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INTO THE FOLD: THE FOLDED NARRATIVES OF HENRY MILLER,
DJUNA BARNES, WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS AND J.G. BALLARD

A DISSERTATION

SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY

in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the

degree of

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By

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A DISSERTATION APPROVED FOR THE
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

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Chapter 1

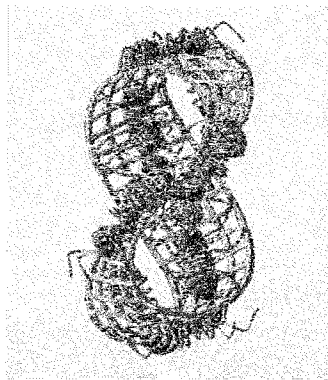
Inside/Outside and Into the Fold

*Tender Souls!
You play your love on a fiddle,
and the crude club their love on a drum
But you cannot turn yourselves inside out,
like me, and be just bare lips!*

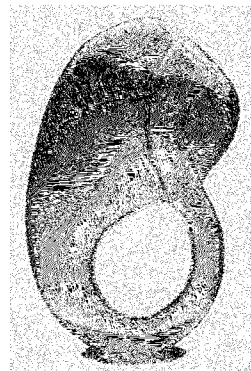
Mayakovsky, "The Cloud in Trousers"

The Mobius Strip, Klein Bottles, Fractals and Mitochondria

The Mobius Strip, formed by giving a long strip of paper, a rectangle, a half twist and then joining the ends together, is a demonstration of an one sided object, since it forms a loop and the loop has neither an inside or outside. Sewing two Mobius loops together forms a Klein bottle, a bottle with one edge where its inside is its outside, where the bottle is contained in itself. This also describes the turning of the fold. But as a narrative how would this work?



Ants on a Mobius Strip by M.C. Escher



a Klein bottle

First, such a narrative would describe a continual returning. Psychological inner drives would return to the material world and material objects would return to the mind. It would be possible to speak of the material inner world of minds as well as speaking of psychological topographical surfaces. Such a world would necessarily lead to the possibility of meeting oneself on the street or encountering an object for the first time within one's mind. These kinds of narratives, described often in science fiction and fantasy, have always been possible before but they have always seemed miraculous rather than credible. But I would argue that such narratives are more the norm, since every atom, every natural event always returns to itself, whether we're speaking of the plant from soil to seed to plant back to soil again, or the human animal, from egg and semen to conception to birth to death and back to the memory of such lives and how these memories are reborn in others. Process and product, in this example, conception and body, continually exchange beginnings and endings. Process and product are interchangeable as they form one continuous surface.

Secondly, such a narrative would be the accurate description of the metamorphosis apart from what occurs before, after and outside of the metamorphosis. Such a narrative would follow events of becoming: the eruptive formations of unrelated dialogue and actions. Such a narrative would relax the stranglehold of narrative associations. The metamorphosis, as a worm turns into a moth, for example, is not merely the growth of wings and legs; it is also the unfolding of these growths so that what was inside becomes what emerges outside. There is no accurate way to describe this process if such a description is said to want to reveal the

product of such a metamorphosis apart from what occurred before the product was revealed. The metamorphosis is, I would argue, an example of the importance of process over product, or, more accurately, the interplay and folding of process and product. With such interplay, the usual expectations formed by associative chains of meaning, necessarily must be suspended to witness the unfolding. This involves seeing something for what the Buddhist calls its being and I would describe this being as the essence of the original state--original in so far as it cannot be described by the associative meanings within language .

Finally, such a narrative, like the Klein bottle, would be self contained. Its relationship to itself would describe both its inside and outside. To observe such a narrative, to analyze such a narrative, would necessarily demand that the interpreter be inside the bottle, that such a reader live in its inside/outside. To observe such a narrative one must describe it from the inside/outside of the turning surface, a task that resist the possibility of distance and objectivity .

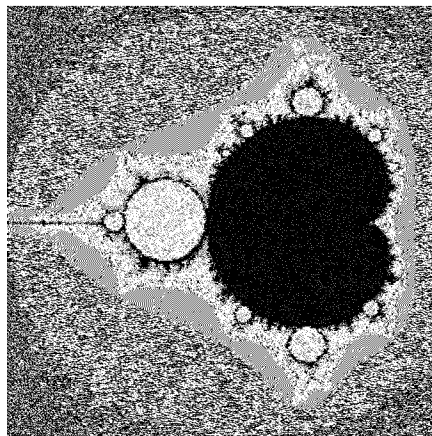
In the course of this paper I expect that I will be subsumed, appropriated, contaminated and even transformed by the narrative folds that I will encounter. I propose that there is no understanding of the cave or labyrinth without traveling through it. Caves and labyrinths are a series of folds.

The construction of fractals, a shape that is recursively similar so that its shape seems similar or similarly constant at all levels of magnification so that it is infinitely complex, offers another possibility for the development of the fold. Within the turning

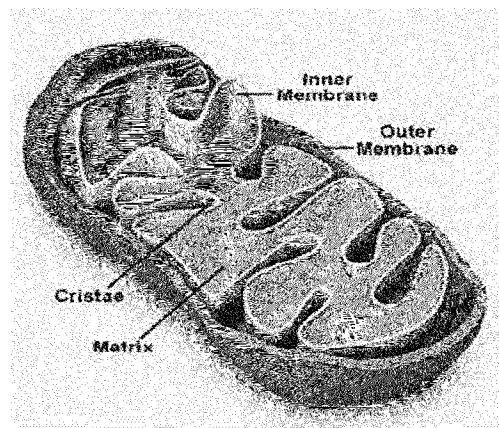
of the fold, and its returning, there exist similar constructions: the images and the events that they seem to imply within the fold seem to suggest a consistency that constitutes a whole at different levels of realization. The fractal at different magnifications gives the illusion of growing. It seems to present itself again and again with each magnification. Narrative folds, I would propose, present the same kind of presentation. At different levels, upon viewing different events, these narratives seem to continually present themselves.

By referring to the Mobius Strip and the Klein bottle I hoped to demonstrate how these particular curves might be represented by narrative. Their curvature, a surface that returns to itself, is similar to the curvature of the fold. Such folds exist materially as the reader turns the pages of a book, returning to passages in order to relive what was read in the past. Linear narratives offer the illusion that there is no returning once the future has become the past; yet, narrative folds allow for such a returning and rereading. Linear narratives offer a series of events in a chronological order. Narrative folds offer a chronology too, but one at the discretion of the reader, not the author. Linear narratives fit all events within a whole that is the narrative. Narrative folds produce gaps in the narrative, like the gaps in memory, that often remain left behind from a series of events. These gaps are often fractal in nature—that is they resist measurement and interpretation as they seem to become infinitely complex the more isolated that they are from the central narrative. And too, narrative folds seem to move under examination in multiple directions.

An example of a linear narrative would be the narrative structure of Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer, his trip to Paris from New York, his adventures in Paris, his refusal to return to America. Such a narrative would describe the various actions and adventures of Henry Miller as hero, but they would limit the understanding of these actions and adventures because they would emphasize what can be easily interpreted: intention whether it is psychological or physical. An examination of these same actions as narrative folds would reveal how Henry Miller's body erupts and what these eruptions signify, for example. Such an examination would reveal a general dislocation between meaning and delirium, between the significance of an objective body and its intentions, and an inner body and its unknown intentions. Linear narratives shoot in directions like rays into space. Narrative folds turn in upon themselves.



fractals



mitochondrion

Narrative folds also seem to draw out actions and events, enhancing their significance by isolating them. The mitochondrion, the power house of the living cell,

offers an interesting metaphor for how such a thing might work.¹ The mitochondria have two walls, an outer smooth wall and an inner wall of folds. The outer wall allows for the absorption of certain sizes of molecules. The inner wall of folds increases the surface area and allows for production of ATP. Between these two walls there exists what is called the matrix, having a more viscous quality compared to what is outside of it. As a metaphor for the narrative fold, the mitochondria offer a model for events: whereas the smooth linear sequence of events is isolated, suspended and emphasized when met by a series of folds. Folds, with their increased surface, allow for this suspension by *stretching out* the significance of the linear narrative. Events often lose their specific causal role within the fold, becoming something else entirely.

Between the inside and the outside of narrative folds something happens. There is a transformation of events that strict linear narratives cannot account for. This paper attempts to understand and explain these transformations.

Body vs. Machine

By the early decades of the 20th century writers such as the Russian Futurist Mayakovsky began to challenge the legitimacy of boundaries between the human body and technology. The metaphor of the body as a machine, that which would enable the self to lose the restraints and confines of a capitalist culture, offered promising challenges for Soviet literature and futurism. Mayakovsky celebrated and

¹ I am thankful to Amy Radford for pointing this out to me.

embraced the machine, and began to write of the body, and the self that accompanied it, as one which could adopt the metaphors of the machine: the human body as various parts dismantled, examined, flipped over and turned inside out, to comprise a whole that was more than the sum of its parts. The idea that one could turn the body, like the machine, inside out to reveal its interiors, interiors that were autonomous, seemed strangely liberating because such an idea suggested new definitions of the self. The Romantic body, the organic body of the previous century, the body of suffering and liberation, in contrast to the machine, had only seemed to allow for models of alienation between the body and an interior self. The futurists desired different models based upon new frameworks.

Throughout the 19th Century writers like the Romantics fought against the dehumanizing effects of the industrial machine. Americans such as Emerson and Thoreau joined this chorus by proclaiming the promise of Transcendentalism, and the new metaphors of the phenomenological self, which seemed to establish a necessary connection between nature and man, one which extolled this relationship in continuous lines of this self, drawn inwards and then upwards towards an ideal and balanced state. The industrial machine, as much a physical reality as its metaphor, which seemed to refer to the body only as an appendage, and necessarily the self as the body, stood in sharp contrast to Transcendentalism. Industry established the body as grotesque and immanent, the body as a kind of messy machine with its own pulleys and levers, working as both the cause of the manipulation of machines as well as origin of the machine as idea and framework, as a source of increasing energy in a vast

web of factories, engines, and pathways. Transcendentalism established the body as a channel to the divine, to the other, as spiritual energy. Industry restored the mechanics of the body as flesh, its function defined in terms of mechanical energy.

Yet, Transcendentalism, particularly in the works of the often lauded and self-proclaimed transcendentalist Walt Whitman, served the machine as well because Whitman would describe a body which found its divinity, strangely enough, in its own autonomous and anonymous relation to other mechanical bodies. Whitman's poetry is the poetry of the immanent self and body, not enslaved by the machine into having "machine thoughts"—a push /pull language that only a machine permits—but a poetry that recognizes the messy, open landscape that the body and its self inhabits. It is a poetry that serves both as a platform for Transcendentalism and a space for the futurist and surrealist literature to come. It is poetry of the body as surfaces—forests, prairies, and mountains meld with skin. It is poetry that begins to look inwards—as a material language that becomes body, language as labyrinth, body as syntax.

Whitman celebrates the presence of the human body in his poetry, not in the contrast between it and nature, between nature and the concept of the body, so that the body becomes the various intersections between what can only be felt and what can be known. The poetry in Leaves of Grass celebrates an equality not merely of individuals, but equality between that which can only be described as the known and the unknown: the atoms that all of us share between us². What can be known of

² This line of course refers to the line in Whitman's "Song of Myself": "For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

bodies is, of course, that which an observer can know of the body, that which can find itself through language, concepts that describe form, the aesthetics of lyrics and rhyme. Equally, what is unknown is that which finds itself outside of language, the isolated experience of the body without a language to call its own. And then there are the atoms of body as experienced outside language and the atoms that seem to compose language outside the physical body. The interplay between these atoms seems to interact outside the concepts of nature and the body. Outside of these concepts language is transformed by what I describe as narrative folds.

Narrative Folds

I have charted what I have called narrative folds (refer to *Chart A*)³. These narrative folds work to isolate meaning as individual events by forming on top of one other. Rather than working linearly, as linear narratives seem to ask the reader to believe that one event causes another event on a timeline I want to call ideological time⁴, these events work episodically, that is they are duplicated by their very spatial proximity rather than by their associative chains. The effect of such narrative folds is to isolate meaning, to form origins without associations, to point to the individual experience outside of what Buddhism might claim as the ego and the stories that it tells.

Such folds work like the folds of the brain, folding layer upon layer in order to

³ See the chart at the end of this chapter. This chart also appears on my website www.intothefold.com under the title Narrative Forms.

⁴ Under my definition ideological time is time formed through association rather than time experienced outside association which I call episodic time.

increase the surfaces of these narratives. As the different layers of the folds touch they are transformed into different parts while being acclimated into the whole. This is a different kind of narrative—a narrative that doesn't necessarily progress in the form of different events. Events are transformed through duplication. Narratives are created while remaining part of an overall encompassing whole. Grof Stanislav describes just such a narrative in his description of the theoretical physicist David Bohm's model of a universe based upon the holograph, a film process where every part of holographic image contains the whole:

The holographic model offers revolutionary possibilities for a new understanding of the relationships between the parts and the whole. No longer confined to the limited logic of traditional thought, the part ceases to be just a fragment of the whole but, under certain circumstances, reflects and contains the whole. As individual human beings we are not isolated and insignificant Newtonian entities; rather, as integral fields of the holomovement each of us is also a microcosm that reflects and contains the macrocosm. If this is true, then we each hold the potential for having direct and immediate experiential access to virtually every aspect of the universe, extending our capacities well beyond the reach of our senses. (Stanislav 10)

In narrative folds this means that instead of merely telling stories (associative events placed one after the other to complete ideological time), the narrative fold allows for an isolated event *that has already been told*. As the fold turns an isolated

event's completion is duplicated, creating difference *within the whole*.

In narrative folds events are duplicated by a turning inside out. Frequently, these events occur as movements inside and outside of the body. The body becomes the movement between an inner and outer experience.

Inside/Outside Movements and Mikhail Bakhtin

I want to find the location of these various movements, these “dances” between the self and the body, that find themselves revealed through literature. Whitman serves as a necessary backdrop to these movements. By examining various passages in his poetry I hope to demonstrate how Transcendentalism is not served by an immanent body as metaphor, as the technological body. After this is accomplished my task becomes far more difficult. For I will demonstrate how other authors have contributed to this metaphor of this self as well while showing how this metaphor has changed perceptions of the self. Whitman's concern, his large, celebratory embraces of landscapes and people, his emphasis on himself as everywhere in human faces and natural land forms, his language as electrical current, as river current, reveals an inside/outside dichotomy that is overcome and erased. His poetry reveals boundaries in flux, himself as mutable and flowing, selves as stretching and changing. Walt Whitman's poetry opens a space for the futurists and the surrealists that follow.

Walt Whitman's poetry opens a space between the inside/outside language of the body, the inner and outer experience of the body, for writers that follow him in the next century. Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer, Djuna Barnes' Nightwood, William Burrough's Naked Lunch, and J. G. Ballard's The Atrocity Exhibition effectively

demonstrate a series of images of the body folded inside, which effectively provides a metaphor for a consciousness folded inside out. Through a careful analysis of these novels in the following chapters I hope to demonstrate what the surrealists attempted to accomplish but would not always analyze. Namely, I want to show how an emphasis on the body as a landscape of exteriors (skin, legs, arms, chest, face) in writing prior to the surrealists would later serve as a surgical landscape into the interior (veins, arteries, digestive tracts, glands, neurons). This emphasis of the body as interior would later serve as a metaphor for the unconscious or for what lies beneath consciousness. By examining the image of the body as an interior I will demonstrate how this particular metaphor reveals sites where the unconscious reveals itself not textually, but spatially. There are images within these novels that don't express the unconscious as a text, which Freud does, but rather reveal how the unconscious works through the body as a site of both time and space. As images, the organs of these bodies, rather than individualizing the person, change the person into narratives of space, distorting the body like organs on a surgeon's table, combining both technology and flesh. These bodies demonstrate a kind of postmodern grotesque, not a Medieval grotesque, what Bakhtin calls a merging of life and death in the images of old laughing pregnant peasants⁵, for example, but a postmodern grotesque between the life of a body and a technology that invades it, giving life yet remaining inanimate. Indeed, it is technology that allows this analysis as a body of interiors, and it is technology that serves a further metaphor for how the interior of the body functions.

⁵ See Bakhtin's Rabelais and His World 25.

These five novels map in their own way the body as a universe of organs, not in attempt to obtain homogeneity, but in attempt to reveal what ultimately may be an impossible task: to demonstrate how a language can reflect the workings of the unconscious. This reflects an impossible task because such a demonstration wouldn't merely translate the unconscious, but allow for a window into that which cannot be translated.

A method of looking interiorly at the body and how it reveals itself outwardly owes much to Mikhail Bakhtin's definition of the grotesque. Bakhtin's definition of the grotesque is essential for what I am trying to accomplish here and I borrow heavily from it:

The grotesque image reflects a phenomenon in transformation, an as yet unfinished metamorphosis, of death and birth, growth and becoming. The relation to time is one determining trait of the grotesque image. The other indispensable trait is ambivalence. For in this image we find both poles of transformation, the old and the new, the dying and the procreating, the beginning and the end of the metamorphosis. (Bakhtin Rabelais and His World 24)

However, whereas Bakhtin locates the grotesque within a timeline set to the change of the seasons and whereas he locates the ambivalence of the grotesque within laughter, I want to emphasize a grotesque--interiors revealing themselves outwardly--outside ideological time and within the metamorphosis, rather than at its beginning and its end.

I want to also emphasize the importance of this “folding” of inside/outside and the various spaces that it suggests for the construction of a self. The dialectic between inside/outside has been an area of interest for many phenomenologists for it exactly apprehends the problem of the mind/body, understanding these two states in terms of container metaphors-- metaphors which suggest a psychical as well as physical perception within this dichotomy. Deleuze wants to reduce these folds to mathematical formulas, and he suggests, as I suggest with the inside/outside, that the microscopic enhances the macroscopic: “For example, the position of the sleeper: all the little bends and tiny creases engage relations that produce an attitude, a habitus, and a great sinuous fold as a good position that can bring them all together. ‘Good’ macroscopic form always depends on microscopic processes” (Deleuze The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque 88).

The Phenomenology of Inside/Outside

Yet, as Gaston Bachelard suggests, these metaphors cannot allow for a simple mathematical interplay. No simple outside redeems an inside reality. No simple inside exactly comprehends an objective reality. Instead, space ripples and flows between these two states:

In any case, inside and outside, as experienced by the imagination, can no longer be taken in their simple reciprocity; consequently, by omitting geometrical references when we speak of the first expressions of being, by choosing more concrete, more phenomenologically exact inceptions, we shall come to realize that the dialectics of inside and

outside multiply with countless diversified nuances. (Bachelard 216)

The multiplication of these “countless diversified nuances” interests me here, because it is exactly at these moments of dialectical interplay between inside and outside that the self often reveals itself. The self as words and metaphor creates folds, revealing a body that cannot be simply described as unknown, but rather as a kind of opening between thought and the mechanical inertia of the body.

The problem between inside/outside as experienced by the imagination is the problem of perception and concrete landscapes. As Henri Bergson suggests, the past, as understood by the imagination conforms to our ongoing present. “Practically, we perceive only the past,” he writes, “the pure present being the invisible progress of the past gnawing into the future”(Bergson 150). The past pursues the future. Our perception cycles through rooms of ghosts from the past: “Our reluctance to admit the integral survival of the past has its origin, then, in the very bent of our psychical life—an unfolding of states wherein our interest prompts us to look at that which is unrolling, and not at that which is entirely unrolled”(Bergson 150). As the inside, our memories and perceptions, the mind confronts continual feedback and flux from an unfolding past. What seems extraordinary is our ability to apprehend the plausibility of an objective reality since this reality is always comprehended through the multiple, metamorphosing senses of the self before us. The psychical inside must always confront a series of outsides—the past as it continuously unfolds. The inside forms its own transitions.

This process of understanding the present becomes all the more remarkable as

it comprehends an outside. Space transfers understanding to an inside depending upon the particular posture or place of the body.⁶ Geometrical structures--windows, doors, alleyways, streets--as outer realities often mirror the problem of the inside/outside because of their transitional nature between different spaces. Consider Henri Lefebvre's discussion of a window:

Consider a window. Is it simply a void traversed by a line of sight?

No. In any case, the question would remain: what line of sight--and whose? The fact is that the window is a non-object which cannot fail to become an object. As transitional object it has two senses, two orientations: from inside to outside, and from outside to inside. Each is marked in its own specific way, and each bears the mark of the other.

Thus windows are differently framed outside (for the outside) and inside(for the inside).(Lefebvre 209)

The transitional object in many ways describes the construction of the self, because the self under construction is always in transition, and its definition is derived from a particular phenomenological posture. The words or the language that we use to describe our selves often refer to this posture, or in a sense, reveal it. Language, like technology, serves to position the self in terms of what is inside a definition and what is outside of it.

Whitman's Daybooks

⁶ See Merleau-Ponty's discussion of body in space in time in The Phenomenology of Perception.

Language is always, at least, and in part, the product and replicator of the technology that is current at the time. While there is no doubt that technology assumes the metaphors that have preceded it, by revealing new physical laws, connections, and outcomes, it also affects the metaphors of language. Whitman's Daybooks, an accumulated diary of newspaper clippings, business sales from his books, weather descriptions, health concerns, brief portrayals of strangers, rough drafts of poems, fragments of letters, written in different colored pencils and ink, is structured and written in such a way to resemble a kind of almanac of Whitman's body, that is it chronicles the various ills and experiences of his body. It's a composition of fragments, like so many parts of an unassembled machine. More than a mere diary, the Daybooks represent the rudimentary parts, the fleeting origins, the residue and initial images of Whitman's poetry. As such the Daybooks are a wonderful example of technological invention as metaphor because its appearance on the page, its technique, reveals so many parts that seem like the different parts of a machine. It serves his poetry as material reference as well as material composition. It lays the framework of his thoughts while becoming a framework in its own right, becoming more than scrambled thoughts and strict observation. It is poetry without the editor's hand. It is poetry without the heavy hand of a conscious style.

Of course, these statements are partly conjecture. What exactly served as a source for Whitman's poetry in the Daybooks may be impossible to prove. What is evident, however, is that the Daybooks did serve a purpose for Whitman because he paid so much attention to them, pasting in newspaper articles, crossing statements and

names out, and writing some names and statements in blue pencil or red ink. Because the overall purpose for the Daybooks is enigmatic (we cannot imagine why he composed these books in this way), unlike his purposeful poetry, we can surmise that they served as the unrefined material manifestations of the various images and memories that were Whitman's mind. Once made into the Daybooks, they become both memory of mind, thoughts and perceptions, and mind as material body, written and typeset words.

It is difficult, then, to summarize or even to refer to passages in Daybooks because they require further references. More than literature, they are an example of the importance and significance of footnotes. To refer to the passages is only to refer to footnotes, and these footnotes partly serve to only reflect away from the Daybooks. Yet within narrative folds footnotes serve as sites of duplication and they become events in themselves. The footnotes necessary to read the Daybooks serve other layers and other folds.

What I hope to accomplish is to show how the Daybooks resembles a diary as a business ledger, as a kind of construction of a social self through seemingly incongruous elements. Written across the page in various colors, with scribbles and notes written in different directions, they also represent a kind of material form of language, a kind of body of words. This is different from the materiality of conventional language in that the form that these words take, their peculiar formations on the page, create silences where conventional grammar and paragraphs do not, and these silences seem to represent the silences of a material body in isolated formation.

Their contrast with the linear, revised lines of Whitman's poetry emphasizes the contrast between the seemingly chaotic material word on the page and the meaning derived from rational syntax. In many ways the Daybooks emphasize the inside/outside metaphor by becoming what is inside, resisting precise meaning while embracing overdetermined meaning.

The Daybooks resemble Whitman's New York City. If Whitman's poetry capture his America, then it can be said that his Daybooks capture his New York City, not with exaltations, but rather with a kind of archeological attention. Whitman's New York City was a place of vast and often grotesque commerce, a place where all cultures and their histories came to be displayed and reviewed. As Sven Beckert writes, New York City was a city of the burgeoning middle class, who by defining themselves by what they purchased and pursued, created a new culture for themselves. Beckert writes:

Museums, for example, which would later in the century become leading pillars of bourgeois self-definition, remained at mid-century socially inclusive institutions driven by profit. Most prominent in Manhattan were commercialized curiosity museums, such as Scudder's or Barnum's, which exhibited bearded ladies, legless wonders, live mud turtles, and bed curtains belonging to Mary, Queen of Scots. Barnum's alone claimed to display 600,000 such curiosities by 1849. (Beckert 48)

This carnivalesque atmosphere, by embracing differences of flesh and cultural history,

serves as the background to Whitman's Daybooks. More importantly, the carnival, as a site of commerce and art, serves as a model of design for the Daybooks. The Daybooks list passages and the events that are described as transactions, not as elements in a work of literature. Like so many exhibitions in a circus the daily entries in the Daybooks reveal an attention to the fantasy of the isolated event more than associations formed between them.

What is remarkable about the Daybooks is its often unremarkable attention to a significant event. The death of Emerson and the shooting of President Garfield are mentioned only in brief passages. Interviews with doctors concerning Whitman's health are written next to book sale numbers. Emphasis for certain words is given with different colors of ink or when a particular word is underlined, yet this emphasis is enigmatic and erratic and not necessarily meaningful. Read linearly, the passages require footnotes to make sense of them so that events like the death of Emerson become matters of serious meditation, yet read without footnotes the passages are forced to converse with themselves so that they become a body of words with an interior dialogue. Consider this passage written by Whitman about his health and a certain Doctor S Weir Mitchell, the same doctor who shows up in Gilman's short story "The Yellow Wallpaper" who prescribes "Rest Treatment" for the ailing protagonist.:

18th interview (2d) with Dr S Weir Mitchell

at 1524 Che Walnut st. Phila: He said my

trouble (paralysis – commencing Jan 23, '73) was

undoubtedly from a small rupture of a blood-

vessel in of the brain, & its effusion
 on the nerves that control the left side —
 that the weight of that seems to have pass'd over —
 examined eyes by ophthalmoscope
 — examined my heart by aus[cultation] – pronounced its state
 pronounced
 normal & healthy — ^ — bad spells he tho't
 recurrences by habit (sort of automatic) —
 — gave some medicine
 – prognosis hopeful & cheery —
 – spoke of Camden as malarial – advised
 me to get into mountain air this summer (Whitman Daybooks 96)

Written April 18, 1878 the passage reads like Whitman's poetry with close attention to thoughts as they occur and pronounced dialogue. Similarly, the examination, prognosis and remedy reads like Whitman's poetry of the body with its celebration of the body as a technological and cultural site. Metaphorically, the interview with the doctor resembles the descent and ascent in and out of the body. The examination of the brain is heavy ("that the weight of that seems to have pass'd over —") the prognosis is lighter ("hopeful & cheery") and the remedy lighter still ("get into the mountain air this summer"). The medical idea of the body, formed within these lines as moving toward lightness, comes to resemble a dissection of the body as divine, resisting the profane while clearly surrendered to it. Furthermore, the lines

themselves, quick, direct and insightful consistently refer to themselves for further definition yet the definition is never quite complete. Instead, the lines refer to one another as kinds of small remedies. “Bad spells he tho’t recurrences by habit (sort of automatic)” is remedied by the next line “gave some medicine” and this line is remedied by “prognosis hopeful & cheery”. Rather than merely telling a story the lines double up on one another to create, like a doctor’s hands or his medicine, a hopeful cure. The lines work materially--that is, the lines refer to a body outside the text while at the same time, creating a material text that is a body of words.

Although Whitman didn’t know completely what to make of the Daybooks, which perhaps testifies as much to Whitman’s willingness to leave the Daybooks to that which remained outside his language, it becomes increasingly clear that it was both a reference or background for his poetry as well as a material affront, or body that served as a kind of double mirror to his poetry.

Whitman’s Published Works

In Whitman’s poem “I Sing the Body Electric” the technique behind the presentation of the entries of the Daybooks becomes clearer. The different parts of the Daybooks seem to represent a greater whole. As Whitman writes in “I Sing the Body Electric” the Body becomes part of the whole, the Soul, and as in the Daybooks each part of the body represents the greater Soul. Whitman writes in the last stanza of “I Sing the Body Electric”:

All attitudes, all the shapeliness, all the belongings of my or your body,
or of any one’s body, male or female,

The lung-sponges, the stomach-sac, the bowels sweet and clean,
The brain in its folds inside the skull-frame,
Sympathies, heart-valves, palate-valves, sexuality, maternity,
Womanhood, and all that is a woman—and the man that comes from
woman,
The womb, the teats, nipples, breast-milk, tears, laughter, weeping,
love-looks, love-perturbations and risings,
...
The thin red jellies within you, or within me—the bones, and the
marrow in the bones,
The exquisite realization of health;
O I say, these are not the parts and poems of the Body only, but of the
Soul,
O I say now these are the Soul!

Clearly, for Whitman, the body and the soul are one and the body represents the soul and soul reflects the body. The line “O I say, these are not the parts and poems of the Body only,” reveals something even more significant. The poems of the body refers to its different parts and necessarily the wholes of these parts. Like the Daybooks, where individual entries represent a whole experience while remaining different parts, written in such a way so that they are both different in meaning as well as presentation, so too the different parts of the body represent different parts of a whole, each represented by a wholeness of its parts.

This appearance of wholes represented by their parts continue in Whitman's journals. In their unedited form they reproduce for us the process behind Whitman's writing, but more importantly they serve as sites that move towards a better understanding of words as bodies.

Whitman's other journals, his diaries in Canada or his preliminary notes on words and their meanings, follow the Daybook's attention to detail. They sketch out preliminary forms and backdrops to Whitman's published poetry. Yet, written as they are they represent works of their own. Rather than reading them linearly as narratives, which can only make them less significant, because they read poorly, we can read them differently: as narratives that burst open in spots like fissures, or holes. The analogy that best explains my method here will be as follows: I will examine the works of his other journals like one might examine broken capillaries beneath the skin to come up with the pattern of a bruise on the skin's surface. The individual words, phrases, sentences of the journals form patterns outside a strict linear reading. These patterns, it seems to me, represent a series of folds which spiral in different directions, connecting through various sites while spinning off into directions of their own.

Gilles Deleuze writings on Leibniz's theories of the monad and particularly the importance of the body are important here in my discussion of folds. Deleuze makes two important points here about having a body which I want to adopt as my own. The first point is that we require a body to explain the obscure object in us:

It is because there is an infinity of individual monads that each one requires an individuated body, this body resembling the shadow of

other monads cast upon it. Nothing obscure lives in us because we have a body, but we must have a body because there is an obscure object in us. (Deleuze, The Fold 85)

Whitman's journals reveal the obscure object of Whitman's body of work. They represent obscurity because they remain unedited for the most part. Instead of entirely wrestling with the meaning of words, we have to wrestle with the meaning of different color pen marks, scratches, abbreviations, and countless spelling, and grammar problems. And like Walt Whitman's body, covered as it was frequently towards the end of his life in his favorite wolf skin coat, the journals become a kind of body, for they are a receptacle for what was Whitman's inner thoughts, his process of becoming.

The second point that Deleuze has us consider about Leibniz is that we have a body in order to have a free, clear form of expression:

...we must have a body because our minds possesses a favored—clear and distinct—zone of expression. Now it is the clear zone that is the requirement for having a body. Leibniz will go as far as stating that what I express clearly is what “relates to my body.” And in effect, if the monad Caesar clearly expresses the crossing of the Rubicon, is it not because the river maintains a relation of proximity with his body? The same holds for all other monads whose zone of clear expression coincides with the body's immediate environment. (Deleuze The Fold 85)

Whitman's journals become, paradoxically, the free zone of expression as they serve

in proximity to Whitman's published poetry. The journals serve a metaphor of the body, as thought seeking free expression by "working itself out." All words and narratives accomplish to the same extent this purpose: to give material form to thought as it forms a physical proximity to expression. Yet, Whitman's journals, while becoming a body of words, form a crease, a fold, between Whitman's thought and his published poetry. The journals become the place of expression, the site of unknowing and knowing, the moment of action, before intention becomes clear. As such, the journals are much closer to Whitman's body, as it was a force of intention, of making thought known through action, of the force that the body holds for expression before the mind makes itself clear. And further folding appears within the journals themselves, between words as they are marked out by Whitman's hand, and words as they signify. We are not meant to know of a certain word as it was marked out, yet the word appears like a phantom, haunting the page in the form of its intended absence and reluctant appearance. We cannot understand the various newspaper clippings, and quotes from others written by Whitman's hand, except in the context of what was not meant to be read. The newspaper articles and their particular author's voice fold their own arguments into the journals, becoming, for a time, Whitman's silent body.

These phantoms and silences signal a series of wholes that perhaps Whitman was attempting to construct. On Whitman Deleuze writes: "...when Whitman speaks in his own manner and in his own style, it turns out that a kind of whole must be constructed, a whole that is all the more paradoxical in that it only comes *after* the fragments and leaves them intact, making no attempt to totalize them" (Deleuze

Essays Critical and Clinical 58). My point has been that these fragments, these parts, already possess the whole within them, that they are the parts within the wholeness of the fold.

It's not difficult to understand the purpose of the journals or even their peculiar style as we understand Whitman's published poetry. Both follow similar styles: flows, multiple voices, analytic discussions of country, love and self tightly woven together with the grandeur of fragments. Indeed, both his published poetry and the journals sing with fragments, and seem to suggest that being, or self, flows between fragments-phrases that hold together through the force of their proximity, not through the force of their sameness. Yet whereas Whitman's published poetry flow through metaphorical channels, the journals slip over metaphors and clear expression. The difference between the two, I would argue, rests in the difference between flowing and slipping. The published poetry moves forward like all good poetry does to some end, but the journal passages often slip, and remain stranded, like inert muscle, or unprovoked nerves.

In Whitman's "Song of Myself" an argument is made from the very beginning for a type of self revealed in his journals. Whitman extols not the virtue of meaning, as words mean and signify, but rather the virtues of listening, of filtering, of knowing through immersion into nature, of knowing through the abdication of the neurotic self in favor of other voices:

Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? Have you reckon'd the
earth much?

Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?
Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all
poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of
suns left),
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look
through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the specters of books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yours
(Whitman "Song of Myself")

Whitman's suggestion that "you shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself" is not a linguistic connection with words, as words mean next to other words, but rather a phenomenological connection with words, as words filter, or fold, between one's knowing and unknowing, or self understanding, within the proximity of one's body. Whitman, then, makes his words do more than tell with a line, with an allusion to an image, with the narrative "I." His words fold and tangle with the words around them. We see the construction of a self of words, of line over line, of lines that don't insist on hierarchical order of one before the other. Whitman's lines unmask the fragment, not as fragments make up a whole, but as fragments insist on their own wholeness, their own insistence of being. This is the phenomenological Whitman, his words as the body of Whitman.

What Whitman achieves ultimately is a metaphor for the body as text. His breathless rhythms, his fragments and syntax, reveal not a product of meaning, his words as achieving a linear whole, a specific narrative from “a” to “b”, but a process of becoming, his words as fragments, as folding interweaving narratives, which achieve their effect only in the act of reading. His Daybooks display the inner organs of his body of work. His published poetry disguises these inner organs, while remaining committed to them. The theme of nature in his published work, the human body stretched over mountains and rivers, the crowd as nature populating cities and towns, serves as an appropriate metaphor for this process of becoming. Folds exist where images collide.

Mayakovsky

We witness the folding of process, words as signifying, and product, words as arranged on the page, later in the works of Soviet futurist Mayakovsky and the Italian futurist Marinetti. We also witness this process in the surrealist Andre Breton. Theirs is the work of the body becoming machine through the display of words, and their construction on the page. In the poetry of Mayakovsky, for example, the inner workings of the machine serve to disclose the outer surface workings of the word. The word becomes mechanical, not merely in the terms of syntax, in the terms of its parts, but in the terms of the metaphors it wields to create wholes, which in turn can be transitioned into parts.

Mayakovsky’s poetry, like much of early Soviet poetry, and futurist poetry, is brutal in its treatment of the old bourgeois self. In his poem “The Cloud in Trousers”

he takes a surgeon knife to the self, playfully slices him apart until there is nothing left but the scraps and pieces left from the surgeon's scalpel. Unlike Whitman, he is not kind. He does not dismantle the self in order to lead to joyous union with other atoms. However, like Whitman he does find that the process of dismantling the self, the process of treating the body not as one whole, but as a multitude of parts, leads to joyous liberation. For Mayakovsky, that which can be defined as an acceptance of all that which, paradoxically, is unified by difference, that which is love, finds its voice in the destruction of love. By attacking love, art, religion, and social order in the poem, as he describes the poem's purpose, Mayakovsky strips away old definitions of self, old affiliations between the self, and other concepts, to reveal a self that is naked, angry, and inside out—a self that in its pain, and howls doesn't allow for a concept to touch it, or appropriate its pain through understanding⁷. Mayakovsky's body in "The Cloud in Trousers" is tissue and organs revealed, red and raw.

Mayakovsky discovers the inside out, the folding self of the body, in the grotesque nature of love as he brutally offers it to the traditional, cultural shrines. The Russian Mayakovsky can be read like the French poet Rimbaud, full of audacity and shock, desiring to turn over the world with the simple proclamation of the "I"⁸. From the first few lines of the poem "The Cloud in Trousers" Mayakovsky sets up a

⁷ In Patricia Blake's edited volume of Mayakovsky's poetry, The Bedbug and Selected Poetry she quotes Mayakovsky in an endnote, concerning the meaning of the poem "The Cloud in Trousers": "I consider *The Cloud in Trousers* a catechism of the art of today. It is in four parts, with four rallying cries: "Down with your love!"; "Down with your art!"; "Down with your social order!"; "Down with your religion!"

⁸ All of the quotes taken from this poem come from the translated volume The Bedbug

dichotomy between thought and the brain, between mind and brain, and he offers up sacrifice of the mind/brain in the form of love as concept/body: “Your thought,/ musing on a sodden brain/ like a bloated lackey on a greasy couch,/ I’ll taunt with a bloody morsel of heart;/ and satiate my insolent, caustic contempt.” What is remarkable in these lines are the attempts to defuse the resistance between love as idea, and love as desire, not to situate love and desire as enriched by the dichotomy between love as concept and love as physical desire. Love becomes the act of turning itself inside out to reveal thought as pulsating flesh, the heart, and to reveal the heart as pulsating thought, the revelation of contempt. The “I” in these lines becomes the reveler, the magician, slipping in a thought or concept as a body part, and then quickly exchanging it for a body part in order to reveal the concept. In the process he offers up mirrors, and these mirrors reveal folds. Yet these folds are not mere reflections because reflections don’t have bodies. Like Whitman’s Daybooks, these folds exist within the poem as a body within the text that functions as the material word, text as material event, as a resistance to thoughts which quickly escape us.

Elias Canetti defines laughter in his wonderful book Crowds and Power as our reaction to that which cannot be eaten. When we see someone fall down, he writes, we laugh because we want to eat them. We open our mouths to eat this fallen prey but quite naturally we cannot, and this anxiety moves our muscles to laughter. This definition of laughter also defines the laughter invoked in the writing process of Mayakovsky’s “The Cloud in Trousers.” The anxiety-invoked laughter of the poem is

and Selected Poetry, translated by Max Hayward and George Reavey.

the anxiety felt upon turning the body inside out for consumption: we really can not consume the text, the body within the text, because it doesn't allow itself for consumption—it is not a whole meal. Mayakovsky offers himself up in these lines: “You, too, who leaf your lips like a cook/ turns the pages of a cookery book./ If you wish,/ I shall rage on raw meat;/ or, as the sky changes its hue,/ if you wish,/ I shall grow irreproachably tender:/ not a man, but a cloud in trousers!” He offers himself as a meal, both as a cannibal and as prey to his readers. The ridiculous last line, and the title of the poem, “not a man, but a cloud in trousers!” provokes the laughter caused by contrast, but also that of the prey who got away, the man who floats around like a cloud in trousers, unable to be eaten because he is nothing but wind and water. The folds between the body fit for consumption and that which cannot be eaten, between the earth and the sky, between the author and the reader, bend and twist to reveal a problem that invokes laughter because it cannot be solved: what is to be done with a desire for something that cannot be consummated or resolved? Posed in this way the question can only produce laughter. But posed differently it can mean something else, to say, for example, that this desire offers us glimpses of becoming within its folds, offers us a window into that which can be seen, and not merely felt as laughter. A window opens up between the folds when the inside is turned to the outside.

We see this turning inside out again in a series of lines describing nerves: “Then I heard,/ softly/ a nerve leap/ like a sick man from his bed./ Then,/ barely moving/ at first,/ it soon scampered about,/ agitated,/ distinct./ Now, with a couple more,/ it darted about in a desperate dance./ The plaster on the ground floor crashed./

Nerves/ big nerves,/ tiny nerves/ many nerves!--/ galloped madly/ till soon/ their legs gave way.” This description of nerves galloping could, of course, metaphorically describe the English language cliché “my nerves are shot.” But distinct from the body, separate as they are in these lines from the body, this cliché doesn’t work. The nerves form bodies of their own. They reveal, not the body of the poet as a whole, as cause to his anxiety, but separate from his body, distinct, yet reminiscent of their owner. Beyond the expression of shot nerves, the description of nerves with legs disposes of the possibility of one’s own nerves, of one feeling with nerves intact. Instead, the description offers up the possibility of nerves without owners, of nerves that feel for someone else, or for themselves. Such a ridiculous notion reveals a love that is ridiculous, a love that can not be felt, as the heart may seem to yearn in a traditional, literary sense, and in the process it reveals a love that acts on its own, quite apart from its original owner. This concept of love turns its master into the observer, and perhaps even into its slave, turning inside out the notion that love harbors in one’s body.

This kind of turning inside out signals the dissolution of the concept, so that the concept becomes not the tag, or name of the condition and all that which it implies, but rather it becomes differing concepts of itself--love as autonomous, love as chaos, love set free to wreak havoc. This is not the same as turning the concept of love on its head to mean something else. It is turning love on its head to reveal the many multifaceted folds that form the ludicrous labyrinths from which there may be no escape. It signals the dissolution of the concept as a whole into its many parts.

In part 2 of the poem, Mayakovsky achieves the same turning inside out with the concept of literature. Literature pales in comparison to life. The poet's gifts may be great, but it is nothing in the sequence of time: "I,/ the most golden-mouthed,/ whose every word/ gives a new birthday to the soul,/ gives a name-day to the body,/ I adjure you:/ the minutest living speck/ is worth more than what I'll do or did!" The creative act of the poet cannot be compared to life itself. The creative act, the product of naming, cannot be compared to the other, the autonomous living creature, because the concept as title or name must first be freed of its restraints as name. It must discover its dissolution in the autonomous form of life. Mayakovsky repeats these declarations when he writes: "Sinews and muscles are surer than prayers/ Must we implore the charity of the times!/ We--/ each one of us--/ hold in our fists/ the driving belts of the worlds!" Through pain, through the dissolution of the poet into body, not concept, the poet and his words are freed: "I am where pain is—everywhere;/ on each drop of the tear-flow/ I have nailed myself on the cross./ Nothing is left to forgive." The poet's pain as a body is not offered up to offer a history, to offer the process of appealing to a concept, but rather it is offered up as a declaration of the body as other. Just as Mayakovsky offered no excuses or complaints in his suicide note, he presents the body as that which cannot be named, that which is everywhere and offers nothing to contemplate. In contrast to literature as bodies, as words represent bodies of work, Mayakovsky offers up literature as residue, as that which signals, but doesn't form wholes. Redemption in this context is parody, a dissolution of the whole.

In part 3 of the poem he turns world order upside down. Like the ancient

festivals of Saturnalia mentioned by Bakhtin where masters become slaves and slaves becomes masters for a period of some days, Mayakovsky brandishes the language of the jester in order to minimize the importance of world leaders: “Donning fantastic finery,/ I’ll strut the earth/ to please and scorch;/ and Napoleon/ will precede me, like a pug, on a leash.” And then he calls himself the thirteenth apostle, a name he gave the poem before it was suggested that he change it in order to escape the censors: “I, who praised the machine and England,/ I am perhaps quite simply/ the thirteenth apostle/ in an ordinary gospel.” Social order turned inside out reveals the buffoon, the forgotten apostle; the body with its appearance signals revolution: “Strollers, hands from your pockets--/ pick a stone, knife, or bomb;/ and if any of you have no arms,/ come and fight with your forehead!/ Forward, famished ones,/ sweating ones,/ servile ones,/ mildewed in flea-ridden dirt!” The body in crowds fragments. This fragmentary body forms folds between the crowd and the individual so that the crowd becomes so many arms and legs, and the individual becomes the movement of the crowd as a series of wholes.

The Christian imagery of these passages serves also to form an apocalyptic vision of history, essentially, a time outside time. But again parodies are pursued so that the thirteenth apostle in an ordinary gospel speaks of events outside biblical prophecy.

Finally, in part 4, religion is freed from the concept of hierarchical power to be released as fragmentary processes of love. Religion becomes love as local, not universal. Religion and god are shown as ridiculous in its attempts at sovereignty:

“You shake your head, curlylocks?/ You’re frowning, gray brows?/ You believe/ this/ creature with wings behind you/ knows what love is?” The human, earthly body stands in contrast to heavenly bodies that seem to know only of proclamations and not of love: “I too am an angel; I was one--/ with a sugar lamb’s eye I gazed;/ but I’ll give no more presents to mares/ of ornamental vases made of tortured Sevres./ Almighty, you concocted a pair of hands,/ arranged/ for everyone to have a head;/ but why didn’t you see to it/ that one could without torture/ kiss, and kiss and kiss?” One could say that an angel, in the figure of the narrator Mayakovsky, dons the flesh of earthly mortals. An angel turned inside out reveals a human counterpart. Mayakovsky plays contemptuously with concepts of religion to reveal its various hereditary parts, religious love exposed to reveal mortal desire. Throughout the poem “The Cloud in Trousers” concepts are turned inside out in order to show the folds between products of meaning and processes of becoming. These folds offer glimpses into the strange interplay between the various parts of the self.

Breton

The surrealists under Andre Breton differ in method from the futurist Mayakovsky. The importance of Andre Breton for the narrative fold is not structural but aesthetic. Mayakovsky celebrates the body as a machine in parts, with the promise of muscle and tissue to invent a better future. Andre Breton is primarily concerned with the present, and while his writings are full of different parts of things, arms, legs, blond waterfalls, flowers, stars, he is not as purposeful as Mayakovsky. He doesn’t turn the world upside down, or if he does, in the end the landscape he invents seems to

want to return to its normal state much like shaking up the snow in a toy Christmas globe only resists for a few moments what is calm. One gets the impression that Breton's "I" is whole, that he only witnesses chaos, and that he doesn't experience it within himself. No wonder then that Breton in his Second Manifesto of Surrealism criticizes the excommunicated surrealist Bataille for being what Breton called too obsessive with things such as the insides of flowers⁹. Breton frequently casts lights against the grotesque. He shines a steady light in all directions, and his writing shows a tendency to embrace parts as wholes, not wholes as parts in the way that Mayakovsky does. For Breton the world is luminescent chaos, and even in this chaos, a fluidity, an all embracing something, seems to connect its different parts. In Soluble Fish Breton exhibits this tendency over and over. Parts are draped over wholes:

The ground beneath my feet is nothing but an enormous unfolded newspaper. Sometimes a photograph comes by; it is a nondescript curiosity and from the flowers there uniformly rises the smell, the good smell, of printer's ink....The trees themselves are only more or less

⁹ From Andre Breton's Second Manifesto of Surrealism: "The fact of the matter is that M. Bataille is simply very tired, and when he makes the discovery, which for him is very overwhelming, that 'the inside of a rose does not correspond at all to its exterior beauty, and that if tears off all the petals of the corolla, all that remains is a sordid looking tuft,' all that he does is make me smile as I recall Alphonse Allais' tale in which a sultan has so exhausted the subjects of amusement that, despairing of seeing him grow bored, his grand Vizier can think of nothing better to do than to bring him a very beautiful damsel who begins to dance, at first completely covered with veils, for him alone. She is so beautiful that the sultan orders her to drop one of her veils each time she stops dancing. No sooner is she naked than the sultan signals idly for her to be stripped: they quickly flay her alive. It is none the less true that the rose, stripped of its petals, remains *the rose* and, moreover, in the story above, the dancing girl goes

interesting minor news events....(Breton 60)

With these images nature quickly becomes woven in the fabric of words and the newspaper, becoming the worded event.

The title of this work Soluble Fish is an appropriate metaphor for Breton's method. He describes his delight with this title in the Manifesto of Surrealism: "SOLUBLE FISH, am I not the soluble fish, I was born under the sign of Pisces, and man is soluble in his thought!" The word "soluble" defined as that which dissolves in water, describes a method of being which sees one dissolving in one's own environment. A man dissolves into the air that he breathes. As immersed in his environment, as he is an individual part in his environment, he dissolves into the whole of it. This method contrasts with Mayakovsky in that the self is not surgically revealed but rather the self is revealed through immersion, like skin and flesh in a vat of acid. The self transforms into the whole of being, parts that jut from the fabric of folds, revealing an inside that is smooth, that is surface, an inside of surfaces.

Words become part of this fabric in the fold. For Breton words become their objects, creating surfaces like the unfolded newspaper. Unlike Whitman's Daybooks, however, words are not private wanderings waiting to breathe public air. Words are not sandwiched within the practical. Words become part of Breton's purified whole, the immersion of the body of words into the thoughts of men.

For Breton, then, the body is turned inside out through immersion, and the folds that turn up are between a series of wholes. Breton's particular type of realism is

on dancing" (186).

the realism of the revelation, the realism of the divine multiplied ad absurdum. He returns the body to the other, to its autonomous inside, only insofar as the body becomes the flame burning from the inside out. He brandishes fire to increase surfaces. This body is a new body because it is in some ways form-less, resisting the category of form: “Not far from there, the Seine was inexplicably carrying along an adorably polished woman’s torso, although it had no head or members, and a few hooligans who had pointed it out not long before maintained that this torso was an intact body, but a new body, a body such had never been seen before, never been caressed before” (Breton 57). When Breton accused Bataille of being obsessive, he was really accusing him of not appreciating free flowing surfaces. For Breton the task of the surrealist is to avoid the hole in the road, to move as the wind moves, freely and without resistance.

Marinetti

The method of Italian futurist Marinetti, writing his manifestos some 15 to 20 years before Breton, proclaimed the glories of technology while at the same time denouncing the contemplative scholar, the host of libraries. The body he extols is the body of speed, the body that resists time and space through the inventions of men. His Manifesto of Futurism is full of boyhood optimism for the toys of boys: “4. We say that the world’s magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty; the beauty of speed. A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath—a roaring car that seems to ride on grapeshot—is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*” (Marinetti 41). This body must move, must be the locator of

action. This body must love struggle, and must love war. Italian futurism is frequently cited as the precursor to Fascism, yet futurism is more than simple fascism. Unlike Fascism, it does not surrender to a mythical past. The futurist sees technology not as a means to an end, but as an end in itself: the body as machine, hooked to the machine, as in the case of driving a speeding car. Likewise, words, for the futurist, must resemble the machine, stripped down for utility so that syntax becomes unnecessary because it promotes thinking over action, and nouns are better than adjectives because nouns represent the thing, not its difference¹⁰. Marinetti, through his desire to create a body of technological invention, a body that can project its owner into new directions of time and space, creates a body that desires in machines, what Whitman desired in nature: a body of folds, immersed in its environment.

We witness this immersed body in essays by Marinetti such as in the essay “Electrical War (A Futurist Vision-Hypothesis)”:

Oh! how I envy the men who will be born into the next century on my beautiful peninsula when it is wholly vivified, shaken, and bridled by electrical forces!... The energy of distant winds, the rebellions of the sea, transformed by man's genius into millions of Kilowatts, will penetrate every muscle, artery, and nerve of the peninsula, needing no wires, controlled from keyboards with a fertilizing abundance that

¹⁰ From Marinetti's “Technical Manifest of Futurist Literature”: “1. One must destroy syntax and scatter one's nouns at random, just as they are born.... 3. One must abolish the adjective, to allow the naked noun to preserve its essential color. The adjective, tending of itself toward the shadows, is incompatible with our dynamic vision,

throbs beneath the fingers of engineers. (Marinetti 104)

Like Whitman this vision of the body is one turned inside out by electricity: the body of “muscle, artery, and nerve” is replaced a body of electrical circuits. The promise of such a body is the promise of the machine that doesn’t remember, that doesn’t hold the past like so many dreary libraries.

The multiple folds of the futurist body--between flesh and metal, between blood and electrical current, between memory and forgetting—suggest a self constantly under the processes of construction. This is the promise of futurism, a self that continually surrenders to becoming, a self of invention, not nature’s being. If Mayakovsky can be called futurist it is in the way that he ,like the image of a cloud in trousers, assimilates nature to technology and if Marinetti can be called futurist it is in the way that he rejects nature. What they share is the revolutionary’s task: to make anew from the present/past. Through their poetry and writing they reveal the inner new, the body stripped of social convention, the body spewing forth autonomous organs, yet folded over landscapes both natural and technological.

What all four of these authors, Whitman, Mayakovsky, Breton, and Marinetti, share is a method of revelation, the task of freeing the self from a tired past. The revelation is that the body shows its secrets to those who relinquish possession of it. Allowing the body to show its folds is allowing the body to become autonomous. Ultimately, the many folds between inside and outside suggests intersections where the self harbors, and hides, stretching out its limbs like a phantom in deep space.

because it supposes a pause, a meditation (84).

Justifications

In the next four chapters I want to allow the four authors in the order that they are listed above to accompany the following four authors in this order: Henry Miller, Djuna Barnes, William Burroughs, and J. G. Ballard. The friendship that I want to establish between all eight authors as pairs will, I hope, demonstrate how each of the former authors are parodied by each of the latter. There is something ridiculously liberating about the promises of democracy, futurism, and surrealism turned nightmare. The self-exiled American Henry Miller, who employs the methods of Whitman in many ways, turns the idea of American democracy into a nightmare where flesh and form take precedent over the universal. Djuna Barnes' nightmares of becoming animal, her dark patterns of love between estranged lovers, become a parody of Mayakovsky's lighter view of love. William Burroughs, with his mosaic methods, with his characters who multiply over ragged landscapes, parodies the luminescent methods of Breton, who even with all of his meddling of images allows the self to remain viable. And finally, the often grim J. G. Ballard, at least in his work The Atrocity Exhibition, grafts technological nightmares into the folds of the body, resisting the optimism of Marinetti.

Furthermore, I have parodied these authors with one another to demonstrate how events within surface and inner bodies intertwine and fold. The first four, Whitman, Mayakovsky, Breton and Marinetti, it seems to me, represent 19th century Romanticism, an attraction to surface events over inner ones, because they represent a world of industrial bodies rather than surgical ones. The second four paired with the

former four in their same order, Miller, Barnes, Burroughs and Ballard, represent inner events and the body as a site of eruption, an early 20th century modernism concerned with inner experience. I have paired them with the following attributes:

<u>Author</u>		<u>Event</u>		<u>Event</u>		<u>Author</u>
Walt Whitman----->		Surface Grotesque<---		Inner Grotesque<-----		Henry Miller
Vladimir Mayakovsky-->		Surface Animal<---		Inner Animal<-----		Djuna Barnes

(Organic)

(Technological)

Andre Breton----->		Surface Event<---		Inner Event<-----		W.S. Burroughs
F. T. Marinetti----->		Surface Machine<---		Inner Machin<-----		J.G. Ballard

Along with their works the events of each author parody one another as well.

Walt Whitman's poetry represents the surface grotesque. The body in his poetry forms under the metamorphosis or becoming with other bodies as they are grouped together. But like all surfaces the images of his poetry seem to bask in a kind of light. Nothing is hidden. Everything is revealed.

Henry Miller's writing as the inner grotesque reveals various movements of becoming that erupt from the body in often strange and ludicrous ways. Incongruities in his images abound, representing the incongruities of the grotesque. Yet, while Whitman wants to join his images together within a totality, Miller is often willing to isolate images and let them be.

Vladimir Mayakovsky's writing represents what I want to call the surface animal, the man as animal in an industrial world. Surface landscapes, both natural and

urban, jump and start with the movements of animals. Nature assumes the shape and posture of the industrial worker. Romanticism comes in the guise of revolution.

In Djuna Barnes the animal erupts from within the human body. The inner animal appears in the gestures and in the forms of human bodies. Bodies serve as cocoons for the metamorphosis of these animals.

With Andre Breton surface events become the sites of the isolated meaning. Images dissolve into one another, becoming events of their own, yet they don't dissolve into one another. Instead, images represent a wholeness that cannot be invaded.

W. S. Burroughs' images likewise dissolve into one another, but inwardly and often violently. Technological devices probe and enter bodies. Bodies are transformed by the insertion of drugs and the insertion of alien identities.

Marinetti's images of futuristic machines abound with a 19th century Romanticism for what is possible. His images longingly embrace the possibilities of technology and the replacement of human identity through technology. His use of technology, frequently his vision of speed, remains on the surface, as lovingly embraced as that which changes outer forms.

Finally, J. G. Ballard's vision of inner bodies transformed by technology, his bodies as kind of inner machines, serve as sites of becoming, the postmodern grotesque where metamorphosis occur at the inner technological level.

There is another level of demarcation between the eight authors. The above four, Whitman, Miller, Mayakovsky, and Barnes more, often form their images around

organic metaphors. The bottom four, Breton, Burroughs, Marinetti and Ballard more often seem to form their metaphors around technological imagery or at least the possibilities that technological imagery seems to give. This difference is significant insofar as it defines how these metaphors are used and how they are viewed by the reader.

Stillness and Movement

This leads me to make one last consideration when dealing with narrative folds and how they work with metaphors apart from their events. Folds and their consequent metaphors are determined by the distance between the viewer and the narrative while also being determined by the speed of the movement between the narrative's various parts. In the next chapters I will often use metaphors that define these differences. It seems to me that narrative folds appear in at least two different forms: forms of stillness and forms of movement. Forms of stillness appear like the levels in an archeological dig or like the rings of a tree. Forms of movement appear like water in a moving stream or the folds of the human brain. The first can be seen as a whole with its distinctive parts. The second must be read from within, often following different parts as they accumulate into wholes. Distance and time determine the speed of these movements, not exactly as natural laws would define them, but as their metaphors and their images would allow us to realize them. The differences between these folds are determined by distance and movement.

I have charted these differences in this way:

<u>Stillness (increasing distance)</u>	<u>Movement (increasing speed)</u>
--	------------------------------------

Henry Miller--	Being	Flux
Djuna Barnes--	Remembering	Forgetting
William S. Burroughs	The Mosaic	The Eruption
J. G. Ballard	The Graft	The Penetration

As the chart reveals, Miller and Barnes' metaphors are metaphors of being while Burroughs and Ballard's metaphors are metaphors of form. I think this distinction is accurate. I do not think that these metaphors necessarily describe thematic intention. Instead, they describe metaphorical distance. As Gaston Bachelard writes, metaphorical forms determine motion.¹¹

Narrative folds appear in Henry Miller's writing as metaphors that lead us towards stillness--when he compares whole cities, for example, to the human body. Miller often compares the female vagina to the number zero, a feeling that cancels him, stops his movement. I would describe this as being, a place of stillness where landscapes and the human body connect. It is the kind of stillness that he would later describe in Black Spring: "The stillness of the water, the fishing boats, the iron stakes that mark the channel, the low lying tugs with sluggish curves, the black scows and bright stanchions, the sky never changing, the river bending and twisting, the hills spreading out and ever girdling the valley, the perpetual change of panorama and yet the constancy of it, the variety and movement of life under the fixed sign of tricolor, all of this is the history of the Seine which is in my blood and will go down into the blood of those who come after me when they move along these shores of a Saturday

afternoon.” (Miller Black Spring 37) Such scenes of stillness and being is similar to Miller’s exaltation towards the end of Tropic of Cancer when he calls for a world without hope and without despair. The connection he draws between terrestrial landscapes and his own body, a connection between forms, is an eternal form of acceptance.

Yet Miller’s emphasis on stillness even while describing movement is more immediate, more intimate, when he describes change, especially if change affects his body’s desire for food or sex. The images of Miller’s body lusting for a woman or working for his next meal are often met by the ridiculous, by images in flux. These images are often violent and obscene. They draw our intention to our internal organs and desires.

When characters in Barnes’ Nightwood try to remember, when their character is defined by past memories like the character Felix Volkbein, they seemed defined by their inaction, by their inability to move forward. This, as I will demonstrate later, defines their loss, and their tragic circumstances. We are able to view Felix from afar because we understand his past.

We are not able to understand Jenny Pethebridge, the “squatter,” because she has no past. Instead, she is defined by her future, by her forward movements as they duplicate and assume the actions of others. I would argue that she is defined by forgetfulness, a forgetting of the past, and a forgetting of identity. Her character demands movement and the reader is led by her to neither a beginning nor an end.

¹¹ See Bachelard’s discussion of motion and movement in Air and Dreams 264.

Naked Lunch is formed as a series of episodic narratives formed as a mosaic.¹²

The mosaic by its very construction demands distance from the viewer. It demands that the reader assemble narratives together as she realizes whole forms.

The frequent use of metaphorical eruptions in Naked Lunch, as bodies break open into screaming, secreting, sinking and exploding forms, like in Miller's Tropic of Cancer, bring us closer to form and closer to the actions of the narrative, so that we are prolonged in a state of desire, without the benefit or distance of reason. Even so bodies seem locked together by maniacal means, by technological tools and the ideologies behind them.

In Ballard's The Atrocity Exhibition technology seems even more terrifying because grafted to the human form it seems dead and indifferent. The graft is a precise metaphor that represents with a mathematical intensity the connections between human forms and their various postures and angles. It describes the connections between abstract law and the fluidity of imperfect bodies.

Human forms are sexually penetrated throughout The Atrocity Exhibition, if not forcefully then certainly by juxtaposition. Gazes penetrate. Postures and images set up plays for seduction. Again, such images bring in our gaze, and we are affected by their movements.

Events are the actions within folds, the points of departure for dividing narratives. As I have attempted to briefly demonstrate here, the metaphors within

¹² I will go into much greater detail on this subject in chapter 4. See McCarthy's Writing on the Wall 45.

these events define the distance and speed of their subsequent folds. With increased distance folds appear as greater wholes. With increased speed folds seem to fragment and split.

The differences between these authors, their events and metaphors, will, I hope, serve to define their intentions as well as their particular writing styles. More often than not their ideologies as authors are revealed through their style. Furthermore, their dramatic uses of narrative folds demonstrate how narrative style is just as important as narrative intention.

In this way Transcendentalism, with its desire to return to nature and the divine, is replaced by movements whose desires splinter into all directions. The self is turned inside out only to ripple and fold.

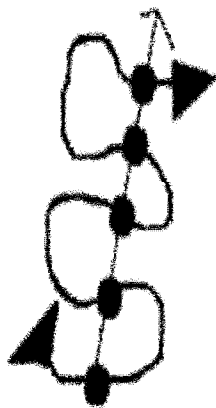
Narrative Forms

Narrative folds
and episodic
time.

vs.

Linear narratives
and ideological
time.

Event "A" duplicated



Event "A"

<the turning
fold

<As events turn outward, and inwards,
events are duplicated, and narrative
surfaces are increased.

<Increased narrative surfaces, as they
reach outwardly rather than linearly,
work as episodes where difference
performs to isolate events rather than
performing as associative chains.

<Events are chained together through
spatial proximity rather than through
semantic ideology or association.

Event A

Event B



<Causal Time Lines

<Events cause other events.
Characters cause events and
events change characters.

<Events work as associative
chains.

<Events form meaning
through semantic patterns.

Chart A

Chapter 2

Tropic of Cancer and the Interior of the Fold

“What is an artist? He’s a man who has antennae, who knows how to hook up to the currents which are in the atmosphere, in the cosmos; he merely has the facility for hooking on, as it were.”

Henry Miller

Miller and Whitman

Henry Miller’s Tropic of Cancer, like Whitman’s Daybooks, is the author’s daily life attuned to various styles of writing. And like Whitman’s Daybooks, Tropic of Cancer revels in the chaos of every day life, chronicling the seemingly mundane in order to reveal the genius of the mundane. Folds exist as matter of style. Folds persist as matters of meaning. Where Tropic of Cancer seems most private, the toilet scenes, the sexual encounters, the bedbugs, it is the more public, the discourse emanating from what Henry Miller deemed the “spectacular I,” the discourse of the private becoming public, the fold between the inside and outside of language, when language reveals the nonsense of reason. It is not enough to say that in Tropic of Cancer Miller copies the styles of other writers, the methods of Breton and the surrealists, for example. For Miller style signifies meaning, apart from intention.

Style has an evolution; it adapts itself to the events of the narrative. Miller's "I" proudly pushes his messages in a new garb onto the world's stage.

By examining Tropic of Cancer I will demonstrate, as I demonstrated with Whitman, how preliminary ideas and documents, Miller's writings prior to the writing and publication of Tropic of Cancer, influenced the final novel. But more importantly I want also to demonstrate how this influence was not merely the formula, X causes Y, or X provides the foundation for Y, but also the formula X folds into Y, or X disseminates Y. Through this exercise I hope to demonstrate how the coupling of the two, the private and the public, the outline and the published material, is the revolving fold, the wave across the shoreline if you like, where the inside becomes the outside and vice versa.

Henry Miller was a fan of Walt Whitman.¹³ What they shared in literature is what is often defined as overabundance. Leaves of Grass is a testament to excess, to the flow, to that which cannot be contained. Tropic of Cancer exists similarly between the desire to capture the grotesque, to make it spill out in all directions--the landscape of Paris, its people, its wanderers, its refugees--and the desire to chronicle it all with lists and descriptions. Like Leaves of Grass, Tropic of Cancer is unusually democratic, giving voice to all forms, and characters, creating parallels to the traditionally unparalleled. If Tropic of Cancer, like Leaves of Grass, can be called an example of American transcendentalism, it is in so far as the novel demonstrates how

¹³ Henry Miller makes several references to Walt Whitman in Tropic of Cancer, most notably, calling him the greatest man America ever produced.

landscapes contemplated and observed can lead to a greater awareness of the whole, of the connections between perceived parts, of humanity in all of its guises and forms. Miller's novel demonstrates how the "I" can find salvation through surrender to this landscape, to the self without boundaries, to the self bound to his or her landscape.

Yet, where Whitman finds truth in surface forms, in bodies and shapes in all of their wonderful diversity, Miller finds his truth in the unwashed surface form, in the filth that covers these forms. Even as he embraces all of Paris and often allows it to redeem him, allows it to cleanse him, Miller will often give himself over to the role of the critic, where Whitman gave himself over to the role of the humanitarian, or savior. Miller is mortal where Whitman is often divine. Miller's attention to the filth of Paris is the laughter of the mortal staring at the stars. He takes the transcendental Whitman and returns him to old Europe. Miller is the 20th century evolution of Walt Whitman.

In this way Miller is the urban center of decay of the entrepreneurial Whitman. Where Whitman sees progress, the spreading of men and women across the landscape in order to spread wealth, and commerce, Miller sees stagnation, and death. Where Whitman sees innocence, Miller sees the comic death throes of experience. Miller is the product of the urban 20th century man, the new American who returns to Europe in search of origins, in search of what cannot return to capital. Miller's literary style appropriately then is the product of his landscape, the product of the multifaceted number of voices around him.

Bakhtin's Heteroglossia

M.M Bakhtin, in his series of essays The Dialogic Imagination, shows how literary style is more than a demonstration of personal preference. Literary style represents the culture of the writer and the various voices that encompass the voice of the writer.

A stylistic analysis of the novel cannot be productive outside a profound understanding of heteroglossia, an understanding of the dialogue of languages as it exists in a given era. But in order to understand such dialogue, or even to become aware initially that a dialogue is going on at all, mere knowledge of the linguistic and stylistic profile of the languages involved will be insufficient: what is needed is a profound understanding of each language's socio-ideological meaning and an exact knowledge of the social distribution and ordering of all the other ideological voices of the era. (Bakhtin The Dialogic Imagination 417)

Dialogue is not merely the voice of the author; it is the voice of the author reflected by the voices of his or her background, by the milieu of the voices that enrich any urban landscape. According to Bakhtin there is an ordering to these voices, which cannot be determined as merely arbitrary, but which follow a certain social and ideological ordering. The heteroglossia is the reflection of these voices, and as such cannot be attributed entirely to the writer. The writer abdicates to the flow of language around him. He surrenders not to an inner creative act, but to the outer creative act, his voice the voice of others.

Deleuzian Folds

The importance of the writer and his or her relationship to folds are important here. Definitions of folds have aptly been discussed by postmodernists such as Derrida.¹⁴ Gilles Deleuze in his book The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque defines the fold for the Baroque. Inside and outside harmonize in the fold. The one expresses the other. He writes expressing Baroque architecture, “Such is the Baroque trait: an exterior always on the outside, an interior always on the inside. An infinite ‘receptivity,’ and infinite ‘spontaneity’: the outer façade of reception and the inner rooms of action” (Deleuze The Fold 35). I have argued that the fold expressed by modern day writers such as Whitman and Miller have an interchangeable inside and outside. The outside doesn’t merely receive, it acts out, and the inside doesn’t merely act, it receives. Within the ripple of the fold, language as expressed in the novel, the difference between inside and outside is balanced by movement, not by rigid structures. As I will demonstrate later, the metaphors expressed in Miller’s Tropic of Cancer, for example, question what can be called properly inside and outside.

¹⁴ Derrida writes in his book Truth in Painting: “...economize on the abyss: not only save oneself from falling into the bottomless depths by weaving and folding the cloth to infinity, textual art of the reprise, multiplication of patches within patches, but also establish the laws of appropriation, formalize the rules which constrain the logic of the abyss and which shuttle between the economic *and* the aneconomic, the raising and the fall, the abyssal operation which can only work toward the reléve and that in it which regularly reproduces collapse” (37). Derrida wrestles with the Nietzschean fall while at the same time recognizing the possibility of folds stretching weaving to infinity.

This idea of the inside becoming outside in the work of Gilles Deleuze and his fellow author and friend Felix Guattari is defined by Charles J. Stivale in his book The Two-Fold Thought of Deleuze and Guattari in this way:

The “two-fold thought” that we engage along with Deleuze and Guattari is one of action and opening outward, of involuntary revelations and adventures, of sliding toward possibly barbaric formulations, unheard-of juxtapositions of concepts, monstrous couplings. In linking the “two-fold thought” to different Deleuze-Guattarian terms—nomad thought, “Outside thinking”, “rhizomatics” and “pragmatics”—we develop actively , with and through these authors, this wrenching process of displacement, intersections, and animations. (Stivale 24)

Miller’s work is not merely “Deleuzian.” It doesn’t merely move the surface of the inside to the outside, thereby developing the “barbaric formulations, unheard-of juxtapositions of concepts, [and] monstrous couplings” that Stivale speaks of. As well as the concept of “outside thinking,” language that flows as desires and actions flow, in Miller’s own work there could be applied the concept of “inside action,”-- language that acts upon itself in order to break and rupture into the surfaces of bodily space. This inner action is more like alchemy, how language becomes transformed by

references to what Horst Ruthrof calls “non-verbal signs.”¹⁵ These processes often cannot be named.

Vygotsky

The multiplication of these different voices, as they compound in order to make up the voices, images, and themes of the novel, are like ripples in a fold as they confront one another end over end. What the writer finds within, the words that spring from his mind onto the page, is really the act of discovering what has already been discovered outside of his mind. The mind listens to other narratives, and then transforms these narratives for its own. This is an act of turning narratives outside in, and then inside out. Folds are revealed during this tumbling act. Leo Vygotsky suggests the same in his book Thought and Language: “The relation of thought to word is not a thing but a process, a continual movement back and forth from thought to word and from word to thought” (Vygotsky 218). Much of Vygotsky’s discussion of language is framed around the origin of language particularly in the processes of how a child learns to speak, but it can also be applied to the phenomena of language acquisition in the processes of meaning, not only from thought to word and word to thought, but also from narrative structure or ideology to story, and from story told or

¹⁵ Rothrof writes: “Nonverbal signs are made up of tactile, olfactory, gustatory, aural, visual and other perceptual readings as well as their fantasy variants (Rothrof 151). Principle to Ruthrof’s work is the idea that language is parasitic to the body’s nonverbal signs. If such as idea is true, than it must be said that language blooms from the body and the space of the body, not vice versa. I am suggesting here that the fold suggests both possibilities, where language comes from the body while also placing and creating the body.

written to narrative ideology. As Vygotsky suggests, this is all process, and folds are processes, not whole outcomes.

What this suggest for Henry Miller is an approach that examines less the voice of Henry Miller, and more the style of Henry Miller which is never entirely his own. It is not the inner voice of Miller but his inner voice transformed by an outer style. The outer style exhibited so ingeniously in Tropic of Cancer is the style of the times of the writer: the political, psychological, physiological and philosophical style of a culture of voices. Principally speaking, Henry Miller's style is a style that is transformed by acts of abdication. Henry is never entirely Henry, and he is never entirely not himself.

Henry Miller frequently wrote of the flow, the author's intention to submerge himself in language, and few writers worked so hard to educate themselves on how to achieve this as he did. Yet the metaphor of the flow, language as a moving stream within which one swims in order to pull out a stunning narrative in much the same way a scuba diver photographs a new species of fish, is not entirely sufficient here. The metaphor presupposes the idea of the creative act, the act that creates something entirely new, in this case the likelihood that one creates narratives never before told. The metaphor of the flow is only so good as to describe the writer as the observer of language. It fails to describe the writer who does more than observe and transcribe, the writer who in the act of writing becomes the very tablet that he or she writes upon, the writer who is transformed by the act of writing, not merely in a spiritual or

psychological sense, but in the sense that words emerge from a memory of the nonsensical, of pure nonsense.

Concerning flows, Heraclitus, ancient Greek philosopher whose works survives as a series fragments, writes, “Everything flows and nothing abides; everything gives way and nothing stays fixed,” and “Nature loves to hide herself,” and most famously, “You cannot step twice into the same river, for other waters and yet others go ever flowing on.” Central to Heraclitus’ philosophy is the idea that flux allows for stasis: “The bones connected by joints are at once a unitary whole and not a unitary whole. To be in agreement is to differ; the concordant is the discordant. From out of all the many particulars comes oneness, and out of oneness comes all the many particulars.” Heraclitus’ philosophy is similar to the philosophy of the fold as parts are merged into wholes and wholes become their parts. Yet it differs in this way: the continuum that Heraclitus suggests between opposites is not necessarily the same dichotomy of opposites within the fold. Folds don’t necessarily lead to opposites. They often lead to minor differences: the differences created out of fragmentary wholes.

Henry Miller’s writing is often not the writing of someone trying to make sense, trying to make wholes out of fragments. Frequently, his writing documents the fragmentary, and the act of making wholes is achieved by the making sense of the reader. Folds bend and twist like flows, but they are not entirely like flows—they don’t stretch out linearly. Folds touch one another from end to end so that beginnings

become endings, and endings become beginnings. This is exactly the fragmentary structure of the fold.

Bataille and the Pineal Eye

However, in Tropic of Cancer these inner processes are at work in as much as the body becomes a metaphor for what breaks linear narratives. In Tropic, in many ways the body, the inner language of the body if you will, disrupts the movements of the speaker, becoming a series of smaller narratives, even smaller bodies, which often parallel the action of the novel while resisting it.¹⁶ These smaller narratives of the body in its decay, often in the form of venereal diseases, bedsores, and lice, form a counterbalance to Deleuzian outside thinking in that instead of surface flows we have interior rotations, places where narratives are worked inside out. These rotations are not merely surreal exercises in style. They are as much a part of the larger narrative as the author's descriptions of wanderings and finding a bite to eat, yet they break off and form their own separate narratives. Through the frequent descriptions of the body in Tropic the inside actions of language form fragmentary focal points where linear narratives are disrupted by non-linear ones. The narratives of the body are frequently rotating narratives which dissent into spaces that are resistant to appropriations.

¹⁶ Speaking of such narratives Frank Kermode writes: "They inhabit a misty world in which relationships are arranged according to some agreed system but remain occult or of questionable shape"(Mitchell W.J.T. 89). His essay, "Secrets and Narrative Sequence" offer the possibility of narratives that often work against the intention of the author while offering secret narratives of their own. Likewise, as I have suggested here, the narratives suggested by the body within Miller's work and his often surreal descriptions of them, offer narratives which cannot entirely be appropriated by the larger linear narrative of the novel.

Georges Bataille in his series of essays titled by the publisher Visions of Excess alludes to the possibility of this inner action, where there is a third kind of vision, a third eye, the pineal eye, which the ancients considered the visionary eye of the cosmos.¹⁷ Located just behind the eyes, the pineal gland works as a kind of map for the visual field of the eyes. For Bataille the pineal eye addresses the possibility of an inner vision which sees vertically rather than horizontally. There is the vision of surfaces, the horizontal vision of the eyes, and the vision of interiors, the vertical vision of eruptions and ruptures. The former moves as desire appropriates or resists. The latter moves as desire consumes itself and falls incessantly. Bataille writes:

Thus the pineal eye, detaching itself from the horizontal system of normal ocular vision, appears in a kind of nimbus of tears, like the eye of a tree or, perhaps, like a human tree. At the same time this ocular tree is only a giant (ignoble) pink penis, drunk with the sun and suggesting or soliciting a nauseous malaise, the sickening despair of vertigo. In this transfiguration of nature, during which vision itself, attracted by nausea, is torn out and torn apart by the sunbursts into which it stares, the erection ceases to be a painful upheaval on the surface of the earth and, in a vomiting of flavorless blood, it transforms itself into a vertiginous fall in celestial space, accompanied by a horrible cry. (Bataille Visions of Excess 84)

¹⁷ See the works of Galen (ca. 130-ca. 210 AD), the Greek medical doctor and philosopher

The possibility of the pineal eye works to counterbalance the possibility of Deleuzian outside thinking. This possibility, likewise, addresses how the fold works: bending end over end spatially, folding inside and outside of linear time, folds reveals how language is transformed by the interiors and surfaces of the body.

Embodied Reason

The connections between language, or reason, and the human body have been lately popularized by cognitive scientists, most notably by George Lakoff and Mark Johnson. Early on in their book Philosophy in the Flesh: the Embodied Mind and It's Challenge to Western Thought Lakoff and Johnson challenge preconceived notions of reason by challenging the idea of disembodied language:

Reason is not disembodied, as the tradition has largely held, but arises from the nature of our brains, bodies, and bodily experience. This is not just the innocuous and obvious claim that we need a body to reason; rather, it is the striking claim that the very structure of reason itself comes from the details of our embodiment. The same neural and cognitive mechanisms that allow us to perceive and move around also create our conceptual systems and modes of reason. (Lakoff and Johnson 4)

Lakoff and Johnson also claim that “Reason is not completely conscious, but mostly unconscious” (Lakoff and Johnson 4). What we have traditionally understood language to be, as that which is conscious and disembodied as spirits are disembodied, has been proven false. Language doesn't work on the disembodied level. Signifiers

cannot operate alone.¹⁸ What this means is that much of what we call reasonable discourse is lost to the inner actions, or inner visions of the mind. Bataille's pineal eye is closer to scientific reality than linear narratives bound by time.

Inner Language

Perhaps reasonable discourse is lost to the inner actions of the mind because language doesn't have the capacity of explain these inner actions. As Terrence W. Deacon explains in his book The Symbolic Species, we still are at a loss for how the mind functions:

Thousands of years and thousands of texts later, we still do not fully understand the basis of the relationship that invests words with their meanings and referential capacity. To be blunt, we really do not understand one of our most commonplace experiences... We know how to create codes and artificial languages. Yet we do not know how we know how to do this, nor what we are doing when we do. Or rather, we know on the surface, but we do not know what mental processes underlie these activities, much less what neural processes are involved.

(Deacon 51)

Deacon later suggests that language is largely responsible for the way the brain functions and evolves. If this is true, then it might be suggested that language

¹⁸ It is easy to see how works such as Lakoff and Johnson's challenge the ideas of disembodied signs as purposed by the French linguist Saussure.

functions as the unconscious functions—against surface or referential meaning.

Language and the mind function beneath the surface like bodies.

In fact, in recent years, the whole discussion of what the body means to literature has focused its attention on the space of literature and its relation to the body. Theorists like Horst Ruthrof have written, “Language does not mean by itself,” and “Language is parasitic on nonlinguistic signs.”¹⁹ Working largely from the experiences of Helen Keller, Ruthrof attempts to return language to the spatial realities akin to the human body. In the same manner, Mark Turner, in his book The Literary Mind, makes a case by the end of his book that the relationship between narrative and language has traditionally been reversed, and that this is not necessarily true:

It works the other way around. With story, projection, and their powerful combination in parable, we have a cognitive basis from which language can originate. The dynamic processes of parable are basic to the construction of meaning and the construction of language. Story precedes grammar. Projection precedes grammar. Parable precedes grammar. Language follows these mental capacities as a consequence; it their complex product. Language is the child of the literary mind.

(Turner 168)

¹⁹ Ruthrof is largely in debt to the work of cognitive scientists like George Lakoff and Mark Johnson and gives them credit as credit is due in his book The Body in Language. Although lightly criticizing poststructuralists like Gilles Deleuze and Jacques Derrida for their inability to forge a poststructuralist semantics, his book could perhaps be criticized for ending with poststructuralist theories where new ideas are promised that go beyond these theories.

The space of literature, its texture and narrative, much like how words sound, yet how they are imprinted on the mind, give birth to language processes.²⁰ All of these theorists signal a philosophical as well as a cultural shift: the mind's body, its unconscious, is pushed to the forefront, and what we have now are narratives bound to the body and its spatial reality, not to the space of literature separate from the body. This cultural shift feels very revolutionary, and as such, like the surrealists' and futurists' fondness for proclamations, its theorists have their own proclamations in the guise of cognitive science.²¹

What this means for Tropic of Cancer, what Miller always knew, is that the body is not merely a vessel for conquest, but also a landscape where language gets worked out, where language, particularly narrative, begins and necessarily ends. And the body is a series of folds. Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer offers multiple narratives that follow the creases of these folds. With its multiple uses of styles and voices, Tropic of Cancer offers an opportunity to see how folds move and are processed. Early into Tropic of Cancer he compares the city to the human body:

²⁰ Maurice Blanchot's L'Espace Litteraire, The Space of Literature, is, of course, significant here. Yet what Blanchot achieves in his book is not so much the science of the mind, but rather the poetic revelry of being. Central to Blanchot's work is the idea that the reader enters into the solitude of the author's work, a secret narrative space where the reader becomes transformed by the otherness of the author's narrative. Yet what I have proposed are narratives where the reader is not so much transformed by the space, but unraveled, so that ruptures replace understanding, and being, which could defined as a whole, splinters into its meaningful parts.

²¹ All three of the before mentioned writers, Lakoff, Ruthrof, and Turner adore the proclamation as tenet, set off by itself, often following several others, often written in the beginning of their chapters. Like Martin Luther, these writers have something important to say.

How a man can wander about all day on an empty belly, and even get an erection once in a while, is one of those mysteries which are too easily explained by the “anatomists of the soul.” On a Sunday afternoon, when the shutters are down and the proletariat possesses the street in a kind of dumb torpor, there are certain thoroughfares which remind one of nothing less than a big chancrous cock laid open longitudinally. And it is just those highways, the Rue St. Denis, for instance, or the Faubourg du Temple—which attract on irresistibly, much as in the old days, around Union Square or the upper reaches of the Bowery, one was drawn to the dime museums where in the show-windows there were displayed wax reproductions of various organs of the body eaten away by syphilis and other venereal diseases. The city sprouts out like a huge organism diseased in every part, the beautiful thoroughfares only a little less repulsive because they have been drained of pus. (55)

Folds exist in several areas in this passage: between streets and cocks, between highways and syphilitic flesh, between thoroughfares and skin “drained of pus.”

There are these comparisons and the narratives that spring from them—the people and vehicles of the city that spring up like sex organs on the body—and the narratives created as folds and their events touch--the sexual narrative of the city penetrated by its streets, the sexual narrative of the body penetrated by the sexual diseases carried by lovers through city streets. These folds and the events that intersect them create an

inner grotesque, a grotesque that springs forward to reveal itself while springing inward to create other possibilities: the narrative of venereal disease, the narrative of the inner body.

Feminism and the Grotesque

Favorable critics to Henry Miller's work have often called him the healthiest human alive for his ability to reveal everything bountiful, and for his ability to leave no subject taboo.²² Other critics and feminists have rightly pointed out the overt sexism in Tropic of Cancer. Principal among them was Kate Millet, who in 1970 published Sexual Politics. Deriding Tropic of Cancer for its likeness of women as "huge teats" or "haunches", Millet accuses Miller of misogyny.²³ Yet as Anais Nin wrote in her diary, Henry Miller the man was very different from the Henry Miller in Tropic of Cancer. Henry Miller's love of the grotesque, his tendency to view women as body parts, rather than viewing them as whole beings, is rightly criticized. But one shouldn't confuse the grotesque with misogyny. Like Francois Rabelais, who was one of Henry Miller's favorite authors, Tropic of Cancer is a book of the grotesque-- images infused with their opposite poles in the process of becoming. Miller's grotesque images in Tropic of Cancer don't so much appropriate the female body by

²² Principal among them was his friend, lover, and writer, Anais Nin.

²³ I do not defend Miller for his misogyny. However, where Millet sees the "cock and balls" as star players in Tropic of Cancer, I see them as tragic comic. The narrator in Tropic of Cancer is no rapist, and his joy comes not from conquering women, as much as it comes from what he perceives women to be--being strangely wonderful and other--and as such, this signals Miller's inability to consummate a relationship with a woman in any serious or meaningful way. If Miller's cock and balls are the star players in the novel, they are elderly clowns.

the male body as they reveal the processes of opposites infused and becoming.

Bakhtin wonderfully defines the grotesque in his book Rabelais and His World in this way, defining the grotesque body in the processes of becoming:

Contrary to modern canons, the grotesque body is not separated from the rest of the world. It is not a closed, completed unit; it is unfinished, outgrows itself, transgresses its own limits. The stress is laid on those parts of the body that are open to the outside world, that is, the parts through which the world enters the body or emerges from it, or through which the body itself goes out to meet the world. This means the emphasis is on the apertures or the convexities, or on various ramifications and offshoots: the open mouth, the genital organs, the breasts, the phallus, the potbelly, the nose. (Bakhtin Rabelais and HisWorld 26)

In Tropic of Cancer characters are not so much whole beings, but rather their grotesque parts. The landscape revealed in Tropic of Cancer are characters disassembled. As such they are folded upon one another, and within one another.

Overabundance

Yet within these abundant folds, where narratives--the narrative of the mind, of the body, of bedbugs, lice, and rats, of meals, and lost meals—flow inwardly and outwardly, there exists the problem of the overflow, of overabundance, where the method of writing seems directed at the making of lists, and less at the making of linear narratives. If Tropic of Cancer is a novel, then it is a novel of several voices,

not principally the voice of Henry Miller's, where overabundance is celebrated parallel to scarcity. For all of the narrator's attempts to find a meal, to find sex, to find joy, to find acceptance, which come all too easily for him, the language of narrative always exceeds his lack of these things. It's as if Henry Miller feeds himself with words. His overabundant narratives, his bountiful words, always exceed his desire in the way that words succeed where material circumstances do not.

This abundant kind of narrative occurs as Miller describes flows in Tropic of Cancer:

“I love everything that flows,” said the great blind Milton of our times. I was thinking of him this morning when I awoke with a great bloody shout of joy: I was thinking of his rivers and trees and all that world of night which he is exploring. Yes, I said to myself, I too love everything that flows: rivers, sewers, lava, semen, blood, bile, words, sentences. I love the amniotic fluid when it spills out of the bag. I love the kidney with its painful gallstones, its gravel and what-not; I love the urine that pours out scalding and the clap that runs endlessly; I love the words of hysterics and the sentences that flow on like dysentery and mirror all the sick images of the soul.... I love everything that flows, everything that has time in it and becoming, that brings us back to the beginning where there is never end....(236)

These words of disease and suffering and hysterics speak less of their possible reality and more of their own possible flow as words. This is an example of the flow of

words, of the abundance of words and the flows that come from them.

Overabundance finds itself in the realm of words in Tropic of Cancer.

Overabundance, then, in Tropic of Cancer cannot be defined as that which exceeds desire, because desire is always folded between language and the body in the novel. The overabundance of narrative may seem to soothe Miller's despair, but it cannot fill his stomach. Within the novel there is the peculiar fold of the desiring body folded within desiring narratives—the body dying within the abundant folds of unending stories.

The Tree of Life

Tropic of Cancer, like Whitman's Daybooks, is a chronicle of the author's daily life. Unlike Whitman's Daybooks, however, Miller's Tropic of Cancer was edited and reedited as a work of literature. Miller wrote volumes about his techniques of writing, and editing, about his practices and routines concerning writing. Conversations concerning his writing frequently appear in his novels. Concerning the writer as artist, he wrote in his novel Sexus:

The best thing about writing is not the actual labor of putting word against word, brick upon brick, but the preliminaries, the spade work, which is done in silence, under any circumstances, in dream as in the waking state. In short, the period of gestation. No man ever puts down what he intended to say: the original creation, which is taking place all the time, whether one writes or doesn't write, belongs to the primal

flux: it has no dimensions, no form, no time element. (Miller Henry Miller on Writing 23)

It is clear that Miller used Tropic of Cancer as a device to organize all of the disparate voices in his life while he struggled to stay alive in Paris. Similar to Bakhtin's definition of the grotesque as an incomplete metamorphosis, Miller's theory of the gestation concerning writing—gestation that could only be submerged somewhere between the mind and body—reveals the folds between what turns within the body and that which later reveals itself through outward, written narratives. We get some of what happened in between his thoughts and his narratives in Henry Miller's outlines and water colors. An illustration of Miller's sketches and remarks over a picture of a "Tree of Life and Death," (refer to figure B) which he so labeled and which seems to form a reference point for the cosmology of Tropic of Cancer, reveals not only his intention to infuse the worlds and landscapes of the novel with magical reference points and magical language—within the illustration there is a kind of alchemy at work between several ideologies—but also the inside of his thinking, that which could properly be seen as the preliminary sketches within his mind. With the sketch and outlines of the Tree of Life and Death, there are fragmentary narratives which the reader must piece together in order to make wholes.

The sketch is a demonstration of the creative act, and as such, it doesn't flinch from gathering all influences. The sketch has several influences, D.H. Lawrence and

Otto Rank among them.²⁴ Within the sketch, there are allusions to astrology, Western and Eastern philosophy, psychoanalysis, cosmology, meteorology, physics, Jung, magic, the apocalyptic, and even geology to name a few. Just above the tree in bold capital letters are the lines: “Macrocosm Mental Heaven.s” and below that is the word in capitals “Ideology.” To the right of these words are the words “Cancer=House of Birth and Death” and “Climate.” If anything could be called upon to reveal Miller’s periods of gestation this sketch would do. Because not only does it reveal his thinking processes, but like a body—a tree of life and death resembles closely the human body under the processes of growth and decay—it reveals the processes of narratives emerging from the body. Demonstrated within the sketch are mental activities, not merely linear mental activities--activities that lead outward, and upward--but cyclical mental activities, much like paintings where narratives spin across the canvas rather than succeeding as events, one after the other. Like Whitman’s Daybooks this sketch is a space where narratives spin out of control, and reveal inner folds, allowing the novel its space and period of gestation.

“Macrocosm Mental Heaven.s,” the “.s” of which may mean nothing, but may also mean the singular and plural heavens existing side by side, signify the possibility of mind as a body, thought as action, and even action as thought. The different textual insertions, written like in the Daybooks in shapes and sizes, become more than

²⁴ D.H. Lawrence is the celebrated author of Lady Chatterly’s Lover, the same novel of which Henry Miller attempted to write a book about but could never finish. Otto Rank was a celebrated psychologist of the time, lover of Anais Nin, and great influence on Miller’s fictional work.

signifiers. They appear as images appear. In a similar way the sketch is not merely an outline, as outlines represent the skeletal foundations of larger works, it is also the working of thought as body, the stuff of art, narratives revealed spatially as images. Like all outlines the sketch offers a purposeful reference point for Miller and his writing, but unlike an outline the sketch becomes a reference point in itself, revealing an order that reveals parts isolated, and left to themselves, a kind of disordering, where images and their boundaries resist the flow of linear narratives. I have composed another chart where I demonstrate how such narratives might work as contrasted with an older Romantic model of the tree of life (see Figure C).²⁵ The image of the tree (Figure B) presents the same kind of processes that I demonstrate within Figure C. Processes run cyclically, rather than linearly. Such narrative folds don't produce anything. Such narratives turn beneath the ground without surfacing. Process usurps product within these narrative folds. The tree of life and death as Miller's sketch demonstrates reveals how narratives can operate without surfacing and without seemingly creating other events in the process.

The very idea of Mental Heavens in the plural lends power to the writer as god, the creator of his own heaven, and other creators and their heavens so that these heavens exist side by side with others. In this way the macrocosm is really a series of microcosms spread out over the universe like so many stars. Within the ".s" there are the inner folds of a series of mental universes.

²⁵ This figure all occurs on my website www.intothefold.com under the title The Self Into the Fold.

This is not to make too much out of a complicated sketch and its use of words. The different font sizes and the erratic shapes signify a sketch made over time just as a journal stretches over time. In order to make sense of the sketch as narrative it is necessary to add time, and to take it away from the time of narratives. This is dual fold of the sketch: narratives read through time as one reads words, and images read spatially as they resist time in isolated instants. Written in the upper left hand corner of the sketch are the words “Time conquers over Space” and then these words: “Soul Beliefs=organic man has to first travel thru astrological world of ideological ‘heaven’ before discovering the human ‘heaven’ within himself.” Below “Macrocosm” are the words: “When you have finally mastered the self you are nothing.” These narratives are hierarchal narratives: they are spiritual quests from heaven to earth. They are also narratives of transformation without end—salvation relies upon acceptance of being, not upon the promise of heavenly paradises. Yet as images above the branches of the tree, they reveal a duality not of resistance, of contradictions that need to be resolved, but of images that existed side by side. As narratives they resist one another but as images they do not.

This duality without resistance is the persistence of the fold. We witness these folds most clearly in the four circular narratives represented within circular images. In the circular image of “REALITY, SOUL, MAGICIAN\ASTROLOGER,” and “SEED,” folds emerge as revolving constellations. In the “zone changing REALITY” circular narrative “the artist’s naked reality” is contrasted and transformed into “mores.” And likewise mores are changed back into the artist’s reality. In the

“SOUL” circular narrative the “unconscious” and “conscious” flow into one another separated in the middle by two lines representing a “schizophrenic split.” In the “MAGICIAN\ASTROLOGER” wheel, the hub is represented by “Sin/Idealism” and the revolving rim is represented by the words, “Becoming Life Everlasting Orphic Wheel of Birth or orphic ritual to purify man of sin and thus free him the cycle of rebirth and birth.” In the “Seed=Embryo” circular narrative, resting below the tree in the ground, the outer circumference is represented by the words, “Spontaneous Living\ Soul individual Corporate.” All of these narratives represent isolated images. They move circularly within the bigger macrocosm of life and death. They are the products of dissection. They succeed as images succeed in parts without interference from the whole. They succeed as narratives in relation to the whole.

Contrasted within the sketch most vividly is the upper world and the lower worlds, between the “REALM OF METAPHYSICS” along with “FORM” and “WORLD” with the lower realm of ‘GRAVE=WOMB.’ Just beneath the word “FORM” is the sentence: “the whole form of our world must go!” Just above the word “GRAVE” is the sentence: “The artist is anti-religious, against the collectivity, destructive of the cultural order.” The upper worlds are represented by falling forms, the falling away from growth, like leaves falling from the branches of trees. The lower realms represent “MOTHER EARTH,” and the act of transformation, the rebirth from the stuff of dying forms. There are several folds here, between forms of birth and decay, between metaphysics and nothingness, between the dying to forms and the creation of new forms. The interior of these forms is the metamorphosis of the

creative act, flowing between forms, growing as it inches closer to death. It is not an embrace of death as death signals nothingness, but rather an embrace of death as it leads circularly back towards life. As such the upper and lower realms don't move linearly. They move circularly. Yet it is not a closed circle. Circular narratives and their images spawn new narratives and their images. The sketch represents the fold between the metamorphoses—the various narratives which appear materially on the page as later narratives appear materially in the novels of Henry Miller.

The sketch is a testament to Henry Miller the painter.²⁶ It represents his spatial understanding of narratives as much as it represents his understanding of ideas as linear narratives. As a whole the “coloring” of the sketch, its different fonts, and representations, suggest an image of words similar to creation myths represented images of oil and pigment. Seen as images the words represent a kind of flowering, a collision between representations, and their parts. Just beneath the title of “Mental Heavens” is the sentence: “The mind is the last flower—the cul de sac.” Likewise the sketch is a representation of a body, while serving as the material reference to the later novel. As the last flower, and the cul de sac where there is only one way in, and one way out, the language of the mind serves as the conduit of language. The flowering of the mind involves the subterranean cycle of rebirth. Language bursts like flowers from bodies.

²⁶ It is important to note that Miller made a considerable sum from his water colors when his books, banned from most countries, sold badly. In a New Republic interview he begged its readers to buy his water colors, send him supplies, while giving its readers his measurements so that they might send him clothing. He was able

The joy experienced by the narrator of Tropic of Cancer is the joy gained from the acceptance of these grotesque forms. There is little suffering in the novel, if suffering can be defined as that which causes pain, because Henry Miller as narrator is forever turning traditional suffering on its head, lampooning and even celebrating it. Throughout the novel the narrator is unburdened by his acceptance of everything filthy, corrupt, and necessarily harmful. Like Whitman, Miller's quest is the quest of acceptance of all forms.²⁷ A common theme in Tropic of Cancer is this acceptance, a clear seeing of that which is before one's eyes. In the before mentioned sketch, the following quote from Henri Bergson is typed in the middle of the page just above the trunk of the tree: "(Note: 'art has no other object than to set aside the symbols of practical utility, the generalities that are conventionally and socially accepted, everything in fact which masks reality from us, in order to set us face to face with reality itself')." The irony of such a statement reveals the artist's quest: to come to terms with reality by mimicking it. This is the joyful clarity expressed by Henry Miller the narrator, to see the world clearly, to accept it readily, to fall face first into its chaos in order to recreate it with the art of narrative.

Henry Miller the writer serves as the messenger between the narrator of Tropic of Cancer and his sketches. There are folds between them. Even though Miller frequently suggested that he revealed the worst parts of his character in Tropic of Cancer, Henry Miller served as a writer and as a conduit between his ideas, images,

to sell hundreds of his paintings during his lifetime.

²⁷ In an interview Miller says the same, that Whitman's greatest theme was the theme

and linear narratives, so that his art were the folds between what was thought, seen, and lived.²⁸ These folds, as they are manifested through his writing, demonstrate a working inside out.

Tropic of Cancer

The method of writing in Tropic of Cancer then is the method of writing in tune to the various interior folds that emerge as fragmentary narratives, while at the same time, revealing a linear narrative. The problem of surfaces as they seem only to touch the exterior of folds, like Deleuze's "outside thinking," is the problem of actions without transformation. What Deleuze and Guatarri saw as Miller's joyful method, particularly in their book Anti-Oedipus, his exhilarating style of writing which steered clear from the neurosis of inward thinking, was an appreciation of Miller's writing only as it accepted forms without reference to interiors. Yet Miller's method is more complex than that. His method of writing celebrates exteriors as they confront one another, and consequently, as these confrontations form other bodies, and other interiors. This is Miller's inward action, his method of turning things inside out to reveal the interior of exteriors and the exterior of things interior, like a surgeon who reveals the boundaries of a bladder, or the muscle tissue surrounding the chambers of a heart. Folds flow in flux and what is interior soon becomes exterior

of acceptance.

²⁸ In an interview with Robert Synder Miller replies: "But in writing that book, and other books, being truthful and relating only my own life and own experiences, I had to tell what happened to me, and those things weren't pretty—weren't ennobling (Synder 116). Like the confessional diaries of his friend Anais Nin Miller saw it as the writer's duty to reveal all of the darkest aspects of one's personal life.

and vice versa. Miller's method of writing revealed this process. Such a passage occurs by the end of Tropic of Cancer as Henry Miller contemplates returning to America: "Christ, before my eyes there shimmered such a golden peace that only a neurotic could dream of turning his head away. So quietly flows the Seine that one hardly notices its presence. It's always there, quiet and unobtrusive, like a great artery running through the human body." (285) Like the previous passages that concerned the body, an inside/outside movement occurs. But in this passage Miller folds his own consciousness over his landscape and allows the landscape he sees fold in upon his body so that two become inseparable while forming the event of the river, of the pumping artery, of the psychological peace he experiences as the two images are allowed to meet.

We see these folds in the Tropic of Cancer as they reveal themselves as the different narrative lives of the characters as well. Like the individual circular narratives that serve as both image and story within his sketch, the characters of Tropic of Cancer serve both to extend the linear narrative of the narrator while spinning off in their own directions as anecdote and image. Leon Lewis in his book Henry Miller: the Major Writings makes a similar observation: "*Cancer* is really a mutant of sorts, a journal that resembles a diary, a packet of sketches, a rough collection of essays, an assemblage of anecdotes" (Lewis 81). This is the reason why so many readers and critics find the novel difficult to appreciate. The novel seems to lack the tone and structure of a typical work of fiction. I have been suggesting that one should read the novel as a series of folds, in much the same way one discovers one

brush stroke and then another over the surface of a canvas. Tropic of Cancer is a picturesque landscape of characters in turn revealing their own picturesque landscapes. It is a novel of mirrors. In his essay "Inside the Whale" George Orwell writes that at first he didn't like Tropic of Cancer because its value seemed to lie in its ability to shock and nothing more. But, for Orwell, the writer Henry Miller begins to grow on him because, as he writes:

But read him for five pages, ten pages, and you feel the peculiar relief that comes not so much from understanding as from *being understood*. 'He knows all about me,' you feel; 'he wrote this specially for me'. It is as though you could hear a voice speaking to you, a friendly American voice, with no humbug in it, no moral purpose, merely an implicit assumption that we are all alike. For the moment you have got away from the lies and simplifications, the stylized, marionette-like quality of ordinary fiction, even quite good fiction, and are dealing with the recognizable experiences of human beings.

Orwell's words may be taken at their face value, but I would argue that what is authentic in the novel is not so much the stylized content or meaning of Henry Miller's words, but the experience gained from the fragmentary narrative led by fragmentary characters. The characters of Tropic of Cancer are not so much authentic in their speech, as they are authentic in the way they are anecdotal--not committed to false linear narratives where plots follow the same formula: conflict, rising tension, climax

and resolution. Henry Miller's character narratives are not narrative plots. They are narrative folds.

These folds wind inside and outside of other narratives. This is clearly demonstrated in the beginning of novel in the character of Tania. The narrator of Tropic of Cancer speaks:

The world around me is dissolving, leaving here and there spots of time. The world is a cancer eating itself away...I am thinking that when the great silence descends upon all and everywhere music will at last triumph. When into the womb of time everything is again withdrawn chaos will be restored and chaos is the score upon which reality is written. You, Tania, are my chaos. It is why I sing. It is not even I, it is the world dying, shedding the skin of time. I am still alive, kicking in your womb, a reality to write upon. (24)

The similarities between this passage and the tree of life sketch are numerous. More than these similarities, however, the character of Tania demonstrates how one character's narrative can spin off another character's narrative, revealing the processes of different folds. Tania becomes a character outside time, becoming even the world as womb, carrying the narrator to create other circular narratives. As chaos, Tania necessarily doesn't complete herself, doesn't add to cosmological frameworks. She represents transformation, metamorphosis, narrative outside time. Miller recognizes the use of Tania as someone he recognizes outside of himself:

Tania is in a hostile mood—I can feel it. She resents my being

filled with anything but herself. She knows by the very calibre of my excitement that her value is reduced to zero. She knows that I did not come this evening to fertilize her. She knows there is something germinating inside me which will destroy her. She is slow to realize, but she is realizing it...(45)

As folds these narratives also take other forms as grotesque images, as the human body becomes animal. The narrator writes about staying in the apartment of his Indian friend, Nanantatee, and watching him bathe himself in a tin tub:

And then he shows me his crooked arm which he got in taxi accident....His arm looks like a broken compass; it's not an arm anymore, but a kucklebone with a shank attached. Since the arm has been repaired he has developed a pair of swollen glands in the armpit—fat little glands, exactly like a dog's testicles (91).

For Miller was a genius at the anecdote. He reveled in it. And the anecdote is the perfect narrative reflection of the image, for both seem to resist larger and more linearly complex narratives. Nanantatee as an image is both a compass and dog. His image is splintered and fragmented. His image is the anecdote, the narrative of a man becoming animal and machine, the inner grotesque working from the inside. Like Whitman bodies and organs are revealed and joined together, but unlike Whitman these bodies and organs remain, for the most part, subterranean. There is a totality that connects narratives but a totality that remains hidden from view.

Other characters reveal the interior and exterior of rolling folds in different ways. There are always women and their depictions as wombs. There are other men who are at the mercy of certain physical ailments. And there are the philosophically and spiritually minded who attempt to crawl into the womb of ideas and get lost.

Kruger, a sculptor and painter is such a man:

Krugar was one of those saints who have gone wrong, a masochist, an anal type whose law is scrupulousness, rectitude and conscientiousness, who on an off day would knock a man's teeth down his throat without a qualm. He seemed to think I was ripe to move on to another plane, "a *higher* plane" as he put it....Sometimes he would go into a trance and talk about his previous incarnations, how he managed them to be, at least....He had turned himself inside out, like a coat whose nap is worn off. (181)

It's significant that Miller refers to this character as someone who "had turned himself inside out," for not only does it reveal the process of interiors becoming exteriors, but also because it reveals a narrative where transformation leads to fragmentary isolation. Again, like the circular narratives of the sketch, these characters turn inside out in order to reveal folds.

Miller observes strangers and magically imparts to them the music of the concert hall so each seems like their part of a dream. As an audience member in a classical concert his observations impart to different audience members qualities that resemble the inner grotesque. Each audience member becomes part of Miller's dream

as well as revealing their own narratives. And furthermore, they are isolated events within a series of narrative folds that are brought together to reveal a universal human body:

The music is slipping away from me, now that the drums have ceased. people everywhere are composed to order. Under the exit light is a Werther sunk in despair; he is leaning on his two elbows, his eyes are glazed. Near the door, huddled in a big cape, stands a Spaniard with a sombrero in his hand. He looks as if he were posing for the Balzac of Rodin. From the neck up he suggests Buffalo Bill. In the gallery opposite me, in the front row, sits a woman with her legs spread wide apart; she looks as though she had lock-jaw, with her neck thrown back and dislocated. The woman with the red hat who is dozing over the rail—marvelous if she were to have a hemorrhage! if suddenly she spilled a bucketful on those stiff shirts below. Imagine these bloody no-accounts going home from the concert with blood on their dickies! Sleep is the keynote. No one is listening any more. Impossible to think and listen. Impossible to dream even when the music itself is nothing but a dream. (87)

These different characters may reveal the psychology of the observer Miller but they don't add to his linear narrative in so far as they change Miller's motives and intentions as a character. Instead, these characters become the inner eruptions of a universal human body. Miller observes like a sociologist by categorizing human

conduct, yet even these categorizations cannot bring to light the hidden actions of their physical bodies. Miller's observations are the surgeon's observations of bodies on a huge tapestry.

Frequently landscapes and planets serve as characters that reveal folds. Miller was fond of pointing out how the world had seemed to lose its way. Where Whitman had seen promise in the earth's landscape, Miller had visions of doom. Inside the fold the world would roll over its past and come out renewed, but first it had to deal with its own imbalances:

More and more the world resembles an entomologist's dream. The earth is moving out of its orbit, the axis have shifted; from the north the snow blows down in huge knife-blue drifts. A new ice age is setting in, the transverse sutures are closing up and everywhere throughout the corn belt the foetal world is dying, turning to dead mastoid. Inch by inch the deltas are drying out and the river-beds are as smooth as glass. A new day is dawning, a metallurgical day, when the earth shall clink with showers of bright yellow ore. As the thermometer drops, the form of the world grows blurred; osmosis there still is, and here and there articulation, but at the periphery the veins are all varicose, at the periphery the light-waves bend and the sun bleeds like a broken rectum (158-159).

The earth gives itself up, and turns itself inside out. The comparison between landscapes and the human body are equally telling. The narrative of the earth as body

reveals the same kind of relationship between interior and exterior folds. These are the narratives of rolling folds. The only constant is change and flux.

This process is most clearly suggested in the character of the womb. It also helps to explain the anxiety and yet fascination that Miller had for women:

The door of the womb is always on the latch. Dread and longing. Deep in the blood the pull of Paradise. The beyond. Always the beyond. It must have all started with the navel. They cut the umbilical cord, give you a slap on the ass, and presto! you're out in the world, adrift, a ship without a rudder. You look at the stars and then you look at your navel. You grow eyes everywhere—in the armpits, between your lips, in the roots of your hair, on the soles of your feet. What is distant becomes near, what is near becomes distant. Inner-outer, a constant flux, a shedding of skins, a turning inside out (260).

The womb becomes the space of metamorphosis and also the space of turning folds. Like the womb in the tree of life and death sketch, this womb becomes the place of the rebirth of narratives as they blossom off from one another.

Ultimately, it is the mystery of a woman's womb that lends itself to the violence and even the despair of Miller. It is also his fascination. And what better metaphor for the fold is the womb because it is the womb where life begins, bones folding end over end, skin forming, organs growing, eyes opening, hands clenching. It is the womb where the narrative begins, the narrative of the infant folded behind muscle tissue, the body of the mother unfolding the child from her womb. Within the

womb the narrative fold begins. It is only after the child is born that he is given a linear narrative, a narrative that may be the more illusionary narrative since it often denies the oneness that is the fabric of the fold.

What I have suggested is that to completely read Tropic of Cancer as plot narrative is to read it wrongly, because simple plot narratives cannot accommodate a multitude of narrative flows which are not simply subplots, but rather plots outside time. The advantage to reading and discovering such plots outside time is the advantage of understanding the inner grotesque in such narratives. Such narratives are examples of becoming rather than operating on other events. Such narratives are isolated from the rest of the narrative by creating their own separate narratives. The effect of such narratives is to read Tropic of Cancer less like a novel where something happens and more as a novel where things become. There is something of Bataille's pineal eye in the narratives that Miller weaves in Tropic of Cancer. The seer exists behind the eyes, and within the mind's eye. These inward visions are the interiors of narratives untold, since they can never reveal themselves completely. Within these narratives other narratives unfold.

THE POSTMODERN SELF
(turned inside out)

The Postmodern tree. Growth is dissolution into matter and its processes.

Dissolution occurs at all ends of the organism.

The breakdown of material is process, not product.

Processes are folds. They rise, burrow, and run end over end.

Meaning is without a center. The self is process over production.

THE ROMANTIC SELF
(turned upwards, and outwards)

Romantic tree of life. Growth as measurement of the hierarchical self.

Romantic growth provides foundation for the branches of the above.

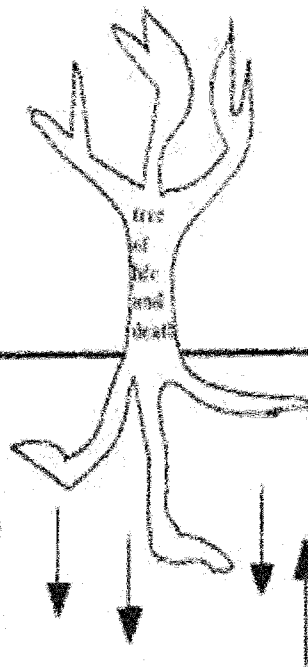
Processes of decay provide the material for rebirth.

the earth as
fertile

Processes are hierarchical: they always lead to the surface.

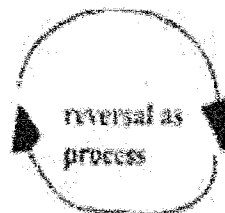
earth as
eruption
towards
the surface

Meaning is solidified around the center, around the self as production.

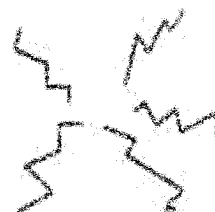


the turning of
the conscious

the earth
as cavern
and fold



the return of
consciousness



earth as
migration as
plates and folds

process and
product

Figure C

Chapter 3

Djuna Barnes' Nightwood and its Dark Folds

*Methinks I hear. Methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my fantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights
All my griefs to this are folly,
None so damned as melancholy.*

--Richard Burton's The Anatomy of Melancholy

Djuna Barnes' Nightwood lives within the interplay between shadow and light, between its multiple folding textures. Like Burton's The Anatomy of Melancholy it searches for interiors, for the sad isolation of the existential identity. Unlike the characters in the works of Whitman and Miller the characters of Nightwood travel through interior landscapes of their own making rather than traveling through and over landscapes of earth and body. In Nightwood interiors seem more personal. In Nightwood characters are isolated because of their differences whereas in Tropic of Cancer differences between characters bring them closer together. Where Miller's narration celebrates difference, Barnes' narration laments for the tragic consequences

of difference. Where Miller's narration travels joyously over anonymous bodies, Barnes' narration travels tragically over fragmented bodies that are all too personal. Tropic of Cancer's bodies are often magnificently cold and immune to identity. Nightwood's bodies are often tragically warm and immune to anonymity. The characters in Nightwood can never seem to let go of who they are. They are like layers that fold inward, searching for an identity that cannot completely be found.

Mayakovsky

Like Mayakovsky's poetry, Nightwood in many ways reveals what I want to call grotesque futurism: the life and death cycles of individual machines who behave like animals. In Mayakovsky this life and death cycle occurs mostly on the level of surfaces. With Barnes these cycles occur on the insides of surfaces. This is why I have claimed that Mayakovsky explores the surface animal—the body becoming like its surface parts—and Barnes explores the inner animal—the body erupting with animal parts and organs.

Like the inside/outside motivations of Mayakovsky's characters who fragment into various parts like the parts of a machine, Barnes' characters too seem to be under the influence of a tinker who disassembles in order to reveal. Yet unlike Mayakovsky's poetry where the tone is lighthearted even as it is grotesque, the tone in Nightwood is anything but lighthearted. Even as the characters in Nightwood reveal themselves as fragments, in the background there exist the desire or the longing for the whole, which as a desire cannot be resolved. The desire of the fragmentary, the various body parts in Nightwood, for example, is always reminded of the impossibility

of the whole. This is contrasted to Mayakovsky's poetry where the desire of the fragmentary joyously releases itself from the whole in a kind of rapturous melody. In this manner Nightwood parodies Mayakovsky's poetry, particularly his "The Cloud in Trousers," by demonstrating that fragments by their very definition long for the involvement of the whole from which they have left. In "The Cloud in Trousers" the fragment abandons the whole to quickly assume the role of whole for itself. This process occurs, too, in Nightwood, but this process is frequently accompanied by tone that provokes feelings of loss. In Nightwood the rapturous and even revolutionary release of the part from the whole turns quickly to sorrow.

There is something else that accompanies the dismantling of the whole into its parts that could be best described as the process of forgetting. If feelings of loss accompany this separation, then it only within the boundaries of forgetting, where characters as fragments abandon all hope of rejoining the whole, and in the process are allowed to abandon sorrow. Again, this contrast with Mayakovsky's "The Cloud in Trousers," where fragments do not desire to forget; instead, Mayakovsky's nerves, as parts of his body, remember and follow the original intentions of desiring love. The act of forgetting in Nightwood implies old identities, or old wholes, that are too terrible to remember, because different parts were not a good fit. Both Mayakovsky and Barnes were revolutionaries in this way, but with different views of the past. The former was the traditionalist revolutionary who sought to understand the past in order to build a better future. The latter was the revolutionary projected into a future who forgets the past in order to dismantle the present and move forward—the future as

unknown as the past. The former builds by process of dissimulation while the latter dismantles by processes of creating anew.

In Nightwood textual textures, metaphors of light and darkness, of earth and sorrow, of fragments and wholes, turn and overlap in such a way as to create folds that exist in darkness, where what is known is frequently accompanied by what cannot be known. In Nightwood as quickly as inner surfaces are revealed new interiors emerge, so that the present surface is reminded of what is underneath. It is as if one is following the surface of ground by the tunnels of moles. As one digs down to reveal what is deeper, more tunnels emerge, and one can see the earth moving without ever seeing the mover. These dark folds are formed by secrets that cannot be known—a process that resembles, as I have suggested earlier, the act of forgetting. The characters in Nightwood forget in order to remember, not the memory of what was the past, but the memory of what never was. They forge new identities by forging a new past. The fold, in the way that it reduces the past to the present and the present to the past by joining them, is the vehicle for this process. The dark fold embraces the unknown. It creates through acts of dissimulation.

Nightwood and the Anatomy of Melancholy

Nightwood owes its tone and approach to the body to the Elizabethans. Unlike Enlightenment views of the mind, where thoughts exist independently of the body, Nightwood participates in an older view, where bodies openly participate and influence the very fabric of thought, where thought is embodied. The characters' dialogue form connections between flesh and thought. In an Elizabethan sense, words

bruise. Ideas are the origins of disease. Images inflict wounds.²⁹ We get a sense of this in Shakespeare's The Tragedy of King Richard the Third. A powerful example of the effect of such words occurs when Richard proclaims his attraction to Anne. She replies to him: "Never hung poison on a fouler toad/Out of my sight! Thou dost infect my eyes." Richard's image causes her sight to become diseased as if the experience of seeing could be infected as bodies are infected. A transparent image, a vision, nothing more, evokes a material outcome. It is this experience of transference, where visions, and their words, become bodies, where one can claim that folds appear, just as folds appear in material bodies.

There is also something about the bodies of Nightwood that resemble the Elizabethan. Her characters, unlike the postmodern character of surfaces, flow inward with passion. William Butler Yeats makes a similar observation while examining the portraits of famous painters:

Shakespeare's people make all things serve their passion, and that passion is for the moment the whole energy of their being—birds, beasts, men, women, landscape, society, are but symbols, and metaphors, nothing is studied in itself, the mind is a dark well, no surface, depth only. The men that Titian painted, the men that Jongsen

²⁹ T.S. Eliot in his famous essay "The Metaphysical Poets" makes this distinction: "It is something which had happened to the mind of England between the time of Donne or Lord Herbert of Cherbury and the time of Tennyson and Browning; it is the difference between the intellectual poet and the reflective poet. Tennyson and Browning are poets, and they think; but they do not feel their thought as immediately as the odour of a rose. A thought to Donne was an experience; it modified his

painted, even the men of Van Dyck, seemed at moments like great hawks at rest. In the Dublin National gallery there hung, perhaps there still hang, upon the same wall, a portrait of some Venetian gentlemen by Strozzi and Mr. Sargent's painting of President Wilson. Whatever thought broods in the dark eyes of that Venetian gentleman, has drawn its life from his whole body; it feeds upon it as the flame feeds upon the candle—and should that thought be changed, his pose would change, his very cloak would rustle for his whole body thinks. President Wilson lives only in the eyes, which are steady and intent; the flesh about the mouth is dead, and the hands are dead, and the clothes suggest no movement of his body, nor any movement but that of the valet, who has brushed and folded in mechanical routine. (Yeats 194)

The bodies of the characters in Nightwood are the bridge between two worlds: the Elizabethan and the postmodern. The characters frequently are Elizabethan by thought, by dialogue, and postmodern by flesh and form. They are characters deep in thought lost in a world of bodies that do not think, in bodies that have lack memory. Their bodies become animal only insofar as they are unable to make their bodies think. These bodies become animal because they cannot be penetrated by the individual character's thought. Such bodies grow inwardly and in the dark.

Richard Burton's The Anatomy of Melancholy is a good place to start to examine these dark folds since his work openly declared the possibility of memory

sensibility.”

which has the various folds of a body, and since its influence on Nightwood was significant.³⁰ Melancholy, as one of the four humours in The Anatomy of Melancholy, is defined by Burton as: "Melancholy, cold and dry, thick, black and sour, begotten of the more feculent part of nourishment, and purged from the spleen, is a bridle to the other two humours, blood and choler, preserving them in the blood, and nourishing the bones." As a bridle between the warmer humours, blood and choler, as the preserver of the balance of the body with its contrasting qualities that are "cold and dry," and finally, as the nourishment to "the bones," melancholy serves as a kind of inner memory.³¹ This contrasts with the blood and choler which preserves the color, heat, and strength of the body.³² The humours of the blood and choler could be called the consciousness of the body, since they are not hidden and since they aid the senses. More significantly melancholy, as nourishment to the bones, preserves that part of the

³⁰ Originally, Barnes wanted to give Nightwood the title "Anatomy of the Night" principally because Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy was her favorite book. It was only later after Eliot objected to the title because Lionel Johnson had written a poem of the same name when Barnes decided to go with "Nightwood." Further, Cheryl J. Plumb writes: "Only later in October 1936 did Barnes write Coleman [her publisher] of her discovery that the title was Thelma's name: 'Nigh T. Wood—low, thought of it the other day. Very odd.'" See Nightwood: the Original Version and Edited Drafts edited and with an introduction by Cheryl J. Plumb, ix.

³¹ I must mention the other third of the four humors, pituita. Burton defines it as thus: "'Pituita, or phlegm is a cold and moist humour, begotten of the colder parts of the chylus (or white juice coming out of the meat digested in the stomach) in the liver. His office is to nourish and moisten the members of the body.'"

³² Burton defines the blood and choler in this way: "Blood, a hot, sweet, tempered, red humour, prepared in the meseraic veins, and made of the most temperate parts of the chylus (chyle) in the liver, whose office it is to nourish the whole body, to give it strength and colour, being dispersed through every part of it. And from it spirits are first begotten in the heart, which afterwards in the arteries are communicated to the other parts. Choler is hot and dry, begotten of the hotter parts of the chylus, and

body that is most permanent especially after its death. An anatomy of such a humour could only be an anatomy that which is hidden, yet more eternal, as bones often are signs for bodies that escape the impermanence of life. Such an anatomy would presumably reveal how a body works outside life, and it would reveal the processes behind the senses.

Melancholy, in this way, is the interior fold of the body and necessarily serves as the functioning fragment that resists the whole while nourishing it. No doubt this is why Barnes originally wanted to title Nightwood with the title “Anatomy of the Night.” Such an anatomy would disclose the processes of interior identities, hidden as they are from the daylight, and it would question the legitimacy of wholes. An “anatomy of the night” would also speak of dreams and their ability to create narratives that are largely forgotten.

Inner Memory

This idea of inner memory that becomes inner narratives, like the humour melancholy, closely resembles the inner eye or the pineal eye of Bataille. Behind memories that can be brought forth are memories that cannot. Is it because these memories are largely forgotten without effort or largely forgotten with much effort? There is something to be said about inner memories that perhaps retreat from memory on their own accord, as if they no longer serve the grand purpose of a conscious identity. These memories are attached to the bones. These are the memories that Barnes seeks. Nightwood examines the anatomy of such memories.

gathered to the gall. It helps the natural heat and senses.”

These inner memories could be given the name of what writers like Blanchot and Kristeva have called “the Other.” In the act of writing Blanchot claims that the writer abdicates the self: “The writer belongs to a language which no one speaks, which has no center, and which reveals nothing. He may believe that he affirms himself in this language, but what he affirms is altogether deprived of self” (Blanchot 16). The unconscious becomes manifested as we learn to reveal ourselves through the act of narrative writing. Blanchot also has much to say about sleep and the night. According to Blanchot, “Sleep belongs to the world; it is a task” (Blanchot 264). We abdicate the self, the flow, and rhythms of what is outside of us as we sleep. So Blanchot is allowed to claim that “Sleeping is an event which belongs to history, just as rest on the seventh day belongs to creation.” (Blanchot 264) This is not to claim that sleep and the night are similar: “Night, the essence of night, does not let us sleep. In the night no refuge is to be found in sleep.” (Blanchot 264) For Blanchot the night offers a sharp break with the day, as the day only moves uninterrupted into the night through sleep. The night has closer ties with the dream because unlike the day it often not bound by the devices of time. It is incalculable because it is under the influence of the dream. Blanchot writes:

The dream is the reawakening of the interminable. It is an allusion at least, and something like a dangerous call—through the persistence of what cannot finish—to the neutrality that presses up behind the beginning. Hence the fact that the dream seems to bring up in each of us the being of earliest times—and not only the child, but still further

back, the most remote, the mythic, the emptiness and vagueness of the anterior. (Blanchot 267)

The dream moves not so much outside time, but against it, like a narrative without beginning or end. Sleep connects the sleeper with the conscious day. The dream connects the sleeper with an interminable night. The dreamer is like a watcher in the night, a captive to what is the other, as well as to what cannot properly be remembered in the day. The dreamer is held by narratives that cannot properly be called narratives since they are forged in the unconscious and seldom find the light of day. In

Nightwood Nora says as much when she declares in the chapter titled “Watchman, What of the Night?”: “I used to think...that people just went to sleep, or if they did not go to sleep that they were themselves, but now...now I see that the night does something to a person’s identity, even when asleep” (81).

Along a similar vein, Kristeva writes: “The foreigner is within us. And when we flee from or struggle against the foreigner, we are fighting our unconscious—that ‘improper’ facet or our impossible ‘own and proper.’” (Kristeva 290) This struggle is the body that is put on the surgeon’s table, etherized, and dissected in Barnes’

Nightwood. But it is not a dissection that brings everything to light, a surgery even that cures the patient. Instead, it is a dissection into a surgery and then a surgery into a dissection, a rolling series of self cures and observations that is evidence of dark folds. Kristeva’s “foreigner” is not only evidence of an unconscious. The foreigner has her own tasks to accomplish too, and it is the foreigner at work, the other, the dream, the inner memory, which reveals itself behind the focus of observations in the daylight.

It must also be noted that these dark folds, the space and time of what is remembered and forgotten, accompany characters who are in love. This further complicates the characters and their identities in Nightwood because just as they themselves fragment, and retreat into what cannot be remembered, so do the ones that they love. They are the cast in a drama of unknowns.

Love and the Dissimulation of Identity

It must also be said that love is frequently the energy behind the dissimulation of identity in the characters in Nightwood. Characters fall in love with one another but it is often a love that goes unreturned or if it is a love returned it is a love used to secure a new identity apart from an identity already forged. Roland Barthes effectively provides a kind of anatomy of love in his book A Lover's Discourse:

Fragments.³³ Barthes defines love as unknowable:

It is not true that the more you love, the better you understand; all that the action of love obtains from me is merely this wisdom: that the other is not to be known; his opacity is not the screen around a secret, but, instead, a kind of evidence in which the game of appearance and reality are done away with. I am then seized with this exaltation of *someone unknown*, someone who will remain so forever: a mystic impulse: I know what I do not know. (Barthes 135)

³³ In the preface to this book Barthes writes: "The necessity for this book is to be found in the following consideration: that the lover's discourse is today *of an extreme solitude*." Barthes' book could be described as an attempt to give solace to the modern individual separated from others as well as himself. This kind of alienation is

A lover's desire makes her seek what cannot be completely found. The characters in Nightwood are bodies of desire, incomplete because of this desire. The characters of Nightwood like ravaged body of Dionysus seem to be victims of their own desire, and it is as body parts that they seem to reveal these desires the most.³⁴

Dr. O'Connor's words in Nightwood about love and its patterns of dissolution are often dark and strange. His monologues stretch across landscapes of the body, folding them together like a surgeon sews together skin and tissue. His speech bridges the gap between all types of love--maternal, romantic and fraternal:

Bowing down from the waist, the world over they go, that they may revolve about the Great Enigma—as a relative about a cradle—and the Great Enigma can't be thought of unless you turn the head the other way, and come upon thinking with the eye that you fear, which is called the back of the head; it's the one we use when looking at the beloved in a dark place, and she is a long time coming from a great way. We swoon with the thickness of our own tongue when we say, 'I love you,' as in the eye of a child lost a long while will be found the contraction of that distance—a child going small into the claws of the beast, coming furiously up the furlongs of the iris. We are but skin about a wind, with muscles clenched against mortality. We sleep in a long reproachful dust against ourselves. (83)

similar to alienation of the characters in Nightwood.

³⁴ Dionysis, of course, was torn apart by the Titans at Hera's request only to be later

The child's associations with "the claws of the beast" reveal the violence of love and desire. The line, "We are but skin about a wind, with muscles clenched against mortality," describes a body suffering and flowing with its own desire. If love disassembles identity it is through its own violence. In the words of Dr. O'Connor love is the landscape where identity is lost.

Barnes and the Hand of T.S. Eliot

Before I approach Nightwood and its characters fully I want to first approach the related drafts of Nightwood only a few of which have survived.³⁵ As with Whitman and his Daybooks, the related surviving drafts of Nightwood could be said to reveal not only insights into the other characters and themes of Nightwood, but also, as narratives of their own, they reveal their separate bodies—the textual frameworks of seemingly discarded words. Barnes had gone through several revisions of Nightwood and several rejections by publishers until T.S. Eliot agreed to edit it and it was finally published. Between the years 1927 to 1935 Nightwood and its various problems plagued Barnes largely because publishers told her that the novel was not publishable.³⁶

reformed as a child.

³⁵ Cheryl J. Plumb writes in Djuna Barnes Nightwood: the Original Version and Related Drafts: "All that remains of the two earlier versions of *Nightwood*—the first rejected by Barnes's previous American publisher, T. R. Smith of Liveright, in December 1932, the second also rejected by Smith in August 1934—are seventy-two pages of fragments in the Barnes archive at McKeldin Library of Maryland...." (241)

³⁶ In her introduction to Djuna Barnes Nightwood: the Original Version and Related Drafts, Plumb notes: "Less than two months later, 20 April 1934, she[Barnes] wrote Coleman[her publisher]: 'I can't get the book accepted anywhere, it is now at fifth publisher.' She added that the publishers were not interested in the book because "they

T.S. Eliot's handwriting can be seen in the pages of the early drafts. It is interesting to note that several of the passages that T.S. Eliot had removed dealt with priests and cathedrals.³⁷ In the chapter "La Somnambule" Eliot had the following paragraph extracted:

But it was of the old grand that he wanted to tell her—splendid and dirty in a way, like cathedrals, which are beautiful because they are the fear^of DEATH before and after, like anything that survives. The people live but the nobility endures. All grandeur is dowdy because it is conceived in hope, cherished in anxiety and doomed to massacre.
(Djuna Barnes Nightwood: the Original Version and Related Drafts
271)

All of what may have been this passage appears in the published version as the Doctor "...staring up at the huge towers of the church which rose into the sky, unlovely but reassuring, running a thick warm finger around his throat, where, in spite of its custom, his hair surprised him, lifting along his back and creeping up over his collar."(29-30) "The fear DEATH before and after" has been removed from description of the cathedral.

More interestingly is the editing of this paragraph from the related drafts in the chapter "Watchman, What of the Night?":

all say it is not a novel; that there is no continuity of life in it, only high spots and poetry...." (x)

³⁷ T.S. Eliot edited these manuscripts in 1935 long after he had converted to Christianity. One wonders how many of these passages would have been extracted

Look for the girls also, in the toilets at night, and you will find them kneeling in that great second confessional, the one the Catholic church forgot—over the door Dames, a girl standing before her, ^girl her skirts flung back one on one, while between the columns the handsome head of the girl made boy by God, bends back, the posture of that head volts forth the difference between one woman and another—crying softly between tongues, the terrible excommunication of the toilet:

(Djuna Barnes Nightwood: the Original Version and Related Drafts
262)

The published version reads: “Look for the girls also in the toilets at night, and you will find them kneeling in that great secret confessional crying between tongues, the terrible excommunication:” (95) Both passages suggest that T.S. Eliot was bothered by the idea of a Christianity that punishes, particularly a Christianity that persecutes young girls.

Of all the related drafts perhaps the draft of “old lady” is the most interesting. Why it was excluded from the final version perhaps only Eliot and Barnes could tell us. Cheryl J. Plumb writes:

On 25 July 1936, Barnes wrote from Paris to Emily Coleman about the final portion of this material, the “old lady” section....When she had asked Dan Mahoney, the model for Doctor O’Connor, how he felt about being in the book, he had replied, “I’d forgive you—in case I

before Eliot’s conversion to Christianity.

don't sue you—if you would put my old lady back.” Barnes wrote: “So there you are—I'll have to send it to Eliot, as Dan really seems to feel her loss so bloody bitterly—heaven knows why.” There is no evidence, however, that she did so. (Djuna Barnes Nightwood: the Original Version and Related Drafts 242-243)

No part of the “old lady” section was included in the final published version of Nightwood. Dan Mahoney's adoration of his “old lady” suggests a theme of identity and its resistance to memory. It may say something of the real Dan Mahoney but it is also a commentary upon the published version of Nightwood in such a way as to make it a witness to the exclusion and death of a significant character. The old lady section is approximately six pages long and was intended for the chapter “Go Down, Matthew.” Here are several excerpts as the Doctor speaks:³⁸

I looked at her and I knew I was going to have to hurry to love her time as much as I was going to in mine, because she was eighty-six then and like a beautiful young woman you see through tears, all blurred in line and breaking into the clear sight that would never be your own eyeballs drying but the glare of God's....for it took me three years to get back somehow...and she was eighty-nine then. ~~And~~ I came hurrying up the path and into the ~~great~~ room where the statue [^]stood ~~still held its profile~~ ~~dark and high~~ and I said, ‘It's me, Matthew!’ ~~And~~ she was smaller in her sitting and she said, ‘Yes, child.’ And I knew, like a blow in the

chest, that she did not remember me at all....I said, 'I am the one that loved you all the time before I knew you! (Djuna Barnes Nightwood: the Original Version and Related Drafts 315-319)

Several themes are at work here. There is the theme of love as timeless, and ageless. There is the theme of beauty as immortal. As a character in the novel the old lady would have served as counterpoint to Matthew, the Doctor. Matthew, who has both male and female characteristics like Tiresias, both man and woman, would have served in contrast to the old lady, the young Juliet who is young in spirit yet aged in form. From both bodies emerged dual forms--the one identity as hermaphroditic and the other as youthful elderly. The one is the crossroad between the sexes. The other is the crossroad between the young and the old. In some ways without the old lady Matthew is left isolated and unloved in the novel. Her form would have perhaps completed the character of Matthew.

Yet, the hand of Eliot in the editing process reveals something else. Like the male/female blending of Matthew—he is a kind of grand drag queen in the novel—Eliot's hand in Barnes' novel is the male hand folded into the hand of a woman's hand. Eliot effectively becomes the character of the Doctor Matthew. It is interesting to note Eliot's attraction to Doctor Matthew in Eliot's introduction to Nightwood. He notes that at first what only interested him in the novel was the character of the Doctor. It was only later, he writes, "...that as the other characters, on repeated

³⁸ I have tried to include those sentences that complete the old lady's narrative.

reading, became alive for me, and while the focus shifted, the figure of the doctor was by no means diminished.” He characterizes the Doctor in the following manner:

Gradually one comes to see that together with his egotism and swagger—
Dr. Matthew-mighty-grain-of-salt-Dante-O’Connor—he also has a
desperate disinterestedness and a deep humility. His humility does not
often appear so centrally as in the prodigious scene in the empty church,
but it is what throughout gives him his helpless power among the
helpless. His monologues, brilliant and witty in themselves as they are,
are not dictated by an indifference to other human beings, but on a
contrary by a hypersensitive awareness of them.

Such a sympathetic description of a character by such a great poet could have not been more wished for.³⁹ The description of Doctor Matthew as one who possesses “helpless power among the helpless” not only describes a greatness that like any good Christian is granted through humility, but a greatness that comes through serving. No doubt Eliot thought that he was doing a great service for Barnes.

It is also significant that Eliot’s hand marks with an “X” those passages marked for exclusion in the related drafts. As in the earlier passages he effectively marks out passages that suggest patriarchal wrongs against young girls, along with the exclusion of the old lady section. His hand is in Barnes’ work, yet he removes a

³⁹ It is easy to speculate that maybe Eliot’s sympathy for the Doctor had to do with his own personal circumstances. He had separated from his wife in 1933—a wife whose voice is easily recognizable in “The Wasteland” and who was diagnosed with mental hysteria.

female's protest when the protest suggests male culpability. This could suggest Eliot's guilt--the male editor's hand in a woman's work—or it could suggest his unwillingness to see himself as a character in the forging of the novel. Either way Eliot folds himself into Barnes' work and like the Doctor—who diagnoses the characters of the novel for their particular character flaws while avoiding responsibility for what ails them--expels from the body of her work what may be evidence of his operation.

So, unlike Whitman's Daybooks where his journal writings seemed to offer insight into the body of his published work while becoming narrative bodies all their own, the editor's hand of Eliot in Nightwood becomes the dissecting hand of Doctor Matthew, burdened by many things but perhaps most burdened by the male organ in the middle of a female form.⁴⁰ The related drafts are not only the fold between related drafts and the final draft—forming an anatomy of what is to be remembered and what is to be forgotten—but also the fold between the hands of Eliot and Barnes and between their related sexual forms.

Becoming Animal

There are other folds in the novel. There are the many folds between man and animal. Becoming animal was a favorite theme of Barnes. She explored this fully in her best selling book Ryder. Ryder satirized several of her family members. In one of the censored pictures of the book entitled "The Beast," which wasn't allowed in the American version of the book, a faceless body with several dugs and horse feet lays

prostrate before a griffin.⁴¹ Other illustrations of the book explore the same theme: the self evolved into other animal forms. One of the illustrations is that of an enormous cow twice as large as a house in the middle of a village. The villagers gather around it like tourists waiting to have their picture taken. Barnes exaggerated bodies in order to reveal their unseen influence. In another illustration Matthew O'Connor sits at a bar surrounded by 17 miniature sailors dancing in a circle. Much of Ryder is preoccupied in the metamorphoses of bodies into other bodies and the repercussions of such metamorphoses. Bodies disobey the intentions of their owners. The effect is caustic because has the effect of rendering characters helpless before changing bodies.

The metamorphosis surprises. It obeys the intention of the body, not the intention of the conscious self. It is an act of becoming, which Deleuze and Guattari are careful to delineate from acts of progression or regression:

Becoming is certainly not imitating, or identifying with something; neither is it regressing-progressing; neither is it corresponding, establishing corresponding, establishing corresponding relations; neither is it producing, producing a filiation or producing through filiation. Becoming is a verb with a consistency all its own; it does not reduce to, or lead back to, “appearing,” “being,” “equaling,” or “producing.”(Deleuze and Guattari A Thousand Plateaus 239)

⁴⁰ Doctor Matthew refers to his penis as “Tiny O’Toole.”

⁴¹ This illustration is reprinted in Andrew Field’s Djuna 128.

The metamorphosis also implies the act of forgetting because the new form has little resemblance to the old. It is the dark memory between what was and what becomes.

There is also the last work ever written by Barnes—her Creatures in an Alphabet—with its pictures of different animals representing different letters of the alphabet, which implies a connection between language and bestial forms that completes in a simple way her intention in Ryder--of folding language into the unspeakable and how animals speak. And one wonders why she would end her life with such poems. Phillip Herring gives us a clue, given that Thelma Wood, Robin Vote in Nightwood, loved to illustrate and paint the figures of animals:

The last collection of Barnes's poems, *Creatures in an Alphabet*, published by Dial Press, did not require the effort of concentration or revision that, say, *The Antiphon* did, but there were nevertheless many drafts of each poem—"about fifty pages for each letter" of the alphabet....The poems lay about in countless versions in many piles, for she couldn't simply revise yesterday's poem; it had to be reconceived from the beginning each day....Even as life slipped away, the famous Barnes wit was at work on the jungle figures Thelma Wood had drawn and been inspired by. (Herring 308)

We get this sense of metamorphosis and the problem of intention in what the lion eats:

Horrid hunger is the cause
That opens up the Lion's jaws;
Yet what it tears apart for meat

Is merely what its victims ate.

This is not merely irony. Irony exposes the lie behind surfaces. The lion becomes herbivore. It is transformed by surfaces. It inherits the docility of its victims by eating what an herbivore eats. Its metamorphosis is an act of becoming, not merely the interplay between opposing intentions. In its act of becoming it becomes that which is unknown. As Deleuze and Guattari observed acts of becoming can only be defined by their movement. What the lion becomes is the becoming herbivore by, paradoxically, becoming carnivore.

We see a beast becoming plant in this verse:

The reason that the Elephant
Is both detained and yet at ease,
Is because it is four trees
That the Lord forgot to plant.

For Barnes all of the earth connects with its other parts. Bodies become, that is, they resist signification by breaking into parts. Her verse disassembles. By matching a creature with each letter of the alphabet there, Barnes matches the linguistic act of becoming with physical acts of becoming. Letters become unspeakable as they are transformed by the creatures that they represent. The rhyme and meter of the verse in Creatures in an Alphabet is disordered at best.⁴² The broken end rhymes of “Elephant” and “plant” suggest a creature that resists balance in order to remain

⁴² The poems in Creatures in an Alphabet do not follow consistent rhyme and meter. This is perhaps due to the frequent reworkings of the poem up until the time of her

unnamable. The clumsy switch of meter between lines two and three suggests a creature that is not “at ease.” The elephant is more than a creature that “Lord forgot.” It is a creature outside taxonomy. Like the letters of an alphabet which become artifact the elephant breaks off and becomes an artifact outside a systematic ordering.

Acts of Forgetting

What I am going to suggest next is that Barnes’s writing, particularly her use of metaphors, reveal folds where characters are subjects of acts of forgetting. These acts of forgetting forge new identities, forge acts of becoming. Her characters’ bodies are bodies of memory, where memory is both lived through and where memory resides and forms reference points to other sites. However, they are also sites where memory is lost, and language is lost, where the body folds into language.

Nightwood, like Barnes’ early book Ryder is a series of short stories that flow into one central theme: the enigmatic desires of dissolution. In Nightwood’s case it’s the desire for Robin Vote, an enigmatic character who assumes the shapes and character that other characters make for her. She loses herself in worlds of others. Norman Brown writes that the solution to identity may well just be, to get lost.⁴³ In the case of the other characters in their attempts to find themselves, this is what they do. They get lost inside Robin Vote and she, paradoxically, loses herself in their intentions.

death.

⁴³ See Norman O’Brown’s Love Body, 150.

In Nightwood folds appear within metaphors of forgetting at moments when bodies become the focus of narration. The object of memory is seemingly known but it can never be localized or defined. The metaphors that their minds employ no longer work. Inside and outside characterizations fold together to signal acts of becoming. As Lakoff and Johnson write: “We conceptualize the mind metaphorically in terms of a container image schema defining a space that is inside the body and separate from it. Via the metaphor, the mind is given an inside and an outside.” (Lakoff and Johnson 266) All of the characters of Nightwood share the same problem: what happens to memory in the face of desire? Characters seem to fade into their bodies and out of time. Their understanding of one another comes from the outside to the inside, from individual material phenomena to desire. Their anguish is linked to their powers of remembering and forgetting. There is a kind of perpetual fall into the unremembered dream in Nightwood suggested by the titles of some of its chapters: “Bow Down,” “La Somnambule,” “Watchman, What of the Night,” and “Where the Tree Falls.”

Nightwood

Nightwood like Ryder is autobiographical. It tells the story of the love affair between Djuna Barnes and Thelma Wood, a 19 year old girl from St. Louis at a time when Djuna Barnes first meets her. In the novel Nora Flood represents Djuna Barnes. Nora Flood, a name which suggests catastrophe as well as rebirth, is an American who owns a salon “...couched in the centre of a mass of tangled grass and weeds...for poets, radicals, beggars, artists, and people in love.”(50) Barnes frequently employs metaphors to signify acts of becoming in the novel. Like the elephant in Creatures in

an Alphabet the tree signifies time without function. In the following passage, Nora not only represents a tree but she grows with the inexpressible wisdom of one:

She was broad and tall, and though her skin was the skin of a child, there could be seen coming, early in her life, the design that was to be the weather-beaten grain of her face, that wood in the work; the tree coming forward in her, an undocumented record of time. (50)

This “coming forward” is a metaphor of becoming, representing the tree while disrupting its representation of one. The tree comes “forward in her.” The representation of the metaphor “tree” moves within her, becoming a body that resists representation and thus signifying an undocumented time—the lost memory of a tree.

Lefebvre refers to this other time, the time of nature, as in direct conflict with the time of modernity. He writes:

Until nature becomes *localized* in underdevelopment, each place showed its age and, like a tree trunk, bore the mark of the years it had taken to grow. Time was thus inscribed in space, and natural space was merely the lyrical and tragic script of natural time....With the advent of modernity time vanished from social space. It recorded solely on measuring instruments, on clocks, that are isolated and functionally specialized as this time itself. (Lefebvre 95)

The characters in Nightwood resist modernity in so far as they resist its time. The association between memory and time in Nightwood is one that has been fragmented so that characters often speak outside of modern time and become isolated in doing so.

Natural time may show its effects on the bodies of the characters in Nightwood but it can only do so as metaphor, and these metaphors must resist interpretation in order to resist the time of modernity.

By contrasting the time of trees with modern time, Barnes gives the character of Nora a time that is immeasurable. Her body becomes a body on to itself. Like the elephant in Creatures in an Alphabet, Nora moves like a tree with legs, “the wood in the work,” a movement that becomes outside of time.

This describes a tragedy associated with the act of becoming. Because the character of Nora loses any point of reference, as she escapes modernity, her desire cannot become resolved. She is the flow of time outside a reference, a metaphor outside the usual frame of metaphorical reference between other metaphors. She is her own singular as this passage suggests:

There is a gap in “world pain” through which the singular falls continually and forever; a body falling in observable space, deprived of disappearance; as if privacy, moving relentlessly away, by the very sustaining power of withdrawal kept the body moving eternally downward, but in one place, and perpetually before the eye. Such a singular was Nora. There was some derangement in her equilibrium that kept her immune from own descent. (51)

The suggestion of a descent that moves downwards but stays before the eye reveals a time that resists measurement. It is a time that descends and suspends at the same time much like the ring growth of a tree. But more importantly the “singular” Nora is a

falling creature of becoming, the singular act of that which cannot be caught so that she could stop her descent. Like folds that roll incessantly, falling even while becoming the other, Nora is caught in an incessant fall that resists analysis. If the act of falling is a metaphor it is only one in so far that it describes that which has fallen, not that which it falls into.

Forgetfulness as its own Medium

Forgetfulness becomes the medium through which Nora falls into her descent. Nora's body, unknown to her, descending yet suspended before an eye of her own consciousness, understands herself at the moments where that which cannot be gained presents an illusion to what can. She is her own other, understanding that in an act of becoming, she can only reference herself to that which is fictional or lost. Barnes writes: "Nora robbed herself for everyone; incapable of giving herself warning, she was continually turning about to find herself diminished." (51) This is Nora's memory, the suspending body, the body of an inward illusion. Nora alludes to this later when she speaks of Robin Vote: "I can only find her again in my sleep, or in her death; in both she has forgotten me." (129) Nora's memory of Robin Vote serves her own inward illusion of consciousness, and necessarily, as an inner memory that resists a location. She can only remember her when she is asleep, lending her memory to the fabric of dreams and acts of forgetting. Forgetting becomes the medium through which the body escapes appropriation by memory.

Some have already suggested that the body is a medium for memory apart from the mind. On a practical level we already understand the idea of muscle memory

that most athletes and dancers already know. If one trains the body with certain movements the body remembers these movements and is better able to complete them after repetition. Studying Japanese culture, Christian Steineck proposes another possibility: the body seems to remember even when a patient is found to be brain dead. He quotes one example of a patient who was clearly brain dead yet whose bodily functions returned to normal when the patient's family arrived. Steineck summarizes his position as follows:

When attributing human actions and abilities to either the body or the mind, memory seems to fall neatly within the range of the mind. It certainly is one of the mental functions par excellence. Still, the act of memorizing often seems to have more to do with the body than with the mind, a fact strongly emphasized by, and reflected upon, in East Asian methodologies of cultivation. Furthermore, one need not look to Proust's famous Madeleine to notice the fact that memories are more often than not evoked by sensual, corporeal experiences. And thirdly, the case of brain-dead patient shows how the body serves as a subject and object of memories in the absence of all intellectual activities.

(Steineck 1)

The body clearly shows some capacity for memory in the area of movement and sensory perception.

But can forgetfulness serve as a medium for lost identity? The loss of memory, whether done purposefully or unknowingly, is an act of dispossession. Is

such a dispossession representing a body of its own? My argument is that a body that has forgotten, a body that has lost muscle memory, for example, is a medium for further forgetfulness and further loss of identity. Such a body is the loss of memory that serves lost identity. In this manner forgetfulness is a medium for the loss of self.

In Theaetetus Socrates says to Theaetetus:

“Please assume ... that there is in our souls a block of wax, in one case larger, in another smaller, in one case the wax is purer, in another more impure and harder, in some cases softer, and in some of proper quality...Let us, then, say that this is the gift of Memory, the mother of the Muses, and that whenever we wish to remember anything we see or hear or think of in our own minds, we hold this wax under the perceptions and thoughts and imprint them upon it, just as we make impressions from seal rings; and whatever is imprinted we remember and know as long as its image lasts, but whatever is rubbed out or cannot be imprinted we forget and do not know.” (Plato, *Theaetetus* 191d)

As the body is a medium for memory so too is it a medium for the loss of memory. The memory imprinted on the body, like a block of wax, can lose the muscle tissue it found itself imprinted upon. Ian Glynn, Former Head of the Physiological Laboratory at the University of Cambridge, England, says as much in his book Anatomy of Thought:

...what is clear is that at the cellular and sub-cellular level machinery

exists that is capable not only of simple logical operations but also of being modified by previous experience so that its behavior changes. It is this machinery that forms the basis of the ability of networks of nerve cells to learn and to remember. (Glynn 327)

The loss of this machinery due to damage, of course, leads to loss of memory.

Memory is located in the material formations of the brain.

Ian Glynn writes in greater length about exactly how memory is located in the brain and how it works between nerve cells and their networks. Studies of these cells and their networks causes him to conclude "...it is of course true that recalling memories repeatedly helps us not to forget them." (Glynn 329) I want to argue that the body must lose its memory as well if it no longer participates with the recalling of certain movements and sensory perceptions. The body must forget in this way, therefore escaping the appropriation of that particular memory. Nora doesn't allow her body a memory of identity. She forgets as she surrenders to a body without memory.

The Characters

Other characters lend themselves as characters to acts of forgetting. There is a general surrender to a body without memory, creating characters that are desperate and lost.

T.S. Eliot's favorite character, the Doctor Matthew O'Connor, exists at a crossroads between genders, and in doing so becomes singularly without gender. His body, and the memory that he has of it, escapes into the familiar symbol of Tiresias, as

having lived both as man and woman, encumbered by a wisdom that both enriches and alienates. We're first introduced to him as a "middle-aged 'medical student' with shaggy eyebrows, a terrific widow's peak, over-large dark eyes, and a heavy way of standing that was apologetic." (14) He's something of a con-artist, executing abortions, and performing the methods of a physician like a magician: "He closes one eye, the eye that he studied with, and putting his fingers on the arteries of the body says: 'God, whose roadway this is, has given me permission to travel on it also....'" (32) He is the journeyman who travels through the arteries of the body—his voice that narrates its beauty and its horror, while commenting on its shortcomings. In fact, Doctor Matthew O' Connor plays the role of narrator quite often in the novel, often acting more like a psychologist than a doctor.

Like Nora, Doctor Matthew O'Connor becomes in his own singular way. His body is a fold between the genders, signifying that which cannot be given a name, seemingly exchanging the unknowable combinations of gender in the figure of his own body:

The doctor's head, with its over-large black eyes, its full gun-metal cheeks and chin, was framed in the golden semi-circle of a wig with long pendant curls that touched his shoulders, and falling back against the pillow, turned up the shadowy interior of their cylinders. He was heavily rouged and his eyelashes painted. It flashed into Nora's head: "God, children know something they can't tell; they like Red Riding Hood and the wolf in bed!" (79)

As both man and woman, Doctor O' Connor seems to be copulating with himself, and this copulation, self-reflexive and consumptive, leads to his loss. Another scene reveals his self-reflexivity. Doctor O'Connor refers to his penis as "Tiny O'Toole." He finds a small church where he can "be alone like an animal, and yet think." (131) Entering the church, he finds a dark corner and kneels down. He asks the question of God if he will help him "stay permanent," a request that would absolve his body from acts of becoming and a request that might end its dissolution:

And there I was holding Tiny, bending over and crying, asking the question until I forgot and went on crying, and I put Tiny away then, like a ruined bird, and went out of the place and walked looking at the stars that were twinkling, and I said, "Have I been simple like an animal, God, or have I been thinking?" (133)

Doctor O' Connor's masturbation in a church all the while conversing with God reveals a double anguish. He sees himself as Christian and divine, yet human and animal. His anguish involves both the mystical anguish of the Christian and the human anguish of appeasing an animal body and then there is the anguish of the arising conflict between the two. Yet the metaphor of his penis, as a poor "ruined bird," as "Tiny," speaks of a forgetfulness that is neither completely mystical nor animal. Tiny O'Toole on Doctor O'Connor's effeminate body discovers pleasure through the actions of the Doctor's divine hand. Responding to the Doctor's ecstasy Tiny O'Toole consumes time in thin air, becoming the ridiculous symbol of that which cannot be named because Tiny is cast into a narrative, which, like Nora, incessantly

falls beyond appropriation. Tiny connects the divine and the animal while appropriating nothing. Tiny's desire resists permanence. The Doctor's request of God is therefore farcical.

The character of Baron Von Felix is introduced early on in the novel, becoming the nomad who resists the appropriation of citizenship. He is the wandering fold, turning in on itself so that like all nomads he becomes a multitude of others. As a small man who desperately wants to recapture an aristocratic past, the Baron is represented as the Wandering Jew:

What had formed Felix from the date of his birth to his coming thirty was unknown to the world, for the step of the wandering Jew is in every son. No matter where and when you meet him you feel that he has come from some other place—no matter from what place he has come—some country he has devoured rather than resided in, some secret land he has been nourished on but cannot inherit, for the Jews seem to be everywhere from nowhere. (7)

Felix is part of a race that “seem to be everywhere from nowhere.” He is the everyman but one without origins. He lives and measures out a space that cannot be objectively measured. He arises out of past that has been forgotten.

We see this peculiar quality of Felix as the everyman who has lost his past never to regain it, who has forgotten even the processes of forging a permanent identity in the physical features of Felix's mouth: “One feature alone spoke of Hedvig {Felix's dead mother}, the mouth, which, though sensuous from lack of desire as hers

had been from denial, pressed too intimately close to the bony structure of the teeth.”

(8) Felix’s face has a skeletal appearance. He is a man walking from the grave, a man fleeing from death. Throughout Nightwood, Felix attempts to find his destiny precisely because he cannot recapture his past. The bony appearance of his face reveals the last gasp of a dying man. He grasps after a history that he has been kept from. Like Tiny, Felix’s bony mouth consumes and exhumes, disassembling in the midst of desire or the lack there of. Felix’s mouth is an aperture into the life and death of memory. When he opens it he reveals folds that spill out like so many narratives, becoming that which cannot be captured.

Jenny Petherbridge is an inconsolable possessor of other forms, becoming the many parts that resist the whole. As the real life lover of Thelma Wood, Djuna Barnes called her “the squatter.” In Nightwood she possesses the lives of other characters, revealing a body that possesses its own incongruity:

She had a beaked head and the body, small, feeble, and ferocious, that somehow made one associate her with Judy; they did not go together. Only severed could any part of her be called “right.” There was a trembling ardour in her wrists and fingers as if she were suffering from some elaborate denial. (65)

The body as a multitude of parts, which find their true narrative separate from the whole, is wonderfully illustrated by the character of Jenny Petherbridge. Unlike the nomadic Felix, who wanders over landscapes searching for a lost past, Jenny

Petherbridge is a wandering series of body parts without a body to bring them together.

Jenny Petherbridge is a squatter of other people's identities. She cannot feel except for that which has been felt by others before. She steals the emotions and words of others:

When she fell in love it was with a perfect fury or accumulated dishonesty; she became instantly a dealer in second-hand and therefore incalculable emotions. As, from the solid archives of usage, she had stolen or appropriated the most passionate love that she knew, Nora's for Robin. She was a "squatter" by instinct. (68)

Jenny is the postmodern woman, a woman without depth, a woman of surfaces.

Barnes makes her appear dangerous for exactly this reason: such a woman cannot love because she doesn't have an identity that she can call her own. Barnes' analysis, of course, penetrates her, but she cannot penetrate her as a character of depth. Jenny's depth goes only as deep as she is able to penetrate the identities of others.

This brings up an important point. What kind of inner folds exist in a character without depth? They exist in the violence of Jenny Petherbridge's character. If she has no depth she will copy the depth of others. She is the imitator of forms so that in her violence her form is folded with the forms of others. This bridging of bodies occurs in the carriage scene with the Doctor, Jenny, Robin and an English girl named Sylvia. Jenny grows jealous of Robin's apparent attention to Sylvia and what occurs after this is a bizarre scene of bodies folding together.

Then Jenny struck Robin, scratching and tearing in hysteria, striking, clutching and crying. Slowly the blood began to run down Robin's cheeks, and as Jenny struck repeatedly Robin began to go forward as if brought to the movement by the very blows themselves, as if she had no will, sinking down in the small carriage, her knees on the floor, her head forward as her arm moved upward in a gesture of defence; and as she sank, Jenny also, as if compelled to conclude the movement of the first blow, almost as something seen in retarded action, leaned forward and over, so that when the whole of the gesture was completed, Robin's hands were covered by Jenny's slight and bending breast, caught in between the bosom and the knees. And suddenly the child [Sylvia] flung herself down on the seat, face outward, and said in a voice not suitable for a child because it was controlled with terror: "Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!" (76)

Robin and Jenny's bodies are folded together, becoming desperately one. I say, desperately one, because the union of their two bodies is the union within the fold, two bodies brought together while remaining distinctly isolated. This is why the child wants out. She doesn't want to become part of the grotesque dance between their two forms.

Jenny Petherbridge is also the possessor of what Barnes calls "mental smells that have no reality." (65) Observing smells Darwin writes in his book The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals: "The tendency to retch from a fetid

odour is immediately strengthened in a curious manner by some degree of habit, though soon lost by longer familiarity with the cause of offence and by voluntary restraint.” (258) “Mental smells that have no reality” suggest that such smells could not be resisted as Darwin suggests “by some degree of habit.” Jenny Petherbridge is beyond the sensation that may cause disgust. She is that which cannot be smelled, that which cannot be sensed. She is a phantom, a succubus of forms. This makes sense since the narrator of Nightwood seems to heap the most scorn on the character of Jenny Petherbridge. Jenny Petherbridge is pure becoming, the character without character, without origins, without even the ability to be sensed.

Finally, there is the character Robin Vote, who is best described as a “woman who is beast turning human.” (37) She comes from the earth: “Her flesh was the texture of plant life, and beneath it one sensed a frame, broad, porous, and sleep-worn, as if sleep were a decay fishing her beneath a visible surface.” (34) And then the Doctor describes her as having “a sort of blue fluid under her skin, as if the hide of time had been stripped from her, and with it, all transactions with knowledge.” (134) Robin is the act of becoming outside of time. As the body and figure that has the affection of Nora, Felix, and Jenny, Robin Vote is the most enigmatic of them all, for she becomes the shapes and memories that the other characters provide for her. As an object of their desire, she travels along the points and gaps of their memory—the moments revealed by the inexpressible rhythms of their bodies. She is several acts of becoming, the rolling fold that inherits the narratives given to her end over end until finally her character baffles rather than instructs.

The famous last chapter of Nightwood when Robin Vote gets on all fours, barking, and snarling at Nora's hound in order to copulate with it, reveals the final climax to these acts of becoming. It also reveals a human body abandoning itself to its own primordial flesh. Even though Djuna Barnes would later deny that Robin Vote copulates with the dog, the intentions of the character Robin Vote seem clear.⁴⁴ Robin Vote turns animal. She turns her back on being human, and thus turns her back on human memory:

Standing before them in her boy's trousers was Robin. Her pose, startled and broken, was caught at the point where her hand had reached almost to the shoulder, and at the moment Nora's body struck the wood, Robin began going down. Sliding down she went; down, her hair swinging, her arms held out, and the dog stood there, rearing back, his forelegs slanting; his paws trembling under the trembling of his rump, his hackle standing; his mouth open.... (169)

Robin's act, attempting to merge with the hound, sliding down, even as she seems to slide from consciousness, is an attempt to merge with the unconscious memories of a body. Primordial or bestial these memories only began to reveal themselves once they lose their name. Robin loses herself and her language, later barking like a dog, and in the process her body begins its own time in its own becoming.

Ultimately, each character in Nightwood becomes its own other by allowing bodies without memory, animal bodies; each body replaces the conscious memory of

⁴⁴ See Phillip Herring's Djuna: The Life and Work of Djuna Barnes 168.

the individual character. Robin is the most obvious example of this. But Nora, the Doctor and Nora are examples as well. The darkness within Nightwood is a darkness of the other within each of the characters' bodies.

Nightwood is novel about characters that lose themselves in acts of becoming and thereby reveal narrative dark folds—folds that abandon memory to acts of forgetting. Ultimately, the characters of Nightwood experience anguish because they fear loss and they cannot relinquish this fear of loss. In many ways they are characters that resist all forms of categorization, but in their resistance, which defines their very acts of becoming, they lament the loss of permanence. They are fragmentary narratives without the possibility of a whole, which makes Nightwood all the more peculiar since it is a novel of many parts that seems forged only by its ability to bring together such desperate yet separate voices. In this way Nightwood reveals its disparate parts with only its pages holding it together as a novel. Yet, paradoxically enough, it holds together by its very differences and like Jenny Petherbridge's body only severed into its various parts could any part of it be called right.

Chapter 4

Naked Lunch: The Routine as Silence Into the Fold

The Word is divided into units which be all in one piece and should be so taken, but the pieces can be had in any order being tied up back and forth in and out fore and aft like an innarestng sex arrangement.

--William Burroughs Naked Lunch

Background

What is remarkable about Naked Lunch has been its popularity. For a novel that resists traditional forms and plots of the novel, Naked Lunch has enjoyed a wide and extensive readership. Naked Lunch is hallucinogenic rather than historical—read strictly as a linear narrative its intentions are seldom clear. The novel and the narratives that it traces, follow as a manner of form a historical time divided into episodes, which are then duplicated and reproduced.

For Burroughs the idea of a past was a tool, much like his use of tape recorders was a tool, and as a tool history didn't necessarily dictate to him. Sometime after his completion of Naked Lunch, he began to use tape recorders to employ his cut and paste method. Words as a matter of telling a history are used to translate time and for

Burroughs time can be translated without the restrictions of heavy handed plots or linear time line. With the cut and paste method he discovered a narrative outside linear time lines; with the use of the tape recorder, he thought he discovered how these narratives might work:

I've made many cut-ups and then later recognized that the cut-up referred to something that I read in a newspaper or in a book, or something that happened. To give a very simple example, I made a cut-up of something Mr. Getty had written, I believe for *Time and Tide*. The following phrase emerged: "It's a bad thing to sue your own father." About three years later his son sued him. Perhaps events are pre-written and pre-recorded and when you cut word lines the future leaks out. I have seen enough examples to convince me that the cut-ups are a basic key to the nature and function of words. (Burroughs The Job 28)

"The nature and function of words" seems to suggest a different kind of history for Burroughs. It is a history seen as Mary McCarthy calls a "mosaic," a history of parts created by an observer.⁴⁵

Mary McCarthy describes Burroughs view of history in Naked Lunch. She makes the point that history is by design defined by the distance of the observer:

The Naked Lunch has no use for history, which is all "ancient history"—sloughed-off skin; from its planetary perspective, there are

only geography and customs. Seen in terms of space, history shrivels into a mere wrinkling or furrowing of the surface as in an aerial relief-map or one of those pieced-together aerial photographs known in the trade as (again) mosaics. (McCarthy 45)

Such a history occurs as a series of nonlinear parts. This kind of history resembles the assembly of images rather than strict mathematical formulas of cause and effect.

For Burroughs the episode or the “routine” replaces the historical narrative. The episode or the routine describes multiple narratives where the process of the narrative, the telling of it, takes precedent over the product of the narrative, its suggested meaning. The episodic narrative doesn’t stretch itself across huge landscapes to be led by a series of causal chains. Regarding this method Burroughs wrote Allen Ginsberg on October 28, 1957 from Tangiers:

If anyone finds this form confusing, it is because they are accustomed to the historical novel form, which is a three-dimensional chronology of events happening to someone already, for purposes of the novel, dead. That is the usual novel *has happened*. This novel is *happening*.

The only way I can write narrative is to get right outside my body and experience it. This can be exhausting and at times dangerous. One cannot be sure of redemption... (Burroughs The Letters of William S Burroughs 1945-1959).

⁴⁵ See Mary McCarthy’s The Writing on the Wall and Other Literary Essays 45.

In writing the narrative Burroughs sought out an experience of coming from the inside out—the mind emerging from the body and the body emerging from the mind.

Utilizing the episodic narrative he attempted to unleash the body from the restraints of a historical time that would merely duplicate the body as it had duplicated bodies before with its own narratives. The episode or the routine marks the presence of a fold that exposes multiple narratives which turn end over end to create experiences where beginnings and endings lose their significance. In Naked Lunch, with its use of the episode or routine, folds are manifested through overlapping narratives.

Robin Lydenberg makes the point that in Naked Lunch there is a different kind of history where traditional interpretations are insufficient when speaking of the body:

I would like to pick up where the critics leave off, to offer a reading of the carnival man story not as a political allegory or portrait of the author's intimate psyche, but as a history of voice and body, of the relationship between language and materiality. This relationship is most strikingly dramatized in *Naked Lunch* in recurring images and transmutations of human orifices of mouth and anus, those places where inside and outside, body and cosmos intersect....In the carny man's history, anus and mouth, the sites of the digestive and linguistic functions, become a single hole, at once an entrance and an exit. In this convergence, the binary oppositions of inside/outside, of mind/body are shown to be locked in a relationship of intense conflict, in an interminable struggle for domination. (Lydenberg 22-23)

I would argue that these binary oppositions are folds. I don't agree that the binary oppositions in Naked Lunch are "locked in a relationship of intense conflict, in an interminable struggle for domination." Routines like the talking asshole routine seem to promote this idea, yet even in this conflict it is the asshole's victory over the mouth that seems predetermined; they are not locked in a relationship of conflict. Indeed, instead of conflict, the victory of the asshole is achieved when the mouth is silenced by the body's own skin, much like skin grows and folds over a wound. This opposition is resolved by folds. Lydenberg is right in pointing out that when Naked Lunch there is a "history of voice and body, of the language between language and materiality." But he is wrong in assuming that this relationship is a history of binary oppositions. The events in Naked Lunch turn with narrative folds where oppositions can occur but these oppositions don't define relationships.

The differences between narratives of Tropic of Cancer and Nightwood are more pronounced than in Naked Lunch. Tropic of Cancer and Nightwood more closely follow historical time. If the routine or the episode occurs in Tropic of Cancer and Nighwood it occurs around the event of the character. In Tropic of Cancer, for example, there is the routine of the character being processed under the guise of sexual colonization or sexual release. In Tropic characters as routines don't so much lead to satisfactory conclusions as they mark events as a series of becomings or happenings. Nightwood demonstrates the same kinds of routines with its characters, but it accomplishes this only in so far as it reveals characters that incessantly fall into despair, rather than the exuberance experienced by the narrator in Tropic. Both Miller

and Barnes seem to reluctantly abandon historical narratives in order to achieve the freedom of its characters. In Naked Lunch Burroughs seems to reluctantly abandon his characters as distinct wholes in order to achieve the freedom of narratives outside historical time.

Andre Breton

This idea of the becoming or the happening as narrative follows the ideas of the surrealists, principally Andre Breton. It was Breton who in his first Manifesto of Surrealism celebrated the image as distinct and outside time, as the image without comparison. He quotes Pierre Reverdy from *Nord-Sud*, March 1918:

The image is a pure creation of the mind. It cannot be born from comparison but from juxtaposition of two more or less distinct realities.

The more the relationship between the two juxtaposed realities is distant and true, the stronger the image will be--the greater its emotional power and poetic reality....(Breton 20)

This follows the definition of surrealism that Breton poses: “Psychic automatism in its pure state, by which one proposes to express—verbally, by means of the written word, or in any other manner—the actual functioning of thought. Dictated by thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason, exempt from any aesthetic or moral concern. (Breton 26) This emphasis on the “pure” and the “distinct” when it comes to expressing images that are not dictated by other images but rather refer to a sudden revelation, as if the unconscious is defined by its pure unmitigated distinct separateness from the conscious, reveals a tendency on Breton’s part to favor an image

and its event that cannot be predicted. Furthermore, this kind of image as pure event seems to celebrate an escape from history. Such an image rises to the top, that is, it surfaces without a history of what it was below like a dragonfly that can have no memory of what it was as a nymph in water.

Likewise, Burroughs's writing of the routine is a pure act—it is the narrative without comparison, cut from a body of a linear narrative in order to produce pure becoming. The routine attempts to forge itself outside of time. The differences between Breton and Burroughs are differences in style, the difference between the sensual and the grotesque. Where Breton is frequently interested in the image of the rising ephemeral manifestation, Burroughs is frequently interested in the image of the body turned inside out. Breton is interested in angels. Burroughs is interested in insects. Yet it is precisely in these differences of style where the different images redirect the different narratives of the two authors. Breton's style reveals an image that for the most part remains whole. With Burroughs the image mimics the act of the whole excreting. With the former incongruous wholes overlap one another while remaining distinct. With the latter wholes excrete and poison one another, becoming parasitical, becoming virus.

Returning to Breton's "Soluble Fish" the image as event often dissolves into its surroundings, as if the image is not the kind of landscape that allows for its own dissolving--its various organs secreting oils through its pores and shedding dead cells off its skin. The image is a vessel for all other images and because of this it loses its ability to transform itself into something else. The image as distinct whole sensually

embraces other distinct images. There is little violence and only love. Breton writes in “Soluble Fish”:

From that moment on a profound metamorphosis of the sensible world took place. In New York harbor it was no longer the Statue of Liberty that lighted the world, but Love, which is different. In Alaska the eternal dogs, their ears to the wind, flew away with their sleds. India was shaken by a mercuryquake and right in Paris, along the Seine, passports for that very city were delivered, yes, for Paris *once it had been left*.

It is in the sweet escape called the future, an escape that is always possible, that the stars that until now have bent down over our distress are resorbed. (Breton 90)

For Breton the pure image is that which embraces other indistinct images. The difference between liberty and love is the difference between intention and acceptance. Liberty is defined by intention. Love is defined by acceptance. The former draws comparisons between images in order to define itself according to an individual’s will or communal standards. The latter embraces and doesn’t judge, doesn’t mark comparisons while effectively dissolving into a world of incongruity.

This process of revealing images, this narrative process, mimics the process of the surrealist’s method of psychic automatism. It is what Breton calls a process of becoming seers, consisting “...in multiplying the ways to penetrate the deepest layers of the mental” (Breton 274). These “mental layers” become objectified in the outside

world as pure images that necessarily perform as overlapping folds. As Breton writes in “Surrealist Situation of the Object” the unconscious acts to make itself real in the object as art: “The *Surrealist object*, such as it has been defined by Salvador Dali—‘an object which lends itself to a minimum of mechanical functions and is based on phantoms and representations liable to be provoked by the realization of unconscious acts’—cannot fail to appear to be the concrete synthesis of this body of preoccupations” (Breton 276). These “phantoms” are an appropriate metaphor for how this process works, because just as phantoms reflect their former bodies, the surrealist object as art reflects the former body of the unconscious that can never completely reveal itself because it remains hidden. Yet again, these phantoms act as whole reflections, not as images that fall into their so many parts

For Burroughs the image is virus and it is necessarily parasitical upon its host. As a virus the image remains distinct but never completely whole. Early in Naked Lunch we get the image of the phantom as *the vigilante*: “I was standing outside myself trying to stop those hangings with ghost fingers...I am ghost wanting what every ghost wants—a body...(8).” Junk is the vehicle for the ghost. It operates and transforms its host into a body without form. For Burroughs the writer necessary must stand in the form and posture of the unconscious-- “standing outside myself.” The journey back to the conscious, finding a body, ironically enough, is the journey back into the hidden forms of conscious reality:

The Vigilante is prosecuted in Federal Court under a lynch bill and winds up in a Federal Nut House specially designed for the

containment of ghosts: precise, prosaic impact of
objects...washstand...door...toilet...bars...there they are...this is
it...all lines cut...nothing beyond...Dead End...And the Dead End in
every face. (9)

This image of the contained ghost who must confront the “precise, prosaic impact of objects” is Breton’s image of the phantom that is reflected by an unconscious. Yet whereas the phantom appears in Breton’s work as the reflection behind the work of the unconscious, Burroughs’s ghost is the reflection behind the work of a conscious reality. And Burroughs’s ghost doesn’t make sense of this conscious reality. Instead, it falls apart and erupts in a violent cataclysm:

The physical changes were slow at first, then jumped forward in
black klunks, falling through his slack tissue, washing away the human
lines...In his place of total darkness mouth and eyes are one organ that
leaps forward to snap with transparent teeth...but no organ is constant
as regards either function or position...sex organs sprout
anywhere...rectums open, defecate and close...the entire organism
changes color and consistency in split-second adjustments.... (9)

As the ghost becomes one sensory organ that sprouts multiple reproductive orifices and rectums it becomes the material manifestation of an unconscious that acts not in wholes but in parts like Breton’s pure image. The ghost as becoming a grotesque sensory organ transforms its reality into a battle between absorption and expulsion. It becomes the violent routine, the narrative that energetically consumes itself.

Folds in Naked Lunch appear as images that perform routines. Like so many thousands of parts that have been removed from their distinct wholes to be scrambled up and reformed into bodies that transform their realities by their very apparent impossibility, the images in Naked Lunch serve to reveal impossible comparisons. The folds between images and their narratives in Breton were folds that created the possibility between apparently incongruous distinct wholes. With Burroughs the folds force the comparison between incongruous wholes in process of dissolution. With Burroughs wholes becomes impossible because they cannot resist this dissolution. The fold turns continually and is dissected into various routines even as these routines overlap and flow into one another as other folds.

William Reich and the Orgone Accumulator

Burroughs was frequently interested in the invisible, in that which moves objects outside what can be perceived. Like the Vigilante as ghost, the invisible becomes the unconscious manifested into an outer reality. A good example of this was Burroughs's interest in Wilhelm Reich's Orgone Energy.⁴⁶ According to Roger M. Wilcox Reich used his own invention, the Orgone Accumulator, to detect orgone energy:

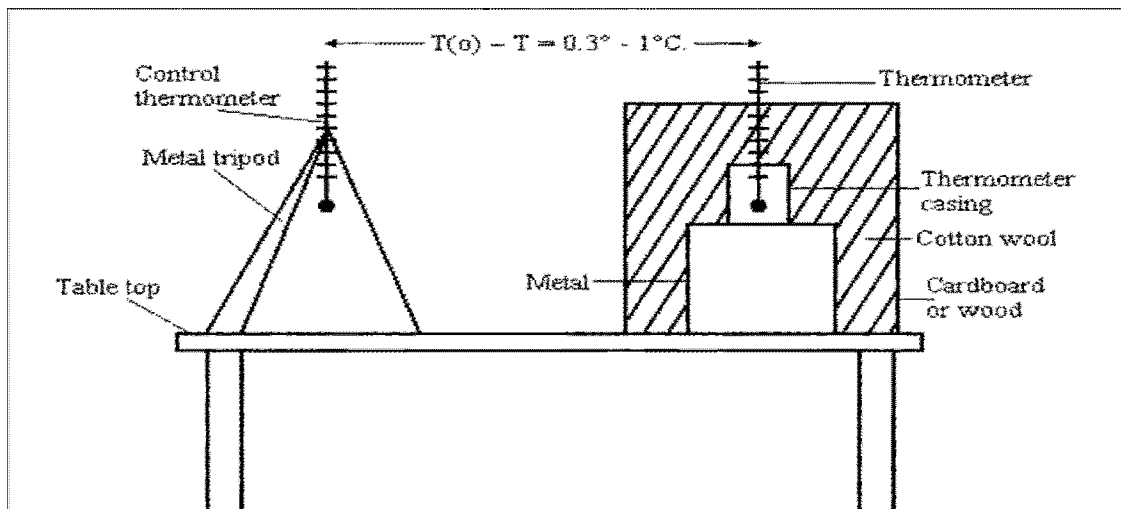
An orgone accumulator, or ORAC, is a box with organic material lining the outside of its walls and metallic material lining the insides of its walls. Popularly, such a device was sometimes referred to as simply an

⁴⁶ See Roger M. Wilcox's Orgone Accumulators
<http://home.netcom.com/~rogermw/Reich/accumulators.html>

"orgone box." Reich believed that orgone energy was attracted and absorbed by organic material, but attracted and immediately re-radiated by metallic material, and that therefore a box constructed with an outer organic shell and an inner metallic shell would absorb atmospheric orgone energy and concentrate, or "accumulate," this absorbed orgone energy in its interior (Wilcox).

In The Job Burroughs suggest that Reich's work was suppressed and destroyed by the government of the United States because it revealed the deadly power of orgone energy.⁴⁷ Orgone energy, according to Reich, was the transitional energy between objects and it necessarily acted as the ghost in the machine between objects.

As transitional energy, orgone energy acts like a ghost without a body. The chart below demonstrates how the orgone accumulator works:⁴⁸



Measurement of temperature difference $T(o) - T$ indoors.

⁴⁷ See The Job 64-65.

⁴⁸ The chart is taken from Roger M. Wilcox's essay "Orgone Accumulators"

The temperature difference between the outside air and the inside of the accumulator seemed to suggest for Reich evidence of orgone energy. The machine seemed to suggest at least two possible uses for Reich—as a heat engine and a therapeutic device that would “...’fix’ the internal orgone energy problems inside a patient’s body, thereby helping to heal said patient of all sorts of psychological and biopathic maladies” (Wilcox). Reich was discounted as a dangerous fraud by the FDA for distributing his orgone accumulators and eventually he died in prison. His works were burned and he was generally discredited. Burroughs considered the actions against Reich as the government’s attempt to hide the truth from the general public.⁴⁹

Yet the orgone accumulator reveals something else about Burroughs because it serves as an appropriate metaphor of how routines work. Orgone energy is effectively the fold between objects and their actions. As such it is equally the unconscious force that alters reality. As a machine that accumulates orgone energy because it attracts organically while accumulating metallurgically, it resembles the absorption and

<http://home.netcom.com/~rogermw/Reich/accumulators.html>

⁴⁹ Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia website, details the specifics concerning Reich’s orgone accumulators: “In 1940, Reich built boxes — orgone accumulators — to concentrate orgone energy in the atmosphere, some for lab animals, and some large enough for a human being to sit inside. He now believed orgone was a type of *primordial cosmic energy*, blue in color, which he claimed was omnipresent and responsible for such things as weather, the color of the sky, gravity, the formation of galaxies, and the biological expressions of emotion and sexuality. Composed of alternating layers of ferrous metals and insulators with a high-dielectrical constant, his orgone accumulators had the appearance of a large hollow "capacitor". He believed that sitting inside the box might provide a treatment for cancer and other illnesses. It was the construction of these boxes that caught the attention of the press, and wild rumors spread that they were "sex boxes" which caused uncontrollable erections.” See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wilhelm_Reich

expulsion of Burroughs's image of the body. It is the body that absorbs organically with various sexual organs while expulsing the memory of what it consumed through acts of defecation. Orgone energy, like the unconscious, acts transitionally between methods of absorption and expulsion.

Furthermore, it is this transition between absorption and expulsion of the body which serves as a kind of inner event that is hidden from view. The orgone accumulator is also appropriately a metaphor for how the unconscious works. Inside the orgone accumulator one should come into touch with a primordial energy that connects us all, an energy, much like the unconscious, that seems to define us but yet seems separate from us, the origin, perhaps, to the human psyche. With Breton these unconscious events take place on the surface. With Burroughs, like the orgone accumulator, these events seem to take place inside something, a body, or even a box.

The Routine

In this way the routine is the body turned inside out to reveal these various processes of folding. As such it turns in upon itself only to be cut away from itself to be rejoined at its other end. Appropriately, the vigilante routine begins with "I was standing outside myself..." and ends as "sex organs sprout anywhere..." and "rectums open, defecate and close..." Outside himself the narrator becomes a body turned outward, a movement from outside to inside and then outside again.

The routine is similar to Deleuze and Guattari's "rhizome." The rhizome follows a similar movement, not linearly, or hierarchically, but continually becoming.

Significant to the understanding of the rhizome is the difference between what Deleuze and Guattari the map and the tracing:

The rhizome is altogether different, *a map and not a tracing*.

Make a map, not a tracing. The orchid does not reproduce the tracing of a wasp, in a rhizome. What distinguishes the map from a tracing is that it is entirely oriented toward an experimentation in contact with the real. The map does reproduce an unconscious closed in upon itself; it constructs the unconscious. It fosters connections between fields, the removal of blockages on bodies without organs, the maximum opening of bodies without organs onto a plane of consistency. It is itself a part of the Rhizome... The map has to do with performance, whereas the tracing always involves an alleged “competence”. (Deleuze and Guattari A Thousand Plateaus 12-13)

The rhizome is not a closed representation. It doesn't represent outside the real. Instead it forms connections at all ends, becoming that which is process over product. From a narrative standpoint the routine works similarly. It doesn't represent so much as it flows and becomes as process so that narrators escape their roles, and the actions of narratives turn inside out rather than producing flexible ends.

This turning inside out as routine could be defined as humorous. It allows for a release from a particularly injurious situation. As such it doesn't produce—it just releases, which isn't the same as saying that it is comic because to be comic it would mean that the viewer of the situation would have to hold herself above the situation as

superior. Freud carefully makes this distinction between the comic and the humorous, recognizing that while the comic involves a social audience, the humorous is the posture of the injured:

In the cases that have just been mentioned the person who is the victim of the injury, pain, and so on, might obtain *humorous* pleasure, while the unconcerned person laughs from *comic* pleasure. The pleasure of humour, if this is so, comes about—we cannot say otherwise—at the cost of a release of affect that does not occur: it arises from *an economy in the expenditure of affect*....Humour is the most easily satisfied among the species of the comic. It completes its course with a single person; another person's participation adds nothing new to it. (Freud Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious 228-229)

The significance of the routine in the context between the comic and the humorous is the difference between in how the routine might be defined as satirically comic and individually humorous. Understanding that Burroughs intended Naked Lunch to be read as satire the routine mimics the traditional narrative, but read as individually humorous the routine releases outside the traditional narrative so that the narrative becomes part of its own process. In this way the routine can only be considered satire if it is read linearly, if the reader forces an order upon the different routines in order to make sense of them. The narrator who must be humorous, in order to release the injury from the “affect,” initiates a reading that is never completely linear, but rather always incomplete and always folding in upon itself.

The idea of such folding narratives is central to Burroughs's writing. It defines the manner in which he represents meaning, not through cause and effect, as mechanical forces pull and resist, but rather through absorption—meaning as flow and process. In The Job Burroughs says the same:

When people speak of clarity in writing they generally mean plot, continuity, beginning middle and end, adherence to a “logical” sequence. But things don't happen in logical sequence and people don't think in logical sequence. Any writer who hopes to approximate what actually occurs in the mind and body of his characters cannot confine himself to such an arbitrary structure as “logical” sequence. Joyce was accused of being unintelligible and he was presenting only one level of cerebral events: conscious sub-vocal speech. I think it is possible to create multilevel events and characters that a reader could comprehend with his entire organic being. (Burroughs The Job 35)

The strategy of appealing to such an organic body through the use of the routine is an interesting one because it seems to suggest that in order to appeal to the various sensory areas of such a body language should enter these areas outside the frequencies of how language works. It suggests a strategy where words act as bodies of their own.

The Word as Virus

The word as body occurs in Burroughs work as the word as virus. The body becomes the host for language. In this way Burroughs ideas on the word as virus actually predate the work of many cognitive scientists.⁵⁰ Burroughs writes:

I have frequently spoken of word and image as viruses or as acting as viruses, as this is not an allegorical comparison. It will be seen that the falsifications in syllabic Western languages are in point of fact actual virus mechanisms. The IS of identity is in point of fact the virus mechanism. If we can infer purpose from behavior, then the purpose of a virus is TO SURVIVE. To survive at any expense to the host invaded. (Burroughs The Job 201-202)

If the word is a virus then the body becomes a host for its intentions, and the characters in narratives are determined not by their individual actions but rather by their individual viruses. The word determines their characteristics. It directs its host like the puppeteer directs the puppet. The word as virus within the narrative routine, then, is revealed when its intentions are made clear. This is why the mosaic method of mixing up routines within the novel is so important here: the virus cannot be unmasked as long as its intentions are disguised by the actions of characters. If the word is a virus then it is important that the body turn inside out in order to view the mechanics of the virus. The actions of bodies without revealing the intentions of their individual viruses are less significant.

⁵⁰ The works of Lakoff and Johnson, particularly their book Metaphors We Live By is interesting example of what I write of here because their work seems to validate the

Richard Dawkins, the famous evolutionary biologist, is important here in the field of what he originally coined as memes: ideas that are passed from one individual species of human to another much like genes are passed from one individual to another through procreation. In fact, Dawkins speculates in his essay “Viruses of the Mind,” memes might operate in the same manner:

Progressive evolution of more effective mind-parasites will have two aspects. New ‘mutants’ (either random or designed by humans) that are better at spreading will become more numerous. And there will be a ganging up of ideas that flourish in one another’s presence, ideas that mutually support one another just as genes do and, as I have speculated, computer viruses may one day do. We expect that replicators will go around together from brain to brain in mutually compatible gangs. These gangs will come to constitute a package, which may be sufficiently stable to deserve a collective name such as Roman Catholicism or Voodoo.

The idea of words infecting the mind may have a scientific basis, but more importantly the idea of memes suggest that words can act as viruses act with an intention that follows its own survival.

Also, with routines the word surrenders its mechanism of creating conflict because the word is frequently revealed through images. The word virus spreads itself

work of Burroughs. See also Dawkins work on memes in The Selfish Gene.

through the spoken word. Burroughs remedy for the illness that the word virus causes is silence, and the use of the pictorial word:

The proposed language will delete these virus mechanisms and make them impossible of formulation in the language. The language will be tonal language like Chinese, it will also have a hieroglyphic script as pictorial as possible without being too cumbersome or difficult to write. This language will give one the option of silence. When not talking, the user of this language can take in the silent images of the written, pictorial and symbol languages. (Burroughs The Job 202)

The word as virus must be spread by being transmitted. The word as silent image combats this transmission. On the topic of silence Burroughs said, “Personally I find nothing upsetting about silence at all...I would say that silence is only a device of terror for compulsive verbalizers...(Burroughs The Job 38). According to Burroughs silence is only a problem for those who are controlled by the word as virus and the inner conflicts built through dualism that it creates. Silence terrifies those controlled by these inner conflicts. It doesn’t demand as dualities demand.

Finally, the exposure of the word as virus marks an interesting point of departure for the routine as narrative because it redirects the reader away from the conflicts of plot narrative and towards the narrative of the body becoming. Events happen within routines as events of becoming. They are not necessarily directed by a framework of narrative events. Such a reading from the reader demands that he or she not reorder the narratives into some type of linear narrative but rather that they absorb

the narratives as they might absorb their natural surroundings. Read in this way language becomes organic: it escapes the ordering of history and steps into a continual now. Similar to Breton's pure event the routine becomes. The differences between Breton and Burroughs, however, are significant in that for Burroughs the word as virus must first reveal itself in pieces in order that it is silenced.

The Cut and Paste Method

The method of Naked Lunch is an example of mosaic routines that he would later develop into cut and paste methods in his future novels. Still, Naked Lunch resembles in some ways this cut and paste method in that different routines are moved around in a non linear order. Burroughs compared the cut and paste methods of films with his own attempts with writing⁵¹:

Cut-ups have been used in films for a long time. In fact films are assembled in the cutting room. Like the painter film technicians can touch and handle their medium move pieces of it around and try out new juxtapositions. For example in a straight narrative passage here is a delirium scene or someone in a confused state of mind remembering past events...The writer can of course construct such a scene consciously and artistically. My method is to type out the material to be used and then strain it through several cut-up procedures. In this way I find a more realistic picture of delirium emerges than could be

⁵¹ Burroughs thought that because of the increase of image media writers had to compete with their methods by mimicking them. See The Job 27.

reached by artificial reconstruction. You are handling as it were the materials and processes of delirium. (Burroughs The Job 30)

Burroughs concept of delirium is similar to Burroughs's concept of the organic body. The cut up method attempts to open up the senses so that the mind becomes overwhelmed and must absorb the routine rather than linearly rewriting it. In delirium the mind, confused as it by its own senses, is overwhelmed by the environment it finds itself within. The cut up method attempts to create delirium by attacking the narrative structure of the novel.

Oliver Harris in his book William Burroughs and the Secret of Fascination writes concerning Burroughs cut-up method:

Burroughs' insistence on offering the cut-up *method*, not selling a product for mass consumption but providing a tool for active, individual use, is a crucial feature of this first exploratory stage of practice and promotion. It signals the two central and distinguishing facts from which Burroughs' cut-up project started: that it was *experimental*, and that it was based on therapeutic as well as artistic *material practices*. "Don't theorize," as he insisted to Ginsberg. "Try it". (Harris 244)

Harris ends his book on Burroughs as the title of his book suggest with fascination and necessarily outside the posture of analytical critic. He insists that to read Burroughs is not to develop theories and other linear narratives for his novel but rather to understand these narratives less as narrative ideologies and more and narrative

techniques. As I have suggested to read Naked Lunch demands that one read less as a traditional reader who escapes from the routines established in the novel by reordering them, and more as a reader of the organic space that the different routines immerse the reader within. Harris is right. Burroughs requires a certain amount of fascination.

To read Naked Lunch means to expose the word virus in oneself. It is to abandon oneself to a kind of continual silence without the conflicts of duality. Read in this way Naked Lunch becomes hallucinogenic: the routines flow inside and outside of one another in such a way that they began to fold over and within one another.

Characters in Naked Lunch

Thematically, the characters of the different routines grouped together reveal processes where their intentions are often paradoxical. As Timothy Murphy suggests in Wising up the Marks: the Amodern William Burroughs the doctors in Naked Lunch have double intentions: “Medical doctors are important ‘points of intersection’ in Naked Lunch, as they were in Junky, because they are in a paradoxical position: like the police, they are trained to treat the “Human Virus” of control, to eradicate its symptoms, but they also earn their living off it and thus have an interest in preserving the virus” (Murphy 81). Seen in this way the doctors’ remedies mark the virus for the patients that they treat: by treating their patients they symbolically mark the disease. The doctors reveal the virus by treated it benignly, and thus, ensuring their success and the success of the virus.

As a doctor early in the novel, Benway understands all too well how this process works. Through treatment the patient is shown how to live with the virus without eradicating it. Benway says:

“While in general I avoid the use of torture—torture locates the opponent and mobilizes resistance—the threat of torture is useful to induce in the subject the appropriate feeling of helplessness and gratitude to the interrogator for withholding it. And torture can be employed to advantage as a penalty when the subject is far enough along with the treatment to accept punishment as deserved. To this end I devised several forms of disciplinary procedure. One was known as the Switchboard...Half an hour on the Switchboard and the subject breaks down like an overloaded thinking machine.”

“The study of thinking machines teaches us more about the brain than we can learn by introspective methods. Western man is externalizing himself in the form of gadgets”. (21-22)

Through the use of the Switchboard, the doctor, interestingly enough mimics the intention of Reich’s orgone accumulator: the patient becomes machine and thereby reveals his inner or unconscious intentions just as the orgone accumulator seemingly reveals the intentions of an unknown energy. I mention this only because, again, just as in the vigilante routine, the Benway alludes to Western Man where inner intentions become manifest in outer forms. And just as in the vigilante routine the body becomes machine: an externalized organ for inner conflicts.

These conflicts are exploited by Benway. Sex humiliation works as well as torture because as Burroughs suggests most sexual games are a virus controlled by conflict.⁵² Sexual tensions, those sexual actions that don't allow for release, become the medium for which the torturer controls his victims. Benway says:

“Many subjects are vulnerable to sexual humiliation. Nakedness, simulation with aphrodisiacs, constant supervision to embarrass subject and prevent relief of masturbation (erections during sleep automatically turn on an enormous vibrating electric buzzer that throws the subject out of bed into cold water, thus reducing the incidence of wet dreams to a minimum....After that the Interrogator can gain complete hypnotic control—the subject will come at his whistle, shit on the floor if he but say Open Sesame.” (24)

Sexual humiliation works to sustain the life of sexual tension and thus sustain the life of the word as virus. In this way Benway becomes both the protector of the virus and a companion virus, ensuring that his prescriptions as doctor to patient will exist like a virus in their bodies.

Perhaps the most popular routine and the one most quoted from Naked Lunch is the “talking asshole.” The replacement of the mouth, the transmitter of the word virus, with the asshole, is perhaps the most interesting examples of a body turned inside out. In the routine the unconscious shits. In the initial conversation between

⁵² In The Job Burroughs even goes so far as to suggest that love is a virus created by women to control men.

Doctor Schafer and Doctor Benway, Schafer suggests a more efficient type of human being with “one all-purpose hole to eat *and* eliminate.” Suggesting the possibility of a human as a kind of “one all-purpose blob” Benway then tells the talking asshole story:

“This ass talk had a sort of gut frequency. It hit you right down there like you gotta go. You know the old colon gives you the elbow and it feels sorta cold inside, and you know all you have to do is turn loose? Well this talking hit you right down there, a bubbly, thick stagnant sound, a sound you could *smell*.” (111)

A sound that you could smell immediately reminds one of Barnes’ “mental smells” in Nightwood. Both kinds of smells mark the possibility of something that happens within the unconscious that the conscious cannot discern or understand. Their impossibility marks the possibility of another that could only be labeled as the unconscious. This use of synesthesia marks the possibility of extra sensory organ, where what is emitted from an asshole is not what is emitted from a mouth. A “sound you could smell” is not merely a sound fragranced with certain methane gasses. It is sound that touches both the ears and nose at once, becoming something else, becoming that which cannot be named.

After the asshole begins to talk even more loudly, eating through the pants with small razor teeth in order to talk, shout, complain and drink, it says to its owner: “It’s you who will shut up in the end. Not me. Because we don’t need you around here any more. I can talk and eat *and* shit” (111). The owner begins to wake up with a jelly like substance over his mouth. Soon his mouth grows over with “un-D.T.,

Undifferentiated Tissue” and the mouth is silenced with only “...the silent, helpless suffering of the brain behind the eyes...” (112). How the asshole replaces the mouth and its brain is an interesting departure from the typical narrative. Again, Burroughs ends a narrative in silence. The mouth is silenced because it transmits the human virus and because it necessarily forms a duality between itself and the asshole. In Naked Lunch control is enforced through dualities, between doctors and patients, between different political groups, between the hidden and the seen. The talking asshole effectively ends its host’s duality between voice and body. It becomes one instead of two.⁵³

It can, of course, be said that the talking asshole becomes its own transmitter of the word virus. It’s interesting, however, to note that the talking asshole is no doctor. It doesn’t prescribe. It just wants its freedom and to be one with its host it must shut down the mouth. The words that come out of the mouth of the talking asshole are “ad-libs” and “gags.” It is humorous because it releases outside the comic, completing the joke within itself, effectively becoming its own audience. No one can laugh with a talking asshole if it cannot laugh at itself. In order to complete the joke of a talking asshole it must complete itself and silence the mouth. As I quoted Freud earlier, there is no humor if the laughter centers upon someone who can’t laugh at his or her own injury. The silenced mouth and terrified eyes become an audience to a humorous asshole.

⁵³ In The Job Burroughs says the same that he preferred the idea of being one over two because two always equals conflict.

The idea of the one is central to direction of the different routines in Naked Lunch. Of the four different parties of the Interzone all of them essentially extol the idea of the one or the last one as the most desirable outcome.⁵⁴ The Liquefaction Party, the right wing party, built upon racism and bigotry, the party of modern day totalitarianism, is the party of exterminators. Carried to its logical extreme the Liquefactionists would kill everyone and leave only one person behind. They practice sadomasochism. The Divisionists, the moderate party, attempts to create one person by cloning themselves over and over. They practice homosexuality. The Senders, the left totalitarian party and the party that Burroughs considered the most dangerous of the four, attempt to control others through mental telepathy. They practice heterosexuality. Breeding is allowed through word viruses like love and family. All sexual acts are parodies of the original intentions of the party: Liquefactionists to destroy themselves, Divisionists to duplicate themselves and Senders to control one another. The Factualists, represented by the characters Lee and A.J. and closest to Burroughs himself, are the detectives of the novel who reveal the different factions for who they are. They are neutral.

Burroughs holds his biggest scorn for the Senders. They are often represented as gigantic centipedes. Burroughs despises the Senders because their actions, hidden from the general population as they are because mental telepathy is difficult to detect,

⁵⁴ Burroughs would later say in The Job concerning these different factions: “This was in *Naked Lunch* and was rather a crude and tentative classification, and is I think explained there. It doesn’t stand up too well at the present time and I wouldn’t use the same categories” (68).

don't mark themselves on the body. Instead they are allowed to infect their hosts through the use of the word alone. And unlike bodies they don't receive. They just send:

“A telepathic sender has to send all the time. He can never receive, because if he receives that means someone else has feelings of his own could louse up his continuity. The Sender has to send all of the time, but he can never recharge himself by contact. Sooner or later he's got no feelings to send. You can't have feelings alone—and you dig there can only be one Sender at one place-time...Finally the screen goes dead...The Sender has grown into a huge centipede...So the workers come in on the beam and burn the centipede and elect a new Sender by consensus of the general will....” (137)

The Sender is evil because he resists the rolling fold. He stands outside of it and sends, manipulates and transmits. He stands at the high end of the hierarchy. Like an insect his inside is his outside, his extoskeleton. There is no turning inside out.

Senders resist reality and bend it to their will. They resist humanity because they don't know how to feel. They resist nature because they live outside their bodies and completely within their manipulated minds. Burroughs writes: “Liquefactionists in general know what the score is. The Senders, on the other hand, are notorious for their ignorance of the nature and terminal state of sending, for barbarous and self-righteous manners, and for rabid fear of any *fact* (136).

The Factualists represented by A.J. and Lee are the detectives of the novel. They seek out and reveal the different factions for who they are. “The Factualists are Anti-Liquefactionist, Anti-Divisionist, and above all Anti-Sender” (140). The Factualists reveal things as they are. They represent Burroughs’ intention in the novel, like title Naked Lunch, to reveal the facts as they exist. Responding to the question in The Job, “Is the ability ‘to see what is in front of us’ a way of escaping from the image-prison which surrounds us?” Burroughs says:

Very definitely, yes. But this is an ability which very people have, and fewer and fewer as time passes. For one thing, because of the absolute barrage of images to which we are subjected so that we become blunted....But if you’re absolutely bombarded with images from passing trucks and cars and televisions and newspapers, you become blunted and this makes a permanent haze in front of your eyes, you can’t see anything. (34)

A.J. and Lee attempt to remove this haze. They remove the virus from the object, since it is the virus that transforms its host into something that it is not.

The body of Lee is a transparent one. Like the vigilante he is more phantom than flesh. As a Factualist his body doesn’t demand attention and unlike the Liquefactionists his body doesn’t reframe the environment that it finds itself within. Instead, his flesh almost assumes the shape of the wind: “In the beginning his flesh was simply soft, so soft that he was cut to the bone by dust particles, air currents and brushing overcoats while direct contact with doors and chairs seemed to occasion no

discomfort. No wound healed in his soft, tentative flesh...” (60). The image of soft flesh in this context seems to suggest a body that absorbs its surroundings. It is a body that receives. It is also a body where no wound heals. It is a body that records with flesh its resistance to its environment. Lee is the detective because his appearance doesn’t attract attention:

Lee lived now in varying degrees of transparency... While not exactly invisible he was at least difficult to see. His presence attracted no special notice... People covered him with a project or dismissed him as a reflection or shadow: “Some kind light trick or neon advertisement.”
(60)

The detective must always be the first one to see the situation in order that he remains hidden or disguised.

As the detective Burroughs explains the methodology of Naked Lunch in the routine “Atrophied Preface Wouldn’t You?” Strangely, this methodology seems to follow the direction of folds:

You can cut into *Naked Lunch* at any intersection point... I have written many prefaces. They atrophy and amputate spontaneous like the little toe amputates in a West African disease confined to the Negro race and the passing blond shows her brass ankle as a manicured toe bounces across the club terrace, retrieved and laid at her feet by her Afghan hound... *Naked Lunch* is a blueprint, a How-To Book....

How-To extend levels of experience by opening the door at the end of a long hall...Doors that only open in *Silence...Naked Lunch* demands Silence from The Reader. Otherwise he is taking his own pulse.... (187)

The routine as silence returns to the fold. Like Breton's pure event Burroughs' Silence doesn't demand outside of its own event. Cutting Naked Lunch at any intersection point reveals routines over routines. Intersection points connect with other intersection points to create rolling folds.

Throughout Naked Lunch images and words create folds. There are the different folds between the different parties of the interzone, between the different routines, between different sexual acts, and between the virus and its remedy, silence. Folds create dualities that never hold up. Instead dualities become one in the same, folding end over end until they become one.

In the fold all characters become one: "Sooner or later The Vigilante, The Rube, Lee The Agent, A.J., Clem and Jody The Ergot Twins, Hassan O'Leary the After Birth Tycoon, The Sailor, The Exterminator, Andrew Keif, "Fats" Terminal, Doc Benway, "Fingers" Schafer are subject to the same thing in the same words, to occupy, at that intersection point, the same position in space-time (186).

The Routines

I want to examine a few routines that occur towards the end of Naked Lunch in order to demonstrate how narratives work as folds. It seems to me that apart from being merely mosaic narratives shuffled in a nonlinear order, the individual routines in

Naked Lunch operate as a series of inner events that poke holes into their own specific routines. These holes, as much as they reveal the images of bodies turning inside out, are also examples of uncertainty as a matter of linear time sequence. The routines are mosaic within themselves at times. There is hallucinatory effect, a dreamlike trance that takes over events. This is the effect of the turning fold where previous events affect future events, and vice versa, but not through cause and effect, but through spatial proximity, a collage of events where transformation occurs in the manner that you arrange them. By their materiality, the manner in which you choose to arrange them, the narratives escape the limits on the word as strictly signifier and become the word as physical sign. They form intersections with one another like streets upon a map. What direction the reader chooses to take is entirely up to him.

This becomes eerily clear in the routine titled “the examination.” Carl Peterson is summoned by postcard “to report for a ten o’clock appointment with Doctor Benway in the Ministry of Mental Health and Prophylaxis...” (155) This routine is a series of interchanges between characters that seems to end in outer space. Carl seems to possess a secret history unknown to himself but known to Doctor Benway. Under the Doctor’s gaze Carl feels unsure about himself: “Carl suddenly felt trapped in this silent underwater cave of a room, cut off from all sources of warmth and certainty” (158). Doctor Benway, on the other hand, seems disposed, a talking body that isn’t there: “He seemed actually to have gone away through an invisible door, leaving his empty body sitting there at the desk” (158).

The marine color green appears as doors and lights during the examination: “Carl dozed off. He was opening a green door....He was in a room filled with green light.” (160) The color green seems to suggest descent into an underwater world of bodily fluids. By the end of the routine, as Carl is attempting to leave, the Doctor asks, “Where can you go, Carl?” and Carl responds, “Out...Away...Through the door...” The Doctor asks again, “The Green Door, Carl?” (165) Doctor Benway manipulates Carl into a series of homosexual encounters. The color green, as the color of water and rebirth, seems to suggest a manipulative attempt to awake Carl from his apparent heterosexuality.

Throughout “the examination” Doctor Benway attempts to confuse Carl into making the wrong decision by pursuing him with a series of questions. It is the decision making of Carl that confuses the text so that we don’t fully know if the events that Carl experiences have actually took place. Carl’s narrative jumps from one duplication of an image to another, from one recognition of an image to another, until we are unable to recognize the complete truth of these images, because the truth resides in their very start duplication—their flux generates a truth that cannot be pinned down.

In an earlier routine called “interzone” the phenomenology of the zone is explained:

The Zone is a single, vast building. The rooms are made of a plastic cement that bulges to accommodate people, but when too many

crowd into one room there is a soft *plop* and someone squeezes through the wall right into the next house—the next bed that is, since the rooms are mostly bed where the business of the Zone is transacted. A hum of sex and commerce shakes the Zone like a vast hive. (149)

The narrative space of the Zone is a vast fold that makes room for other events within a vast network of other folds. There are connections within the Zone at every angle: by sex organs and commerce, by a phenomenology of familiarity where everyone shares the same house, a vast family where everything is private—the individual sex encounters, for example—while remaining completely public—no sex encounter go unnoticed by others. This kind of space where private and public space continually intersect in often bizarre ways is Kafkaesque like the scene in Kafka's The Trial where the courtroom is a bedroom.

The Zone is also a place of unresolved transactions where everyone is on the make. Authenticity of character gets lost in a fabric of past and present where one is never entirely oneself. The Expeditor is such a character. His purpose is unclear: "His profession was to expedite the delivery of merchandise. No one knew for sure whether his services were of any use or not, and to mention his name always precipitated an argument. Cases were cited to prove his miraculous efficiency and utter worthlessness." (152) After serving a term of president--"To be elected President is the greatest misfortune and disgrace that can befall an Islander"—he undergoes plastic surgery in order to hide his identity. Another character Marvie, who owes the Expeditor money, and Leif, his friend, anger the Expeditor and in his diatribe against

them, “His pre-surgery face emerged in an arc light of incandescent hate.” (155)

Different identities intersect at different points. It is not enough to say that identity is fixed and that each character wears a kind of mask. Throughout Naked Lunch masks seem as real as the faces beneath them. One face is just a “soft plop” into another.

In the short routine “have you seen pantopon rose?” a mosaic of different images clouds a narrative of characters searching for the right fix. Insect imagery occurs in the routine, as it occurs throughout Naked Lunch, as kind of parody of apocalyptic visions: “The centipede nuzzles the iron door rusted to thin black paper by the urine of a million fairies...” (166) The exoskeleton of the centipede suggests a turning inside out of the body. The impossibility of the whole image taken together enriches its folded narrative so that seemingly incongruous elements are linked together. Such an image resists even the possibility of opposition. The iron door is rusted to thin black paper with the inner fluids of fairies. An inner event, fairy urine, marks a new possibility, the joining of paper to iron.

In “the exterminator does a good job” more seemingly impossible images occur. Sailor seems caught in an environment eerily similar to the exterminator’s traps:

Tenement flat, railroad flat vibrating with silent motion. Along one wall of the kitchen a metal trough—or was it metal, exactly?—ran into a sort of aquarium or tank filled with translucent green fluid. Moldy objects, worn out in unknown service, littered the floor: a jockstrap designed to protect some delicate organ of flat, fan shape; multi-level

trusses, supports and bandages; a large U-shaped yoke of porous pink stone; little lead tubes cut open at one end. (169)

These images are similar to the images of Breton in their incongruity. But these images resemble inner organs more than they resemble surface events like statues. The “jockstrap designed to protect some delicate organ of flat, fan shape” is an appropriate example of the hidden nature of these inner images. The jockstrap effectively covers up what could possibly operate beneath it. And the colors of these images, “translucent green and porous pink” suggest submersion, a watery world of objects that move as water moves.

Finally, in “hauser and o'brien” William Lee is locked out of his world. Time becomes a series of mosaic images once again:

I hung up and took taxi out of the area...In the cab I realized what had happened...I had been occluded from space-time like an eel's ass occludes when he stops eating on the way to Sargasso...Locked out...never again would I have a Key, a Point of Intersection....Far side of the world's mirror, moving into the past with Hauser and O'Brien...clawing at a not-yet of Telepathic Bureaucracies, Time Monopolies, control Drugs, Heavy Fluid Addicts. (181)

Like the drug syringes that fill with fluid with every fix the world of William Lee is fluid and in flux. Like Breton's image of the soluble fish objects dissolve into one another. The world is covered in a semiotic fluid. But unlike Breton's image of dissolving images, in Burroughs time moves inwardly as well as outwardly so that

where time escapes to is often unknown, and like William Lee, one is sometimes “Locked out” from time. To be locked out of one’s own creation is to be locked out of one’s own time. This is the possibility of the inner event in Burroughs: that to live is to surrender to the possibility of duplication within the fold. The self surrenders to its own duplication. This is the mosaic view of history where time turns inwardly as well as outwardly. Time seems to breathe like the gills of a fish, breathing in its surroundings without an awareness of past or present. Time seems to cycle through infinite folds rather than disappearing into the night as a ray of light.

Conclusions

All of these routines demonstrate the intricate interplay between time and the inner event. Time is turned upside down and inside out so that everything appears unreal, yet only “unreal” in the sense that time doesn’t follow linear timelines. This is the illusion of history that Burroughs presents to us, a mosaic history where parts of the whole remain independent of the whole. As McCarthy writes, Naked Lunch is “like a worm that you can chop up into sections each of which wriggles off as an independent worm.” (McCarthy 44) Such a history involves episodic time rather than ideological time. It is a time built around routines that turn with the movements of folds.

In the fold words escape their viruses. Routines multiply, intersect and divide. Naked Lunch attempts to reveal the word as virus in order to remedy it. The remedy or the cure is the multiplicity of several channels flowing from different images to become one and then to flow again. The one in Naked Lunch is never more than itself

but never less than itself. It is the multiple folds that cannot be divided into separate parts while remaining a series of intersections without end. It is the word as body receiving without completely duplicating itself in other bodies.

Chapter 5

J.G. Ballard: Grafts and Folds

Pirate Radio. There were a number of secret transmissions to which Travis listened: (1) medullary: images of dunes and craters, pools of ash that contained the terraced faces of Freud, Eatherly, and Garbo; (2) thoracic: the rusting shells of U-boats beached in the cove at Tsingtao, near the ruined German forts where the Chinese guides smeared bloody handprints on the caisson walls; (3) sacral: V.J.-Day, the bodies of Japanese troops in the paddy fields at night.

--J. G. Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition

Background

When J.G. Ballard cites the medullary, the spinal base of the skull, and the thoracic, the spinal region between the neck and the diaphragm, and finally, the sacral, the posterior spinal region of the pelvis, the tailbone, Ballard, as surgeon, takes the reader on a journey down the spine. And this journey down the spine, essentially down our bodies' capacity to know our outside, is linked to the violence caused to the earth and to other bodies. It is as if Ballard wants to graft the inner organs of the human body over an earthly landscape.

In Naked Lunch the narrative as routine allowed Burroughs to explore folds where characters were allowed to overlap, becoming indistinct from one another during moments of distinctness. Burroughs's routine is the hallucinatory flash, cuts into narrative folds like a surgeon cuts into skin and muscle to reveal the interiors of the body. With the routine Burroughs created characters who folded into their own narratives so that their narratives became less bound by linear time, and more bound by their own becoming. Inside the routine characters act like caterpillars inside their cocoons: there are transformations mostly unseen, interior folds of metamorphosis that will eventually unfold into a folded forest and sky.

In J.G. Ballard's The Atrocity Exhibition folds appear as grafts.⁵⁵ Unlike the routine where the present seems to be multiplied in order to achieve a hallucinatory effect, the graft transforms the present by establishing new connections, by creating new forms and bodies, by transforming both interior and exterior landscapes through these multiple connections. In the graft folds are exposed so that they can form connections with other folds. Narratives spread over bodies. Characters stitch and connect to one another across materials of space and time. Grafts are material forms rather than routines as inner events. Grafts form a material bridge between inner and outer realms. Grafts are more precise, almost mathematical. Burroughs' routines seems more ethereal, more wistful.

⁵⁵ I have used the illustrated version of The Atrocity Exhibition published by Re/Search Publications, 1990 with annotations and commentary by Ballard.

In The Atrocity Exhibition the graft is a narrative method where seemingly incongruous associations are made between other narratives, between silent interiors and exteriors that resist language. The graft is the metaphor for the unconscious revealing itself through nature. As Bachelard suggests in Water and Dreams: An Essay on the Imagination of Matter the graft is the metaphor for revelation:

The *graft* seems to be a concept essential for understanding human psychology. In my opinion it is the human stamp, the specifying mark of human imagination. In my view, mankind imagining is the transcendent aspect of *natura naturans*. Is the graft which can truly provide the material imagination with an exuberance of forms, which can transmit the richness and density of matter to formal imagination. It forces the seedling to bloom, and gives substance to the flower. All metaphors aside, there must be a union of dream-producing and idea-forming activities for the creation of a poetic work. Art is grafted nature. (10)

The graft is the material connection between the imagination, and its becomings, between nature, defined by both its natural processes and by the objects created by artists within nature. The graft is essentially the fold because just as it forms a connection between an inside and an outside that outside just as quickly becomes the inside to another fold. Instead of forming precise connections, more often the routine will develop around the eruption. Burroughs' routines explode whereas Ballard's grafts slowly take form.

Again, Deleuze's discussion of folds is important here. The graft, as it attaches itself, is always the departure of some beginning. The graft is a series of infinite beginnings without stasis. Furthermore, grafts form by the form and processes of folds, attaching not as parts seem to fit together to form a puzzle but rather attaching as layers to fold inside and outside of one another to form other folds. The graft is the surgery of folds becoming, of folds growing together. It is not the work of the mechanic, not of the engineer. This is an important distinction because it distinguishes between a science of mechanics and a science of matter:

A fold is always folded within a fold, like a cavern in a cavern. The unit matter, the smallest element of the labyrinth, is the fold, not the point which is never the part, but a simple extremity of the line. That is why parts of matter are masses or aggregates, as a correlative to elastic compressive force. Unfolding is thus not the contrary of folding, but follows up the fold to the following fold. Particles are "turned into folds," that a "contrary effort changes over and over again." Folds of winds, of waters, of fire and earth, and subterranean folds of veins of ore in a mine. In a system of complex interactions, the solid pleats of "natural geography" refer to the effect first of fire, and then of waters and winds on the earth; and the veins of metal in mines resemble the curves of conical forms, sometimes ending in circle or an ellipse, sometimes stretching into a hyperbola or a parabola. The model for the

sciences of matter is the “origami,” as the Japanese philosopher might say, or the art of folding paper. (Deleuze The Fold 6)

The graft necessarily involves a science of matter because it allows for an understanding of the world where material phenomena determine how connections are established. And language necessarily becomes material in this process because words suggest folds rather than a series of hierarchal metaphors.⁵⁶

Marinetti and Futurism

As I have claimed earlier the works of the Italian futurist Filippo Tommaso Marinetti form an important staging ground for Ballard’s The Atrocity Exhibition. With Marinetti’s futurism, with its various manifestoes and proclamations, a modernism that celebrates the various intersections between the human body and the machine is firmly established. But whereas Marinetti celebrates the promise of human body becoming machine, Ballard resists such celebrations. In The Atrocity Exhibition the intersections between the human body and technological landscapes frequently suggest loss.

In “Technical Manifesto of Futurist Literature” Marinetti offers to liberate language from “...the ridiculous inanity of the old syntax inherited from Homer” (Marinetti 84). Instead, Marinetti offers to replace syntax with mathematical precision: “Abolish even the punctuation. After adjectives, adverbs, and conjunctions

⁵⁶ In the way that The Atrocity Exhibition is illustrated and displayed, with marginal notes and pornographic illustrations, Ballard establishes connections between commentary and illustration. The way the author comments on his own narratives—a commentary written decades later—seems to suggest that he views the fiction of The

have been suppressed, punctuation is naturally annulled, in the varying continuity of a *living* style that creates itself without the foolish pauses made by commas and periods. To accentuate certain movements and indicate their directions, mathematical symbols will be used: + -- X := and the musical symbols” (Marinetti 85) Marinetti seems to suggest that written words should escape the restraints of a spoken language where punctuation attempts to mimic how words and sentences are read aloud. The use of mathematical and musical symbols instead of punctuation would suggest a language that is closer to images since these symbols would be awkward spoken aloud. This is an operative difference rather than a meaningful difference. Language is revealed as code.

These symbols also suggest a written language that is accessible to the material actions of folds. Words spoken aloud must be understood linearly, always pushing out from the mouth into the air, determined by the words that follow them. Written words, fixed to paper, can become the image stuck to the paper and like images allowed to fold over one another.⁵⁷ They can be approached and viewed at different angles as images can be approached and viewed. They can form connections to one another through acts of visualization as the reader intends to skip over or ignore different portions of the text.

Atrocity Exhibition as much an illustration as it is words.

⁵⁷ In Air and Dreams Bachelard writes of the differences between written and spoken words: “The written word has an enormous advantage over a spoken one, because it can call forth abstract echoes in which thoughts and dreams reverberate. The spoken word requires too much effort on our part; it requires too much presence; it does not allow us total mastery over our slow pace (250-251).

More interestingly, Marinetti's discussion of analogies suggests a written language of images that acts like matter:

Analogy is nothing more than the deep love that assembles distant, seemingly diverse and hostile things. An orchestral style, at once polychromatic, polyphonic, and polymorphous, can embrace the life of matter only by means of the most extensive analogies....There are no categories of images, noble or gross or vulgar, eccentric or natural. The intuition that grasps them has no preferences or *partis pris*. Therefore the analogical style is absolute master of all matter and its intense life. (Marinetti 85-86)

For Marinetti the analogy, with its function as a means of comparison between incongruous images, liberates language from the hierarchical function of taxonomy where language performs the function of establishing categories. With analogies the written word can function as images function. Analogies form material connections.

Of course I have not alluded to Marinetti's fascism, not because of fascism's historical record, but because fascism seems to be the political manifestation, and necessarily the deformation, of futurism as imagination and art. Futurism is not fascist.⁵⁸ Futurism doesn't demand the strict mechanical models, the closed system, of

⁵⁸ Marinetti writes of Mussolini in "Portrait of Mussolini" (1929): "He is no ideologue. Were he an ideologue he would be held back by ideas that often slow, or by books that are always dead. Instead, he is free, free as the wind." I have suggested that futurism is not fascist even against Marinetti's apparent objections. Marinetti's characterization of Mussolini is a futurist one. Events would prove this characterization wrong.

fascism. Instead, futurism releases the human body from strict organic models. It unleashes. It draws technology back to the body rather than separate from it.

Fascism utilized Futurism's love of technology. Indeed, it could be argued that Mussolini embraced futurism for this reason. In his essay "Portrait of Mussolini" Marinetti quotes Mussolini as saying, "We are a young people who want and ought to create and refuse to be a syndicate of hotel-keepers and museum guards. Our artistic past is admirable. But as for me, I couldn't have been inside a museum more than twice." Mussolini certainly seemed aware of the tendencies of futurists like Marinetti to admonish the past. He seemed to play up to them. Yet it was Marinetti who in 1920 decried fascism for its cult of the past. In fact in another essay written in 1920 titled "Beyond Communism" Marinetti calls for a government that in no way would later resemble the government created and run by the fascist dictator Mussolini:

We want to free Italy from the Papacy, the Monarchy, the Senate, marriage, Parliament. We want a technical government without parliament, vivified by a council or exciter of very young men. We want to abolish standing armies, courts, police, and prisons, so that our race of gifted men may be able to develop the greatest number of free, strong, hard-working, innovating, swift men. (Marinetti 153)

In the same essay Marinetti writes, "Anti-Semitism does not exist in Italy. Therefore we have no Jews to redeem, validate, or follow." Apart from Marinetti's particular politics—he would later be arrested for being a fascist collaborator—futurism never envisioned a cult of personality that would see Italy merge with Germany to take over

Europe. From its very inception futurism looked toward a promise of freedom for the individual worker, and the promise of technology that seemed to open up new possibilities, and new freedoms.

Ballard's futurism, if I am allowed to define his methodology of the graft in The Atrocity Exhibition in this way, is a futurism that reaches into interiors.⁵⁹ The Atrocity Exhibition is a parody of Marinetti's various manifestoes. The Atrocity Exhibition and its characters reveal a human body of inner surfaces whereas Marinetti, like Breton, is in love with surfaces. In many ways Breton's "Soluble Fish" resembles Marinetti's short novel The Untamables. Both works develop multiple associations between incongruous surfaces while ignoring the inner organs and workings of the human body. They are macroscopic rather than microscopic. Marinetti's Untamables are a ferocious chain gang of Romantics. They form a brotherhood:

Very faintly, the bleating and lowing edged closer, suffocated under the sheer mass of burning silence. To the right, shrieks and clattering of chains echoed in the pit of the Untamables.

These men-beasts chained together, listened, sniffed, understood, already tasted their savory victims by snapping voraciously at the very sound of their bleating. The noise of the chains grew. One, two, three hoarse voices sawed through the silence. Anger surged up toward the sky's relentless furnace. (Marinetti 177)

⁵⁹ The graft, like Marinetti's discussion of analogies, suggests attachments between unlike elements.

The movement of the Untamables is always up and outwards—a movement that is suggested by surfaces. The movement of surfaces, like the frequent associations that Marinetti draws between language and music, is the language of lyricism and romance. Marinetti writes in reference to his technique in The Untamables: “Words-in-freedom orchestrate colors, noises, sounds; they mix the materials of language and dialect, arithmetic and geometric formulas, musical signs, old words, altered or re coined, the cries of animals, wild beasts, and motors.” (Marinetti 164) Marinetti’s movements are romantic: they gather in the landscape in order to produce a new kind of lyricism. The Atrocity Exhibition parodies these movements by reaching inward into silent interiors.

Ballard’s futurism reaches into nightmarish landscapes where interiors supplant surfaces. For Marinetti the creative act implies movements outwards just as speed of machines, the locomotive, the automobile and the airplane—as the force and passion behind futurism—implies movements that lurch forward. In The Atrocity Exhibition the lyricism of speed is replaced by the lights of a museum. In some ways it could be said that Ballard parodies Marinetti’s proposal to destroy all museums and libraries in order to start anew by exhibiting the slow works of introspection in a fictional museum. In The Atrocity Exhibition the human face loses its identity through the graft. The identity of communal forms, the creative act of Marinetti’s futurism, is replaced by the anonymous identity of individual forms, the multiple grafts of Ballard’s exhibitions. Futuristic communal forms are replaced by anonymous individual ones.

Comparisons with Burroughs

Like Burrough's routines The Atrocity Exhibition is a series of multiple narratives centered on multiple images and ideas. Yet like exhibitions these narratives seem more open to inspection than are routines. Burroughs writes in his preface to The Atrocity Exhibition: "This magnification of image to the point where it becomes unrecognizable is a key note of *The Atrocity Exhibition*. This is what Bob Rauschenberg is doing in art—literally *blowing up* the image. Since people are made of the image, this is literally an explosive book." There is a difference of distance between the routine and the graft. The routine will often explode in hallucinatory ways in as much the routine suddenly reveals what has remained unseen or unknown, like the routine of the talking asshole. Grafts seek out interiors in order to form. The interior is expected until surfaces become unrecognizable.

Inside and outside are folded and unfolded. What is inside grafts onto outer forms and vice versa. Again, Burroughs writes in his Preface to The Atrocity Exhibition:

The line between inner and outer landscapes is breaking down.
Earthquakes can result from seismic upheavals with the human mind.
The whole random universe of the industrial age is breaking down into cryptic fragments: "In a waste lot of wrecked cars he found the burnt body of the white Pontiac, the nasal prepuce of LBJ, crashed helicopters, Eichmann in drag, a dead child." The human body becomes a landscape: "A hundred-foot-long panel that seemed to

represent a section of sand dune...Looking at it more closely Doctor Nathan realized that it was an immensely magnified portion of the skin over the lilac crest....”

Clearly, Ballard’s writing more closely resembles the surgeon’s. The surgeon must dissect in order to discover associations. He must magnify the microscopic in order to form grafts. On the surgeon’s table the human body becomes fragmented, becoming the landscape beneath the surgeon’s scalpel.

This is an important consideration because to read The Atrocity Exhibition one should read the different micro narratives like so many exposed organs. Their associations become apparent only after the different narratives have been exposed on the page. Grafts form connections, not through linear narratives, but rather so much as they form connections through spatial positions. Language, like written mathematics, and music is understood through various spatial proximities. In N. Katherine Hayles How We Became Posthuman: Virtual Bodies in Cybernetics, Literature, and Informatics she considers how technology has changed what it is to be human. Increasingly, she writes, “...human language is being redescribed in terms that underscore its similarities to and differences from computer coding” (Hayles 279). Computer coding is essentially a language of formulas determined by how they are operationally designed as text. The graft is an attempt to redesign narratives to more closely formulate the material similarities between the body and our understanding of it through the written word.

The Sexual Pathology of the Graft

There is something peculiarly sexual about the graft. The graft initiates the sexual practice of interiors exposed. The revealing of these interiors increases sexual pleasure.⁶⁰ The graft forms connections that often resemble insertion. The graft is the immersion into material folds—the labia, the penis, the anus. The graft often signals pain. If grafts are pornographic they are in the sense that the movement of various genitalia and their associations are more important than the linear narratives of the characters who own them. Grafts form associations between parts, not wholes. Eroticism demands whole narratives—the encounter, the courtship, the foreplay, the consummation. Pornography demands fragmented narratives—the aroused genitalia, the prolonged sexual act, the silence around the orgasm. Eroticism prolongs the surfaces of lovers: the hair, the hands, the lips and the eyes. Pornography prolongs the interiors of lovers: the penetration. With pornography bodies act like machines, not in sense that they resist becoming, but rather because they celebrate function over presence. In all of these ways Marinetti’s works seem more erotic than the pornographic The Atrocity Exhibition.⁶¹

The sexual pathology of the machine would imply a science dedicated to the study of how functioning parts desire. The graft establishes connections between the body and technology such that desire is implied by their fusion. The connection

⁶⁰ Burroughs writes concerning The Atrocity Exhibition: “This book stirs sexual depths untouched by the hardest-core illustrated porn.”

⁶¹ In the marginal notes of The Atrocity Exhibition Ballards writes on the subject of pornography: “...the sexual imagination is unlimited in scope and metaphoric power, and can never be successively repressed. In many ways pornography is the most literary form of fiction—a verbal text with the smallest attachment to external reality,

between a broken radiator and sexual penetration, for example, is the graft between mechanical and organic flows as they seem to desire. In chapter 12 *Crash* Ballard grafts connections between sexual practices and crashed automobiles.⁶² The romance or eroticism of surfaces—the sleek lines of the automobile and the smooth surfaces of the human body—is penetrated to reveal pornographic interiors:

the slow-motion newreels:

The optimum auto disaster. Panels consisting of drive-in theatre personnel, students and middle-income housewives were encouraged to devise the optimum auto disaster. A wide choice of impact modes was available, including roll-over, roll-over followed by head-on collision, multiple pile-ups and motorcade attacks. The choice of death-postures included (1) normal driving position, (2) sleep, rear seat, (3) acts of intercourse, by both driver and passenger, (4) severe anginal spasm. In an overwhelming majority of cases a crash complex was constructed containing elements not usually present in automobile accidents, i.e. strong religious and sexual overtones, the victim being mounted in the automobile in bizarre positions containing postural elements of both perverse intercourse and ritual sacrifice, e.g. arms outstretched in a notional crucifixion mode. (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 98)

The association between sexual and religious positions in crashed automobiles

and with its own resources to create a complex and exhilarating narrative (36).

⁶² Ballard later published a novel under the same name.

parodies the adoration millions in the West have for the automobile. The automobile becomes religious icon in the minds of its viewers. “The optimum auto disaster” is the disaster becoming an act of religious ecstasy coupled with images of sexual intercourse. The automobile body is penetrated in the crash and thus the human body becomes penetrated, crucified and celebrated in a consumer culture.

This idea of the erotic enhanced by the other grotesque forms is wonderfully defined in Bataille’s book Eroticism, Death and Sensuality. With Bataille eroticism is defined by acts of transgressions so that even the body and definitions of beauty concerning it are sites of transgression since the body possesses the other in the form of hairy genitalia. Beauty arises out of contrast between the ethereal surface form of the desirable body and its grotesque genitalia that seem to arise from within that form. Bataille contrasts genitalia with the body in this way:

The image of the desirable woman as first imagined would be insipid and unprovocative if it did not at the same time also promise or reveal a mysterious animal aspect, more momentarily suggestive. The beauty of the desirable woman suggests her private parts, the hairy ones, to be precise, the animal ones. Instinct has made sure that we shall desire those parts. (Bataille Eroticism, Death and Sensuality 143)

With automobile wrecks a graft forms between flesh and metal. This is similar to the ethereal form and its hairy genitalia. Sexual desire arises out of this incongruity in this same manner.

Pornography yields to anonymity. The main character of The Atrocity Exhibition has several different names: Travis, Talbot, Traverns, Tallis, Trabert, Travers, and Traven.⁶³ Character yields to its own dissimulation. The one becomes many. With pornography the character disassembled into parts is more important than its whole. Similar to Burrough's Naked Lunch Ballard dissects his protagonist into his various parts by giving him multiple names. Parts become interchangeable. The viewer in pornography becomes the protagonist. In the marginal notes of The Atrocity Exhibition Ballard writes:

Throughout *The Atrocity Exhibition* its central character has appeared in a succession of roles, ranging across a spectrum of possibilities available to each of us in our interior lives. In the most abstract role, "You: Coma: Marilyn Monroe," he behaves like an element in a geometric equation. In "The Summer Cannibals" he is his most mundane and everyday self. Here, in "You and Me and the Continuum," he is at his most apocalyptic, appearing as the second coming of Christ. (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 81)

Pornography is about the possibility of sexual engagements. It is about the possibility of sexual fragmentation, the narrative of liberated genitalia. Pornography is about the

⁶³ Ballard writes in the marginal notes of The Atrocity Exhibition concerning these names: "Talbot. Another face of the central character of The Atrocity Exhibition. The core identity is Traven, a name taken consciously from B. Traven, a writer I've always admired for his extreme reclusiveness—so completely at odds with the logic of our own age, when even the concept of privacy is constructed from publicly circulating materials. It is now almost impossible to be ourselves except on the

possibility of successive roles. The Atrocity Exhibition succeeds as an exploration of characters exchanging roles and it is in this way pornographic.

Yet The Atrocity Exhibition is not the pornography of titillation, the pornography associated with manipulation and power. Characters, as different forms, as associated and connecting with different forms, do not conquer one another for their own gratification. The Atrocity Exhibition is the pornography of dissolution: characters dissemble, landscapes merge, and sexual acts appear as a series of folds.

Traditional pornography demands patriarchal roles. It demands that women be subjugated to these roles as submissive objects. But Ballard is not interested in traditional pornography. His pornography could perhaps be claimed to be one of the few examples of posthuman pornography, pornography of technological surfaces as well as the pornography of organic surfaces. In N. Katherine Hayles' How We Became Posthuman: Virtual Bodies in Cybernetics, Literature, and Informatics, she focuses in on the appearance of the self as posthuman: "The posthuman subject is an amalgam, a collection of heterogeneous components, a material-informational entity whose boundaries undergo continuous construction and reconstruction" (Hayles 3). The boundaries of Ballard's characters in The Atrocity Exhibition constantly change shape, continually fold and unfold. Posthuman pornography embraces the technological body and thus the narratives of posthuman pornography must duly embrace how these technological bodies function. Technological bodies function in as much as they are part of a much larger technological network and landscape.

world's terms."

The graft is the pornography of posthuman bodies. It is the narrative of folding and unfolding technological bodies within folding and unfolding technological landscapes. It functions as the pornography of characters that merge into this process. It is the study of isolation. Ballard writes: “However, you must understand that for Traven science is the ultimate pornography, analytic activity whose main aim is isolate objects or events from their contexts in time and space” (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 36). The graft is the pornography of isolation even as these grafts form with other surfaces.

Bataille and Excess

The graft, as a narrative that escapes linear time because it forms heterogeneous elements rather than colonizing them, is the dream sequence of time outside of itself. Time folded is always outside itself like a viewer who is able to watch herself function. It is not the sex dream of the heterogeneous fall that George Bataille describes in Visions of Excess.⁶⁴ Bataille’s sex dream is the incessant fall determined by excess. With the graft time turns inside out. It assumes the role of the turning of interiors into exteriors, the rolling, and as time this turning can only be measured by acts of becoming rather than by acts of resolution. There is no fall because folds don’t fall. Instead, they turn and this time is linearly immeasurable.

⁶⁴ Bataille writes: “Ecstatic time can only find itself in the vision of things that puerile chance causes brusquely to appear: cadavers, nudity, explosions, spilled blood, abysses, sunbursts, and thunder” (Bataille Visions of Excess 200). There are many similarities between the fold and Bataille’s theory of the heterogeneous fall as I have explored in chapter 2 with the discussion of the pineal eye—principally the association between the seen and the unseen within the mind and body. However, the fold and the

The incessant fall also is determined by psychology, because it effectively defines characters by departures into despair or death. Characters in The Atrocity Exhibition lack a psychology. They are not redeemed by a psychoanalytical analysis. Instead, like folds, they are determined by their relative social proximity and by their phenomenological positions. Space, not psychology, determines the graft and its processes. As Bachelard writes psychology is insufficient when it attempts to describe the isolated image:

Neither psychoanalysis, nor psychology has discovered a true means of gauging human energy. They lack the psychic dynamometer that the effective working of matter represents. Psychoanalysis, like descriptive psychology, is reduced to a sort of psychological topology: it defines levels, layers, associations, complexes, symbols. The most important human impulses are measured, of course, by the results they produce in the world. But psychoanalysis has not developed the resources for a veritable *psychic dynamology*, a detailed dynamology which explores the individuality of images. In other words, psychoanalysis is content to define images according to their symbolic meanings. (Bachelard EarthAnd Reveries of Will 14-15)

Characters in The Atrocity Exhibition are determined by their individual images and these images are fixed by their individual intersections, by their individual folds, not by ideology. The graft as becoming and forming is not a formula fixed to an ideology.

way that it turns is principally different in the way that it moves.

Inside the fold ideologies take on the same importance and significance as does light or color for a flower or canyon. Ideologies are fixed to linear narratives for the most part. They progress forward. They obtain and attempt to meet goals. They become their own linear narratives.

The Atrocity Exhibition

So, to analyze and recreate a linear narrative for the chapters of The Atrocity Exhibition would be to ignore its purpose. Instead of telling a linear story the chapters and different titled portions of the chapters fold over one another like skin flaps over a wound. They form narrative folds. The different chapter titles read like the subjects of different medical, psychological, anthropological, political or cultural essays: “The Atrocity Exhibition,” “The University of Death,” “The Assassination Weapon,” “You: Coma: Marilyn Monroe,” “Notes Towards a Mental Breakdown,” “The Great American Nude,” “The Summer Cannibals,” “Tolerances of the Human Face,” “You and Me and the Continuum,” “Plan for the Assassination of Jacqueline Kennedy,” “Love and Nepal: Export U.S.A.,” “Crash!,” “The Generations of American,” “Why I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan,” and finally, “The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race.” Instead of progressing a particular narrative the different chapters link together to form organic parts like so many organs revealed, yet still becoming, on a surgeon’s table. The associations between these parts are freely formed by the reader just as the commentary notes seem freely associated to the text as the author as reader forms them. Every chapter reads like an index for other chapters so that chapters often repeat themes, characters, and images.

Chapters are separated into their own series of individual cells: micro narratives where images predominate over character development. In chapter one titled “The Atrocity Exhibition” the micro narrative “Notes Towards a Mental Breakdown” our attention is drawn towards “terminal documents” that Travis had accumulated over the past few months. Frequently, characters collect documents, photos and reports, not to clarify their own positions on matters but to illustrate these positions. In The Atrocity Exhibition the narratives supplied by the characters require that the reader become the viewer, not the reader. The viewer sees without commentary. The reader is the one that supplies narratives of her own. The former witnesses the event. The latter inserts other events into the stream of events. In this way the images in these documents become more than mere representations of past and present events. They become the individual links between narratives and images as matter. They become the individual links to other forms of material. The narrative as image reverberates narratives and images of its own:

Keeping his back to the window behind his desk, he assembled the terminal documents he had collected with so much effort during the previous months: (1) Spectroheliogram of the sun; (2) Front elevation of Balcony units, Hilton Hotel, London; (3) ‘Chronograms,’ by E.J Marey; (5) Photograph taken at noon, August 7th, 1945, of sand-sea, Qattara Depression, Egypt; (6) Reproduction of Max Ernst’s ‘Garden Airplane Traps’; (7) Fusing sequences for ‘Little Boy’ and ‘Fat Boy’, Hiroshima and Nagasaki A-Bombs. (Ballard The Atrocity

Exhibition 9)

This kind of narrative is very similar to hypertext. With hypertext there are only associations as one clicks them, seldom resolutions. Each micro narrative reads like a link to some other subject. Each numbered subject reveals subjects of its own: the spectroheliogram suggest certain numbered wavelengths of light; the front elevation of balcony units suggests a numbered elevation; chronograms as anagrams for numbers; the disparity between the elevation of noon at one of lowest points on earth, the Qattara Depression; the connections between air and earth in Max Ernst's 'Garden Airplane Traps'; the mathematical precision required to fuse A-bombs that would later unleash mathematical chaos. Numbers intersperse with language. Images intersperse within mathematical formulas. The result is narratives that fold over other narratives until they resemble events and events as material bodies.

The reader as spectator rather than the reader as inventor of narratives is crucial to the understanding of The Atrocity Exhibition. As spectator visions and their narratives are determined by the relative position of the spectator, not by his ability to read these visions and narratives. In turn the position of the spectator is determined by his own spatial context—whether he is viewing the image from a plane, or beneath the water, whether he is listening to a song in a balcony or beneath the covers. The result is images and narratives determined by material folds, the spectator and his act of viewing determined by his own space. In "The Lost Symmetry of the Blastosphere" Travis sees the self as an attempt to regain a symmetry that has been lost: "Much of Travis's thought concerns what he terms 'the lost symmetry of the blastosphere'—the

primitive precursor of the embryo that is the last structure to preserve perfect symmetry in all planes” (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 13-14). This imbalance is not determined by psychology, by its attempts to forge whole identities, but by a material imbalance caused by bodies growing through different stages. Identity is fixed by material imbalance. Language and reason cannot remedy what are certain material realities. We understand this better when “The Lost Symmetry of the Blastosphere” is concluded:

In conclusion, it seems that Travis’s extreme sensitivity to the volumes and geometry of the world around him, and their immediate translation into psychological terms, may reflect a belated attempt to return to a symmetrical world, one that will recapture the perfect symmetry of the blastosphere, and the acceptance of the ‘Mythology of the Amniotic Return.’ In his mind World War III represents the final self-destruction and imbalance of an asymmetric world, the last suicidal spasm of the dextro-rotatory helix, DNA. The human organism is an atrocity exhibition in which he is an unwilling spectator.... (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 14)

“The human organism is an atrocity exhibition in which he is an unwilling spectator” suggests a kind of reader that is unable to reason himself out of his own material position. It also suggests a relationship between exhibition and viewer where things are out of balance. The viewer looks at himself and is horrified. There are narratives and their illusions that they grant us, illusions fixed by the technology of language,

and then there is the exhibition of these narratives--fragmented and broken. One can read outside this exhibition but one cannot see outside of it. The exhibition is essentially Burroughs's silence, Burrough's inner event where what works inside cannot be seen. The spectator, who abandons the role as reader, can only witness and must necessarily abandon language. This is the abandonment to the spectacle outside language. Like the routine and its mosaic ordering in Naked Lunch the exhibition is essentially that which cannot be ordered symmetrically. The exhibition is a world out of balance.

In the chapter "The University of Death" there is the prospect of the narrative of Talbot, Doctor Nathan, becoming a linear narrative where exhibitions can merely become part of landscape where Talbot can wander. But even this narrative is quickly fragmented by students who "...using the identity of their own lecturer [Talbot]" devise "the first conceptual death." Death becomes part of "the simulated newsreels of auto-crashes and Vietnam atrocities." The proximity of Talbot to these exhibitions allows the students to insert him as a character into these scenarios. Character is defined not by psychological tendencies but by social proximity.

We see this further demonstrated in the same chapter in the micro narrative "Auto-erotic", a play on words suggesting the eroticism of machines and our boundaries concerning sexuality, where Catherine Austin, Talbot's wife, is associated with the pathways of helicopters and automobiles. Associations are derived not through comparison—this would suggest difference through the use of similes—but through metaphor, direct links forged through interchangeable characters and objects:

As he rested in Catherine Austin's bedroom, Talbot listened to the helicopters flying along the motorway from the airport. Symbols in a machine apocalypse, they seeded the cores of unknown memories in the furniture of the apartment, the gestures of unspoken affections. He lowered his eyes from the window. Catherine Austin sat on the bed beside him. Her naked body was held forward like a bizarre exhibit, its anatomy a junction of sterile cleft and flaccid mons. He placed his palm against the mud-coloured areola of her left nipple. The concrete landscape of underpass and overpass mediated a more real presence, the geometry of a neural interval, the identity latent within his own musculature. (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 19)

The metaphorical association between sounds of machines and furniture, between the body of Catherine Austin and the geometry of neurons and concrete underpasses and overpasses become forged only in so far as they are numbered one after the other. Metaphors are material substitutes for less than real bodies. Catherine's body doesn't represent motorways. In fact her body loses its presence for Talbot, becoming the substitute for the geometry he feels for neural pathways that he identifies within his own body. Associations are marked by the manner in which they are grafted together, not in the way that they discover an ideological structure. There is no strict hierarchy, no stable signification.

Grafts also redefine sexuality so that ideas of gender become problematic. Bodies become latent holding factories of their own gender dissimulation. The

violence that these bodies in their dissimulation may provoke is softened by the body's tendency to resist ideological analysis. As the boundaries between bodies disappear, particularly with gender, the impossibility of ideological structures emerges. In the micro narrative "Spinal Levels" the images of popular culture merge with the event of their bodies to become disassemble the narratives surrounding these images. The images become the part of the pattern of the body, particularly the network of its nerves:

‘Sixties iconography: the nasal prepuce [associated with the penis] of LBJ, crashed helicopters, the pudenda [part of female labia] of Ralph Nader, Eichman in drag, the climax of a New York happening: a dead child. In the patio at the center of the maze a young woman in a flowered dress sat behind a desk covered with catalogues. Her blanched skin exposed the hollow planes of her face. Like the pilot, Talbot recognized her as a student at his seminar. Her nervous smile revealed the wound that disfigured the inside of her mouth. (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 20)

The images of the prepuce of LBJ and the pudenda of Ralph Nader effectively join them together, forming an association of images that are neither ideologically male or female, but which are fundamentally an act of coitus. Eichman, the Nazi involved with many atrocities in the concentration camps, gives birth to a dead child sprung from a happening. Images are not brought together not through their definitions so much as they are brought together by in the manner in which they are grafted. The

bringing together of images in this way, as contraries resolved through their coupling, a kind of dialectic without resolution, is similar to the definition of Bakhtin's grotesque. Yet there is no release here. The coupling of contraries doesn't give birth to laughter because these contraries are not entirely organic. Ballard is perhaps not interested in laughter, because the technological body, the body folded over technological landscapes, the technological landscape folded within the body, cannot resist its own demise. It is already fragmented. This kind of body, the body without boundaries, cannot be laughed at when it overreaches its temporary boundaries.

Ballard's narratives are somber for this reason as well as for his often mechanical tone.

In chapter three "The Assassination Weapon" the event of Kennedy's assassination presides over several of the micro narratives. What is not so clear is what the weapon could be. In the micro narrative "'But isn't Kennedy already dead?'" after laying out several the documents from chapter 1 "The Notes Towards a Mental Breakdown" Captain Webster asks Dr Nathan, "You say these constitute and assassination weapon?" (34) Traven attempts to make sense out of geometric isolation. As a scientist he attempts to find experiments that are repeatable. The assassination weapon requires a scenario that can be repeated. Yet like a character in Breton's "Soluble Fish" Traven can only attempt to resist the pure event in its isolation:

'What the patient is reacting against is, simply, the phenomenology of the universe, the specific and independent existence of separate objects and events, however trivial and inoffensive these may seem. A spoon,

for example, offends him by the mere fact of its existence in time and space. More than this, one could say that the precise, if largely random, configuration of atoms in the universe at any given moment, one never again to be repeated, seems to him preposterous by virtue of its unique identity...’ Dr Nathan lowered his pen and looked down into the recreation garden. Traven was standing in the sunlight, raising and lowering his arms and legs in a private callisthenic display, which he repeated several times (presumably an attempt to render time and events meaningless by replication?). (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 34)

Traven attempts to mimic events through repetition in an almost magical practice that would isolate events and then reduce these events to patterns.

In chapter four “You: Coma: Marilyn Monroe” female bodies are multiplied and dissected. A character named Coma, a character Ballard describes as a kind of shadow from his unconscious, appears as a body with similar to Marilyn Monroe. Throughout The Atrocity Exhibition Ballard struggles with codes of his own making. By revealing certain images and their juxtapositions, Ballard attempts to discover a geometry, algebra or transformational grammar of the human mind:

Appearance of Coma. She was waiting for him at the café terrace. As he took his seat she remarked, ‘Do you lip-read? I won’t ask what he was saying,’ Tallis leaned back, hands in the pockets of this freshly pressed suit. ‘He accepts now that I’m quite sane—at least, as far as

the term goes; these days its limits seem to be narrowing. The problem is one of geometry, what these slopes and planes mean.’ He glanced at Coma’s broad cheeked face. More and more she resembled the dead film star. What code would fit both this face and body and Karen Novotny’s apartment? (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 41)

There is no easy answer to the question “What code would fit both this face and body and Karen Novotny’s apartment” except to suggest that the answer may lie and associations between these images as they materially confront one another. It is not enough to suggest that they may have similar lines, or that they may have similarities with other objects of beauty. Instead, the answer may lie in the similarities between these images as they fit together—a puzzle without clear boundaries, a puzzle of infinite pieces without a clear image to complete, a puzzle that involves pieces that are interchangeable and ever changing. As an image comprised of folded puzzle pieces the image would never be linear, nor would it be always horizontal. The puzzle would more closely resemble a series of catacombs, or the folded tissue of neurons in a brain. The code behind such a puzzle would have to take into account moving and turning bodies, bodies becoming.

In chapter five “Notes Towards a Mental Breakdown” images of isolation predominate. Inner and outer worlds collide. Inside and outside fold together. Ballard attempts to answer questions emanating from these different planes. Reality is forged from the event of the fold:

‘Planes Intersect.’ Dr Nathan pointed to the photograph of a young man with a pale beard, the cast in his left eye displacing one side of his face. ‘Planes intersect: on one level, the tragedies of Cape Kennedy and Vietnam serialized on billboards, random deaths mimetized in the experimental auto disasters of Nader and his co-workers. Their precise role in the unconscious merits closer scrutiny; by the way, they may in fact play very different parts from the ones we assign them. On another level, the immediate personal environment, the volumes of space enclosed by your opposed hands, the geometry of your postures, the time-values contained in this office, the angles between the walls. On the third level, the inner world of the psyche. Where these planes intersect, images are born, some kind of valid reality begins to clarify itself. (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 47)

These planes as they become angles and intersect are accurate metaphors for the event as folds. The three levels described here--the level of horizontal images, the level of the more vertical positions of bodies and geometric shapes, and the level of “inner world of the psyche”—suggest how the intersections between them might work as folds to produce other images within folds. Where two levels might intersect, say between the image in a magazine and the appearance of a human posture, folds inherently appear where meaning is unfixed—that is meaning flows and is interpreted depending on the various intersections between them and their juxtapositions. So, for example, the billboard seen from the personal space of one’s car may seem friendly but within

the inner psyche it may annoy or even frighten. A witnessed auto accident feels differently on the hands on the wheel than it does on the hands on the pages of an image of an accident in a magazine. These different images intersect one another differently depending on how they are confronted, as dreams, for example, or as tangible objects. Just as a fold between two planes form an infinite number of possible intersections between these two planes, so too are the appearance of the possible images between them. This “valid reality” is best described through the intersections caused by folds.

Chapter 6 “The Great American Nude” is an exposition on the possibilities of a new human form. Talbert’s preferences for the human body reveal him as a kind of wanderer in the realm of new possibilities of flesh and skin:

The Primary Act. As they entered the cinema, Dr Nathan confided to Captain Webster, ‘Talbert has accepted in absolute terms the logic of the sexual union. For him all junctions, whether of our own soft biologies or the hard geometries of these walls and ceilings, are equivalent to one another. What Talbert is searching for is the primary act of intercourse, the first apposition of the dimensions of time and space. In the multiplied body of the film actress—one of the few valid landscapes of our age—he finds what seems to be neutral ground. For the most part the phenomenology of the world is a nightmare excrescence. Our bodies, for example, are for him monstrous extensions of puffy tissue he can barely tolerate. The inventory of the

young woman is in reality a death kit.’ Webster watched the images of the young woman on the screen, sections of her body intercut with pieces of modern architecture. All these buildings. What did Talbert want to do—sodomize the Festival Hall? He nodded sagely. ‘So you think the Novotny girl is in some kind of danger? (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 56)

The “multiplied body of the film actress” seems to him “to be neutral ground.” Talbert’s preference is for the human body is one that can approximate the precision of the mathematical formula. Such a form would be repeatable. It would graft easily with architectural angles. Such a body would also allow for multiple deaths. By the end of the chapter there is this sentence: “Once again Karen Novotny had died, Talbert’s fears and obsessions mimetized in her alternate death.”(57) Talbert’s attention to screen images and their geometry seems to predict Karen Novotny’s death—a precise and almost scientific prediction based upon an experimental hypothesis built upon images.

“The primary act of intercourse” for Talbert may involve the acquisition of grafts between the body and geometrical angles. Indeed, for Talbert, geometry seems to sexually penetrate the human body. The primary act is the act reduced to mathematical formulas.

This kind of mathematical formula of the body is further explained in chapter 8 “Tolerances of the Human Face.” This section opens doors to new possibilities between the body and geometric angles:

Marriage of Freud and Euclid. These embraces of Traver's were gestures of displaced affections, a marriage of Freud and Euclid. Catherine Austin sat on the edge of the bed, waiting as his hands moved across her left armpit, as if exploring the parameters of a speculative geometry. In a film magazine on the floor were a series of photographs of a young woman's death postures, stills from Koester's unsavory documentary. These peculiar geometric elements contained within them the possibility of ugly violence. Why had Travers invited her to this apartment above the zoo? (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 76)

What would a marriage of Freud and Euclid mean? Euclid, the father of geometry who answers questions like what is a surface and what is a line, married to Freud, the father of psychology who asks questions like what exists in the mind and what are dreams, would seem to be a marriage between what can be observed and what occurs in the unconscious. Such a marriage might answer the question of what can be observed directly in the unconscious or what can be unconscious in a world directly observed. Such a marriage might reveal how precisely grafts appear within the fold, between the outside and the inside, between what can be known and what can be duplicated. Such a marriage might determine a new reality.

This reality is also determined by how these folds turn, moving inside and outside of various dimensions until their narratives are much harder to follow. Ballard as surgeon effectively accomplishes the task of creating narratives between the outer

geometric shapes and inner organic ones. The codes between these worlds are what he is most interested in, yet he can only refer to them. He cannot spell them out. These narrative folds are somehow linked to the unconsciousness in ways that the conscious cannot comprehend. This is Ballard's basic thesis.

Throughout this chapter I have suggested that Ballard utilizes the narrative as a kind of graft where links are constructed between various layers in a way that follows the manifestation of folds. Like Burroughs' routines grafts bend narratives to follow the episodes of fragmentary characters that resist linear frameworks. Unlike Burroughs' routines grafts seem more involved with various connections between inner and outer forms.

Chapter 6

Summary of Techniques

Thus, the spiraled being who, from outside, appears to be a well-invested center, will never reach his center. The being of man is an unsettled being which all expression unsettles.

--Bachelard The Poetics of Space

The self and its changing functions and definitions has been fought over by various writers, philosophers, theologians, scientists, psychologists, sociologists, and the topic of conversation for anyone wanting to lead an introspective life. Most significant to this discussion are the different metaphors used to describe the self because they reveal the dynamic behind the self as it transforms and moves. As I wrote in chapter one, there have been various movements in philosophy that have tried to demonstrate which metaphor for the self is the most effective. I stressed the importance of these metaphors and their movements in what I understood to be the conflict between Transcendentalism and Immanence. Transcendentalism, it seems to me, provides a metaphor for the self as a vessel that seeks truth outside in order to rediscover that truth inside. In such a model nature becomes the appearance of the

divine and the medium for which the self discovers this divinity. As the Transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in Nature the self becomes reunited with the divine through its immersion in nature: “I become a transparent eye-ball; I am nothing! I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or parcel of God.” With Transcendentalism the movement of the self as metaphor is always outwards and then inwards. A divinity moves in from the outside in order to reveal to the self some important revelation from within the inside. However, immanence offers a metaphor where the opposite movement is achieved: the self looks inside in order to find truth outside. As Nietzsche wrote in The Genealogy of Morals the truth becomes something first asked from within, not given from without:

This will be accomplished by Christianity’s asking itself, “What does all will to truth signify?” Here I touch once more on my problem, on *our* problem, my unknown friends...: what would our existence amount to were it not for this, that the will to truth has been forced to examine itself? (297)

Of course this question first must come from within, and it is not the question asked by some divine being since the question is a question of meaning having not been granted this meaning. Such a self of immanence is problematic only in so far as it remains indefinable, because questions asked of oneself are often questions that don’t find themselves in language. Transcendence recommends a being of language that must be sought out. Immanence recommends inner states of being that often cannot be explained. Although these two might seem similar, since both searches for what

may be indefinable, they are not. Transcendence is often guilty of defining the indefinable in terms of power: a god, a universal rule. If a state of immanence is guilty of seeking power it is guilty only insofar as it seeks self-determination. Transcendence searches for definitions of outside sources of power, making it vulnerable to these power structures. Immanence withdraws in the face of such outside sources of power. It relinquishes definitions if definitions force it to subvert the will of others.

I have suggested, as I hope I have shown how these authors have suggested, that such an immanent self necessarily must attempt to define herself through folds, since the fold is a better metaphor of the self than that of the vessel. The Transcendentalist sees himself as a vessel that must be filled in order to discover truth. The immanent self might necessarily view herself as a series of folds that must be redirected and reexamined at various points of intersections in order to understand the self more fully. Or, and this must be emphasized, in order that she might not understand herself. As all of these authors have demonstrated that there can be truth in a presence outside the ego, a truth outside the reaches of knowing oneself that language always implies. The one metaphor of the self as vessel, like Milton, “stands and waits.”⁶⁵ The other metaphor of the self, like Mayakovsky, turns himself inside out--a metaphor that suggests movement as well as initiative. The self is nothing if not a series of conceptual metaphors. As I have pointed out in previous chapters,

⁶⁵ This is, of course, is an allusion to Milton’s poem “When I consider how my light is spent”.

cognitive scientists have made this claim again and again.⁶⁶ And it might be further concluded that since the fold is not a vessel to be filled that it is the appropriate metaphor for a self and a world without god.

I have also suggested that the movement of the self as a series of folds must also involve an examination of interiors as well as surfaces. Here is where I disagreed with Deleuze: the body of surfaces does have organs.⁶⁷ Yet, they are not interiors that act like cores: inner realities that are more central to the self than are outer realities. They are interiors of surfaces and these interiors have surfaces. They increase their narrative surfaces by overlapping much like surfaces are increased by the folds of the brain. To ignore these inner dark spaces, where what is remembered soon becomes what is forgotten and vice versa, is to ignore how narrative folds work. Always in the narratives of the authors I have examined there persist a kind of knowing and unknowing. Folded narratives often escape the boundaries of language in order to return once again.

As such I have attempted to show how these narratives work by revealing how these different authors utilized similar narrative methods: Henry Miller's grotesque, Djuna Barnes' grotesque becoming animal, William Burroughs' routines, and J.G. Ballard's grafts. These methods share one important characteristic: they utilize character sketches of people and objects in order to emphasize how the boundaries

⁶⁶ Lakoff and Johnson immediately come to mind.

⁶⁷ I am referring specifically to Deleuze and Guattari's Anti-Oedipus where they suggested a body without organs in order to resist psychoanalysis' attempt to create interiors where there were none.

between inner and outer realities can be explored. These authors' counterparts in the way I have paired them, Miller with Whitman, Barnes with Mayakovsky, Burroughs with Breton, and Ballard with Marinetti, prove to be the other side of an ideological fold. Whitman, Mayakovsky, Breton and Marinetti seem to be more concerned with surfaces than their counterparts, and this concern has led them in different directions.⁶⁸ The ideology of surfaces, an ideology of different writing styles, is essentially an ideology of wholes even when these wholes are broken up. When Whitman exclaims in "Song of Myself," for example, "If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles," we are still reminded of the "I" no matter how far is reach might travel. This differs widely from the other writers like Burroughs who would construct a kind of ideology of parts where parts become separate and distinct from their wholes like the talking asshole routine. The ideology of parts has advanced more quickly as more and more technology has invaded our lives. And for this reason, there is a need for narratives that discard the old ideology of surfaces and wholes since our world is frequently fragmented and torn by the very processes of technology. Ballard's desire for codes is a desire to make sense out of a fragmentary postmodern world and the manner in which these different fragments interact with one another.

I have paired these authors together individually because their different styles seem to parody one another. The ideological within the first becomes manifest within the grotesque in the latter so that the authors of the latter seem to give ideology a

⁶⁸ This direction seems more political than their counterparts, and this perhaps is the reason for their desire to see people as wholes.

body. Whitman's American enthusiasm, his American imperialism for the matter, is given an oversexed, misogynistic body by Miller. Mayakovsky's grotesque futurism, his ideology of the worker and his production and this optimism, is given an ill conceived suffering body by Barnes, a gendered body that cannot escape its own demise. Breton's surrealism and its love of smooth surfaces is supplanted by the tyranny the inner eruptions of the body revealed in Burroughs. And finally, Marinetti's machines, his love of speed and progress, is replaced by the somber and often silent codes implanted within Ballard's use of the graft. It's not that the latter authors are even aware of their apparent parodies, although Miller was surely aware of Whitman, and Burroughs and Ballard were intimately aware of the surrealists and futurists, but in so far as inner surfaces are revealed these authors parody the former's use of the ideological. The ideological relies upon intact surfaces and intact wholes. Ideological surfaces suddenly transformed into bodies embrace parody.

I have claimed that Walt Whitman's poetry is an example of the surface grotesque. The surface grotesque is the inner-outer interplay between incongruous objects and their landscapes. It may transform surfaces into interior folds but that is not its intention. Like Bakhtin's definition of the grotesque, "Life is shown in its two-fold contradictory process; it is the epitome of incompleteness," Whitman's poetry embraces all contradictions without resolving them.⁶⁹ Whitman's lines from "Song of Myself," "Do I contradict myself? /Very well then I contradict myself, /(I am large, I contain multitudes)," demonstrates the grotesque forcefully. Yet the surface grotesque

doesn't make claim to the inner reaches of what may be unknown. It doesn't playfully concern itself with the pleasure of fragmentary, solitary forms that remain isolated. "Song of Myself" is a song of connectedness. It celebrates all that is known. It is optimistic. It colonizes. Difference is de-emphasized: "I have said that the soul is not more than the body,/ And I have said that the body is not more than the soul." The surface grotesque is unlike the exploration of interiors in so much as it doesn't validate them. Instead, it bathes all surfaces with light. It mimics the element of air: "I depart as air; I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,/ I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags." By bathing images in light the surface grotesque celebrates the connections between incongruous elements and all that it reveals.

Miller explores the inner grotesque. Like the surface grotesque the inner grotesque unites incongruous elements in a way that reveals their contradictions. But unlike the surface grotesque it emphasizes interiors and darkness. Early on in Tropic of Cancer Miller emphasizes the darkness of Paris that seems to unite it with other cities while revealing it. This is the central difference between the surface grotesque and the inner grotesque: darkness illuminates in a manner that light cannot. Miller writes:

Twilight hour. Indian blue water of glass, trees glistening and
liquescent. The rails fall away into the canal at Jaures. The long
caterpillar with lacquered sides dips like a roller-coaster. It is not Paris.
It is not Coney Island. It is a crepuscular mélange of all the cities of

⁶⁹ See Bakhtin's Rabelais and His World 26.
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Europe and Central America. The railroad yards below me, the tracks black, webby, not ordered by the engineer but cataclysmic in design, like those gaunt fissures in the polar ice which the camera registers in degrees of black. (Miller Tropic of Cancer 25)

Darkness illuminates. Darkness suggests movements unseen yet felt. The inner grotesque emphasizes incongruous elements as they confront each other in the night. In their nighttime confrontations they are united but this unity is never fully revealed. Like the railroad yards that appear like the dark fissures in polar ice—a darkness that can only be registered “in degrees of black”—the folds between incongruous elements can only be referred to, not fully explored.

The inner grotesque effectively parodies the surface grotesque. The inner grotesque as narrative frequently revolves around incongruous elements as they move inside and outside of the human body. In Tropic of Cancer Miller spends a good amount of time on his search for food. His hunger pains, his empty stomach, become the motivation behind many of his escapades. His narratives revolve this inner grotesque, between his inner organs and his outer desires to fulfill their needs. Miller writes: “‘Life,’ said Emerson, ‘consists in what a man is thinking all day.’ If that be so, then my life is nothing but a big intestine. I not only think about food all day, but I dream about it at night” (Miller The Tropic of Cancer 80). The image of a walking, living intestine, the image of an intestine dreaming, suggests inner narratives that cannot be revealed. The narrative of the inner grotesque is the narrative of that which escapes language.

This same kind of darkness is explored in Mayakovsky's "The Cloud in Trousers" but it is a mechanical darkness. I have claimed in chapter three that Mayakovsky's poetry exhibited what I called grotesque futurism. That is, grotesque futurism unites incongruous elements in an unfinished way like the grotesque but in a way that emphasizes the promise of technology. The metaphor suggested by a cloud in trousers is one that would unite nature to industry in such a way that would make nature useful to industry while at the same time mocking such an act. Nature becomes the stuff in one's trousers. The cloud in trousers would be a dark cloud, a cloud in communion with the genitalia. Such a cloud suggests a narrative that would bring the sky to the surface of the earth. As these surfaces meet their association would welcome a kind of incomplete darkness, an impossibility made ludicrous by its mere possibility.

Mayakovsky's "The Cloud in Trousers" is the poetry of surfaces in so far as it emphasizes industry. Machines glide and nerves jump in "The Cloud in Trousers." Civilizations come to their ends on horizontal surfaces. Like Whitman his technique is to allow opposites to collide, yet unlike Whitman technological forms are emphasized over natural ones. In chapter one I claimed that Mayakovsky's technique is the surface animal, since although Mayakovsky's images are machine-like they remain organic and animal so that one gets the impression that industrial man supplants nature,

Barnes' technique of revealing images is the method of inner animal becoming. I have suggested that Nightwood reveals the image under metamorphosis.

Her images are almost always accompanied by loss: the loss of country, gender, love or identity. In Nightwood folds are revealed in periods of becoming animal.

Particularly disturbing is the image of Robin Vote becoming a dog and then mating with it at the end of the novel. Yet what permeates the novel is the lost character of Robin Vote, her lack of identity, and Nora's desire and love for her character, a character that remains unfinished:

Returning home, the interminable night would begin. Listening to the faint sounds from the street, every murmur from the garden, an unevolved and tiny hum that spoke of the progressive growth of noise that would be Robin coming home, Nora lay and beat her pillow without force, unable to cry, her legs drawn up. At times she would get up and walk, to make something in her life outside more quickly over, to bring Robin back by the very velocity of the beating of her heart.

(Barnes Nightwood 61)

Nora then sits down by the window in a "circus chair" above the garden and cries. The image of Nora's heart beating "...to make something in her life outside more quickly over..." reveals her desire to see the inner narrative of her heart change her outer reality. Sitting in a circus chair she perhaps sits to wait for the animal that Robin is or will become.

I have also suggested in chapter three that the narrative as animal-becoming is the narrative of the dark metamorphosis. Metamorphoses occur for all of the characters in the novel but it is not the narrative of what comes before or after the

metamorphosis. It is the narrative of the host within the metamorphosis, of the host becoming. Such a narrative remains mostly hidden from view. Nightwood becomes the narrative of things unseen.

In Breton's "Soluble Fish" images of surfaces and wholes appear as pure events, as surface events. Breton utilizes free association but his images always end up involving beautiful ephemeral forms. Like the title of his work "Soluble Fish" his images dissolve into the fabric of their own realities but in a way that resists dark, inner dialogues. Breton called his fellow surrealist Georges Bataille the "philosopher of shit" because Breton's images mostly avoided shit and the inner organs while Bataille embraced them. Yet the incongruities between Breton's surface elements remain such that the boundaries between them join while remaining distinct. Breton's images as pure events defy comparison. Their very presence and manifestation resists comparisons. Images dissolve into one another like beautiful kaleidoscopes. Events become pure in so far as they seem lost to the infinite connections that make them possible:

With infinite caution we then prepared to disappear. Having rented a very luxurious furnished apartment, we gave marvelous entertainments there every evening....It became one of my most frequent weaknesses to kiss her so as to see the charming little blue arrows that these fish are flit to the other side of her head. (Breton "Soluble Fish" 92)

The characters in "Soluble Fish" disappear carefully and with diligence.

Paradoxically, Breton introduces the prepared accident as pure event. Such prepared

accidents must necessarily occur on the surface since what occurs on surfaces can be controlled and since inner events often occur without anyone knowing.

As narratives Breton's pure events become beautifully isolated. If darkness is suggested it only in the realm of dreams. Interior darkness seems to suggest innocence: "The lamppost imperceptibly creeping toward the post office that night stopped at each moment to listen. Does this mean that it was afraid? (Breton 77). Breton's narratives are full of the impossible yet these narratives are only suggested by surface images.

Burroughs' routines parody isolated surface events. Like Breton Burroughs reveals images that seem isolated by their boundaries: insects and intestines, assholes and antennae. But unlike Breton Burroughs explores the hidden depths of silence. He reveals inner images in order to silence outer ones.

Doctor "Fingers" Schafer, the Lobotomy Kid, rises and turns on the
Conferents the cold blast of his gaze:

"Gentlemen, the human nervous system can be reduced to a compact and abbreviated spinal column. The brain, front, middle and rear must follow the adendoid, the wisdom tooth, the appendix...I give you my Master Work: *The Complete American Deanxietiezed Man....*"

(Burroughs The Naked Lunch 87)

Burroughs uses the routine to emphasize our own inner narratives. His explosive use of inner organs to reveal that which cannot be spoken combats what he sees as the word as virus. Words as ideas colonize and necessarily transform selves and bodies.

Burroughs turns the body inside out in order to battle the totalitarian duplication of selves that linear narratives would allow.

In Burroughs we witness the accident, the pure event, because this event cannot be controlled. Breton seems always to prepare the reader for his experimental events by keeping things on the surface. Burroughs attacks the reader with his inner events. In Burroughs there is the monster trying to get out.

As the father of Italian Futurism Marinetti develops narratives that become the isolated event as surface machine. Marinetti's writing is full of the power of the body as machine, exerting its power over its landscapes. This exertion seems more significant than the ideological. If the ideological does appear it serves the body as machine. In this way, Marinetti's images are romantic even as they become machines.⁷⁰ His images long for that which cannot be named while escaping the brutality of old ideas. His images long for the hope of technology. As narrative folds Marinetti's essays and stories perform as machines perform: they form so many interlocking parts. The Untamables is full of such folds. Narratives begin where others begin. Images interlock like the image of the desert and the sea:

Sitting cross-legged on the sand, the two Negroes shaded their eyes
with their hands and looked at the island's azure edge, barely dividing
the dazzling sea of the sand dunes from the no less dazzling real sea.

Those two seas were competing in the intensity of their heat,

⁷⁰ Marinetti would vehemently deny this accusation. Yet looking at his Manifestoes and essays one is immediately struck by the loving attention he pays to all things

multiplying a billion shimmering sea mirrors, silver, emerald, violet, by a billion frenetic gold X's. On that glaring expanse, black marks were suddenly scribbled. (Marinetti 177)

The appearance of the X's and scribbled black marks work like cogs in a machine and they necessarily are the signature of the author as a machinist. The surface of the sea and desert compete as multiple mirrors reflecting heat like the heat coming off of a furnace. The geometry of their surfaces interlock.

Ballard's graft parodies the surface machine event of Marinetti. The graft performs as the image or narrative that makes connections between organic interiors and geometric exteriors. A character of such an image or narrative becomes what N. Katherine Hayles calls the posthuman. The codes behind such narratives must necessarily involve the technology of space and its mathematical codes. More interestingly the graft multiplies the surfaces of narratives by duplicating them. As Ballard's narratives fold in upon one another events are repeated and characters reappear while differing only through their use of different images and different character names. As Ballard defines events they are often transformed by these simple differences: "What seems so strange is that these neutral accounts of operating procedures taken from a textbook of plastic surgery can be radically transformed by the simple substitution of the anonymous 'patient' with the name of a public figure, as if literature and conduct of science constitute a vast dormant pornography waiting to be woken by the magic of fame" (Ballard The Atrocity Exhibition 111).

mechanical, and the power he gives to heroes who would resist the past.

Ultimately, the fold involves methods of narrative dissimulation. All of these authors have revealed and explored these folds between inner and outer realities in order to forge new possibilities and new identities. Linear narratives become insufficient and break down. Episodic narratives evolve and turn. The immanent self has been transformed by its own possibility. Its event escapes appropriation in the crease of the fold.

Furthermore, the fold serves these authors as a way to give the ideological form. Ideas as bodies and bodies as ideas become intertwined, folding together and becoming indistinguishable from one another. Folded bodies transform space. They create room for other narratives where other narratives seemed impossible. They create dissolution and chaos where form seemed concentrated. Folded bodies reverberate through space where whole bodies decay. They make connections through all openings. They are not limited by convention.

As I charted in chapter one each of these authors seem to parody the other. The first four authors, Whitman, Mayakovsky, Breton and Marinetti, rely upon images that remain on the surface for the most part. These authors gather up their images to present a surface totality, where events are revealed for everyone to follow and where these events move and flow without obstruction. The latter four authors, Miller, Barnes, Burroughs and Ballard work inwardly. Instead of flowing across surfaces their images erupt from within and the totality of these images suggests more folds rather than a closed system. On the other hand, the contrast between these two groups

suggests parodies and future folds, a turning of images from inside to the surface, a grotesque of revolving themes.

Folds as events are living things. Inner realities move and turn end over end revealing multiple realities that often resist interpretation. Wholes take upon the reality of their individual parts and these parts often form together to create other wholes. Narratives become biological--that is, they form like cells. What happens between like cells and their walls as they fold over one another is the narrative of multiple bodies, not just one body. Convention has it that multiple narratives often serve central events, but with folds the reverse is also true: central events often serve multiple narratives and these inner narratives, often unknown or seemingly insignificant, are the central, autonomous events of their own making.

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