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Book Reviews

Soviet Semiotics: An Anthology edited, translated and with an introduction by Daniel P. Lucid. Baltimore & London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1977. Pp. viii + 259. $16.00.

In the U. S. S. R., semiotics—the study of sign systems and signifying practices—is a lively discipline which has attracted outstanding scholars and given rise to an important body of work. *Soviet Semiotics* is an anthology of some of this work. It consists of 24 articles published between 1962 and 1974 and grouped into six sections: General Concepts, Modeling Systems, Communication Studies, Text Analysis, Art and Literature, and Typology of Culture. Some of the pieces are quite short—at least half a dozen do not run over three or four pages—and most are by scholars who are well known—if not often read—in the United States: Juri Lotman, for example, has authored or co-authored eight of the articles and Boris Uspenskij five. In an excellent introduction, Daniel Peri Lucid describes and discusses the development of semiotics in the U. S. S. R., from its early twentieth century roots in structural linguistics and formalist literary theory through its birth in the 1950's as an aid in tasks of machine translation to its coming of age as an autonomous discipline in the 1960's, with particularly active centers in Moscow and Tartu. Lucid also provides a good summary of the contents of the articles anthologized. A good bibliography of Soviet studies in semiotics and of discussions of these studies completes the volume.

Characteristic of Soviet semiotic writing is the belief that any aspect of human activity in the production, exchange and storing of information can be considered a (sub)text—a culturally meaningful system of signs—and can be studied as such: myth and religion (Zaliznjak, Ivanov and Toporov's "Structural-Typological Study of Semiotic Modeling Systems"), cartomancy (Lekomceva and Uspenskij's "Describing a Semiotic System with a Simple Syntax," B. F. Egorov's "The Simplest Semiotic Systems and the Typology of Plots"), chess (I. I. Revzin's "Language as a Sign System and the Game of Chess"), etiquette (T. V. Civ'jan's "Etiquette as a Semiotic System"), history (Uspenskij's "*Historia sub specie semioticae*"), personality (Piatigorskij and Uspenskij's "The Classification of Personality as a Semiotic Problem"), art (Uspenskij's "Semiotics of Art"), and so on and so forth. Texts can be grouped typologically, with the typologies originating in cultural universals and cultural universals flowing from universals in human psychology (Lotman's "Problems in the Typology of Texts" and "Numerical Semantics and Cultural Types," Lotman and Uspenskij's "Myth—Name—Culture"). Texts are modeling systems: structures of elements and of rules for combining them which constitute analogues to a given reality; natural language is taken to be the primary modeling system and all other signifying structures are considered secondary

modeling systems, built in terms of and upon natural language (Lotman's "Primary and Secondary Communications-Modeling Systems," Lotman and Piatigorskij's "Text and Function"). Culture is viewed as the most comprehensive system, uniting the entire aggregate of signifying structures, and human beings are seen not only as the modelers but also as the modeled, not only as creating signs but also as created by them.

Unfortunately, equally characteristic of most of the articles making up *Soviet Semiotics* is their fondness for generalities. Though the anthology manages to suggest the tremendous implications semiotics and semiotic approaches may have for such diverse disciplines as anthropology, psychology, history, philosophy, sociology, literary analysis, or art criticism, though it addresses crucial problems (the articulation of synchronic description and diachronic description, for instance, or the segmentation of a text into primative elements) and though it makes provocative claims (does natural language underlie all non-linguistic systems of signs? are all such systems "unnatural"?), too many of the pieces anthologized are basically programmatic ("What is to be done?"), too many take hypothesis or argument for fact (p. 30: "the collective monologue of children ... has parallels in the surviving archaic features of linguistic behavior in certain tribes"; p. 35: "the transformational rules ... in Chomsky's transformational grammar correspond to real features of discourse analysis and synthesis as carried out by people"; p. 41: "The sentences of language are iconic signs") and too many are (not so) ingenious translations of either well-established or uninteresting facts (cartomancy and etiquette are semiotic systems; there is an analogy between natural language and the game of chess; Ionesco's plays investigate the nature of human communication). As such, these pieces justify the attacks of those who are unimpressed by semiotics and consider it to be a mere *écriture* (as defined by the early Barthes) rather than a (nascent) science.

This is regrettable because some of the articles collected by Lucid make interesting points and make them well. Thus, Lotman's "Problems in the Typology of Texts" distinguishes nine fundamental text types in terms of social function and argues that real texts represent a complex fusion of these types; Toporov's "The Semiotics of Prophecy in Suetonius" shows how omens and prophecies govern the composition and content of Suetonius' work; and Lotman and Uspenskij's "Myth—Name—Culture" suggests that poetry and myth are antipodal and establishes interesting parallels between mythological and scientific thought. Semiotics in general and Soviet semiotics in particular can, after all, be most fascinating and valuable.

GERALD PRINCE

University of Pennsylvania

The Gothic Visionary Perspective by Barbara Nolan. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977. Pp. xviii + 268, 23 illustrations. $16.50.

The thesis of this book is that in the twelfth century a new "perspective" or sensibility developed about visionary experiences. Artists began to create works intended to involve the viewer or reader in an experience like that of an "apocalyptic" or "anagogical" vision, one that saw the world in time and redemptive history and so included the last things. Professor Nolan begins "with descriptions of that perspective in its purest forms as it appeared in commentaries and treatises" (p. xv)—she gives most attention to commentaries on the Apocalypse by Rupert of Deutz, Joachim of Fiore, and Richard of St. Victor—and proceeds to discuss the way it appeared in the architectural ideas of Abbot Suger, the Gothic cathedral, and several illustrated manuscript Apocalypses. She doesn't argue that one manifestation caused the other, but that there was a "context of attitudes toward history, prophecy and vision developed by monastic and clerical writers of the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries"; this context helps explain some features of architecture and sculpture, manuscript paintings, and literature. The literary works treated in detail are the *Vita Nuova*, *Pearl*, and *Piers Plowman*. In them we find an influence from memory systems, a use of linear narrative that tells the events of world history leading to the apocalypse, and a "double form in which a literal and allegorical sense are manifestly apparent in the poetic process" (p. 136).

Visions in earlier times, it would seem, were just something in the Bible or something that happened to some saintly figure, something to be recounted or represented with diffidence; in the twelfth century they became something that might happen to anyone, that could be simulated, that a reader or viewer could participate in. Why and how this change took place is almost impossible to know. Prof. Nolan conjectures that it had a counterpart in the Eucharist as redefined by the Fourth Lateran Council of 1215 (material substance was an accidental "integument" for a spiritual presence); and, too, that the role of the audience changed—"no longer detached from the narrator's vision, they share with him the irony of an untenable situation....They are expected to see both the visionary world as it is seen by the stumbling narrator and the same world in its universal or spiritual significance" (p. 141). The causes of this change in "perspective" were probably more wide-ranging, and I think she could have had more assistance from historians than she makes use of: for example, Colin Morris's study of the "emergence of the individual," R. W. Southern's concept of "scientific humanism," or the researches of Giles Constable into twelfth-century spirituality. Individual experience comes into the picture vividly in the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries in any number of ways—in the monasteries the imitation of the human Christ, in aristocratic circles "courtly love," in the visual arts a new mobility and realism, in literature "psychological allegory." It's not surprising that redemptive history and eschatology became personalized too.

It is probably unfair to judge this book by its thesis. The thesis is there—something that can't always be said for scholarly books—but it keeps slipping

through one's fingers. There is a sort of logical development in the chapters, yet they are by the author's admission a series of selective essays, each of which "is also intended to exist as an independent entity" (p. xvii)—they can, she suggests, be read out of order. But it is hard to understand the order they are *in.* After an effective chapter that explores Gothic cathedrals and illustrated manuscript Apocalypses, we get a chapter on the *Vita Nuova*, perhaps the best and most original literary analysis in the book. This is followed by a chapter, "The Later Medieval Spiritual Quest," which treats some earlier writings in French. The author doesn't seem to explain why Dante is taken out of chronological sequence, and why Latin apocalyptic literature—Bernard of Morval's *De contemptu mundi*, for example—is ignored.

And, too, the terminology is muddy. The visionary phenomenon being described is referred to as an "experience" and a "mode"—but "mode," never defined, is used in several senses, none tied to Northrop Frye's precise use of the term. (I for one wish "mode" were banished from the critical vocabulary forever—it's in a class with "factor" and "parameter" and "in terms of": a linguistic black hole used instead of a term that has a discernible meaning.) In the book's title this phenomenon is called a "perspective," probably a linguistic black hole too. "Visionary perspective" doesn't appear until p. 44 and is not defined then or used much thereafter. The index, skimpy on subject entries, is of no help in pinning down such terms. "Gothic," by the way, evidently means nothing more than "late medieval."

The shortcomings of the book are those of its genre: it appears to belong to that increasingly prevalent genre, the Rewritten Dissertation. The exigencies of academic promotion have required that such apprentice works, once published (if at all) in discreet monograph series, go on parade as the work of seasoned craftsmen. Their writers might be better advised to let the dissertation languish and write something new: it's hard to remove from a dissertation the telltale signs of haste, pressure, befuddlement, and conflicting advice. If I am wrong about Prof. Nolan's book, it reveals a more alarming trend, that academic books are beginning to imitate dissertations—not a promising development. Herbert Lindenberger has written about another rewritten dissertation that the author "is more intent on engaging in dialogue with her mentors than in addressing a larger scholarly audience....In speaking to one's mentors one naturally shies away from generalities one fears would seem obvious to them." This would explain why Nolan fails to lay it on the line about her terms or keep her argument in focus, and why her chapters are "independent entities." (It would explain too some small gaucheries: one book's place of publication is given as "Maryland," for example, and a paper delivered at "the 1976 Medieval Institute" is mentioned—by 1976 there would have been a dozen such Institutes.) One's mentors know everything about a dissertation because the author has explained it all to them (or they to the author) at length in their offices, usually before anything has been written; they get to be as close to the work as the author, miss details, and lose touch with what a reader wants to know.

I found this problem of communication most troublesome in that part of the book dealing with art. The author isn't an art historian and is writing chiefly

for literary scholars, but she speaks of the art as if the reader is already one step ahead of her. I found myself mostly hopping behind. "The Lamb and the One Enthroned hold the book with seven seals," we read of Figure 16. I see the One Enthroned. Ah, yes, I see the Lamb. But they are holding what look like sheets of paper, not a book, and there are no seals visible to the naked eye. Obviously there is in the writer's mind someone in the Art History Department with whom all this has been discussed. So on p. 66 we learn that one manuscript illustration "recollects St. John's vision of the Lamb and the seven-sealed book, to which Trier had devoted four full-page illustrations (Figs. 12-15), into a single dynamic composition"—but it looks to my untutored eye as if in Figure 15 the vision of the Lamb and the seven-sealed book *are* depicted together, so I am the less impressed by the dynamic composition. How will the untutored reader lose his innocence if writers don't foresee and answer innocent questions? Yet graduate education in the humanities leaves people more and more incapable of writing for the "general reader"—for bright graduate students, colleagues in fields other than one's own, people who want to learn.

I mention this because the book is, ironically, put forward as a piece of "reader response" criticism. Of course one can see how the sculptures of a Gothic cathedral were meant to involve the viewer in a programmatic way. A harbinger of this quality in art may well be religious writings like those of Joachim of Fiore that are "wholly personal and radically historical," that insist on "the centrality of a personal affective interaction between Revelation and the reader" (p. 25). But reading is one kind of experience, walking into a church or looking at a picture is another. Perhaps earlier Christian art sought no less to promote an "affective interaction" but did so under the conditions of a different sensibility; Nolan only wants to show what earlier art was *not* and so doesn't face this possibility. The important point isn't that Gothic art seeks involvement but *how* it does so.

In all this talk about involvement one can't help feeling that the author superimposed a "methodology" on a traditional piece of historical criticism. It isn't hard to believe that exegetes writing about the Book of Revelation "attended far more closely than had their forbears to St. John's cognitive responses to his visions, even suggesting that the reader might share the visionary's privileged experience" (p. 54f.), and that a similar tendency is discernible in manuscript painting. But who is the reader? how does he *use* the book? Professor Nolan presumes a learned reader who uses the pictures like a memory system, who views the picture first, then reads the accompanying text on the right and the gloss on the left, "step by step, and page by page." Maybe so, but what evidence is there? Might not the pictures have been viewed out of order? or shown to illiterate laymen and explained? or been admired by clergy who knew the text well and didn't bother to read along? We are told that "the illuminators...sought to draw their readers closer to vision" (p. 76), that "a Trinity colorist could create a Christ with a face of gold leaf gleaming from the page through which readers might be raised to divine contemplation" (p. 77). It seems a failure of imagination that these pictures are taken to be "a reading experience," that artists are assumed

to have been painting in gold leaf for "readers." And it is confusing to find that "the reader" and "the audience" are the same (we read on p. 82 of "the audience, turning the pages of the book"): if "reader response" critics want to calculate an artist's expectations of response, they should be more rigorous. An imagined reader is an alter ego, a solitary person turning pages, but an audience is a social group; and there are readerships and "interpretative communities" besides.

The last half of the book treats the "visionary quest" in literature—in Dante, in several French poets (Raoul de Houdenc, Huon de Méri, Rutebeuf, Deguileville), and in *Pearl* and *Piers Plowman.* As a piece of literary criticism it is all the right things—historical, interdisciplinary, "textual"; the chapters are well organized, the writing clear and graceful. But the method is linear *explication de texte* of a kind that could have been written twenty-five years ago. It would have been better, or clearer, if each chapter were an essay on the "Gothic visionary perspective" in each poem—but one has to hunt for this. One finds it in a good deal of attention to the narrator (an intermediary rather like St. John in the illustrated Apocalypses) and to the "double form" (literal and allegorical), neither of which is a surprise. Nor does the "reader response" criticism of the earlier chapters bear fruit here; it has withered on the vine. The author sprinkles references to the reader and the audience—"Will and the reader alike," "the dreamer and the audience," "Will (and perhaps the audience)," and so on. There are curious statements like "the plowman is allowed to see what neither Will nor the pilgrims nor the audience can" (if the audience can't see it, how do we know the Plowman does?). But there is no effort to show how the language and the rhetoric of the poems create a reader "in" the work, or manipulate our responses, or presuppose an imagined audience of a certain character.

Was that audience the same for all works that involved a "Gothic visionary perspective"? *Pearl* with its number symbolism and intricacy, *Piers Plowman* with its scholasticism and Latin quotes and grammatical metaphors were obviously intended for fit audience though few, but I suspect for quite different kinds of audiences. The thesis of this book proposes the rise and fall of a kind of visionary experience in art and literature, but doesn't bring it to bear upon, or find it in, the two English poems discussed. The chapters on *Pearl* and *Piers Plowman* are sensible readings, responsible, modest, making no undue claim to originality, rather minimally attentive to other critical interpretations. They don't bring the reader any closer to an understanding of what is "Gothic" about them or what the "visionary perspective" was. *Piers Plowman* is said to be the last example of the phenomenon, but the audience capable of responding to this kind of art must have lingered on: *Piers Plowman* had a continuing readership that included Spenser and Milton, but *Pearl* dropped out of sight and was not read again until the nineteenth century. Unless this was purely accidental, there must be a perspective in one poem that isn't in the other, and there must have been readers that felt the power of Langland's big shaggy work but viewed *Pearl* as a bejeweled popish reliquary.

DONALD R. HOWARD

Stanford University

Medieval French Literature and Law by R. Howard Bloch. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1977. Pp. xii + 268. $14.50.

In *The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century* (1927), Charles Homer Haskins pointed out the connection between the resurgence of Roman law and various literary structures in the high culture of the Middle Ages. The resurgence occurs at a time when the anti-legal bent of the Cistercians and Spiritual Franciscans held popular sway. Bolognese jurists adapt the techniques of Biblical glossing and commentary to the Corpus Juris Civilis, and the epistolary style of the *dictamen* serves for drafting documents and legal teaching. Coevally, various *libri de causis* become sources for poetic composition. Bernard Silvestris draws on the pseudo-Quintilian *Declamationes Maiores*, and Peter of Riga comparably uses the *Controversiae* of the Elder Seneca. For vernacular literature and courtly culture, the relation is more difficult to trace. There is a social reality absent in academic verse, and the law incorporated by literature is frequently customary and traditional. The available compilations offer a retrospective view of practices rather than a source for textual borrowing. R. Howard Bloch's *Medieval French Literature and Law* examines these complex ties in the prose and verse forms of Old French and Provençal. Bloch's concern is to follow the parallel transformations of social institutions and literary forms from the crisis of feudalism through the emergence of a courtly ethos.

The opening chapters analyze the problematic relations of individual to society and aristocracy to monarchy. Bloch finds in the thirteenth-century *La Mort le roi Artu* a paradigm of the "crisis of values and institutions" that had developed over a century and a half. The collapse of Arthur's kingdom would result not from fate or passions but directly from the failure of its legal system. Immanent justice, based on accusation and the judicial duel, proves vulnerable to subversion and bad faith: in the romance Arthur oversteps his role as judge, and Lancelot willingly perjures himself. But Bloch locates the defect "at the epistemological root" of the system: "Simply stated, the outcome of combat exists independently of the notion of cognitive truth." Customary procedures, unlike *ius scriptum*, are not concerned with reconstructing events, weighing intention, or judging proof rationally. Their inability to prevent recurrent violence assumes political dimensions in the feudal epics where the disputes of barons evolve a cycle of vendetta prompted in some measure by a sovereign's injustice. The historical thesis is that technological advances which favor a strategy of defense in these disputes can be related to a shift in literary themes from the pursuit of vengeance to the impossible siege. Against critics who see the poems as embodiments of aristocratic or monarchic ideals, Bloch argues that the feudal epic cycle questions the very assumptions of a warrior society by emphasizing "the general failure of war" and "the price of victory."

The inquest provides an alternative to the judicial duel and warfare. Its recreating events in written form changes the legal system from accusation to mediation based on abstract notions of truth. The growth of the inquest in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries entails different social relations and

poetic models. No longer will force signal divine purpose, but "artistic" probability and rhetorical flourish prevail. Similarly, collective action gives way to individual confrontations with a state apparatus. In poetry, these developments support "a tendency to individualize, to render abstract, and to verbalize" struggles. The courtly lover becomes alienated from his lady, from other courtiers and poets, and finally from his emotions and himself. Although one might complain that the literary theme is already treated in classical elegy and satire, Bloch seeks to objectify its medieval existence by concentrating on the definitions of self implied by the shifting institutions. He would derive such features as the isolation of romance heroes or the oppositions of the *tenso* and *joc partit* from historical as well as literary impulses.

The informing principle of Bloch's analysis is that both literature and law involve the displacement of action into verbal structures. By establishing this common ground, he is able to reassess the social configurations of various genres. The legal context explains the multiple tensions in the *canso*. There the poet's appeal, though addressed to his lady, directs a claim against third parties, whether they be *lauzengers* or merely rivals. The love plea approaches disputation, and its dynamic revolves around the issues of judgment and truth. Semantically, the terms *joi* and *merci* may connect the love lyric to judicial forms of wagering and awards. In the prose romance, displacement operates in the fiction that surrounds literary creation. The Pseudo-Map cycle consciously derives its origin in the transition from *aventure* to legal records and then to a literary account. Documentation merges with mimesis, and the chivalric novel serves as a kind of deposition. The aim of such "translation" is "the fixing of the truth of the past so that it may be remembered in the future." Yet the functions of memory and preservation within a parchment bureaucracy suggest that other purposes have replaced the conservative motives of traditional cultures.

The final chapter, on "The Ideology of Courtly Love," applies the historical and literary insights to a problem that has occupied scholars since Romanticism. Bloch portrays the courtly ethos as an ideal working against the interests of the nobility who embrace it. Individualism and the interiorization of values, which literature and law foster, aid the cause of monarchy by limiting the baronial recourse to violence and class solidarity. The theological insistence on intention and choice furthers "the designation of the individual as an autonomous legal entity." In the lyric the value of *mezura* enforces these limitations, but a crucial case appears in the Tristan myth. In the story of Tristan and Iseult, Bloch finds the model "birth of subjective consciousness and the foundation of the modern state." The episode in which Marc spares the sleeping lovers emerges as an illustration of social consciousness founded on notions of guilt and personal responsibility. Its meaning lies in the implied social contract between sovereign and citizen rather than the class identity of feudalism. It is on this contrast that subsequent literature relies.

Bloch's study offers specialists and general readers a wider view of medieval French literature. The careful accounts of evolving legal institutions bring an important perspective to critical interpretation. Yet the value of the book goes beyond commentaries on the specific texts. Bloch has rightly decided to

treat law as an inclusive rather than a limiting term. The principles of medieval law, like those of its Roman predecessor, are both a model and a reflection of social reality. The study is rooted in this dialectical approach to cultural and literary developments. It thus contributes a sophisticated theory of relations to the practice of historical criticism.

Robert Edwards

State University of New York at Buffalo

Home at Grasmere by William Wordsworth, edited by Beth Darlington. Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1977. Pp. xiv + 464. $25.00.

Home at Grasmere is Wordsworth's long blank verse hymn of thanksgiving upon his retirement to the Lake District in 1799 after years of homeless wandering in the "wide waste" of the world. He began the poem in the early spring of 1800 as "Part First, Book First" of his unwritten masterpiece, *The Recluse*, but beyond that ascertainable fact lie only mists of conjecture. The poem exists in several manuscript stages of completion, and each manuscript contains sections whose dating cannot be accurately fixed. As usual, Wordsworth left us too much and too little. Some portions of the poem are constantly present; others appear from nowhere in a fragmentary draft, and whether they are copies of an earlier lost manuscript or newly indited, none can say for sure. There are clues in dating—watermarks in the paper, references in letters, stylistic mannerisms—but all told the poem presents a set of hazards that would test any editor's judgment.

The dating of *Home at Grasmere* is of particular importance because the poem claims a *present* joy and a *present* sense of purpose. We know Wordsworth never entirely lost his love of Grasmere or his desire to "preserve/Some portion of its human history," but we also know that he did lose joy as time went on, and that his sense of duty narrowed into some unlovely forms. Precise dating can suggest more accurately the shape of Wordsworth's emotional life in some of his most creative years. It can indicate the continuity of his visionary stance, and the breaks in continuity when events caused him to revise or contradict his earlier beliefs. It may inform us that he was capable of writing joyful passages while in the midst of personal grief—a discovery that might change some of our ideas about the supposed egotism of his imagination.

Beth Darlington has benefited from the work of previous scholars of this fascinating poem. Helen Darbishire reconstructed the "late" version of the poem, called MS. D, and published it as Appendix A in Volume 5 of the Oxford edition. John Finch and James Butler produced useful studies of the text. Darlington deserves ultimate credit, however, for the painstaking production of this edition, complete, as are other volumes of The Cornell Wordsworth, with photocopies of the chief manuscript pages and transcriptions from them *en face*. Most important, we now have the earliest full text of the poem

(MS. B), evidently completed in 1806, running alongside the familiar MS. D. As with the 1805 *Prelude*, we now can evaluate the described experiences in their primary form. Darlington has made available in their proper context some early and deleted passages that will be debated over as long as there is Wordsworth criticism.

In my book, *Ruins and Empire*, I have called attention to one of these, Wordsworth's claim

> That in my day of childhood I was less
> The mind of Nature, less, take all in all,
> Whatever may be lost, than I am now. (B. 94-96)

Written sometime (probably 1800-1801) between the backward-looking "spots of time" which became *The Prelude, 1798-1799*, and the nostalgia of the first stanzas of the Intimations Ode, this affirmation of Adamic joy seems a precarious and poignant moment in the history of Wordsworth's self-analysis. Like other passages in *Home at Grasmere* it articulates a satisfaction with adult experience that wavered and finally vanished as family, friends, and landscape lost their radiant appeal to his mind's eyes. Wordsworth would never again make claims like these from the newly-published manuscript:

> In this majestic, self-sufficing world,
> This all in all of Nature, it will suit,
> We said, no other [ ] on earth so well,
> Simplicity of purpose, love intense,
> Ambition not aspiring to the prize
> Of outward things, but for the prize within–
> Highest ambition. In the daily walks
> Of business 'twill be harmony and grace
> For the perpetual pleasure of the sense,
> And for the Soul–I do not say too much,
> Though much be said–an image for the soul,
> A habit of Eternity and God. (B. 204-215)

This is clearly the period of Wordsworth's maximum optimism, sustained only a few years, which gave birth to the famous Prospectus, "On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life." Darlington confidently dates this latter discursive passage during the Grasmere years, rather than 1798-99, as some previous commentators have suggested.

Home at Grasmere emerges as one of the sunniest of English poems, a pure expression of Hope in which the traditional heaven-haven of religious verse has been naturalized to a terrestrial location in England's green and pleasant land. We see the piety in the domestic dramas of the early draft, which the poet later transferred to *The Excursion*. We see the devotional fervor of Wordsworth's description of the birds whirling gracefully over Grasmere lake, a passage acutely analyzed by Karl Kroeber in *Romantic Landscape Vision*. And finally, this edition allows us to see Wordsworth breaking through the limits of his naturalized imagination as he (against his own will, one feels) converts the beloved scene before him into a religious emblem:

A symbol of Eternity & heaven
Nor have we been deceived: thus far the effect
Falls not below the loftiest of our hopes
Tis not in holy Nature to betray
Or disappoint her genuine Votary
My trembling Heart acknowledges her Power
To be divine; & therefore infinite. (p. 355)

Wordsworth never included this fragment in any full draft of the poem, but its existence informs us of one spiritual mode, or rather one terminological mode, that he needed to excise. That, in turn, is another clue to his poetic development.

Not all the transcriptions of cancelled passages are so interesting, of course. Some are entirely useless:

What [?] [? life]
[?] [? as ? above ?] [?] (p. 237)

Fragments like this are given a full page, as if they were pieces of the true cross. Art is our religion, and no better proof can be offered than the scrupulous exactitude of editions like this one. Fortunately none of the apparti interfere with the reading text, printed separately, and Wordsworth scholars cannot help but be grateful even for scraps.

The serviceable quality of Darlington's edition—I particularly appreciate the notes on all transcribed pages which key passages into the reading text—should enhance the reputation of *Home at Grasmere*. Early critics took the poem at Wordsworth's own apparent valuation—they left it virtually untouched, with the exception of William Minto, whose appraisal of 1889 has been reprinted in *Wordsworth's Mind and Art*, ed. A. W. Thomson (1969). "The verse is of the poet's prime," he noted, "a fragment of that impassioned history" which Wordsworth undertook to narrate in *The Prelude*. Critics of the latter poem now have no reason to neglect this companion work, coeval in composition, comparable (at its best) in poetic beauty and psychological interest, a new star in the constellation of Wordsworth's major writings.

Laurence Goldstein

The University of Michigan

The Victorian Critic and the Idea of History: Carlyle, Arnold, Pater by Peter Allan Dale. Cambridge, Mass. and London: Harvard University Press, 1977. Pp. 295. $13.50.

Sophisticated critical and scholarly investigation of Victorian literature probably can be dated from the appearance of Jerome H. Buckley's *The Victorian Temper* in 1951. Challenging the connotations of "Victorianism," nearly all disparaging, the book helped clear the way for an objective and less apologetic view of the literature of the period. Now, after more than a quarter-century of immense scholarly activity, we know in a general sense what the Victorians

thought; we are aware of their shared ideas. What still remains to be determined is the manner of Victorian thinking, the process by which common ideas were conceived. In an important essay—"The Formal Nature of Victorian Thinking," *PMLA*, 90 (1975), 904-18—Gerald L. Bruns has argued that the distinctive feature of the Victorian mind is the way in which history is made to function as a formal property of thought. Examining Carlyle, Arnold, and Ruskin, Bruns shows that for the Victorian prose writers the meaning of an idea is inseparable from its history.

Although apparently unaware of Bruns's essay and of other recent literature on the subject (about which I shall say more later), Peter Allan Dale in *The Victorian Critic and the Idea of History* touches on many of Bruns's ideas to demonstrate how historicism affected Victorian theories about the nature of art. Investigating works by Carlyle, Arnold, and Pater, Dale is concerned with "the *philosophical* manifestation of the historical sense" especially as it is reflected in the three authors' thoughts on aesthetics.

The Introduction delineates the dimension of historicism in the nineteenth century. It shows how, replacing physics and metaphysics, the historical process was set up as the most likely venue to an explanation of experience, although ultimately a thorough-going historicism, with its insistence that history is the end of knowledge beyond which the human mind cannot go, was rejected by nearly all nineteenth-century thinkers.

Each author is treated in a section comprised of two chapters. The first chapter examines the sources of and influences on the author's thinking about history—the formation of his philosophy, in other words—and the second demonstrates how the writer's historical views inform his critical position. Each critic is examined with reference to three concerns: the genetic approach to criticism—that is, the relation between art and historical or cultural forces; the role of art in society, specifically how it affects systems of belief; and the concept of aesthetic value, especially the effort to find firm grounds for evaluation of art. In the last analysis Dale is interested in discovering how each of the three critics reconciled himself intellectually and emotionally to the implications of a historicity showing continuously changing beliefs and values through time.

From the German Idealists Carlyle learned that "clothes," or systems of belief in time, are emanations of the Divine Mind outside of time. Hence if a mythus fails, a new mythus will arise, phoenixlike from the ashes of the old, so that man can be delivered spiritually. The function of the poet is to penetrate the veil thrown up by the Time-Spirit to discover things as they really are, the Divine Idea. For Carlyle the test of a work of art is its ability to induce in the reader belief in the Idea that the work expresses. But, as Carlyle was aware, the degree of penetration is limited by historical conditions, and to overcome this difficulty in his aesthetic theory he flirted with the notion that the poet's special talent lies in his figurative or symbolic expression. Yet in the end, because of a lack of critical sensitivity and because of his preoccupation with overcoming the world of the Not-Self, Carlyle rested his aesthetic theory on the truth-telling role of art.

Matthew Arnold learned from his father and untimately from Vico the

concept of the cyclical periodization of history. Unlike Carlyle he was disconcerted by the spectacle of the endless passing of systems of belief; he could not give credence to the idea that the process emanates from the Divine. For him the developing Zeitgeist is a purely secular process. Yet, retaining a basically religious longing for a stillpoint amidst the whirling flux of history, Arnold fixed upon the concept of the harmoniously developed Best Self, a concept taken from the Stoics and Spinoza, which is independent of the process of changing ideas. Hence religious belief is to be valued in so far as it supports the psychological and moral organization of the mind, the belief itself being emotionally a sort of feeling and intellectually an illusion which refers to no reality outside itself. Reflected in his poetics, this view causes Arnold to stress not the truth-telling role of art, as in Carlyle, but its ability to evoke moral and emotional attitudes in the reader. How does art do this? By form, architectonics, the grand style. Locating value in the supposed permanent emotional and moral needs of the personality, Arnold in effect denies the historical element in the work of art. He does not consider how the capacity to experience the inner peace of Dante's "In la sua volontade è nostra pace" can exist without faith in the medieval Christianity which inspired it.

Tracing Pater's intellectual development, Dale locates the later Victorian critic within the empiricist tradition. He is particularly illuminating in his discussion of Pater's debt to John Stuart Mill, although in my opinion he does not give sufficient prominence to the elements of Oxford idealism in the critic's thought. As an empiricist of Epicurean tendency, Pater made no attempt to transcend history: he accepted the historical process and looked for no spiritual reality behind it. Hence he relied on sensuous and emotional experience as the only experience of which we can be certain. Yet at the same time, in an effort to get beyond this, he embraced the concept of the continously developing culture of the race as a value in itself. Ultimately he was little at ease with the complete historicist position. As a critic he focussed on the direct sensuous and emotional experience conveyed by art. He believed that from the perspective of his own *Weltanschauung* the artist experiences the sensible world, whose impression he assimilates and imitates so fully that his art becomes pure perception. The value of an art object thus resides in an inarticulate sensuous and formal condition, a complete unity of idea and expression.

Following the section on Pater a short Conclusion, in which the author sums up his treatment of the three critics and suggests their importance, closes the book.

The summary I have provided in no way does justice to Dale's book and the complexity of treatment of the three Victorian critics. Although the book is arranged in three chief sections devoted to one figure each, it would be a mistake to read only the section on Arnold, say, to see what the author has to say about this particular critic. It would be a mistake because the book must be read in its entirety. For it is not only a study of Carlyle, Arnold, and Pater; it is also an investigation of the historicist outlook in Victorian England and, further, an effort to trace how Victorian critics attempted to

make of poetry a variety of religious experience. No other work with which I am familiar does this so well. I commend it highly to all who are interested in Victorian intellectual history and in Victorian aesthetic theory.

I could wish, however, that Dale had addressed himself to the implications of Bruns's article mentioned earlier, because I believe that the book would have been even better had Dale attempted to go just one step further and show how history functions in the case of Carlyle, Arnold, and Pater as a *formal* property of thought. He comes close to doing this but never quite gets to it. It may be unfair to charge him with neglect of Bruns's essay because it may be that his study was submitted to the Harvard Press in 1975 and that it took the Press two years to produce the book. Yet I wonder about this. For when I look at the notes I find allusion to no work published later than 1972. Dale is presumably unfamiliar with, for example, Abbott Ikeler's *Puritan Temper and Transcendental Faith: Carlyle's Literary Vision* (1972), David DeLaura's essay "Matthew Arnold and the Nightmare of History" (Stratford-upon-Avon Studies XV [1974]), or Harold Bloom's introduction to the *Selected Writings of Walter Pater* (1974)—all of which are pertinent to his concerns and the ideas of which one would have liked for him to engage. Could it be that Dale completed an earlier form of this study by 1972 and in reworking it did not keep up with the scholarship published during his revision?

I could also wish that the book did not frequently suggest an underlying polemical purpose. Carlyle, Arnold, and Pater seem to be judged as thinkers and critics by the degree to which they approached complete historicism. Hence Carlyle is said to have "failed to satisfy the vanguard minds of the succeeding generation" who were "to seek their interpretations of life in the realms of philosophical and scientific thought rather than in intuition and fideism; to look to human nature and human society as the ultimate grounds for belief rather than to an otherworldly Absolute" (pp. 86-87). Hence it is hinted that Arnold's work is limited because "Arnold, like Carlyle before him,... .obviously continues to believe in the possibility of achieving a new formula of belief that will deliver society from the abyss of relativism" (p. 168). Hence Pater is applauded because "like Mallarmé Pater is working against all metaphysical and intellectuallist approaches to the spiritual principle in art" (p. 219). In his summation Dale says:

> the critics I have been discussing [turned] to poetry...more and more...as a substitute for the concept of belief itself. Whatever the value of this enterprise as a criticism of life, its value for criticism was extremely important. By undermining the concept of belief itself the historicist outlook at the same time undermined the ancient assumption that poetry is a variety of truth or knowledge, closer to philosophy than to history. In this its tendency was ever to compel critical attention back upon more specifically aesthetic criteria for the discussion of art and to liberate art from subservience to criteria more suitably applied elsewhere. (p. 255)

Thus Carlyle, Arnold, and Pater appear to be important as critics because they prepared the way for twentieth-century formalism; they seem to be

important as historical thinkers because they anticipate the complete historicism of Collingwood, Croce, Dilthey, Meinecke, and Ortega. One comes away from the book with the impression that Dale finds his three Victorian subjects interesting and valuable just to the degree they depart from the transcendental thinking of the Romantics and point towards the positivism of the present century.

Whatever reservations I have about the book are, however, comparatively minor, and in stating them I do not mean to give the impression that I do not value Dale's work highly. *The Victorian Critic and the Idea of History* is an important book. In my estimation it is one of the most valuable studies of Victorian literature published in recent years. During a period like the 1970's when the historical dimension of literature is increasingly regarded as a significant area of study Peter Allan Dale's book, with its learning and its clarity of expression, is especially welcome, because it can serve as a model for the kind of literary-historical scholarship that one would like to see produced.

CLYDE DE L. RYALS

Duke University

Charles Churchill by Raymond J. Smith. New York: G. K. Hall & Co., 1977. Twayne Series. Pp. 156. $8.50.

Graduate students, as they prepare nervously for examinations, often give one another sample questions. The questions I remember had either a trick ("what is the great epic poem of the Restoration?"), or a joke ("who is the oldest dog in literature"?), or else probed the gaps in which only minor authors are found ("name the most important English satirist between Pope and Byron"). This was the context in which one learned about Charles Churchill, and for most, he remained only a name, mattering little more than Hector the Toothless Hound, the name of Natty Bumppo's dog.

Those who bothered to read Churchill, however, would be pleasantly surprised. Here was a writer of immense vigor and considerable skill, who poured out words in torrents and lashed victims by the score: an entertaining man at the very least, good value for time spent, especially among the poets of the later eighteenth century. The careful reader would find every requisite of the satirist's art: a sophisticated satiric persona, biting enemy portraits, clever fictions, skillful verse, effective words and figures, interesting shifts of tone and point of view, moral earnestness and a sense of humor. His performances, furthermore, seem better to fulfill the canons of his own time than the performances of Pope. If the satirist shall tell the truth, he is much more literal than Pope; if the satirist shall be a good man with no secret envies, he is more forthright than Pope; and if the satirist shall be heartily angry at vice, Churchill is so handsomely direct as to make Pope seem devious by comparison. Yvor Winters could declare that Churchill's last poem, the "Dedication" to Warburton, was better than anything in Pope and Dryden combined.

Yet Churchill remains neglected, perhaps because his excellences fade when when we put down his book. They are genuine, but they are diluted. His satiric persona runs dangerously close to self-indulgence; his portraits bite, but they lose force when they chew some detail to a pulp and leave the essence untouched; a clever fiction, if pressed too hard, will cease to seem clever. Churchill flows so copiously that skillful lines and effective words get swamped among the ordinary; and his shifts of tone sometimes seen random. The eighteenth-century canons of satire, despite their popularity, are crude: a satirist, like other poets, needs a shaping imagination first, "truth," candor, and anger second; Churchill is more forthright than he is inventive. Despite the praise of Winters and a fine edition by Douglas Grant, studies of Churchill have been few: a book, a handful of articles, and now, this second book, written for Twayne.

Being a book about a neglected figure, it is obliged to make him as interesting and attractive as it can. Being a book for Twayne, it is required to summarize each work in chronological order. The second concern cannot help the first. Churchill's virtues do not shine forth in methodical summaries of his themes and occasions, and his significance does not appear in brief, judicious estimates of each poem's success or failure. The reader who does not know Churchill's work already will get some sense of it this way, but not a lively one, nor can a book of this kind make him eager to read it. But this is to criticize the format more than Professor Smith: his information is accurate, his judgments are unpretentious; his prose is lucid. The reader who needs the political and personal background of the poems will find it here, and in those spaces where the format allows it, the literary historian can find some interesting and helpful things to think about.

Professor Smith's analysis gives us a satirist who makes the conventional points one expects in Augustan satire, uses its devices with ease, alludes to its entire range, abides by its canons. Churchill asserts "reason," just as he is supposed to do, but as Smith points out, he actually defines what he means by it, and this turns out to be his own, individual reasoning, not some established order to be taken for granted. The result is nearly to reverse what one finds in Dryden and Pope: Churchill asserts the individual, not society; idiosyncracy, not constraint. His creed is rational freedom, but not in the style of Dryden's cousin at Chesterton or of Pope in his grotto; he celebrates the genteel excess and insouciant freedom of John Wilkes. He can stay within the canons of Augustan satire and resemble in tone and demeanor that most "un-Augustan" of writers, Laurence Sterne. All of this is cause for thought: do "pre-Romantic" experiments come about because an author adheres *more* closely than before to the standards that Augustans profess?

Smith alludes to another matter more interesting still: Churchill, in certain places, has a trick of dissolving words. He employs them in ironic contexts and at the same time exploits in them a kind of "doubleness" (p. 32) which makes us unable to be sure that they have their meanings any longer. They may mean one thing, or they may mean its opposite: what force they have depends entirely on the author's mind, and the author, being ironic, speaks indirectly. At its best, in the Warburton poem, this technique puts us

directly in contact with the moral circumstances that concern the poet: our effort to understand him makes us judge them as if for ourselves. At other moments, Churchill's prolixity dilutes the effect. But here is where Churchill is genuinely post-Augustan. Dryden and Pope could assume that words have meanings—fixed, objective significances to which their users ought to be responsible. Pope did not expect such responsibility in the world outside his grotto, but he did expect it of his readers, for they share the grotto with him. Churchill not only does not expect it—at these moments, at least—but does not value it; he enjoys the problem of subject and object, for his rational freedom to make the world what he will is his *summum bonum*: tyranny is what frightens him, not chaos.

Professor Smith cannot dwell on such topics for long, for he is soon required to sum up and get on with the next poem. Format summons, and he must obey. But the book has value. It does not persuade one to read Churchill for the first time, which is a pity, but it steadily helps those who are doing so, and intermittently, it speaks to those who have done so already.

ALAN FISHER

University of Washington

The Chronicle of Leopold and Molly Bloom: Ulysses as Narrative by John Henry Raleigh. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1977. Pp. xi + 293. $12.50.

Joyce's Ulysses and the Assault upon Character by James H. Maddox, Jr. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1978. Pp. xi + 244. $14.00.

Joyce's Moraculous Sindbook by Suzette A. Henke. Columbus, Ohio: University Press, 1978. Pp. xi + 267. $15.00.

The title of John Henry Raleigh's book, *The Chronicle of Leopold and Molly Bloom*, describes what it is; the subtitle, *Ulysses as Narrative*, what it is not—unless Raleigh means by narrative that the years between 1865, the beginning of the Chronicle proper, and 1904, the year in which the action of *Ulysses* is set, follow each other in predictable sequence. As a chronicle, Mr. Raleigh's book tells us most everything we might want to know about the Blooms and a good deal about which many readers of *Ulysses* ought to care less. We learn of the Blooms' ancestry and family history, of their respective childhoods, of their courtship, their friends, their attitudes and opinions about nearly everything (much of the Chronicle consists of reproduction chunks of the text of *Ulysses* rearranged chronologically when possible and topically when chronology is irrelevant). Although much of the material Raleigh records, including the usual run of Dublin arcana, details of timing and placement, inconsistencies in the narrative, volitional and non-volitional errors by Joyce

and/or his characters, is collected in other reference books and in numerous articles on *Ulysses* scattered hither and yon, Raleigh's useful innovation is chronology. He literally lets the naturalism of *Ulysses* follow its course. Therefore the Chronicle begins in the year 1865, the year Rudolph Virag arrives in Dublin and subsequently conceives his son, Leopold Bloom (Virag changed his name in 1866). And the Chronicle ends with two appendices, one a list of Bloom's addresses beginning in 1866, and another a chronological list of Bloom's jobs beginning in 1881 and continuing to the book's present.

Raleigh claims he began work on the Chronicle as a hobby during the years he was an administrator at the University of California, Berkeley. A hobby is usually obsessive and a hobbyist usually gets his facts right. Raleigh scores on both counts. The book is filled with the minutiae, quiddities, and accidents of over forty years of a *fictional* couple's history (I emphasize *fictional* because somewhere along the line Raleigh has lost the distinction between literary characters and real people). Insofar as accuracy goes, the Chronicle is relatively error free. There are a couple of lapses on p. 72 and p. 77 where we are told after separate entries first to see pp. 00 above and then p. 00 below, a nifty trick in either case. But for the most part Raleigh is accurate. He is also, by turns, fascinating and maddening. After a helpful excursis, for example, into the Hungarian byways (paternal side) of Bloom's family history, including a report on the theory of naming in eighteenth-century Hungary and a speculation on Joyce's habits of transliterating names, Raleigh records the name Karoly as that of Bloom's maternal grandfather. Claiming to "know Joyce," Raleigh guesses "that Karoly was not the original name which the father of Higgins changed to Karoly." Since the name Karoly is mentioned only once in *Ulysses*, there is no fictional context for worrying over this matter. Here and elsewhere Raleigh goes too far—he assumes that a narrative record has a naturalistic life of its own even when the interpretive reward for such speculation is nil. Raleigh's obsession with the pre-life and "after-life" of literary characters is of a different order than, say, Hugh Kenner's recent speculation about unnarrated events during the day of *Ulysses*, events that we can assume have taken place and that directly affect narrative context. Much of Raleigh's speculation affects nothing. Later in the Chronicle we learn that the month of Bloom's proposal to Molly is not mentioned in *Ulysses*. But Raleigh very much wants it to be May. Naturally, he tabulates the number of times each month *is* mentioned in the text and concludes that May wins the day (or the month, as the case "may" be). The fact that two occurences of May in the text refer not to the month but to Mary (May) Dedalus does not daunt Raleigh in the least. Rather, it's his "last point" in an argument that has lost touch with logic and skirts perilously close to parody. May, it seems, was the familiar name of Joyce's mother, thus proving that Bloom proposed to Molly in May.

Raleigh will obsess over these things—that is the way he reads *Ulysses*. But I am less bothered by Raleigh's perception of "real" or recordable detail (present or absent in the text) than with his strange conception of his book as an introduction to *Ulysses as Narrative* (subtitle). Along with some statements in the introduction to the Chronicle, the subtitle misleads the unsuspecting

reader about the contents, format, and utility of Mr. Raleigh's book. Even though Joyce, as Raleigh points out, was interested in naturalism and lectured on the naturalism of Defoe's work, the recovery of naturalistic sequence does not justify billing Raleigh's book as a guide to narrative issues in *Ulysses*. In his prefatory statements, Raleigh protests too much. The first among multiple purposes for the Chronicle suggests that the book is "to serve as an introduction to Joyce for the uninitiated who are, understandably, intimidated by the bulk and complexity of *Ulysses* in *tota*." Later, Raleigh advises that "the Chronicle is no substitute for the novel, merely an introduction," as if anyone would misperceive it as a substitute. The mere idea suggests priorities have gone awry. Like other reference or guide books, the Chronicle can provide information for both the uninitiated and the initiated, it can put matters of narrative event into chronological sequence, it can clear up beclouded fictional history. But finally, it is an adjunct to *Ulysses* not an introduction to it. Those who have some experience with *Ulysses* are not likely to be taken in by Raleigh's half-hearted attempt to foist his book off as something it is not. Those who come to *Ulysses* thinking Raleigh's book will tell them something about narrative are in for a surprise.

If Mr. Raleigh's subtitle is misleading, James Maddox's title, *Joyce's Ulysses and the Assault upon Character*, is simply less elegant than his book. Just who is assaulting whom? I think Maddox means assault in several senses: assault as an attempt, a means of "getting at" character; but also, especially in the radically stylized chapters of *Ulysses*, an attack on the notion of centrality in representing character in the novel. But "assault" is the wrong word for Joyce whose aesthetic sympathies, like his politics, were pacific by design. If, however, Maddox means the assault in his title to refer to *his* own rather than Joyce's treatment of character, then I think he misperceives his own critical finesse. Maddox is not an assault artist—he is less the Rocky Marciano of Joyce criticism than its Sugar Ray Robinson.

Maddox's choice for a title bears upon an assumption controlling his book, an assumption stated explicitly early on. Maddox belongs to the school of Joyce whose spiritual leader is S. L. Goldberg, to whom Maddox alludes in the space of a few pages as overwhelming, definitive, brilliant, elegant, and aesthetically hoarding (Goldberg keeps "the baby with the bath water"). Like Goldberg, Maddox is bothered by the "encyclopedic" *Ulysses* whose various and distorted styles detract from the *sine curve* of character. He writes emphatically though, to his credit, less often than Goldberg of "the severe limitations of these styles which have lost touch with their subject matter" (p. 186). Oddly enough, Maddox even likes some of the chapters he feels compelled to question; nevertheless the assumption that *Ulysses* risks losing touch with its subjects (literally, its people) governs the argument and organization of the book. Maddox discusses *Ulysses* by re-arranging its chapters on the basis of a kind of character quotient. Those chapters with most "character," so to speak, get discussed first. It is not in the least surprising that Maddox is better, much better, on those sections of *Ulysses* stylistically closer to the consciousness of its characters. His treatment of

Stephen in *Proteus*, for example, is extraordinarily supple, one of the best readings of that chapter available; and his reading of the early Bloom chapters is first-rate. Maddox is also excellent on a later chapter like *Nausicaa*, a bit of a breather as prelude to the complicated night chapters to follow. Generally, Maddox is weak and tired in his treatment of the larger, encyclopedic, and parodic chapters of *Ulysses*. He is a good enough critic to provide some trenchant observations about *Aeolus*, *Wandering Rocks*, *Sirens*, *Cyclops*, *Oxen of the Sun*, *Circe*, and *Ithaca*, but for the most part he fights old battles, rehashes old material, and seems anxious to get on with what he does well, to return to the consciousness (his consciousness and theirs) of character. Maddox sees character (and what it constitutes) as the primary form of *Ulysses*.

Characters are "souls" with marking and idiosyncratic rhythms. Joyce's fiction records sets of relationships among a soul and its rhythms, its surrounding physical world, its record or memory, its incremental patternings (authorial allusions, archetypes, and correspondences). What makes the matter of character fictionally generative for Maddox is the paradoxical notion that while the "soul" is essentially ineffable, indefinable, irreducible, numinous, mysterious, and in spiritual motion, the fictional stuff of Joyce's world is anything but ineffable—it is materially and historically reproduced; it is physically and artistically textured. So the guiding technique of Joyce's representing method presents a character (soul) knowable by repeated sets of relations with things around or surrounding it, from controlled epiphanies to focused correspondences (parallax) to kinds of interchangeability (metempsychoses). Maddox explains: "Joyce's art is the art of the unspoken, an art of surround and periphery, implying and evoking but never naming the center" (p. 12). "Whether we are speaking of the epiphany, of characterization, of the manipulation of style, or of the use of correspondences, the primary configuration within Ulysses is the same: a collocation of details which point toward an unnamable center" (p. 15).

Maddox's ideas about character may focus on ineffable centers, but they do not produce ineffable results. As a critic, he is precise, clear, intelligent, resourceful, and generative. Although he is too generous and too thorough in presenting, repeating, and reformulating the strategies of others (Noon's Aquinian speculations, Goldberg's Joycean aesthetics, Ellmann's triangulations), the patient reader will endure just to see Maddox rekindle sparks of interest from the dying embers of the obvious. The book is filled with throwaways as productive as the winner of the Gold Cup race. Stephen, as Maddox points out with economical precision, acts as if he has a need to be watched. Maddox gets him right. Bloom operates by a kind of internal gyroscope. Maddox sees Bloom's essential rhythm as "self-dispersal and reassimilation." Simon Dedalus is wonderfully described as a "synedoche for his city." Maddox suggests that the declension of Bloom's name in *Circe* is something of an epic descent (or decline). In *Cyclops*, Bloom's lot is given paradoxical formulation: "the unbenefitting apostle of compassion." Maddox cleverly marks *Nausicaa* as a turning point in the novel, the difference, so to speak, between day and night. On a few occasions, almost too few to mention, Maddox nods. I wish he would not have referred to the jargony "solution of his [Bloom's]

life-problem." Even more, I wish he had not said "But then wham" in reference to one of Molly's quick transitions. And I wish there were a little less bowing and scraping at the feet of S. L. Goldberg. These are minor matters. Maddox has written a good book.

Suzette Henke's title, *Joyce's Moraculous Sindbook*, is neither misleading nor inappropriate; it's simply portmanteau. "Moraculous...sindbook' is one of Joyce's many references to *Ulysses* in *Finnegans Wake*. Combining morality and miracle, sin and *sind* (German "being" in forms of the present indicative), the configured title implies a movement from ethics to what Ms. Henke sees as phenomenological transcendence. The central thesis in Ms. Henke's book is that the three main characters in *Ulysses*, unable to deal fully or satisfactorily with the pressures of the world in which they circulate, make something of a phenomenon of themselves—they move out of the physical and culture-bound world into the liberating world of the creative imagination: "In the course of the novel, the three protagonists escape from 'sin' into a realization of existential *Dasein*" (p. 10). I wonder if Bloom, reading the *Sweets of Sin* at the bookstall, would see it this way?

All important creativity for Ms. Henke is post-creative, that is, Nietzschean: "*Joyce's Moraculous Sindbook* is an attempt to re-create *Ulysses* as an existential act of mind and a phenomenological life-world" (p. 11). The characters and, presumably, the readers and perceivers of the phenomenological systems in *Ulysses* adjust to "a life-world beyond the scope of immediate experience" (p. 6). For John Henry Raleigh, the world of *Ulysses* is so real it needs a chronicle; for Suzette Henke, the referential world is the enemy and Joyce's characters in *Ulysses* are all artists waiting for their work to happen in their heads: Joyce "delights in the capaciousness of the human imagination and implies that every individual can become an 'artist of life' through myth, sympathy, and creative fantasy" (p. 12). Stephen is a "self-declared artist of the beautiful." Bloom is an "unselfconscious artist of sympathy." Molly is perhaps "the most prolific artist in *Ulysses*." Art (*art*) is democratic. Any question of craft is held in abeyance or rendered impotent (potential put behind, I suppose, since most democratic art in the book is the articulation of memory). Ms. Henke's attitude toward art as craft is something like Stephen's attitude toward work: Work? Count me out.

Joyce's characters ought to give up on their worlds because they can more profitably negotiate their own interior spaces: "Joyce's characters move from a world of psychological enclosure to an existential liberation of consciousness" (p. 12). Or, to report it another way: "The true protagonists of *Ulysses*—Stephen, Bloom, and Molly—all exult in the playground of the mind" (p. 8). One doesn't so much want to deny such a statement, one merely wants to ask, only in the mind and nowhere else? If Bloom's walks around Dublin are the "Freudian perambulations of a masochistic id," and if Molly is "the Logos that arises from sensuous experience and perpetually affirms existence in a yea-saying moment of transcendent *ekstasis*," one is forced to conclude that for Ms. Henke the important things in *Ulysses* are out of this world.

Ms. Henke has been at work on her book for seven years and seems to have cast a nearly and deciding vote for Phenomenology. She claims allegiance to Geneva (Phenomenology) and an older New critical Haven. She acknowledges as one of her champions J. Hillis Miller, the late 1960's advance man for Phenomenology in America. But Miller's Geneva lights have dimmed only to flash again in a Newer deconstructionist Haven. Henke's plight is something like that of Max Beerbohm who took several years to master the ideas of Henri Bergson only to complain that his " philosopher's " once rising star was now descendant over the horizon. Henke's problem is that she hasn't moved fast enough for Phenomenology in these, our modern moments. But she doesn't need Phenomenology. Once she sheds her jargon and banishes her sources to footnotes, she is actually a fine critic of the much more various states of mind that Joyce's characters display.

A paragraph by Henke on the choices, strains, and anxieties of Stephen Dedalus looking into a mirror is worth a chapter of phenomenological jargon. An observation that Mary Dedalus enters in upon the scene of *Ulysses* like a pre-Raphaelite painting is better than a host of debatable remarks about the liberation of consciousness. Noting that Gerty MacDowell is the perfect creature to be attracted to (and by) an ad man is both pertinent and witty. Pointing out that Bloom's sense of feminine interchangeability is so strong that for him to make love to anyone besides Molly would be a kind of incest is kinkily apt. Ms. Henke can be a good critic; her difficulties come when she absorbs herself with special phenomenological pleading. When she takes the same hostile stance towards the material and physical matter of the book that she assumes Joyce's characters take she is Cyclopean and unifocal. For example, she writes of the newspaper world of *Aeolus*: "The newspaper world is a microcosm of paralysis and of mechanistic aggression." It is that, no doubt, but the newspaper is also part of the stylistic "stuff" of *Ulysses*, an urban daily organ in a novel partly dedicated to recreating one or another daily organ from the day of its plot to the body of its *schema*. Ms. Henke is only intermittently receptive to the variety of fictional programs in *Ulysses*.

The style of *Moraculous Sindbook* is, like its title, oracular, even gnomic. Previous commentators on *Ulysses*, Ellmann and Kenner among them, share in this tendency. Ms. Henke tells us that "Bloom is an artist of compassion; Molly, an artist of passion" ; "Eros is transient, agape transcendent" ; "Bloom warrants our pity, but not our tears." I mention these observations not to condemn them, but to record a stylistic feature prominent in Ms. Henke's book. Some readers may find these formulations helpful.

There are two matters I would mention in conclusion. Ms. Henke, like so many critics before her, assumes without reservation that Stephen urinates on the beach in *Proteus*, although she admits that his effort (for this "relief" much thanks) "undergoes such extraordinary celebration that the physical act is barely recognizable." Perhaps it is barely recognizable because it does not happen. In a recent essay, David Hayman argues that Stephen masturbates rather than urinates, but I have yet to read an argument on this matter that convinces me the passage in question refers to anything but Stephen contemplating moving back across the tidal pool on the strand distinctly named Cock Lake

before the advancing water cuts him off. The passage in *Proteus* is usually cited as an instance of Stephen generating artistic material out of his own self, so to speak; but physical reality here seems to take precedence over the phenomenon of creativity. Another small, organic matter as so many matters, small and otherwise, are in *Ulysses*: Ms. Henke refers to Cissey Caffrey's remark about Bloom's "masterworks...out of order," and concludes that "Cissey's pun reflects the dysfunction of both timepiece and codpiece." Just what does a phenomenologist think a codpiece is?

MICHAEL SEIDEL

Columbia University

The Victim as Criminal and Artist: Literature from the American Prison by H. Bruce Franklin. New York: Oxford University Press, 1978. Pp. xxii + 337. $13.95.

Reading Franklin's book on American prison literature makes one recall Lenin's comment that intelligent idealism is closer to intelligent materialism than is unintelligent materialism. Here is materialism so unintelligent that vulgar Marxism acquires new dimensions and reaches new depths one thought impossible, at least in a book published by an academic press. There are so many things wrong with this book that only a lengthy essay could unravel all the errors, but *The Victim as Criminal and Artist* is not important or substantial enough to deserve that much attention. (For a detailed discussion of Franklin's political and theoretical assumptions, I recommend a review by Paul Breines in *Telos*, 15 [Spring, 1973], 138-145, of *The Essential Stalin* which Franklin edited and introduced.)

Franklin's major thesis is that the real criminals have not been prison inmates but plantation owners, middle class racists, and capitalists. Whereas Eugene Debs believed that the existence of prisons was symptomatic of an unjust society and that it was a socialist goal to create a world where prisons would not be necessary, Franklin means something much simpler; in fact, Franklin never suggests that prisons ought to abolished, which is of course one of the dominant themes of revolutionary prison literature. According to Franklin, although slavery was abolished after the Civil War, capitalism was not, so that slavery merely changed its form. If in 1850 blacks were in chains as Southern property, since then blacks have been enslaved by penal institutions. Despite so much discussion of black culture, there is no analysis whatsoever of racism; rather, racists, especially academics, are sneered at. The one important distinction he makes in a book not terribly discriminating is between the "collective revolutionary consciousness" of blacks, which he traces from Douglass to the Panthers, and "the loneliness of the isolated convict ego, branded and cast out, seeking either to reintegrate with the social order or to defy it in anarchic rebellion" (p. 262). Although some white prisoners also have what he calls revolutionary consciousness, for the most part whites tend to be conformist or individualistic. Even this idea

makes little sense if one examines the literature. For example, George Jackson turned violently against his own upbringing, family and culture, and turned toward a highly individualistic self-discipline, reading Marx, Lenin, and Mao. Jackson created a revolutionary self after bracketing out black American culture; it was only *after* becoming a revolutionary that he began to identify sympathetically with other blacks and those parts of himself he suppressed in order to become a revolutionary.

Although the book approaches a kind of black nationalism, Franklin tries to be even-handed, matching (like a Federal judge) every chapter on black culture with one on a white author. Following the first chapter on the slave narrative is a chapter on Herman Melville entitled "The Worker as Criminal and Artist." How worker Melville was able to achieve such infallible anti-capitalist lucidity while other white workers and prisoners were unable to do so Franklin does not say. Those readers who have detected a nihilistic streak in Melville's work will find Franklin dismissing out of hand all such considerations. Chapter Three is on black culture—slave songs, work songs, prison songs (on which Franklin has nothing new to say, with whatever valid insights there are coming from the scholarship of Bruce Jackson)—while the fourth chapter discusses some white prison authors in addition to black authors. Chapter Five matches white Malcolm Braly with black Chester Himes, and the last chapter discusses recent prison literature, mostly black. This absurd balancing act unsuccessfully conceals a political assumption which informs the book but which is never stated as such: the black nation, as he calls it, is the vanguard of the proletariat which will lead us in a socialist revolution. One absurdity leads to another.

Franklin advances our knowledge of prison literature not one iota, although the bibliography is extensive. The gravest weakness of the book is its peculiar kind of nationalism because prisons, especially today, are an international question. From Attica to the Gulag, from Chile to Cambodia, the issues of imprisonment, torture, crime and punishment, and social control are urgent and demand serious attention. Ideas dragged out of Depression Marxism will hardly do. Franklin discusses a large body of American literature in a way that is neither illuminating nor useful; that literature remains to be analyzed intelligently.

MICHAEL SCRIVENER

Wayne State University

Defamiliarization in Language and Literature by R. H. Stacy. Syracuse: University of Syracuse Press, 1977. Pp. xi + 193. $14.00.

This study borrows the concept of "defamiliarization" from Victor Shklovsky's "Art as Technique" (1917) and argues that his Russian Formalism offers a valid approach to literature today. For Shklovsky, the work of literature was an autonomous language system set in opposition to the "practical" discourses that depend on habitual perception: "The technique of art is

to make objects 'unfamiliar,' to make forms difficult, to increase the length and difficulty of perception because perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be prolonged. *Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object; the object itself is not important.*" Although his term presupposed the familiar and consequently presented artfulness as a modification of historically fluctuating cultural norms, Shklovsky reduced the various motives, messages, and effects of literature to "defamiliarization," a single universal drive for technical innovation and perceptual renewal. Stacy uncritically accepts this definition of art as technique and of perception as an end in itself, denying as a consequence the importance of content and context.

Shklovsky formulated his radically synchronic description of literature as a corrective to the literary criticism of his day that intepreted art in the light of simple notions of history and the history of ideas. He thus made technique the subject of serious critical attention. Failing to acquaint an American readership with this legitimate contribution by Russian Formalism in the development of European literary theory, Stacy presents defamiliarization as an undiscovered and total aesthetic. He suggests that in fact the poetics of such recent critics as Roland Barthes and Julia Kristeva are restatements of Shklovsky. To the contrary, Fredric Jameson has shown in *The Prison-House of Language* that Formalist isolation of the work of literature prompted subsequent poetic theory to reconsider the work of art in its communication situation and thus establish new relationships between art and cultural history. Coming in the wake of such corrective responses as structuralism and semiotics, Stacy's formalism is simply anachronistic. In the copious sequence of examples that makes up the body of his book, furthermore, Stacy extends "defamiliarization" to include changes in practical as well as poetic language so broadly that the term, for lack of the precision it gained from Shklovsky's own applications, becomes too general to be meaningful.

Nancy Armstrong

Wayne State University