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The *Shawangunk Review* is the journal of the English Graduate Program at the State University of New York, New Paltz. The *Review* publishes the proceedings of the annual English Graduate Symposium and literary articles by graduate students as well as poetry and book reviews by students and faculty. The views expressed in the *Shawangunk Review* are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the Department of English at SUNY New Paltz. Please address correspondence to *Shawangunk Review*, Department of English, SUNY New Paltz, New Paltz, NY 12561.

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Contents

From the Editors

I Introduction

- 3 Twice-Told Tales and the 2014 Graduate Symposium THOMAS G. OLSEN

II Keynote Address

- 7 Disposing Shakespeare's Estate in the Eighteenth Century JACK LYNCH

III Symposium Essays

- 19 "As Bokes Us Declare": Intertextuality and Courtly Love Conventions in *Troilus and Criseyde* IAN HAMMONS
- 27 Rewriting Nature in *As You Like It*: Shakespeare's Metacommentary BILL KROEGER
- 35 If You Worked Here You'd Be Home By Now: Permanence and Profession in the Forest of Arden J. DEWEY
- 43 *The Tempest*: Appropriation of Colonial Discourse and Sociopolitical Anxieties in the Caliban-Stefano-Trinculo Subplot DANIEL J. PIZAPPI
- 51 From the Screen to the Text: Rewriting Cinematic Beauty in Kafka's *Amerika* MELISA R. WALSH
- 57 Re-visions of Madness in the Tradition of *Lear* MARC CIOFFI
- 63 Luhrmann's Postmodern Shakespeare KATIE DE LAUNAY
- 69 Text and Not: Ian Pollock's Graphic Novel Performance of *King Lear* KELLY MOREHEAD

IV Poetry

- 77 Thunder Snow DAVID APPELBAUM
- 78 Invitatory DAVID APPELBAUM
- 79 Pachysandra DAVID APPELBAUM

| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| 80 | for Scheherazade | LAURENCE CARR |
| 82 | a hundred iridescents | LAURENCE CARR |
| 83 | Against Dawn | JOANN K. DEIUDICIBUS |
| 84 | First Snow | JOANN K. DEIUDICIBUS |
| 85 | Cryptids | DENNIS DOHERTY |
| 86 | Legend Tripping | DENNIS DOHERTY |
| 88 | Clothes | HONG SUNG-RAN (translated by Bella Dalton Fenkl) |
| 90 | The Walk | HONG SUNG-RAN (translated by Heinz Insu Fenkl) |
| 92 | Big Two-Hearted Branch | EVAN HULICK |
| 93 | Canto I: <i>On Love</i> | EVAN HULICK |
| 94 | Ladderman | FRANK LEMKE |
| 95 | Idea Theory | FRANK LEMKE |
| 96 | Ricochet in White | ANN LOVETT |
| 97 | Garden of Stay | ANN LOVETT |
| 98 | A Hearse Is All Right | JON MUNK |
| 99 | Listening to Henry Threadgill and Air | JON MUNK |
| 100 | Afterglow | JON MUNK |
| 101 | Hunting the Ardennes with Colonel Cantwell | MATTHEW NICKEL |
| 103 | Defining Light | MATTHEW NICKEL |
| 105 | The Heavens and Valleys | DANIEL J. PIZAPPI |
| 106 | Falling formless from Form | DANIEL J. PIZAPPI |
| 107 | Flash Forward: On the way to Graciosa, The Canary Islands, with my Husband (On the way to the Fortunate Islands) | JAN ZLOTNIK SCHMIDT |
| 109 | May is a False Alarm | ROBERT SINGLETON |

| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| 110 | Notes from the Mission Bar Just Before Doors on New Years Eve 1993. A Bouncer Poem. | ROBERT SINGLETON |
| 111 | Angels Do Not Purr & Poems Go BRRrrr | H.R. STONEBACK |
| 112 | Excerpts from <i>The Language of Blackberries</i> | H. R. STONEBACK |
| 113 | Excerpts from <i>The Language of Blackberries</i> | H. R. STONEBACK (translated into Irish by Paddy McBride) |
| 114 | II. Blackwidowberries—Cooper River, South Jersey | H. R. STONEBACK |
| 115 | II. Sméaradubhbhaintrí—Cooper River, South Jersey | H. R. STONEBACK (translated into Irish by Paddy McBride) |
| 116 | Elegy for a Shirt | PAULINE UCHMANOWICZ |
| 117 | Happiness Studies | PAULINE UCHMANOWICZ |
| 118 | A Bull's-eye near Basel | ROBERT H. WAUGH |
| 123 | Sky Writers | CAROLINE WOLFE |

V

Thesis Abstracts

| | | |
|-----|--|------------------|
| 125 | “Virginia Woolf’s Cinematic Imagination: Repression of the Inner Animal and Resurfaced Abjections in <i>Between the Acts</i> ” | MELISSA R. WALSH |
|-----|--|------------------|

VI

Guidelines for Submissions

| | |
|-----|----------------------------|
| 127 | Guidelines for Submissions |
|-----|----------------------------|

VII

Contributors

| | |
|-----|--------------|
| 129 | Contributors |
|-----|--------------|

From the Editors

Volume XXVI of the *Shawangunk Review* features the proceedings of the 2014 English Graduate Symposium, “Twice-Told Tales: Literary Adaptation, Appropriation, and Rewriting,” which was directed by Thomas G. Olsen. On behalf of the Graduate Program, we want to thank Professor Olsen for putting together an excellent program and for editing the proceedings. Eight of our MA students read papers at the Symposium, and the distinguished scholar Jack Lynch of Rutgers University-Newark was the respondent and keynote speaker. We are grateful to Professor Lynch for his generous permission to publish the keynote address, “Disposing Shakespeare’s Estate in the Eighteenth Century.”

The 2016 English Graduate Symposium, entitled “Poems, Ballads, Songs,” will be directed by H. R. Stoneback. Professor Stoneback will send out a call for papers in the fall.

The submission deadline for Volume XXVII of the *Review* is December 15, 2015. We welcome poetry, book reviews, and critical essays concerning any area of literary studies. Specific submission guidelines are on page 127.

Students writing a thesis (ENG590) are encouraged to apply for the \$500 Russell S. Cleverley Memorial Fellowship. The fellowship was established by Luella and Donald Cleverley in memory of their son Russell S. Cleverley, who earned his MA in English from SUNY New Paltz in December 1995. Please submit a letter of application with transcript, the thesis proposal signed by the thesis director, and two letters of recommendation (one from the thesis director) to the English Graduate Director. Applications for the next award (fall 2015) are due May 15, 2015.

Thanks as always to Jason Taylor for typesetting and production supervision.

I | Introduction

Twice-Told Tales and the 2014 Graduate Symposium

Thomas G. Olsen

In this issue of *The Shawangunk Review* we examine and celebrate the literary phenomena of adaption and appropriation. At the root of this vast subject is the even more immense underlying human impulse to retell what has already been told, to be storytellers within a social, communal network of stories and situations. Together, these were the subjects of the 2014 Graduate Symposium and they are the common thread that binds the eight student essays contained in this volume, each of which is based upon a presentation given at the Symposium last April. They are also the subject, in a very specific historical moment, of keynote speaker Professor Jack Lynch's magnificent analysis of Shakespeare's central role in the development of our modern ideas of originality, authorship, and the literary marketplace.

How important is retelling to the history of literature? How much does creativity depend upon imitation of what has come before? If T. S. Eliot has any authority—and I think many of us believe that he has considerable credentials in this area—“immature poets imitate; mature poets steal.” It's a principle that has almost universal application across the arts, touching not only literary creation, but the fine arts, music, fashion, architecture, and design, among other creative and functional pursuits. Indeed, as Eliot also wrote, “No poet, no artist of any kind, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead.”¹ Apart from wanting gender-neutral pronouns where he has *him*, I see nothing I would want to change in Eliot's century-old pronouncement.

What underlies the basic human impulse to imitate? Part of the answer is surely that artists respond to other art. They do so because they are artists and care about what art can do for and to us. In the case of literary production, most writers are also readers; they enjoy what we *all* enjoy as readers, and their reading tends to stick with them, often for many years and often in a significant way, leaving both acknowledged and unacknowledged traces in their own ways of seeing and describing the world. Their art cannot escape the art they already know. Harold Bloom identified an “anxiety of influence” in this situation, but others have seen in it a far less anxious, far more normal process of creative alchemy.

And part of the answer resides in the experiences of the consumers of art: imitation walks a delicate line between the familiar and the expected, an experience that aficionados and critics—whether of expressionist painting, hip-hop music, musical theater, or the realist novel—almost universally appreciate: the comfort of the known in some pleasing relation to what the adaptation theorist Linda Hutcheon calls the “piquancy of surprise” afforded by the new and unknown.² While we often value a story for its new characters and situations, it almost always also operates within established conventions and forms that make us feel that we are simultaneously on solid ground, whether that ground is emotional, formal, or cognitive *terra cognita*. And even if the point of the art is to rebel against those familiar elements or, like Huck Finn, to light out for new territories, we appreciate the new in some relation to the old.

The eight student papers presented here interrogate, in one way or another, and wrestle with these principles. Ian Hammons takes back us to a time when authorship and creativity meant radically different things compared to our current highly individualized definitions, arguing that Chaucer’s obvious debt to Boccaccio (and Ovid behind Boccaccio) nonetheless freed the poet to create a startling new story from the familiar lineaments of the source story—a rich and revealing instance of medieval intertextuality. Bill Kroeger and J. Dewey, both analyzing Shakespeare’s *As You Like It*, demonstrate how the author’s creative re-purposing of the playwright’s principle source text transformed a rather predictable middlebrow prose pastoral romance into one of the Bard’s liveliest and most provocative comic dramas. Daniel Pizappi’s essay on *The Tempest* broadens our working definition of source, arguing that the discourses of colonialism current in the time of Shakespeare informed the play at least as much as any self-conscious literary source.

Melissa R. Walsh’s essay on Franz Kafka makes a somewhat parallel argument as she asserts that the author’s interest in and appreciation for the relatively new medium of film—a discourse also outside the conventions of the novel—palpably guided and shaped aspects of his narrative style. The program closed with a trio of fine papers on Shakespeare, with Marc Cioffi arguing for the ways that Jane Smiley simultaneously follows *King Lear* and significantly rewrites core elements of it in her prize-winning realist novel *A Thousand Acres*, Katie De Launay demonstrating how Baz Luhrmann’s cinematic *Romeo + Juliet* does not so much retell as re-conceptualize Shakespeare’s perennially popular love story, and Kelly Morehead building a compelling case for the graphic novel as a form that restores some of the lively features of theatrical production and marries them to the familiar experience of reading a conventionally printed text.

Professor Jack Lynch’s remarkable keynote lecture, published here,

opens a window onto a very specific and well-defined phase in the development of Shakespeare's reputation, when the status of the author and even the conceptual category of authorship were being reimagined by a culture apparently hungry to endow creative artists with a near-sacred status that is perhaps all too familiar to us now. And as a parallel phenomenon, he argues, eighteenth-century readers and critics were remarkably keen to create and develop a new genre now also quite familiar to us: the literary biography.

I invite you to read and consider these essays, along with the general submissions contained in this volume, and as you do, to consider the ways, both apparent and hidden, that adaptation, imitation, appropriation, and recycling are at the heart of what we talk about when—to borrow from Raymond Carver, who borrowed from the discourse of popular culture—we talk about literature.

Notes

- 1 The quotations come, respectively, from Eliot's essays "Philip Massinger" and "Tradition and the Individual Talent," published in *The Sacred Wood and Other Essays* (1920). The essays have been often reprinted, notably in T. S. Eliot, *The Sacred Wood and Major Early Essays* (Mineola, NY: Dover, 1998), pp. 72, 28.
- 2 Linda Hutcheon with Siobhan O'Flynn, *A Theory of Adaptation*. 2nd ed. (New York: Routledge, 2013), p. 4.

II | Keynote Address

Disposing Shakespeare's Estate in the Eighteenth Century

Jack Lynch

I open today with a work I'm close to certain no one here has read, *A Defence of Mr. Kenrick's Review of Dr. Johnson's Shakespeare*, published in 1766. No, I'm not here to scold you for missing it; in fact, I can absolve you, even congratulate you, for having nothing to do with this unpleasant pamphlet. Kenrick, a miscellaneous writer, had made a career of attacking his betters, including Henry Fielding, Christopher Smart, and Oliver Goldsmith. His usual mode was take-no-prisoners personal attack, and his tone makes him a thoroughly unsavory character: his lampoon on David Garrick is virulently homophobic, and as for his most successful work, a conduct book called *The Whole Duty of Woman* (1753), written in the voice of "A Lady," let's just say it's unlikely to receive many modern feminist champions.

So it was no surprise that Kenrick took some ill-considered shots at the most prominent literary figure in London in the 1760s. Samuel Johnson published his long-delayed eight-volume edition of Shakespeare's plays in 1765, and Kenrick responded with *A Review of Doctor Johnson's New Edition of Shakespeare: In Which the Ignorance, or Inattention, of That Editor Is Exposed, and the Poet Defended from the Persecution of His Commentators*. But Kenrick's gun misfired, because the public became convinced that he had taken a cheap shot; as James Boswell put it, "he wrote with so little regard to decency and principles, and decorum, and in so hasty a manner, that his reputation was neither extensive nor lasting."¹ Modern critics have been no more generous; Paul Fussell called him "one of London's most despised, drunken, and morally degenerate hack writers."²

Kenrick's fame was taking a hit. "A friend" therefore published the *Defence of Mr. Kenrick's Review* with which I opened. In fact it was written by Kenrick's very best friend, Kenrick himself. The pamphlet itself is of no interest; it's nothing more than a temper-tantrum in octavo. If the book is negligible, though, the title page is another story. The full title is *A Defence of Mr. Kenrick's Review of Dr. Johnson's Shakespeare: Containing a Number of Curious and Ludicrous Anecdotes of Literary Biography*. And the really valuable thing is those last two words, because Kenrick's book, as far as I've been able to make out, is the very first time in English the phrase "literary biography" was written down. It's telling that the term grows out of an eighteenth-century

dispute over Shakespeare, and fitting, I suppose, that we're discussing it on Shakespeare's supposed birthday-eve. Eighteenth-century Shakespeareana, I insist, is where many of our subsequent literary obsessions began.

The eighteenth century gives the world (at least) two major critical innovations. The first is the discovery of Shakespeare. Okay, not "discovery"; it's not as if he was unknown in the seventeenth century. But I devoted a trade book to telling the story of how William Shakespeare the good provincial playwright became William Shakespeare the towering genius at the very heart of British literature by the end of the eighteenth century. One important milestone was the first proper edition of Shakespeare's works. Shakespeare's works had been "edited" before, beginning with the First Folio, prepared by his friends John Heminges and Henry Condell in 1623, but real editing began only in the eighteenth century. It was what was called at the time a "bookseller's project," which is to say the idea originated not with an author or editor, but with a commercial interest. The most important publisher of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the Tonson imprint, comprising Jacob Tonson the elder and the younger, asserted a kind of copyright in Shakespeare's works. In the early eighteenth century they selected Nicholas Rowe, a popular playwright, to provide not merely a reprinting, but an attempt to understand the text, to clean up the errors, to render it suitable for the stage.

Rowe did a serviceable job of editing. He gets little respect these days, mostly because he had no scholarly credentials, no theoretical plan of what it meant to edit Shakespeare. He altered readings in the text not out of some sophisticated understanding of early modern textual transmission, nor an extensive familiarity with late sixteenth-century secretary hand and the misreadings to which it was liable in the print shop, nor the patient collation of readings in the four folios and abundant quartos. He altered his copytext because his readings just seemed to make more sense, but unreflective commonsense doesn't fare well in literary history. We mostly look for anticipations of our own sophistication: literary history can be exceedingly narcissistic. True, by being first Rowe was able to pick the low-hanging fruit. But if you look through variorum editions, you'll see no editor in the following three centuries made more emendations that have been adopted into modern editions than Rowe.

Rowe took his job seriously. "I believe," he wrote in his edition in 1709, "I shall be thought no unjust Disposer of this, the Author's Estate in Wit, by humbly Offering it where he would have been proud to have Bequeath'd it."³ He figures his edition as executing the will of an author—but not of his material estate but his "Estate in Wit."

The other important development is literary biography itself: the eigh-

teenth century was Britain's first great age of literary biography, in which the form as we know it was born. That makes for an easy segue from Nicholas Rowe's Shakespeare edition. That's because the most important part of Rowe's edition was a biography—the first real biography of Shakespeare, just as it was part of the first real edition. I just said some unexpectedly nice things about Rowe's editorial work; I'll now say some unexpectedly nasty things about his biography. It was pretty lousy by every objective standard—and yet it was hugely important, not for the facts it turned up, but for the critical enterprise it made possible.

I pointed out that the phrase *literary biography* dates only from the eighteenth century, but I'm fully aware that lexical history is not the same as conceptual history; people were practicing literary biography before anyone called it "literary biography." There are poets' lives even in antiquity, and some of these ancient biographies were still circulating in the seventeenth century: the Oxford 1677 Greek text of the *Iliad* comes with a life of Homer supposedly by Herodotus. Modern critics continued the tradition with classical authors: the collected edition of Hobbes's translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* from 1677 comes with a brief life by J. Wallim, and Pope's *Iliad* reprints Mme Dacier's life, as translated by John Ozell. Post-classical authors also got some rudimentary biographical treatment. On the Continent we find Boccaccio's *Vita di Dante* in 1348, and the early modern period had its share of lives of great vernacular poets. Chaucer's *Works* appeared in 1598 with "His life collected," consisting of facts lifted from John Leland's *Comentarii de scriptoribus Britannicis* of 1540 and John Bale's antiquarian research.⁴ Other English authors began getting their biographical due after the Restoration: the phrase "with a life of the author" starts to become popular on title-pages in the 1650s and '60s; it jumps in the 1680s and '90s; by the close of the seventeenth century it was widespread. In 1679, for instance, a new edition of Spenser's *Works* included "an account of his life," and by 1698 there was a Milton *Prose Works*, "to which is prefix'd the life of the author." The dramatists were still ill served, with only Gerard Langbaine's *Account of the English Dramatick Poets* offering sketches of the lives of English playwrights,⁵ but the lives of narrative and lyric poets were becoming familiar.

But the eighteenth century had a genuinely new understanding of literary biography, and we can sum it up with this statement of what became a critical orthodoxy: poets can be understood only against the background of the experiences that shaped them—their distinctive upbringings, their unique struggles, their inscrutable emotional vicissitudes. This was also the age that gave us the poet as genius, and critics understood the development of that genius as a process fundamentally grounded in biography. The implication was that to understand art, you have to understand the unique mind that

produced it; to understand the mind, you have to understand how it came into being. It's the insight that gave the world Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Rousseau's *Confessions*, Franklin's *Autobiography*, and Wordsworth's *Prelude*. It's also the insight that gave us the entire genre of the *Künstlerroman* and countless portraits of artists as young men.

That attitude, though new, quickly came to seem natural to those caught up in the developments. One of the first clear expressions of this idea comes from 1697, close enough to the eighteenth century for my purposes, in Basil Kennett's *Lives and Characters of the Ancient Grecian Poets*:

we entertain a particular Affection for the celebrated AUTHORS of Ancient Times: We are desirous of understanding their Actions and Fortunes as well as their Writings, and are the more eager to enquire into *Their* private Story, the more agreeably they divert us with the Adventures of other Men.⁶

This attitude would come to dominate eighteenth-century Shakespeare studies, especially since no author was more agreeable in diverting us with adventures of other men.

Of course there were seventeenth-century investigations into Shakespeare: John Aubrey's *Brief Lives* has a few biographical snippets, Sir William Dudgale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire* includes some useful background on Shakespeare's hometown, and Thomas Fuller's *History of the Worthies of England*, though it's mostly about Shakespeare's character and very little about biographical detail, is at least interested in him as a person. But they're nothing like comprehensive lives, and they constitute merely the front matter of our story. Only in the eighteenth century do we get an attempt to tell a cradle-to-grave biography, beginning with Nicholas Rowe's "Some Account of the Life, &c. of Mr. William Shakespear."

This short but hugely influential work opened his six-volume edition of Shakespeare's *Works* in 1709. Rowe justifies his project this way:

It seems to be a kind of Respect due to the Memory of Excellent Men; especially of those whom their Wit and Learning have made Famous; to deliver some Account of themselves, as well as their Works, to Posterity.

The relation of those "selves" and those "Works" is the key to understanding eighteenth-century biographical criticism. Rowe significantly looks to classical biography as a model for his treatment of the author who would eventually become the example *par excellence* of that paradoxical category, the "modern classic":

how fond do we see some People of discovering any little Personal Story

of the great Men of Antiquity; their families, the common Accidents of their Lives, and even their Shape, Make and Features have been the Subject of critical Enquiries. How trifling soever this Curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very Natural; and we are hardly satisfy'd with an Account of any remarkable Person, 'till we have heard him describ'd even to the very Cloaths he wears.

Rowe is wrong here—the desire to hear about the poet's clothes, though all the rage in his day, is so far from “Natural” that it's hard to find it earlier. But let's admit, *arguendo*, that such a desire is natural. Why should we care about the genius's wardrobe? Because, Rowe explains,

As for what relates to men of Letters, the knowledge of an Author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding of his Book.

And there it is: we understand the book through knowledge of the author. This makes Rowe not only the first to give us a Shakespeare biography, but also the first to make the case that Shakespeare's biography might illuminate Shakespeare's works.

And tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakespear* may seem to many not to want a Comment, yet I fancy some little Account of the Man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.⁷

Rowe's biggest problem, of course, was the shortage of authentic material to flesh out his “little Account of the Man himself.” I'm fond of a witticism from Paul Fussell: “What we actually know about Shakespeare as a person can go on a 3 × 5 card without crowding. But the writings confidently telling his life story and delineating his personality, morals, temper, and character would fill moving vans.” That's an exaggeration—the part about the index card, not the part about the moving vans—but it's not a particularly gross one. The hard facts about “Shakespeare as a person,” as distinct from what we learn about his larger world, number no more than a few dozen, too many for a 3 × 5 card but probably not for one sheet of paper. More than one commentator has dwelt on the paradox that we know more about Shakespeare than about any other writer of his age, and yet there's something curiously impersonal about all of it, so that we know almost nothing about *Shakespeare*.

Rowe does not always identify his sources; by the standards of modern biography they are unimpressive. His most important source was oral tradition, and his most important conduit was the elderly actor Thomas Betterton, who made a pilgrimage to Stratford to collect Shakespeareana from the locals. Betterton himself was hardly a reliable source; he was born in 1635, nineteen years after Shakespeare's death. We also don't know when he made his trip; it

may have been as late as the first decade of the eighteenth century, by which time none of Shakespeare's contemporaries was alive. Betterton is supposed to derive his authority from William Davenant, the great seventeenth-century dramatist, playwright, and theatre manager, who had ties to Shakespeare's company—but he himself had just turned ten when Shakespeare died. At best, then, if there's any authentic traditional material in Rowe's life, we're getting it at fourth hand—Shakespeare's contemporary to a younger contemporary to Betterton to Rowe—and most assertions are probably even less well supported than that.

One story omitted from Rowe's life illustrates the point. Tradition said that Shakespeare got his start in London holding horses outside the playhouse, and somehow used that gig to work his way into theatrical life. The story first appeared in print in 1753 in Robert Shiells's *Lives of the Poets*, where the origin is described this way: "I cannot forbear relating a story which Sir William Davenant told Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; Rowe told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Dr. Newton, the late editor of Milton, and from a gentleman, who heard it from him, 'tis here related."⁸ This is presented as evidence of a reliable provenance, but I confess that it inspires little faith in me.

Much of Rowe's biography, so-called, isn't biographical at all; it's critical. Rowe's title promises "the Life, &c. of Mr. William Shakespear," and there's a lot of "&c." But the parts that do address the life take on many subjects that have been part of Shakespearean biography ever since: the tradesman father, the time in school, the limited classical learning, the contrast with Ben Jonson. Rowe was the first to record Shakespeare's marriage to Anne Hathaway, and it's unclear where he got his information, since there's no indication he consulted any of the primary documents from which that might be gleaned. But he found it somewhere—even if it became *Hatchway* when it was picked up in Colley Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*. Rowe is the first to record that Queen Elizabeth requested a play on the love life of "the admirable Character of *Falstaff*."⁹ He is also the first printed source of one of the most notorious legends, that "He had, by a Misfortune common enough to young Fellows, fallen into ill Company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy*."¹⁰

Few of the assertions that are new in Rowe have fared well in subsequent biographies—only the marriage to Hathaway. He reports things that are *probably* true, though based only on inference: a free-school education, a retirement after his time in London. But these take up just a few sentences in a forty-page life. The bulk of Rowe's life consists of unsupported legends, things like the deer-poaching story, or misreadings of the documentary record, as

when he conflates two John Shakespeares and makes William into the eldest of ten children.

We always need to judge scholarly productions by the standards of the age that produced them, and Rowe doesn't fare too badly by those standards. To us, though, his biography is disappointing, hardly more than rumors. But that collection of rumors makes real demands on our attention even today, because of what Rowe tries to do with one of his facts. I have already mentioned the story of deer-poaching from Sir Thomas Lucy. As it happens, Sir Thomas Lucy didn't have a deer park from which Shakespeare might have stolen anything, so the tale is at best badly distorted, and at worst entirely false. But when Rowe gives the sequel of the deer-poaching story—that he cast Falstaff as a poacher, “that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* Prosecutor, under the Name of Justice *Shallow*”¹¹—he gives the world the first clear instance of an attempt to understand Shakespeare's works by reference to his life, a tendency that would only increase over time. Shakespeare's youthful hijinks gave birth to a character in the *Henry IV* plays and *Merry Wives*: it's the crudest kind of biographical determinism, implying a one-to-one relationship of lived fact and written text, but it shows the desire to explain the plays with reference to private events in the poet's life. Eighteenth-century critics would become vastly more sophisticated in thinking about these connections, even if they never produced a coherent “theory” of literary biography, but the rudiments are there in Rowe.

Rowe's biography also demands attention not only because it was first, but because it was it was nearly alone for more than a century—as it happens, the very period in which Shakespeare was becoming a genius. Plenty of Shakespeare biographies were printed after Rowe, but for a surprisingly long time, all of them were Rowe repurposed. In the spurious seventh volume added to Rowe's edition in 1710, Charles Gildon contributed “An Essay on the Art, Rise, and Progress of the Stage,” which promises to “say a few Words of the Author, and then of his Works,” but pauses on biography: “I confess that I have nothing to add to his Life, written by Mr. *Rowe*, who has perfectly exhausted that Subject.”¹² I suspect a few Shakespeare biographers may want to quibble with the claim that Rowe said everything there is to say, but much of the eighteenth century seems to have accepted it at face value. Rowe revised his biography lightly in 1714, and Alexander Pope trimmed it; this is the version that was passed from edition to edition, reprinted in Pope's, Lewis Theobald's, William Warburton's, Samuel Johnson's, George Steevens's, and Edmond Malone's editions of Shakespeare, as well as some individual plays and collections of Shakespearean beauties.

That text changed, however, as it was transmitted. We can trace two kinds of afterlife of Rowe's “Account.” On the one hand, the more scholarly

editions tended to reprint it whole, with their own demurs, corrigenda, and addenda registered in footnotes and appendices, which grew longer and longer over time. In fact nearly all the serious investigation into Shakespearean biography over the eighteenth century appeared neither in standalone articles nor in new biographies, but in comments on Rowe, producing a kind of secular Midrash. And there was plenty of serious investigation in the later eighteenth century. A tremendous number of well-documented facts turned up in the eighty years after 1709—a significant proportion of what we know now—but they resulted not in an alternative to Rowe, but a messy palimpsest of revisions to Rowe. Even Malone, who spent much of his life assembling material for a biography, published no original account during his lifetime; instead he annotated Rowe. I don't yet have a count of words, the proper basis for comparison, but Rowe's first edition occupied 40 well-spaced pages; by the time it reached Edmond Malone in 1790, it was 53 closely printed pages, followed by 42 pages of biographical appendices and 126 pages trying to establish the chronology of the plays, sometimes on stylistic but often on biographical grounds.

There were also a few lives that are not credited to Rowe, but perhaps they should be. From our point of view they are plagiarism of the sort that would send a student to the dean's office. Giles Jacob's *Poetical Register* is merely a ripoff of Rowe's labors, and though the *Biographia Britannica*, published in 1747, includes original prose—the entry for Shakespeare was not written by Rowe—virtually all its facts are lifted from him. This doesn't mean there are no original contributions, though. While a small number of scholars—Malone above all, but Steevens and a few others—were actively seeking new and more reliable facts, most bardolaters were content with Rowe's ill-supported claims. Their energy is put into elaboration of their source material. These biographers work not to correct and qualify Rowe, but to remove the few qualifications he began with and to turn every hesitantly offered conjecture into Gospel truth. We also see more superlatives sneaking into the text with each revision. In 1709, for instance, Rowe declared Shakespeare “the Son of Mr. *Johnson Shakespear*, . . . a considerable Dealer in Wool.”¹³ In 1750, Rowe's opening was revised by William Rufus Chetwood to read, “Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR. This immortal Author was the Son of Mr. *John Shakespear*, an eminent Dealer in Wool.”¹⁴ I don't know how many paths there were to true “eminence” in the wool business in the 1570s, but it's all part of the game of escalating embellishment. Very few add any newly documented facts to the record, but everyone can play the game of elaborating Rowe's stories with invented details. In the *Biographia Britannica*, for instance, after his arrest for deer-poaching—by now accepted fact—Shakespeare wrote not *one* ballad, as Rowe noted, but a series: “This ballad was not the only shaft which he let fly

against his prosecutor, whose anger drove him to the extreme end of ruin, where he was forced to a very low degree of drudgery for support. How long the Knight continued inexorable is not known; but it is certain"—*certain*, mind you—"that Shakespeare owed his release at last to the Queen's kindness."¹⁵

The afterlife of Rowe's biography is therefore marked by a curious kind of bifurcation: on the one hand it was growing more responsible by accretion, with ever lengthier footnotes qualifying and correcting it; on the other it was being abridged, stripped of qualification, and fancifully elaborated in the more popular press. By 1800, the studious could read an impressive collection of facts grounded in the documentary record, but the less assiduous reader was fed a diet of unsupported fantasy. The eighteenth century provides rich examples of critics exercising all their ingenuity to flesh out the scanty records with just-so stories.

A different kind of fleshing out of Rowe was also going on in the latter part of the century, and this, too, is part of the story of disposing Shakespeare's estate. The gaps in the documentary record left the door open to a pair of charlatans who, when confronted with a lack of biographical details on Shakespeare, volunteered to find them. The two went in different directions, though both of them are found in the Rovian tradition. John Jordan, a wheelwright and would-be poet and local historian, billed himself as "the Stratford Poet"—not a bad bit of self-promotion, considering that another pretty good poet also came from Stratford. Peter Martin describes him as "an eccentric repository of Shakespeareana."¹⁶ His *Original Collections on Stratford-upon-Avon* would not appear until 1864 and his *Original Memoirs and Historical Accounts of the Families of Shakespeare and Hart* the next year, in editions abridged by James Orchard Halliwell, but Jordan contributed plenty of stories to more serious Shakespeareans. He published one of the most notorious bits of Shakespeareana, the "spiritual testament" signed by John Shakespeare, the playwright's father, supposedly found in 1757 in the roof rafters of the house on Henley Street, Stratford, testifying to his being a devout Roman Catholic—and yet the document disappeared not long after it was discovered, leading to a quarter-millennium of agonized speculation about whether there's anything to it. Real? Fake? Real with a fake signature? We know it's not entirely copacetic, because the first page was an out-and-out forgery by Jordan, though the rest may have been authentic. But while he sometimes dealt with documents, Jordan's usual mode is precisely that of Betterton in Rowe's biography: he bases his collection of oral tradition on his personal authority, a kind of authority-through-association with Shakespeare. Shakespeare was from Stratford; Jordan was from Stratford—ergo his stories must be true. By the 1770s Shakespeare had been dead for more than a century and a half, and

even the grandchildren of people who knew him were long since in the grave, but Jordan was able to convince gullible tourists of all sorts of biographical snippets.¹⁷

One such tourist provides a bridge to the other late eighteenth-century charlatan who played a role in giving Shakespeare a suitable life. Jordan met one dupe in 1792, and gave him “Two original Drawings,” appallingly crude sketches of the Swan and one of Henry Cooke’s lodge.¹⁸ Jordan recognized a rube when he saw one: he sold him Shakespeare’s chair and Shakespeare’s bed, and corresponded with him about further sales for more than a year.

The credulous bardolater with deep pockets was a London engraver, Samuel Ireland, who came to Stratford with his son, William Henry Ireland, in tow. Ireland *filis* would go on to produce his own Shakespearean stories, though he took his inspiration not from the sort of tradition that Betterton provided to Rowe, but from the sort of documentary evidence that Malone sought and published over his career. Ireland despised Malone later in life, but he was well versed in Malone’s scholarship, and knew Malone’s landmark Shakespeare edition of 1790, with all the elaborate biographical apparatus. He used turned Malone’s painstaking research into a *vade mecum* for forgery. Joseph Ritson recognized it even at the time, speculating in a letter, “I take the whole scheme [of Shakespeare forgery] to have been executed within these three or four years, since the publication, that is of Malones edition of Shakespeare.”¹⁹

Ireland responded most avidly to Malone’s lament about how few documents had survived. “After the most diligent inquiries,” Malone wrote in his attempt to order the plays, “very few particulars have been recovered, respecting his private life or literary history.”²⁰ Ireland therefore “discovered” exactly the sorts of documentary evidence that would-be biographers believed *must* have existed: receipts, legal contracts, a promissory note to John Heminges, books with Shakespeare’s marginalia. There are letters to Richard Cowley and the Earl of Southampton, and letters from the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth. In a response, even a tribute, to John Shakespeare’s “spiritual testament,” Ireland turned up William Shakespeare’s “profession of faith,” showing him to be just as devout a Protestant as his recusant father was a Catholic. He even discovered two entire plays by the Bard, *Vortigern* and *Henry II*, the first of which was presented on the London stage for one night before being hooted off stage, not to return for another two centuries.

Ireland’s forged plays get most of the attention from fakery enthusiasts today, but the forged documents are far more copious, or at least they were in the initial tranche of documents before Ireland began mass-producing forgeries of his forgeries for collectors. *Vortigern* and *Henry II* were first published in 1799, after the exposure of the imposture; when people argued over the au-

thenticity of the Shakespeare papers in 1795–96, they meant not the plays but the biographical curiosities. And when they took sides on the authenticity of the papers, they often did so in biographical terms. As believer Francis Webb put it, “All great & eminent Geniuses have their characteristic peculiarities, & originality of character, which not only *distinguish* them from *all others*, but *make them what they are*.”²¹ This could almost be the motto of eighteenth-century literary biographers: the poet is not a master of a craft, but a unique soul produced by a unique upbringing. Ireland’s Shakespeare papers are a testament to the long tradition that began with Rowe and continued to Malone, and a kind of culmination of that biographical tradition.

The eighteenth century had a new conception of literary lives: poets are not talented masters of a craft but unique geniuses, and the key to understanding their works is understanding the lives that made them who they are. The legacy of this eighteenth-century reconception of biography is distinctly mixed. It gave us serious original scholarship on Shakespeare’s world, but it also resulted in shoddy roman à clef–style readings of the plays. It gave us unprecedented knowledge about life in early modern England, but it also made it possible to deny the authorship of the man from Stratford, because the poet’s life documented in the archives didn’t seem to match the imagined life extracted from the plays. To discuss these developments is not to endorse them, because there’s much to dislike. But many of the currents of nineteenth-, twentieth-, and twenty-first-century Shakespeare biography have eighteenth-century origins. To understand it we have to start with Rowe.

Notes

1. James Boswell, *Boswell’s Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, rev. L. F. Powell, 6 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1934–64), 1:576.
2. Paul Fussell, Jr., “William Kendrick’s ‘Courtesy Book,’” *PMLA* 67 (1982): 53–40.
3. Rowe, in “Some Account of the Life, &c. of Mr. William Shakespear,” in *The Works of Mr. William Shakespear; in Six Volumes: Adorn’d with Cuts: Revis’d and Corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author*, ed. Nicholas Rowe, 6 vols. (London, 1709), 1: sig. A2v.
4. *The Workes of Our Antient and Learned English Poet, Geffrey Chaucer, Newly Printed: In This Impression You Shall Find These Additions: 1 His Portraiture and Progenie Shewed; 2 His Life Collected; 3 Arguments to Euery Booke Gathered; 4 Old and Obscure Words Explained; 5 Authors by Him Cited, Declared; 6 Difficulties Opened; 7 Two Bookes of His, Neuer Before Printed* (London, 1598).
5. Gerard Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets; or, Some Ob-*

- servations and Remarks on the Lines and Writings, of All Those That Have Publish'd Either Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-Comedies, Pastorals, Masques, Interludes, Farces, or Opera's in the English Tongue* (Oxford, 1691).
6. Basil Kennett, *The Lives and Characters of the Ancient Grecian Poets: Dedicated to His Highness the Duke of Gloucester* (London, 1697), sig. A4r.
 7. Rowe, "Some Account," 1:i–ii.
 8. Shiells, *Lives of the Poets*, 1:130.
 9. Rowe, "Some Account," 1:viii–ix.
 10. Rowe, "Some Account," 1:v.
 11. Rowe, "Some Account," 1:xviii.
 12. *The Works of Mr. William Shakespear: Volume the Seventh: Containing, Venus & Adonis, Tarquin & Lucrece and His Miscellany Poems* (London, 1710), p. ii.
 13. Rowe, "Some Account," 1:ii.
 14. W. R. Chetwood, *The British Theatre: Containing the Lives of the Eminent English Dramatic Poets: With an Account of All Their Plays* (Dublin, 1750), p. 8.
 15. *Biographia Britannica: or, The lives of the most eminent persons who have flourished in Great Britain and Ireland, from the earliest ages, down to the present times* (London, 1766), 6:3628.
 16. Peter Martin, *Edmond Malone, Shakespearean Scholar: A Literary Biography* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995), p. 130.
 17. As Martin puts it, "he concocted his genealogies for Shakespeare from references to documents he found in the *Johnson–Steevens Shakespeare*, oral traditions, and a little forgery," and "Malone quickly saw he could trust virtually nothing Jordan sent or told him" (p. 130).
 18. Princeton MS RTC01 no. 176, p. 57.
 19. Ritson to Paton, 21 July 1795, in *The letters of Joseph Ritson, esq. chiefly from originals in the possession of his nephew. To which is prefixed, A memoir of the author, by Sir Harris Nicolas* (London, 1833), 2:91.
 20. Malone, *Plays and Poems*, 1:262.
 21. Copy of Webb to Jackson, 30 June 1795, in BL Add. MS 30346, fol. 98v.

III | Symposium Essays

“As Bokes Us Declare”: Intertextuality and Courtly Love Conventions in *Troilus and Criseyde*

Ian Hammons

Despite its status as a canonical medieval text, Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* often seems like it wants nothing to do with itself. The poem continuously disrupts any attempt to sustain a coherent, traditional courtly narrative, and Chaucer's narrator incessantly undermines his own authority as a lover and a storyteller. In Book I, for example, the narrator starts to relate the history of the Trojan war, but suddenly stops, and instead tells his reader: “But the Troian gestes, as they felle, / In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dite, / Whoso that kan may rede hem as they write” (I.145-47).

Chaucer's narrator is not just being lazy here, however. He is instead consciously foregrounding the importance of another strategy for disrupting an authoritative narrative in *Troilus and Criseyde*: intertextual allusion. After all, Chaucer's poem is a liberal translation of Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato*, and Boccaccio's poem already was a part of a group of medieval texts that looked back to Greco-Roman myth as an exemplary vehicle for courtly drama. But Chaucer also alludes to many other writers and philosophers in his poem, from Ovid and Dante to Boethius and even St. Augustine, primarily through the character of Troilus. Troilus behaves like the traditional courtly lover of Dante and Boccaccio, and he paraphrases many of his sources directly. Nonetheless, Troilus's idealized love for Criseyde is never fulfilled, and by the end of the poem, he views courtly love with a seething bitterness. I argue that *Troilus and Criseyde* places Troilus's failure to achieve any spiritual and emotional fulfillment through courtly love in direct contrast with the poem's intertextual allusions in order to critique popular courtly rhetoric. While the poem does not necessarily laud Criseyde for her more pragmatic approach to love, Chaucer at least presents Criseyde's approach as a possible, reciprocal alternative to the emotional solipsism of Troilus's courtly love values.

In order to fully understand the relationship between Chaucer's text and the writers he alludes to, it would be beneficial to look at the nature of intertext within medieval writing. Hundreds of years before postmodernism and Derrida's conception of *bricolage*, medieval writers were composing texts that borrowed ideas and material, sometimes blatantly, from a variety of both classical and contemporary sources. Original content or even deliberate claims of authorship were not necessarily important for medieval writers: as Thomas

C. Stillinger asserts, God was generally considered to be the only “true” author. Nevertheless, in this schema, writers still could obtain some degree of originality by providing their own unique take on commonplace stories and morals, mainly through the formal elements of their texts. Stillinger explains: “The literary production of the later Middle Ages is marked, in fact, by a sustained exploration of the very idea of form. In this disorderly workshop, the institutions of modern literature— notions of author, work, reader, genre, and ‘literature’—are under construction” (22). Chaucer’s writing certainly embodies this kind of “disorderly” exploration, as he was writing at a time when a modern conception of authorship and humanist ideals were both still in an embryonic state. Chaucer’s nuanced use of intertextual allusion as a way to critique and satirize his predecessors in *Troilus and Criseyde* showed that he was comfortable with asserting the unoriginality of his project, but it also showed that he was interested in looking beyond the social and literary norms that dominated medieval culture.

Troilus and Criseyde, furthermore, shows Chaucer as an author who was careful about his deployment of criticism during a politically tumultuous era. Allen J. Frantzen describes Chaucer as a poet who “kept his view of contemporary conditions to himself and produced for the public a view that was generalized, moralized, and to quote [Anne] Middleton, ‘pious’” (9). Chaucer’s narrator embodies the author’s anxieties over poetic interpretation, as he frequently interrupts the narrative action to try to moralize certain potentially subversive scenes. However, in the act of trying to explain these problematic scenes, the moral spotlight that the narrator shines on these textual moments ultimately draws a reader’s attention to them. This strategy allowed Chaucer to raise critical questions about his world while reinforcing the “pious” ethos that was necessary for a successful (and a politically secure) medieval author. I would argue that Chaucer’s use of intertextual allusion works in a similar way in *Troilus and Criseyde*. By incorporating familiar and popular sources into the texture of his poem, Chaucer was, on the surface, reinforcing medieval courtly conventions to his audience. But the failure of Troilus’s character in the poem encourages one to reevaluate the codes that Troilus lived by, and in turn, encourages one to look critically at the authors who helped to make these codes so popular in the first place.

Unsurprisingly, then, one of the first sustained allusions we see in the poem is to Ovid. Ovid was a central influence to medieval romance writers; almost every example of courtly love behavior can be seemingly traced back to Ovid’s love poems or his satirical, instructive writings on love. At first, it appears as if Chaucer is simply miming his contemporaries through the blatant Ovidian *topoi* that he sets up early in the poem: a handsome young man is overcome by love, the woman he loves initially resists his charms, the man

uses a go-between to help him win the affections of the woman, and most communication between the lovers takes place through letters, code, and other indirect methods. Chaucer also utilizes familiar Ovidian themes to describe Troilus's sudden transformation into a courtly lover. For example, once Troilus returns to his house after he first sees Criseyde, he behaves as a typical Ovidian lover would. Troilus, like any good courtly lover, must be alone in his bedroom so that he can sigh and groan to his heart's content without letting anyone else know that he has fallen in love. Troilus's behavior brings to mind the opening sentiments of Ovid's second poem in Book I of *The Amores*, where the poem's speaker asks: "What kind of business is this? The bed is hard, and the covers / Will not stay in their place; I thrash, and I toss, and I turn / All the long night through, till my bones are utterly weary" (I.II.1-3). Troilus is clearly mimicking the speaker's tumultuous, amorous behavior in this scene, but Troilus even goes one step further by using his isolation as an opportunity to dream about Criseyde's beauty, or as Chaucer writes, to "make a mirour of his mynde" (I.365). In a number of places throughout *Troilus and Criseyde*, it appears as if Troilus is more content to imagine an idealized version of Criseyde than he is to actually be with her, and in this scene, a reader gets a glimpse at the solipsistic nature of traditional courtly love: the performance of the male lover is more important than any sort of reciprocal connection between his love and himself. Ovid dryly instructs his hopeful audience in *The Art of Love* to "[p]lay the role of the lover" (I.609). Troilus plays the traditional lover role perfectly, but as we will see, this role is not compatible with Criseyde's more practical approach to love.

There are signs of Troilus and Criseyde's incompatibility throughout the entire poem, and they are generally highlighted by direct comparisons between Troilus as a courtly lover and Criseyde as more complicated kind of lover. For example, when Troilus first sees Criseyde, she behaves in an unusual manner for a woman in a courtly love drama:

To Troilus right wonder wel with alle
 Gan for to like hir mevyng and hire chere,
 Which somdel deignous was, for she let falle
 Hire look a lite aside in swich manere,
 Ascaunces, 'What, may I nat stonden here?'
 And after that hir lokyng gan she lighte,
 That nevere thoughte hym seen so good a syghte. (I.288-94)

Unlike the women of most courtly romances, Criseyde appears to be playful, confident, and self-aware, and she even interacts with Troilus. Chaucer appears to be taking aim at Dante's *Vita Nuova* with this passage. Dante was one of the first writers to transform Ovidian commonplaces into a Christian

context, and the *Vita Nuova* posits that courtly love can become spiritualized through the distant purity of the lady, as well as through the male lover's spiritual growth. While Dante constantly professes his humble love for Beatrice, that love is clearly one-sided, as it depends on Beatrice remaining an idealized abstract concept and *not* an actual person with her own feelings, desires, and fears. When Dante sees Beatrice for the first time as a young adult, the narrative foregrounds her image of purity: “[w]hile walking down a street, she turned her eyes to where I was standing faint-hearted and, with that indescribable graciousness that today is rewarded in eternal life, she greeted me so miraculously that I felt I was experiencing the very summit of bliss” (6). Beatrice maintains this kind of “indescribable bliss” throughout the entirety of the *Vita Nuova*, but Dante also looks ahead at what must happen to Beatrice when he reminds his readers that her beauty is “rewarded in eternal life”: Beatrice must die to maintain her purity. Criseyde, on the other hand, gives Troilus a much different greeting: she appears to be distant *and* inviting, which shows that she both knows and has a playful conception of the courtly love “game.” But Troilus is not able to reciprocate this playfulness, and instead, like Dante, becomes “so overcome with ecstasy that [he] departed from everyone as if intoxicated” (*Vita Nuova* 6).

If Books I through III of *Troilus and Criseyde*, at least on the surface, take a fairly conventional approach to the courtly love conventions made popular by writers like Dante, Books IV and V call most of them into question in a powerful way. Specifically, it is the progression (or in some cases, regression) of Troilus's character in Book V that provides some of Chaucer's most striking critiques of courtly rhetoric, as Troilus's failure to transcend his courtly lover role leaves him alone and embittered by the end of the poem. In his chapter “*Troilus and Criseyde* and the Subject of History,” Lee Patterson makes the observation that “The circularity traced by Criseyde in Book 5 is traced as well by Troilus, who pathetically (and, for many readers, irritatingly), repeats the lovesick behavior originally performed in Book 1” (584). Troilus's lover is gone, but he still cannot stop acting like the lovesick protagonists found in Ovid and Dante. As Patterson points out, Troilus returns to the places where he spent time with Criseyde to lament her loss in Book V. Perhaps the most interesting example of this behavior occurs when he directly addresses Criseyde's house in an apostrophe:

O hous of houses whilom best ihight,
O paleys empty and disconsolate,
O thow lanterne of which queynt is the light,
O paleys, whilom day, that now art nyght,
Wel oughtestow to falle, and I to dye,

Syn she is went that want was us to gye! (V.541-45)

This passage is perhaps an allusion to Ovid's *The Remedies of Love*, in which Ovid explicitly warns against this kind of behavior. Troilus is unable to move beyond his old amorous feelings because of his emotional solipsism; the recursive nature of this solipsism is evident by Troilus's cyclic behavior between Books I and V. While Criseyde has been able to move on, Troilus has become trapped in a self-centered loop of courtly rhetoric and unproductive desire, and this loop can only end, as the narrator has been hinting since the beginning of the poem, with Troilus's death.

The moralizing coda at the close of *Troilus and Criseyde* has also proved to be frustrating for readers of Chaucer's poem because of its sudden swing in mood, tone, and content. These final lines, however, are pivotal for understanding Chaucer's critique of courtly love through his use of intertextual allusions: Troilus's ascent to the eighth sphere of heaven is a direct reference to Dante's *Commedia*, but Troilus's experience is much different than that of Dante's character. In "Canto XXXI" of the *Paradiso*, Dante is exposed to the wonders of heaven after being guided there by Beatrice. Reaching heaven represents the central and final progression in Dante's spiritualized courtly love drama; Dante's amorous love has been transformed into divine love due to his unerring devotion to the pure soul of Beatrice. Troilus's experience, however, is a darkly satirical reworking of this ascent. As Troilus reaches the eighth sphere, he looks back down at Earth with disdain:

And down from thennes faste he gan avyse
This litel spot of erthe that with the se
Embraced is, and fully gan despise This wrecched world, and held al
vanite. (V.1814-27)

While Troilus's view seems like a general disdain of Earthly *cupiditas*, or materialistic greed and desire, it is important to note how much the tone differs from Dante's joyous ascent to heaven. Instead of trying to elevate his vision to reach divine heights, Troilus instead looks down at the Earth and himself (in a final solipsistic move) and laughs bitterly at his "blynde lust" for Criseyde (V.1824). Chaucer clearly seems critical of the view that any kind of Earthly love can provide spiritual comfort, but more importantly, he closes his poem by reworking (and critiquing) one of the most influential scenes that emerged from courtly medieval literature. It is hard to tell whether Chaucer's ending sermon is the author's true feelings or a standard bit of moralizing rhetoric, but I would argue that this ambivalence is a perfect example of how Chaucer was able to burry his critique of conventional medieval values within what looked to be, at least at first glance, a story deeply rooted in the literary tradi-

tion that helped to reinforce these values.

Similarly, Chaucer's ending also distances his poem from his primary source material: Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato*. Boccaccio ends *Il Filostrato* with a misogynist tirade against Criseyde and young female lovers, such as when he claims that "A young woman is both fickle and desirous of many loves, and she esteems her beauty greater than the mirror shows, and puffed up she has the vainglory of her youth, which is more pleasing and attractive the more she appraises it to herself" (VIII.30). For Boccaccio, Criseyde's beauty is synonymous with wantonness, and he seems to place all of the pressure on Criseyde for not following courtly codes. Chaucer, on the other hand, leaves his ending much more ambivalent, especially in regards to his judgment of Criseyde. In what seems like a shot at Boccaccio, but perhaps to other interpreters of the Troilus story, Chaucer's narrator exclaims, "That for that gilt she be nat wroth with me. / Ye may hire gilt in other bokes se" (V.1775-76). These lines show that Chaucer is uncomfortable with judging Criseyde by a series of societal codes that he does not really believe in, and he knows that he probably will be the lone person to withhold judgment on her character. Through the failure of Troilus as a courtly lover and the ambivalence toward Criseyde's actions, Chaucer raises questions not only about the value of courtly love, but also about the value of female agency within this rigid system. It makes little sense, from a historical perspective, to say that Chaucer supported a feminist ideology, but *Troilus and Criseyde* shows many moments where Chaucer was at least trying to look beyond the ideological limitations of his own time period, and interacting textually with his source material gave him a chance to also question that material directly.

It is difficult to discern whether or not Chaucer was hoping that his contemporary audience would pick up on these criticisms of courtly love in *Troilus and Criseyde*. After all, his primary audience was the aristocratic nobility, and he seemed content to distance himself from any obvious disapproval of his society. Chaucer had a beneficial relationship with the medieval nobility, and it is doubtful that he would have wanted to jeopardize that relationship by being overtly critical of popular courtly values. To this point, Frantzen comments, "Chaucer kept his head by producing works that suggest contemporary conditions without becoming imprisoned by them" (8). Chaucer's masterful rhetorical strategy of distancing himself from an issue while he was raising it allowed him to enjoy the best of both worlds as a writer: he was able to enjoy success and security as an author writing in an established literary tradition, but he also delicately raised questions about the ideological limitations of that tradition. Chaucer's poem subtly suggests that the insular, solipsistic nature of courtly love was no longer practical in the rapidly evolving late-medieval world. *Troilus and Criseyde* pays tribute to its literary

predecessors, but it also hints that writing needed to address human relationships as a multifaceted experience that could not simply be governed by a set of archaic codes.

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Rewriting Nature in *As You Like It*: Shakespeare's
Metacommentary

Bill Kroeger

Shakespeare's Duke Senior humanizes Arden, recalling the tree people of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*: "And this our life, exempt from public haunt, / Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, / Sermons in stones, and good in everything" (2.1.15-18). Orlando pins his poems to these trees of Arden, a gesture that evokes both Thomas Lodge's *Rosalind* and Horace's image of poetry engraved on wooden tablets (Lodge 124, Horace 131). Shakespeare thus enters into conversation with *Rosalind*, his hypotext, and with the classical influences he and Lodge share, overcoding *As You Like It's* narrative pathways and constructing a forest wilderness alive with intertextual allusions.

Although he renames most of the characters in Lodge's 1590 version of Robin Hood, Shakespeare follows its plot structure: Lodge's hero Rosader, a disinherited and mistreated younger brother, is Orlando in *As You Like It*. Fleeing the oppression of his older brother Saladyne, (*As You Like It's* Oliver), Rosader escapes to the forest of Arden with Adam Spencer, a loyal servant, but not before winning a public wrestling match, at which Rosalind notices him. When Rosalind and her cousin Alinda (*As You Like It's* Celia) are exiled to the forest by the usurping Duke Torismond (*As You Like It's* Duke Frederick), they disguise themselves in pastoral costumes. Rosalind, dressed as a male shepherd, calls herself Ganymede. She falls in love with Orlando, who, also smitten, woos Ganymede in the forest to practice wooing his absent Rosalind.

Arden represents safety from the laws and customs of court. Within a late sixteenth-century cultural context overdetermined by urbanization, burgeoning capitalism, and the practice of primogeniture, both texts make this social and political borderland into a space of mystery and the unknown.¹ In *Writing the Forest*, Jeffrey Theis describes Arden as a place where people of the Elizabethan age could go to try new identities, experiencing rustic sylvan life as transformative (35-36). For Shakespeare, the forest also signifies the world of adaptation. Crossing the forest boundary corresponds to changing Lodge's original text into a realm of possibility resonating with Greek myths, biblical narratives, and metacommentary.

Transcriptive fidelity to originals has long been an established criterion for credibility in the adaptation discourse. Recent theory questions this model, however, proposing translation as an alternative analogy for adaptation. Linda Hutcheon and Siobhan O' Flynn describe contemporary translation theory, influenced by Walter Benjamin's "Task of the Translator," as "[arguing]

for a transaction between texts and between languages” (16). Early modern customs may reinforce this more flexible approach. In Shakespeare’s era, authorship did not imply the proprietary interest we tend to associate with acts of creation; often publishers were more concerned about ownership rights than were the writers themselves, as David Scott Kastan illustrates in *Shakespeare and the Book* (78).² Nevertheless, I will argue that *As You Like It* takes authorship seriously enough to consider the adaptation issue. Shakespeare’s metaphorical theory of adaptation endorses the kind of creative rewriting that Hutcheon and O’ Flynn, paraphrasing Longinus, call “*aemulatio*, linking imitation and creativity” (20).

Three aspects of *As You Like It* exemplify Shakespeare’s figurative treatment of the adaptation question. First, Lodge’s characters appear as alter-egos in *Arden*; *As You Like It* develops this theme, juxtaposing noble travelers with forest denizens who mirror them as doubles and highlight central elements of their identities, much as adaptations choose to prioritize certain themes from their hypotexts. Second, Lodge’s primary thematic conflict is the opposition of Nature and Fortune, common Renaissance archetypes. *As You Like It* emphasizes the dichotomy, establishing Corin and Touchstone as representatives of pastoral and courtly ways of life, respectively. Finally, Shakespeare resolves this essential opposition metaphorically, proposing an approach to adaptation that integrates the authenticity of nature with the dialogue between and among texts.

Mirrors: The Doubles of Adaptation and The Metaphor of the Forest

In Lodge’s forest, characters from court encounter their doubles. Rosalind becomes Ganymede and her cousin Alinda becomes Aliena. Rosader perceives Ganymede as a “shadow” of Rosalind, who is for him the “substance” of nature (Lodge 153). Lodge thus plays with notions of authenticity and identity as the forest brings out new facets of all his characters.

Shakespeare borrows this mirroring mechanism from his hypotext. After Orlando escapes to the forest, his brother Oliver must also flee to *Arden* because Duke Frederick (Duke Torismond in *Rosalind*) strips him of his land. Oliver’s double in the forest is Oliver Martext, a country clergyman who receives little respect, at least from Touchstone, Rosalind’s companion from court, and Jaques, the intellectual forest malcontent (3.3.69-78). Martext’s name is an allusion to controversies of biblical hermeneutics; it contains the word “mar,” which means to damage or destroy, because his doubtful credentials endanger the authenticity of a sacred text. This is Jaques’ meaning when he admonishes Orlando to “mar no more trees with writing love songs in

their barks,” as well as Orlando’s meaning when he defends himself, locating interpretive responsibility with Jaques and advising him to “mar no more of my verses by reading them ill-favoredly” (3.2.237-240). Naming this pastor “Martext” thus parodies over-concern for fidelity. It also hints that Shakespeare, with his superior dramatic knowledge and literary skill, could exercise Oliver-like control over the received narrative, changing essential elements in Lodge’s original like a bullying older brother, dropping or misconstruing important themes and altering how the story is remembered. Shakespeare’s playful metaphor implies wariness of the “Martext” path to random misreadings, but he also rejects unquestioning fidelity to the hypotext. “Mar” is part of “marry.” Shakespeare, like Martext, marries his interpretive adaptation to the earlier work; if it is not one of Hymen’s perfectly natural marriages, it is at least borne of a certain provincial, pastoral authenticity.

Adam and Corin are another pair of doubles in Arden. When Orlando arrives in the forest he is carrying Adam, a loyal servant who is starving and seems near death (2.6.1-2). Adam survives through all of *Rosalind* and disappears halfway into *As You Like It*, but Corin, the shepherd who overtly corresponds to Lodge’s Corydon, retains much of Adam’s commitment to humility, moderation, and service.

Corin is *As You Like It*’s pastoral ideal. His contentedness, kind hospitality, and good-natured credulity provide a standard for human action. Engaging Lodge’s reference to the principle of decorum from *Ars Poetica*, Shakespeare’s description of rustic moderation evokes Horace’s “advice to the skilled imitator” to base his speech and living on a model of virtue (129).³ As representative of this ideal, Corin also alludes to Ovid’s notion of a golden classical age, emphasizing human good will: “Sir, I am a true labourer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man’s happiness; glad of other men’s good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck” (3.2.64-47).

A third pair of doubles in the forest is Jaques and the dying deer. Jaques does not appear in *Rosalind*, but he seems to be based on Lodge’s passing reference to the story of Cyparissus from Book X of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*.⁴ Cyparissus inadvertently kills the domesticated golden stag, and tormented by his remorse, he begs the gods to let him remain in mourning forever. The gods grant his wish and transform him into the ever-weeping Cypress tree. Lodge, without clear metaphorical or narrative purpose, refers tangentially to Ovid’s story when Rosader injures a deer with his “boar spear” (Lodge 171). Embracing this reference and its intertextual implications, Shakespeare gives the role of mourner to his namesake Jaques, a melancholy, intellectual inhabitant of Arden. One of Duke Senior’s forest “lords” tells us that Jaques lamented vociferously at the sight of a crying animal: “We did [leave him in

his place of contemplation] my lord, weeping and commenting upon the sobbing deer” (2.1.65-66).

The stag is “much marked of the melancholy Jaques” (2.1.41). It appears, crying into the stream, as a mirror in which Jaques sees himself (2.1.42-43).⁵ Their commonality in suffering alludes to what Montaigne, citing Pythagoras, describes as “spiritual or religious metempsychosis” (187). Duke Senior speculates that Jaques has been “transformed into a beast” (2.7.1). Jaques thus plays the role of Cyparissus the hunter as well as the other whom he hunts, or in the framework of Shakespeare’s metaphor for adaptation, he identifies as both adapting hunter and hunted original.

This depiction of the stag foregrounds animality and compassion, referencing a similar image from Montaigne’s “Of Cruelty”:

... I have never been able to watch without distress even the pursuit and slaughter of an innocent animal, which has not defence and has done us no harm. And when, as will commonly happen, a weak and panting stag is reduced to surrender, and casts itself with tears in its eyes on the mercy of us, its pursuers, [bloodstained and groaning, like one imploring mercy,] this has always seemed to me a most unpleasant sight. (186)

Based on awareness of interspecies violence, Shakespeare treats deer hunting as a metaphor for adaptation, which entails its own kind of violence. Jaques’ empathy for the powerless creature is akin to Shakespeare’s compassion for Lodge: the laments of “Monsieur Melancholy” express *As You Like It*’s ambivalence about its potential to overshadow the *Rosalind* narrative.

Nature and Fortune

Lodge’s sense of nature also involves loyalty, truth, and virtue; it is *Rosalind*’s dominant theme, the clash between Nature and Fortune, that becomes the basis of Arden’s dramatic transformational role in *As You Like It*. Fortune represents time, decay, and money. In “Time and Fortune,” Samuel Chew describes the medieval depiction of *Fortuna* as a woman with two faces, one happy and one miserable (86-87). Chew emphasizes the Elizabethan antitheses of Fortune and Virtue, where virtue is personified by *Constantia* or Mercury. (101-102). Similarly, Lodge contrasts Fortune with a concept of Nature that includes *Contantia*’s virtuous propriety, a simpler world of harmony in which the deserving are rewarded.

In *Rosalind*, Adam Spencer bewails Fortune’s interference with Nature when Rosader is forced to serve his older brother: “Nature hath prodigally

enriched thee with her favors, and virtue hath made thee the mirror of her excellence, and now, through the decree of the unjust stars, to have all these good parts nipped in the blade and blemished by the inconstancy of fortune” (Lodge 142-3). It is Fortune who brings the lion to prey upon Saladyne and who causes thieves to attack Rosalind and Aliena, punishing them for remaining content despite their poverty (171, 180). Alinda, giving comfort to the exiled Rosalind, expresses faith that Nature is worth more than Fortune: “If, then, fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient, Rosalind.... Nature is higher prized than wealth...” (122). Act I, Scene ii of *As You Like It* reinforces this opposition when Rosalind distinguishes between the two elements, proclaiming that “Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature” (1.2.35-36).

The choice to honor nature over culture’s artifice accompanies a distinction between real and counterfeit. In *Arden*, Corin is the true pastoral shepherd. Jaques, however, admires Touchstone, whom he refers to as a “real fool,” misinterpreting Touchstone’s adulation of “Lady Fortune” as a form of “railing” against her (2.7.16). Touchstone riffs on the adage that “Fortune favors fools,” admonishing Jaques: “call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune” (2.7.19). His mocking account of formal manners, though spoken in jest, transports the world of court into the forest (2.7.19). He conflates “human sweat” and “mutton grease,” sarcastically challenging Corin’s considerate animal husbandry in terms of human sexual mores: “That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle...” (3.2.48-9, 68-74, 90-92).

Conversely, Touchstone acts as though might makes right in human affairs. Class privilege compels him to insult those he considers inferior, gullible, or merely provincial (5.4.64-92). He dominates William, his country rival, through intimidation and rudeness, and he continuously abuses Audrey, his supposed love interest (3.3.29-30, 5.43-52). Corin’s moderate stance maintains the principle of decorum, ceding to Touchstone his knowledge of court while defending the simple values of a shepherd’s life. He asserts basic standards of country decency: “Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court” (3.2.40-43).

The antipodal archetypes of virtuous pastoral wisdom, personified by Corin, and worldly Fortune, personified by Touchstone, also represent a dilemma for the discourse of adaptation. Corin is marked by his authenticity, modesty, and moderation, while Touchstone takes what is not his, criticizing wantonly and arbitrarily disrupting the forest community to benefit himself. Seeking an alternative to the strict standard of originality, Shakespeare offers Corin as a metaphorical exemplar for respectful adaptation. *Rosalind* is also technically a retelling, so neither text can claim to be completely original, but

Shakespeare's personifications provide metacommentary, arguing for adaptation as an encounter with core themes in common sources.

Jacques de Bois: Informed Adaptation as Peaceful Reconciliation

Rosalind ends with a war between the forest exiles, led by Duke Gerismond, and the usurping court, led by his brother Duke Torismond.⁶ Fernandyne, the third brother of Saladyne and Rosader, well-versed in "points of sophistry," arrives at the forest camp with "twelve peers of France" as military reinforcement (226). Duke Gerismond's concluding victory proclaims the triumph of good over evil, nature over fortune, and authenticity over deceit (226-228).

As You Like It ends less simply but more peacefully. As merry marriages signal the play's resolution, Jaques de Bois, scholarly brother to Oliver and Orlando, brings word that the usurping duke has ceded power (5.4.140-154). This third brother presents a new double for Jaques, redefining and resolving the metaphor of hunting as adaptation. The bifurcation mimics a splitting of one text into two, challenging the possibility of reintegration and representative mimesis. Although the first Jaques is the original in the sense that he is the natural, Forest-of-Arden version of himself, he is also a copy of the wounded stag, an earlier, more originary, animal ideal. His attitude of mourning offers a criticism of unity, and Duke Senior notes his dissonance: "If he, compact of jars, grows musical, we shall shortly have discord in the spheres" (2.7.5-6). When Jaques de Bois appears at the end of *As You Like It*, therefore, he is a copy of a copy. Because he is a scholar, the information he reports represents Shakespeare's acknowledgement of common influences and his willingness to engage in an intertextual discussion of shared themes. The first Jaques remains in Arden and chooses to live in a world before culture and time, but *As You Like It* endorses the new Jaques' more educated approach to reconciliation of Nature and Fortune, as well as original and copy. Replacing Lodge's denouement of all-out war, it heralds adaptation as an approach to authorship that creates without effacing its sources and origins.

Notes

- 1 In his discussion of the play's political relevance, Andrew Barnaby discusses the effects of urban growth and the Elizabethan era's economic shift from feudalism to early capitalism, which created new economic classes and re-ordered social strata (374-75). Louis Montrose interprets Orlando's role as younger son within a system of primogeniture as symbolizing the dispossessed classes (30), and Richard Wilson argues that the forest functioned as

- a boundary between common law and feudal rights during the famine and pasture enclosure of the 1590s, producing a communal space on the fringes of burgeoning capitalism (13).
- 2 Although Kastan emphasizes that authors had no legal claim to their books or plays, he also recounts numerous instances of authors and playwrights who were distressed at their work having been changed by printers (22-26). *As You Like It's* metaphorical expression of a concern for Lodge's authority as participant in an intertextual dialogue and for Shakespeare's own responsibilities as adaptor are consistent with such reports of authorial, if not legal, interest. This interpretation differs from Kastan's inference that "Shakespeare's apparent indifference to the publication of his plays, his manifest lack of interest in reasserting his authority over them, suggests how little he had invested in the notions of individuated authorship that, ironically, his name has come so triumphantly to represent" (16).
 - 3 In *Rosalind*, Lodge questions decorum's implications for the conflict between Nature and Fortune: "'Thus,' quoth Ganymede, 'I keep decorum; I speak now as I am Alien's page, not as I am Gerismond's daughter, for put me but into a petticoat, and I will stand in defiance to the uttermost that women are courteous, constant, virtuous, and what not'" (125).
 - 4 In "Jaques Weeping and Ovid's Cyparissus," Steven Doloff correlates Jaques with Ovid's story of Cyparissus and Montaigne's "Of Cruelty" (487). *The Metamorphoses* also serves as source text for specific references to trees as forest "counsellors" and the snake and lioness who menace Oliver, as well as to a more general consideration of humans as animals (2.1.10, 4.3.107, 113, 2.1.23). Additionally, the lioness reiterates *As You Like It's* evocation of Hercules and Bible motifs. Biblical overcoding of the Hercules myth was common during the Renaissance, as John Doeblér illustrates in "Orlando: Athlete of Virtue" (114-116).
 - 5 Jaques' resemblance to the deer also borrows from Ovid's rendering of the Actaeon myth (Book III of *The Metamorphoses*), in which a man is punished by being turned into a stag (84).
 - 6 The names are developed from combined roots: Gerismond probably means "old" (from Greek *gero*) + "world," but *gero's* proximity to Latin for carry/bear (*gero, gerere, gessi gestum*) may also foreshadow the image of Rosader/Orlando carrying Adam into the forest. Tor is nearest to Latin *turris* (tower, high building, palace), and also evokes *tort/tors* – to twist, constructing tower-world, or twisted-world, both connoting rarified court culture and the preeminence of Fortune

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If You Worked Here You'd Be Home By Now:
Permanence and Profession in the Forest of Arden

J. Dewey

An imprisoned and disinherited younger brother, cross-dressing young women on the run from a usurping king, an idyllic forest setting populated with shepherds and outlaws—you know them as the major elements of Shakespeare's comedy *As You Like It*. Yet we also find these familiar characters and setting in Thomas Lodge's 1590 novel *Rosalind*, as it is the obvious literary inspiration for the later play. Shakespeare lifts the main characters and plotlines from the novel, but, as an astute adapter, he skews these elements towards his own ends. Lodge's *Rosalind* draws on the long tradition of the pastoral for his depiction of love-struck courtiers disguised as country-folk, and while Shakespeare draws on the pastoral, he does so obliquely, as if suspicious of its charms, and often mines it for comic effect. Lodge's use of the pastoral is far more traditional and sincere, and, I will argue, contains a utopian vision. He offers up the pastoral as an ideal in which emotional fulfillment and physical comfort are achievable and sustainable by having a rewarding profession—a trade that provides one with an identity. Shepherding and foresting are literally and figuratively at the center of Lodge's work. In his version of Arden, the courtly exiles fully enter the pastoral setting by engaging in pastoral labor and establishing a path to permanence. Labor, not love, initiates permanence in Lodge's version of the pastoral.

In *As You Like It*, by contrast, Shakespeare's exiles are merely travelers. The roles of shepherd or forester are disguises akin to Rosalind's manly garb. The only appropriate job in Shakespeare's Arden is that of traveler: in other words, a student of life. "Work" does not involve labor. Shakespeare's adaptation of Lodge's story hesitates to suggest any sort of utopian permanence. His Arden is not only less embodied and less present in the play, but the pastoral, for Shakespeare, stands as an improbable and troublesome foil for the malleable, shifting realities outside the forest.

Lodge uses three key pastoral components to establish his vision of permanence through fulfilling labor: first, the co-location of one's trade and living quarters; second, the conceit that Arden is preferable to court, and, finally, the interplay between freedom of choice and adequate reward. Once I have explored each point in *Rosalind*, I will show how Shakespeare undoes or comments on Lodge's ideals.

Lodge portrays Arden as the locus where one's trade, identity and contentment become inseparable. Shakespearean critic Kimberly Huth ar-

gues that the pastoral tradition is based on the verbal act of invitation: “The pastoral landscape is often imagined as an ideal world of respite from the corruption of the court or city, but it is actually the invitation that creates the identity of that world, which is only recognizable through interactions with other people in the landscape” (45). A main feature of the pastoral is what she calls “an ethos of generosity and hospitality performed by the invitation itself” (46). In *Rosalind*, the shepherd Corydon offers temporary shelter to Aliena (the disguised Alinda, known as Celia in *As You Like It*) and Ganymede (Rosalind): “Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shroud yourselves in a shepherd’s cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbor” (Lodge 133). Huth’s essay does not cover *Rosalind* but her view of the pastoral as invitation certainly appears in Corydon’s initial offer. Yet Aliena asks for something more: “I wander in this forest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwell. For I mean to buy some farm and a flock of sheep and so become a shepherdess, meaning to live low and content me with a country life” (134). Continuing the act of invitation, Corydon then makes a real estate referral, and tells Aliena that his landlord wants to sell. She seals the deal by the next morning, as Lodge summarizes in his characteristically efficient prose:

Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the help of Corydon swapt a bargain with his landlord, and so became mistress of the farm and the flock, herself putting on the attire of a shepherdess and Ganymede of a young swain, every day leading forth her flocks with such delight that she held her exile happy and thought no content to the bliss of country life. (Lodge 137)

She tells the shepherds that “thou makest me in love with your country life” and certainly experiences no buyer’s remorse. Aliena wants the full country life bliss, and, for her at least, that comes only with having a pastoral profession.

Shakespeare, by contrast, flips this entire scene on its head. His Celia is attracted to Arden, but the gushing rapture of Lodge’s tale is diminished to “I like this place, / And willingly could waste my time in it” (2.4.89-90). Even if we gloss “waste” as “spend” or “while away,” her reaction is a far cry from Aliena’s “thou makest me in love with your country life.” Rosalind actually makes the offer to buy the flock, an action motivated by sympathy for Corin (Shakespeare’s version of Corydon) and his position as a dispossessed servant; he says: “I am shepherd to another man, / And do not shear the fleeces that I graze / My master is of churlish disposition” (2.4.73-75). Not only are their motives reversed, but Shakespeare gives us the thorns rather than the rose with the insertion of the un-Lodge-like detail of Corin’s cruel landlord and master. The bliss of Corydon’s world is swapped for the more realistic trouble

in paradise. Huth argues that adding Corin's master is part of Shakespeare's diminution of the pastoral here given the ongoing issue of enclosure. The play "may respond more evocatively to the period's enclosure practices that disenfranchised many people. In *As You Like It* the landscape and its products fade in importance because none of the main characters actually owns anything" (58). Shakespeare only hints at this issue, but it speaks to the much larger concerns of his contemporary society: when location/land is taken away, who are we? What is the profession of one who works the land if the land is enclosed and put to other use? The playwright can hardly glorify the shepherd's life as a utopian ideal at a time when one of the main economic and social issues centered on the displacement of crop farming for keeping sheep and wool production (Huth 47). Shakespeare recognizes the fact that while Lodge glorifies the joys of simple country life in a rather simplistic way, the novel's main proponent of that lifestyle, Aliena, has the freedom of choice provided by her class to easily buy her way into it.

Lodge continually presents Arden as the nexus of ongoing ease, or permanent vocation-as-vacation. The young women never long for a return to court, a hint that this pastoral vision has utopian aims. Corydon compares Arden to the court (though he must be guessing at courtly culture, since he has always been a shepherd/Arden resident): "And for a shepherd's life, oh mistress, did you but live awhile in their content you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow than of solace" (134). In other words, the pastoral is better. When the girls compare the two worlds—and they are better placed to judge, given their transitional experience—they see Arden as *comparable* to court, for "their welcome was so great and their cares so little that they counted their diet delicate and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond" (137). What they really mean here is that their physical comforts are of equal value and are equally pleasurable. If there is a utopian program at work—and I would argue that there is—Lodge levels the playing field in terms of material wealth and physical satiety while advocating for Arden's superiority via personal satisfaction, i.e. one's trade. It's almost as if Corydon is a real estate agent here, bragging about Arden's ideal "location, location, location," "work-life balance" and "the shortest commute possible!" There is a proselytizing aspect to Corydon's country life (and Huth's conception of the pastoral as invitation) that can be spread like religious faith to others.

One of Shakespeare's satirical additions to Lodge's story, Touchstone, serves as the uninterested and unimpressed client to Corydon's zealous real estate agent. When Touchstone first enters the forest, he cannot see any of its charms: "When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content" (2.4.12-14). He is only a traveler here, unfixed from his rightful surroundings, yet the traveler's experience allows him to qualitatively compare

the pastoral to court. Touchstone calls Corin “damned” for never being at court (*AYL* 3.2.30), a jab that seems to pierce all the way back to Lodge’s Corydon, who, we should remember, declares court to be “sorrow” compared to Arden, even though he has never left the forest. The critic C.L. Barber writes that Touchstone and Jaques (the other comedic addition) turn their wit from their former courtly home to “what they can find in Arden—pastoral innocence and romantic love, life as it might be, lived ‘in a holiday humor’” (229). Touchstone tells Corin point-blank that the shepherd’s life “in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd’s life, it is naught” (3.2.12-13). As Barber points out:

Under the apparent nonsense of his self-contradictions, Touchstone mocks the contradictory nature of the desires ideally resolved by pastoral life, to be at once at court and in the fields, to enjoy both the fat advantages of rank and the spare advantages of the mean and sure estate. (227)

The pastoral and courtly worlds remain in a dialectic system in Shakespeare’s play because his Arden is never offered up as a possible permanent solution. It is always a “holiday” because it is, simply, not the court—it isn’t real. Touchstone spins the two worlds to stand for heaven and hell: “If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds” (*AYL* 3.2.71-72). Corin is not the evangelical realtor that Corydon is; Touchstone will never be persuaded that Arden is anything close to a utopia.

Love plays a major factor in both versions’ concept of identity, but even Lodge’s vision of pastoral love is tied to permanence and profession. Montanus (who corresponds to Silvius in *As You Like It*) compares his love for Phoebe to labor:

And shall I reap no reward for such fealties? The swain’s daily labors is quit with the evening’s hire, the plowman’s toil is eased with the hope of corn, what the ox sweats out at the plow he fatteneth at the crib, but infortunate Montanus hath no salve for his sorrows nor any hope of recompense for the hazard of his perplexed passions.” (192)

Unrequited love seems to be the only “job” in Arden that does not bring bliss. However, Lodge finds a root for this tradition in his “permanent pastoral” by setting up unrequited love as a failure of adequate reward. Montanus references various professions in his speech and discusses the rewards of toil, rewards that are denied him as a lover. His conception of love/labor as a barter system fits with the pastoral tradition that equates sexual success as the reward for enduring courtly love.

In fact, adequate reward is a primary component in Lodge’s concep-

tion of work and permanence. The charm of the pastoral life is that it meets all of one's needs, including the need to be needed—i.e., a purpose. Courtly life, by contrast, operates under a system of imbalance where one's profession, payment and identity can be usurped at any time—keep in mind that in both versions we have a king usurped by his brother. Early in the novel, Saladyne keeps Rosader (called Orlando in Shakespeare's play) as a "slave" and "footboy" (104), and the younger brother passes his time in "unnatural drudgery" (105). He could be a scholar, courtier, a soldier, since he has "strength to perform any honorable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish [his] virtuous endeavors" (105). The freedom to choose one's trade is the first step in the pastoral-utopian world, and the inability to choose is so loathsome a situation that it spurs Rosader not only to rebellion but also to murder (139).

Shakespeare, on the other hand, gives us a character like Jaques, who remains behind "To see no pastime," (5.4.184) because his professional duty is to continually travel and experience alternate ways of life. He stays with the converted Duke because "There is much matter to be heard and learned" (5.4.174). While the other characters have renegotiated their place in the world/court during their time in Arden, Jaques is in a permanent state of flux. He claims he "must have liberty / Withal, as large a charter as the wind, / To blow on whom I please" (2.7.47-49); he must be his own master. He has, in effect, *too much* freedom of choice. Again, if we take Lodge's pastoral as an endorsement for self-determinacy, Shakespeare offers us the extreme case of a man who chooses not to choose a rewarding profession. Jaques' indecision serves as an indictment of Lodge's naïve utopian promise.

Jaques is identified so often with travel—Rosalind calls him "Monsieur Traveller"(4.1.29)—that he puns on "travel" as "travail," or labor, when he discusses "the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness" (4.1.14-18). In effect, his only job is that of traveler and satirist of the cultures he encounters—especially the culture of the pastoral. Worldly experience, Shakespeare suggests, should reward us with the ability to make an informed choice, to chart a completely free course, but it may lead instead to a sense that one is outside or above the world—in other words, forever on "holiday," forever in Arden. Indeed, Jaques opts to stay outside the "world" in this truly alternative imaginative space. Ironically, Arden "remains" as an unfixed and temporary location where there is much for Jaques to learn because it is always changing.

In Shakespeare's adaptation of Lodge's *Rosalind*, his characters simply pass through an Arden that is arguably less pastoral and less in contrast with courtly life. His Arden is an experimental place with more permeable borders, less a place for fulfilling work and more a workshop for self-examination. Edwin Greenlaw writes that Shakespeare "looks upon country life

without the sentimentality of many modern writers; he indulges no illusions concerning it... Yet one gets an impression of a value to be attached to what the Elizabethans called the contemplative life as a preparation for active life” (154). Shakespeare is more interested in character and individuals than Lodge; hence he takes Lodge’s permanent, persuasive pastoral that focuses on a vision for society and pokes holes in its program with humor. By decentralizing labor’s role in personal satisfaction and societal improvement, Shakespeare’s adaptation of Lodge’s story winds up dispensing with most of the pastoral tropes.

Shakespeare upsets the utopian tendencies of the pastoral in favor of a more humanistic, fluid worldview. Identity is unfixed from physical location and one’s place on the land—but that liquidity brings with it social anxiety and unrest. Shakespeare adroitly farms (to purposefully use a pastoral image) this anxiety in order to satirize not just the pastoral mode but also Elizabethan society itself. By contrast, Lodge presents his vision of an ideal society by pitching the pastoral mode to ecstatic heights and he posits that its combination of natural abundance and material comfort can be implemented on a larger scale through widespread adoption of personally rewarding trades. His *Arden* hunkers down in a permanent dream while Shakespeare’s play gives us a sardonic wink, suggesting that those who seek the simplicity of universal “country life” are always in jeopardy of contradicting their own desires.

Notes

- 1 In his discussion of the play’s political relevance, Andrew Barnaby discusses the effects of urban growth and the Elizabethan era’s economic shift from feudalism to early capitalism, which created new economic classes and re-ordered social strata (374-75). Louis Montrose interprets Orlando’s role as younger son within a system of primogeniture as symbolizing the dispossessed classes (30), and Richard Wilson argues that the forest functioned as a boundary between common law and feudal rights during the famine and pasture enclosure of the 1590s, producing a communal space on the fringes of burgeoning capitalism (13).
- 2 Although Kastan emphasizes that authors had no legal claim to their books or plays, he also recounts numerous instances of authors and playwrights who were distressed at their work having been changed by printers (22-26). *As You Like It*’s metaphorical expression of a concern for Lodge’s authority as participant in an intertextual dialogue and for Shakespeare’s own responsibilities as adaptor are consistent with such reports of authorial, if not legal, interest. This interpretation differs from Kastan’s inference that “Shakespeare’s apparent indifference to the publication of his plays, his manifest

- lack of interest in reasserting his authority over them, suggests how little he had invested in the notions of individuated authorship that, ironically, his name has come so triumphantly to represent” (16).
- 3 In *Rosalind*, Lodge questions decorum’s implications for the conflict between Nature and Fortune: “‘Thus,’ quoth Ganymede, ‘I keep decorum; I speak now as I am Aliena’s page, not as I am Gerismond’s daughter, for put me but into a petticoat, and I will stand in defiance to the uttermost that women are courteous, constant, virtuous, and what not’” (125).
 - 4 In “Jaques Weeping and Ovid’s Cyparissus,” Steven Doloff correlates Jaques with Ovid’s story of Cyparissus and Montaigne’s “Of Cruelty” (487). *The Metamorphoses* also serves as source text for specific references to trees as forest “counsellors” and the snake and lioness who menace Oliver, as well as to a more general consideration of humans as animals (2.1.10, 4.3.107, 113, 2.1.23). Additionally, the lioness reiterates *As You Like It*’s evocation of Hercules and Bible motifs. Biblical overcoding of the Hercules myth was common during the Renaissance, as John Doeblér illustrates in “Orlando: Athlete of Virtue” (114-116).
 - 5 Jaques’ resemblance to the deer also borrows from Ovid’s rendering of the Actaeon myth (Book III of *The Metamorphoses*), in which a man is punished by being turned into a stag (84).
 - 6 The names are developed from combined roots: Gerismond probably means “old” (from Greek *gero*) + “world,” but *gero*’s proximity to Latin for carry/bear (*gero, gerere, gessi gestum*) may also foreshadow the image of Rosader/Orlando carrying Adam into the forest. Tor is nearest to Latin *turris* (tower, high building, palace), and also evokes *tort/tors* – to twist, constructing tower-world, or twisted-world, both connoting rarified court culture and the preeminence of Fortune.

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The Tempest: Appropriation of Colonial Discourse and Sociopolitical Anxieties in the Caliban-Stefano-Trinculo Subplot

Daniel J. Pizappi

The Tempest holds an interesting place in the Shakespearian canon as it relates to postcolonial criticism, being as it is the play most directly concerned with seventeenth-century colonial expansionism. Many readings focus on the enslaved characters of Caliban and Ariel and/or Prospero's mastery of them, but fewer turn the same level of scrutiny on Stefano and Trinculo as political figures. This omission is due to the comic nature of the Caliban-Stefano-Trinculo subplot which causes many to see their earnest—if misdirected—attempts to seize power as safely removed from reality, in a comedic space apart from the serious political business of the play. Such a conception has led one recent commentator to refer to Stefano and Trinculo as merely Caliban's "drunken associates" (Calvi 158). However, when viewed apart from this comic safety (which may not have always been as safely established as we receive it) this subplot emerges as a politically rich text which reflects many of the anxieties and structures of power which were exported from early modern England to the colonial enterprise.

Colonial Context(s)

There is a tendency for postcolonial readings of *The Tempest* to focus primarily on the American colonial experience. This is an understandable bias, given the benefit of historical hindsight, but it is problematic in that it gives too much weight to a single portion of a much larger historical complex. The English colonial enterprise is best viewed, in the early modern period as today, in a holistic manner. The discourse of each discrete instance of colonial power went on to influence all later aspects of colonial practice. Barbara Fuchs terms this adaptive process "colonial quotation," and writes: "The quotation of colonialist discourse from one instance to the next naturalizes expansion by bringing newly 'discovered' lands and people under the conceptual domain of the already-known, the already-digested" (47). Simply put, Shakespeare could have had little knowledge of the English-American colonial process in 1611. However, what was available to him was the current political climate and expansionist rhetoric used in Ireland and the Mediterranean.

As the first earnest colonial enterprise of the era, the Irish encounter

went on to inform all England's later colonial endeavors. Nicholas P. Canny notes that the colonization of Ireland functioned as an apprenticeship for England's plantation of the Americas (quoted in Fuchs 47). The principal function of colonial quotation is to make known new Others by placing them in a linguistic context which is already familiar. The native inhabitants are referred to, and thus become, savage monsters in need of civilization. Once their position as savages is established, the colonizers can place their actions into a defined and referential sphere of civilizing discourse. Consider in this light Miranda's speech in Act Two, scene one:

I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. (1.2.356-61)

Despite having been familiar to her for years, Caliban is not truly known by Miranda except in his role as "savage." It is further revealing that Miranda assumes Caliban needed to learn her language: his previous speech was simply "gabbling," and he himself didn't know what he meant. This is unlikely to be true, considering Caliban was once able to communicate with his mother Sycorax, which he surely did in his native tongue. Fuchs notes that this emphasis on the impenetrability of Caliban's language reflects attempts by early English colonizers to remove the Gaelic language as a barrier to their penetration into Ireland.

Another clear instance of colonial quotation in *The Tempest* involves Caliban's cloak, which Trinculo refers to as a "gabardine." The cloak bears a particularly loaded position in English colonial discourse, stemming from the Irish mantle. The mantle became symbolic of the cultural struggle between the civilizing English and the native Irish. Like native languages, native clothing becomes a signifier of cultural difference and thus a threat to colonial power. In the Americas, the English viewed native clothing through an Irish filter and the mantle became a powerful sign of savage Otherness. Fuchs notes that English explorer "Martin Pring saw natives with 'a Beares skinne like an Irish Mantle over one shoulder.' Even Powhatan's dress was described by one of John Smith's companions as 'a faire Robe of skins as large as an Irish mantle'" (51). Shakespeare also adapts the term mantle in this way: Ariel refers to the bog which Caliban, Stefano and Trinculo are trapped as, "th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell" (4.1.182). Seen in this light, Trinculo's reference to Caliban's cloak is not just a passing recognition of dress but a fixing of a newly encountered Other into a familiar colonial rhetoric.

Masterless Men

A pressing concern in early modern England was the threat of the so-called “masterless men.” These were men who, due to economic forces, were left without work or means to support themselves. They were often accused of vagrancy, laziness, thievery and violence—Terrence Hawkes describes this figure as:

a specific Elizabethan and Jacobean bugbear... who haunted the margins of that society and (supposedly) the suburbs of its cities. Ungoverned, unrestrained, challenging from the periphery the central ligature on which social order rested, such a figure offered fertile ground for the seeds of moral panic. (Hawkes 6)

As with the above instances of colonial quotation, the English sociopolitical anxiety relating to masterless men was exported into the discourse of the colonies. Anyone who doubts Shakespeare’s adaptation of these concerns in *The Tempest* need look only to Juno’s wedding masque and its reference to “Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep” (4.1.62). This landscape reflects less a Mediterranean island than “a kind of idealized Warwickshire landscape” (Hawkes 6), complete with the symbolically charged inclusion of sheep: the animal that was at the center of the English enclosure movement, controversially led to a decreased need for farm labor, and fed into the problem of masterless men.

The relevant question now becomes: who is masterless in *The Tempest*? The canonical answer to this question is Caliban. Before the play began, we are led to believe, Prospero did not claim imperious control over Caliban. He was educated, civilized, and nurtured by Prospero until an act of violence (no doubt motivated in part by Caliban’s bitterness at having lost control of the island) tears this relationship apart. Caliban’s attempted rape of Miranda reflects the English anxiety about masterless men, and causes Prospero to tighten his control so that Caliban is no longer truly masterless as the play opens.

The more revelatory answer to this question however is that, for the majority of the play, Stefano and Trinculo are also acting as masterless men. In Naples these two served as butler and jester to the king, yet on the island—and in their subjective experience—they have no master. We are able to see that King Alonso survives, but Stefano and Trinculo can only assume that he is dead. In their minds they are men without a master or employment. It is telling, then, that in this state of masterless freedom (King) Stefano and (Viceroy) Trinculo quickly set to playing at roles of power above their station and later plot with Caliban to seize actual power on the island. These actions serve

as a powerful reflection of the early modern cultural fear of masterless men.

Paul A. Cefalu points out that the English response to masterlessness and vagrancy was concerned with a parental notion of controlling unauthorized movement. He looks at official acts including the 1598 and 1601 Poor Laws and the 1607 Stuart Proclamation and determines that both “Tudor and Stuart orthodoxy reveal a horror of movement, broadly construed, that is projected onto the vagrant underclass,” (86) and further that, “these acts were above all concerned to restrict any unlicensed movement and migration outside parish boundaries or the individual’s birthplace” (92). He points to the writings of Captain John Smith as evidence that these concerns were exported to the colonies and remained a powerful discursive force in colonial projects. Again we see colonial quotation, though in this case the discourse which is being quoted is not from previous colonial enterprises but from the home country itself.

The treatment of Caliban is a clear reflection of such fear of unauthorized movement in England. When we first meet Caliban we learn that (after his attempted rape of Miranda) Prospero restricts his movement:

and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o’th’ island. (1.2.345-47)

Even his idleness cannot go unchecked. When Prospero calls Caliban from his cave Caliban replies, “There’s wood enough within” (1.2.318), which may well be true, but Prospero calls him forth to gather more fuel anyway. Prospero’s goal is not to gather more firewood: he must call Caliban to an authorized task, or else risk his unauthorized movement on the island or (equally frightening) sloth.

Stefano and Trinculo are also victims of Prospero’s need to control movement. When he learns of the plot against his life, Prospero sends Ariel to tempt the conspirators with magical music and lead them on a wild chase. After leading the conspirators throughout the island, Ariel leaves them mired in the “filthy-mantled” bog which literalizes the symbolic restriction Prospero has placed on their movement.

King Stefano and the Trappings of Power

After emerging from the bog, Caliban leads Stefano and Trinculo to the very doorstep of Prospero’s cell. They are moments away from an opportunity to commit one foul deed which would ensure them a lifetime of real power (if lordship over an isolated island with no subjects can be considered real power)

and yet they turn aside. Why? They are distracted. Just at the moment when Stefano announces, “I do begin to have bloody thoughts” (4.1.219) Trinculo notices the lime-hung “trumpery,” the clothing, which Prospero had Ariel array for this purpose. Stefano and Trinculo turn away from their designs to put on the finery which would denote a member of the ruling class. They seize upon the clothing for its symbolic value, yet they fail to seize the actual power which would substantiate their appearance. Their fine dress is just an empty façade. The clothing attains the status of commodity fetish, as Stefano and Trinculo are responding not to any inherent value which the garments possess but to the value of such clothing in the cultural discourse of a class society.

Although portrayed for comic effect, Stefano and Trinculo’s confused evaluation does reflect real cultural forces. Clothing and other luxury goods have historically been used as symbolic gestures by the ruling class to signify their superior position. In *Hamlet*, Polonius advises Laertes that, “the apparel oft proclaims the man” (3.3.75). In early modern society this proverb rang true, yet he does not say apparel *makes* the man—it merely proclaims. Power is something which exists beyond the realm of commodities, though they can be used to display power where it exists. Yet, in a society where clothing is used as an ostentatious display of power it is easy for citizens to confuse those commodities for the real power they represent. It is also revelatory to note that Caliban, who was not raised in such a society, does not respond to the trickery and pleads, “Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash” (4.1.222). Lacking the culturally enforced connection between commodities and power, Caliban sees this ruse for what it is.

Stefano and Trinculo would not have been alone among the members of early modern society in their confusion over the relationship between clothing and power. “Apparel oft proclaims the man,” but what happens when a man wears clothing above his station, or when, for example, Henry V goes into the night dressed as a commoner? In these situations confusion was inevitable—and threatening. Russ McDonald writes, “The social order depended on knowing who belonged in what slot, and in an age when the complete attire of a gentleman was available to anyone with the cash to purchase or the wit to steal it, complications of dress were seen as a threat to that social order” (233). Tudor authorities responded to this threat by attempting to enforce sumptuary laws which mandated what types of clothing, colors, and ornamentation each class was allowed to wear. Though Parliament admitted that sumptuary laws were ineffective and repealed them in 1604, nearly a decade before Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest*, the concerns which led to such legislation remained (233). Again Shakespeare appropriates and represents the sociopolitical anxieties of early modern England in the Caliban-Stefano-Trinculo subplot.

I admit my reading of this subplot presents a serious look at an essentially comic story. Though they could present a real threat to Prospero, Stefano and Trinculo's drunken antics (and Prospero's ease in rebuking them) mean that threat is never felt as real. Yet perhaps Prospero's victory wasn't always so comic. In a pair of essays from 1920 and 1921, Henry David Gray suggested that Shakespeare revised *The Tempest*, originally produced in 1611, for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth in 1613—and it is this revised version which we have today. According to Gray, “*The Tempest* of 1611 was closer, both in length and character, to *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, and that it was cut down and revised, with the masque features added, to suit it for this special occasion” (Gray, “Some Indications” 131). He suggests that the wedding masque replaced a longer fourth act which would have continued the dramatic progression of the play.

Gray points to Prospero's agitation over the threat of Caliban, Stefano, and Trinculo as evidence of this missing material. In the text as we have it, Prospero's concern does not seem warranted. To rebuke the conspiracy he simply plants some finery and chases away his distracted would-be-murderers. Yet his anxiety is frightening even to his daughter, who says, “Never till this day / Saw I him touched with anger so distempered” (4.1.144-45). Gray suggests that Prospero's agitation would be better explained if he had more cause to worry. Therefore he speculates that the original fourth act of the play would have expanded upon the Caliban-Stefano-Trinculo subplot. Drawing on existing scenes in the Italian tradition of *Commedia dell'Arte*—which he nominates in “The Sources of *The Tempest*” as the likely source for the entire Caliban-Stefano-Trinculo subplot—Gray suggests that in the original version Caliban, Stefano, and Trinculo would have stolen Prospero's book (as Caliban suggests they should) and gained control over some of the spirits who were not as firmly in Prospero's sway as Ariel. Thus Prospero would face a true threat from the conspirators, which would explain his eagerness to prepare for the confrontation.

Whether or not there was an original version of *The Tempest* we will likely never know. It would be illuminating to note, if Gray could be proven right, that in producing a version of the play more suitable for court Shakespeare chose to add to Prospero's controlling power. Furthermore he would have emphasized the comic buffoonery of the conspirators while neutralizing the threat they represented. What could be a better illustration of such anxiety than a playwright who censors his own work in order to diminish its portrayal of threats to those who have the most to fear from political instability? In either case, it is clear that the Caliban-Stefano-Trinculo subplot appropriates a number of early modern sociopolitical anxieties. Though Shakespeare may blunt their threat through comic antics, those anxieties were powerful discursive

sive forces in early modern England and in its colonial enterprise, and provide a useful window for exploring how dramatic art reimagines political reality.

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From the Screen to the Text: Rewriting Cinematic Beauty
in Kafka's *Amerika*

Melisa R. Walsh

Biographical writings reveal that Franz Kafka was a regular movie-goer and a dedicated fan of the popular films of his time. His 1927 novel *Amerika* (*the Man Who Disappeared*) is filled with images that reflect the stylistic choices of early expressionism which later influenced film noir: Brunelda, a feisty sexualized female character, is a dramatic figure of star quality; we can imagine her as a mysterious and dangerous femme fatale of a film noir, and darkness and smoke (from cigarettes or cigars) constantly pervades rooms throughout the novel, thus creating an atmosphere fit for Hollywood. As we might note, cinematic beauties of film noir, such as Gloria Grahame and Mary Astor, were defined as beautiful for their thin, sleek figures; however, one of the most highlighted and displayed aspects of Kafka's Brunelda is her largeness. Here we encounter a fascinating literary adaptation of early expressionist stylistic choices—a radical retelling and reusing of film conventions meant to challenge social expectations of beauty.

Why were such changes made in the way beauty is portrayed? I intend to argue that Kafka translates the conventions of early expressionism (which develops into film noir) from the screen to the text, and in doing so he subverts the cinematic definition of beauty by associating Brunelda with iconic femme fatales, thus challenging the popular definition of beauty.

In her essay "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema" Laura Mulvey argues that in film women are often portrayed as objectified and sexualized, thus making them the subject of the patriarchal *gaze* (Mulvey). Her theories about gender are helpful when analyzing Brunelda: sometimes we see only portions of Brunelda or her "fragmented body" (Mulvey 2089), she is depicted through a cinematic image that predates Hollywood images of "the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s" (2089), and she is often what Mulvey terms the "bearer" of *scopophilia*, a term she defines as the pleasure of looking (2086-9). However, one of the most fascinating things about Brunelda is she not a "silent image" for projected male "fantasies" (2085-86); instead, she maintains the powerful phallic presence associated with males while subverting the usual gender dynamic. I will use brief allusions to *The Big Heat* (1953), a film directed by Fritz Lang that portrays the classical cinematic image of the femme fatale, an archetype that later pervades the general Hollywood scene in the development of film noir. With Mulvey's theories about gender and film in mind, this essay will explore Kafka's use of cinematic imagery in the novel.

First, let us turn our attention to Kafka's fascination with film. It is important to note that while Kafka was writing *Amerika*, he was a regular movie-goer. As Hanns Zischler suggests, "The shock of the moving picture... gives Kafka cause to reflect" (9). In fact, we might even feel as though we are watching a film rather than reading a novel. As Carolin Duttlinger suggests in her essay "Visual Pleasure—Disciplining Vision," "*Der Verschollene* is profoundly influenced by Kafka's autobiographical reflections on the technical media and their impact on the stance of the observer" and "Film is closely associated with the conception of the novel..." (63). Duttlinger's study shows us how Kafka was in fact aware of and interested in film and the cinematic experience. Therefore, he was quite possibly translating the conventions of early expressionist films from the screen to the text. One of the novel's prevalent themes is vision and perception. As Duttlinger points out, "Kafka's personal fascination with new sights and spectacles is both reflected and refracted in his protagonist, Karl Rossman. Karl's role in the text is above all that of an observer; his access towards reality is predominantly visual rather than analytical" (70). Although Duttlinger does not directly reference Mulvey's theory, the diction used, such as "visual pleasure" (79), might allude to or remind us of her theory.

In Kafka's novel, Karl, the seventeen-year-old main character, immigrates to America from Germany. After already overcoming many comical obstacles, he is talked into staying as a servant in Brunelda's apartment, which is also where two other young men, Delamarche and Robinson, live and serve Brunelda. Here we encounter a comical humanist hierarchy with Brunelda at the top. We can take the theme of visual observation a step further by noting the overall *scopophilia* within the apartment: Karl, Delamarche, and Robinson control the male gaze, the narrator intensely focuses the attention on Brunelda's body, and our (the reader's) voyeuristic gaze confirms her place in the spotlight. In fact, Karl's gawking follows a particularly sexualized passage: Delamarche "...undid a couple buttons, and opened her dress out, so that her throat and some of her bosom were revealed..." (Kafka 151). As Duttlinger points out, "Although [Karl] is imprisoned in Brunelda's flat, he can look down at the surrounding street from the balcony..." with the "potential for visual pleasure and entertainment" (79). Her analysis of Brunelda's balcony as an opportunity for viewing pleasure is all the more helpful when exploring the voyeuristic gaze.

Brunelda, however, is quite comically portrayed. She is depicted as larger-than-life: she is a retired opera singer, she shouts out commands, and her size (her body) cannot be controlled by the boys. The boys are forced to bathe Brunelda, and in this scene there is sense of urgency to get the job done before she lashes out. In the passage "Robinson was bustling about here and

there, with a worried expression on his face, now he was carrying a towel, now a bucket of water, now sundry items of clothing and underwear, and every time he passed Karl, he would nod in his direction to induce him to get up...” (Kafka 184) the bathing of Brunelda becomes a household event. The frantic rush to successfully clean her sounds more like a description of bathing a large zoo animal than a human being. Despite this comical (almost animalistic image) Kafka associates her with eroticism and beauty.

In Mulvey’s theory, eroticized women are often depicted through “close-ups” or “one part of a fragmented body” (2089). Brunelda is often portrayed through dismembered images of single body parts that can be only partially viewed. The scene where Robinson and Delamarche bathe Brunelda is quite comical and entertaining, but it is also a key part of the novel that displays her as eroticized. As Kafka’s narrator observes, “You could see Brunelda’s head, her bare throat—the hair had just been pushed into her face—and the nape of her neck, over the chests of the drawers, and Delamarche’s raised hand waving in and out of view, holding a liberally dripping bath sponge, with which Brunelda was being scrubbed and washed” (Kafka 184). Although the bathing scene recalls a comical image, her partially viewed body parts create an image of mystery and eroticism. In Fritz Lang’s film *The Big Heat*, the femme fatale, Debbie, played by Gloria Grahame, is portrayed through similarly dismembered images. For instance, we only see a partial view of Debbie’s face while she hides the other side that has been burned. Although this film was created after Kafka’s novel, the eroticism of this image is similar to the eroticism Kafka uses when describing Brunelda. Now, the main difference is that (like the femme fatales of all film noir) Debbie is thin while Brunelda is large.

What might Kafka be doing here? What is he doing with the usual conventions of beauty in film? In the scene where we meet Debbie she is what Mulvey would call an “erotic spectacle” (2088) of the film. As Mulvey suggests, “The presence of a woman is an indispensable element of spectacle in normal narrative film, yet her visual presence tends to work against the development of a story-line, to freeze the flow of action in moments of erotic contemplation (2088), a phenomenon she terms *diegesis*. Debbie’s stage direction is an example of the film *diegesis* Mulvey describes. For instance, she stops in front of the mirror to admire her own figure. This scene is an example of *diegesis* because she puts herself on display: she stands up on the couch as the focal point, the “flow of action” (2088) stops when she stares into the mirror, and the white dress she wears flatters her figure. Such costuming makes Debbie stand out, thus illustrating Mulvey’s theory of women as erotic spectacles. Brunelda is often the cause of (shall we say “textual” *diegesis*); for example, her star quality freezes the flow of the novel. During the bathing scene everything stops: the boys must stop everything they are doing to bathe her, she shouts out com-

mands, and we as readers also pause to take in the absurdity of the scene.

Another interesting element to note about *The Big Heat* is how the contrast of lightness and darkness makes Debbie the *spectacle*, which heightens the pleasurable sensation of voyeurism. Kafka also uses the motif of darkness, something that later becomes a telltale stylistic choice of film noir. For instance, the narrator says, “Inside it was pitch black. The curtain over the balcony door—there were no windows—hung down to the floor and was barely translucent, but in addition the way the room was cluttered with furniture and had clothes hanging everywhere contributed to its darkening” (Kafka 152). Inside this darkness, as though the classical cinematic *femme fatale*, is Brunelda. As Karl and Delamarche enter the dark apartment, the narration continues: “On the sofa lay the woman who had been looking down from the balcony earlier. Her red dress had become a little rucked, and a great twist of it hung down to the floor, you could see her legs almost to the knee, she was wearing thick white woollen stockings and no shoes” (151), which is a cinematic and sexualized portrait of Brunelda. Her red dress is very cinematic: a token trademark used as a signifier for sexuality. Robinson describes a scene when Brunelda comforts him: “...Brunelda came out in her red dress—that’s one that suits her best if you ask me—watched me awhile, and finally said: ‘Little Robinson, why are you crying?’ Then she picked up her skirts and dried my eyes on the hem. Who knows what more she would have done if Delamarche hadn’t shouted for her, and she didn’t have to go back inside at once” (155). This passage shows us how Brunelda’s red dress is used as a signifier of sexuality, and it is often the subject of intense focus. Her red dress stands out in the dark apartment, thus recalling the cinematic costuming of film noir where the *femme fatale* is almost always in fancy and sexualized clothing that makes her stand out. Although expressionism and film noir are always in black and white, we can easily imagine the *femme fatale* costumed in red because this color often symbolizes sexuality, lust, and danger. However, the striking bright red of Brunelda’s dress disrupts the default cinematic mode of black and white by assigning a particular color to the attire of the mysterious *femme fatale*, something that now allows Brunelda to stand out from behind the smokiness and shadows.

The darkness of the apartment, to return to Mulvey’s theory, highlights the theme of sexual voyeurism. As she suggests, “At first glance, the cinema would seem to be remote from the undercover world of the surreptitious observation of an unknowing and unwilling victim” and “...the extreme contrast between the darkness in the auditorium (which also isolates the spectators from one another) and the brilliance of the shifting patterns of light and shade on the screen helps to promote the illusion of voyeuristic separation” (Mulvey 2086). The darkness in Brunelda’s apartment plays a role in her cinematic sex-

uality and heightens the element of voyeurism: the darkness creates a contrast that highlights Brunelda and puts her on an imaginary movie screen, it makes it seem as though Karl and Delamarche are each alone, and makes it seem as though Brunelda is unaware of their gaze. As Mulvey suggests, “Although the film is really being shown, is there to be seen, conditions of screening and narrative conventions give the spectator an illusion of looking in on a private world” (2087). However, such a voyeuristic daydream is broken right away when Brunelda speaks. As the narration indicates, “Just then a tired voice in mild and gentle tones inquired from within: ‘Delamarche?’” (Kafka 150).

The narration indicates that Brunelda is the epitome of sexuality; in fact, her apartment even enhances the possibilities of voyeurism. For example, there is the presence of curtains (often a signifier of sexuality because they act as a flimsy erotic barrier), Delamarche and Brunelda display their erotic affections (often leaving a chance for voyeurism), and Brunelda seems to feed into the theme of voyeurism because she is more sexual when she knows Karl and Robinson are watching. She says, “Delamarche, I can’t stand this heat, I’m on fire, I must take my clothes off, I must bathe, send those two others away, anywhere you like, the corridor, the balcony, just out of my sight” (152). Her commands indicate that Karl and Robinson must only be out of *her* sight, but she does not specify that she must remain out of *their* sight. Their location in the corridor or on the balcony would give them what Mulvey calls an “illusion of looking in on a private world” (2087), which contributes to voyeurism. However, Karl takes the theme of voyeurism and makes it quite comical (yet another cleverly subverted aspect). For instance, instead of the curtains acting as an erotic barrier between Karl and the woman, he gets himself tangled up in them. As the narrator says, “Numb with exhaustion, Karl crawled off his pile [of curtains], and slowly went over to the French window, a bit of curtain material had wrapped itself round his foot, and apathetically he dragged it along with him” (Kafka 153). These scenes, among others, contribute to the subversion of film stereotypes that later become Hollywood stereotypes.

As this study has explored, Kafka’s *Amerika: (the Man Who Disappeared)* aims to subvert the cinematic expectations and definition of beauty. The question that Kafka leaves us with is: how might cinematic productions define beauty and how can these expectations be redefined? Kafka’s *Amerika* seeks to rework and rewrite the original expectations of beauty as defined in early expressionist films, an image later solidified in film noir. Although Brunelda is portrayed through comedy, her characterization shows she is very *different* from the usual cinematic images of beauty. Kafka ultimately challenges the conventional view of beauty: who says Brunelda is not beautiful as well?

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Re-visions of Madness in the Tradition of *Lear*

Marc Cioffi

The countless adaptations based on the plays of William Shakespeare occur in a longer tradition of borrowing and recreating. Many of Shakespeare's own works consist of clever adaptations in which he closely followed (dangerously close by today's conception of plagiarism) previous works in order to expand on what he saw as material with great potential for the stage. The creative process of re-writing allowed Shakespeare to invest his efforts in unearthing psychological variety and depth in archetypal characters, and enabled him to mine his sources for moments of overlooked or understated conflict. By digging into these sources, Shakespeare exhumed the key literary attributes that would make productions uniquely his, but also memorable and pervasive, or, as Ben Jonson famously put it, "for all time." Whatever we understand Shakespeare's intentions to have been, and whatever opinions we have of the sources of his work (which, because of his prowess, are largely unread except for academic purposes), the simple fact that there was an occasion for re-telling stories creates an implicit, and sometimes unintentional, commentary upon the source text, or the "hypotext" as defined by Gérard Genette (Sanders 161). The production of a new text, what Genette calls the "hypertext," does not simply replace the former story—it does not end with the new telling effacing the old, but evokes a tradition which urges the reader to *look back* and reconsider the hypotext. The original text is imbedded in the adaptation and can never be forgotten or removed. It is especially at the points where the new text deviates from the old that the most significant and interesting aspects of adaptation occur (Sanders 20).

Entertainment value and psychological expansion are the more obvious outcomes of Shakespeare's own adaptations. What has emerged *from* Shakespeare's plays in the past 400 years is much more varied: homage, imitation, and even "indigenization," a re-telling in which a story's temporal and geographic contexts have been relocated closer to the audience's own. There is also a more devious side to adaptation, where authors re-tell in order to overthrow, correct, or subvert ideas from the original text, or to reshape the history of thought which has emerged from a particular work.

A fascinating variation of adaptation is one that gives voice to formerly neglected characters. Such is Jane Smiley's 1991 novel *A Thousand Acres*, which sets Shakespeare's great tragedy, *King Lear*, in rural Iowa in the late 1970s, told from the perspective of Goneril's contemporary parallel, Ginny. The division of a kingdom, the tragedy's impetus, is re-imagined as the divi-

sion of the patriarch's prosperous farmland among his three daughters. In her re-telling, Smiley performs an investigation of the nuances in Shakespeare's play and offers a critique of its traditional reading, but she also presents a cogent commentary on the farming practices of late twentieth-century farmers. This particular commentary evolves over the course of Smiley's novel as an extremely compelling and harrowing case for eco-feminism. Some might claim this is the most pertinent value of Smiley's work. But, for our purposes here, at a Symposium concerning adaptation and appropriation, I will be addressing a more enduring value of her work, identifying it as a text which engages with the larger tradition of telling and re-telling stories, and proposing that it has the virtue of encouraging the reader to return to the original text and reconsider the lengthy tradition which has followed.

Smiley herself says that she "wanted to communicate the ways in which [she] found the conventional readings of *King Lear* frustrating and wrong," and that her "acceptance of [Shakespeare's] tragedy was pro forma, the response of a good girl and a good student" (Smiley, "Shakespeare in Iceland" 160-1). She creates an opportunity for herself to "write back" to Shakespeare and invent a context which rationalizes the seeming cruelty of Goneril and Regan and redeems the story of its misogynistic assumptions by answering the very question posed by Shakespeare's patriarch: "Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?" (3.6.76-7). In setting out to answer this question, Smiley does much more than adopt a skeleton for a story. Her act of writing is itself a response to the play; by empowering Goneril's character with a first-person narrative, "a conscious effort is made to give a voice, and in turn a set of comprehensible motives, to characters either marginalized on, or completely absent from, the Shakespearean stage" (Sanders 141). Therefore, although set in twentieth-century Iowa, Smiley's appropriation of Shakespearean material inevitably establishes her work as one which comments upon its literary source.

It is with the theme of madness that Smiley's role as commentator becomes pivotal. A comparison of her depiction of madness reveals much about her discontent with the original play and her intentions of engaging with the larger tradition. Based on Smiley's re-vision of madness and how it acts in the lives of her characters, one can develop an understanding of how adaptations not only challenge their sources, but can also change a reader's experience with and understanding of the hypertext.

Smiley's depiction of Larry Cook, Lear's twentieth-century counterpart, comes in the embodiment of a farmer widower who is hard-working in the fields but cold, distant, and largely removed in regards to his daughters. His daughter Ginny, Goneril's twentieth-century counterpart, declares at the start of her narration of the novel, that her "father's opposition was like a natu-

ral force” (Smiley, *A Thousand Acres* 8). In Smiley’s novel, the storm that has for centuries corresponded with Lear’s interior turmoil and chaotic struggle toward redemption now describes a grumpy farmer’s “opposition.” Smiley’s language evokes and is somewhat faithful to her source text, yet she subtly influences the reader’s expectations. What was formerly a scene of passion is now a stubbornness no more predictable than the weather

In Shakespeare’s *King Lear*, the storm and Lear’s descent into madness are supplemented with inspiring word play. The scenes of madness contain some of Shakespeare’s most memorable and quotable lines:

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulfurous and thought-executing fires
...
Singe my white head!
...
Crack nature’s molds, all germens spill at once
That makes ingrateful man!” (3.2.1-9)

Recognize the correspondence between Lear’s psyche and his environment: the storm which rages in the sky “singes” his head, and the lightning is “thought-executing.” The patriarch’s rage begins as a frenzied, but extremely well-articulated, tirade which the aged king directs at the overwhelming forces of nature which threaten to consume him. Shortly after this initial outburst, Lear states, “When the mind’s free, / The body’s delicate.” This suggests a revelation, a psychological apex which contrasts with the physical nadir of old age (3.4.11-2). Shakespeare’s road to madness is lined with such thought-provoking language and puns. Thus, the madness of Lear is, from its early stages, concerned with more than the deterioration of the mind, but the exploration of it. Lear ponders “This tempest in [his] mind”—there is a direct correspondence between Lear’s interior landscape and his external environment; he believes what he sees is a vision of what is occurring in his mind, a vision of himself. As narcissistic as this seems, it is the reality proposed by the play: the storm *is* Lear’s madness, a symbolic climax of an over-inflated ego punctured and burst by the beaks of his “pelican daughters.”

Smiley’s depiction of madness, while provocative and emotionally appealing, is not the same brand of madness; there is no epiphany, recovery is questionable, and it is certainly not inspiring. Rather, it is an uncomfortable depiction of angry and confused old man being just that: no more, no less. Preceding the retired farmer’s aimless and angry stumble through the storm, Ty, the Duke of Albany’s true-blue farmer twentieth-century counterpart,

converses with a fellow farmhand about the impending storm. Smiley quietly undermines the dramatic anticipation of the reader who is familiar with *Lear* by making the storm the topic of small talk, and by making it an event that serves purposes beyond those of the patriarch—in other words, rain is *good* for a farm.

While Shakespeare indicates a progression toward madness with puns and emotional outbursts, Smiley is more reticent. The anticipation she provides is spare and in no way does the text propose that the storm is something that should be identified with Larry. The storm is an event others in the community follow on television, something that is, essentially, a matter of public concern. Thus, the storm in Smiley's adaptation is not a phenomenon reserved for the symbolic needs of the patriarch: it is an event the novel's marginal community is tuned in to without any knowledge of Larry's psychological situation.

As the storm begins, Larry berates his daughters for being ungrateful toward him and taking advantage of his retirement. Lear's hauntingly eloquent and damning curse of Goneril translates into a moment of vulgarity, the likes of which is usually saved for the locker room. Larry shouts at Ginny, "You don't have to drive me around anymore, or cook the goddamned breakfast or clean the goddamned house...Or tell me what I can and what I can't do. You barren whore!...But you're not really a woman, are you? I don't know what you are, just a bitch, is all, just a dried-up whore bitch" (181). The effect of Larry's crudity is quite different from Lear's cursing Goneril with sterility. The common reading of *King Lear* encourages the reader/viewer to stand behind Lear, to sympathize with the one "more sinned against than sinning" (3.2.60). Conversely, Larry's tirade in Smiley's novel depicts a man whose angry passion has surpassed rationality. His sequence of insults simultaneously lacks Shakespearean eloquence and, in the context of the narrative, appears ridiculous in its degree of insult. A compound insult like "dried-up whore bitch" is far less clever, and a more *childish* piling on of unrelated and inapplicable insults than Lear's invocation of "the goddess of Nature" to "Dry up in [Goneril] the organs of increase" (1.4.278).

The reader's reaction to a moment like this is significant to the experience created by an adaptation. Since it has a corresponding scene in the source text, the differences provide a *commentary* rather than mere alteration. Smiley's re-vision actualizes the curse of sterility Lear casts upon Goneril. Ginny's five miscarriages, devastating for any literary character, make her father's cruelty all the more poignant. And that's just what Smiley's re-vision does: by being faithful to the general plot of her source, the adaptation allows the reader to return to *King Lear* and see the cruelty of a father, to imagine pain rather than vindication on Goneril's face as her father storms away to

pursue her sister's hospitality, and to ultimately see Lear as a "selfish, demanding, humorless, self-pitying" old man (161).

Larry's ensuing trial through the storm occurs outside of Smiley's narrative. The daughters are left unaware of what occurs to Larry in the storm, and what goes through his head. By situating the narrative through the eyes of the patriarch's daughter, Smiley gives us a glimpse of what Goneril and Regan might have experienced throughout the course of *King Lear*. Motives and intentions which are, in Shakespeare's play, ignored, marginalized, or subdued, are given a leading role without sacrificing fidelity to the larger plot of the source text. And so, through Smiley's adaptation, the opening love test can be re-seen as an act of appeasement rather than flattery, the daughters' thankless exile of their father now results from a grumpy farmer's stubbornness, and a scene of epiphany and madness becomes an old man's temper tantrum.

When Larry enters the storm, he exits the narrative. The scenes that dominate Shakespeare's play as the climax of action are absent from this novel. The reader and the daughters are left to dwell on a comment made by Rose, the novel's contemporary depiction of Regan: "This has got to be senility... or Alzheimer's" (181). The novel certainly makes it seem so. This mundane replacement for Lear's extravagant and epiphanic episode may seem like an unfounded and disappointing feminist reversal. However, the change is not made without meaning. The scene of madness in the storm is the fountain of attraction for Shakespeare's play. Not only is the language engaging and memorable, but the investigation of the unknown and frightening depths of the human mind is a topic of perpetual appeal. And *King Lear* has claims to being the primary text associated with that very investigation in western literature *because* of the scene in the storm. When Smiley removes this from her plot, when she pushes it into the margins of her novel, when she forces it off-stage, just as Shakespeare did to the voices of Lear's daughters, she dis-empowers the king by withholding the source of his attraction. Smiley's omission is no mistake. By distancing the episode of madness from her narrative, Smiley deliberately denies the patriarch his grandeur. In doing so, she significantly inhibits the reader's opportunity to sympathize with that madness.

Rose's mention of dementia and Alzheimer's triggers associations of old age and incompetence in the contemporary reader's mind. Without changing the general events which precipitate the patriarch's madness, Smiley successfully questions its quality. If there is depth to Larry's madness, if it is more than Alzheimer's, Ginny and Rose are unaware. Michel Foucault claims dementia is a state of mind *beyond* which "a personality can never completely disappear" (28). If we consider Larry's brand of madness to be dementia, according to Foucault's definition, the personality cannot be restored. Thus, the potential for the redemption of Smiley's patriarch is questionable.

When the redemption of the patriarch has gone beyond question, the effect and the quality of the story's depiction of madness are utterly changed. Just as T.S. Eliot suggests, that "when a new work of art is created [something] happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it," with this recent voice in the tradition of Shakespearean adaptation, the understanding of the tragedy of *King Lear* itself has been reshaped, and, after engaging with Jane Smiley's *A Thousand Acres*, one can never return (38).

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Luhrmann's Postmodern Shakespeare

Katie De Launay

Baz Luhrmann reinvented William Shakespeare's best-known play for his 1996 film *William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet*. However, he did more than update the star-crossed lovers for the nineties. Luhrmann's appropriation of the play situates Shakespeare's story not just in the time contemporary to its viewers but also in the context of the contemporary movement of postmodernism. The postmodern elements allow Luhrmann to expose the film's self-consciousness and its position within a larger framework of Shakespeare, film, and popular culture, and to engage in a conversation with the audience about *their* conception of Shakespeare.

Luhrmann reveals two "Shakespeares," which I will refer to as Shakespeare the Playwright and Shakespeare the Phenomenon. Shakespeare the Playwright is the man in his own time, the entertainer from Stratford-upon-Avon. This identity encompasses both the production of his work—the actual work Shakespeare did—and the social, historical, and literary contexts that acted upon him. Shakespeare the Phenomenon is his presence after his time, the force that infiltrates every layer of our culture from academia to advertising, from high culture to slapstick. It includes Shakespeare as a deity of the literary world and the reduction of Shakespeare to a meme. Shakespeare the Phenomenon is the abstraction of the human Shakespeare. In this form, his words, his image, and his name take on an unrivaled level of cultural capital. Shakespeare the Phenomenon is so imbedded in our Western culture that one may have never read a word of Shakespeare's but would nonetheless undoubtedly know the story of *Romeo and Juliet*. In Luhrmann's *Romeo + Juliet* we encounter both the Playwright and the Phenomenon. The film's self-awareness as a work about its own engagement with Shakespeare justifies the film's validity as an appropriation of Shakespeare by exposing the abstraction of Shakespeare and replacing that abstraction with the Playwright.

Luhrmann's film expresses postmodernity in a number of ways. It is, in itself, a metafilm: It contains another story within it, exposes its own fictionality, acknowledges its filmic conventions, and interacts with its viewers. *Romeo + Juliet* is not a mere performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, the play; it *contains* the Shakespearean story. On one level, Luhrmann's film takes the general plot and the dialogue to use as a template for his own vision. On another level, the film makes specific, defamiliarized references to the parent text. These allusions to the hypotext make the distance between it and Luhrmann's hypertext noticeable. That is, the very act of recalling the previous work makes evident

the innate separation between hypo- and hypertext. Luhrmann's version is its own work while incorporating another.

Most significant of the metafilmic qualities is the movie's self-reference; that is, it references its condition of being a film and an appropriation via allusions to Shakespeare, such as the Globe Theater pool hall. The "Wherefore, L'amore" billboard and the close-ups on the brand names of the guns—Rapier, Sword, Daggar—all make obvious the connections between the play and the film, and between Shakespeare the Playwright and the film. They are not replications but translations. Details of perfect correspondence hold less significance than allusions to Shakespeare, his work, and his time.

The fact that the film's full title is *William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet* ironically highlights the act of appropriation. The author of the source text is named explicitly and given ownership, yet the story has been uniquely appropriated. While Luhrmann could have simply borrowed the title *Romeo and Juliet*, he instead modernizes the "and" to the symbol of a plus sign and Shakespeare's name is attached. The addition of "*William Shakespeare's*" is ironic considering the drastic alterations and the atypical use of "+." The omission of "and" may seem to be an insignificantly minor change, but it was deliberate, and any change to a title deserves close examination. The "+" is reminiscent of teen culture and the image of lovers' initials carved into a tree. With that simple alteration, the tile represents the nature of Luhrmann's appropriation in the most fundamental way: He took Shakespeare's story and changed it to better connect to his audience. The addition of "*William Shakespeare's*" is also an acknowledgment of the film's role as a hypertext and its position within a larger context of texts.

Luhrmann's film also acknowledges itself through allusions beyond *Romeo and Juliet*. It references filmic moves of different genres, best highlighted in the Western-esque gas station shoot-out (Walker 133). Comedy, drama, and action movies, the Western, and the local news all intersect in the film. As Luhrmann changes the style or pace of the film, he calls for the audience to change their view (Walker 133). In this way, Luhrmann requires an active audience. His "cinematic tricks" as well call attention to the film's self-awareness (Walker 134). The cinematography does not aim for realism. On the contrary, it does not let the viewers forget they are watching a movie by emphasizing "quintessentially 'filmic' and 'theatrical' elements," such as zooming in, speeding up and slowing down, aerial shots, quick camera movements or whip pans, varying camera angles, and so on (Walker 133).

The movie becomes self-conscious and interacts with its viewers from the very start. It begins and ends with a television, set far back in the blank, black void of the real-life screen. It comes closer, filling more and more of the negative space. The viewers are explicitly shown that they are watching

something far removed from their reality, something separate. The movie invites viewers to play the role of audience. Viewers are then visually *pulled* into the television set and into a movie trailer-like montage of images and words, quick pans from the cityscape to a towering religious statue, newspapers, a helicopter, and so on. The visuals do not show the story in a realistic, chronological manner; they show the story in a manner exclusive to film.

As I have already noted, Luhrmann's *Romeo + Juliet* recalls its own parent text and other film and television genres. As a highly intertextual work, it engages with past and contemporary texts and cultural and artistic elements. Obviously, it most heavily engages with its hypotext *Romeo and Juliet*, but it also engages with Shakespeare and his work in general. The film "pays homage to other Shakespearean works" through references like the a store on the beach named "The Merchant of Verona Beach," the pool hall called "The Globe," and the local cleaners, "Out, Out Damn Spot Cleaners" (Martin 43). The movie addresses the subject of being part of the cultural context of Shakespeare, entwined with Shakespeare on a non-linear path where the new and old overlap in a way that defies chronology.

The film is also informed by non-textual samples of meaning. For example, Juliet's mother is a "Southern Belle" and her father a "Mafia boss": two archetypal characters of distinct American culture, particularly movie culture (Hamilton 123). The film's setting presents a bricolage of images from contemporary urban America, religion, high and low culture (Hamilton 121). The cityscape is a modern mix of big business high-rises, decrepit apartment buildings, billboards and traffic, and an obtrusive religious statue looming over the city (Walker 137). The omnipresent, classical religious elements are also blended with something new: Father Lawrence sports tattoos and informal modern garb, and the church where Juliet is laid to rest is full with gaudy neon crosses. In the Capulets' house, Edwardian architecture meets contemporary decorating (Walker 137). The guests at the Capulets' party bridge high and low culture, old and new through their costumes—from Cleopatra to a drag queen, a knight to an astronaut. However, keeping Shakespeare's words and transporting them to this contemporary, pop-culture world creates the ultimate bridge. Separate, the diverse elements of the setting are all familiar, but together they create something for which there is no original—a simulacrum (Giles 19).

The argument for a postmodern reading of *Romeo + Juliet* would not be complete without an examination of the stage in the movie. It is the best evidence of self-reference within Luhrmann's *mise-en-scène*. Weathered and old, it calls attention to the play within the play: *Romeo and Juliet* within *Romeo + Juliet*. It also calls attention to the change in medium, from stage to screen, and underscores the theatrical, simulated nature of the film. The postmod-

ern elements—intertextuality, self-reference, simulacra—work together to abstract the story and concretize the act of creation. Where typically the story and *mise-en-scène* are meant to become “real” for the viewers, Luhrmann creates a world where the story and *mise-en-scène* are blatantly unrealistic; his moves as a director are instead made real. He uncovers and brings to the forefront the work done behind the story—his own work and Shakespeare’s work.

Luhrmann does not destroy *Romeo and Juliet*; it lives on. Yet, many viewers are critical of what Baz has done with the Bard. Some have harshly criticized Luhrmann’s film for its infidelity and have dwelled on inconsistencies between Shakespeare’s and Luhrmann’s works, employing colorful terms such as “visually bizarre” and “exhausting” (Welsh 152; Maslin). However, in condemning revisions of Shakespeare, we neglect to recognize that Shakespeare was the ultimate appropriator. Luhrmann in many ways did what Shakespeare did himself, and it is naïve to think that Shakespeare intended his versions of ancient stories to be final and definitive.

Shakespeare, in his time, created popular culture. Luhrmann follows in the footsteps of Shakespeare as a fellow appropriator and creator of entertainment. What Luhrmann has done with Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet* closely resembles what Shakespeare did with his source texts. Not only do the playwright and director reinvent preexisting plots, but both also aim for popularity. Luhrmann recognized a shared goal between Shakespeare and himself; both sought to reach large and diverse audiences (Giles 16). And, sure enough, both did.

Luhrmann also wanted to create something uniquely “separate” from previous versions that simultaneously brought Shakespeare’s story back to its original state of passion and energy (Giles 19). Indeed, Lucy Hamilton argues that the excess and gaudiness of Luhrmann’s film mirror the carnivalesque feasts and celebrations, and the comic and crude language, the passion and violence in so many of Shakespeare’s plays (120). She describes Luhrmann’s vision of the film as “returning to the play’s roots,” and Luhrmann describes the film as “addressing the original Shakespeare,” (120). The self-reference of his work also parallels Shakespeare’s in that Shakespeare’s works also demonstrate self-consciousness (Walker 133). Shakespeare made famous the play within the play. He frequently referenced “the creative activity of playwright, performer, and spectator” (133). In this light, Luhrmann’s film is uniquely his own and uniquely Shakespeare.

Luhrmann’s *Romeo + Juliet* explores both Shakespeare the Playwright in his time and Shakespeare the Phenomenon. Luhrmann’s concern with Shakespeare as playwright is more thoughtful than a line-for-line performance, or literal translation from one time period to another. The film artfully defamiliarizes Shakespeare as cultural capital to shed light on the tradition

of appropriation that Luhrmann upholds. As a strikingly self-conscious and intertextual work, it is a film about being an appropriation of Shakespeare. It is not just the next remake of *Romeo and Juliet* that comes after the last; it does not claim to sit on a linear path of temporally shifting meaning. It reinforces its own *entanglement* with Shakespeare and other cultural forces.

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Text and Not: Ian Pollock's Graphic Novel Performance of
King Lear

Kelly Morehead

How do we, students of English studies, know William Shakespeare? First and foremost, we study — are inculcated with the idea of — Shakespeare as an author of written texts, the King of the Canon. In his own time, however, Shakespeare was primarily a King's Man, a producer, actor, and writer of *performances*. In fact, he seemed to have little interest in publishing those plays we pore over and debate: perhaps the result of early modern concepts of intellectual property, he was likely not directly involved in the publication of his plays; only after his death were his original copies of his plays collected to produce The First Folio in 1623 (McDonald 196, 203).

Why, then, do some scholars, like Esther Jackson, believe that Shakespeare's drama "is so conceived that it is more appropriately read than seen as theater" (25)? Surely, though exceptional feats of language, Shakespeare's plays were made for performance? According to Esther Jackson, that "disturbing" scholarly consensus originates from the idea that Shakespeare's "poetic vision" remains beyond translation to a concrete form. As she puts it, we do not possess the "grammar" required for such translation, especially for the translation of the complicated and ambiguous tragedies. Nonetheless, she argues such a grammar can and did once exist: the "plastic grammar" that tragedy demands is a "complex of idea, sound, gesture, costume, setting, and highly inferential suggestion" (25). Because of the fluxes in Western epistemological moods and paradigms following the early modern era (from the Age of Reason to the Enlightenment to the Romantic era and so on), fluxes which were consequently echoed in art forms such as English theater, she suggests we have lost the means by which to satisfactorily translate Shakespeare's plays into theatrical language, one with a "plastic" grammar.

I would like to investigate Jackson's thesis by looking at one play in particular that has faced profound controversy in performance: *King Lear*, Shakespeare's so-called "most maligned play for the stage" (French 523). Jackson asserts that *Lear's* lack of theatrical success is actually the result of the theater's failure "to accept Shakespeare's image in the full context of its meaning" (26). A rational, late-seventeenth-century rewrite like Nahum Tate's happy-ending version, for example, denies *Lear* its own ambiguity and thus establishes its rigid grammar, not permitting the play the plastic grammar it requires in order to adequately translate the complexities of early modern culture or the genre of tragedy in which it was written by Shakespeare, even

though in his revisions Tate aimed to resolve what neoclassicists saw as the play's need for moral certainty.

Following Tate's unsatisfactory rewrite, Romantic critics Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor Coleridge chimed in on the growing debate surrounding the issue of performing *Lear*. They critique the play through the lens of their own period's preoccupations: in this case, the Romantics' idealization of genius, poetry, the individual imagination, and the sublime. In other words, Lamb and Coleridge privilege Shakespeare's status as an author — *the author* — of texts. Lamb of course finds *Lear* and, moreover, all Shakespeare's plays, best left to readers' imaginations. He asserts that the characters' intricacies remain unfit for translation to the concrete (Bradley 68). Similarly, Coleridge states that the plays are best left to the "imaginative faculty" (qtd. in Bradley 68). Even today, some critics still concur with the opinions of Lamb and Coleridge, including, famously, Harold Bloom.

Emerging from the persistent privileging of the text, two anxieties surround performance criticism of Shakespearean drama, particularly *King Lear*, according to R. A. Foakes in his article "Performance and Text: *King Lear*." First, critics often consider performance merely an "interpretative institution" or "another way of reading" (Worthen qtd. in Foakes 86). Second, "...on the one hand performance criticism may collapse back into another mode of critical reading and support the authority of the text, while on the other hand it may become a description or celebration of ways in which a play by Shakespeare has been adapted or reworked on stage in order to produce new meanings" (86). Undeniably, there is a conflict caused by the inability of criticism to maintain the authority of Shakespeare's text while also recognizing performance as a vehicle for interpretation. This conflict makes evident, again, our struggle to recognize and accept the paradoxes that are a quintessential element of Shakespeare's drama.

Foakes admits that he has no solution to offer for this critical problem, but he does highlight a feature of Shakespeare's drama that "offers authorial guidance without imposing authorial control": "In staging a play choices have to be made that limit interpretive possibilities, while at the same time they may produce new meanings, usually by contextualizing the action in relation to contemporary issues" (86). These choices are those of staging, since "Shakespeare's intentions for staging are not often apparent, and at many points... are finally unknowable...in truth Shakespeare leaves a great deal of freedom to the director, actors, and stage designer..." (87). Foakes claims that directorial choices are in fact often informed by the text, in that the vague or ambiguous elements of the text itself, such as the lack of stage directions, are what give directors the freedom of a number of interpretive routes. Further, this freedom insures Shakespeare's everlasting cultural relevance; because

his texts are malleable enough to be contoured to different cultures and contexts, we will continue to adapt them to fit those contexts. Therefore, in a way, neither text nor performance is complete without the other, yet the two can never be perfectly merged.

Even though the text itself informs directorial choices, in performance those choices — which embody few of many interpretive possibilities — inevitably take precedence over the poetry: “[The audience is] caught up in a shifting spectacle in which lines are spoken in rapid succession and resist analysis, while visual impressions have an immediate potency” (90). Some critics, as previously stated, unequivocally bemoan this fact. So, we have gone in a circle: there is still the issue of some scholars privileging text to performance, regardless of the merits or textual validity that performance may have. For them, a satisfactory translation of text to stage can never exist; in the act of translation we always lose some part of the original¹, and, for them, that loss cannot be compensated by the new significances we gain in return.

However, what if there were a medium in which the text and action were integrated more wholly than in stage performance, a medium that would create and mediate a dialectic between these dual modes of understanding the play, text and performance? Such a medium actually does exist; that medium is the graphic novel.

Based on their historically problematic translations to performance, Shakespeare’s plays seem exceptionally apposite to the graphic novel medium. The graphic novel, both text and not, presents an opportunity to preserve the text as text and to perform it at the same time. Further, the illustrative images, while static by design, are dynamic in action when they are joined with the text in the act of reading. Accordingly, graphic novels are not performances in and of themselves, but rather become performances through the act of reader engagement. This dynamism is also augmented by the fact that in illustration artists are capable of achieving visually a world without the constraints of physics, effects that are literally impossible to achieve in stage performance, such as using color and line to seamlessly blend a character into the background. The dynamic elements of graphic novels, perhaps, constitute the kind of “plastic grammar” Esther Jackson asserts that Shakespearean drama needs in order to effectively translate the text.

Yes, purists may say this hybrid graphic novel medium debases Shakespeare’s “poetic vision” even more reprehensibly than stage performance. The hybridity and innovation of the graphic novel, though, find legitimacy in facts that surround Shakespeare’s texts. All Shakespeare’s plays were in some fashion “dramatic experiments” since he freely adapted stories from other sources and genres (McDonald 90). Really, Shakespearean drama asks to be performed: while difficult to translate, these texts, though beautiful as writ-

ten texts, are still dramas, made for performance. Graphic novels, I argue, are capable of simultaneously presenting the text and performing it, unlike their theatrical counterparts.

To demonstrate the power a graphic novel wields in the realm of Shakespearean drama, let's examine an adaptation of Shakespeare's great, "unperformable" tragedy, *King Lear*. In 1984, Oval Projects commissioned Ian Pollock to illustrate an unabridged, graphic-novel version of the tragedy, and the result is striking: Pollock concocts a surrealist, hallucinatory watercolor nightmare world, and his characters only vaguely resemble humans, or even caricatures of humans. In this "performance," Pollock's eccentric drawing style, absurdist visual motifs, and conscious arrangement of text and images within frames emphasize his interpretation of the play's themes of uncertainty, absurdity, and foolishness while also presenting the text in such a way that his audience can appreciate the poetry for its intrinsic beauty and substance.

Pollock's drawing style is something like Cézanne meets *Ren and Stimpy*. In his adaptation he uses his surrealist techniques of perspective to "[depict] and [reify]" the supernatural undertone of the tragedy by creating characters that appear as grotesque oddities: "Pollock's characters are of various, protean, odd, and grotesque shapes, with Lear shaped approximately like Humpty Dumpty while his miniscule Fool most often perches somewhere on Lear's head or body; the Fool's own head size, in many panels, equals or exceeds that of his body" (Miller 134). Rocco Versaci notes that "characters are drawn in ways that emphasize their inner selves" (193). So, Lear's resemblance of a deranged Humpty Dumpty underscores the bumbling, senile, and maybe grotesque nature that underlies his supposedly kingly person. Further, Pollock uses watercolor and the absence of black defining lines to subtly blend the play's hideous characters into the frames' backgrounds, which generally consist of hazy colors that vaguely express location (castle, indoors v. outdoors) and sometimes emotion or tone. This blending may denote the haziness of characters' inner selves or the play's thematic concerns about "the importance of and problems with perception" and certainty (Versaci 193).

One problem with perception that exists as a corollary of the play's content is that it gives little indication of setting or the passage of time. Pollock's choice of background, then, is informed by Shakespeare's *Lear*. To resolve this issue of time and setting, instead of contextualizing the tragedy, Pollock decontextualizes it while also industrializing it, particularly in the confusing opening image labeled "Lear's Palace" — the two panels that make up the image contain merely an elevator and some seemingly superfluous steel supporting rods (see fig. 1). Although these images are not mimetic of any realistic world we know, they still communicate *Lear* accurately, since, as Pascal Lefèvre writes, "Stylized images may be less visually analogous to reality than

filmed images, but they can very effectively capture the essence of an object or a person” (Lefèvre 16). Certainly, the confusing images capture the essence of *Lear*’s textual and thematic uncertainty.

Overall, Pollock’s style effects confusion, uncertainty, and mild disgust in audiences. These reactions, of course, double once we connect Shakespeare’s text to the images at hand during the act of reading. For instance, in Act 1, scene 4, while Lear berates Goneril and calls upon nature to “convey sterility” into her womb, or, in the event she becomes pregnant, “create her a child of spleen,” the panel in which this speech occurs takes up over half a page. As a result, we see every minute detail in the close-up “shot” of Lear’s face in this panel (see fig. 2). Pollock stresses the frenzy behind Lear’s speech by composing the panel so that we can see every wiry hair, crooked tooth, and imperfection in his crazed, bug-eyed countenance as he curses Goneril. Moreover, this close up follows a three-panel sequence that depicts Lear stumbling, eyes bloodshot, and ranting at what he perceives as his daughter’s insolence.

While the design of panels such as these ones sets the way readers perceive the pace and speed of the performance — time in the play — to a certain degree, readers enact the performance and thus set the pace and speed of their reception of it. In this sequence (see fig. 2), the number of speech balloons (technically, speech boxes) is one element of the medium Pollock uses to set the pace of the scene, since dialogue must occur over a certain period of time. Lear’s multiple speech balloons, for example, may indicate pauses in his rants or addresses to other characters, such as the branching of the balloon “It may be so my Lord,” which he speaks to Albany, from the balloon beneath that continues his rant about Goneril to no one and anyone. Further, Pollock dissects Lear’s long speech by placing pieces of it in multiple speech balloons, which often begin with apostrophes and end with emphatic exclamations (34). These multiple balloons allow Pollock to interpret the scene as he sets the pacing of it by matching parts of the speech to images of Lear in different positions (see fig. 2). Lear’s different positions across panels, furthermore, indicate the passage of time, since readers are expected to string together the movement that takes place outside of the images and in the space between panels, “the gutter,” using inference and imagination (Uchmanowicz). As Scott McCloud states, “In learning to read comics, we all [learn] to perceive time *spatially*, for in the world of comics, *time and space are one in the same*” (100). Nevertheless, a reader can obviously choose to spend a significantly greater amount of time observing a scene like Act 1, scene 4 than the amount of time the reader perceives to pass in it. In the act of reading, consequently, the speech balloons, images, and shifts between panels together depict a dynamic scene. And, unlike in stage performance, the enactment

of the scene depends upon the reader's imaginative engagement with it; the reader's "imaginative faculty" thus becomes just as crucial as Shakespeare's in the performance of graphic novels. Therefore, the interaction between text and image, between individual panels, and between reader and performance achieve a dynamism here that stage performance cannot: the graphic novel performs the text (with the reader's influence), but at the same time audiences may linger on and reify any textual moment at their leisure.

Indeed, this one seems a good scene to linger on. The speech Lear makes about having a "thankless child," though performed through the relationship between text and image to appear crazed and pathetic in Pollock's interpretation, can be interpreted in a number of ways. We might also view Lear as cruel and callous, or hurt and pitiful. Pollock's interpretation falls somewhere on the spectrum between those two extreme ends of the scene's interpretive possibilities. Yet, if a reader were to decide to linger on the text, really ponder the metaphor of the "child of spleen," that reader may interpret the tone of Lear's speech and Lear's characterization differently than the graphic novel suggests one should. Unlike the experience of viewing a stage performance, in the experience of reading a graphic novel a reader may challenge certain directorial interpretations and compare and analyze the relationship between Shakespeare's text and the performance throughout the performance itself, instead of as an afterthought. For instance, in this same scene Lear refers to Goneril as a "creature" (34). Ironically, rotund Lear barely resembles a human as he flails around wildly, while Goneril, by comparison, looks oddly normal as she stands straight with her hands on her hips (see fig. 2). The contradiction stressed through Lear's ironic label of Goneril as the "creature" makes us question how to interpret both Lear's words and Goneril's character, though generally Pollock's version remains unsympathetic to Goneril. In fact, the dynamism of the graphic novel medium invites multiple interpretive possibilities in the same way that Shakespearean drama does, in that disjunctions, contradictions, and juxtapositions between what is seen and what is said are exactly what make graphic novels engaging and meaningful. Graphic novels, like Shakespeare, possess a plastic grammar.

Graphic novels, furthermore, possess one other characteristic that remains impossible to represent on stage: the ability to arrange text on the page using speech and thought bubbles. The visual rhetoric of graphic novels lies not just in the relationship between the meaning of text and the images, but also the arrangement of the text itself on the page. In Act 3, scene 2, for example, we see the Fool juggling three red balls — a motif throughout, perhaps symbolizing Lear's inept juggling of the love of his three daughters and the three pieces of his kingdom — while speaking to Lear during the storm (see fig. 3). In the following panel on that page, however, the Fool appears to be

juggling his own prophecy. The circular arrangement of that prophecy suggests some kind of circularity or balance between right and wrong, order and chaos, and reason and foolishness. As Carolyn S. French argues in her article “Shakespeare’s ‘Folly’: *King Lear*,” reason in *Lear* is two-fold; the seeds of reason exist in foolishness, and vice versa (525). The arrangement of text in this panel in particular, then, captures the essence of that two-fold reason. So, Ian Pollock’s use of the medium to “ground visually” thematic interpretations of Shakespeare is effective, and, accordingly, “the art shares the stage, as it were, with the text of Shakespeare’s play” (Versaci 196).

Graphic novels, therefore, improbably bridge the gap between text and performance. This bridge is made possible by the fact that in order for the graphic novel to perform, we must read the text, and in order to read the text as the medium asks us to, we must also enact the performance. I thus contend that Pollock’s performance contains the plastic grammar Shakespeare demands. Ultimately, it performs the “unperformable” *King Lear*.

Notes

- 1 Another issue, for another paper, is what constitutes the “original” to begin with, particularly in texts that vastly differ between quarto and folio versions, like *Lear*.

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IV | Poetry

Thunder Snow

David Appelbaum

The sound of glass shattering
then a blue shine far off, then nothing.

Then it was over.

When it opened and I was out
there was earth on my cheek
and air in my lungs.

Where I had gone was forever taken from me.
I was a child again unknowing
helpless to stem the blood of life.

I was lifted and bathed
by strangers who looked through me without blinking.

Words would come from the murmur.
I could not say how it was.

Then it was black.
I slept again in the arms of my dead mother.

When I woke, there was birdsong
a few low shrubs
and something called sky.

Invitatory

David Appelbaum

It was terrible, the clarity
of northern lights that scoured the trees
stripped bare in the work of snow.

How did I survive
in that purity, in dreams
that rebuilt the walls of my cell,
air whose breath denies you?

—The cold flare, a watch on fire
as you, the smallest thing, judge.

Then the fear gave way.
I walked on a crusted surface, falling
into my own form, rising, proceeding.
You gave no call to answer.

In that, I learned your vagaries.
Did I then see a life may fail,
made too wanting to be fertile?

Pachysandra

David Appelbaum

You are only the longing
that wants back what it seeks.

You seal the earth once friable
beneath a sheath of ice
so the boot heel leaves no mark.

The sun does not last the day
it bears glistening into being.

I have held out for you
in belief that you meant it so,
that your plaint of needs
would echo my constancy
as a disciple would hear it.

I cannot reach your lowest rung.
You have gathered all light
for another and death that sticks to it.

You leave only this—
beauty that yearns for my gaze
to fill the void once your heart.

for Scheherazade

Laurence Carr

Rumor has it
the Caliph never wanted to behead you.

He spread that gossip so
you'd leave him with cliffhangers
and come back the next night to deliver
Season Two Episode One

During his reign, he'd ordered and watched
countless executions and indulged
in countless orgasms from his pick of the harem—

but all this left him a little sad
a little empty
in their finality.

But you, O Virgin Queen
of the hand spun woven tale
always had one more to top the one
from the night before.

If you'd had the ability to write,
you'd have had a string of best sellers
Be the celeb author we all wish to be.

A book a year
with your name above the title
lying on every nightstand and beach towel.
An agent's dream.

But did you keep a secret?

That sometimes you felt
you didn't know where a story was going.
That you were making it up as you went long
and sometimes had to pull out an old
chestnut plot to build the action
or reverse the fortunes?

But what does it matter now?

No one can say it wasn't a great run.

The critics now would call it "A Must See!"

And in the alley by the stage door

where autograph hounds thrust

their programs in your face—

the price of fame—

did you ever see that young girl.

(We'll call her Eve.)

She's seen every performance.

You inspire her to someday

call herself a writer.

She wants to grow up to be you

and tell the 1002nd tale.

a hundred iridescents

Laurence Carr

cut to the bone
 the brittle heart mourns

it's missed the last train
 and will have to spend the night
on the wooden pew
 in the station waiting room
with no creature comforts

not even a weak coffee
 or a dog-eared Redbook

the stationmaster's gone home
 to a warm bed,
probably

and is this the day the clocks
 turn back time
to behold false youth in the pitted
 restroom mirror

flickering fluorescents
 the only connection to another life
the syncopated heartbeats
 of a generation
left in the lost and found box

with the unspoken umbrellas and
 a blind man's deadly night shades

Against Dawn

*In response to “Double Rape, Lynching in India Exposes Caste Fault Lines”
by Julie McCarthy*

Joann K. Deidicibus

It's been said that for mangoes red does not mean ripe.
Why then did they take you from that tree, age 12,
only to tie you back to its branches? Torn
fruit cannot be returned by its stem to its root.

Didn't they squeeze gently and feel you were not ready?
Couldn't they judge by touch that your cousin was, too,
green at age 14—flesh pressing against thumbs in protest.
The aroma of womanhood had not yet infused the fields of your bodies.

In this place, mint, dung, and ash tour the nostrils,
casting a noxious concoction of sweet necrosis.
How you dangled there from fallopian branches,
paisley eggs fashionably sashed, swaying alongside leaves.

“And when they cannot control us, they kill us,”
a woman said. To be suspended by men
is the only way to reach their height:
a dream of weightless feet floating against dawn.

First Snow

Joann K. Deiudicibus

White hush muffles
birdsong and car-whir.

Storm silence slows
slim veins of water, stills

branch-sway, weekend rush.
Banks rise: bodies breathing.

The glint of everything unsaid
stirs in the slippery dark.

Cryptids

Dennis Doherty

It only started with the wind. Movement somehow scintillant all around. Of course the eruption of dance in the maple and oak tops, their myriad leaves glinting and fizzing the air like pebbles and roar in surf, exactly. The wind took you there, simultaneous in time and place. The pond, too, fizzing about like schools of wee fish, alive with momentum, alert like eyes. You realized that we are never alone.

Up the trail, unpeopled – days hot as this you own the mountain, maybe a hundred degrees, though usually still and quiet, now a hot, living wind – you hear a loud thump on the ground and you stop. The skin on your scalp tightens and a chill runs through it, not of relief. What creature thumps the ground, voiceless? You quicken your pace, continue to climb, thinking that may be a mistake.

Above, you leave the trail, follow a deer run through blueberries along a crevasse facing the next peak, and pause. A new sound – this one clumsy, disorganized – a man. Better a bear or sasquatch, he's coming in your very footsteps off trail: people. What can he want? He doesn't call. You glare, then check the ground for a rock to brain him. At ten yards you flex and brace. He doesn't say hello, your fists at your hips, but steps right in front of you at the cliff. "Gorgeous View," he says. You lean forward and realize some kind of killer may lurk in these woods.

Legend Tripping

Dennis Doherty

All your life you've suspected that portal –
that place revealed in ephemeral dream,
harkened to music that could be a lie,
sensed beyond the membrane of mundane rooms:
some concoctable key, some road-strewn lance
to pierce the alchemy of *appears to be*.

You've been legend tripping since a prying
lad. Your sisters showed you evidence in
the sylvan verges along Salesian
High – bark-bound sticks and fairy dusted cave
dwellings, in the empty fall stalls of June
camp horses, still their nickering and champs
in pellucid air. The boathouse at the
witching hour. Took acid once and saw dead
Chubby, your dog. That was a long dark night.

In your full trip mode, a kid dissembled
onto the floor before you, knees to knees,
then re-collected himself, a genie
looming above and around, his sweaty
face absorbing all your vision. Were you
sixteen? Dark eyes projected intimate
emptiness – caressing, jerking off eyes.
Did he really kill a cat? His fingers
began to probe your muscles. You went home.

There in your house was not your house. A spell
of vague crime in the slumbering silence
impregnated your heart. Mother? Father?
Who are you? You sought the ritual balm
of familial motion – opened fridge,
checked the contents of drawers, strode across
the living room, and thought, okay, it's called
such because things live here, though you trembled,
and then a black tail whipped in the corner

and up the stairs of your perimeter. “Hey!”
you might have said. “Chubby?” You did. He climbed.

You thought, he is dead but here, and I am
his headstone in this drunken graveyard
which my friends have left, laughing, after dares.
Madness seemed a figure you’d always kind
of known. You suspected that your mind might
never straighten. It didn’t. Instead, it
cast itself forward into further crime.
Later, you’d die in a lover, have kids.

Clothes

Hong Sung-ran (*translated by Bella Dalton Fenkl*)

If I
were born again
I would be a butterfly

I would
cast off my jewels

take off my ragged clothes,
fold them, neatly,

and alight
on the spot
where that butterfly sat.

웃

다시
태어나면
나비가 되어 오리

장신구
내려놓고

누더기 벗어
개켜두고

저 나비
앉았던 자리
가만 올라앉으리

The Walk

Hong Sung-ran (*translated by Heinz Insu Fenkl*)

How long, the life of that ant who's come into the house?

And how far, its wandering, stumbling on that trodden leg?

There's eternity caught in-between its going and its looking back.

산책

인가에 나온 개미 한 마리 일생은 얼마일까
다리 밟혀 튕구는 몸은 얼마나 흘러갈까
가다가 되돌아본 사이 영원이 고여 있다

Big Two-Hearted Branch

Sparrow's Branch: Little South, Rolling Fork, Kentucky

*Words of H.R. Stoneback on 4/29/14 outside a gas-station, we were still in
Kentucky- Breathing-in the sacred air.*

Evan Hulick

We walk down to the river,
To the sacred stream,
Of baptismal waters,
On Jordan's shores,

From this river extends,
A sacred branch,
Clear, cold water
Flowing, glittering
In the sunlight,

The currents of the branch
Ebb and flow
In trickling streams
That bask in holiness
As the mosses flow,
This is a big two-hearted branch,
Its waters mingle in tiny sacred springs,
Upon the hard, smooth stones,
Formed by the Hand of God.

Canto I: *On Love*

Evan Hulick

All things bereft art dross, all bereft things, save love,
That wonder in their wandering
Beneath a brightening sun,
A sullen moon, with the stars, shining.
The soul alone can love,
The souls' powers' intermingling
In love's great Truth.

What is love?
Art it not splendor, art it not sacrifice?
True love, Divine love, filled with Grace,
Not only wrapped in flowers, but in thorns,
To pierce the wounds of mortal hearts,
Bleeding for the sake of the beloved.

For love bows,
It standeth not tall and proud...
It does not change the feeling
Of love's true ecstasy,
True Grace within the sight of God,
He Who lovest, He Who art, Infinity.

Ladderman

Frank Lemke

Strange ladder
 takes me higher

I'm climbing up
 but I'm going down

I grab the rungs
 and I crawl on the ground

I hold on tight
 to this nothing at all

It's all the same
 the rise is the fall

Strange ladder
 goes nowhere

Idea Theory

Frank Lemke

A lot of people
got a lot of bad ideas

And some people
got a couple good ideas

And most people
got no ideas at all

But sooner or later
we all get the wrong idea

Ricochet in White

Ann Lovett

Twinned tracks veer toward
the verge, punctuate a crumpled guardrail
and swerve back into traffic.

Trees disappear, footsteps fill
with snow—stay filled—like cups
at a dinner party where no one is drinking.

As if every empty space could be—
would be—erased. The day
after my mother died

no one said a word at dinner.
Forks clinked on porcelain. Knives
rested against the napkins' white folds.

Later it would seem that a hole
had opened, then closed
in the snowy road.

Even now, we barely speak. But
what I remember best
is the field's closed face,

the snap of ice breaking
as the river rushed
beneath our kitchen table.

Garden of Stay

Ann Lovett

Garden of stay,
don't stay, of finches
day by day,
tongued iris, dark-eyed
saffron-skirted poppies
grown wild

and broken by wind.
Swell and toss,
fern surf and bee
balm plumbed
by hummingbirds,

garden of drift
and sway,
 of taproot and stone,

of cushioned moss
and lilies like throated wounds,
the creep
of choking vines.

How a hawk's cry
can sweep the sky clean,
as breath can slice to the seed beneath.

 Go, don't go.
Eyes closed to insistent rain,
open to the blink
of a goldfinch
launching
into the space of a dying ash,
moths lifting like snow
from the damp grass.

A Hearse Is All Right

Jon Munk

I do not much mind to see
a hearse anymore.
A hearse is what it is.
A hearse is all right.

Now to me a hearse
on any shady cemetery drive
seems a kind of a sigh
before sleep.

I might be not quite old
but I have made goodbyes
so they are ready to say.
They wait like birds in a tree.

When I am at my time
a hearse will come, I know.
We can do a funeral,
nothing formal but final.

Anyway already I have had that ride.
Very young I lay flat
in the metal well beyond
the backseat of a giant car.

It was at least dark, perhaps late.
I was dead by then
and they were moving me
from place to place.

The road groaned below.
Perfectly alone I stared back
at a window draped over
by black, unending, loving night.

Listening to Henry Threadgill and Air

Jon Munk

Without piano rinky-dink
to trip him up

Henry gets down in his bag
to play the mincing midget thing

and pulsey dip and hot wince
and shag orange strut.

So Henry can put a lip
to it and swirl

in the splasharound pound
of bass and battery,

have *all* his wild say
of throb of joy,

have heavy room
for a sob or screech or sing

without tink or clattery
of that goddamned piano.

Afterglow

Jon Munk

That blue dust which came off
is the stuff
of flight.

Say it is a sky-essence
that accretes like ice
on the wings of things aloft.

By blueness in the scatter
of scales you might identify
a butterfly.

A smudge of blue shadow
in your palm
is an afterglow.

Because it had a charm,
was captivating
you pursued it a long time.

Finally you caught it and put it in
the cave of your hand
as in a soft prison.

The butterfly did die
and you became blue
but you couldn't fly.

Hunting the Ardennes with Colonel Cantwell

Matthew Nickel

Toward the end, he remembered the way the forest
Looked and scrub oak and pines and the heather
Smell under boots and wind in trees approaching
The mystery of the Siegfried Line, ominous
Westwall in the early fall before the terror
Of tree bursts and Hurtgen and the horror after

And Hemingway described that forest like
An illustration for Grimm's Fairy Tales
Maybe one with crows hovering above branches
Looking for a sign of death at the crossroads
A broken knight with no woman, no hound,
Just a horn sound wing-flap and the *cauchemar*

Charlemagne dreamt, of the long breath,
The battle at Roncevaux, Roland's death
And the birth of the Holy Roman Empire:
What great things we make that we never get to tell
Those who have gone before us, but having gone
Help us make those great things each day;

I wish I could have brought Cantwell back
Through the frozen lagoon and listened to his story
About the Ardennes, I wish I could have broke
The ice toward Beatrice hoisting the sun on
Santa Maria Assunta, watch Saint Hubert
Hauling nets with old fishermen, Torcello boys,

On our way to Cipriani's for a Gordons to find
Hemingway as the light strikes the tower on Torcello
And gathers the gold around Our Lady, the one mosaic
On Torcello about which Hemingway felt *no doubt*;
Maybe Cantwell found his cure for the dark night
In Renata's love, maybe he felt *no doubt* as he

Wondered about getting Christian toward the end—
But what really matters is the way we listen

With infinite love and compassion to the broken soldier
Who needs to tell one more story before he dies
About hunting the enemy in mystical landscape
And finding in mystery a moment of grace.

Defining Light

In Memoriam Seth Nadel

Matthew Nickel

You had to walk straight from our back door
and the woods came up suddenly and there were
rocks ridged on angles running northeast southwest
carved by the last glacier claws retreating up the
Hudson Valley, and stone foundations crumbled

along the edge, a broken cup under a shelf, under
white oaks *that's a white oak tree and it has lobed
leaves. See the acorns,* the rock ridges lift and fall
and the earth undulates as the deer runs cut across
and draw their own hypotheses about the hemlocks

*hemlocks, this land used to be covered in hemlocks,
cut down, stripped, trunks left to rot, bark for tanning,
for leather, but they came back to darken the woods,
in the distance they change the light* and on the steep
edge of the down slope there, clutched, one crooked

hemlock taller than the others, like to some fading past,
then ridge rocks meet the stone fence lichenized,
a path drops down to younger hemlocks and the damp
earth crossed by a coyote track in the mud: here
this spring, arm-deep, is more for me than the Hudson.

Slowly I feel the river below wide as the world
incised by diamond noon light, Roosevelt mansion
across the way, osprey diving under railroad tracks
a train passes, the sound breaks the spring, I clean away
leaves, debris, direct the water over smooth stones,

channels of light, *light changes as you watch it and
stand still and to paint the world you must know
the planes and distance fading,* and music,
beneath the darkened evergreen boughs, a bluebird
lifts its head to the river flowing two ways.

I want to shout, for I love the earth and cannot
enter her without deep hope and knowing, without

the light that shapes her contours and her voice and the
way she makes the bluebird sing the water song,
I give myself to the spring and river, *the river*

*is the focal point and the eye must follow it receding
at an angle toward the center of vision, kneeling*
I position rocks around the spring, dream of someone
finding them ordered thus, a gesture to the immutable
longing in the hearts of those that love the world;

the spring tastes cold, sulphur, deep smelling
I leave and climb toward two boulders split by
white pines, *white pines made the purple
mountains and they're a good tree to paint,*
do you remember the hemlock and pine where we lived

on the Sawkill when we used to fish for trout and,
suddenly wings explode, a bald eagle grips the pine
his eye freezes the spring sound, my heart holds focus
on the way the fish bends bloody in his beak, the river
angling away, barges fading into distant memory;

we swam in the stream with trout beneath the pines
the hemlocks shook and we defined the light together

The Heavens and Valleys

Daniel J. Pizappi

Do you remember now?
Standing on the ridge that night,
talking and laughing beneath
the rusted fire tower?

You were laughing with us,
and then you lapsed into
silence. I watched as you
lifted your face toward the sky,

The veiled light of the moon
breathing its iridescence
on your cheekbones and brow.
I saw your eyes widen

as you realized the silence
was not yours alone.
I saw, because you saw,
each of us staring

at the same moon. Waiting
for a hole in the clouds to let
it shine on the yawning mouth
of the lake in the valley below.

The clouds drifted, and yet
your eyes were steadfast—always.
I admit now, mine wavered, from
the heavens and the valleys to you.

Falling formless from Form—

to Rilke

Daniel J. Pizappi

Falling formless from Form—
legs akimbo, arms
screaming end-ward. “Here,
falling is best.” Truth,
perhaps, but it does get lonely.
In the dark I pine for light.

A discovery: In sleep
my body falls but my mind
designs to rise. Slowly
my dreams propel me back
through tunnels I’ve plumbed
toward a figment of light
in the distance. Awake once more,
I continue to fall—and know
I was ever falling—but in
dreams that light was real.

I sleep more these days. The light
in my mind’s eye grows brighter.
I long for the day that I
will rise above the precipice,
returning a stranger to once
familiar shores. I long
to settle my feet under
feather-shade pear trees and
stare through the heart of the sun.

**Flash Forward: On the way to Graciosa, the Canary Islands, with my
Husband (On the way to the Fortunate Islands)**

Jan Zlotnik Schmidt

I see it ahead of me
Memory unraveling like a skein of longing

The wind pushes my gray hair back
Away from my face, strands plastered
Against my cheeks, my chin, my throat

We have done this journey before
Gone to this place where treasures were lost
Where treasures were found

This land of seven hills
Of buried gold doubloons
This place where Columbus stopped
On his way to unknown continents

We look ahead of us
For the first sign of land
For the first white stretch
Of beach and crooked huts

The waves pound against the shore
The boat tilts into the wind
The tides carry us forward
We have been here before

Ashore we stop in an unremarkable place
A seafood restaurant windows
Spotted with sand and salt
Sand dotting plastic tablecloths

We eat grilled octopus and dorado
Dip crusty bread
Into green vinegar sauce
Oil coating our fingers circling our lips

We smile in this place
Without streets or landmarks

Just wind swept paths
Almost indiscernable
Traces in this pebbled world

Memory unravels
We will travel to the Fortunate Islands
Again and again
Our bodies will arch
Against wave and wind

And we will look for
Shadows of ourselves
Remembering in dark months
The indigo sea
Anticipating the journey back.

*The Fortunate Islands are another name for the Canary Islands, and one of them, Graciosa, is the site of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*.

May is a False Alarm

for Delmore Schwartz

Robert Singleton

May is a false alarm. There is no one but you.
It's your fight. Space gets crowded by the good
and the willing. The schizophrenic wins. The old values
are dead. It's good to know why.

Genesis won't hold you up when your alter egos
stumble. You forget gratefully. They look for answers.
They are never satisfied, but it's fine to be lost in a
porridge of texts because one syllable of calm turns

aesthetics to wine. You raise the collar of your trench coat
against the breeze from the elevator shaft. We're not as young
as we used to be. Shadows win by collapsing
other shadows while the glory of art consumes your

philosophy. Even without a destination,
you are in a hurry to get there. A sigh at the
bottom of the world looks for a cause
as solid as this quicksand of nails.

**Notes from the Mission Bar Just Before Doors on New Years Eve 1993.
A Bouncer Poem.**

Robert Singleton

Speak nothing while the coffee heats.
Speak nothing before the boundaries implode.
Somewhere on the East Side a crazy nomad waits to hatch,
somewhere a paradise of struggle,
somewhere the stillness ball.

Diane, dressed in black and silver,
cuts limes into slices at the bar.
Three after two, green after black.
Three gold bracelets on her left wrist.
Two plus one.
Three die later within a five block radius.
The past leads everywhere except to its object.
Always does, always will.

No night dawns without a journey lost.
Somewhere, the alley and the dark
takes a deep breath and waits for the hunger.
It's so easy to cry and so difficult to love the demons.
Always is. Always will be.

The nine ball clicks the eight. Someone yells on Avenue B
but is drowned out by a passing squad of Harleys.
The first customer out of his limo
hands me a C note right out of the gate.
"What can you do for me and my friends?"
I turn toward my partner, an ex-cop who winks
and pats his hidden hand gun.
"It's going to be one of those nights," he says.
Always is. Always will be.

Angels Do Not Purr & Poems Go BRRrrr

“Rub your hands together like this—it feels good” (directive to poetry reading audience).

H.R. Stoneback

The other night when it was 12-Below-Zero
my cat in bed in my face and all I could hear
was the sound of her purr filling the dark cold void
of this uniwinterverse, rock of rhythmic noise
warmer than blankets, the roll of her *ronronner*—
(the word for *purr* in French, the thing that French cats say)—

I thought how Pound and Yeats purred, hummed when they composed
poems but I don't go to bed with them for repose
some say bears and squirrels purr, gorillas, elephants
lions and snow-leopards do the mystic voice-dance
but I've never been to bed with any of them
dreaming tonal buzz of joy, dark night of holy hymns

O the experts all agree—purring starts in the brain
signals sent to voice by neural oscillations
strong harmonics of voice-box, steady frequencies
of 20 vibrations per second, piquancy
that heals and counteracts loss of bone density
and other chill effects of zero gravity

They even say that purring's good for astronauts
and that makes me think of Guardian Angels and what
if anything they purr: But No, *sans* flesh and bone
no blood to freeze, Angels do not purr: Monotone
chants of the spirit their only song, incarnation
beyond their ken, their poems all sing salvation

But world-body poems and hymns should not mean but BRRrrr
make flesh and blood and bone feel non-angelic purr
cat-fur and tail-switch, something to touch on cold nights
something to hold in the dark, something you can write—
A poem that has the feel of winter weather
that makes you need, like this, to rub your hands together.

Excerpts from *The Language of Blackberries*

For Proinnsias—Picking Blackberries on Sliabh Gullion, Ireland

You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet
Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it
—Seamus Heaney “Blackberry-Picking”

H. R. Stoneback

I Venice: Blackberry Season

We met in Venice on that island where
no blackberries grew. We talked a brief spell
then she went home to Ireland, I went back
to sweet summer in the Hudson Valley.
The language of our letters turned to black-
berries—they ripened first on my land where
they always come with my garlic harvest
between Bastille Day and the first of August.

On her *mystic mountain* ripe berries flamed
a month later—seasons are never the same
in New York or Celtic twilight, all lands where
berries grow in rain or sun that varies
and latitude changes almost everything
except that first taste and the song it sings.
A thousand feet of altitude delays
the season by a week but the thing that stays,

the taste, synchronous and simultaneous,
summer-blood's wine-red purple lusciousness,
sends the earth-signal that never varies—
the numinous language of blackberries.
She sent a picture, her purple-red hands
working her fresh-picked berries, making jam.
She flew across the ocean to my place,
bringing jam and wheaten toast and morning grace.

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H. R. Stoneback (*translated into Irish by Paddy McBride*)

1 An Veinéis: Séasúr na Sméara Dubha

Chasadh orainn i Veinéis ar an oileán sin
nár fás ann aon sméar dubh. Seal beag ag comhra
Ansin ar Éirinn dfill sí, dfill mé féin
Ar bhrothall milis an Hudson Valley.
Chas ár dteanga litre chuig na sméara
Dubha – iad aibí ar dtús i mo thír-sa
mo bharr gairleoige riamh ina gcuideachta
ag teacht idir Lá Bastille agus Lá Lúnasa.

Ar a *sliabh*san fáthránda bladhmann na smear
Mí taréis – ní hionann iad riamh na séasúir
I gclapsholas Nua-Eabhrach no Ceilteach, chuile
críoch ina bhfásann smear faoi bháisteach nó grian
athróg agus athrú ar chuile ó chríos go céile
ach amháin an chéad bhlas-sin ag seinm fonn.
Cuireann míle troigh de airde an séasúr
Seachtain ar chúl, ach tá sé seo fágtha siar -

An blas, ar aon am agus ar aon chois,
Súmhaireacht an tsamhraidh fíondearg corcra,
Ag seoladh comhartha na cré gan aon athrú
Ariamh – teanga naofa na sméara dubha.
Sheol sí pictúir, a lámha deargchorcra ag
Oibriú a sméara nuabhainte – déanadh subh.
D'eitil sí trasna na dtonnta go m'ait-sa,
Le subh, arán donn agus maidinghrásta.

II. Blackwidowberries—Cooper River, South Jersey

H. R. Stoneback

We shared old blackberry-picking stories.
In secret places, lips stained purple-red
I told how when I was a kid of ten
I always went alone and warned the others—
the blackberry thicket on the river
bank where I picked was infested with spiders
and crawling with snakes. I never saw a snake
there but my tales kept others away. Once, half-crawling
through a low thicket-tunnel to get fat berries
in unreachable places of tall brambles
ten-foot high I came eye-to-eye—

with a Black Widow spider, its web spanning
the tunnel in a place where the sun slanted
through the canes and illuminated the shining
spider, gorgeous in its light-reflecting blackness
with that red symbol on its underside—
frozen not in fear but in awe of beauty,
I remained motionless in that dark place,
suspended in the moment's eternity,
my face almost against the web, the spider
inches from my eyes. Nothing moved.
She was like a beautiful blackberry—

her red hour-glass running into final ripeness.
I said out loud, soft to avoid vibration
of the web *I could eat you just like a berry.*
She did not move, she never moved even
as, very slow, I eased tunnel-backwards
leaving her web undisturbed, leaving her
immobile in her sublime blackberry
beauty. I crept more cautiously through
a narrow dark space, making my own tunnel
to reach the fattest berries, my blood the thorn-cost,
watching for webs, more careful where I reached.

II. Sméaradubhbhaintrí—Cooper River, South Jersey

H. R. Stoneback (*translated into Irish by Paddy McBride*)

Ag seanchas a bhí muid faoi bhaint na sméar dubh.
In aiteanna rúnda, le liopaí deargchorcra
D'inis mé dí faoin uair a bhíos-sa deich,
Go dtéinn im aonar, ag bagairt ar uile
Go raibh na driseoig cois abhainn, dena bhain mé
Na sméara, lán damháin alla agus a' snámh
le nathracha. Ní fhácas nathair ansin riamh
ach ruaig mo scéilin iad. Tráth, ar mo chrága
ag dul faoin dris domh ar thoir na cinn ramhra
in aiteanna driseogach deacar deich
dtrithe ar airde, seo damhán Dubhbhaintreach,

agus mé ina radharc, a h-eangach sínte
trasna an tolláin, áit a ghearr an ghrian tríd
na slata, ag cur an damhán faoi loinnir,
í galánta ina dhuibe scathanach
leis an comhartha dearg ar a híoctar-
I mó stailc – lena h-áilleacht, ní hea le eagla,
Dfán mé gan chorradh san dorchadas,
Crochta san tsíoraiocht, an deo go deo,
M'aghaidh leis an eangach, an damhán orlach
Ó mo shúile, Níor chorraidh ceachtar.
Bhí sí mar smear dubh álainn –

A h-órlaiste dearg beagnach lán aibí.
Dúras ós ard, ach go bog ar eagla go
Gcriteadh a h-eangach *dféadfainn tú a ithe mar sméar.*
Níor bhog sí, níor bhog sí fiú nuair,
Go mall reidh, chuaig me ar chúl
Gan corr ar bith as a h-eangach, a fágail
Neamhchorrach ina sméaráilleacht féin.
Shleamhnaigh mé níos cúramaigh fríd
Bearna chaol dhorcha, ag déanamh mó thólann féin
Chuig na sméara is ramhra, mo fhuil-sa an luach,
Ar m'aire roimh eangaigh, ag faire cá sínninn.

Elegy for a Shirt

Pauline Uchmanowicz

Remnant from games
of capture the flag,
softened by time
into second adolescence,
this hand-me-down's
longevity stares
out mirrors at
my middle age.

Former flannel
of my brother,
one day finally
relinquished
to a closet reliquary,
will hang beside
our deceased father's
checkered woolen,
daring me to try on its
mortality for size.

Happiness Studies

Pauline Uchmanowicz

Singing around a campfire
you might miss happiness,
squished between envy
and sorrow. Or find it
beside you, matter-of-factly,
watching a red-tailed hawk
catch pigeons and rats,
a retriever fetching sticks
racing back and forth
from your shared park bench.
But if whistled at, happiness
bonds: with you on tiptoe
lifting curtain rods to hang
drapes, or flat-backed
positioning drip pans to change
oil, tasks completed then
together to clink steins,
toasting sand dunes and starlight.

A Bull's-eye near Basel

Robert H. Waugh

1.

I shot an angel yesterday.

Midflight

in fulsome glory its roiling essence sailed
some fifteen stories over me, I took
a careful aim, hefting an ancient Colt
and taking the jolt in my right arm, its wing
like a shattered swan's, taking another jolt
when its feathery breast burst out.

Whatever word

it had to bestow upon God's prescient mind
that was enough, more than enough, whatever
the lens of its etched crystal flesh would flash
into His eye and that was enough and more
than ever.

The creature fell and vanished at
my foot, it barely touched the earth but fled,
the bullet in its heart to hit God's heart.

2.

We meditate, we take up this thunder-bolt
from heaven, measuring its sexual impact
with some small envy, and decide once more
a Colt would put some end to that and all
divine asperges.

That is the point, *Nicht wahr?*

an end to how God's busy hand demands
a work of me or more a mind of me
and even more a flesh of me by appointment,
we die here if the glory of God consents.

Whether it was a swan, whether an angel,
this blather of egregiously white wings,

each with its message, each with its white word
fluttering from God's eyebrow—

Tell you what,
in no court does this Colt pack home for glory.

3.

I think that I shall never take upon me
the order of the swan, having once done
the filthy deed and shot it to the heart.

What had the creature done to me? Long hours
and much expenditure of ink to draw
it as it was, not simply that pure white—
for who can do that white in that black ink?—
but that red splash of malice in its eye
looking out to destroy me.

Yes, long hours
and subtly outcast—everyone I know
looks at the swan. “Oh, look,” they say, “a swan,”
and turn back to their wurst and beer.

Now I
like wurst and beer, but first I need to catch
that sacred malice in that blood-shot eye.

4.

So when I shot the messenger I shot
the world it was descended from that made
me an appointed hand.

Rough times those were,
rough waters as the swan led me astray—
you never can perform the appointment but
when led astray. At times, sick and blasé,
I sent the swan back by the only means

I had at hand and shattered it and closed
the appointment down.

At least so I imagined
until this moment when I see the lines,
the long black lines upon this white clean paper,
pure white as though it were those white clean feathers
spattered in blood.

So I perform the appointment
in a new hand and in a different mind.

5.

And now they flock in hundreds.

Swan upon swan
rocking the flood they honk and hiss and squall
an alien message that I undertake
to articulate with this bruised, murderous hand
but cannot understand.

Too many voices
out in the burning wings as I select
the meaning I imagine but escapes me—
I would search for the gun again but what's
the use? I would run out of bullets long before
the swans came to an end of messages
that speak a fleet appointment in their minds.

The *Mutterspiel* comes here to nothing while
the flocks are rising in the gray, flat air
afraid of nothing, churning to their home.

6.

This is no tale.

The pistol cracks, the swan
dies one death, dies one life, dies one dismay,

my intent does not change, the swan sinks, flops
in sopping, bloody water, fluttering wings
broken in its old death, in its old life
and old devotion to the reaching hand
that cannot grasp it.

So this is no tale,
no *Once upon a time*, no *There's a mouse*
and so *my story's done*, every shot
is every shot and every dismay
is every curse.

The swan sings its last song
to all of eternity, and eternity
answers it in a manner that we each
discover lies in an unending sentence.

7.

Can this dismay, this old life, this old death
matter to that splotched hand that fondly grasps
after me through the shattered heart, the bent
and battered wing?

No, neither the dismay
nor life nor death can matter, nor that spotty
hand reaching through its messenger as it
expires, the feathers shiver and I walk off
comfortable, my Colt slapped to my side,
the echoes of that shot unquenchable,
this rift in me.

And since it is no story
this rift has no beginning, has no end,
the echoes, like the footfall that I hear
in the crisp white snow at midnight, always at
my side, considering how to kill the swan.

8.

One day the swan came hissing at me, fierce
as an old flapping rag, and all because
I walked too near its heart, or all because
I paid no mind to its commanding eye.

Its orange beak flared like a bitter knife
or like a bitter beacon, bloody foam
or thunder-bolt, no fear and not a thought
of settling or discerning differences,
such as we have.

I ran and soon outran it,
the next time that we meet I will present
a pistol or a knife, then I will stand
even with it and be done with it.

This story's
as good as any story—somewhere in
the edge of time it's true, it works to be true.

Sky Writers

Caroline Wolfe

Black vultures hover overhead
circle this poem
return to the
stanza that will not
rise.

Encircling choreography
signals the others
come
feed on the carrion of discarded
words.

Silent silhouettes air their wings
as
bones
protrude from the
page.

“Virginia Woolf’s Cinematic Imagination: Repression of the Inner Animal and Resurfaced Abjections in *Between the Acts*”

Melissa R. Walsh

When we think about the concept of cinematic adaptation, we generally imagine novels adapted into the medium of film, and thus the phenomenon of the written word gleaning images from moving pictures remains overlooked. But upon closer inspection, we can see that images, stylistic choices, and visual conventions of film often pervade novels. Virginia Woolf’s 1941 novel *Between the Acts* is filled with cinematic images: the insistent refrains of her writing borrow from noir musicals; the movement, rhythm, and sounds of her prose mimic musical scores; and Mrs. Manresa (a self-obsessed woman of theatricality) resembles the femme fatale of film noir. I argue that *Between the Acts* addresses Woolf’s enchantment and impatience with film: her writing portrays a dynamic interplay between the “racing” images of the screen and the text’s attempt to “stop” the image or “pin it down,” and thus our recognition of the cinematic in her writing helps us understand her sources of creativity and informs our sense of her as a cultural icon. Woolf’s many trips to the movies to see such films as Charlie Chaplin’s *Modern Times* (1936) and *The Great Dictator* (1940) leave her with a telling vision of social life between the World Wars: humanity’s inherent primitiveness, the inner animal, and the unnerving reality that our evolutionary beginnings as non-human animals cannot be fully concealed or repressed. Instead, humanity’s animalistic instincts, namely sexual conquest and predatory aggression, continually resurface. No matter how desperately the society depicted in *Between the Acts* attempts to conceal the abject, especially the true horrors of war, these unwanted images stealthily and hauntingly reemerge. I suggest that Woolf’s *Between the Acts* and writing from ‘30s and ‘40s remind us that reality is not a clean-cut series of opposites like the stark contrasts of black and white film stock; but, instead, Woolf views the world through interspersed images of lightness and darkness, as they shade into ambiguous grays.

VI | Guidelines for Submissions

The *Shawangunk Review* is the journal of the English Graduate Program and publishes the proceedings of the annual English Graduate Symposium. In addition, the Editors welcome submissions from English graduate students in any area of literary studies: essays (criticism; theory; historical, cultural, biographical studies), book reviews, scholarly notes, and poetry. English faculty are invited to submit poetry, translations of poetry, and book reviews.

Manuscripts should be prepared in accordance with MLA style and should be submitted as an electronic file accompanied by a hard copy. Essays should not exceed 5000 words (15 pages), book reviews 1250 words, poems five pages, and MA thesis abstracts 250 words. With your submission include a brief biographical statement.

Please submit material to the Graduate Director, Department of English, SUNY New Paltz; the deadline for Volume XXVII of the *Review* is December 15, 2015.

VII Contributors

David Appelbaum treads a thin line between poetry and philosophy. A professor of philosophy at SUNY New Paltz, his work in a series of books focuses on the performance of voice. Publisher of Codhill Press, which he founded fifteen years ago, he has produced a booklist of nearly one hundred titles, including several local authors. A number of collections of his own poems have been published, including most recently *Jiggerweed* (Finishing Line Press, 2011) and *Letters and Found Poems of Edisa and Chloe* (Codhill Press, 2012).

Laurence Carr writes plays, fiction and poetry. His novel, *Pancake Hollow Primer*, (Codhill Press), won the Next Generation Indie Book Award for First Short Novel. He is the editor of *Riverine: An Anthology of Hudson Valley Writers* and co-editor of *A Slant of Light: Contemporary Women Writers of the Hudson Valley* (USA Best Book Award for Anthology) also from Codhill. His fiction and poetry have been published throughout the U.S., and over 20 of his plays have been produced in NYC, regionally, and in Europe. He teaches Dramatic and Creative Writing at SUNY New Paltz. Learn more at carrwriter.com

Joann K. Deiudicibus is the Staff Assistant for the Composition Program and an Adjunct Instructor at SUNY New Paltz, where she earned her MA in English (2003). She is the Associate Editor (poetry) for *WaterWrites: A Hudson River Anthology*, a collection celebrating the Hudson 400 (Codhill Press). Her poems have been published most recently in *A Slant of Light: Contemporary Women Writers of the Hudson Valley* (Codhill Press), and previously in *Fortunate Fall*, *The Orange Review*, *Chronogram*, and *The Shawangunk Review*. Joann's article, "Axing the Frozen Sea: Female Inscriptions of Madness," was included in an anthology entitled *Affective (Dis)order and the Writing Life: The Melancholic Muse* (Palgrave Macmillan). Her interests include creativity and composition, and twentieth century American poetry, particularly the work of Anne Sexton.

Marc Cioffi completed his MA in English at SUNY New Paltz in the fall semester of 2014. His future is uncertain, but he plans to begin teaching English while abroad in the coming months.

Bella Dalton-Fenkl resides in the Hudson Valley. Her works have been exhibited in the Palmer Gallery at Vassar College, the Water Street Gallery in New Paltz, and the Mill Street Loft and Barrett Art Center in Poughkeepsie. Her most

recent publication was in *AZALEA: journal of Korean Literature & Culture* published by Harvard University's Korea Institute. Her bilingual comic strip, *Space Bunny*, is serialized in *Korean Quarterly*.

Katie De Launay graduated from SUNY Cortland in 2010 with a B.A. in English. She is currently in the M.A.T. program in secondary education in English at SUNY New Paltz.

J. Dewey holds a BA in Literature from SUNY Purchase and an MA in English from SUNY New Paltz. He has spent much of his career in non-profit public relations and development and has been an adjunct instructor in graphic design, multimedia, and art history.

Dennis Doherty teaches literature and creative writing at SUNY New Paltz. He is author of three volumes of poetry: *The Bad Man* (Ye Olde Font Shoppe Press, 2004), *Fugitive* (Codhill Press 2007), and *Crush Test* (Codhill Press, 2010), as well as a book on Mark Twain's novel: *Why Read The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (New Street Communications, 2014). His poems, essays, and stories appear throughout the literary press.

Heinz Insu Fenkl is a writer, editor, translator, and folklorist. His first novel, *Memories of My Ghost Brother* (Dutton 1996), was a Barnes and Noble "Discover Great New Writers" selection and a PEN/Hemingway finalist. He is a consulting editor for the international web journal *Words Without Borders* and currently teaches in the English Department at SUNY New Paltz.

Ian Hammons earned his MA in English from SUNY New Paltz in 2013. He was a TA for the English Composition program for three semesters during his tenure at SUNY New Paltz, and he specializes in postmodern literature.

Evan Hulick is a relatively new poet, scholar, and TA at SUNY New Paltz. He has written one published paper in *Affirming the Gold Thread: Aldington, Hemingway, Pound, & Imagism in Torcello and Venice*--The Proceedings of the VIII International Aldington Society and IV International Imagism Conference. He has also written one published poem in a previous edition of the *Shawangunk Review*.

Bill Kroeger received his BA from Carleton College and his MA in English from SUNY New Paltz. He also served as a New Paltz Composition TA. His scholarship complements his work as a teacher of secondary and post-secondary English.

Frank Lemke is a grad student studying English at SUNY New Paltz. He loves life, liberty, and women.

Ann Lovett is a Professor in the Art Department at SUNY New Paltz, and an artist working in photography, mixed media, and artist's books. She recently earned an MFA degree in poetry from Warren Wilson College's MFA Program for Writers.

Jack Lynch is Professor of English at Rutgers University-Newark. A spe-

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Paddy McBride is a native of Donegal, in the northwest of Ireland, where he was brought up with Irish, English coming years later. He holds a postgraduate qualification in Modern Irish Translation Studies from Queens University, Belfast. Much of his time as possible is spent among fellow Irish speakers in Arranmore Island off the coast of Donegal, which has strong links with Beaver Island in Lake Michigan.

Kelly Morehead is pursuing an MA in English at SUNY New Paltz. She works as a TA in the New Paltz Composition program, and she brings an interest in contemporary literature and theory to her teaching and scholarship.

Jon Munk is a poet and translator living in east-central Nebraska. His poetry has been published in *A Ritual to Read Together: Poems in Conversation with William Stafford* (Woodley Press, 2013), *Prairie Schooner*, *Great River Review*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Seneca Review*, and *Plain Song Review*. He has translated the complete *Rimas* of the 19th-century Spanish poet Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer and *Calle del Vento* by the Italian poet Diego Valeri.

Matthew Nickel, an alumnus of SUNY-New Paltz, is currently Assistant Professor of English at Misericordia University. His recent publications include a book of poems co-authored with H. R. Stoneback, *Garlic Odes & Leek Songs (Chansons d'aïl & Poireau-Poèmes)* (Anachthon Press, 2014), a critical monograph, *Hemingway's Dark Night: Catholic Influences and Intertextualities in the Works of Ernest Hemingway* (New Street Communications, 2013), and an anthology of poetry, *Kentucky: Poets of Place* (Des Hymnagistes Press, 2012).

Thomas G. Olsen is an associate professor of English, specializing in early modern English studies, Shakespeare studies, and issues related to literary adaptation.

Daniel J. Pizappi is a M.A. English candidate and teaches Composition I and II classes. He completed his B.A. at SUNY New Paltz with a dual major in English/Creative Writing and History with a minor in Philosophy. His poetry and fiction have previously appeared in this journal, *Your Impossible Voice*, *Burningword*, and *The Stonethrow Review*.

Jan Zlotnik Schmidt is a SUNY Distinguished Teaching Professor in the Department of English at SUNY New Paltz where she teaches composition, creative writing, and literature courses. Her work has been published in many journals including *The Cream City Review*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *The Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Phoebe*, *The Chiron Review*, *Memoir(and)*, and *Wind*. Her work also has

been nominated for the Pushcart Press Prize Series. She has had two volumes of poetry published by the Edwin Mellen Press (*We Speak in Tongues*, 1991; *She had this memory*, 2000). Recently a chapbook, *The Earth Was Still*, was published by Finishing Line Press, and she co-edited an anthology with Laurence Carr, *Slant of Light: Contemporary Women Writers of the Hudson Valley*, published by Codhill Press.

Bob Singleton retired from active teaching at SUNY New Paltz in the fall of 2012. He continues to write and fight the good fight against Parkinson's Disease through poetry and prose. He currently resides in Red Hook N.Y.

H. R. Stoneback is SUNY Distinguished Professor in the English Department at SUNY New Paltz and the author or editor of 36 books, roughly half literary criticism, half poetry. Recent critical volumes include *Reading Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises* (Kent State UP 2007), *Imagism: Essays on Its Initiation, Impact & Influence* (UNO Press 2013), and *Affirming the Gold Thread* (Florida English Press 2014); recent volumes of poetry include *Voices of Women Singing*, *Why Athletes Prefer Cheerleaders*, and--forthcoming in 2015--*The Stones of Strasbourg*, *The Language of Blackberries*, and *Mystics on the Wissahickon*. His award-winning poems have been translated and published in Chinese, French, Italian, Provençal and other languages, but this issue marks the first translation of his work into Irish.

Pauline Uchmanowicz is series editor for the Codhill Poetry Award and Associate Professor of English at SUNY New Paltz, where she teaches writing and literature.

Melisa R. Walsh holds a B.A. in English from St. Joseph's College and an M.A. from SUNY New Paltz. She was a writing tutor for the School of Business for two semesters during her time at New Paltz. She specializes in film and literature.

Robert H. Waugh is a professor emeritus of the English Department. He has written two critical books on H. P. Lovecraft, published by Hippocampus Press, and two books of poetry, published by Codhill Press. He has a collection of weird tales due to appear this summer, entitled *The Bloody Tugboat and Other Witcheries*, also from Hippocampus.

Caroline Wolfe is the pen name of Marcia Roth Tucci who writes environmental poetry and works in Academic Affairs at SUNY New Paltz. Several of her poems have been published by Codhill Press.