in maintaining that immobility. This blind and dangerously static state of grief is completely erasing the problematic policies of a government which uses and abuses the grief of its own people in order to tyrannize another. The governmental purpose here is not even the transference of grief upon “a visible enemy” so as to relieve the American nation, which though troubling and unreasonable, could be humanly understandable. The purpose here is to reinforce a trauma (the wound to America) and perform another (the war in Iraq as democratic project which inscribes itself in the global war waged against terrorism) in the name of nationalism, or should we say racism, and this to preserve and spread the values of “Western democracy.” The present conservative government in America is widening the gap between two already dissentious cultures (“the West” and “the Middle-East,” two problematic categories created and pitted against each other through the promotion of cultural difference in the American media among other places), and too many stand behind the government’s traumatic policies. Others, however, are choosing to move beyond the false governmental rhetoric of freedom and want to uncover the oppressiveness of Western democratic systems as defined and imposed by governmental powers. These “others” have already found common grounds between the American trauma and the Iraqi trauma, two traumas which are of course entangled, which have come to signify governmental terrorism (both in the shape of an Eastern governmental dictatorship and a relentless American imperialist sweep across the world).

Within that context, death and grief might be the very human elements that will foster reconciliation between individuals of the same nation and different cultures. Sadly enough, death is our global common ground, our linking thread. The rapprochement between cultures can become possible if a connection between common traumatic experiences takes place, the common points being death and governmental violence. Unfortunately, the common arguments that promote the sacredness of life and the fight for the greater good through peaceful change seem to have no weight in the balance of justice today. Our understandings of death, then, must be the answer for a reconciliation of fates across borders.

Healing through Death: Contemporary Issues of Survival and the Role of Collective Understanding across National Borders

Today, the questions we see raised in newspapers and magazines worldwide--in the work of contemporary writers such as queer theorist Judith Butler (in *Precarious Lives*), political analyst Nafeez Ahmed (in *The War on Freedom*), or polemical film-maker Michael Moore, to name only a few—are the following: why does violence against the West happens, and what are the conditions under which violence appears? This appeal to the critical mind has often been synonymous to sedition after 9/11 since a clear cut choice, no

questions entailed, was demanded of Americans by a government employing a rhetoric of “good” versus “evil.” A majority still seems to refuse the condemnation of violence in all its forms and is ready to accept so-called ethical justifications for violence committed onto innocent others in response to violence committed onto the American people. In order to break that cycle of violence, humanist critical thinking, though useful, does not seem to be the best weapon to fight off fear, hatred, and the desire for revenge. What could, then, if not death? I was astonished to turn on the TV shortly before the 2004 American elections, and read a headline at the bottom of the screen that said that a group of parents of soldiers who had died in Iraq were supporting President Bush in his “fight against terror.” These supporters are still rather vocal today. It is understandable that in order to grieve a child and keep living beyond her death, parents need to find solace in knowing that this death happened for a very good reason. Their holding on to that reason might be one way of mourning the child. Hence families holding onto governmental discourses about the worthiness of the cause for which these men and women died. On the one hand, we need to acknowledge the parents’ suffering and their response to the death of their child; we want to understand and accept their justification because they have a right to cope with grief as well as they humanly can. But on the other hand, we can ask ourselves whether this grieving response unfortunately promotes the continuation of violence, whether the parents of a dead child who support the continuing governmental actions in Iraq will ever be able to mourn in peace. Their mourning is taking place through violence, in the context of relentless death. For that reason, one can wonder if mourning can really take place, or if it will remain absent, as absent as the critical voice that could have afforded these parents an outlet for anger and grief, as absent as the need to historicize the death of their child so that her dead body does not become food for the cannibalistic governmental discourse of braveness and dutiful behavior to a nation—a discourse which turns human lives into symbolic deaths. What will be left to the parents of a dead child when the war is over, when dead bodies are counted and families are thanked and honored for their gift to the nation? Only a symbol (the heroic child and soldier) which will eventually be destroyed or conveniently forgotten as the international community and a portion of the American people will keep pointing a guilty finger towards the American government and those on its side. Who can mourn a fallen symbol? Isn’t this symbolization of the dead one more traumatic event as it involves the creation and spreading of immaterial, ahistorical narratives of heroism? “Aairy” narratives that make parents fall victim to “the loss of access to the terms that establish historical veracity” (*Undoing Gender* 156)? How long will this symbolic justification suffice for these parents who have lost a precious life, that of a human deprived of her place in their lives and her place in history through symbolization, through her entry into the mythical space of false ethics and pseudo-democratic values? This gift of death to the nation is the wrong one. The historical presence of the American soldiers who died and will die at war in Iraq should be preserved, their stories told, their faces remembered. These lives can be historicized in a productive way: not as the victims of a violence perpetrated by the constructed enemy of a nation, but as the victims of a violence that does not have a specific origin but a long history, as the victims of a violence that implicates not one nation, one people, but a web of events and decisions taken in the past by governmental powers that led to war. The intervention in the web of history of the stories of returning fighters (dead or hurt) can sentence to death governmental rhetoric of the symbolic hero. Then a productive, life-bearing gift of death can be offered not just to one nation, but to a community of people across the world. This gift of death is a version of Derrida’s gift of death, an absolute duty towards the other that “demands that one behave

in an irresponsible manner (by means of treachery and betrayal)” (*The Gift of Death* 66) and sacrifice ethics to be ethical. We sometimes have to fail willingly in fulfilling our responsibility to our nation or our—a responsibility outlined by our government as the people’s duty to fear the outside and die for the good of the nation—in order to succeed in our responsibility towards the human lives that compose that same nation. Like Antigone, we need to reach the limit of Até, to become Adead in life” (*The Ethics of Psychoanalysis* 271), to counter unethical discourses that pass as ethical, deadly decisions taken in the name of life (and whose life?), by refusing to associate ourselves with narratives that promote death in the name of the state, death in the name of nationalism, the death of a constructed enemy who is not one: “to refuse this cycle of revenge in the name of justice, means not only to seek legal redress for wrongs done, but to take stock of how the world has become formed in this way precisely in order to form it anew, and in the direction of nonviolence” (*Precarious Lives* 17). In order to accomplish that transformation, one needs to start with death. But before a productive gift of death can be made, the literal death of children is going to happen to American families as the violence of the war in Iraq escalates. We are not to remain autonomous bodies or autonomous communities when we are traumatized. 9/11 is not just the trauma of America. It has become everyone’s on different levels. It has become Iraqi, and theirs has now become ours through the event of the war. To think about human communities and their interconnection through death might be the first step towards eradicating violence, contradictorily enough. The death of Rocky is part of a web of events that produce Tayo’s trauma. This death is also at the root of Tayo’s reconnection with his cultural past, present, and future, and his realization that his enemy is not in fact the one pointed out and constructed as a symbol of evil by his government (the Japanese), but this very process of symbolization, and thus dehumanization, performed by his own nation.

Violence and Death: the Cement of history

Death is central to life according to psychoanalytical theory. Whether or not we agree with psychoanalytical theories about death, we can all take that statement, “death is central to life,” more than seriously. Freud saw death as the drive, through which all desires were expressed, and this death drive appears as a symptom of an individual’s autonomy; it marks her separation from the other. For Freud, the death drive was an instinct at the core of the structure of every being, of its biology, its “nature,” hence preceding symbolization¹. For Lacan, however, it is an expression of the symbolic order which regulates humanity’s being in the world²; it is thus an index of humanity’s relatedness, but a relatedness that is not sufficiently grounded in history by Lacanian psychoanalysis. What I want to do here is move away from a Freudian definition of death as individual instinctive drive, look at the ways in which death is indeed (though in ways that are problematic) part of the symbolic structure of being and grouping, and point out its crucial “forgotten” presence as the tangible, material stuff of history.

Death is synonymous to life. It belongs to the continuum, or should I say the web of history. There is no history without death. There is no being without death, whether it is being in the world or being symbolically speaking. As a matter of fact, death is also symbolic in the sense that it is present in theory in

every event, every sequence of history, every moment of living, every trace of life, and every movement we make as individuals or as groups. Death is a haunting presence/absence, and in particular historical contexts, events or people can become agents of death and be dehistoricized to enter the memorial symbolic (which is of course oftentimes a dangerous occurrence) space of history—a space separated from the actual “historical.”

Death is therefore symbolic and historical, structural and cultural. It is the stuff (not the origin, not the end) of human evolution; it is the stuff of life. Death intervenes recurrently in the making and unmaking of nations, cultural and social groups, or simply autonomous individuals. The most “innocent,” unthought of aspects of our lives, the very norms and laws we need to follow to remain in place in the world, to belong, to be coherent social beings, are deadly in the sense that in order to survive socially, we need to “hurt ourselves,” to subdue or eliminate the disruptive elements about us that threaten the norm, and thus threaten our place in a regulated world. If we do not abide by the rules of normativity, the risk of social—and sometimes even literal—death becomes real, no matter how “democratic” and “protective of human rights” the nation in which we live is. However, as a whole, the social beings we are tend to think about norms and laws as tools towards reaching a greater good for humanity—a world with less violence, less death, more happy living. Contradictorily enough, this journey towards the greater good which is not always one involves violence and death. Butler extends that argument to describe the normative as deadly coercion, as death itself (*Undoing Gender* 206). Death is what we know, and we know of it differently according to where we stand in the social sphere. But it always means something to us, no matter who we are. We know the risk of social death if we are not ready to enter or remain in the normative social sphere in which we are expected to evolve. We also know that physical death, this other kind of death which is this time inescapable, will come eventually; we see its presence near and far. Death makes sense; it is familiar whether on a symbolic or more literal level: it comes to mean symbolically and historically. It is a kind of indexical symbol to use a Lacanian term, though a symbol that always loses its position as symbol due to its indexicality, and an index that always becomes framework due to its symbolic position in the human mind. As traumatic moments are shifters between the autonomous and the plural, death becomes the alter ego of that shifter, another shifter that marks the difference as well as the connection between the symbolic and the historical, the symbolic and the social. The starting point in our conversation about trauma has to be death. Death is what we have in common with the other, and this common feature could very well be the promise of an individual and a national political recovery of sanity. Death is a common, specific and global site of trauma and can become a site of understanding, the common human thread in the struggle against violence. One might say that life is also what we have in common with the other, but again, an overview of the world political situation makes one doubt as to the sole validity—in the fight against national and international violence and separation through difference—of positive, global humanist discourses about our common universal human attributes.

Both WWII and 9/11 are specific traumas with very peculiar repercussions on certain communities in the U.S. and across the world, and thus should be recognized for their specificity. However, a historical trauma as it is described by one specific nation or cultural group should not come to the forefront of history and stay there to propagate one singular narrative about violence and erase the possibilities to think differently

about trauma, about death, and about the interconnectedness of traumas worldwide or the interdependency of traumatic stories. 9/11 should leave the position it has adopted in the American imaginary, a position that affords trauma an even more dangerous status, a symbolic position (in Lacanian terms) that is timeless, outside history. 9/11, an event defined by the media and the American government as a traumatic origin, became the reference through which uncontested surveillance, regulation, and manipulation by the state as well as changes in the social law took place. As Judith Butler argues, “Those who remain faceless or whose faces are presented to us as so many symbols of evil, authorize us to become senseless before those lives we have eradicated, and whose grievability is definitely postponed” (*Precarious Life* xviii). The responsibility of trauma studies today might be to deconstruct trauma as an autonomous, originary event and counter the transformation of specific autonomous traumas into symbolic events. Its responsibility is also to help redefine death as a possible transformative link between human communities who all live through death, though this living through takes place differently for everyone. Death could become the point of re-alliance between individuals within a nation and between “enemy” people. It could become a common knot, and a common symbolic and material site of knowledge from which to rethink our assumptions about “the enemy” and reconstruct what is being erased by nationalistic discourses--that is the enemy’s closeness to us in death.

In *Unclaimed Experience*, Cathy Caruth writes, “one’s own trauma is tied up with the trauma of another . . . trauma may lead, therefore, to the encounter with another, through the very possibility and surprise of listening to another’s wound” (9). In an essay entitled “Freud, Lacan, and the Ethics of Memory,” Caruth reflects upon one of Freud’s case studies first introduced in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, the case of a father dreaming about his burning child after the child has died of sickness. The body of his child lies in a room lit by a candle. The father who sleeps next door then dreams in response to the glare of a candle entering his room. This case is taken up by Lacan in “Tuché and Automaton,” and within the context of the dream, Lacan draws the link between dreaming, which for Freud signifies the impossibility for the father to confront the child’s death, and awakening. For Lacan, awakening from the dream is an awakening to the death of his child through a call from the dead. It is “a site of trauma, the trauma of the necessity and impossibility to respond to another’s death (*Unclaimed Experience* 100). Caruth states, “if Freud reads in the dream of the burning child the story of a sleeping consciousness figured by a father unable to face the accidental death of his child, Lacan, for his part, reads in the awakening the story of the way father and child are inextricably bound together through the story of a trauma” (*Unclaimed* 102). This awakening from the dream comes to replace the missed awakening which should have taken place after the sudden death of the child. For Lacan, this awakening is also the site of an impossibility that is the “impossible responsibility of consciousness in its own originating relation to others and specifically to the deaths of others” (*Unclaimed* 104), an impossibility which eventually transforms itself into “the imperative of a speaking that awakens others” (*Unclaimed* 106), that “passes the awakening onto others” (*Unclaimed* 107) and promotes survival for the living by a movement away from the unproductive re-enactment of death and through an almost impossible acceptance of it. Caruth’s re-interpretation of the Lacanian reading of the dream stresses the importance of psychoanalysis in helping us live and think with and through death not just in order to accept our own mortality, but in order to link it with the mortality of others and think about the possibility that, within the contemporary political context, our friends and “enemies” are dying

of violent death, unacceptable death, unimaginable death. We can think with and through death and stand up against the political apparatuses that promote the violent death of human bodies, not keep quiet and not accept death without a fight with words, not repeat that violence but use it as a linking thread to communicate with the other, the enemy who is dying too; all this in order to survive and make survive with and through death.

In *Bodies That Matter*, Judith Butler argues that in our considerations of sex as construction, we need to take into account certain “constraints” which are insinuated into the norm. They reside inside the law, they are intrinsic to it-- and they are also a consequence of citationality, the reiteration of the norm, a “ritualized production” (*Bodies* 95) according to Butler. Butler uses Lacan to define (she then critiques that definition) those constraints and their fixity. These constraints are symbolic and force subjects into assuming a certain normative position, and they are established as symbolic fixed positions with which a subject should identify (and this identification is described as a fantasy, a “wish” to get as close as possible to this fixed, almost timeless symbolic position). These symbolic constraints “mark the body . . . through threatening that body through the deployment/production of an imaginary threat” (*Bodies* 101). These symbolic constraints force the relinquishment to inscription, “the imaginary alignment with the . . . position marked out by the symbolic” (*Bodies* 101). The symbolic thus governs the imaginary which in return has little to no impact on the symbolic order. According to Lacan, the imaginary is always formed through the symbolic, and the symbolic sets the limit to the possible reconfigurations of the social relations which inscribe themselves in the Lacanian imaginary. This separation and untouchability of the symbolic in Lacanian psychoanalysis is irresponsible in a social and historical context. If an event, a particular figure, a particular belief manages to become mythologized to the point of reaching a symbolic position, a timeless and unchangeable dimension outside history, what are the consequences of the omnipresence of that “symbolic authority” (*Undoing Gender* 47) for humankind in a historical context?

This dichotomy and the ruling of one realm over another are problematic and should be deconstructed in order to redefine the relationship between symbols and history. According to Butler, the symbolic order “is the sedimentation of social practices” (*Undoing Gender* 44) and it should be contested as such along with the practices performed in its name (whether the preservation of the heterosexist matrix in the contemporary Western world; the preservation of one nation’s way of life against another’s; the preservation of “democracy” whatever the cost; the disavowal of the other, the different, the “enemy,” etc.).

Trauma is not “one.” It is not a dot on the line of a human story or human history; it is a multidimensional web with its recognizable junction points, extended lines of sustenance, moments of departure, doubling, tripling of the lines in diverging directions, or possibly *points de capiton* as defined in Lacanian theory, illusory static moments that come to mean, to signify particular traumatic moments in a synchronic manner, and give meaning to other moments, past moments, in a diachronic manner, thus retroactively, *après-coup*. It is the making of meaning out of these points that are both singular and related to each other that will put Silko’s traumatized character in *Ceremony*, Tayo, on the way towards recovery.

Silko, like Butler, emphasizes the close relationship between life and death and the role of death as a site

of knowledge (never a site of denial) from which to critique illusions of totality, immortality, and autonomy certain cultures or nations see as implicit to their existence. Silko, like Butler, denounce the ways in which the use of nationalist discourses (full of treacherous symbols) and strategies have participated in the imperial project of promoting the deployment of Eurocentric values made universal and reproduced so as to erase the traumatized/colonized and the specificity of her trauma, her cultural paradigm. They both participate in what Ranjana Khanna in her book *Dark Continents: Psychoanalysis and Colonialism* calls “worlding” (a concept borrowed from Heidegger and redefined). According to Khanna, “the project of worlding is one of strife between the unconcealed (worlded) and the concealed (earthed)” (Khanna 4). The work of Silko and Butler is the work of unconcealment. They unveil the ways in which problematic responses to trauma and problematic conclusions on the characteristics and effects of trauma participate in the colonial project of erasing difference and foreclosing possible productive connections between “enemy” cultures (the ex-empire and its ex-colonies, but also the new empires and their colonial targets) in the post-colonial era. In order to transform trauma studies into a productive post-colonial field of study, writers in/about the field have to put it through the work/process of unconcealment. The field of trauma studies has to open itself up to the consideration and analysis of forgotten traumas, and it has to recognize its own delinquencies, its own colonial tradition. Moreover, it should stop pretending to draw universal conclusions as to the “nature” and effects of trauma, and begin dealing with local traumatic events and their specific characteristics and repercussions.

Western criticism, which includes the field of trauma studies, should be put at the service of understanding difference—the different historical and political trajectories of cultures, their specific traumas, their particular evolutions according to locale. Trauma theorists should let themselves be transformed and transformed again by the testimonies of those who have lived through trauma. They should recognize the importance of analyzing localized traumas, the shapes they have taken, and the possibilities for new forms of resolution which depend on the traumatized individual or community’s specific needs. Trauma studies should be revised, revisited, by the very witnesses of trauma. Only through a dialogical relationship between (Western) trauma studies and non-Western cultural histories can trauma studies shed its colonial skin and become a universally meaningful post-colonial field—universally meaningful because concerned with an analysis of localized traumas and their specificity. The unearthing of the concealed counter-traumatic and counter-colonial potentiality of trauma studies takes place in the work of the writers of difference such as Silko and Butler. I am hopeful that their repoliticization of trauma studies will foster the post-colonial project of transcultural sharing and understanding despite cultural difference.

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Notes

¹ See Freud's *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*.

² For more development on Lacan's inclusion of death in the symbolic order, see the translation of his *Écrits* on the function and field of speech and language in psychoanalysis. London: Tavistock, 1977. 102-104.

AHA* n.3: gwyrlen (garland)

By Guido Monte

Sappho, Halewy, Neher, d'Olivet, Swinburne

1 (phaisi dé pota Lédan uakinthoi
2 pepukádmemon euren oion -
3 et la terre existait tohu wabohu...)
4 God : ‘ayyekkâ?’
5 Man : ‘hinnenî, mais je n’espère pas
6 dead winds’ and spent waves’ riot’
7 God : ‘sed etiam Nomen meum
8 intra ossa tua serva,
9 sed etiam Nomen meum
10 intra rahamin frementes tuas serva -
11 y esperad todavia’
12 Man : «mais je n’espère pas»

[(once Leda was said to find
an egg inside the blue bells -
and the land was left barren...)
God ‘where are you?’
Man “here I am, but I don’t hope,
dead winds’ and spent waves’ riot’
God ‘and still keep my Name
inside your bone,
and still keep my Name
inside your stirred up bowels –
hope a little longer ’
Man “but I don’t hope”]

*The author thanks Giusy Chirco.

The Sanskrit term aha embraces all the letters of the alphabet in her depth, symbolically embracing the whole universe.

Mayflower.

By Thomas Aiello

She said, “These things I know are all of me.”

She said, “I am the totality of my facts, and my facts are all that is the case.”

She said, “And you’re right to think it,” as she stared up at the gray sky through each wet leaf that made itself a floundering fact in the plasma that she imagined between her eyeballs and her brain, the reds and greens and browns and others only enhanced by the raindrops and the pensive backdrop of the seemingly cloudless afternoon; though it only seemed cloudless because the dark clouds papered the ozone behind it like many of the living rooms on the Thatcher Lanes and Magnolia Drives of the North American continent. “You’re right to think it,” even as the gray sky that was actually a thorough cover of gray clouds demonstrated distinctly her abject frustration at the ever-living reality that many of her facts weren’t facts at all. “You’re right to think it, and I’m going to have to be the bad guy on this one. And you’ll go back to your friends and family on Magnolia Drive and say, ‘She somehow and somehow became analytical, and that’s when we drifted off to infinity.’ You’ll say, ‘I lost her somewhere around the totality of her facts and so now I stand here before you and your wallpaper and the ever-living continent and have no reason for this separation of minds and hearts and lives. Because *apparently*,’ you’ll say, emphasizing, naturally, the apparently, ‘*apparently* she is not the sum of her constituent mind and heart and life. She is rather a crude compendium of *facts*,’ again with the emphasizing, ‘which makes *me*,’ and this is still you talking, ‘which makes *me* an opinion or a lie or a mistake that doesn’t fit into said psychotic paradigm.’ There will be hugs and, probably, dessert. And your mother will be torn between her memory of me as a darling-of-a-whatever and that cruel and useless being that melted into a bubbling cauldron of facts. A green witch in a black hat stirring it with a boat oar, maybe. You too will feel this dialectic, and you’ll develop curvilinear, steering your growth away from that part of you that wants to simultaneously kill and love me. And the only reason I say this now is in aid of stopping that very thing. I am the bad guy on this one. There are things,” she said, discreetly noticing the various colored leaves riding their mother branch far and away from the trunk and thinking that everything grows faster than something else, or that everything is closer to death than something else, like people splitting ways and leaves getting red then dropping to the still-wet grass. “There are things that we can only chalk up to nature, because everything is only nature.”

She said, “I am wet and unable to say more.”

She said, “I am red and waiting to fall.”

That is how Emily came to be alone.

“I got wrapped up a little today,” she wrote on a yellowing notepad, neither fancying herself a poet nor

fancying poetry itself, but trusting inherently that one of her collected facts argued that poetry on yellowing notepads was the only proper response to rain-soaked partings. Poetry wasn't facts. Poetry was the exegesis of pomposity, the great lie of pretty words covering nothing in particular and it was exactly what one did after passing time with the leaves and the cloud-covered lying sky. She wrote this:

I got wrapped up a little today,
Made it like toffee and the attic.
"Toffeattica!" I yelled,
into the nowhere space between my Mayflower and the fold of night.

There was poison in that sound,
Inching like the marigolds of night.
I could only hope to yell,
And make up for the avalanche that missed me in the foregone winter.

I wrote it all on tin foil,
Answered all his questions in triplicate.
Sang at the man-iacs/iacles,
In the résumé storm clouds of my late-nineties-breathing-time.

These nighttimes make me sepia,
Making toffee at the genesis.
"Toffegenesis," I yelled,
as three more vehicles
 (bastions of the evervescent-because-we've-got-evervescence-to-spare America of old/
and/then/again/now, as well)
 Drove into the Mayflower fold of night.

She turned the yellowing notepad upside down, hoping to see the constitution of the words, their shape and polish, in the spin of the paper and light, but knowing below the plasma she imagined between her eyeballs and her brain that facts were farther from the paper than the paper was from Attica itself. "Facts in logical space are the world," she said, as if trying to convince her yellowing notepad of a lesson it should have learned upon initially entering her presence. She named her poem "Toffee." She wished on the cloud-covered sky that Barthes would come and tell her what it meant, or that Wittgenstein would come and beat her to death for making the effort. She wrote "Toffee" above the first line of her poem then quietly sat down with toffee and Attica transcending the plasma behind her eyes.

That is how Emily came to fall asleep.

She knew what she could honestly know, more than likely, and she knew that if she spoke with enough force, then knowledge or truth or facts became roundly unnecessary, her confidence compensating in

conversation for certainty. She knew that prison inmates in the Attica Correctional Facility in western New York State took their facility by force in September of 1971. The prisoners, displeased with their treatment, displeased with the facts that comprised the logical space of their world, decided that that they could not and would not develop curvilinear, steering their growth away from that part of them that wanted simultaneously to kill and love themselves. She knew that they submitted Fifteen Practical Proposals for rectifying their prison life and reordering their logical space. “We do not want to develop curvilinear,” they said. Though she did not know each practical proposal, she knew that the prisoners wanted education. She knew that they wanted people in possession of facts to enter the prison and to share. “We’re going to be the bad guys on this one,” they said, staring through the concrete that surrounded them, clouding the moisture and leaves and cloudy canopy that imbued breakup Saturdays with plasma and pertinent meaning. She knew that one of their demands was to be fed less pork. The inmates wanted freedom of religion, of press, of communication and of congregation. She knew that they wanted access to doctors. She knew that negotiations failed, that America killed thirty-three of its prisoners and ten of its employees, that every action caused reaction after reaction after reaction and that the facts just dripped away like raindrops on red leaves, or like red leaves on their mother branch. With all of her, she felt the plasma between her eyeballs and her brain to be the Attica of her ability to congregate with the young men of her outer eye. “The world divides into facts,” she said, understanding her statement to be the great Practical Proposal number 1.2, and understanding that none of it could matter in the world to a prisoner with too much pork and no access to a doctor.

She knew that the *Mayflower* took a gaggle of white people from Plymouth, England to the future United States in 1620, but prior to that, it had been sailing around to Norway, France, and Spain. In 1620, the *Mayflower* was used goods, had been used up on travels, carrying the burdens of its passengers through the waters of wars and famine. “I am a crude compendium of facts,” it would have said. “I lost it somewhere around the totality of the facts, and so now I stand here before you and your wallpaper and the ever-living continent.” Sometimes, she thought, the facts press down on the plasma and create entire new worlds—entire round worlds that facilitate ships and prisoners and facts and relationships that melt into the bubbling witch’s cauldron of existence itself, with or without the boat oar. And she knew, or, rather, she was beginning to know, that the only way to navigate the world in its totality of facts was to ride like the *Mayflower* through the plasma that separated her eyeballs and brain. “There are things that we can only chalk up to nature,” she said, “because everything is only nature.”

That is how Emily came to regret being alone.

She walked on the same sidewalk towards the same tree-spotted park where she spent her deluge of facts upon the one person who had offered her such a convenient notepad on which to spell them out, upon the one person who had encased her totality of facts in a prison of nervous devotion and as she kept time with the rhythm created by the clomp and spackle of her boots on the pavement she noticed the blue sky, naked after shedding the prior evening’s lying gray clouds, wet with the envy of other days and convinced herself between steps that the clear sky itself was an equally unjust lie. Or, rather, that it misrepresented itself in the colloquial jargon of air and environment and color. The blue sky could not recognize the logic

that lay beneath it and therefore couldn't properly depict the function and grammar of its very parade of endeavor. She felt the brick of the building beside her as she moved down the lonely sidewalk and found in its topography a Braille exegesis of everything she had ever been, the rough and subtle up and downs through and between the mortar screaming through her fingers that nothing had ever been properly proper with her facts, even as they divided into worlds upon worlds through her worlds and worlds and worlds. There was a time, the bricks told her, when she woke alone after three and three-quarters years of waking next to a man she assumed to be the man of her dreams, when she spent her time awake destroying his remnants with scissors and fire and tears and even though she knew each act to be a function of melodrama, she knew that melodrama was the function one performed after such entrances into loneliness. "I will chalk this one up to the poetry category," she told herself. "Everything is only nature, and one of my collected facts argues forcefully that this is a proper response to seeing the ceiling with only two eyes when the alarm goes buzz in the morning." She frowned. "Poetry is a great lie of pretty words and this destruction is creating untruths with every cut and burn, but my facts are what they are and as collected, they are my entire world." Her fingers slipped from the cruel brick as she noticed a rain puddle left from the evening before.

Though the leaves on the trees were dry, they remained as progressively hued and near death as she had left them, though she could not convince herself that the dynamic hadn't somehow shifted, some drifting from the mother branch and others reddening to the point of collapse, all away from the gaze of human eyes, making them simple poetic lies that presented themselves as autumn world-creating facts. "I will chalk each of you up to poetry," she told them. "Everything is only nature." Eventually she wandered up to the scene of yesterday's parting, empty of a human presence, though full of lying red poems covering the trees and the ground below and she knew that her return was a substantive reddening of her fact of the foregone conversation, a glitch in her possibly, perhaps probably, psychotic paradigm. Her facts were not all that was the case. She moved through the trees, imagining herself as a fallen constituent leaf, imagining herself saying to each, "I am one of you, and though you are, more than likely, and *rightly so*, bewildered by the diatribe I embarked upon the last time I was among you, I assure you I was shaking the entire time, hustling to the end of a branch I thought it was time to fall from. But now, it seems, I might have been premature. So let's let that be a lesson to each of we leaves below the sky: if ever any of you receive the opportunity to choose when you color and drop, *choose wisely*." She had already chosen, and as she taught her companions the same, she saw him walking through the trees toward the site of their prior parting, the scene portending in cinemascope as she remembered a similar entrance from her childhood. Her father, days removed from a surgery to fix his heart, moved slowly through swirling leaves in front of what she had always known as The Free Hospital, the long walk from the doors to the car giving her ample time to soak in her father's cinematic being. She understood, even at her early age, that "fix his heart" was an abstraction and a lie and that her father's cinematic being was probably equally abstract and untrue, but in the light that pierced the blues and grays of the cloudy sky, she was trumped and bewildered by the power his silhouette exuded as it stole so much principal space from the dreary day. And she understood, even after his death the following week, that in that Free Hospital moment, the fact of him in her own mind, his silhouetted constitution on the long walk to their family station wagon, was as powerful as the sky itself and that he would remain in that moment. And he would never die. She brought the fact of that power to

the fore of the plasma she imagined between her eyeballs and her brain as she maneuvered through her lectured leaves to position herself in the exact place she inhabited during the parting of the evening before.

That is how Emily came to find her resolve.

She said, “There are things I thought were all of me.”

She said, “My facts culminate in you and you are all that is the case.”

She said, “And you’re right to think it,” as she stared up at the blue sky through each now-dry leaf, wishing the conversations presented palpably to her outer eye could somehow parallel the pace and rhythm of their plasmatic inner form and understanding with every drop of that space between her eyeballs and her brain that the smooth prose of her mind could never translate properly to the outer effect of the spoken word, its logic correspondent but her vernacular unable to sustain the heavy, weighted framework of all she could possibly mean. “You’re right to think it,” even as the blue sky lied with its own imposed framework as it sat comfortably on the trees and her speech, making itself felt through the falling red leaves and the plasma that rested between her eyeballs and his brain. “You’re right to think it and I know that I’m the bad guy on this one. My facts have conspired against me and so I have somehow tunneled into solipsism through your gaze and the leaves and the sky, all of them—and yes, I know, it’s hard to say *all of them*, because how could I ever really know, but I will say it nonetheless—*all of them* are appearances, and yes we’re back to *appearances*, appearances that I could somehow use as replacements for you. Or, for your appearance. And that is no excuse, and you’re right to think it, but I can stand here before you now and tell you with every piece of logic I know to be firmly in line with all of my spoken words that any compendium of facts I claim to possess is roundly incomplete without your palpable presence as one of them. I will not wrongly steer your growth. You will develop through me, through everything I use for development of my own and we will grow together, straight and true and far and away from the curvilinear lies of all I’ve learned to guard against. And I cannot take back anything I cannot grasp, but I can offer you this: I can make you Fifteen Practical Proposals. I can propose to you that these flurries and fluctuations of all my stumbling blocks of logic will stop at the water’s edge of our shared experience. It can be Practical Proposal number one and I will come up with more whenever you feel you need them. I am used goods. I have been carrying the burdens of my passengers through the waters of wars and famine. There are things,” she said, staring straight into his eyes, even through their dartings and slips, as she noticed him losing his focus of vision at the cognition engendered through the plasma she imagined between his eyeballs and his brain. “There are things I cannot define without knowing this park is here for our shared use and even though everything is only nature, you are *constituent*, necessary for anything I could ever do or be. And I am so very sorry.”

She said, “I am sorry and unable to say more.”

She said, “I am red and waiting to fall.”

That is how Emily came to reorder her facts.

She moved through the trees and the leaves and the environment and the air to the sidewalk that originally led her along, and she moved the fingers of her opposite hand along the same brick that guided her to memories of waking alone. Her memories, she thought, made her exactly who she was, enveloped her in a prison of logical failings and structured her being to the necessity of learning to accept the consequences of her actions. She felt herself to be the green witch in the black hat. “And the only reason I say this now,” she told herself, “is in aid of stopping that very thing”. When she arrived home, she collected the things that bore association to the source of her very need and she spent her time awake destroying his remnants with scissors and fire and tears. Even though she knew each act to be a function of melodrama, she knew that melodrama was the function one performed after such entrances into loneliness. “I am in the nowhere space between my Mayflower and the fold of night,” she said. “There is poison in these sounds, and these nighttimes make me sepia.” There are certain functions of grammar and logic that, once posited, cannot be taken back, she thought. I have bemoaned and bemoaned my place in this constituency and ended back at the world, all by itself and all that is the case. I function as the weapon of my Practical Proposals. The feeling of the world as a limited whole is the mystical feeling (great Practical Proposal number 6.45). There is indeed the inexpressible. This *shows* itself: it is the mystical (great Practical Proposal number 6.522). She must, so to speak, throw away the ladder, after she has climbed up on it. She must surmount these propositions; then she sees the world rightly (great Practical Proposal number 6.54). And so she resolved to throw away the ladder, to collect her facts and her deductive ends and spend her time awake destroying the remnants with scissors and fire and tears. She would throw away the ladder, throw away the leaves and rain-swept sky, throw away the former lover who stared in response to her request for forgiveness then slowly walked away, silently, with only dislocated sadness spreading from the plasma she imagined between his eyeballs and the world outside. The things she knew were all of her and so she resolved to learn new things, to ride like the Mayflower through a Practical Proposal for proper education. And she would remain on her best behavior as she drifted off to infinity.

That is how Emily came to be alone.

Kate Bush: Performing and Creating Queer Subjectivities on *Lionheart*.

By Debi Withers

*I know I'm artificial
But don't put the blame on me
I was reared with appliances
In a consumer society*

--X – Ray Spex 'Art – I – ficial'¹

In her second album, *Lionheart*, Kate Bush continued the process of exploring gender roles through music, performance and dramatization that began on her debut, *The Kick Inside*. From early on in her career, Bush was conscious of how heteronormative, patriarchal gender roles can delimit restrictive boundaries and designate permissible sites from which the female sexed subject can speak or sing. From her perceptive comments in interviews, it is clear that she was aware of stereotypical cultural notions of femininity circulating within pop music in the late 70s that, I would suggest, only allowed narrow roles for women singers: to be genteel, emotional and reflective. Understandably, Bush wished to distance herself and ultimately break free from these constructions and often spoke of how she identified with male songwriters and styles as they allowed for more experimentation.²

In the first album, she had traversed the impasse of sex and gender by creating an autoerotic female subject that enabled new subject positions for the female sexed subject to emerge. She did this by drawing inspiration from the female body and inscribing its desire within the record's grooves and also, by celebrating counter female or feminine mythologies. Thus *The Kick Inside*'s power emerges from the treatment of the female body and the possibilities of what it can do, create and generate.

The album that followed, *Lionheart*, was released in the same year as *The Kick Inside*, reaching the public in November 1978. The main factor that holds *Lionheart* together as a successful concept album is the production and presentation of the songs that emphasise a great pleasure in performance. The themes in the

album explore role play, acting, scripts, stories, and the theatricality inherent to entertainment and show business. The hyperbolic orchestral arrangements communicate an atmosphere of melodrama and parody and it is in these that I would argue the ‘queerness’, ‘campness’ and ‘performative’ nature of the album manifests itself and flourishes. It is therefore no surprise that many of the songs on *Lionheart* are based around the *idea* of acting and performance. On the back cover, Bush is wearing theatre mask earrings as if to point to the themes that are on the record. Rob Jovanovich suggests the fixation on performance that saturates the album can be explained by the fact the album was to form the theatrical inspiration for the ‘Tour Of Life’ that Bush would embark upon in 1979. He states that “She had wanted the new material to fit in with her advanced vision of what that tour should be: a totally theatrical experience unlike the usual rock and pop shows of her contemporaries.”³ This pragmatic insight into the motivation for the record suggests that *Lionheart*, perhaps more than any other Kate Bush album, was music made for performance in mind. With this comes the possibility of inhabiting and exploring new characters and positions that are, perhaps, granted easier access within the freedom of performance that is a structured, or culturally acceptable, space of transgressive exploration.⁴

In the passages that follow I will demonstrate how *Lionheart* as an album challenges many boundaries of gendered ‘correctness.’ In terms of her own public persona though, how far did Kate Bush go in order to stir up gender trouble that can be found in numerous instances on the album? Visually, Bush made scarcely any attempt to visibly cross genders and confound the gender boundaries that she was aware confined many female song writers of her generation. She did not, like Annie Lennox for example, dress as a man in order to avoid *and* confront the sexist and stereotypical constrictions upon women artists that were prevalent in the music industry and popular culture at large in the late 1970’s and early 80’s. There is a little sign that she resisted or chose to resist gender roles in this way⁵. In her early promotional videos she appears with her trademark flowing brown hair in clothes that emphasised her female-ness, even if the dance routines in the videos displayed a female body in active movement that utilised macho posturing to create its powerful effect. It may be worth noting though that Bush appears on the front cover of *Lionheart* dressed in a lion’s costume that conceals the contours of her body. This could point to a certain type of gender ambiguity as she masquerades as a pretty young man wearing make up and a crimped wig that serves to recall the heyday of the ‘glam’ era. She stares aggressively and seductively at the camera in a predatory, but ultimately camp fashion.

If not through the deliberate visible crossing of gender, then how does *Lionheart* as a ‘musical text’, communicate camp and muddle gender boundaries? Elizabeth Wood, in her article ‘Sapphonic,’ points to the transgressive quality of certain female voices that can slide through an extreme number of vocal registers:

The extreme range in one female voice from richly dark deep chest tones to piercingly clear high falsetto, and its defective break at crossing register borders, produces an effect I call sonic cross dressing – a merging rather than splitting of ‘butch’ authority and ‘femme’ ambiguity, an acceptance and integration of male and female.⁶

Kate Bush is of course famous for her piercingly high vocals and on *Lionheart* her vocals seem at times

uncomfortably high pitched. What perhaps gets missed however is how deep her voice can also go, how aggressive and macho this can be and how she can often slide between these two extreme pitches within a song. Wood goes on to describe the ‘Sapphonic voice’ as one that “is a transvestic enigma, belonging to neither male nor female as constructed”.⁷ In Bush’s voice alone, a case of sonic cross-dressing can be discerned, one that integrates both male and female – a vocal space that has the possibility of occupying a number of positions within a widened spectrum that stretches the two poles of the male/ female binary (and all other binaries that correspond to this troublesome pairing). Therefore the very nature of her singing voice has the power to intrude into gendered positions that would normatively serve to demarcate and re-instate fixed boundaries of familiar and restrictive gender roles.

It follows on that Bush’s ‘transvestic’ voice destabilises cultural norms because of the range that it can encompass. In this very functional way, we can understand how Bush’s primary instrument enabled her to depart from the gentle, stereotypical feminine music (that she did not want to be seen to be making), and that the flexibility of her vocal instrument enabled her to move into a ‘masculine’ space, even if only to use it as a parodist tool or to harness it for female power. For the female songwriter and performer, moving into ‘masculine space’ opens up new sites from which to speak. Her voice was undoubtedly one of the many mechanisms that enabled her to pursue different and explorative mediums of expression in her work and it is one that works upon its ability to startle the listener into new experiences of perception and desire. As with the ‘Sapphonic’ voice, she is creating a new vocal subjectivity ‘belonging neither to male or female *as constructed*’,⁸ but something and somewhere entirely different to what is familiar and commonly ‘known’ in terms of a vocal spectrum.

Peter Pan and the genderl(e)ss body

It seems no coincidence that a figure such as Peter Pan should feature prominently on *Lionheart*, an album that celebrates the sliding between genders and bodies in performance as a means to negotiate escape or stall the inevitability of one’s sexed and gendered position. In the figure of Peter Pan, we see embodied an intransigent resistance to the norms of adulthood with its conventions and rules that oppress people through narrow and segregated gender roles. Peter Pan escapes the adult world precisely because he can (despite the use of the gendered pronoun) escape gender, or at least, the character has the advantage of experiencing being both, due to his androgyny. This version Peter Pan that Bush privileges is the one that has come to suggest the very possibility of indeterminate gender within the western cultural imaginary, rather than the Pan of J.M. Barrie’s novel who assumes a traditionally masculine and authoritarian leadership role.⁹ In versions of the play, the Pan figure is often still played by a female and this may have been a strong factor for Bush who chose to explore and develop the Pan mythology in the second song on *Lionheart*, ‘In Search of Peter Pan.’

Sheila Whitely has commented how Peter Pan, the ‘genderless androgyne of pre-pubescence, who evades adult sexuality and refuses to grow up, seems initially to be a curious causality to the lion/lioness’¹⁰

hero(ine) of Bush's album. In many ways though, Peter Pan is a highly appropriate figure through which to express the anxiety felt by Bush regarding the extreme limitation of roles available to women within patriarchal society, as well as using Pan as a vehicle to comment on the (unnecessary) pain of gender socialisation. Reading the song with this in mind, I would argue that it is rich in its critique of normative gender roles that we are forced to comply and contend with from birth. The title itself is suggestive of yearning and movement, or the yearning for movement. The song is told from the perspective of a speaker who is on the cusp of growing up, their gender is not stated and shifts fluidly in the song so that it cannot quite be pinned down, and like Peter Pan, remaining in an indeterminate gendered state.

It's been such a long week,
 So much crying.
 I no longer see a future.
I've been told, when I get older
That I'll understand it all
*But I'm not sure if I want to (italics mine).*¹¹

In the last three lines of opening verse we hear the voice of the child that has been told by authority figures that they will learn to accept the rules and conventions of society when they grow up and consequently, lose large parts of themselves in order to fit into it. This in itself can be read as a queer critique of heteronormative concepts of time. As Judith Halberstam comments, queer resistance to conventional adulthood can be read in terms of a 'politics of refusal – the refusal to grow up and enter heteronormative adulthoods implied by these concepts of progress and maturity.'¹² The last line of the verse hints that there are other models of experience, even if the resounding tone of the speaker is one of resignation and dejection.

In the second verse the speaker is consoled by their granny who chides them for being 'too sensitive' (*LH*) – typically feminine behaviour – and that this 'makes me sad. /She makes me feel like an old man' (*LH*), that again conjures up interesting gendered allusions and confusions. The chorus is equally destabilising on this point: 'When, When I am a man/ I will be an astronaut, /And find Peter Pan' (*LH*). It is interesting that this yearning is exclusive to men: only when the speaker is a *man* can they grow up to be astronaut. This yearning is emphasised by repeated and insistent 'when,' accentuated by how this statement is delivered - rising up like a spaceship before scattering like stardust. With the knowledge of the gendered status of the author, coupled with the deliberately ambiguous gendered status of the speaker in the song, I think it is possible to read the chorus as critiquing the limited spaces of transgression and flight for women in society. However the song also creates space for a trans-gendered subjectivity to emerge, if we take the meaning of the 'trans' prefix to mean the movement towards the transformation of gender identity: from a little girl wishing/ wanting/ waiting until she can become a man. The figure of the astronaut here becomes a crucial metaphor as a figure suggestive of action, movement, flight, daringness and imagination.

'In Search of Peter Pan' further destabilises heteronormative gendered and sexual positions by containing an instance of male narcissism: 'Dennis loves to look in the mirror,/ He tells me that he is beautiful' (*LH*). This later becomes a larger allusion to homo-eroticism, 'He's got a photo,/ Of his hero,/ He keeps it under

his pillow' (*LH*). The speaker on the other hand has a pin up of Peter Pan that they 'found...in a locket, I hide it in my pocket' (*LH*), with the locket being a traditionally female symbol that again confuses the boundaries of gender. In both cases there is an element of secrecy and shame about coveting these pictures: one is hid under a pillow, while the other is hidden in a pocket. This may of course simply be part of the 'game' of being a child, but it could also be an awareness of the transgressive gendered and sexual desires that the song dramatises, and that these statements make publicly known.

Ultimately I think that 'In Search Of Peter Pan' offers a subtle yet convincing argument for the right of all people to be free of the gendered expectations that society places upon us. The use of 'When you wish upon a star' (*LH*) from the Disney film *Pinocchio* at the end of the song, further stresses the plaintive innocence of this statement while also connecting it with the Pan mantra that is quoted directly in the chorus: 'Second Star on the right/ Straight on 'til morning' (*LH*). The closing message of the song affirms that it 'Makes no difference who you are,' (*LH*) so that all people regardless of class, gender, race and all the other categories that structurally subject us, can have freedom to access this dream of possibility and realisation. In this song Bush creates a fluid, shifting and 'transgressive' gendered subject in order to critique the restrictive heteronormative and patriarchal gender roles and conceptions of time. The song is saturated with pain of binary gender's limitation and the yearning to escape, while privileging the imagination as the arena where we can achieve this.

Camp, theatre and engaging with artifice

The theatrical ambience of *Lionheart* often means that Kate Bush ventures into the realm of camp performance as a means of accentuation. Her use of camp involves an interesting twist of vocal and subjective transvestism: she can be a woman performing as a man who in turn is adopting, parodying and inhabiting female characteristics. The evocative camp performance on the album resonates with a certain type of male homosexual culture and to this day, Bush has been heralded as a higher class of camp gay (male) icon for the twenty first Century. Nathan Evans has commented in an article published in *The Pink Paper* 2005: 'mainstream gay culture has Kylie or Madonna. But Kate's fantastically camp. She's a one off eccentric. I really don't think her image was constructed in an ironic way. She was just being herself.'¹³ Evans suggests that the alternative, fantastic and *genuinely* eccentric aspect of Bush's persona place her apart from the plasticity of mainstream gay culture. Kate Bush's appeal to a queer audience is not simply her histrionic performances and lavish costumes but the fact she has, at certain times in her career, presented herself as *authentically* camp. The idea, however, of a non-ironic and authentic type of camp performance/ identity is at odds with how camp has been defined and used within culture in the first instance.

Like many things, there has been some contention over the definition and meaning of 'camp.' It is worth making clear what definitions and ideas I am referring to and using as a framework in order to read Bush's campiest moments on *Lionheart*. Most consistently camp has been associated with 'a mode of performance that exposes as artifice what passes as natural.'¹⁴ It therefore easy to see why camp, as a political tool,

was historically and contemporarily of use to gay people, who could use camp to query the naturalisation of heterosexuality within culture and exposing its artificiality. I enjoy Richard Dyer's definition of camp:

Camp can make us see that what art and the media give us are not the Truth or Reality but fabrications, particular ways of talking about the world, particular understandings and feelings of the way that life is. Art and the media don't give us life as it really is – how could they ever? – but only life as artists and producers think it is. Camp, by drawing attention to the artifices employed by artists, can constantly remind us that what we are seeing is a only view of life. This doesn't stop us enjoying it, but it does stop us believing what we are shown too readily.¹⁵

Camp, in Dyer's definition, is a strategy, a mode of perception and a critical tool that allows us, as readers, consumers and listeners, to not accept all that is presented before us as the only truth and way of seeing the world. Importantly Dyer stresses that this does not curtail the enjoyment of what is being experienced, even as it offers a space for the reader of a cultural text to resist it. Camp has then, the *potential*¹⁶ to be radically sceptical of any totality, exposing what is invisibly accepted as the norm and 'authentically' natural. Its stress is upon engaging with artifice as a device in order to reveal what we pretend is not artificial *is* in actual fact, artificial. It is a 'style that favours "exaggeration," artifice and extremity...[it] exists in tension with popular culture, commercial culture or consumerist culture.'¹⁷ Camp could fragment and denaturalise heteronormative narratives of appropriate cultural behaviour – the sanctity of the family, marriage, monogamy, religion and so forth. On the other hand, camp is equally welcomed by a culture steeped in capitalist values because capitalism cares little whether something pretends to be real or not – it markets it, makes it seem irresistible and desirable to everyone, making the authentic artificial.

Isherwood's definition of 'high camp' is perhaps most appropriate for what Bush does on *Lionheart*, as it emphasises a certain quality of decadence and seriousness to the ploy of camping about: 'You camp about something you don't take seriously. You're not making fun *of* it, you're making fun *out* of it. You're expressing what's basically serious to you in terms of fun and artifice and elegance.'¹⁸ This definition of camp seems particularly suitable for the camper moments that exist on *Lionheart* which are certainly executed within this type of framework. There is often gravity to the songs that co-exist with the more humorous aspects and whilst revelling in their artificiality (she is telling fictional stories) and elegance, (the music and vocal performance are well constructed and executed). What is clear about the various definitions surrounding camp is that artifice is a fundamental aspect of camp. Bush uses this aspect of camp, as we will see, to challenge many of the things that surround us within culture that posture as natural. Embracing artifice is thus a key to engaging, challenging and changing the world around us.

The most obvious example of these strategies can be found in the single released from the album, 'Wow.' Based in the ruthless world of show-business, the song contains a teasing critique of the entertainment industry, its routines and the roles people have to play in order to get anywhere within it. Equally, the song can be referring to the roles we play in everyday life that often fall, when we begin to learn them, into predictable forms:

We're all alone on the stage tonight,
 We've been told we're not afraid of you,
 We know all our lines so well, ah-ha,
 We've said them so many times,
 Time and time again,
 Line and line again (*LH*).

The song also gently plays upon the hypocrisy of the industry and glamorises failure in the face of flattery and dissimulation, whilst telling the story of the young gay man who'll never 'Be that movie queen/ He's too busy hitting the Vaseline,' (in the video Bush pouts at the camera knowingly and spans her bottom in accordance with singing this line). The chorus of the song with the repeated 'Wows' communicate the wonder and magic of showbiz, while the ambivalent 'unbelievable' at the end of the chorus points to the tension between fantasy and reality, that theatre and performance straddle. The chorus also demonstrates the vocal cross-dressing that Wood describes in 'Sapponics,' as the 'Wows' oscillate through a scale in their repetitions, beginning the middle register before soaring impossibly high before going low again and then finishing astoundingly with the high release of the final 'unbelievable.'

The song is also a comment on the very obvious artificial nature of acting, as if to assure those credulous viewers and listeners that what they see before them is not real, that it is rather, artifice. This of course relies on Bush's audience being absolutely intoxicated by the magic of performance and points to a will that hovers between wanting and not wanting the spell to be broken: 'When the actor reaches his death/ You know it's not for real, he just holds his breath.'¹⁹ This may be one of the recurring themes of the album – an absolute childlike belief that invites you plaintively but is in danger of breaking the spell right before your very ears. 'In Search of Peter Pan,' discussed earlier, represents this idea.

There are many instances when the album utilises the outrageous tone of histrionic male campness and theatricality that creates, I would argue, the album's enduring tone and feeling. As Bush commented, referring to the inspiration for 'Wow', 'there are an awful lot of homosexuals in the business. But that is just an observation, not a criticism.'²⁰ Camp communication to the listener is best exemplified in the two songs that close the album, 'Coffee Homeground' and 'Hammer Horror.' These songs both display for me all the fun that can be gained from engaging with elegance and artifice. 'Coffee Homeground' opens with swaggering and swooping tones that envelop the listener like overbearing feather plumes. The music evokes entering a cellar or a boardroom as we are drawn into the mood of the song, which is about a man who poisons his guests by putting belladonna in their food and drink. Bush described it as 'a humorous aspect of paranoia really and we sort of done it [sic] in a Brechtian style, the old sort of German [??? Vibe sic] to try and bring across the humour side of it.'²¹ The song certainly conjures the decadent aspects of 1920's Berlin with its lurching, polka movements and with an isolated symbol clash that delivers the punch line in-between the stop-start of the music.

Despite the appearance of the music being created with a large orchestra, the sound of the horns and ethereal flutes are in fact made by a synthesizer, which is the ultimate artificial instrument. The use of

synthesizers is another instance of how artifice creeps its way into the album's body, thus making it more elaborate than it necessarily appears to be. Synthesizers feature on the campiest songs on the album – 'Wow,' 'Coffee' and 'Hammer' – while the other songs use more traditional instruments. This is no easy coincidence when considering how the atmosphere is created; for what we think of as 'natural' instruments are in fact programmed and simulated sounds.

'Coffee Homeground' could also be read aloud as a script, written and performed with a spanking and flick of the wrist:

Offer me a chocolate,
 No thankyou, spoil my diet, *know your game!*
 But tell me just how come
 They smell of bitter almonds?
 It's a no-no to your coffee homeground²².

The song is importantly humorous which is all the more surprising given that it is about murder. It is in keeping with Isherwood's definition of high camp that makes fun 'out' of something as opposed to 'of' something. In this song we gain the full sense of theatricality and entertainment, as the song itself becomes a kind of play, with the use of instruments and extra voices functioning as characters. Bush's songs are often conceived as complex little stories that are conceived as their own dramatic world and the final song on the album, 'Hammer Horror', is no different. The song opens with an extended hold on one note, a wall of noise that builds the anticipation and intrigue before a cymbal crashes, and a piano comes in and is struck up and down the scale. Again, a synthesizer flourishes in the background before the singing begins and the focus is placed on the voice, bass guitar and piano. It is appropriate to talk of this song and 'Coffee' as elaborate and orchestral because of the care that has gone into perfecting each particular part of the song. 'Hammer Horror,' despite its elegance and beautiful melodrama, is quite an odd pop song because of the number of structural changes and mutations it undergoes along its journey. Again, like 'Coffee,' it is theatrical and is more akin to a mini play or musical, and all the instruments and use of Bush's voice contribute to the atmosphere. Bush's low voice is used to deliver the main story, while her high pitched voice is used to echo, emphasise and build the melodrama of the song, so that her voices come at you from a number of different places and positions all at once. 'Hammer Horror' ends with the sound of large gong cymbal that signifies the closing of the curtains on the play and indeed, the whole album.

The song lends itself to this treatment because it is also based in the world of theatre. As Bush commented: 'The song is not about, as many think, Hammer Horror films. It is about an actor and his friend.'²³ The friend dies just as he is about to have the main part in the play – The Hunchback of Notre Dame. The speaker of the song has to take his place and is haunted by the ghost, and this is where the energy of the song emerges. Like the song 'Kashka from Baghdad,' discussed elsewhere in this chapter, there connection between male homosexual love and death is being alluded to:

Who calls me from the other side,

Of the street?
 And who taps me on the shoulder?
 I turn around, but you're gone.

I've got a hunch that you're following,
 To get your own back on me
 So all I want to do is forget you, friend.²⁴

It is interesting that the speaker of the song is supposed to be a man, but again in the video for the song, there is no attempt by Bush to 'perform' at this gendered role in the clothes that she wears, even if she does engage in some macho posturing of her fists as the routine intensifies. The video is based on a dance routine with an anonymous, male, blindfolded partner who comes up behind Bush and grapples with her, the movement is (deliberately) not spontaneous, but scripted, so that they both resemble poets, not live actors.²⁵ The cross dressing and camp performance of the song occurs within the musical text – within the narrative of the story and through the use of voices and instruments. Does this make it more or less subversive given the fact that we may not be totally conscious or aware of what Bush is doing, as we are swept into a lush play of fantasy, reality and artifice, not confounded by the *visible* shifting of gender? Is she even performing a type of camp masculinity or femininity, or is it that she is creating a position from which to speak from, that integrates the two and moves beyond the binary?

I would argue that Bush deploys camp performance, posture, literary and musical devices in *Lionheart* as a means of negotiating the narrow position that she, as a woman singer, was confined to. It was a resistant strategy and one that occurred within the body of the musical texts she created and the album contains a number of instances of musical and vocal transvestism that have been explored above. Having the flexibility to imagine herself speak and project her persona from a 'male' position – no matter how much this deviated from normative masculinity – widened the possibilities of what she could sing about. Undoubtedly she utilises performance as a vehicle to explore the possibility of transformation even if this metamorphosis is not permanent, but can be used as a tool to negotiate the restrictions of living in a particular sexed body. Admittedly, this change ends when the play or song does, but it still has the potential to be repeated, lived and experienced again (for the listener) because of its recorded form. The fact that the presence of 'high camp' can be detected in more subtle manifestations on the musical text of *Lionheart* – through the use of voices, themes, instruments, humour and parody detailed above - display a cunning use of this strategy to expose and ultimately to explore, the artifice of fantasy, reality and all that poses as natural within culture.

Creation, loss and subversion.

Whether or not a woman performing a number of gendered positions is a subversive act, is the question I turn to in order to finish these explorations. It is clear that using performance enabled Bush to explore a

number of different gendered positions and these complemented her textual strategies that arguably open up²⁶ and blur gendered space ('In Search of Peter Pan' here being an exemplary example). In many ways this structural re-ordering of time, space, body and positions are what enable new gendered embodiments to become a legitimate part of the cultural imaginary.

However, I think it is best to be cautious when considering the question of how subversive gender performance is. Is it really the most effective means of resistance to binary gender regimes? The critique I have in mind here is of Judith Butler's notion of subversive repetition, which emerged as a critical category in her 1990 text, *Gender Trouble*. Butler argued that heteronormativity and binary gender are maintained and affirmed in culture largely through the fact that they are constantly being repeated and thus they have, over time, become thoroughly normalised within the structures that we live in. Subversive repetition, on the other hand, is a means by which the canny subject can contort and disrupt the dominant forms of gendered behaviour. She asked in this text, '*What kind of subversive repetition might call into question the regulatory practice of identity itself?*'²⁷ Convincing as this idea sounds, our only power as subjects lies in our ability to subvert, not create. It is important now to question how subversive repetition limits the possibility of agency for the subject and ask what alternatives are there for resistance that we can theorise which enable and affirm the creation of new gendered positions?

As Edward Davies observes, subversively repeating gender through performance or representation, does 'predict[...] the possibility of creating new sexual identities although it remains to formulate how this might be done.'²⁸ He goes on to emphasise that the use of such a tactic 'may indeed take a very long time to establish,'²⁹ what Bernice Hausman has called the 'slow accrual'³⁰ of the effects of Butler's subversive repetition. Given how lengthy a process of continually repeating one's gender in a subversive way would be within this framework, it seems to me highly problematic to accept this as the revolutionary end of radical gender theory. The subject's potential to have an effect upon the world around them is often what is glaringly omitted from this theorization, as Annabelle Willox summarises: 'for Butler, we cannot escape the gender system; we can only subvert it through *visible* transgression.'³¹

That is why it is dangerous to automatically read *the ability* to play with one's gender as radical or subversive, especially if parody and subversion signpost the total extent of a subject's agency and opportunity to resist normative gender roles and identity categories - within Butler's theatre we are still very much contained within the prison of gender.³² The structure of exclusion and segregation that subversive acts are graining against, still maintains a lot of power and this structure has far more capacity to 'renew' itself through autonomously operating repetitions such as: institutions, laws, narratives, 'hetero-visibility' and 'normality'. Subversion can be a necessary and fun part of day to day life, but it can also be painful too, with the threats of violence and social exclusion being the penalty for those who wish to tread a different path to that of the norm. Therefore, it is really important to keep the possibility of creating new genders and sexualities open, not merely subverting old models. Subversion here can be compared to a process of making structures shudder by knocking against them in the hope that one day they will break.

Annabelle Willox has further critiqued Butler's idea by arguing that it implicitly relies on a binary structure

for their intelligibility *and* workability. Referring to Butler's use of a butch identity to exemplify the visible crossing that subverts binary gender, she argues that 'Butler's theory relies on this crossing to exemplify the construction and performative nature of gender, yet her reliance upon crossing implicitly relies upon a binary structure that denies the autonomy of [other possible] identity[ies]'³³ There is no room within Butler's framework for the creation of different gendered embodiments – the possibility of a butch identity being an autonomous identity in itself is actually an *impossibility*. Its existence functions merely to display the crossing and deviation from dominant gendered models of appropriate femininity.

This critique pointedly reveals how Butler's theory is limited because it is simply not generative and in fact denies creativity and difference. We could argue that it *re-enforces* rather than subverts the 'regulatory practice of identity itself.' Butler's admission that 'gender norms are finally phantasmatic, *impossible* to embody'³⁴ further underlines this point – the route to revolution for Butler, is through the lack and loss of gender not through the multiplicity of possibilities that can be accessed by creating different gendered embodiments. Why is the loss of gender not an acceptable thing to desire? It seems that the only genders that we lose under the Butlerian frame are the models of patriarchal, heteronormative binary masculinity/femininity – we do not lose all the possible other genders and sexualities by positing this state of gender loss, because their potential to be created in the first instance has been radically circumscribed. It seems far better to have the opportunity to have many choices than sink back into just the one, genderless body for, is that not the model of the liberal humanist subject anyway?

The important point that I wish to underline here is that no matter how much fun and tactically necessary 'performativity' can be; it does not place enough emphasis on the individual's power to be an agent and facilitate change. It places too much emphasis on a pre-determined structure that we can just about peel back the edges of, by subverting it. In its defence however, 'performativity' does allow for movement *between* categories and this vehicle for thinking and acting is something that should not be abandoned completely.

However, embodying and creating new and different gendered embodiments enables distinct fleshed and subjective experiences to be included into the structure of cultural reality. This will also benefit people because it simply creates more space: psychical, bodily, desire and many more that are yet to be discovered. There is an emphasis on our capacity to imagine new positions to speak from; positions, which are not dragged back and mapped onto the original and hierarchical binary. This binary still exists even if Butler insists in her theory that gender is an imitation for which there is no original. The important thing is, if we choose to explore a path of difference, beyond or outside the prison of gender, then we don't have to *choose* between models of resistant thinking in the final instant of conclusion: 'performativity' can be just another form of difference, whose tools we can call upon when we need them most.

It should be clear from my exploration through some of the queerest aspects of Bush's musical career that she deploys *both* strategies in order to stretch the possibilities of expression accorded to a female singer, songwriter, and performer within a popular music market in the late 1970s. Certainly, her work can be understood as a form of subversive repetition because the transgressive gender performances on

the album can be played repeatedly if we choose to do this. However, I would argue that the inhabitation and exploration of differently gendered speaking positions is not merely performative, as this model privileges only the visible crossing of gender as the ‘successful’ moment of resistance. As I have been at pains to elaborate, there is little, if any, attempt to do this – the crossing and destabilisation of gender occurs *within* the musical text. This crossing is engineered by creating spaces of doubt and speculation within the narrative arrangement that can be detected on ‘In Search of Peter Pan’ and through the musical and vocal transvestism of ‘Wow,’ ‘Hammer Horror’ and ‘Coffee Homeground.’ The re- arrangement of gendered space on these songs offers the listener the possibility to imagine and create yet-to-be defined subjectivities that move far beyond the limitations of binary gender. Therefore Bush’s ‘crossing’ on *Lionheart* is always *embodied* and *structural* and cannot be reduced to surface change.³⁵

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Notes

¹ X-Ray Spex *Germfree Adolescents* CMDDD369 LC 6448.

² Obviously this position is plagued with problems – it is almost rejecting the possibility of a progressive female songwriting style, even if she did develop it herself.

³ Rob Jovanovich *Kate Bush: The Biography*, London: Portrait, 2005, p 85.

⁴ I am thinking here of the Bakhtinian notion of Carnival or the Carnavalesque.

⁵ Kate Bush did become famous at a time when music video was beginning to be used as a medium through which to dramatise the popular song. The early videos were quite minimal in this sense – i.e. Bush's videos were interested in interpreting the song & did little to push or question boundaries. MTV started in 1981. Black people weren't allowed on MTV until 1984.

⁶ Elizabeth Wood 'Sapponics' in *Queering the Pitch*, London: Routledge, 1994. 32.

⁷ Ibid, 32.

⁸ ibid, 32.

⁹ Thank you to Sarah Gamble for pointing this out to me.

¹⁰ Sheila Whitley *Too Much Too Young*, London: Routledge, 2005. 74.

¹¹ Kate Bush *Lionheart* EMA 787 OC 064-06 859, 1978, EMI. All further references from the album will be followed by abbreviated initials in parentheses as follows: (LH).

¹² Judith Halberstam *In a Queer Time and Place*, New York: New York University Press, 2005. 179.

¹³ Nathan Evans in *The Pink Paper*, September 2005.

¹⁴ Gillian Rodger 'Drag, Camp and Gender Subversion in the music and video of Annie Lennox' in *Popular Music* (2004), 23: 17-29 Cambridge University Press. 26.

¹⁵ Richard Dyer, *The Culture of Queers*, London: Routledge 2002. 60.

¹⁶ Of course, just because something has the potential for critique this does not mean that it is employed effectively.

¹⁷ Gillian Rodger 'Drag, Camp and Gender Subversion in the music and video of Annie Lennox' *Popular Music* (2004): 23: 26.

¹⁸ Isherwood quoted in Rodger, 26.

¹⁹ Kate Bush *Lionheart*.

²⁰ http://children.ofthenight.org/cloudbusting/music/lionheart_album.html

²¹ http://children.ofthenight.org/cloudbusting/music/lionheart_album.html (1978, Lionheart Promo)

²² 'Coffee Homeground' Italics mine.

²³ http://children.ofthenight.org/cloudbusting/music/lionheart_album.html

²⁴ 'Hammer Horror.'

²⁵ I think this is one of the strange things about watching dance routines on a TV, particularly ones that are routines. For while there is displayed a certain freedom of movement, there are always distinct limits to the movement, and again, like the recorded song, they are frozen, paradoxically in their movement, in that they are subject to repetition. So that dance – something which is central to freedom, celebration, emancipation, movement, becomes contained and somewhat uncomfortable & indeed, unlike a dance at all.

²⁶ See the earlier section on 'Desire' in *The Kick Inside*.

²⁷ Judith Butler *Gender Trouble*, London: Routledge, 1993. 42, emphasis in original.

²⁸ Davies, Edward 'Finding Ourselves: Postmodern Identities and the Transgender Movement' in Gillis, Howie and Munford eds. *Third Wave Feminism*, London: Palgrave, 2004. 114.

²⁹ Ibid.

³⁰ Ibid, 115.

³¹ Annabelle Willox 'Fucking Dykes: Phenomenology and Queer Carnal Knowledge(s)' paper presented in February 2003 for the University College Dublin's "The(e)ories: Advanced Seminars for Queer Research. See http://www.ucd.ie/werrc/events/ev_theories_speakers.htm last accessed 20/09/2006. Emphasis mine.

³² By the same token I fear I may be departing from reality. In many ways, playing/ parodying/ subverting dominant gender categories is radical but it is also very dangerous too in terms of living with the day to threat of violence

³³ Annabelle Willox 'Fucking Dykes.'

³⁴ Judith Butler *Gender Trouble*, London: Routledge, 1993. 141, emphasis mine.

³⁵ Thank you to Josie Cousens and Sarah Gamble for their patience and scrutiny in the editing process of this article.

The Patron Saint of Broken Glass.

By Cathryn Molloy

Eleanor's rituals were simple and elegant. Each morning after returning from the 5 am liturgy, she went to her room. The sun came in pale and languid through the slits in the blinds. The bed took up most of the space on the hardwood floor and Our Lady of Fatima hung on the wall beside the plastic crucifix that she'd had since she was an infant. Other than these small adornments, the room was as bare and solemn as a monk's cell.

After stretching out on the bed to pray and meditate, she listened for the clanking of her sisters' oatmeal bowls and the clunking of compulsive low heeled feet on the hardwoods to cease for two minutes and not a second sooner; then, Eleanor got down on her hands and knees on the floor, stretched her bony arms to their modest length and pulled from beneath the bed a wooden trunk with a gossamer cover of rotting leather. Eleanor extracted a key from beneath the undergarments in her top drawer and opened the lid to reveal a neatly folded lacy wedding gown that had belonged to her mother. Methodically removing every article of her church suit, she laid them each in its place on top of the bedspread and tucked her modest undergarments under the pillow.

As she lifted the gown over her head in order to avoid disturbing the half ripped - zipper, she savored the feel of the lace on her chest. If the sensation of the scratchy inside caused pain, she offered it up to her Jesus.

She put on the tiny wedding heels which are kept in the inner pocket of the trunk and stood on top of the even spread. The oval mirror, since it is always free of dust, revealed her figure from the neck down. She tilted her head this way and that so that she could thoroughly enjoy the sight of her bride tears and then she pressed her eyes closed until Jesus her bridegroom appeared beside her. The gaping wound in his chest flowed down his naked body and formed a puddle in his crotch. He was purifying himself for her, just as she had purified herself for him. He took a bit of flesh from his hand and fed it to her like wedding cake. Wiping a finger across his body, he put a bloody finger in her mouth so that she could taste his blood wine. Eleanor knew that one day Jesus will come to her as more than an apparition; he would appear to her in a human form and he would be hungry for her virgin milk. She would be the first woman since the Blessed Mother to fulfill this holy intention and she would be a well-remembered saint one day.

Eleanor rose promptly at 3:45 each morning so that she could attend 5am liturgy at the seminary. She never attended the 8am with her sisters because she used the time that they are away to perform her rituals and she really preferred the seminary anyway. It was a much more serious liturgy; she considered the weekday mass at the local church to be distastefully rushed. Besides, she enjoyed nothing more than sneaking a probing glance at a new seminarian in order to see if he harbored any impure thoughts; such things were always evident in the way one held her hand too long during the kiss of peace. From there, the symptoms progressed: the furrowed eyebrows, front teeth massacring the bottom lip and all other manners of discomfort. She was kind enough to approach such a one after communion and remind him of his duties to Christ, she knelt down in front of this one or that using her church veil to wipe at her tears as she explained the finer points of doctrine to the newer seminarian.

As a consecrate virgin, she considered herself somewhat of a Christina Mirablis, a well-remembered medieval virgin of Christ and so often envisioned Jesus himself suckling at her breast, which not surprisingly for its 30 years of sacrifice had managed to churn out a sort of holy manna juice or virginal milk at the touch of his lips. Eleanor aspires to live up to Mirablis's ascetic ideals, she felt inadequate and vain for being unable to crawl into bread ovens or swim in icy lakes in winter yet; she couldn't even bear to cut her hair though she knew it was vain to want it so long. Her rituals were her purist moments and though Christina had fed herself on her own virginal milk, Eleanor would take the thing to the next level and feed *Christ* who had fed the masses again and again. And although the virgin milk did manifest itself physically, Jesus had not yet come in the form of a physical body. Eleanor suspected it was only a matter of time until he would come and drink what was his.

No, her sisters Mary and Sabena would not understand. They would try to take the rituals away from her. Mary, for one who had recently given up on her commitment to her consecrated virginity by accepting a marriage proposal from her ugly missionary best male 'friend', would be absolutely wretched with jealousy at her ability to fulfill such a pure and worthy calling. They wouldn't understand how fortifying the rituals were for her; they fed her body and soul. They were always whining about her fasting because they didn't understand that Jesus fed her nearly every morning from the flesh of his hand.

As a child, Eleanor took her baby doll's clothes off and wrapped him in swaddling clothes so that she could rock him until the wise men and shepherds came to offer gifts. Sabena, being the oldest, had a sense of propriety that did not include ritual re-enactments. Upon discovering this particular ritual, she made Eleanor put the proper clothing back on the doll in order to show that she had appreciated what mother and father had spent hard-earned money on; the baby doll dress shouldn't lie in the corner where the cat could piss on it or shred it up into oblivion.

Mary, second in line, stood in the doorway to Eleanor's bedroom with skinny arms crossed over her lumpy prepubescent chest and nodded in solemn approval as Sabena yanked off the 'swaddling clothes' (a dish towel smeared with mud) and put the white dress back on the baby doll. Mary and Sabena left

with satisfied smiles to each other and Eleanor listened as they continued to criticize her out front to the neighborhood kids who always were around to play with *them* and never her. Eleanor wept into the muddy towel.

On the day after her mother's funeral, while Mary and Sabena were out at church, she had her revenge. She found the dress before they knew it had been saved. After her mother passed, Sabena supervised what would go into the trash so that she could take over the bedroom. She had designated the trunk as 'garbage' because the dress was slightly yellowed and all three girls had already decided to remain unmarried in order to have their virginity consecrated, so it would not be used anyway. Eleanor would not give up the dress just because Mary changed her mind! It would have been trash if she and Christ hadn't saved it! She had lost her mother at only 17. It was fitting that God should offer her a way to deal with her 17 year old inner turmoil. It was around that time that she had begun to be curious about the shape of a penis—was it simply a cylinder? Was it fleshy or hard? She had also begun to notice a throbbing between her legs and a stiffening of her tiny nipples every time she passed a naked statue of her Lord. She could not think of a way to alleviate the intensity of the sensations and knew from her mother that she must overcome any temptations to touch herself.

She found the wedding dress trunk in her mother's closet, brought it to her room and began to think about the lives of the visionary saints. She closed her eyes and had a vision of her own; Jesus was kneeling down in his gleaming white heaven clothes asking her to be his bride. She made her vows that day and Sabena and Mary were not around to stop her.

It was around the time of Mary's pending unfaithfulness to her consecrated virginity when Eleanor was nearly 30, that she needed the strength of her rituals more than ever to remind her that she was on the one true and holy path towards sainthood. On a morning early in Lent after Mary's great announcement, a season of the year that evoked particularly intense ceremonies anyway, Eleanor came in from liturgy especially hungry for her comforting ritual.

After coming in the door and hearing the clunk of the crucifix as she pulled it closed, she went to the table with the hair brush and mirror. The dark paneling behind her reflection gave her hair a wild and unkempt look. She yanked out the rubber band that had been holding together her bun and began to furiously brush at the wavy mess. She could feel the pinch of each hair that the furious brushing was pulling out and thought about the suffering needed to get ready for Christ, especially during Lent. She finished it off with a splash of the holy water hanging on the wall.

She had another hour before her sisters would be leaving for liturgy. She walked heavy-footed through the living room hoping to wake them; maybe they would leave early to light a candle for the souls in

purgatory. She came to the dining room table which sat in its usual crooked way with the mismatched spray painted chairs tucked neatly beneath. The worn playing cards lay precariously close to the edge. The whole house was silent. Above the table, the painting of Mary holding the bloodied and naked body of a grown Jesus began to wail. She walked over to the table to savor the sound. She knew not everyone was privy to such miracles. Her urge to perform her ritual became even stronger as she examined the lines and slopes of his body. She touched the painting and closed her eyes. It had been a gift from her godmother for her first holy communion and her family had insisted that it was too extravagant to go above her bed, so they had hung it above the dining room table where everyone could enjoy it; it remained even after her parents passed. Falling to her knees in front of the painting, she began to say the rosary slowly and rhythmically, rocking back and forth with each syllable. If she could only get through the next hour, she would have some relief from the spiritual aching.

When Mary came down in her translucent nightgown, Eleanor could not help looking up and staring at her round belly and sagging breasts. Soon, her body would be naked and sweating and doing all of those mysterious things Eleanor suspected people did during intercourse. Sabena followed with her tattered robe and her fat callused feet. Eleanor bowed her head and tried to focus on her rosary and her fasting—she would allow herself a glass of water in the afternoon and maybe a piece of bread for dinner.

“Eleanor, get off the floor and do something useful. We’ve got to clean up around here. The new priest from St. Monica’s is coming over for dinner. I don’t think you’ve met him; he’s only been assigned week-day masses so far. He’s agreed to perform Mary and Gregory’s wedding ceremony next month, so we are having him over to thank him. You know, Gregory will be back from his missionary work just a week before the wedding, so we need to help Mary with details.”

Eleanor ignored Sabena until the last ‘Glory Be’ was completed, then she pushed herself dramatically up from the floor, sending balls of dust scattering in her wake. “Why do you invite dinner guests without asking me first? You always act like this is *your* house, but mom and dad left it to all of us! I don’t have time to plan any wedding. I have enough of my own matters to attend to...”

“Well, you don’t pay any bills, do you? And you barely work; you can stand to help a little more!” This was a common retort for Sabena and Eleanor was always silenced. She had never been able to hold a paying job for very long because she found one thing or another in the job duties beneath her. Volunteering to pray with the sick at the hospital was entirely noble and she couldn’t see how this kind of work did not warrant pay. If only you could make a living purifying your heart. If only she could stand to beg through the streets as Claire and Francis had done. She had thought about the convent, but worried that she would never have the privacy necessary for her very necessary rituals. God had reserved them for her and she would be committing sacrilege if she did not enact them. Mary’s silly wedding with ugly Gregory paled in comparison and besides, it was nearly a month away!

“So,” continued Sabena, “you can’t say anything. Run the vacuum and set mom’s china out before we get back, will you? We’ll be out a little longer; we’re going to the market to get a turkey and fixings to cook

after liturgy and we're going to look at cakes for Mary's wedding."

"Okay, I'll set and vacuum, but don't come home and give me a whole other list of things to do because I have to go to work for a few hours this afternoon and want to get some meditating in at some point today." Eleanor reasoned that she could still have her ritual because her sisters would be out longer for the market and the bakery. She could do the setting and vacuuming quickly and still have time to have her ritual. She would not do the ritual first because having mundane tasks hanging over her head could be the kind of thing to ruin a ritual.

The wall clock had already struck 7. The priest (was it Fr. Bob?) was late. Eleanor sat playing solitaire trying to remember if she had known of a priest from St. Charles Barimeo seminary who had recently received holy orders. She could only think of the small fat one whose bald head went red with shame every time she dropped her rosaries and bent over hastily to get them. She was nearly certain that he was going to be stationed in a suburban parish. If it *was* him and she was mistaken about his placement, she would at least entertain herself through the dinner with measuring his devotion to celibacy. Eleanor attempted to close off her thoughts from the smells wafting out of the kitchen in thick plumes. She was determined to fast and only have water and bread through dinner. A priest would have to understand such sacrifices. Perhaps he would even be a bit jealous of her devotion.

When the knock came, Sabena and Mary screamed in unison, "Eleanor, answer that!" She could hear them fumbling around with the serving dishes and became a bit repulsed by the thought of Mary, whom she already believed to be overweight, piling huge lumps of food that she did not need into her mouth. Would Gregory actually *want* to touch her on their wedding night? She took her time stacking the cards and walked slowly on her way to the door because he could wait. He was here getting fed, almost like a saint begging alms. His patience would be appreciated by the Lord.

She opened the door and the crucifix fell from its perch on the sideways nail. When she looked up, she saw *him*. Not the fat one, him from the painting, only he was cleaned and dressed all in black with the gleaming white collar. But was it *him*? Was this the second coming? She tried to control her breathing. Of course, the hair was shorter and the face was fuller, but yes it really did look like *him*, Jesus - the Jesus of the rituals who came to hold a hand reserved for only him and to kiss a tear stained cheek or feed a hungry soul.

Eleanor felt a thickening in her midsection; her heart beat visibly fast. Her breath became shallow and deliberate. It *couldn't* be him. He would never look so opaque. He would have to be glowing or floating. He would have to send her floating to the ceiling and then call her down to do his will on earth in a new and enriched physical form just like Christina Mirabilis. But yes, otherwise he *did look* like him, a lot like him. Eleanor realized that she had been staring without saying a word for at least a minute. He looked embarrassed for her as he began to speak,

“Hello, you must be Sabena and Mary’s younger sister. They’ve told me about you! It’s very nice to meet you! As you know, I’m new to St. Monica’s, I’m Father Masiah, but you can call me Fr. Bill. That’s what I’m having the parishioners call me. I mean, it makes me feel so *old* using my last name.” He paused and waited for her to respond. Eleanor couldn’t bring herself to speak. She had never seen a *fleshy* person who so resembled the painting. She wanted more time to contemplate how similar his mouth was to the one that appeared beside her nearly every day for the past thirteen years. It really was uncanny and she couldn’t find a thing to say that would not reveal her astonishment.

“Well,” he continued, “I brought you ladies this bottle of wine to go with dinner, may I,” he raised the bottle which was still wrapped in brown paper and dropped it down when it too did not break Eleanor’s silence, “May I come in? You look a bit pale, are you okay?” He stepped closer and looked into her eyes and she recoiled.

“Fine, fine. I’m fine,” she managed, “Yes, they’re in the kitchen, um, nice to ah meet you, I have a headache and so that’s all.”

At dinner, he sat directly below his likeness. Sabena, fat fingers resting on his arm, asked him to say the grace before meals.

When he tilted his head to tell a story or drink his wine, the resemblance became almost unbearable.

“I’ve known that this was my calling since I was 16 or so; the Blessed Mother came to me in a vision and told me to pursue the cloth. I have always dreamed of performing a wedding ceremony and am delighted that you’ve asked me, Mary!” He looked at his plate as if in a moment of reflection. Eleanor sat watching and listening, chewing on the edges of a bread crust monitoring her breathing while Mary and Sabena asked him questions about the ceremony with their mouths full of food. He answered each of their questions politely and ate a modest amount of food himself. Eleanor’s throat became parched and she began a coughing fit that rendered her doubled over her bony legs. She reached for her water and gulped it furiously. She could feel his eyes on her and her face flushing blood red. She looked up and deliberately looked over his shoulder to avoid eye contact and found herself looking instead into the face of bloody Jesus.

“Eleanor, are you okay? You look so pale and you haven’t said a word for the whole meal. Do you feel alright? You haven’t had anything to eat except for that bread.” She sensed in her peripheral vision that he was contorting his face into a sympathetic expression that was so like her Jesus when she cried during their wedding ceremonies. She half expected his hand to reach across the table and wipe at her cheek. Had he really been that attentive to her, noticing her fasting and silence? She had spent many miserable meals listening to Mary and Sabena bickering or chewing loudly and ignoring her. Other dinner guests who came through ignored her as well; they had been kept busy and entertained enough with Mary and Sabena’s chattering and questioning and not noticed her sitting there quiet and hungry.

“I’m fine,” Eleanor’s voice cracked and she felt the heat intensifying in her cheeks, “I just needed some water.”

Mary wiped her greasy mouth with her napkin and put her hand on Father Bill’s arm, “Father, Eleanor is under the mistaken impression that she must always be fasting. You ought to tell her otherwise, because she doesn’t listen to *us*, that’s for sure! Anyway, Father, tell us about some of your plans for our parish! We’re interested in starting a lady’s guild for, you know, ladies to have outings and things for fun and we could sponsor events at the church hall like chastity talks for wayward teens. What do you think? I really want to stay involved this month while I wait for my fiancé to get back from his missionary work abroad.” Mary adjusted her sagging breast so that they were literally resting on the table. She leaned forward, her breasts dipped into the gravy on the edge of her plate and looked at Fr. Bill eagerly waiting for his response.

“Um, that’s great, yeah, sounds good. Eleanor, I hear you volunteer at the hospital. I’d love to accompany you some time, when do you work next?” Father Bill kept his gaze fixed on Eleanor’s face as he spoke. She was determined to get him to stop talking to her so that she would not embarrass herself any more than she suspected she already had. Why was he so interested in talking to her? Did he feel sorry for her?

“Oh, tomorrow afternoon I work and you can come if you’d like. They always need extra help. The hospital’s on Huntington Pike-Holy Redeemer and Sister Regina’s in charge.” Eleanor was *not* working tomorrow, but she did not want to be in the same room with this man again if she could help it. He made her so *uncomfortable*! She couldn’t even look at him anymore! Sister Regina would put him to work; she was always short on help. She looked down at her bread crust; she had twisted it in her thin fingers without realizing it. She wrapped it into a napkin and pretended to be intensely interested in her drinking water. Eleanor wished she could force herself to go and start the dishes, but she was too shaky to do much more than focus on her breath and sip her water. She would be better tomorrow when she could perform her ritual and talk with Jesus about Fr. Bill. Maybe he was a fleshy test of her devotion to her holy vows.

Sabena frowned. “Eleanor, you should at least *eat* that bread crust if it’s the only blessed thing you are going to put on your plate this evening! It’s no wonder you don’t have more energy to be interested in Mary’s wedding planning! Lord knows we only have less than 30 more days!”

Eleanor awkwardly stuffed the twisted crust into her mouth and later spit it into her napkin when no one was looking.

Dinner was over and Eleanor followed her sisters to the door. Eleanor stood back from the goodbyes and listened to the swishing of the tires on the wet black street. Above the mantle, a portrait of her parents kept watch over the little house and its inhabitants. When Father Bill kissed Mary and Sabena’s cheeks and thanked them for dinner, Eleanor stiffened. What would she do if he tried to kiss *her* cheek? She couldn’t

react fast enough to stop it. Father Bill stepped toward her, grabbed her hand and brushed her cheek with his lips before walking out the door into the rain.

Eleanor had managed to survive the dinner, although the kiss had kept her up all night. She was overjoyed when she heard her sisters leaving for their liturgy the next morning. She quickly got into the dress and prepared for her ritual. After such a troubling night, she needed more than ever the spiritual cleansing. When she climbed to the top of the bed and closed her eyes, something happened which had never happened before. She couldn't *feel* him! He wasn't there! Here tears, usually those of a happy bride, were filled with a hot, shocked hatred. Where *was* he?!

Eleanor lifted the skirt of the dress as she flew down the stairs, tripping in the shoes; by the time she was down stairs, she was on her hands and knees crawling toward the painting. She reached a shaking hand up to the bleeding wound and closed her eyes to pray to Jesus and ask him to come to her,

"I'm so lonely that I can hardly speak, I haven't even figured what you want me to be and I swear I'll give you everything that I have, my arsenal, if that would be enough for you right now." She gulped hard on her sobs, "If you don't want to, just say so, but God knows I want you right now!" Eleanor fell to her knees with spread legs and continued to pray; she hadn't heard the door opening. "Please! Not when I need this so badly! How can you take it away? I didn't even *look at him* through the entire dinner!" *Was* He punishing her? She tore at the dress's neckline until it ripped a jagged diagonal hole into the top; her chest was exposed to the drafty room. She dropped her head into her lap and wept. When she felt a hand on her back, she thought perhaps it was the most vivid appearance yet! Jesus was answering her prayer! She knew he wouldn't desert her! She reached back to feel for her Jesus! At last he had come to feed on her virginal milk! Her nipples hardened in anticipation and turning to him, she thrust her chest into his face.

When Father Bill backed away in horror, she realized that she was mistaken. Jesus really *had* abandoned her!

When she stood up quickly and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror on the cellar door, she couldn't believe how unholy her bride dress looked. It had never looked so cheap and yellowed. Eleanor choked on her sobs and couldn't even scream. She couldn't get away from the confused look on his face. When she had managed to calm herself down enough so speak, all she could say was "Get out! Get out! Get out right now!" But he didn't move.

When Mary and Sabena walked in the door from their liturgy, there she was breasts exposed with dripping virginal milk and the priest looking pale standing near her. She could hear the muffled sounds of their voices in commotion; she had heard the tones and pitches all before. The room became smaller and smaller. She heard her head hit the floor right before she passed completely out.

The entire living room was draped in purple as if the red from the painting had managed to bleed off and travel through the gray of the house rendering everything muted and infected with dark. The flower arrangement on the table (a tribute to the Lenten season), wept in a sullen purple heap. Everything was in mourning. The window glass was smeared with steamy rain. Eleanor imagined her body had been made of glass and that she had shattered onto the polished floors. She wanted Christ to crawl down from the crucifix on the door to fit the pieces into a tabernacle box, his bloodied hands could work frantically with the jagged edges, his tear-stained cheeks would crinkle in concentration. They simply wouldn't fit and eventually the pieces would turn to a red liquid. Couldn't Christ drink them in? They could no longer form a solid. Could he use them to fortify him for the long journey to Calvary?

When Eleanor was fully awake, she opened her eyes to find Mary and Sabena in side by side chairs leaning against each other sleeping. The scene in front of the painting with her breasts exposed and dripping came back to her and all she felt was hatred. Standing as quietly as possible, Eleanor tiptoed over to the door, ripped the crucifix from the wall and threw it with such force at the mirror that it cracked into an intricate pattern and splintered her reflection.

Expostulations Concerning the Unity of the Self: Double Consciousness, Dual Perspective and Why Bother with all That?

By Semra Somersan

Abstract

Despite the axiomatic unity of the self in Western psychology, postcolonial theorists argue for a ‘double articulation’ of human consciousness, particularly among the subaltern. Across cultures, as documented in ethnographies, there are seemingly parallel constructions of notions concerning soul plurality and altered states of consciousness. After reviewing the variety of theoretical considerations by different authors that attest to this and establishing connections with psychoanalytic theory, I pose the hypothesis that such ‘plurality’ is a conditional matter, depending on one’s position in society: It is not ‘a being’, but a possible ‘becoming’ in confrontation with all sorts of ‘others’; a privy to those who are removed in various degrees from the mainstream of society. I regard the various elaborations of double consciousness as having brought about a major shift in conceptualizing ‘human personality’ and the ‘human mind’ which has not been sufficiently recognized in Western socio-cultural theorizing, and consider its ramifications.

Keywords: ‘double consciousness’, ‘dual perspective’, ‘third space’, ‘Black Atlantic’, ‘perspectival subalternity’

Introduced into Western philosophy by Hegel (1807) and having entered the American context through the writings of W. E. B. Du Bois (1903), double consciousness was considered to be a part and parcel of the experiences of Afro-Americans by the latter. Antonio Gramsci, on the other hand, in his *Prison Notebooks* (1931-32; revised 1933-34) argued that the dual perspective is a *sine qua non* in the education of the hegemonic sovereign.

Thus, it would appear that persons situated at either opposite ends of ‘the spectrum of dominance’, possess a common attribute, the two-fold, and/or dialectic nature of their consciousness. I argue here, however, that the more removed one is from the centre of the socio-economic, the stronger the sense of doubleness (or plurality), and that a parabolic relationship can similarly be discerned regarding distance from the center of general political power.ⁱ

In his *Prison Notebooks*, Antonio Gramsci (1891- 1937) develops the notion of dual perspective – ‘doppia prospettiva’- (Hoare and Smith, ed. and tr. 1971: 169-173). According to him, this is best represented in Machiavelli’s Centaur, half beast, half human; showing the levels of force and consent, authority and hegemony, violence and civilization, of the individual moment and the universal moment, all at the same time. Gramsci was influenced by an early observer of politics, Niccolo di Bernardo Machiavelli (1469-1527), who described how princes were taught to incorporate contradictory modes of thinking, antithetical consciousnesses simultaneously, as rulers to be, to excel in their inherited profession.ⁱⁱ He explained that writers taught princes about this with the aid of an allegory; describing how Achilles and many other princes of the ancient world were sent to be brought up by Chiron (a wise and beneficent centaur, teacher of Achilles, Asclepius and others) so that he might train them in this way. A prince must know how to act according to the nature of both; he cannot survive otherwise. (Hoare and Smith, ed. and tr. 1971: 170)

Concerning the other end of the spectrum of dominance, that of the oppressed-disenfranchised, the revolutionary psychiatrist and writer Frantz Fanon (1925-1961) put it this way: “However painful it is for me to accept this conclusion, I am obliged to state it: For the black man there is only one destiny. And it is white” (Fanon 1986: 13). Then he claims, “The black man has two dimensions: One with his fellows, the other with the white man. A Negro behaves differently with a white man and with another Negro. That this self-division is a direct result of colonialist subjugation is beyond question...” (Fanon 1986: 17)

Others have somewhat similar observations.ⁱⁱⁱ

Sociologist, historian, poet, author of several novels, and life-long critic of American Society, William Edward Burghardt Du Bois (W.E.B. Du Bois, 1868-1963) was even more articulate: With his notion of ‘double consciousness’, he referred to a major psychological dilemma that confronts African-Americans. In a recent revival of a striking passage from his book, in *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903/1989) he says:

After the Egyptian and the Indian, the Greek and the Roman, the Teuton and the Mongolian, the Negro is a sort of seventh son, born with a veil, and gifted with a second sight in this American world- a world which yields him no true self-consciousness. It is a peculiar sensation, this double consciousness, this sense of always looking at oneself through the eyes of others, of measuring one’s soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his twoness- an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unrec- onciled strivings, two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it

from being torn asunder” (Du Bois 1989: 5).

Sandra Adell (1994) claims that this formulation was influenced by of Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (1770-1831) as articulated in *The Phenomenology of the Spirit*. (Adell 1994: 8) Film-maker and writer Trinh Thi Minh-ha (1996), in a conversation with Annamaria Morelli, refers, I believe, to a somewhat parallel experience when she says:

A number of people would continue to say, ‘what’s the use of having many meanings; why don’t we use words and sentences in a clear-cut manner so that nobody is mistaken...’ But here multiplicity of meaning, as I have elaborated, is not a question of cultivated ambivalence and ambiguity; it does not derive from a lack of determination or of incisiveness... Since marginalized people are always socialized to understand things from more than their point of view, to see both sides of the matter, and to say at least two things at the same time, they can never really afford to speak in the singular” (Minh-ha 1996: 8).

David Theo Goldberg (1994), on the other hand, may be alluding to distantly parallel phenomena, but from the exterior, rather than the dark interior, when he says, “*hybridities are the modalities in and through which multicultural conditions get lived out, and renewed.*” (Goldberg 1994: 10)

The sensation of double consciousness is not unique to Afro-Americans, or Gramsci’s rulers. It may also be a ‘feeling of presence’, of hearing, of reading, of seeing, and reacting ‘double’ (multiple) and a form of ‘internal existence’ that confronts diverse subalterns in a great many societies, though the experience may not be as marked as those with 500 years of slavery behind them: The Basque in Spain; the Irish, Welsh and Scottish in the UK; the Saami in Norway, Finland and Sweden, Palestinians in Israel; in different ways and degrees perhaps, Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Assyrians, Zoroastrians and Kurds in Turkey (amongst many others); but also Turks and Kurds in Germany, Moslems in Greece, Corsicans in France; Native Americans, Hindus, Buddhists, Jamaicans, Arabs and other Moslems in the USA and UK, especially after events of 9/11 (2001).

Is there something that sets apart those with a history of slavery added on to colonization from other subalterns? Du Bois’, Fanon’s^{iv}, Gilroy’s, and Bell Hooks’ (2000) claims, would lead one to believe that the experience is almost qualitatively different. Alternatively, I will argue here that the further removed one is from the centre of the political and the socio-economic, the more marked and heightened will be the internal conflicts within the self that give rise to dialectics (multiplexes) of consciousness as I show in Figure 1 (please refer to page 174 of this article).

Du Bois alludes to the difficulty and complexity posed by an ‘alter’ self, at odds with and sometimes fighting the ‘other’ self. Under the influence of the Western tradition he goes on to reflect thus: The history of the American Negro is the history of this strife— this longing to attain self conscious manhood, to merge his double self into a better and truer self.”^v However, he comes up with a more complex elaboration of personality at ease with itself: In this merging he wishes neither of the old selves to be lost. He would not

Africanize America, for America has much to teach the world and Africa. He would not bleach his Negro soul in a flood of white Americanism, for he knows Negro blood has a message for the world. He simply wishes to make it possible for a man to be both a Negro and an American..." (Du Bois 1989: 5)

Nietzsche, Freud and Jung: Opposition or multiplicity?

As Hegel would have it however, consciousness itself is dual; in a section of *The Phenomenology of the Spirit* with the title "*Self-Consciousness*", Hegel^{vi} argues that doubleness occurs in two distinct moments.

In the principle distinct moment consciousness is self-consciousness as otherness, an immediately superseded difference which, however is not. It does not have the form of being, but rather that of a being. In the second distinct moment consciousness unites with this difference. This is the unity of self-consciousness with itself, so the world of senses seems like an enduring existence, which however, it is not" (Adell 1994: 15).

This also brings to mind Sigmund Freud's (1856-1939) formulation of personality as a three-tiered structure: id-ego-superego, which may lead one to believe that he was ahead of Du Bois and Gramsci. In his case, however, the structure was vertical^{viii} and not horizontal, uncovering, ever-more masked layers (strata) in personality - from the instinctual to the social- with their idiosyncratic and ever-present tension. Furthermore, the vertical structuring had nothing to do with an individual's status (as a marginal other or dominant centre) in society, being, rather, universal in human nature. Superimposing the Du Boisian structure upon the Freudian, then, I would find two egos, without altering the latter's basic proposition of the structure of personality. Superego- ego1-ego2-id; one ego looking from the inside as it were, from the point of view of the contemporary Afro-Western self, and the other, from the outside, from the Anglo-Saxon's, or the other's perspective, underlying the source of double consciousness. The latter, ego 2, however, would not, could not be considered the equivalent of Freud's superego, performing a qualitatively different function altogether (See Figure 2, page 175 of this article).

Psychoanalysts may or may not disagree with my extrapolations here. Lucy Huskinson (2004), for one, in line with the Western tradition argues thus:

...for Nietzsche and Jung the goal or height of human health and potential is the realization of the whole self, which they refer to as the 'Übermensch' and 'self' respectively... which is achieved by the cultivation and balance of all antithetical psychological impulses... and it is in this sense that I refer to the whole self as a union of opposites (Huskinson 2004: 3).

Her interpretation of Nietzsche and Jung is that 'a self' becomes whole when it dynamically synthesizes its antithetical psychological material:

opposites cannot be reconciled or united to form a coherent whole. Opposites are defined as such because they are incommensurable... by definition they remain in a relationship of conflict and total difference” (Huskinson 2004: 5-6).

Postcolonial theorists, on the other hand, are more open to the co-existence of ‘incommensurates’. Minh-ha, in trying to explain her writing experience put it this way: “In writing one may be isolated, yet, with every word or every sentence one writes, I think one is endlessly conversing with a huge number of people” (Minh-ha 1996: 4). Then she adds: “This is why the use of the term ‘West’ in the context of my writing is always strategic, because the West is both outside and inside me” (Minh-ha 1996: 8).

Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari (1987) in their introduction to *A Thousand Plateaus* (the piece called “Rhizome”) say: “The two of us wrote *Anti-Oedipus* together. Since each of us was several, there was already quite a crowd” (Deleuze & Guattari 1987: 3). Furthermore, this plurality itself multiplied in the course of the writing, according to them: “We are no longer ourselves. Each will know his own. We have been aided, inspired, multiplied” (Deleuze & Guattari 1987: 3). They may have different intentions than the ones here, but, are implying a plurality of egos/consciousness in the writing process (as well as outcome) somewhat along the lines of Minh-ha and others cited above.

Salman Rushdie, in his novel *Midnight's Children* (1981), on the other hand, emphasizes the contrast between the unity of the material body and the plurality of the interior:

O eternal opposition of inside and outside! Because a human being, inside himself, is anything but a whole, anything but homogeneous; all kinds of everywhichting are jumbled up inside him, and he is one person one minute and another the next, The body, on the other hand, is homogeneous as anything. Indivisible, a one-piece suit, a sacred temple if you will. It is important to preserve this wholeness... Uncork the body, and God knows what you permit to come tumbling out. Suddenly you are forever other than you were; and the world becomes such that parents can cease to be parents, and love can turn to hate.” (Rushdie 1995: 236-37.)

At the end of the same novel he capitulates thus: “I have been so-many too many persons, life unlike syntax allows one more than three...” (Rushdie 1995)

In a fairly recent publication, a psychiatrist/psychoanalyst from Turkey, trained in France, shows he is more open to multiplicity than Huskinson, arguing that psychiatry itself was born out of multiplicity and plurality of the individual (Talat Parman 2002). His personal confession includes the following:

I have brought together my writings on psychoanalysis in the recent years together for this book. These are articles written by a single author. In spite of the singularity of the signature though, they are not the products of a single person. They were formulated, shaped and written among the many and plurality. Against those perspectives that view the individual as one-dimensional, psychiatry arouse out of the multiplicity and plurality of the individual.

Psychiatrists base their personal equations on the many and the multiplicity. These pieces were written for the many and the plurality and I hope they would be read in this context” (Parman 2002, writing on the rear cover of the book- my translation).

Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961), on the other hand, proposed a fourth, even more secluded archeological stratum to the self which he referred to as the ‘collective unconscious’, which would be the level underlying the id, where memories of universal and social/cultural history are stored.

To confuse things even further, then, I wonder if there should not also be an ego-3/ third consciousness to bring the historic/prehistoric, communal, pristine (African, Chinese, Indian- whatever) roots to the surface (part of Jung’s collective unconscious) and as well a 4th one, to correspond to the unfathomable interaction of 1x2x3, and to the West that is both inside and outside of all, except maybe the Westerners??? (See figure 2, on page 175 of this article).

I do not intend to argue here that these formulations by very different individuals are identical, I only allude to my understanding that they are at least to a certain extent parallel constructions, rendering collective description of similar human experiences from around the world possible.

Third space and liminality

In fact, even the discussion of ‘third space’ by Homi Bhabha (1994) has corresponding connotations. Bhabha referred to this ‘ambiguous’, in-between space/ secluded consciousness, complicated ambivalence in the personality of those crossing cultures (cross-over’s?) to establish several socio-cultural niches. He proposed that metamorphoses occur in the process of migration from the Indian subcontinent to the former imperial centre, (Britain), a process that creates a kind of ‘third space of cultural hybridity’. More to the point, he says:

for me the importance of hybridity is not to be able to trace two original moments from which the third emerges, rather hybridity to me is the third space which enables other positions to emerge. This third space displaces the histories that constitute it, and sets up new structures of authority, new political initiatives, which are inadequately understood through received wisdom” (Bhabha 1990: 211).

I wonder if Bhabha is not pointing to something already known to Chinese revolutionaries, that the authors of *Empire*, Hardt and Negri (2000), basing themselves on the work of Arif Dirlik, speak of it as “the beautiful anti- Confucian and anti-Platonic formula”: “It is not the two that recompose into one, but the one that opens into two.” Bhabha comments thus:

The non-synchronous temporality of global and national cultures opens up a cultural space

– where the negotiation of incommensurable differences creates a tension peculiar to border-line existences. Such assignments of social differences – where difference is neither One nor the Other, but something else besides, in-between- find their agency in a form of the future where the past is not originary, where the present is not simply transitory... It is an interstitial future that emerges in between the claims of the past and the needs of the present” (Bhabha 1990: 38-39)

Anthropological affirmations

The notions of double consciousness and dual perspective, interest me not just because they imply a break with the Western axiomatic ‘the self as a whole’ and the ‘psychic unity of humankind’ constructs, i.e. the ‘unitary theories of personality’ as well as the ‘universal structures of the human mind’, but also because I see parallels with an age-old anthropological subject; that of the ‘multiplicity of souls’ noted by a number of ethnographers in different parts of the world. A cross-cultural research I did on a sample of 60 world societies, quite a number of years ago, had revealed that though notions of the individual soul as being singular in nature were common (53 percent), in 15 percent of these 60 traditional societies, the dual nature of the individual soul was the accepted norm, in 10 percent it was thought that the nature of the individual soul was triple, while in 8.4 percent humans were thought have quadruple or quintuple souls! (Somersan, 1984: 151-165) So in total, 33.4 percent of world societies in this *HRAF Probability Sample* had the idea that no spiritual uniformity was present within the individual, with regard to internal existence.^{viii} Furthermore, the study showed ‘multiplicity of soul’ notions to be more prevalent among horticulturalists and shifting cultivators than foragers, pastoralists, and intensive agriculturalists and to be absent in those societies that had beliefs in high gods that are interested and actively involved with human morality (as in the three monotheistic religions of the Middle East- Judaism, Christianity and Islam), than in those groups that had either no high gods at all, or where they were not interested in human morality, possession of more than one soul was common. Imposition of morality from (a) high god(s), in other words, did not lend itself to plurality of souls, while the lack thereof, did!

Turning over pages in ethnographic literature for specific examples, one encounters the Yanomamö of Venezuela and Brazil living in the Amazon forests, who believe that humans have three souls and an animal counterpart or alter ego. If an individual’s alter ego is killed, the human dies also. Practitioners of Haitian voodoo believe that humans have two souls: a *tit bon ange* which animates the body and a *gros bon ange* that is the source of consciousness, since the body is animated by a different spirit than consciousness. A person or being that captures the *gros bon ange* can control the person’s body. (Womack 2001: 214) Having one’s body possessed by another can be good or bad. In spirit possession, a *loa* (deity or ancestor spirit) displaces an individual’s *gros bon ange* and inhabits the person’s body. The possessing spirit can, then, enjoy the company of humans, dance with them and accept their gifts. By surrendering the body to a *loa*, a voodoo practitioner gains favors and protection from the spirits. On the other hand, if the *gros bon ange* is captured by another human, one who is skilled in the art of voodoo and has malevolent intent,

the individual becomes a *zombie* whose body is subject to another's command (Womack 2001: 214-15).

The idea that the body can be controlled by a spirit being other than one's own soul, is a common religious experience cross-culturally. This of course, can be considered a relatively more extreme form of plurality, but has been noted by quite a number of ethnographers and others as 'altered states of consciousnesses.'^x

Born-again Christians, for instance, believe that they can be saved from eternal damnation only by being 'slain in spirit'. This involves surrendering oneself to the *Holy Spirit*, which may manifest itself through convulsions and speaking in tongues or *glossalalia*. According to them however, a possessing spirit may also cause illness or make the person behave in inappropriate ways.

Among one of the native peoples of Bolivia, the Aymara, for instance, diseases may be attributed to soul loss, or *susto*, magical fright. The *animo*, one of the three souls a person possesses, is helped back into the body by placing an article of the patient's clothing a short distance from his or her house, along with the contents of llama entrails, gall stones diluted in holy water and ritual foods. (Womack 2001: 215)

Western personality –fragmented or whole?

In Lacan's (1977) reading of Freud, on one hand, human consciousness is not plural, but rather, fragmented.^x For Nietzsche and Jung, on the other hand, the self becomes whole when it dynamically synthesizes its antithetical psychological material. (Huskinson 2004: 5) Huskinson, in her comparison of Nietzsche and Jung says:

in abstract terms opposites cannot be reconciled or united to form a coherent whole. Opposites are defined as such because they are incommensurable. To say that they can merge is to introduce compatibility between them and to deny their essential contrast and conflict...union of opposites is a chimera (Jung 2004: 5).

These not only contest Du Bois' notion of double consciousness as a possible state of being, holding in its grip Afro-Americans as well as Gramsci's rulers, but also seem to opt for a more 'schizophrenic', and at the same time a more reductionistic view of human nature. If such is the case then, not only in those with hybrid, hyphenated identities, and hegemonic sovereigns, but in all individuals there is one ego so divided that it cannot be pulled together, resulting in fatal diagnoses such as schizophrenia.

However, Lacan points out that: "Freud introduced the ego into his doctrine by defining it according to the resistances proper to it" (Lacan, 1977: 186). This may ring a bell, via the dual perspective. He also mentions that the ego is notable "for the imaginary inertias that it concentrated against the message of the unconscious, operates solely with a view to covering the displacement constituted by the subject with a resistance that is essential to the discourse as such" (Lacan 1977: 186). Furthermore, in the same paper,

he refers to the “self’s radical ex-centricity to itself” (Lacan 1977: 191).

“The Black Atlantic”

Paul Gilroy’s (1993) *The Black Atlantic* is an attempt to develop Du Boisian double consciousness, to think outside the fixed boundary lines of individuals and nation-states, and to create a space in which a double consciousness that is both inside and outside modernity, can be conceived. This is not to say that the new *mestiza* (Bhabha’s hybridity) and Gilroy’s Black Atlantic mark the same space. Rather, it is to suggest that current conditions create the same kinds of problems for meaningful narratives in different parts of the globe. “Gloria Anzaldua, between Mexico and California, Salman Rushdie between Bombay and London, all give examples of identities which, though created by the new global capitalism, are resistant to its logic” (Baldwin 1999: 167). Gilroy, argues for the integration of the experience of Black Peoples into conceptualizations of modernity, but perhaps more significantly emphasizes hybridity of cultures as they interact and develop to form new connections and patterns. Like Bhabha he sees a danger in thinking of culture in terms of bounded, national, homogenous units and argues for a transnational perspective. So he considers the Black Atlantic or the African Diaspora which binds together the black people of Africa, the Americas, the Caribbean and Europe in a long history of intercultural connections... He argues that not one part of the Atlantic can be understood without considering its connections to the other parts. Thus within Diasporas all cultures are hybrid and all their products are syncretic.

According to Gilroy this means that any ethnically absolutist notions of British or European culture have also to be revised, which also implies according to Baldwin (1999: 177) that, in a sense, every single person on earth lives in diasporic space; all cultures are hybrid and all cultural products syncretic.

So would, I suppose, Ulrich Beck (1997 and 2000) argue that in the world today, moving from ‘the container society’ of nation-states toward a ‘reflexive cosmopolitan world society’^{xi}, and as well, Alain Touraine with his conception of the shift of interest in society as a ‘household’ that fulfils all necessary functions and duties (closed loop), to one that is composed of social actors where human rights are above all else, including social duties.^{xii}

Having extrapolated double consciousness in *The Black Atlantic* (1993), Gilroy brings Frantz Fanon to the discussion in his *Against Race* (2000). Quoting a paragraph from Fanon’s *The Wretched of the Earth* (1963), comments on it thus:

His words articulate a reminder that between the fortified encampments of the colonizers and the quarters of the colonized there were other locations. These in-between locations represent, not disability and inertia, but opportunities for greater insight into the opposed worlds that enclosed them. There the double consciousness required by the everyday work of translation offered a prototype for the ethically charged role of the interpreter with which our most

imaginative intellectuals have answered the challenges of postmodern society” (Gilroy 2000: 71).

Later on, in the same chapter *Modernity and Infrahumanity*, he adds:

While racisms endure, a distinctive understanding of identity does emerge from serious consideration of the dense, hybrid and multiple formations of postcolonial culture... A comparable state of being and not belonging has already been named by black thinkers as well versed as Amery in the esteemed traditions of speculative thought from which they were sometimes excluded by racial typology. They called it double consciousness” (Gilroy 2000: 77).

Gilroy thinks that the work of writers around the problem of Negritude, that of Leopold Senghor and Fanon as well as Aime Cesaire also provide possible points of entry to this field. He says:

Their work is special not because they transcoded the Hegelian speculations of African Americans like Du Bois into a different moment, but because, as Sandra Adell has so brilliantly shown, the black identities they argued with and argued over were partly created with a strange combination of conceptual tools provided by such unlikely figures as Leo Frobenius and even Heidegger” (Gilroy 2000: 77-78).

Walter Mignola, diverges from the pattern so far discussed, by arguing that “while hegemony allocates meaning, subalternity contests and reallocates”, which would give articulation a chance to work through the latter only. ^{xiii} According to Moreiras, Mignola’s “border epistemologies” “are based upon the force of a double consciousness that incorporates civilization to barbarism at the same time that it negates the hegemonic concept of civilization”. Using an expression suggested by Veena Das, Moreiras proposes that: “‘perspectival’ or ‘relational subalternism’ breaks the trap of hybridity thinking as the ultimate horizon of (counter) hegemonic cultural work” (Moreiras, 1999: 377-78). According to him, this provides an understanding of subalternist position in ‘formal terms’, which stands “outside any given hegemonic articulation at any given moment”. My hypothesis here relates to perspectival subalternity by positing a metaphoric and geometric distance from the socio-political center, but it is more comprehensive than Moreiras in that it also includes the hegemonic sovereign in its bosom, which position or moment also represents a sort of ‘off-the-center’ form of being, according to Gramsci via Machiavelli.

Double Consciousness: Double Burden or Salvation?

Those who formulated these concepts, it seems to me, inevitably destroyed once and for all, the neat unitary categories of personality and culture given by Western philosophical formations and the psychic unity of personality, of “the whole self” except when it is mentally/behaviorally disturbed. ^{xiv} The scientific community in the West may not have taken sufficient notice, but they have put doubt into many minds

concerning basic psychological axioms, i.e. that the individual is normal, healthy and happy only when the parts (or different wholes within) are in unison, opposites united, and the internal experience and consciousness in harmony. Together, they also prepare the ground for a more comprehensive contestation that personalities are much more complicated than dreamt up by any philosopher or psychiatrist in the early days of modernity.

Turning the Western axiom on its head, they pose the alternative that though the experience of double/multiple consciousness may be universal in varying degrees; the unity of personality is not. These thinkers, particularly Du Bois, Gramsci, and almost as comprehensively, Fanon (being hybrid and liminal individuals of the early 20th century themselves), have forced a change in extant theories of personality, throwing out once and for all, the axiom of the psychological unity of the self. In addition to a vertical layering of various hidden components from the social to the instinctual as formulated by Freud, they argue that there is also a horizontal stacking and interaction of palimpsest cultures/experiences that individuals inadvertently encounter in the course of a lifetime. If there is any dialectic truth in Hegel's conceptualization of consciousness itself as being dual, then all humankind possesses this capacity and disadvantage at distinct moments.

My argument however, stands: The extent of the proliferation of egos, consciousness and even 'souls' is contingent on one's geographic and metaphoric distance from the centre of the spectrum of dominance and affluence, in addition to hybridity; not an inevitable 'conclusion'.

Having a second ego, (an)other self, an alter consciousness or a companion 'soul', makes not only for a much more cumbersome life, but also a more complex, enriched personality as the Du Boisian argument, in a perverted sort of way, would lead one to think. The tension between the two norms/ideals (or an ideal and a norm) in combat or in somewhat adverse companionship, in other words, may not be totally without utility. It makes living more intricate perhaps, even painful, may increase the height and variety of one's sorrows and depths of depression, but also a little less indeterminate, while it performs an extra internal check of all past-present-future action and thought in the public domain.

Since time immemorial, the notion that the east is already in the west, the postcolonial in the colonial and the black in the white, -that is whenever and wherever the various poles of the world encountered and interacted with 'the other' - is also born by these concepts. Each 'other' would eventually be dialectically transformed; the *tabula rasa* metamorphosing into a bloody painting of multiplicity by millions of artists.

What good is it then, to have double/triple consciousnesses from a macro social perspective? No doubt homogeneous societies are more prone to scapegoating and racism once they encounter 'others' while the historically heterogeneous ones are less likely to do so (*ceteris paribus*, of course).

Could it be that those with some sort of 'double consciousness', are the very persons who have the potential to act as cultural brokers and initiate change in society and social attitudes? Is it in fact, the various 'others' that inadvertently help in eroding the Leviathan of Prejudice-Discrimination and help solve

dilemmas and conflicts created by their very presence?

Equipped with a plurality of consciousnesses, these 'others' may provide broader horizons for perceiving and acting upon the world at an individual level; but no less important is the impact they may create in transforming society and revolutionizing it from within. Describing their radical 'polycentric multiculturalism', Stam and Shohat refer to Du Boisian 'double consciousness' as "a form of being of those familiar with the margins, as well as the centre, (or even many margins and many centers)" (1994: 300). Seeing all cultural history in relation to power, they claim that such people are in the best position to 'deconstruct' dominant or narrowly national discourses. The 'epistemological edge' they have in relation to the dominant majority makes this possible. Stam and Shohat's polycentric multiculturalism "thinks and imagines from the margins, seeing minorities not as interest groups but rather, as active, generative participants at the very core of a shared, conflictual history."^{xv}

Are multi-cultural individuals and cultures directly influenced by the palimpsest egos in their bosom? Is it hybridity that leads one to have such alternative consciousnesses or is it unhealthy personalities and lack of psychic unity as claimed in classic Western philosophy and psychiatry? Or is there, as Bhabha would like to believe, a 'third space' which makes it possible for 'other' positions to emerge? And does this always happen in the context of difference and inequality, one way or another? I have only made propositions in these regards, but such questions also await empirical answers which can only emerge from the devoted and synergetic attention of anthropologists, cultural analysts, sociologists, and psychologists.

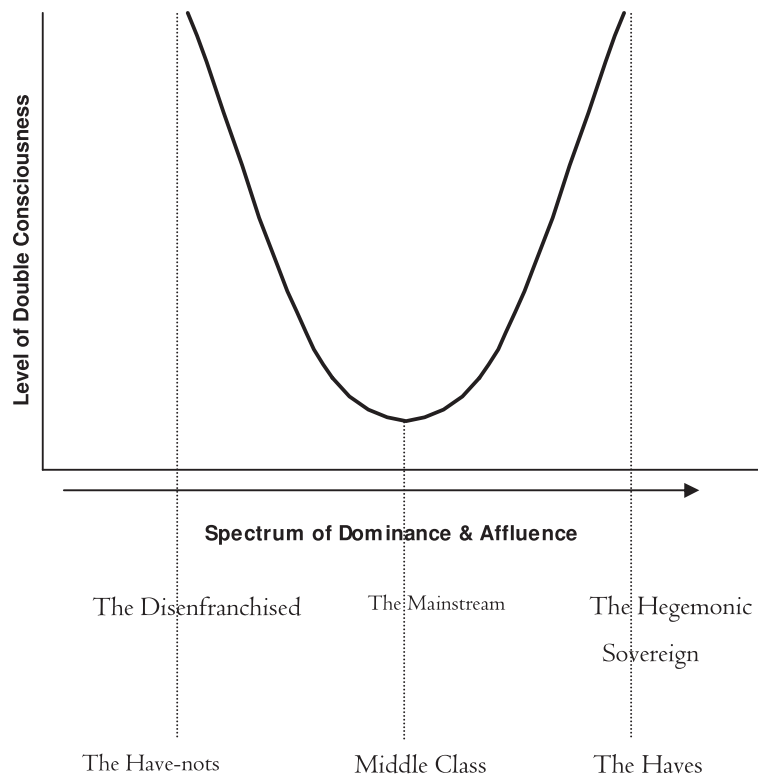
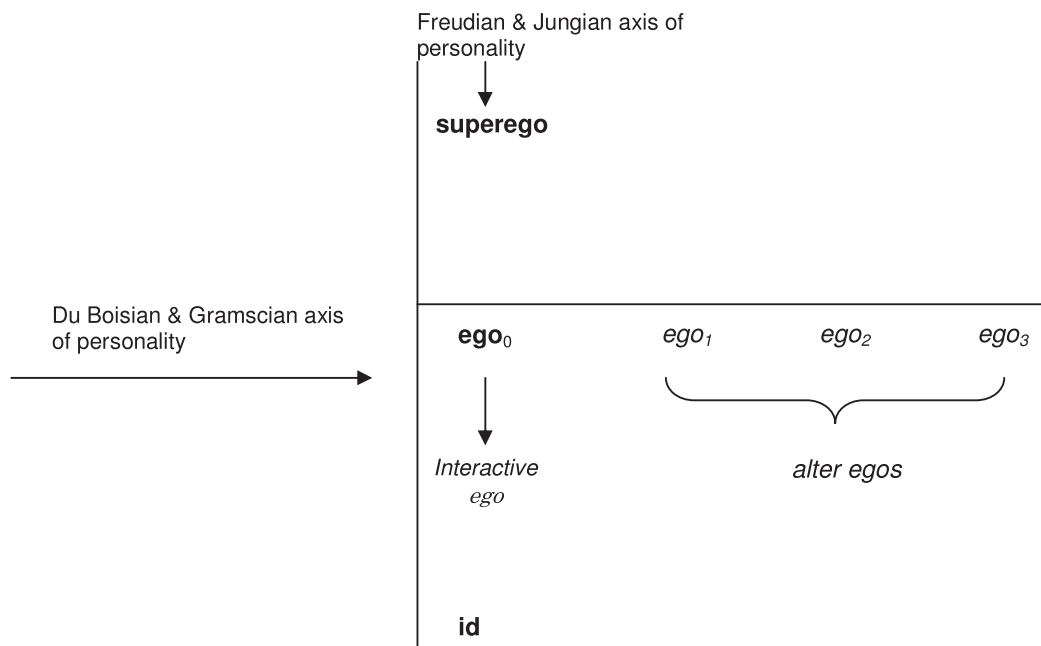


Figure 1: Relationship of Double Consciousness to the degree of relative subalternity and hegemonic sovereignty.



Collective unconsciousness

Figure 2: Relationship of Double Consciousness to the Freudian and Jungian views of personality.

Notes

ⁱ By this I imply that that the center is where most of the people are, in relation to the hegemonic, and not the position of the hegemonic sovereign itself.

ⁱⁱ “*You should understand therefore, that there are two ways of fighting: by law or by force. The first way is natural to men, and the second to beasts. But as the first way often proves inadequate one must needs have to the second. So a prince must understand how to make a nice use of the beast and the man..*” (Machiavelli, 1961 [1515]: 99).

ⁱⁱⁱ Jean-Paul Sartre, for instance, in a comment that could be considered racist by today’s standards, says “*They [the Jews] have allowed themselves to be poisoned by the stereotype that others have of them, and they live in constant fear that their acts will correspond to this stereotype.... We may say that their conduct is perpetually over determined from the inside.*” (Sartre 1995: 95).

^{iv} Especially his *Black Skin, White Masks*, 1986.

^v Du Bois, 1989: 5. No doubt here, he is under the influence of the Western tradition of the unity of the self, or the “whole self” as Huskinson refers to it.

^{vi} F. Hegel, *Phenomenology of the Spirit*, trans by A.V. Miller, Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1952.

^{vii} though not necessarily hierarchical.. In the conference where I first presented this paper, Dr. Peter Remington, chair of the panel, argued that Freud had definitely not foreseen the three (id-ego-superego) as in a hierarchical relationship. What I have in mind however, is the relative seclusion of the structures from daily experience rather than their dominance over one another. I would also argue though, that in Freudian analysis, one or the other component may dominate the other two.

^{viii} The HRAF Probability Sample represented a group of 60 world societies (before major contact with the West) that was randomly selected by the Human Resource Area Files and that could be used for academic research to test hypothesis and theories on world societies.

^{ix} See for example Erika Bourguignon, (ed), *Religion, Altered States of Consciousness, and Social Change*, Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1973.and Bourguignon, Erika. “Multiple Personality, Possession Trance, and the Psychic Unity of Mankind.” *Ethos*, v.17, no.3, 1989. Pp. 371-384.

^x See for example: Jacques Lacan, 1977, p.1-8 and also Chris Barker’s interpretation of Lacan and Freud, 2000, p.85.

^{xi} Ulrich Beck, 2000, “The Cosmopolitan Perspective: Sociology of the Second Age of Modernity” *British Journal of Sociology*, 51(1), pp, 79-105. (Ebsco) and U.Beck. 1997, *What is Globalization?* Cambridge, UK: Polity, pp.22-25.

^{xii} Alain Touraine, 2002, Commenting on “Agenda” *BBC World Service Radio Program*, broadcast on Sunday, Feb. the 10th 2002, 08:30 hours (=GMT plus 3 hours=time in Turkey).

^{xiii} Walter Mignola, n.d. “The Allocation and Relocation of Identities” typescript cited in Moreiras, 1999, “Hybridity and Double Consciousness”, *Cultural Studies*, 13:3, 377.

^{xiv} as in multiple or split personality, in paranoia and other kinds of schizophrenia

^{xv} Robert Stam and Ella Shohat, 1994, ‘Contested Histories, Eurocentrism, Multiculturalism and the Media’, David Theo Goldberg, ed., *Multiculturalism: A Critical Reader*, Oxford, UK: Blackwell, p. 300.

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Intellectuals: a Story from Enlightenment to the Modern World.

By Reyhan Atasü Topçuoğlu

Abstract

This study examines and compares different understandings of intellectuals in Enlightenment, and in the thoughts of Gramsci and Foucault who gained new insights to the issue. In short, this study is the story of the changing role of the intellectual in the modern world, and it questions the position of the contemporary intellectual in the modern market economy.

The Intellectual and Enlightenment

Do intellectuals construct a large group, or are they a very limited elite? Do they form their own social class, or are they a part of, or a tool of another class? Or are they leaders of ideologies and if so for whom?

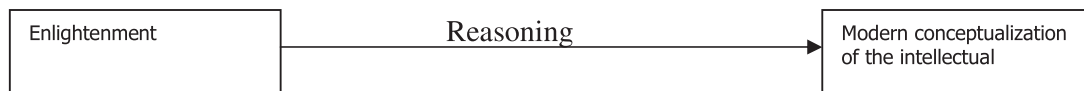
Whatever those answers may be, modern thought describes the intellectual as the one who thinks freely, and makes his decisions in the light of his own mind, knowledge and ethics. The intellectual has the status of a leader in the modernist conceptualization, as his function is to know what others do not, but need to learn. The high position of the intellectual in the social hierarchy can be traced back to the Middle Ages, when the only literate people and therefore the only people to produce and pass on literate knowledge were the clergy, in Europe and the mollahs in the Moslem world. In some properties of the modernist conceptualization, we can observe a continuation of the concept of the individual of Enlightenment: Kant in his essay ‘What is Enlightenment?’ declares that:

“Enlightenment is man’s release from his self-incurred tutelage. Tutelage is man’s inability to make use of his understanding without direction from another. Self- incurred is this tutelage when its course lies not in lack of reason but in lack of resolution and courage to use it without

direction from another. *Sapere aude!* 'Have courage to use your own reason!' - that is the motto of Enlightenment."(Kant, 1972, pp.3)

Enlightenment and modern conceptualization of the intellectual:

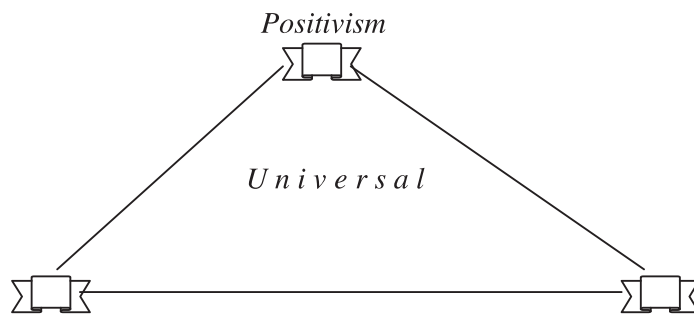
Here we have the sublimation of human reasoning. The cult of human reasoning forms one of the basic supports of the legitimacy and the respectability of the intellectual as a being who produces knowledge as a result of his or her reasoning. We have a direct link between the intellectual and Enlightenment, which is reasoning: Use your reasoning to discover and tell the truth; use your reasoning to explore and define every thing and all happenings in the world.



We can also find a similarity between the leftist intellectual (in the sense that Lukacs and Gramsci understood) and the scholar of the 18th Century, who deals with law and justice. The similarity is the (so to speak) universality of the concepts that the two parties symbolize: The philosopher of law suggests what is necessary universally, and what should be practiced universally, which are: natural law and natural rights. The same understanding can be traced back to both leftist and liberal intellectuals who explicitly or implicitly claim that their arguments are universal and therefore universally beneficial for everyone. This is not a surprising case because otherwise, if the intellectual's suggestions are controversial then he cannot be influential.

Effects of Modernism:

Declaring the universal is the common understanding of Enlightenment, Positivism, and Modernism. The comprehension of the intellectual described above totally fits the Positivist paradigm.



Natural law defends, natural rights

*the modern intellectual who knows
and represents the universal*

Gramsci, who also gave inspiration to post Marxists, had as a Marxist, modernist notions as well. Gramsci was an ardent socialist who had breathed the winds of the 1917 revolution, was also a critically thinking leftist. His properties naturally affect his views on intellectuals: he conceptualizes two types of intellectual, Traditional and Organic.

Traditional intellectuals are the ones with specific qualities and because of such qualities they stand as an autonomous group in society, independent from the hegemonic group. Gramsci's notion of a traditional intellectual reminds one of the 'free-floating intelligentsia' notions of Mannheim: a social stratum in modern society, relatively free of economic class interests and capable of acting as a creative, political force.

In his essay 'What is Man?' Gramsci argues that regarding *Organic* intellectuals:

"It is essential to conceive of man as a series of active relationships (a process) in which individuality – while is of the greatest importance- is not the sole element to be considered." and continues to say that "The individual does not enter relations with other men in opposition to them, but through an organic unity with them, because he becomes a part of social organisms of all kinds from the simplest to the most complex." (Gramsci, A.1959, pp77) These relationships that individuals enter "are not mechanical but active and conscious" so much so that man modifies himself "to the extent that he changes or modifies the whole complex of relationships of which he is the nexus". Gramsci concludes : ".....if individuality is the whole mass of these relationships, the acquiring of a personality means the acquiring of consciousness of these relationships, and changing it means changing the whole mass of relationships." (Gramsci, 1959 .pp.778)

In Gramsci, we can observe an understanding of opposition to the individual, and also to collectivity (society.) A reflection of this understanding appears to me as an opposition to the intellectual and to the masses. At this point a distinction begins to form: individuality versus collectivity. The intellectual is a reflection of the individual in the cultural life, which resists homogenization, which symbolizes 'quality' against 'quantity, numbers and masses'.

In Gramsci's status we can see another opposition as well, the understanding of the importance of

collectivity. As a socialist, Gramsci conceptualizes the individual (and the intellectual) together with his relationship to society, and society's relationship to him. According to Gramsci every man has the potential to become an intellectual, but in society not everyone shows this potential. The main reason for this situation is that we are living in a class society and because of the structure of class society, not everyone has the chance to reach the means to produce knowledge.

Gramsci also asserts regarding Organic intellectuals: "Every social group coming into existence on the original terrain of an essential function, creates together with itself, organically, one or more strata of intellectuals which give it homogeneity and an awareness of its own function, not only in the economic but also social and political fields." (Gramsci, A.1959 "The Formation Intellectuals" pp.180)

According to Gramsci every social group in the society creates its own intellectuals, to define, and defend the group's own interests and demands.

This analysis shows two different things:

- 1) Gramsci comes to the view that the working class also has the power to produce its own intellectuals to enlighten its way and also to lead them. This point does not stray too far from Lenin's discourse on intellectuals in "What is to be done".
- 2) These organic relations between intellectuals and groups could also be carried on in a new platform of demand and supply relationships in the markets of current society. I will comment further on this point in the final part of this paper, headed '*A Note on Market and Production Relations*'.

Foucault and his thoughts on intellectuals:

Foucault, as one of the most important postmodern philosophers who narrow the intellectual's function in the political sphere, defines the political intellectual as: the person who uses his knowledge and relations with truth in the political struggle against power.

We can say that Foucault's analysis of the intellectual generally deals with the West and Western history. He also studied Gramsci and his works on the phenomenon of the intellectual and on revolution.

Revolution is a radical and total change of the whole system and requires:

- i) a theoretical analysis of the existing system that will be changed,
- ii) a strategy for the revolution and

iii) a vision for the new system.

This means that revolution needs intellectuals in the modernist sense, people conceptualized as professionals of knowledge, who know the truths that others do not. This understanding puts intellectuals in a position further and higher than the crowd and assumes that they know and tell the universal truth.

Post modern objections to modern conceptualization of the intellectual.

In my point of view, post modern objections to the modern conceptualization of the intellectual in general and Foucault's objections to modern conceptualization of the intellectual in particular can be classified as such:

- 1) the critique of the 'universal rationality'
- 2) the critique of the understanding of 'universal truth' or 'one truth'
- 3) the critique of the modernity in general.

Foucault depicts Voltaire, an Enlightenment philosopher, as a typical example of the traditional intellectual. According to Foucault, a generally traditional intellectual (particularly Voltaire), locates himself somewhere outside the crowd, criticizes the crowd from the outside, and builds his critiques on the 'universal reasoning' and declares his critiques as normative and global theory. Traditional intellectuals construct a global social theory, a 'grand theory' to give answers to specific questions: an explanation of the world and what the world should be.

Foucault strongly criticizes traditional intellectuals. According to Foucault, history shows us that the suggestions, prophecies and predictions of the intellectuals and the facts and realities that people have experienced, are not coherent or consistent with each other. This situation constructs a legitimation crisis for the intellectuals as leaders.

But in essence, Foucault's criticisms to modern and traditional intellectuals are not just the result of various disappointments, (such as those that come after certain large scale revolution attempts like the Soviet Union), rather, his critics depend on a rethinking of 'power' and 'truth' but (most important for his analysis), the relationships between people and truth (in theory and practice), deconstruction of the notions of 'the theorists' and the appliers of 'the practices'.

"My intention was not to deal with the problem of truth, but with the problem of the truth teller, and the truth telling as an activity:...who is able to tell the truth, about what, with what consequences, and with what relations to power... with the question of the importance of telling the truth, knowing who is able to

tell the truth, and knowing why we should tell the truth, we have the roots of what could call the ‘critical’ tradition in the West” (Foucault, 2001,pp.iv)

Foucault simply wants to use daily and local practices and facts, instead of prophecies and predictions. “... it is fact that we have repeatedly encountered, at least superficially at a superficial level, in the course of the most recent times, an entire thematic to the effect that it is not a theory but life that matters, not knowledge but reality, not books but money, etc.” and continues “but it also seems to me that over and above, and arising out of this thematic, there is something else to which we are witness, and which we might describe as an insurrection of subjugated knowledges”¹ (Foucault, 1980a ,pp.81)

As far as I understand, here Foucault’s point is to return to knowledge and life, essentially to ‘life knowledge’. I believe this notion of ‘life knowledge’ constructs the essence of his understanding of theory and practice relations and his genealogy.

Foucault gives the name genealogy to “the union of erudite knowledge and local memories which allows us to establish a historical knowledge of struggles and make use of this knowledge tactically today.”(Foucault, 1980a, pp.83) Genealogical researches, he says, are also ‘anti-sciences’ that seeks to eliminate the tyranny of globalizing discourses with their hierarchy and the privileging of a theoretical avant-garde” (Foucault, 1980a, pp.85)

Notions of ‘life knowledge’ and ‘subjugated knowledge’ with the telescope understanding of theory and practice, also constitutes the mainstay point for Foucault, to break the (oppositional and) separated positions of the (thinking, knowing, theorizing and representor) leader intellectual and the (represented and) led masses. In his interviews with Deleuze in “Intellectuals and Power”, they declare the end of representation.

Both Foucault and Deleuze are interested in ‘lateral connections’ and ‘network of relays’ that go beyond the representational paradigm. Deleuze says: “a theorizing intellectual, focus is no longer a subject, a representing or representative consciousness,” and “those who act and struggle are no longer represented, either by a group or union that appropriates the right to stand as their conscience.” and he declares that “...representation no longer exists.” (Foucault, 1980b, pp.260) At this point we can also ask the question: how can someone who lives in a representative democracy, declare that representation is finished? But I choose to understand the ‘representation’ here, as meaning ‘the representing activity of the intellectual, who knows in the name of others’.

Foucault celebrates the masses who no longer need the intellectuals to gain knowledge for themselves and declares the intellectuals role “ is no longer to place himself somewhat ahead and to the side” in order to express the hidden truth to the collectivity.

I wonder if this declaration could be understood as the end of or the death of the intellectual as we know him up until Foucauldian times. Between his lines, there is a critique of Marxist ‘universality’ and the attempt to empower each resistance in its difference.

In Foucault's interviews with Deleuze, Foucault investigates knowledge from an unusual standpoint, as practice, tactic and intervention. In this context, Foucault and Deleuze, revise the intellectuals' role in militant practice. "The intellectual is no longer commissioned to play the role of advisor to the masses and critique of ideological content, but rather to become one capable of providing instruments of analysis."(Foucault. 1980a, pp.12)

Deleuze, says, "For us the intellectual theorist, has ceased to be a subject, a representing and representative consciousness.... there is no longer any representation, there is only action, theory's action, the action practiced in the relationship of networks" (Foucault. 1980a pp.206- 207)

Foucault names his new intellectual as a specific intellectual: one who no longer speaks as a master of truth, justice and its content, nevertheless, one to simply discover the truths of power and privilege. The role of the theorist is therefore not to formulate a global analysis of the ideologically coded, but rather to analyze the specificity of the mechanisms of power and to build little by little, 'strategic knowledge'. Foucault also internalizes the specific intellectual by himself as also having his own role in life and continues, "What we have to present are instruments and tools that people might find useful. By forming groups specifically to make these analyses, to wage these struggles by using these instruments or others, this is how in the end possibilities open up." ("Confinement, Psychiatry, Prison" pp15)

Foucault's and Deleuze's ideas or utopias may become true (a kind of local resistance which autonomously and collectively constitutes a mosaic of a large resistance) if we have the number of intellectuals that they imagined. But since we do not, we have problems: we are living in stratified societies (in terms of socio-economic conditions, nationality, gender, etc.) where everyone does not have the chance to reach the means of literacy, let alone knowledge. I think the philosophers of the West may have difficulties in imagining what a 20% of illiteracy means socially and politically.

Other problematic questions are: how can small and disconnected resistances combine to become a sufficient resistance to problems that have global magnitude, such as environmental problems? How can small resistances stop the US government, from removing her signature from the Kyoto Agreement? Or how can they stop or prevent the wars in the world?

A Note on Market and Production Relations:

Societies are experiencing an established capitalism (especially in the West). In our societies, intellectuals are the ones who earn their living through ideas. This fact is a distinctive characteristic of the intellectuals of recent history as opposed to their predecessors. Since the second quarter of 19.century we see intellectuals as alternative people in the aristocracy, who have wealth, time and curiosity; we observe them as anti-industrial, self enclosed and pre modern. Examples of this kind of intellectual are mainly the figures in Enlightenment, and in kinds of establishments such as Cambridge and Oxford universities.

But the intellectual, as the one who earns his living through ideas, differs from his ancestors before modernism. There is a market for ideas, and intellectual products, so there are buyers and sellers. At this point we can remember one of the golden rules of economics, that: every demand creates its supply. So in our societies, there is an inevitable dilemma for intellectuals between resisting, conforming and interpreting. From this standpoint we may question not only the supporting ideologies of the existing system but also the ideologies of resistance. Are ideologies of resistance, really talking about resistance or are they only representative but impossible utopias to practice, that have the function to fill the scene of democracy? In the market, are intellectuals subject to influence, control and even regulation, like the laborers and firms?

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Notes

¹ Foucault is identifying subjugated knowledge as “those blocks of historical knowledge which were present but disguised within the body of functionalist and systematising theory and which criticism- which obviously draws upon scholarship- has been able to reveal.” (Foucault, 1980a, pp45)

Polyphony in Miguel Barnet's *Biografía de un cimarrón*.

By BioDun J. Ogundayo

Miguel Barnet's *Biografía de un cimarrón*, belongs to the diasporan African literary genre known as slave narrative. This genre is an essential part of the corpus of African-American and Afro-Caribbean literatures. However, Barnet's book is unique because it is one of the few texts of its type that describes the slave experience from an Afro-Caribbean perspective; both linguistically and culturally (in this case Spanish and modern Cuba). The book, originally written in Spanish, is a presentation of the recollections of Esteban Montejo, a 105-year-old African ex-slave, who lived as a slave and fugitive, in the wilderness, and as a soldier in the Cuban War of Independence (1895- 1902). Barnet, a noted Cuban author is the originator of the tradition of *testimonio* (or testimonial) fiction in Latin American letters. He remains the genre's acknowledged master. The present text is oral, but it is transmitted as written, thanks to Barnet's editorial input.

The purpose of this paper is threefold:

- i) To discuss the genesis and the production of the text of Miguel Barnet's Biografía de un cimarrón,
- ii) to examine the nature of the narrator's (in this case Esteban Montejo's) discourse, and
- iii) to see how the interplay of several voices (polyphony) contribute to a reassessment of what Martha Cobb calls "that most abject of figures in literature, the slave" (36) in the narrative of power in black Cuban literature.

As a result of Miguel Barnet's editorial role, a triptych of embedded narratives is identifiable in Montejo's text: his subjective reality from which his personal story flows, the objective reality of Cuban colonial society and the larger and universal story of all enslaved and dominated people. Each narrative mirrors the other two in such a way that contiguity is a defining quality of the work and also serves as a key to reading it.

Two versions of Barnet's work have been used in this essay. One is the translation by Jocasta Innes, The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave, published in 1968 by Pantheon. The other is Nick Hill's version,

Biography of a Runaway Slave, published in 1994 by Curbstone Press. Judging from the titles, these translations themselves raise the problematic questions of: authorship, authenticity and interpretation. Also, the distinctions between history, biography and autobiography are blurred. The major concern here though, is to discuss the hero's perspective on the events that are the fabric of the text.

I. Miguel Barnet as Textual Authority

Slave autobiography in Afro-Cuban literature is really not new. It harkens back to Juan Francisco Manzano's accounts in the nineteenth century. The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave belongs to the literary genre broadly categorized by scholars as slave narrative. Miriam DeCosta-Willis, in her insightful essay, Self and Society in the Afro- Cuban Slave Narrative, states:

The autobiography in its various forms--slave narrative, journal, diary, personal chronicle, and autobiographical novel--is one of the primary genres of Afro- American literature for a number of reasons: (1) it developed out of a very rich African oral tradition with a strong emphasis on cultural identity, communal experience, and tribal history, (2) its form (a first-person synchronic narrative was particularly appropriate for expressing the dialectical tension between the subjective consciousness of the individual and the objective history of the society, and (3) its theme (the search for self identity and freedom in a hostile society) expressed the existential and metaphysical ethos of the race. (6)

However, a close reading of Miguel Barnet's work, and Montejo's texts, leads one to conclude that both deviate from the first part of DeCosta-Willis's three-part categorization in a minor, but significant way.

The origin of this work as a literary text is a response to two of Miguel Barnet's needs as some critics have convincingly argued. First of all, The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave developed out of Miguel Barnet's ethnological interests. According to David William Foster, "Barnet specifically introduces it as part of an ethnographic undertaking (and it was originally published in 1966 by the Instituto de Etnología y Folklore in Havana)" (51). In other words, Barnet was responding to an ideological need to fill the lacuna created by the absence of an authentic African perspective (complete with folklore and slave experience) within the master text of Cuban historical experience which David William Foster also identifies:

[There] can be little question that Biografía has an ulterior social motive: the documentation of both the authentic folk culture of Cuba that the revolution sought to recover and the deplorable human conditions that justify the revolution and its subsequent programs. (51)

Secondly, the genesis of The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave and the choice of Esteban Montejo as autobiographical subject, reflect Miguel Barnet's personal need to reintegrate his self into the contemporary Cuban literary doxa and establishment. William Luis argues:

The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave is not without political motivation. Perhaps Barnet seized upon the story of Montejo as an opportunity to resume a public literary life...He may have stressed the independent and revolutionary aspects of Montejo's life as a way of overcoming bureaucratic censorship. Whatever the causes, the results were clear. After the publication of The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave, Barnet was not only reintegrated into the literary establishment, but he became an important writer. (485)

Regarding the production of the text itself, it is obviously the result of the collaborative effort between Montejo, the centenarian ex-slave, and Barnet, the interviewer and editor. The process of narration and the selection of elements that constitute the final text presented to the reader are therefore subject to two levels of intent-Barnet's and Montejo's. Indeed, Barnet, in his introduction to the English version of Biografía, not only describes his method and the reconstructions he undertook to achieve a coherent text, but also admits having concerns different from Montejo's:

I inserted words and expressions characteristic of Esteban wherever they seemed appropriate. My particular concerns were the social problems of life under slavery... (7)

This editorial intervention clearly highlights the issue of textual ownership and authenticity. An immediate consequence is that the lines between fiction, autobiography and history are blurred, and we have a multiplicity of texts and voices.

The question of ideological neutrality then becomes moot, given that both Barnet and Montejo present two different and differing perspectives on the same reality: slavery. One could even talk of an ideological hierarchy. Without Barnet's ethnological and other motivations, Montejo's text would be nonexistent. Even though Montejo's story does come through, the choice of what is appropriate clearly implies control of the discourse of the work, and Barnet definitely has most of it as author-editor. Another consequence is authorial control. According to Elzbieta Sklodowska:

La intencionalidad y la ideología del autor-editor se sobrepone al texto original, creando más ambigüedades, silencios y lagunas en el proceso de selección, montaje y arreglo del material recopilado conforme a las normas de la forma literaria. (379)

[The intentions and ideology of the author-editor are superimposed on the original text; creating more ambiguities, silences, and gaps in the selection, arrangement, and telling of reproduced material. This process conforms to the norms of this particular literary form].

This editorial intervention raises some pertinent questions. Does the marginalized other really have a voice in the slave narrative since that narrative is the product of a whole culture whose mode of self-expression is the written/printed word? Whose text gets written? Whose voice really gets a hearing? In ideological terms, is it writing alone that confers presence and identity as far as the other is concerned? Does silence mean absence, loss of identity and death for the other, in this case Montejo? The last question is even

more important given that, by virtue of Barnet's authorship of The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave and avowed editorial fiat, it is he who confers presence and actually gives life to Esteban Montejo. It is also pertinent to recall that Montejo is illiterate and thus has little control in making sure Barnet does not misrepresent his words.

In the light of what both Barnet and the critics cited have written, a preliminary conclusion would be that a rewriting of the other is more the result of ideological goodwill, necessity, and choice expressed by a representative, in this case Miguel Barnet, of the dominant culture. It is less a question of existential necessity and choice on the other's part.

II. Esteban Montejo as Writer and Narrator of His Own Text

From the perspective of the marginalized other, the two principal elements that animate Montejo's text are his memory and voice. With these he generates his own discourse, through the same textual strategies of selection that Barnet (his editor- audience) uses, even though Montejo's choices are first-hand material derived from his life as a slave and stories told to him by his slave forebears. His real discourse is in the experiences he chooses to relate to Miguel Barnet. Thus Montejo not only creates and controls, but also participates in his own mythopoesis. At this point, Miguel Barnet simply becomes an agent of Montejo's memory as William Luis demonstrates:

[Montejo] was aware of Barnet's interests.... Perhaps Montejo knew that he was the only living runaway slave in Cuba and that his activities were going to be recorded. He was conscious of his own grandeur and literary destiny. Montejo recognizes his own importance and sets the stage for controlling the narration... In spite of Barnet's diligence in verifying historical events, Montejo seized the opportunity to glorify himself and others. Montejo recreates his own life by choosing subjects, which would be of interest to his listener. (480)

Montejo's awareness thus attenuates Barnet's editorial intervention and any possible misrepresentations of his (Montejo's) views and words.

However, it must be mentioned in passing that Luis's speculations in the foregoing quote seem to impute bad faith on Esteban Montejo by questioning his motives and implying that he told his story for self-aggrandizement. Indeed, and ideologically, this appears to be an example of blaming the victim, in as much as the initiative that led to the writing of The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave was not Montejo's but Miguel Barnet's.

Montejo's discourse in the text has certain unique features. These include the circumlocution typical in African languages (in this specific case Yoruba, as we will see); folkloric references to his African heritage and the haphazard, conversational tone of his discourse. These features as meager as they may seem,

impose on Barnet's writing and editorial skills within the totality of the work. Their net effect on the attentive reader is to persuade her/him that there is another version of history. The logical and necessary textual and authorial questions that follow are: Who is the master narrator in this book, Barnet or Montejo? Is there a meta-narrative? If yes, then whose is it, Montejo's or Barnet's? Are both distinguishable, from a narratological point of view?

Mikhail Bakhtin's analysis of the prose genre, which is pertinent to the reading of The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave, leaves no doubt as to the ideological significance of Montejo's discourse, in as much as the text is concerned with the thematics of alterity. Bakhtin, in his Esthétique et théorie du roman, states that every discourse or narrative, whatever form it takes, whatever modes subsume it, is an attempt at presenting a world-view:

Dans le roman, le locuteur est, essentiellement, un individu social, historiquement concret et défini, son discours est un langage social. . . . Le locuteur dans le roman est toujours, à divers degrés, un idéologue, et ses paroles sont toujours un idéologème. Un langage particulier au roman représente toujours un point de vue spécial sur le monde, prétendant à une signification sociale. (153)

[In the novel, the narrator is, essentially, an individual—social, historically concrete, and definite. His discourse is social speech. The narrator in the novel is always, in varying degrees, an ideologue and his words are always ideological. Discourse peculiar to the novel genre therefore represents a specific perspective on the world. It lays claim to social significance].

Indeed it is by the process of this persuasive act of telling (such as Montejo does), that the reader is informed of the other's identity, and of his humanity. Montejo's *representation*, done with the minimum of resources -such as orality and fragmented memory- could then be seen as nothing but an ideological project that is in search of social relevance. As a result, the other ceases to be marginalized by claiming the attention and focus of the audience and by being the voice that nourishes the very existence of the literary or historical text.

Esteban Montejo as a marginalized other starts his retextualizing activity by trying to constitute his social identity in spatio-temporal terms, using a two-pronged approach that involves the individual and the communal. The individual is described in terms of date of birth, name, parentage, ancestry and ethnic origin:

I even remember my godparents telling me the date of my birth. It was the 26th of December 1860, San Esteban's Day, the one on the calendar. That is why my name is Esteban. My family name is Montejo, for my mother who was a slave of French origin. . . . My father's name was Nazario, and he was Lucumí from Oyó. My mother was Emilia Montejo. (18-19)

A brief commentary on the narrative structure of the above statement is in order. First, Montejo, in describing his birth and childhood, uses circumlocution typical of the African (in this case Yoruba) response to

a request (by Miguel Barnet), such as ‘tell me about yourself’ that may have elicited such a response in the first place. Second, in Yoruba culture, such a univocal request is rarely made of an individual because both the questioner and the responding individual perceive the respondent in communal terms. Rather, one is led by a series of questions, in a call-and-response manner shown below, to self-identify in one of several ways:

‘Whose child/wife/brother/sister are you?’

‘From which clan/family do you originate?’

‘Which is your household/village?’¹

What is common to these questions is origin or one’s roots - both symbolically and genetically because, in African culture, personhood is but part of a branch of the family, clan or village tree. A call-and-response approach is the standard discursive procedure in a situation like this. Even when an African is compelled to talk about himself, he does it by first evoking or invoking his ancestry, family or elders and this is what Montejo does in the quote in question. In Yoruba culture, this evocatory act is called *ijúbà* or paying homage. Here again the self is contextualized in communal terms.

From all this, Montejo literally becomes the text. The fuller meaning of the term autobiography, as used in the title of the English version of *Biografía de un cimarrón*, becomes clear. Etymologically, it is writing oneself, even though Montejo’s technique is oral. The hero’s voice is the text. Furthermore, autobiography becomes an introspective exercise or in narrative terms, auto-reflexivity. The other re-presents himself through memory, which serves as a kind of mirror in which he sees or looks at himself. The purpose of this approach is to say both to himself and to his audience “I have a past, a history --therefore I am somebody.” A common-place state where we are all the sum total of our memories.

Montejo’s orphanhood, which he cleverly evokes, is but another symbol of the marginalization and exile that define the condition of *otherness*. He uses the same circumlocutory African speech pattern, as is his wont, throughout the text. Referring to his parents, he states:

They also told me my parents had died in Sagua. Truth is that I would have liked to meet them, but because I saved my skin, I was unable to. If I had come out of the woods they [slave traders] would have caught me on the spot. . . . Blacks were sold like piglets....I never met my parents... but this is not sad... (19)

The effect is to generate pathos in his audience. This unsolicited elaboration shows that speech for the African, or the Afro-Cuban such as Montejo, is truly a communal phenomenon. This has both an ideological and ethical dimension –co-opting our interlocutor into our lives, and in the process, making them appreciate our humanity. It is more than just reiterating history or narrating facts. Here, Bakhtin’s concept of dialogism comes to mind. Present behind the anonymity of the sign ‘slave’ is a thinking, feeling, human

referent, as both quotes demonstrate.

Regarding the communal approach, Montejo's philosophy and world view are contained in two elements: ideology and metaphysics. Ideologically, his abhorrence of slavery and oppression is expressed through his yearning for freedom. He is constantly on the run, like the biblical Cain. The dehumanizing consequence is that Montejo is a morally and socially stunted individual because he never really develops any lasting relationships. Little wonder then that trust and loyalty are values absent in him. However, fierce individualism and love of freedom motivate his participation in the War of Independence.

His metaphysics is encapsulated in his world view, which is not only pantheistic, animist and even fatalistic, but essentially African in its form:

The long and short of it is that I know everything depends on Nature. Nature is everything. Even what you can't see...because we're subjects of a God... The strongest gods are the ones from Africa...I don't know how they allowed slavery. (17-18)

This attitude is signaled from the start and continues throughout the work. References to various African myths, beliefs and folklore abound in the work. In the eyes of a westernized Miguel Barnet, this world-view has a "poetic, surrealist slant" (8) as expressed in the introduction to the English version of the work. However, Montejo's references to African folklore and mythology can be viewed in two closely related ways: a) He uses them for the ideological purpose of valorizing them above Christian Catholicism. For example, he constantly portrays the agents of Christianity--the priests-- in the most negative light possible and with resentment. b) His references to both Christianity and Catholicism are less the expression of religious conviction than the acceptance of a reality, in as much as both are part of the master narrative of the dominant ideology of the slave masters. In this regard Jean-Pierre Tardieu's perspective is pertinent:

[Cela] n'est pas dû à une réflexion théologique ou à un acte de foi, mais à l'acceptation d'un fait accompli et indépendant de sa propre volonté. Le profond malaise d'Esteban est dû au fait que le christianisme est la religion des esclavagistes. Certes, il ne l'avoue pas ouvertement, mais de nombreuses réflexions tout au long de son autobiographie mettent ce sentiment en exergue, à tel point. . . . qu'il se transforme en ressentiment (43-47).

[Montejo's acceptance is not the result of a theological reflection; nor is it an act of faith. It is the recognition of a situation independent of his control. Esteban's profound discomfort comes from his awareness of a fact: Christianity is the religion of the slave masters. While he certainly never openly admits this, throughout the text, several musings of his highlight his feelings such that they, taken together, become a major source of resentment].

The general effect of this double approach is that we see the creation of a personal myth (Montejo's) couched in a heroic narrative. The best expression of this can be found in Montejo's positive valorization of the Lucumís; slaves belonging to his own ethnic and cultural stock, the Yoruba. He invariably portrays

them as rebellious, courageous, freedom loving, and spiritually and morally superior to other groups in Jocasta Innes' version of *Biografía* (32-36). Again, narrations of his experiences; whether as a *cimarrón*, a freedom fighter, or simply, as a human being, generally depict him as someone who has survived against all dehumanizing odds. His heroism is inherent in his telling. His creation of a personal myth is a conscious ideological choice, in terms of its constituting elements, as I have attempted to show. It is as if one were reading about a great mythic figure and his exploits, eventual triumph, and heroism (See Luis, p. 480).

In a larger context *The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave*, as a re-textualization of the other, the reader is reminded of the hero epic. In the seminal mythology of Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, the hero, chosen by destiny, undergoes a rite of passage which he must survive by force of personality (10). Survival then has metaphysical ramifications both for the individual and his society because it is a transcendental act. Thus, Montejo, like all mythological heroes, has to defeat death (of slavery) to be reborn into a higher level of being. He becomes *Afuwape*, the hero of the Yoruba Ifa epic, whose name literally means 'he who endures by virtue of character'. The rite of passage is characterized by the tripartite process of separation, initiation, and return. Herein is the full import of mythopoesis!

In Montejo's case, separation is in the contiguous historical realities of an orphaned childhood and slavery. The totality of his experiences as a result of these could be read as the initiatory aspect. *The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave* and Montejo's narration (especially his abundant references to his African origins, through cultural artifacts, both linguistic and folkloric, as the very fabric of this text) could be conceptualized as his return from death and the non-identity, which slavery, both as a commercial and an ideological enterprise, has imposed on him and his race. His return (textually), has both existential and metaphysical implications. It is life-affirming in the face of an ideology that has systematically denied the other for centuries with all the enthusiasm and vigor it could muster. It suffices to recall Montejo's statement in Nick Hill's version of the work: "Blacks were sold like piglets" (19).

III. Polyphony in the Re-textualization of the Other

Ideologically, Esteban Montejo's text is a veritable palimpsest because underlying it are other texts, namely memory and culture, which in themselves function as repositories of civilization. Montejo's various linguistic references to African culture and folklore confirm this fact. Each one of these can lead the reader to the original and specific language, culture, and place in Africa. In this respect, two authors that readily come to mind are Roger Bastide the French anthropologist and Julio Garcia Cortez, whose book, *The Osha: Secrets of the Yoruba-Lucumi-Santeria Religion in the United States and the Americas : Initiation, Rituals, Ceremonies, Orishas, Divination, Plants*, is written from the perspective of a practitioner of Afro-Cuban santería.

Thus, Montejo's role is twofold: to provide a repository of racial memory and to be a spokesman for the *other*. In his voice we hear the voices of not only his African ancestors, but those of all enslaved and

marginalized people. He becomes the *griot* or *portavoz* (literally, voice bearer). His discourse becomes, according to William Luis, “a communal activity in which others participate” (482). Montejo himself seems to admit this when in The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave he states:

What the old men enjoyed most was telling jokes and stories. They told stories all the time, morning, noon and night, they were at it constantly. There were so many stories it was often difficult to keep track of them, you got so muddled up. (161)

The work effectively becomes polyphonic. There is narrative filiation between what Montejo has been told by his godparents and the old black slave at the mill, amongst others. All this he appropriates and incorporates into his own discourse; which in turn is appropriated by Miguel Barnet, re-presented as his own ethnographic text, and which subsequently becomes Montejo’s biography/autobiography. According to Mikhail Bakhtin:

Dans le roman, l’homme qui parle et sa parole sont l’objet d’une représentation verbale et littéraire. Le discours du locuteur n’est pas simplement transmis ou reproduit, mais justement représenté avec art et... représenté par le discours même (de l’auteur). (155) See Luis, p. 480.

[In the novel, the narrator and his words are the object of a literary and verbal representation. His discourse is not simply transmitted or reproduced, but represented artistically by the very discourse of the author.]

Miniaturization or *mise en abyme* is also related to the concept of polyphony. It is the telescoping or, framing of a text into subtexts based on specific narrative perspectives. Thus, Esteban Montejo’s story or text is thematically a telescopic version of Cuba’s development as a nation vis-à-vis its colonial masters--Spain and the United States—especially when viewed in terms of the hegemonies of oppression, exploitation and hardship. Personal mythmaking is but a step to national mythmaking. Indeed, the ultimate paean to Montejo and his Lucumis is Cuba’s adoption of Santería as the national religion, even though the avowed official ideology is communism. There seems to be no contradiction since both celebrate the community and the communal as their central ethos.

Ideologically then, the work would be part of the Castro régime’s mythopoesis whereby Montejo’s odyssey becomes that of Cuba’s, in its journey towards nationhood and sovereignty. Modern Cuban history shows that it evolved from Spanish colony and slave territory to a client state of the United States, until 1959 and the Castro revolution. Since then, in reasserting itself, it is a ‘given’ that Cuba as a nation has not only faced economic blockade and embargoes by successive American governments, it has also been politically undermined by a conservative and right-wing exiled population in the United States -- most of whom are aided and abetted by successive American administrations. Thus, The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave becomes a series of texts: parallel and contiguous at the same time. In the context of alterity, all are brought together by Montejo’s telling to be the testimony that confers voice, authority, identity and presence on a hitherto silenced and denied other--the story of empowerment.

IV. Cultural artifacts in the text

Cultural artifacts in this book can be classified into two broad categories, linguistic and non-linguistic, for the purpose of clarifying their significance to the ‘uninitiated’ (or non-Yoruba² reader). More than anything else, these artifacts give the term autobiography (in Jocasta Innes’s English version) its full etymological power because Montejo makes them come alive, even after more than a century of separation from his Yoruba and African origins. Not even the worst kind of dehumanization can annihilate the profound and irrevocable mark of culture on an individual. Thus, culture is affirmed as a fundamentally transcendent and spiritualizing experience. It is profoundly indelible.

Traces of African languages abound in Montejo’s narration. It seems that Miguel Barnet, as ethnographer, has not fully discussed the cultural implications of these, notwithstanding his avowed socio-historical sympathies. His footnotes are inadequate, especially for the uninformed reader. For example, Barnet is strangely silent on the cultural importance of Montejo’s Yoruba ethnicity-- which in itself is a veritable text-- especially given its relevance in modern-day Cuban culture and spirituality. Cuba is officially an atheistic society (it is communist), yet *santería*, a syncretic offshoot of Yoruba traditional religion, is practiced by an overwhelming majority of today’s Cuban society. Yoruba influence also permeates Cuban (and Afro-Caribbean) religion, music, languages, and food. It is the ultimate symbol of resistance and survival against Euro- American slavery, colonization and domination. These linguistic traces powerfully illustrate the inter-related concepts of palimpsest and polyphony. They describe layers of text or voice underlying other texts and voices--a multiplicity of perspectives. The following examples, while orthographically different from their African cognates, are linked to the different African languages still in use today:

From Yoruba: *amala, chekete, Oggun, Yemaya, obi, Alafia*.

From Hausa: *sunsundamba*. *Sunsu* is Hausa for bird.

From Central and East African (Bantu) languages: *nganga, nkise, mayombe, mambise, musungo*.

African foods such as ‘farina de amala’, (*amala* is still a staple diet in Yoruba land: a yam flour porridge of harder consistency) and *chekete* (fresh corn beer), attest to the power of memory and also make Montejo’s narration more than just literary realism. They are residual elements of the trans-Atlantic passage from Africa to the New World of Afro- Hispanic Cuba.³ Daily rituals of personal hygiene such as evoked in Innes’s *The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave* (31-32) also give authenticity to Montejo’s telling. For example, the ‘chewing stick’ is the most common device in dental and oral hygiene, particularly in Yorubaland.

In fact, it has a widespread usage in many non-Western cultures of Africa, Asia and the Middle East.

Dental research has proven the medicinal ability of the different barks and sticks to cure certain oral diseases. Confirming what these peoples have always known before the advent of modern Western science, Christine D. Wu, a professor of periodontics at UIC College of Dentistry, Urbana, Illinois states:

It is generally accepted that oral hygiene maintenance through regular removal of dental plaque and food deposits is an essential factor in the prevention of dental cavities and periodontal disease. Methods for oral hygiene vary from country to country and from culture to culture. Despite the widespread use of toothbrushes and toothpastes, natural methods of tooth cleaning using chewing sticks selected and prepared from the twigs, stems or roots from a variety of plant species have been practised for thousands of years in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and the Americas. Selected clinical studies have shown that chewing sticks, when properly used, can be as efficient as toothbrushes in removing dental plaque due to the combined effect of mechanical cleaning and enhanced salivation. Chewing sticks are obtained from the roots of various plants [in] African, Asian and Middle Eastern countries. . . . Some survey results have shown that people who use the chewing stick have fewer cavities and healthier gums. . . . Researchers have also found that the sticks contain chemotherapeutic agents that inhibit plaque formation.⁴

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Notes

¹ I am Yoruba, from Oyo in southwestern Nigeria and could easily relate to Montejo's speech mannerisms.

² See also Simon Kirby. *Function, Selection and Innateness: The Emergence of Language Universals*. Ph.D. Thesis. University of Edinburgh, Edinburgh, UK. 1996. Internet. April 21, 2004. URL: <http://www.ling.ed.ac.uk/anonftp/pub/staff/kirby/thesis>

³ Cabrera, Lydia. *Anago/Vocabulario Lucumi: El Yoruba Que Se Habla En Cuba* (Colección Del Chichereku En El Exilio) Miami, FL. Ediciones Universal, Reprint edition (June 1986).

⁴ Christine D. Wu, I.A. Darout, N. Skaug. "Chewing sticks: timeless natural toothbrushes for oral cleansing". Journal of Periodontal Research, Volume 36, pg. 275, October 2001.

In the Light of Scarry's *On Beauty and Being Just*: Reading a Post-Modern Iraqi Painting into Perspective.

By Zaid N. Mahir

In her aesthetically guided book *On Beauty and Being Just* (Princeton: 1999), Elaine Scarry argues that beauty is allied with truth and that, as such, it ignites our desire for justice. She draws upon examples of artistic production, with particular emphasis on the French artist, Matisse and his replicas of the palm tree, to prove the significance of perspective in appreciating beauty. What she ascribes to beauty, that is, its affiliation with truth and justice, is generously supported by examples from various eras of recorded attitudes towards art - from Aristotle down to the twentieth century. She develops her argument carefully, smoothly, and unaffectedly. There is even a sense of gradation characterizing her argument. It is not until she has persuasively exhibited how beauty has the power, as it were, to generate awareness of truth, that she turns to explain why she believes beauty is able to direct attention to injustices and thus acquire a noble status in human life. My aim in this essay is to read a post-modern Iraqi painting through Elaine Scarry's idea of perspective, to show through reflection and exemplification how beauty confers on both the perceiver and the beauty being perceived as the gift of life, as Scarry says.

One

"What is the felt experience of cognition at the moment one stands in the presence of a beautiful boy or flower or bird?" begins Part One which is entitled 'On Beauty and Being Wrong.' Then comes the answer: "It seems to incite, even to require, the act of replication." Scarry goes on over six pages to explain the innate power that beauty has upon us- the power of generating copies through the human sensory perception. Scarry draws attention to the resultant replicas and the kind of sense perception involved in the appreciation of beauty and generation of replicas. Replicas may be exact, similar but not identical, or (apparently) dissimilar and disconnected from their origin. As regards sensory appeal, appreciation of beauty via the sight faculty, for instance, may be regenerated through sound or touch faculties. Hence the variety and richness of artistic production- painting, music, song, poem, sculpture, etc. Hence the

possibility of endless interaction between beautiful objects (I am using the word ‘object’ in an inclusive sense here) as they lend themselves to admiration and appreciation, on the one hand, and the human onlooker (or listener, etc, for that matter) as he/she approaches beauty recognized, say, in physical nature.

The various examples of beauty interacting aesthetically with their human appreciators suggest, further, an “impulse toward a distribution across perceivers [which] is ... the most common response to beauty” (p. 6). We would want other human beings to share with us the aesthetic pleasure of sensorily admiring a beautiful object as long as it continues to be where we can appreciate it. The idea of distribution itself attests to our spontaneous tendency to prolong our “staring” at, and consequent admiration of, a beautiful object. A sense of innocent enticement finds its way through and we, smoothly and voluntarily, begin to feel attached; attachment becomes wholesome, almost overwhelming, so that our whole perceptivity is drawn as if by a charm or magical power to the beauty in question. Scarry argues that we *then* will want beauty to remain in the perceptual field. So powerful is this desire that, if the object moves about the place or changes position, we will voluntarily alter our own position in order to perpetuate our admiration and appreciation of it.

“This willingness continually to revise one’s own location in order to place oneself in the path of beauty is the basic impulse underlying education” (p. 7). It is an impulse to acquire greater clarity of perspective, even when the object has now become clearly discernible. The educational effect, it goes without saying, is both informative and suggestive. It is informative because it directs attention to what has already existed but (due to some reasons on the part of learners- social, doctrinal, or other) has not been adequately perceived by this or that individual. But it is also suggestive in as much as it, first, interacts with the pursuer of education and raises his/her perception of objects, values, and convictions deemed noble and sublime and, second, motivates concordant action.

Taking Scarry’s argument a step further, one may say that revision of one’s own location to maintain and increase clarity of perspective is an attribute of those involved in perceiving art, particularly pictorial art, and is fully understood by artists to have a technical significance.

My example in this context is a painting by a postmodern Iraqi artist, Raghad al-Shawwaf. It is called *Fantasy City*,¹ and is produced as a series of three paintings each of which reveals the spatial attitude that the artist, as an onlooker at a distance, had when she attempted to paint her vision of beauty in imagination. In other words, the three paintings can be regarded each as a replica of the fantastic city al-Shawwaf entertained in her creative mind as a possibility. However, what is often described as fantastic may still have elements of reality; but it is reality transformed in order to explore the possibilities that exist at least potentially in art. The first painting reveals a distant view of houses on a desert land, with leafless and branchless trees rising as high as the houses themselves. On the right side of the painting, below, there is a portion of a lake with a few rocks on the edge. The idea of a lake in the desert readily reminds one of an oasis, a phenomenon common on the vast sand stretches of the Arabian Peninsula.

The houses are in the form of traditional *tungas* usually found in urban Iraqi households until the twentieth

century. Tungas were used to keep drinking water overnight. By the morning, the water would cool down and thus serve to quench the thirst of daytime life in a hot country. A tunga is traditionally a bottle-like curvilinear jar from the top surface of which a long neck is stretched. It ends uppermost with an opening for water to pour from. Along the neck, two small hoops are attached as handles, separately but symmetrically. The painting reveals a variety of ways in which these handles are positioned on the jars. That is, they are variously attached to the neck from the top surface upwards; they may begin at the surface and go up all the way to the uppermost drinking edge. In this case, they cease to be circular and will assume an oval shape. Now the painter has visualized the tunga as a house with windows and a main door on the frontal part of the jar. Since the tunga was originally made of clay- argillaceous earth- from the land of Mesopotamia and baked as pottery but without glazing, its functionality in Iraq was closely associated with the cultural background of Mesopotamia. In that background, we are often reminded, brick was first made. Brick and clay were among the key foundations of architectural achievements in Sumer, Babylon, and Ur.

To use the traditional Iraqi jar in a painting as a framework of a house-structure depicted, in water colours, by an artist who calls her painting a *Fantasy City* means, among other things, that the painter, in her exploration of artistic possibilities (form, dimension, impact, space, etc), has realized the potential for beauty that no longer exists or, conversely, is scattered as a relic from the past to which we are inattentive. That is to say, in Elaine Scarry's argument, it is beauty to which we are doing wrong precisely because we can no longer concretely see it in our surrounding and thus fail to find it beautiful. The painter here is an onlooker of beauty that exists sporadically in physical reality but also, and more significantly, persists in its own terms in the artist's recollective memory. This latter form of imaginary existence lends the artist its hand to bring what is lurking in imagination out into physical reality. Imaginary existence becomes possible through art. And, since it is the spatial attitude of the artist that determines for her how the painting would look at a distance, we, potential admirers of the finished work, are invited to approach the *Fantasy City* through the available perspective. Not only does this apply to detail, but also to colour and shade.

We see a great variety of colour. In the frontal left side of the painting (from our perspective), there is the desert sand wide and empty, stretching rather narrowly behind the lake to the right end of the painting. The sand colours are basically green, off-white, and light brown. These are the colours with which caravan travelers on the Arabic Peninsula are familiar. But these colours are not made independently distinct from one another, since imposition of self-contained visibility entails the existence of border-lines within the same plain. And there are no such border-lines in reality. Rather, as the painter's distant view shows, it is a blend of colours. Indeed, it is a harmonious blend that carries with it the implication of undisturbed existence enjoying its own serenity and, as it were, self-sustained beauty under (and in spite of) the scorching sun of the Peninsula. A small patch of green on the far left below seems to suggest an exception to the overall desert landscape; perhaps it is the earth trying to breathe life into the sand, defiantly exposing itself to the sense of plainness and flatness dominating the surrounding. And there is a thin, long, brown line, looking like a groove and extending from one of the houses in the front, down to the left, but ending abruptly somewhere before the green patch; it looks as though it were drawn by some mysterious power towards the patch but, unable to sustain its vigour, was swallowed by the sand.

Then there is the lake- small, bounded, somewhat marginalized, but clearly discernible- calmly breathing out its existence into the surrounding sand. It does not appear in its entirety in the painting; still, the painter's skill is such that the portion we see enables colours (and shades of colours) to reinforce the significance of the lake and bring it back from the margin. The water appears to be a mixture of blue and violet, with shades of light blue and a hint of purple, all coalesced in a sense of oneness that distinguishes the lake- as a structural composite of the painting- conspicuously from the rest of the scenery. This stark visibility of the lake, for all the apparently reduced space that it occupies as a detail, throws into relief the very few rocks, salty-looking and off-whitish, situated at the nearest edge where water calmly touches the sand. In their rarity, they look as though they had been cast away from a great distance and, having by virtue of their smallness and scantiness been denied home elsewhere in the *Fantasy City*, landed at the edge of the lake whose calm and quiet was seen as a welcoming gesture. Water in the desert cannot be anything less than tolerant; otherwise, it will not cope.

Overlooking the lake and its sandy affiliate is the architecture of the city dwellings-the tungas. These appear in a variety of shapes, heights, and colours attesting, as they do, to the positions they occupy in the paintings in relation to the onlooker's eyes. Some have an off-whitish apparel tinged with gray; others incline towards the beige and shades of green; those in the back are wholesomely red, crimson, and dark-looking. In both the near houses and those in the background there is a sense of unity realized through basic structures such as windows and window-panes, doors and entrances, neck-handles, and uppermost openings. Yet, the houses do not extend along a clear-cut, straight border-line as is the case with houses in urban towns and cities. For in their establishment, the tunga houses follow the law of their own environment- the law that made them possible. In the Peninsula, where sand is the most conspicuous, dominant physical reality, nature defies mathematics and creates its own concept of symmetry.

Symmetry is articulated only through uneven distribution of what, otherwise, would be a violation of modernity and its illusion of man-made perfection. The architectural details of these dwellings are typically local; they point to a certain design to be found, until the second half of the twentieth century, in the oldest residential areas of Baghdad. They remind one of houses, very few to be sure, that have survived the sweeping hand of modern change and remained intact for tourists to pay homage to.

Now these dwellings are befriended by trees whose figure, however, has a gruesome and outworn appearance. In fact, they look too haggard and shadowy to approximate the concept, let alone the sense, of tree that we know of. One wonders why on earth such appalling and de-energized forms should show up in a painting that professes to be a fantasy city: they are so deformed, so mutilated, so amputated that we cannot, given our matter-of-course perception of imaginary beauty, even find them (or any such figures) worthy of attention! Are they a bunch of burnt-out trees dispersed recklessly over the painting with nothing to their name but shameful existence? Are they once-upon-a-time viable beings transformed later throughout the course of history to meet a Kafkaesque standard of postmodernity of life? Could they be, on the other hand, some vague frail- looking creatures passing as marginal but bearing in their supposed hollowness seeds of daemonic breath not born yet? So impossible is their presence in the painting that to prolong thinking of them would be to distract attention from all the other (major) details in the view. Yet,

and as our admiration of the two other paintings will soon show, it is rather hasty to pass judgment now.

But what about the space where the houses reside? How does it look? It seems to be in a state of harmony with the structures and the landscape, displaying one main colour in the sky- purple- with shades of faint green, yellowish- beige, and light gray in the distant horizon. Purple dominates the uppermost part of the painting so much so that one is invited to ask whether this has anything to do with the red and crimson high houses in the rear. For these houses, in their dark apparel and vertical posture, seem to have drawn the attention of space to themselves. They are engrossed in redness; they are self-contained and almost totally independent even of the ground on which they have been erected. Perhaps they defy subordination. Perhaps their presence exerts pressure on their immediate surrounding and, thus, rejects contrary colours. The space, in response to the call, suffers itself to be entangled in the world of red and crimson structures, creating a sense of harmony that is, however, not quite spontaneous or restful. It is harmony that seems to be enforced rather than resulting from joyful interaction. A close look at the sky will reveal to us some sort of motion too slow to be stark but also, and more significantly, too demanding and pervasive to be disabled. The sky appears to be saturated with what it cannot afford to harbour comfortably. It is pregnant with what exceeds its potential for patience, endurance, or tolerance. And it is articulating a kind of restless, though silent, discontent that cannot be denied motion.

On the other hand, and as soon as our eyes wander around, they are caught again by off-whitish houses in the front. How do they maintain their light-colouredness under a canopy of purple? Is it the influence of the lake, whose distance from the red and crimson structures in the rear has invited what amounts to a friendly smile of satisfaction at being distinct, that we might attribute to the light-coloured houses? In art, as in nature, space is granted to those details that best occupy space. And if the canopy is denied complete dominance in the *Fantasy City*, it is because what has caused the denial is well entrenched in its own space and capable of interaction with its immediate neighbours, rendering the influence of external forces fractional. It is this ability that a visual object has- to maintain its stature and poise against a less favourable background- that directs more attention to the object itself. The bleaker the details in the rear grow, the more articulate the beauty of the object becomes. We will want to see the distinction as it offers itself to us. We will voluntarily be involved in comparisons of details. Some of the details do not appear to be significant by themselves; however, as the gradually-growing bright apparel of the object draws our visual faculty to it, such minute details begin to acquire position. It is position that invites our sensibility to re-form our impressions, as onlookers at a distance. What was, a little while ago, a bunch of simple, unsophisticated, and rather helplessly uniform windows in the light-coloured lake-friendly houses will now, given our increasing perceptivity, become features in a kind of facial image that defies banality. We will appreciate the tiny little patches of red in the lower right angle of each of the four panes of the window. These red patches *then* lend themselves to whatever interpretations our sensibility gives vent to. They can be seen as eyes engaged in a long meditative look at something in their own surrounding, something we might not at all be aware of: Is it the basically but variedly dark limestone-like formations in front of the house in the middle- the house of three windows? If so, what is it that attracts these red patches of eyes to the stones? For there must be something of real value in them to draw attention of the main door of the house as well: the door likewise has eyes and is engaged in the act of admiration. At once our eyes move

in the direction of the stones and we start to look with wonder. Prolonging the look, that is, the act of admiration (for why shouldn't we, since these seemingly lifeless details- windows and door- are constantly engaged in the same act which we, disillusioned human beings, believe is exclusively ours!), the stones now begin to demand our visual, then, perceptive attention. And the question: What is the significance of the stones there? And, perhaps, another: What is to be searched for in the vagueness of the stone-dump?

Soon, however, raising our eyes for a break, we realize the presence of other houses nearby- houses that are variedly as light-coloured and off-whitish, thus *distinct*, as the one we have been admiring. At once we notice the absence of the tiny little red patches from most of the windows and doors. Even before allowing ourselves the pleasure of searching for an explanation of the said absence, we are spontaneously drawn to look at certain details- doors and windows- and approach them individually in their own terms. The process of admiration, needless to say, continues in what seems to be growing into a state of sensory openness (as opposed to closure) that engages, shortly afterwards, other details of colour, outline, shade, etc, distinguishing these red-patch-free and light- coloured houses. Questions pop out more readily than before, their rhythm accelerating, and we are hardly able to catch up with them. The need to pose questions becomes increasingly attached to our ongoing aesthetic experience of admiration, so much so that the realm of questions turns out to be prone to expansion and, with it, the scope of our visual admiration. Our eyes, now wandering ceaselessly all over the painting, carry our mind's questions and inquiries. The questions proliferate and at once we are indulging in teleological queries about outline, figure, space, colour, and so on: breath-taking queries with the potential for generating an artistic discourse as viable as we wish it to be. I say 'wish', because then, at that moment of aesthetic engagement, it is in our hands to prolong the process of artistic appreciation as long as our power of imagination allows us to do. It is then that we, enthusiastically but knowingly, realize our potential for aesthetic discursivity: we will argue for details that we find beautiful, as well as for details we initially (and hastily) have ruled out as insignificant. Our appreciation of beautiful objects will spontaneously generate appreciation of the less beautiful. And all while we are standing at the same distance the painter has chosen for her spatial perspective.

Two

What happens, then, when we change perspective and revise location, as the painter does in the second painting? We immediately notice significant changes in detail, colour, and space. The first change to notice is, perhaps, that of colour. It is basically red with shades of orange, ocher, and scarlet. The sky is one whole wash of red, distinct and self- supported, extending from right to left in what seems to be a portion of a larger canopy, not seen in the painting, to which this patch intrinsically and firmly belongs. The sky looks so engrossed in that kind of overwhelming red that one is tempted, at the very first look, to attribute to the larger canopy a sense of stillness, dominating and dictating for everything inside the painting. The red colour and its variations extend all the way down to the houses and their neighbour-trees, traversing an empty space of the colour of dust. As soon as our eyes go down to the front, where the houses reside, we notice a conspicuous interplay of orange, brown, white, and gray overlapping but not undermining certain

several details of structure and form. This drastic change of colour all over the painting draws attention to itself and compels us to pause and ask the following questions: What to make of this alteration? What does it suggest or serve to explain? What meaning to infer from it? But such questions cannot be answered without an examination of the change in detail that the painting clearly displays and highlights.

The painter's eyes' camera, so to speak, has closed on the *Fantastic City* in this replica, narrowing the distance we had in the first. Here two of the front-houses-originally off- white, grayish, and beige- appear, not in their entirety, but from the uppermost drinking edge down to the doors. Their clay-baked structure has taken on a blend of red, ocher, orange, and brown, varying in intensity and stretch. The windows are utterly white, but the tiny little patches of red in the lower right angle of each of the four panes have disappeared. The windows are closed. But something new has found its way to the surface-area around and between some of these windows- small clusters of pale yellow- ocher, looking like grapes or, perhaps, whole seeds of nutmeg or peeled pecans. Their location is rather odd. Further, they look like clusters without stems. The doors are generally gray but none of which appears complete in the painting. In fact, the one on the left reveals so little of its structure that, if it were not for the door of the right house (the house of three windows), we might have ruled it out as the result of an impatient stroke meant to close the entrance once and for all, just as a big rock closes a mysterious cave and cuts it off the rest of the world. These doors have not undergone significant changes. The right one, however, has a pair of small dark strokes of eyes-blank and lifeless and engaged in the same act of meditation we saw in the first replica. If anything, they look sad and downcast, with a tinge of stifled anger. And although there is a white, paned window on top of this door, it is firmly closed, with no signs of its being put to use.

This sense of closure seems to permeate the entire painting, as if the closed doors are intended to be emblematic of a general atmosphere of seclusion, unfriendliness, and absence of joy. The gruesome and haggard trees, now more daemonic and less frail- looking than they appeared to be in the first replica, partake of the general atmosphere. They are closer to the eye than anything else in the painting and, in their closeness, tower above the two houses themselves. Indeed, they look as though they were ascending towards the red canopy, as though there were no limit to their ascension. Their darkness makes us restless: why do they look so ominous? Are they meant to be a visual herald of some kind of danger, looming above and about to engulf everything in the *Fantasy City*? An uneasy feeling begins to creep into the skin, as we persist in sharing the painter's spatial perspective. We may well feel we are being denied access to the city. However, since our admiration of the first replica enabled us to realize some tenderness and harmony among the various elements of the picture, regardless of their size and significance, the sinister look of this red world will not put us off. We extend our gaze and attempt to see through the front houses and their appalling trees what exists in the rear: three or four house-structures, very small and almost featureless, sharing the same colours of those in the front and surrounded by weaker forms of the gruesome, bleak trees. All this is against a wash of pale aureolin that looks like a series of high mounds or low mountains. The space is pale; the horizon is overcome by a sense of impending dark.

What is it that we look for in this painting? If beauty takes place in the particular, as our admiration of the first painting has shown, then the particular details here do not yield themselves to a smooth interaction

with the onlooker, since they are bound to be part of the unhappy and restless atmosphere. But then, should we attribute this dismal outlook of the painting to the impressions that the red colour and its affiliates have left upon us? In other words, are particulars in art influenced or, worse, overshadowed by aura caused by basic composites of a given artistic production? A painting does not exist without colours, just as music does not exist without tunes, poems without words, and sculpture without clay. Colours, tunes, words, and clay exist by themselves, yet they cannot produce meaning until they are enabled to do so by artists who, presumably aware of the potential of meaning-making these composites of production have, will use their power of imagination to articulate meaning. Art exists but does not make sense until it engages those who appreciate it in an aesthetic act of admiration- a gaze, smell, touch, etc. when art is produced, meaning becomes possible. The second replica of the *Fantasy City* is indeed an artistic production entitled to produce meaning. Yet, the painting is too pregnant with colour to allow certain specific details- trees, doors, and windows- to thrive independently and draw attention to themselves without being part of a predominant whole. Particulars are here governed by aura. So, what can we infer from this intricacy and this attitude? Or, better, can we infer meaning from particulars without being caught up in a trap of colour impressions?

Scarry says: “Even if the alteration in perception were registered not as the sudden introduction of a negative sensation but as the disappearance of the positive sensory attributes the thing had when it was beautiful, the moment might be equally stark and highly pitched.” The blue and violet lake of the first replica, tolerating a handful of salt- like fugitive rocks, is totally absent from the second one. The green and light brown desert sand, harbouring the thin, grove-like but incomplete brown line, is likewise absent. No small patch of green, defiantly breathing life into the sand, is to be seen any more. No eyes meditating, no serenity, no feel for life; not even the sense of desert where, yet, possibilities of beauty exist. Instead, we have a space enclosed and a few details dominating the space. Disappearance of positive sensory appeals in the second replica must have had its initial impact on our response to, and interaction with, the overall view. The impact is so great that we feel restless at not being able to find beauty here in the same way we did in the first replica. We may even regret coming under the influence of particulars in the first and, accordingly, we may underestimate the total scene in the second. Why are we allowing this appalling sight to take over our sensory perception? What is it that we are doing wrong to, by failing to repeat the aesthetic experience of admiration we had?

The red colour is often suggestive of, among other things, a burning desire for some unattained goal, an eager aspiration to do or obtain what has hitherto been denied, or an intense longing for the articulation of hope that is possible but is stifled or besieged. The city is a *Fantasy City*; it is imagined and visualized in a setting (the desert) that often poses challenges to life and human existence. The first replica revealed to us the perspective within which the city was potentially viable. But it was a distinct perspective. Revising her location, the painter got close enough to see (and paint) a different reality. In each of the two replicas she tried to translate a three-dimensional existence into the two dimensions offered by a flat piece of paper. She wanted to capture beauty that existed only as tiny and minute details but that offered itself to her imagination in all its splendour, inviting her to take the challenge and seize the moment. But in the second replica, where she changed perspective enormously, the challenge was greater. The brush went

on registering what the burning desire had dictated. But how can we find a clue to explain the longing? The beauty of the first aesthetic experience could not have given way entirely to bleak and dismal reality. There must be something in the new experience that resists marginalization, some *particular* that is so viable that, for all the discouraging atmosphere, has kept itself intact, perhaps by transforming itself temporarily into an apparently insignificant detail. We stare again, now more carefully than before, knowing that staring, as Scarry reminds us, “is a version of the wish to create.” A closer look at the front part of the painting will then offer the clue: the small clusters of pale yellow ocher hanging, with great intent and resolve, on the walls between the closed windows. Those grapes, those seeds of nutmeg, are *the* particular that beauty takes place in and through which it resists oblivion. As we prolong the gaze, we begin to see how the beauty of the first aesthetic experience has relentlessly survived there, only to prepare us for an ultimate version of beauty that is yet to be born.

Restlessness subsides as the moment of release draws near. There is no need to wrestle with counter impressions anymore; they existed as part of the total aesthetic experience to which our perception has been subjected so far. As soon as we turn our eyes to the third replica, we recognize where the transformation has occurred: in the trees. Beauty was sustained in a particular.

Three

The painter’s eye’s camera has now got as close to the object of admiration as it could, revealing to us changes no less radical than those it revealed in the second replica. Again the changes are in detail, colour, and space. The landscape is largely a wash of light colours- Prussian blue, French ultramarine, light gray, and white all mixed to reflect an open horizon and spacious sky. This background occupies the painting almost entirely and lends to it a lively touch, implying that the space is given over to life and the sky is the limit. A feeling of serenity and delight spreads all over, tickling the relaxed air into an innocent giggle and breathing incense into a desert that now appears as a portion of a land, a poor excuse for earth, almost marginalized so that it serves only as a ground for the tunga-structures and the trees. The ground is painted yellow with faint white and touches of aureolin. It does not extend long; with the opening horizon, it seems to be too frail to gain significance. There is even a clear border-line between the farthest end of the desert and the horizon, limiting the prospects of sand stretches in the painting.

From that insignificant desert land, one tunga-house rises. It is the house of three windows. The house reveals less than it did in the second replica: the drinking-edge, neck, handles, down to a point where the second half of the lower windows does not appear. Although the windows are closed, they are not dull white. Rather, they have shades of permanent rose and light scarlet, made more impressive by contrast with a mixture of faint yellow and bluish white scattered on the clay structure around the windows. The radical change in colour has now reached the hoops and made them gleam with variegated hues: violet, olive, beige, hazel, light gray. A feel of lurid glow seems to emanate from the lively interplay of hues on the tunga-house, inviting a long and examining look. The longer the gaze, the more radiating the tunga

is. We linger in admiration, our eyes incessantly moving from one particular to another in what seems to be developing into an endless survey. We follow the white-gray blend as it climbs up towards the edge, creating a soft halo around the neck, before reaching its destination, only to yield the uppermost periphery to a ring of charcoal colour and yellow ocher.

Once we reach the edge, we realize how far we have gone in admiring the playfully glaring tunga, so far that we nearly forgot the most obvious clue of transformation. The once-upon-a-time daemonic creatures have turned to blooming trees, branching and ready to leaf. Two trees have so far bloomed, rising far higher than the tunga-house, towering above everything in the landscape, and suggesting that their upward movement is not meant to stop. Their trunks are as real as those we see in a natural world untainted by the civilization of cement. Their colour is basically olive and dark gray, repainted with layers of light blue, hazel, and yellow ocher. Short streaks of glowing green have forced their way up, from the point where branching begins, infiltrating the entangled net of boughs, and warmly disturbing the virgin white of space. Boughs and twigs are intertwined in an intimate cuddle of love, briskly dancing in a friendly air to rhythms of eternal joy. The dance persists and we are moved to join the twigs in play. The sky above seems to be drawn to the scene of sublunary delight. The white, the blue, and ultramarine conspire to keep the canopy as open as they can. Perceiving beauty thus at large, we get involved in a quest for life. The vivacious trees, the object of the gaze, become partners in the quest, in this moment of reciprocal impact, in this sensory dialogue. Oh, yes, “the moment of perceiving something beautiful confers on the perceiver the gift of life,” just as the moment of perceiving beauty also confers on the object the gift of life.”

Notes

¹ <http://www.nobleworld.biz/images/shawwaf.pdf>

Deconstructing the Narrative: Language, Genre, and Experience in *Erasure*.

By Kimberly Eaton

“The realist text is a determinate representation, an intelligible structure which claims to convey intelligible relationships between its elements” (Belsey, 1980, p.107).

“Indeed, there is a general rule of realism to which virtually all nineteenth and twentieth century novels, at least those in the Western tradition, subscribe: the authorial audience knows it is reading a work of art, while the narrative audience believes what it is reading is real” (Rabinowitz, 1987, p.100).

“To become a logic of narrative it [plot] has to turn toward recognized cultural configurations, toward the schematism of narrative constituted by the plot-types handed down by tradition” (Ricoeur, 1985, p.43).

Percival Everett’s novel *Erasure* is a constantly shifting narrative that questions the structure of many types of form. On the cover, the title, outlined in red and white, appears as a label placed on top of the book. Standing behind it is a portrait of a young, bare-chested, black man whose identity is ambiguous. Is this person Theolonius ‘Monk’ Ellison, the narrator? Is the figure Van Go Jenkins of *My Pafology*? In back of the man loom the words of Van Go’s style of language that Monk disowns from the black experience. Percival Everett’s novel *Erasure* deconstructs language, the novel, the black experience and forms of stereotypical practice to demonstrate that meaning, which common social understanding defines, is a construct that does not leave space for alternative narratives to exist.

Monk Ellison’s essay, which he presents at the Nouveau Roman Society, is an example of Everett’s deconstruction of language in *Erasure*. The dense paper explores the concept of S/Z as a subject, the ‘/’ acting as both a wedge and a joint between the two letters. The paper states, *“In establishing its own subject, ostensibly Balzac’s Sarrasine, it raises the question of whether that text is indeed its subject. And of course it is not, as S/Z tells us, its subject is the elusive model of that thing which Sarrasine might be argued to*

be a representation” (Everett, 2001, p.14). ‘S/Z’ both deconstructs and constructs the subject through the ‘/’ by exploring the plurality of signification and the suspension of meaning.¹ Monk writes this paper as a scholar in creative writing and English literature, the same profession as Everett, who, in actuality, composed this academic paper (Everett, 1999). Everett creates an ambiguity about who is actually dissecting the subject in “F/V: Placing the Experimental Novel” because the narrative audience reads *Erasure* as Monk’s journal but the authorial audience regards it as Everett’s novel (Rabinowitz, 1987, p.96). Everett’s deconstruction of the subject and the author who explores the subject in the paper shows the influence of the person completing the process of signification with defining the subject.

Monk’s deconstruction of language analyzes not only the subject but also the definition of words. Monk explores the subjectivity behind the communication of a sentence, stating that intention cannot completely define the meaning of words: “It’s incredible that a sentence is ever understood. Mere sounds strung together by some agent attempting to mean some thing, but the meaning need not and does not confine itself to that intention” (Everett, 2001, p.44). The perception of a listener is subjective and has the potential to comprehend a meaning that differs from that of the speaker. The sign is only able to stand for an object (the signified) because of a common understanding of its meaning through the speakers of language. Paul Ricoeur describes the possibility of making language a closed system:

As for its systematic organization, it can in turn be mastered if it is possible to reduce it to a finite number of basic differential units, the system’s signs, and to establish the set of combinatory rules that give rise to all its internal relations. [. . .] The immanence of these relations – that is, the system’s indifference to any extralinguistic reality – is an important corollary of this closure rule that characterizes a structure (Ricoeur, 1985, p.30).

Ricoeur’s statement claims that language must differ from any reality outside of linguistics if it is to be a closed system. Monk’s assertion indicates that language must exist as an external system because of meaning’s subjectivity. This lack of objectivity demonstrates that there is no combinatory set of rules to regulate the relations between the words in a sentence. Monk’s deconstruction of the consistent meaning behind words and sentences reveals the inadequacy of language to describe alternative narratives because the linguistic message receiver will interpret based on their own understanding instead of that of the sender’s.

Monk’s continues his exploration of the relationship between words through the comparison of four sentences. Monk examines these sentences through focusing on the differences in the meanings of verbs and how those differences depend on the perception of the reader, listener and speaker. He writes, “I have often stared into the mirror and considered the difference between the following statements: (1) He looks guilty. (2) He seems guilty. (3) He appears guilty. (4) He is guilty” (Everett, 2001, p.207). The meanings of these sentences are ambiguous because of the many possible supposed references by the verbs. ‘He looks guilty’ has a variety of possible interpretations because ‘looks’ can apply to facial expression, demeanor or gestures. ‘He seems guilty’ is more vague than the first sentence because ‘seems’ can apply to non-visual aspects such as speech. ‘He appears guilty’ is similar to the first sentence because ‘appears’ is once again obscure about what exactly makes the male person look guilty. ‘He is guilty’ is the most definitive sentence

in the list. Monk's questioning of the differences between these statements inquires into the way the reader associates specific meanings to language. Do the first three sentences give the reader the impression that 'he' is guilty, even though they are certain degrees of implication? Monk's examination of the difference between four similar statements reveals his doubts about the consistent meaning of language, an obstacle he must encounter while attempting to communicate effectively with his audience. Fredric Jameson argues that convention can replace indications and signals (i.e.: intonation, gestures), which mark speech to keep language from drifting in an ambiguous, multiplicity of uses (Jameson, 1981, p.106). Convention is both a solution and a problem for Monk because it aids in the consistency of the perception of language's meaning. However, Monk's struggle to publish his work and avoid racial stereotypes shows that conventional meaning reinforces the narratives that readers are already familiar with and suppresses alternatives.

Monk not only explores language in abstract ideas; he also investigates its meaning in his own life. He recalls his parents' hostility towards homosexuality and how they labeled it. He remembers a particular word of his father's: "My parents talked rather badly about the *queens* that paraded the street near my father's office, but, more than anything, thinking of sexual preference, or that there was sexual preference, didn't exist. My father had a term, which I heard once, for a homosexual man and that was *Eye*. I never did discover how the word came to mean anything" (Everett, 2001, p.45). Monk does not see 'Eye' as signifying anything and, therefore, attaches no meaning to the sign. Ironically, the word 'Eye' is a homonym with 'I,' and Monk chooses to place those two words in italics in this passage along with the word 'queens.' Monk informs his audience that his parents did not acknowledge the existence of sexual preference, yet 'Eye' is the part of the body that sees, creating an association between the visual and the homosexual. In addition, Monk uses the term in *My Pafology*; Van Go Jenkins calls the makeup artist, Queenie, at the Snookie Cane show an 'Eye' (Everett, 2001, p.112). Monk gives the word meaning by using it. His placement of it into a novel he hates, in the speech of the most despised character, implies his negative feelings about the word. The juxtaposition of Monk's initial refusal to give 'Eye' meaning with his later insertion of the word into *My Pafology* as a degrading epithet reveals the inconsistencies in a standard meaning of language.

In addition to language, *Erasure* deconstructs the form of the novel. The juxtaposition of the book as Percival Everett's novel and as Monk Ellison's journal creates an ambiguity about to whom this narrative actually belongs. Monk informs his readers in the opening paragraph that this book is his journal. He writes, "My journal is a private affair, but as I cannot know the time of my coming death, and since I am not disposed, however unfortunately, to the serious consideration of self-termination, I am afraid that others will see these pages" (Everett, 2001, p.1). Monk feels concerned that his journal might one day become accessible to others, yet *Erasure* is a published novel. The words 'a novel' are on the bottom right hand corner of the cover of the first edition. On the other hand, the book itself has pages with tattered edges that support Monk's claim of its journal status. One possible conclusion of this ambiguity is that the book exists as both a novel and a journal. David Herman (2002) writes, "[. . .] a given storyworld participant can be both Subject and Object over the course of a narrative" (p.130). According to Herman's theory, Monk can be both the subject that writes his journal and the object of Everett's novel, despite the fact that he writes it in the first person. In addition, his breaking away from novelistic form is actually an asset to the

genre because the novel evolved by breaking away from convention (Martin, 1986, p.18). Everett tosses away the boundaries of structural binary thinking in many ways; *Erasure* is a fluid literary piece because it oscillates between genres. Monk is both the subject and the object simultaneously. Jameson claims that genre is a social contract between the writer and the public who must specify the proper use of a literary work (Jameson, 1981, p.106). Everett's presentation of his book as a multi-genre piece of literature illustrates the limitations of current genres to express his narrative.

Everett also breaks the form of the novel through many passages of conversations between artists. These episodes violate literary convention because they exist completely outside of the plot (Aristotle, 1951, 27). The author makes his literary work less accessible to the non-academic audience through his references to highbrow figures. He writes:

Rothko: I'm sick of painting these damn rectangles. Renais: Don't you see that you're tracing the painting's physical limits? Your kind of seeming impoverishment becomes a sort of adventure in the art of elimination. The background and the foreground are your details and they render each other neutral. The one negates the other and so oddly we are left with only details, which in fact are not there (Everett, 2001, p.222).

Everett's inclusion of a conversation between Rothko and Renais, famous artists, excludes the less educated reader, much in the same way that Monk Ellison's novels close out a general audience. From the perspective of *Erasure* as Monk's journal, this conversation is possibly a dream or an idea for a novel. Monk never explains the purpose of these passages, thereby ignoring the narrative convention of causality (Lacey, 2000, p.15). If the audience understood these episodes to be writing ideas, they would be the possible cause of Monk's future literary endeavors. The ambiguity of the purpose of the passages is the exact reason that the reader is unable to discern their possible cause in events of the narrative.

Erasure includes another conversation between two famous artists that deconstructs the notion of the relevance of an original artist in addition to the conventions of the novel. Everett/Monk writes, "*Rauschenberg: Well, it took me forty erasers, but I did it. de Kooning: Did what? Rauschenberg: Erased it. The picture you drew for me. [. . .] I've already sold it for ten grand. de Kooning: You sold my picture? Rauschenberg: No, I erased your picture. I sold my erasing* (Everett, 2001, p.227-8). The fact that de Kooning creates the picture is no longer important; Rauschenberg has altered it into his own piece of art and succeeds financially with it. In the same light, *Erasure* is clearly a novel written by Everett, as the publishing information informs the audience; however, Monk Ellison has formed it into his own narrative. There is the objection to this argument that Monk is, to the readers' knowledge, a fictional character. Everett, in his portrayal of the reception of Stagg Leigh's work, shows that the existence of a writer in reality has no bearing regarding the creation of a narrative. Stagg Leigh is also a fictional creation, but he has his own narrative, *My Pafology*, which is Van Go Jenkins's narrative, inside of Monk's journal. This example of a narrative embedded in another narrative, in addition to the conversation episodes, demonstrates a shift in the narrator but not in the narrative level because Monk does not yield to Van Go Jenkins, the intradiegetic narrator (Nelles, 2002, p.343). The multi-layering of the creation of art within another artist's piece reveals

that Everett has composed a series of narratives that exist both within and in contradiction with each other.

In addition to language and the novel, Everett deconstructs the stereotypical black experience by writing about a character that constantly has to fight off the accusation of not 'being black enough.' Monk does not define himself primarily through race, a category in which he claims to have no belief (Everett, 2001, p.2). He insists that his writing does not have to be about race just because he happens to be black. Monk writes novels about scholarly concepts, which have limited success. In his spare time during his trip in Washington D.C., he decides to visit a Barnes & Noble, which he refers to as the Wal-Mart of bookstores (Everett, 2001, p.28).

I went to Contemporary Fiction and did not find me, but when I fell back a couple of steps I found a section called African American Studies and there, arranged alphabetically and neatly, read *undisturbed*, were four of my books including my *Persians* of which the only thing ostensibly African American was my jacket photograph. I had become quickly irate, my pulse speeding up, my brow furrowing. Someone interested in African American Studies would have little interest in my books and would be confused by their presence in the section (Everett, 2001, p.28).

Monk's initial reaction is irritation that this misplacement of his books is hurting his success, because readers who are interested in African American studies will find that his books do not apply to the subject. Furthermore, readers who are interested in the subjects that Monk writes about will fail to find his novels in the sections that they peruse. Monk makes note of the fact that the only African American aspect of one of his novels is photograph of himself in the jacket, realizing that his physical appearance is a more prominent factor in classifying his literature than the work itself. Monk's primary point, that he does not have to write about race just because he is black, is an argument that must rest on common values, hierarchies, truths and lines of argument that he has with his audience (Fisher, 1987, p.125). Monk is successful in this endeavor by appealing to the value of literature; he does not denigrate the field of African American Studies. He states that those readers would be looking through the wrong books, his books, to explore their interest. Monk's deconstruction of the stereotypical black experience through his avoidance of race in his writing is his establishment of his own experience as a black man.

Monk's frustrations about his writing are not only about the mistaken categorization of his literary work; they are also about outside pressure to write about race. Monk is disappointed when his agent, Yul, informs him of yet another publishing company's rejection of his latest novel. Yul explains the publishers' desires and expectations of a black writer:

'The line is, you're not black enough,' my agent said. 'What's that mean, Yul? How do they even know I'm black? Why does it matter?' 'We've been over this before. They know because of the photo on your first book. They know because they've seen you. They know because you're black, for crying out loud.' 'What, do I have to have my characters comb their afros and be called niggers for these people?' 'It wouldn't hurt.' I was stunned into silence (Everett,

2001, p.43).

Monk realizes that, because he is black, publishing companies want stories about stereotypical black experiences from him. Monk feels the limitations of a market economy, but not in the same manner as the stereotypical poor member of the inner city, black population. The demand for literature about the inner city experience hurts Monk's abilities to publish his books and thereby make a profit from them. Fredric Jameson comments about the shift to the commodification of literature: "With the elimination of an institutionalized social status for the cultural producer and the opening of the work of art itself to commodification, the older generic specifications are transformed into a brand-name system against which any authentic artistic expression must necessarily struggle" (Jameson, 1981, p.107). Publishing companies would rather print popular fiction such as *We's Lives in Da Ghetto* because it will earn money. Monk discovers that profitability, and not quality, is the primary factor for authors to publish. Monk's endeavors to print his work not only to emphasize his refusal to write about race, but also to question the worth of the literature that is available on the market. The implication is that alternative narratives, such as his own, do not sell and thereby do not frequently get published.

Despite misgivings, Monk writes a novel about the stereotypical black experience in the hopes of earning money to support his aging mother. He writes it under a pen name, Stagg Leigh, because he refuses to put his name on a work that he regards as a piece of trash. The novel, *My Pafology*, (later cheekily renamed *Fuck*) is an example of a narrative embedded into another narrative. It is a parody of Richard Wright's *Native Son*. No character in *Erasure* ever mentions this fact, leaving Everett's audience to wonder whether Monk's public is aware of the overlapping in both stories. The fact that no one ever notices this obvious and deliberate similarity demonstrates that the American public, both academia and the readers of Barnes and Noble's best-selling fiction, are in fact unaware of any version of the Black experience. Monk twists many aspects of the basic plot, including a change to the Daltons to a black family. This maneuver is one way that Monk is able to get his own voice into this novel that he despises; he is able to illustrate a different black experience that more closely resembles his own. Monk introduces Penelope Dalton as a recent Stanford graduate who wants to visit Van Go's neighborhood for fun rather than political aims. Her actions reveal her attitude about the lower class area. "Penelope look at Roger and he look at her and they bust up laughin. 'You're kidding me,' Penelope say. 'Four babies? Are you married?'" (Everett, 2001, p.105). She and her boyfriend, Roger, find the fact that Van Go has four children funny. Their conversation is for entertainment and curiosity's sake; there are none of the speeches about political changes that are present in Wright's novel. Monk is illustrating, through this scenario that not only are there affluent blacks, but that they do not always associate themselves with the rest of their race. Penelope and Roger may make offhand suggestions about college but they clearly have no commitment towards helping Van Go better his life. Monk's depiction of Penelope Dalton reveals a disassociation with race that he himself feels. Even when writing this stereotypical novel, Monk is sneaking in his own ideas about the black experience (or lack there of) that he has been trying to communicate to others throughout his own narrative. *My Pafology* is an example of a narrative that both reinforces the dominant culture while underhandedly putting it into question (J. Miller, 1990, p.70).

Monk's outrage at literature's stereotypes based on race culminates in his reaction to Juanita Mae Jenkins best selling novel, *We's Lives in Da Ghetto*.² Monk feels chagrined to find this book on the nightstand of Marilyn, his romantic interest. He is irate to find that a person whom he respects spends time reading a novel that he finds to be an affront. He questions Marilyn about her opinion of the book, and although she finds it to be of no great value and states that it lacks depth, he finds her answer dissatisfying. Monk tries to communicate his point that the novel stereotypes blacks: "'Have you ever known anybody who talks like they do in that book?' I could hear the edge on my voice and though I didn't want it there, I knew that once detected, it could never be erased" (Everett, 2001, p.188). Monk does not want to offend Marilyn, but he is unable to prevent his insulting of the book from extending to those who read it. Monk tries to explain to Marilyn the damaging effects of an audience giving writers such as Juanita Mae Jenkins money and attention. Her novel would not be such a success if readers that disagreed with her representation, as Marilyn admits to feeling, refused to be patrons or an audience.

Unlike Marilyn, many readers actually believe in the racial stereotypes of the popular fiction to which Monk objects. The reception of *My Pafology* brings Monk to the realization that the public does believe in black stereotypes. Readers, such as the award committee members, take Monk's parody at face value to be a genuine narrative that has exposed a true black experience. "Thomas Tomad laughed. 'This is the truest novel I've ever read. It could only have been written by someone who has done hard time. It's the real thing'" (Everett, 2001, p.261). The fact that Monk, someone who is completely disconnected from the experience in the novel, is the author demonstrates that the public does not really know what truth is. Monk tells the committee that the book is worthless, but several of them respond that they found it to be an eye opener. If the book is revealing new ideas, then how are the committee members able to discern that only someone who served time in prison could write it? This statement would mean that they already know information about this experience that they claim the novel taught them. J. Hillis Miller, a literary critic, believes that audiences desire narratives that repeat the same stories (Miller, 2002, p.70). Monk's financial success and recognition reveal that the public's desire for literature, which reinforces stereotypes, causes a lack of space for alternative narratives to exist.

The ambiguous ending the novel leaves a question unanswered about whether Monk is sardonically quoting the final line in *My Pafology* or whether Monk has lost his identity through playing a role to sell books. Monk approaches the front of the room to accept Stagg Leigh's award, ready to reveal his true identity. "Then the lights were brighter than ever, not flashes but constant, flooding light. I looked at the television cameras looking at me. I looked at the mirror, still held by the boy. He held it by his thigh and I could only imagine the image the glass held. I chose one of the TV cameras and stared into it. I said, 'Egads, I'm on television'" (Everett, 2001, p.265). Monk's quotation could be a way of showing the audience that the affluent Monk Ellison was able to successfully compose a fictional narrative and play the role of Stagg Leigh. Monk's behavior could also mean that he has lost his sanity, that he has now become Stagg Leigh. This second possibility would show a point that Everett could be making, that there is a danger of the stereotypical black experience potentially swallowing up alternate identities through the public only allowing space for only the one. The ambiguous ending makes *Erasure* successful because it never resolves the dilemma of identity representation in literature that the novel questions (D.A. Miller, 2002,

p.275). Everett's avoidance of closure demonstrates that this issue remains prevalent in today's literary community.

Everett deconstructs stereotypical practices through the instances that Monk catches himself in his own suppositions about others. Monk visits his sister's clinic in southeastern Washington D.C., engaging in a conversation with a girl in the waiting room about books. He becomes impressed with her intelligence and feels that he should encourage her to go to college.

"Don't laugh," I said. "I think you're really smart. You should at least try." "I didn't even finish high school." I didn't know what to say to that. I scratched my head and looked at the other faces in the room. I felt an inch tall because I had expected this young woman with the blue fingernails to be a certain way, to be slow and stupid, but she was neither. I was the stupid one (Everett, 2001, p.121).

Monk realizes that he has fed into the stereotypes of inner city teenagers, yet these stereotypes are exactly what he seeks to undermine in his protest of the stereotypical black experience. Through his own admission of his own stereotypical tendencies, Monk places himself on the same level as his readers and those that he seeks to educate in his narrative. Monk lets his audience see that he is not perfect; he shares the fault of possessing generalizing preconceptions and an ability to learn that they are incorrect. Monk's revelation of his own flaws demonstrates that he also makes the mistake of closing the space for alternative narratives to exist.

In addition to class, Monk's stereotypes extend to sexuality. While he is eating at a diner, he overhears two men instigate an argument with two homosexual French men. Monk rushes to their aid, threatening to fight the troublemakers that challenge the French men to stand and fight.

They did and I wished I'd had a camera to capture the expressions of those two provincial slugs. The Frenchmen were huge, six eight and better, and healthy looking. The rubes stumbled over themselves backing away, then scrambled out of the diner. I was laughing when the men asked me to join them, not at the spectacle of the rednecks running out, but at my own nerve and audacity, to presume that they needed my help (Everett, 2001, p.46-7).

Monk realizes that he has inadvertently assumed that the two French men would need physical protection because they are homosexual. In actuality, the men are not helpless victims who are unable to defend themselves, but strong and powerful. Monk shares both his flaws and his ability to learn from them with his readers. Through his revelation of his own fallibility, he invites his audience to admit their own incorrect assumptions that he seeks to disprove throughout his narrative.

Monk introduces characters, such as Davis Gimbel, that attempt to live stereotypical experiences. After Monk reads his experimental novel using the S/Z concept, Gimbel responds by flinging his keys at Monk and calling him a bastard. Monk reflects, "I could tell immediately that he hadn't understood a word of

what I had read; his reaction seemed inappropriate and extreme. But he was eager to appear as though comprehension had come quickly to him” (Everett, 2001, p.18). Gimbel is trying to live an ideal of the academic scholar. He reacts strongly to depict himself as intelligent and make others think that he has a profound comprehension of the material. His compulsion to embody the image of the conventional academic is precisely the action that reveals his ignorance. A few scenes later, Gimbel shouts at Monk, claiming that the narrator missed the movement of postmodern fiction. In actuality, Monk explores the label of the subject and tests the boundaries of language, both of which are postmodern aspects, in his paper that explores the S/Z concept (Lacey, 2000, p.93-4). Monk illustrates the danger of trying to embody stereotypes through Gimbel’s foolishness, rather than living a genuine experience.

Linda Mallory, another academic that Monk knows, is attempting to have a picturesque sexual experience. After several offers from Linda, Monk pays a conjugal visit to her hotel room. Linda feels concerned about the way she looks and moves to the point that she is actually disrupting the act. Monk states:

[. . .] she found need to express these concerns during the course of the event. “Does my hair look nice splayed out across the pillow?” she asked. “It looks fine, Linda.” “Am I moving all right, too fast, too slow?” “Move however it feels good to you.” And so I suspected she did, as she screamed into my face, startling me somewhat and my reaction must have shown, because she said, “Was that too loud? Was I ugly? Oh, my god, I can’t believe I did that” (Everett, 2001, p.230).

Linda’s preoccupation with the way that she looks, sounds and moves during sexual activity actually disrupts the experience and prevents her from enjoying it. She claims in her earlier sexual invitations to Monk that she needs self-validation. Clearly, Linda’s notion of validation is about embodying her preconceptions of sexual activity rather than engaging spontaneously in the experience. Monk’s point about attempting to emulate stereotypes is not just about physical satisfaction; leaving a place for alternative narratives in oneself is a necessity for happiness in many aspects of life.

Percival Everett deconstructs language, the novel, the black experience and forms of stereotypical practice in *Erasure* to reveal the necessity of expanding space for a greater variety of narratives to exist. Monk Ellison explores language, proving that linguistic meaning is inconsistent because it depends on the common understanding of those practicing signification. The existence of the book as both Everett’s novel and Monk’s journal tests the boundaries of genre, encouraging a further evolution of literary forms. The deconstruction of the black experience reveals the importance of recognizing that race is not necessarily a primary factor. The representation of Monk’s tendencies to believe in stereotypes and of other characters to embody them demonstrates the value of personal and public investments in alternative narratives.

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Notes

¹ Roland Barthes explored Balzac's Sarrasine in his own book, *S/Z*. Howard, Richard. Preface of *S/Z* Roland Barthes. Trans. Richard Miller. (New York: Hill and Wang, 1974) xi.

² The sharing of the same last name between the author of *We's Lives in Da Ghetto* and the protagonist of *My Pafology* is Monk's underhanded revenge. His portrayal of Van Go Jenkins as an immoral, worthless person creates a silent implication of the author's feelings of M—Jenkins.

Bet you didn't know your PC could be a Zombie.

By Andrew Ockrim

WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 27, 2005 – Like medical researchers studying a highly contagious virus, Microsoft Internet Safety Enforcement investigators carefully experimented with a tiny piece of malicious code, used by computer criminals to hijack personal computers without their owners' knowledge. Placing a single copy of the code onto a healthy computer and then connecting the computer to the Internet, almost immediately, the researchers noticed the first signs of life. The infected computer sent an alert with its Internet location and hijack status to a distant server. Then, connection requests from hundreds of remote computers poured into the PC, commanding the infected computer to distribute millions of illegal spam e-mails. These requests meant one thing: the investigators had successfully created a “zombie” computer.

Turning your computer into a Zombie

While the zombies of Hollywood B-movies are easily identifiable by their gruesome appearance and hunger for flesh, zombie computers are silent stalkers. People who use the Internet but don't properly protect their PCs from computer criminals may never know that their machines have been compromised – even after their infected machines begin causing problems for other people and potentially, themselves.

Computer criminals have turned their attention to creating zombies. They do so by tricking people into loading malicious code by hiding it in e-mail attachments or in music, video or other files that people download online, or even within data transferred when clicking on an infected Web site or embedded image.

Illegal spam sent by zombie computers has increased dramatically in recent months and, as of this summer, accounts for more than half of all spam, according to studies conducted by industry groups. In addition, computer criminals can use zombie computers to launch phishing attacks that try to steal personal information, such as credit card and banking details and use it for identity theft.

As more people sign up for high-speed Internet connections at home, computer criminals have set their sights on a growing population of potential zombies that never sleep. “High- speed connections are an

extremely convenient and powerful way to access the Internet, but people need to realize that their connections don't turn off when they walk away from their computers."¹ In less than three weeks, the Microsoft lab's zombie computer received more than 5 million requests to send 18 million spam e-mails. However, spam messages are only the tip of the iceberg for zombies (also known as bots <*robots*>, bot-nets <*robot networks*> and a multitude of different names.

The *infection* stage involves using various techniques to spread the bots, both direct and indirect. Direct techniques include exploiting vulnerabilities of the operating system or services. Indirect attacks employ other software for the dirty work – they include using malicious HTML code on web pages, exploiting Internet Explorer vulnerabilities or using other malware distributed through peer-to-peer (file sharing) networks or through DCC (*Direct Client-to-Client*) file exchange on Internet Chat applications.

Direct attacks are usually automated with the use of worms. All worms have to do is search the Internet for vulnerable systems and inject the bot code. Each infected system then continues the infection process, allowing the attacker to save precious resources and providing plenty of time to look for other victims. All of this is done without the PC owner's knowledge or input.

The mechanisms used to distribute bots are one of the main reasons for so-called Internet *background noise*. Windows in particular seems to be the attackers' favourite target because it is easy to find unpatched Windows computers or ones without firewalls or anti-spyware applications correctly installed and updated. It is often the case (and much easier) to target home PC users and small businesses, which overlook security issues and increasingly have always-on broadband Internet connections. However, MAC attacks are increasing and some experts predict it will even itself out in the not too distant future as there has been a lag in security development for the Mac operating systems.

The first thing the bot/zombie does after it is successfully installed is connect to an IRC server and join the control channel with the use of a password. The bot (your PC) is then ready to accept commands from the master application. This all happens in seconds in the background whilst the user is completely oblivious.

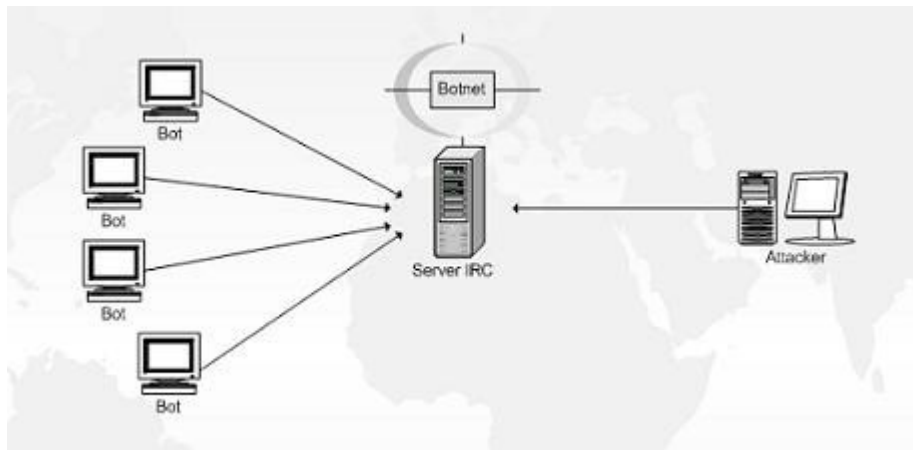


Fig 1. A simple graphic of a basic bot-net.

How zombie networks fuel cybercrime

The botnet controllers are cashing in, potentially using your PC for free. Eavesdropped chat-room exchanges reveal that a Zombie and botnet attacks appear to cost between \$500 and \$1500, with smaller botnet attacks priced between \$1 and \$40 per zombie harnessed. It's such a reliable way to make money that crackers don't need day jobs.

To detect zombies active in their networks, corporate systems administrators check for telltale network traffic indicators. But crackers are now covering their tracks by making the bots corrupt their own program code when extracted. This makes it very hard for home users and small businesses without the skills, to find them.

Similar to cockroaches, you spray in the kitchen behind the cupboards but they find other ways to survive. You only get rid of some. The trick is not to attract them in the first place and to be vigilant about prevention.

Why worry about security and all this??

Simple, because you don't want your PC to be used to attack your friends or livelihood, or do you? The other trailing issues are that once compromised, your PC is literally in the hands of the cracker. They potentially will be able to see everything you do online and offline by installing applications like key-loggers in order to steal your passwords and track your every move online. This is besides it being used to send millions of illegal spam messages that you may held legally accountable for.

In the wrong hands, minimal amounts of personal information can be used to set up false identities in your name and you may be left with massive bills and legal expenses. Don't think for a second "it won't happen

to me”. It will and you will be very surprised at how fast it all happens.

Your stolen bank details will have your accounts cleaned out within 3 mins. Your stolen personal information such as birth date, address and such will be used to create false credit cards produced and on the streets within 4 - 48 hours, ringing up a nice debt in your name. You will be inundated with spam and your details are very likely to be sold to telemarketing companies or mass mailing companies.

And this is only the tip of the iceberg... It can get a lot worse than that. There are numerous accounts of innocent people being arrested and jailed in their own countries (and overseas) on warrants issued in relation to stolen identities and computer crimes that they didn't commit. It can take years and thousands of dollars to clear your name.

So is it worth the effort and learning curve to purchase genuine software and maintain it to combat these threats? Well if it costs \$200-300 for the software – surely it's cheaper than 2-3 years worth of lawyer's fees or worse...

Signs your computer may be infected

- Computers that are running way too slowly may have a bot on them. (Of course this is a purely subjective criteria and is not always a reliable sign. Too many people think that their computer is infected with something just because it behaves a little flaky. Other causes of slowness could be spyware, too many applications set to start up automatically or in the quick start bar, sluggish cumbersome apps, filesharing or a very fragmented hard drive. Regardless, if the computer is running very slowly for no obvious reason, then you may have something worth investigation.)
- Sudden slow computer performance on the internet
- Frequent network activity without you impetus
- Unexplained spikes in your internet bandwidth usage
- Continual high use rates even when you are not downloading or using heavily

So what do you do?

The scope of this article isn't intended to include comprehensive education on the kind of behaviour that can lead to becoming a zombie. Here are a few tips though:

1. Consider using Firefox or Opera internet browsers instead of Internet Explorer. They are generally more secure and infinitely more configurable to help prevent malicious web scripts and code. They also enable you to quickly disable ActiveX and Java.
2. Think long and hard before downloading software from sources you don't personally trust. This goes for both (pirated) file sharing services and apparently legitimate shareware download sites. (You may want to Google the software / vendor prior to downloading it – make sure it's the same thing and genuine).
3. Never download software from a pop-up/pop-under screen when browsing an internet site (especially the ones that tell you your PC is at risk). You have a more than 99% chance it will be packed with malicious software. Just because it's online doesn't guarantee integrity or authenticity. Do you take up every junk mail offer you receive? It's basically the same thing.
4. If you get an attachment in an email that you weren't expecting, don't open it. This even applies if you know the sender (if they are zombies they won't even know it was being sent to you). Running spam blocking software can help prevent messages with questionable attachments from getting into your inbox in the first place.
5. Use a commercial firewall to protect computers from cracking attacks while connected to the Internet. An effective firewall application can help to both prevent infections and notify you when something on your computer or the net is attempting to establish a questionable network connection.
6. Get computer security updates or use the automatic updating features to shield computers from viruses, worms and other threats. (Operating system and applications)
7. Purchase an anti-virus package from a major provider. Ensure that it is kept up-to-date daily to help protect against the latest threats. (use automatic updates)
8. Purchase anti-spyware software and beware of tricks designed to get people to download and install unwanted and sometimes destructive software. This software is sometimes distributed in non-commercial music downloads, file-sharing programs and free games.
9. It's also wise to deactivate support for scripting languages such as ActiveX and JavaScript (or at least control their use).
10. Do not use wireless networking unless you know exactly what you are doing. Wireless networks, especially for home/small biz use, are amongst the hardest to secure and should only be configured by an experienced security specialist. It is absolutely worth every cent, to pay a professional to do this (not a friend's son or your local computer retailer). The vast majority of wireless networks are about as secure as a "wet cardboard box." Think very carefully before you launch into this

technology. Wired networks are still far more secure and reliable.

11. Don't use Outlook Express. It's convenient, ready to go and familiar. Outlook is the default email client for every windows version since 1998. Most spam and email virii are written to take advantage of that. Switch to Eudora, Thunderbird, Opera, Pegasus or Incredimail – all have superior features and offer much better protection. After a week you won't understand why you stuck it out for so long.

What is a firewall?

A firewall is a barrier between the Internet and your computer. It gets its name from physical firewalls in buildings/cars that prevent fires from spreading. A firewall is similar to a lock on a door - it prevents those without keys from entering a home or a room. Firewalls enforce security policies. These policies or rules are in the form of built-in filters that permit access only to authorised users. These filters also deny access to unauthorised users or to dangerous materials that can harm your computer.

Resources for more information

Because the potential threat is so great, the anti-zombie campaign stresses prevention as the best defence against spam and zombie attacks.

Common Software Vendors (no particular order or preference) Antivirus (and also make firewall software):

AVP	http://www.avp.com
E-trust	http://www.etrust.com
F-secure	http://www.f-secure.com
Grisoft	http://www.grisoft.com
Sophos	http://www.sophos.com
Trend Micro	http://www.trendmicro.com
Symantec	http://www.symantec.com
Panda	http://www.pandasoftware.com

McAfee	http://www.mcafee.com
Network Associates	http://www.networkassociates.com
Computer Assoc	http://www.cai.com
Central Command	http://www.centralcommand.com
Kaspersky Lab	http://www.kaspersky.com

Firewall

Tiny Software	http://www.tinysoftware.com
Zone Labs	http://www.zonelabs.com
Black Ice	http://www.blackice.com
Agnitum	http://www.agnitum.com
Grisoft	http://www.grisoft.com
Sunbelt Software	http://www.sunbelt-software.com
Norman	http://www.norman.com

Spyware Removers

Spyware Eliminator	http://www.aluriasoftware.com
Spy Sweeper	http://www.webroot.com
AntiSpy	http://www.omniquad.com
SpySubtract	http://www.intermute.com
SpyRemover	http://www.itcompany.com
SpyHunter	http://www.enigmasoftware.com
Ad-aware Pro	http://www.lavasoft.com
Spyware Doctor	http://www.pctools.com/spyware-doctor
Spybot Search-Destroy	http://www.safer-networking.org/en/index.html
Sunbelt Software	http://www.sunbelt-software.com

Other Resources

PCStats.com offers a Beginners Guide: Firewalls and Internet Security for those wanting to learn about firewalls. The URL is <http://www.pcstats.com/articleview.cfm?articleID=1450>

A tutorial on setting up ZoneAlarm Pro: http://www.solutionsreview.com/ZoneAlarm_Pro_Setup.htm

ZDNet offers guides for securing a wireless network: http://reviews-zdnet.com.com/4520-7297_16-5540710.html

You can test your system's security at any of these sites:

Shields Up	https://www.grc.com/x/ne.dll?bh0bkyd2
PC Flank	http://www.pcflank.com/about.htm
Audit My PC	http://www.auditmypc.com
Security Space	http://www.securityspace.com . (A basic audit or a single test is free)
HackerWhacker	http://hackerwhacker.com . (The first test is free)

Conclusion.

This article was written to inform less experienced computer users about some of the threats they face when being online. This represents my experience and that of some of my clients. Many of the tools and applications in resource lists are simply those that spring to mind and are not intended to be exhaustive or even comprehensive. I offer no preferences outside of supporting the commercial products, due to the increased support options available for paid products. If your local guru is out of town on holiday you have the fallback of calling the companies' support line for help.

There is no substitute for research and education and I encourage all readers to take a personal interest and keep up to date with your knowledge and your software. After all you take precautions to lock your doors and windows when you want to secure your living space, why would you not take a similar approach to your online space.

Notes

¹ Aaron Kornblum, cited in “Stopping Zombies Before They Attack,” *Microsoft*. <http://www.microsoft.com/presspass/features/2005/oct05/10-27Zombie.msp> 5/09/2006.

