2

ARES

Temporal Surfaces in *Revolution*, *Each* and *Second*

The end of SOLUNA, the first stage or major sequence (or first two words, its sun and moon) of Morrison's **Sentence of the Gods**, is the beginning of ARES. More precisely it occurs with the letter A that ends LUNA, the goddess of the moon, and opens ARES, the god of war, just as the final S of ARES is also the final S of the following stage, HERMES—the messenger or mediating god who communicates between Heaven and Earth, between Earth and Hades. And if the pivotal L (*Light*) of SOLUNA is echoed in the L (*Life*) of EL, the sixth and final stage of the **Sentence**—this EL suggests both "the" (from Spanish "*el*" and Arabic "*al*") and the ancient, all-powerful God of the Hebrews (Elohim, Eloah), then the pivotal A of LUNA/ARES is echoed in the A (the cosmological book *All*) that joins HERA, who follows HERMES as the fourth stage and is ARES' mother) of APHRODITE, Hermes' lover as well as (possibly) his half-sister.[1] Ares (Mars) as embodiment of war/conflict/dialectic and Venus as eros/desire/sexuality in any case form an obvious "pair"; perhaps they suggest Freud's *thanatos* (as disintegrative death-drive) and *eros* (as integrative sexual drive) in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*.

Of even greater interest to me than the potential field of rich archetypal-mythic and gender implications here, is the fact that this A linking SOLUNA to ARES stands, in one (its most obvious) sense, for the English indefinite article, just as EL in its Spanish sense of "the" is the (masculine, singular) definite article. In the previous chapter I suggested that we could tie the *indefinitely* wide range of reference of the indefinite article "a" to Morrison's formal technique in *A*, taking this as a sort of controlled variation on what might at first seem pure randomness, a purely contingent assortment of *texts trouvés*, "found texts." For the article "a" can refer, after all (and perhaps this is why, in English at least, "a" is "the genuine article"), to anything, and yet the indefinite scope of its "range" or "field" is not infinite; there is still a certain limit here. Perhaps we are now taking "anything" in a positive sense: "a" refers to *anything*.

Indeed we may be dealing with an open-and-closed economy reminiscent of Deleuze's "infinitive Verb" (of *The Logic of Sense*). Deleuze's insight is that any verb in its infinitive form ("to like," "to eat," "to say"; "to be" might be a too-easy case, in effect "begging the question") is completely wide open. Not only can "like" or "say" take an indefinitely wide, though not infinite, range of subjects and (especially) objects drawn from the whole system of *langue*—and the possible objects of "say" as themselves statements suggests an indefinite if not infinite pattern of recursion, but also this infinitive form is open in the sense of not being conjugated or "tensed" (I eat, she will eat, they have eaten). Being tenseless this infinitive verb is in a way timeless, and Deleuze ties it to Freud's *thanatos* (death-instinct)[2] and to *aion* (Greek "ever" or "always") as the "flat surface of time."[3]

The question then arises as to the significance of these ideas (brought to bear through its opening book, *A*) in relation to Ares, Mars, the war-god. In fact it is precisely the notion of time's surface that I want to foreground here, along with that of a dialectical struggle (war) that takes place not just on the textual plane (all Morrison's works are essentially intertextual) or the spatial one but also on a temporal plane or surface. All his texts are "mere surfaces" in the sense of being purely "perceived" by an empirical observer, purely "aesthetic." But we will also think of Baudrillard's "postmodern society" as a society of mere simulacra, virtual surfaces: that these surfaces might be temporal as well as spatial is suggested by both Einstein's flattening of space-time (time as the "fourth dimension of space") and (more obviously perhaps) Jameson's notion that in our "postmodern age" time (e.g. the temporality of high-modernist narrative) gets flattened out as/into space. Here I am speaking of both ARES' "form" and its "content," although, in keeping with postmodernist narrative, these two may have become virtually indistinguishable—another way of saying, perhaps, that spatial planes, models, dynamics (visual perception) and temporal ones (the lived experience of events) are both still subsumed within those of writing, "textual" planes, models, dynamics.

Thus in the second book of ARES, *Revolution*, we have various "revolutions" (primarily in the sense of political "upheaval" or "overturning") as the most obvious or most central theme but also, constantly at work (play), formal techniques of overturning or inversion that shift and interpose (juxtapose) texts or contexts ("discursive worlds") through the interposition of spaces (locales) and times (historical eras), most often by jumping to another place within the same time-frame or, more strikingly, staying in one place and simply shifting times. The interpretive problem then becomes that of relating this sort of textual-spatio-temporal formal technique to what we normally think war means: dialectic, a conflict of opposites, perhaps even what Hegel called a "synthesis of thesis and antithesis" or the medieval scholastics, "*coincidentia oppositorum.*" Taking the opposed terms here merely as different (and in some sense oppositional) novelistic characters/scenes/worlds, which one might see as "discursive worlds" (worlds of discourse) and thus essentially as "texts," we have in *Revolution* the interaction or "war" between the chapters featuring Jen (an 81-year-old Chinese man) in ancient China, present-time Paris and New York (2, 6 and 9), those featuring Fred, a young Frenchman who migrates from Brittany to present-time Paris and Texas (4, 8 and 11) and whose space-time momentarily overlaps with Jen's in Chapter 6, various Americans in present-time America (1, 5, 6, 11 and 12), and the historical Frenchmen of the revolutionary and Napoleonic eras (3, 6 and 10).

The fact that *Revolution* jumps, in Chapters 3 and 10, into the "real" world of historical France (from 1789 to the Napoleonic period, ending with Napoleon's death) tends to mark the present-day France chapters as (not merely post-

revolutionary but) "post-historical" in the sense that we may take the characters (Jen, Fred, the women and other friends they meet in Paris) less seriously than we take the actual setting in time and space: contemporary Paris, with its streets, its buildings, above all its museums. (Paris itself has of course been called a "vast museum.") That is, characters in the contemporary French chapters somehow feel more fictional than the places and times they inhabit, as do (though in a slightly different way) the (post-)revolutionary characters in the historical-Paris chapters. After all, in both cases the characters are, unlike the times, places and (in the historical chapters) events, largely imagined by the author; or, if in the historical chapters some characters are historically "real," they are nonetheless separated from us like all the other "ghosts" of history. These characters' sense of "posthistoricity" could be aptly described in the terms of Jameson's definition of postmodernism as "an attempt to think the present historically in an age which has forgotten how to think historically in the first place" (opening sentence of *Postmodernism*), which also suggests that "essential" flatness defining or underlying postmodern society's "virtual" presence as mere surfaces, mere simulacra, as Baudrillard among others has described it. Here we think too of Deleuze's *aion*, also tied by Deleuze to the notion of simulacra ("images," there no longer being a standard to judge whether they are true or false) that are "projected" onto a flat surface: the present now becomes a flat temporal surface upon which (at) any given point could be "any" time and thus becomes atemporalized.

On the other hand, I would suggest, the "Americans in contemporary America" chapters present us with a different problem: here the historicity of the locale—mainly Santa Fe, New Mexico—seems to be less emphasized, while speculation about the dualistic, dialectical or self-reflexive nature of history, politics and art is emphasized more, sometimes acquiring a certain "hegemony" within the narrative. This philosophizing is presented in various ways, through characters' letters, notes and journals—whose written text, the deferred meaning of Derridean *écriture*, sometimes fades or transforms into real-time, empirical narrative[4]—as well as their actual thinking. Thus, for instance, we have a scene in Chapter 5 ("Stravinsky Ballet in Two Scenes"), set at the university in Santa Fe where writer Donald Bunge teaches psychology, in which his wife Linda appears. We note here the text's ironic play with the self-deferrals of time as well as of text:

> Lying under the warm quilt Linda imagined what it was like to live in a state of suspended animation. She fell asleep, thinking of frozen vegetables. At 5:30 a.m. the alarm went off. Anticipating an omelet, Linda dragged herself out of bed. […] Carefully she refilled a box with Donald's work, occasionally glancing through a story or stopping to read a title: "At the School for Angels," "From the Hotel Antarctica." From beneath a heap of sheet music she pulled out the program notes for Donald's piano sonata:

> The entire sonata is a mirror of my brain. The underlying organization of the piece is dualistic. It reveals a war of epic scope, irrationality versus reason, the religious versus the secular, atonal versus tonal. The work expresses love for the melodies of Brahms, Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky because they are based on dualism, that is, diatonic melodies are played off against a restless chromatic background. This is the greatest device of 19th century Romanticism.
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> Laying the program notes aside, Linda sprawled out on the living-room floor. She recalled what Donald had been like as an undergraduate. (76-77)

The "dialectical" as well as "epic" nature of war now emerges as an explicit theme in *Revolution*, here set in relation to "nineteenth-century Romanticism" and to Tchaikovsky, most famous for his "1812 Overture." (The War of 1812 was of course fought between Russia and post-revolutionary France under Napoleon.) And yet Bunge writes that the "entire sonata," whose "underlying organization reveals a war of epic scope," is "a mirror of my brain." The three dualities, which would seem to correlate irrationality with religion and atonal music, rationality with "the secular" and "the tonal," suggest that we read this "mirroring" in the light of Freud and his predecessors, Nietzsche (art as Apollonian rational form ordering Dionysian creative chaos), Schopenhauer and Schiller. Yet when we place Bunge's program notes in the larger context of his wife's "reading," we see how this aesthetic philosophy actually remains on a sort of synchronic or flat surface (a certain sort of discursive or textual surface) as compared to the diachrony of "real lived experience." This is of course the problem with dialectical thought, even that of Hegel, whose ostensible purpose is to mark the diachronic movement of history itself: it is somehow synchronic, a "war of ideas" played out on a smooth battlefield.

Compare the above passage with a much later one (Chapter 7) featuring the reflections of Donald's university student Elizabeth as she tries to begin writing her Kant paper: "At 3 a.m. Elizabeth sat glassy-eyed at her Smith-Corona, cloudily musing over Kant's second analogy. 'Everything that happens presupposes that something came before it,' she said to herself. 'Experience is the only possible way of subjecting ourselves to the succession of phenomena.'" This Kantian understanding of our actual lived experience—that it is necessarily diachronic, that the experience of real events as they proceed through a causal sequence is also the experience of, the only way of experiencing, time itself—reinforces the notion of a real diachronic-historical frame for those idealized, synchronic, "horizontal" speculations, however dialectical, of philosophers—even Kant or Hegel, not to mention Donald Bunge. Kant of course contrasts the world of "phenomena" or that which we can really *know*—which is the intersection of our own faculties of perception and logic with incoming sense-impressions—with the "noumenal" world, that which we can "think but not know," the zone of the "things-in-themselves" standing "behind" those impressions and also of our own self ("reason") standing behind our faculties of perceiving and knowing. Our actual experience of and

in time is phenomenal; the noumenal (real world and real self, the latter correlated as in Plato with "pure logic") in a certain sense transcends time. The following passage ironically shows us the limited understanding of both Elizabeth (whose putative paper topic is "Kant's Phenomena") and her roommate Kathy (whose topic is "Kant's Noumena"):

> Now what the hell does that mean? This guy's hopeless. She rubbed her eyes and walked into the kitchen, only to find Kathy hard at work on a paper called "Kant's Noumena." Looking up, Kathy inquired sympathetically, "Time for a little Java?" The coffee itself had already begun to perk.
>
> It is a quarter to 5. Elizabeth is standing in a room full of crumpled paper. Space, time and causality have fired her brain.
>
> "We perceive things not as they really are but as they appear." A woman in a chiffon dress takes a seat on the edge of Elizabeth's bed.
>
> "Where did you come from?" asks Liz, a little startled. […]
>
> "Please, there's no reason to get distraught. I've come to assist you. You see I'm a novelist of wealth and notoriety." (159-160)

Elizabeth's closing fantasy or hallucination of a "muse" to help her write her Kant paper—the muse-novelist turns out to be 1970s pop-feminist author Mary McCarthy—plays on the popular (or "vulgar") sense of "noumenal" as spiritual, ghostly, uncanny; the scene "enacts" this sense, underscoring the student's genuine need for help in understanding Kant while simultaneously suggesting that the muse may not be able to give her such understanding. The playful notion that the two students themselves might represent, as in a drama (marionette show perhaps), Kant's two "worlds" of noumena and phenomena (Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee) suggests a parody of Hegel and his dialectical synthesis of ideas—which ultimately remains on the synchronic surface of time, where it cannot actually be "experienced" by real people.

What might be thought a (postmodernist) hallucinatory "disruption" of the narrative flow here by the muse can at least be explained subjectively as Elizabeth's own fantasy; the rupturing of visual space is that of a sudden "appearance" or "apparition." At the other extreme we have the "break" in Chapter 10 ("The Last Words of Napoleon") between the "realistic" conversation of soldiers in Napoleon's post-revolutionary army and a (totally atemporal and aspatial) Chinese sage's comments to his son on the *I Ching*, which present a variation on Kant's theme of temporal succession, in what turns out to be a magazine article read by (a still late-twentieth-century-American but momentarily despatialized) Linda:

> "France cannot, and will not, be restored to monarchy. We are still a republic. One *may* be emperor of a republic, never king." " […] Emperor, king, what difference?"
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> "*Vive la différence*, said Pierre. " […] France *was 'graced' once*—by the Reign of Terror, Jacques. […T]he government stands on shaky ground, and the distance between us and the past is not so great as one might think."

> The vote of the Council of State, in accord with the public mandate, confirmed the First Consul [Napoleon] in his highest ambitions. Thus, on the eighteenth of May, he addressed the Senate: "[…] I accept the title [Emperor], which you believe to be conducive to the glory of the Nation."
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> "All is alteration," said the sage, hitching up his pants. "Could there be spring without winter?"
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> "No, father. But have not the holy men told us as much? Have they not revealed this in their writings?"
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> "Does not winter follow fall and fall summer?" the father continued. "And does not winter return to spring? […] Heaven is above […]. The world is below. Above the earth phenomena take form. The bud of the plant disappears when it forms. And so the fruit of the plant replaces the blossom."[5]
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> "What is this section doing in here anyway," said Linda, munching on an apple as she flipped the pages of a new periodical. "'The movements'"—she read a little further—"'are orderly. […] In the heavens, things change according to fixed laws!'" Linda riffled the pages, hoping to get to the illustrations. The voice droned on: "'The holy men have reflected upon these matters, my son. […]'" Linda, who had stopped reading, was fixing herself an omelet. "'The holy ones instituted the hexagrams so the phenomena might be observed. […].'" How do you cut this thing off? Linda wondered. She wasn't feeling like ancient China. She was feeling more like Spokane, Washington.
>
> Linda scraped the egg from the pan and sat down to eat. "'The holy sages surveyed all the movements under heaven.'" Someone had opened the front door. Whew! It was only Donald, back from teaching a class on Yeats. "'The contemplation of the meeting and interrelating of these alterations led them to the perception of external laws.'" Still, Linda sensed trouble. (219-222)

While we may think, even here, that the encompassing "free play" (as Derrida would say) of (inter)textuality still includes within it whatever gaps there are in space-time-culture, this textual "rift" between Napoleon's early nineteenth-century speech and the six solid (*yang*) lines of an *I Ching* hexagram (the first of 64, "Heaven") dating at least back to the early Chou Dynasty (*circa* 1100 B.C.) is striking. The fact that Linda can't "turn off" the apparently (virtually) speaking "voice"—"the voice droned on"—of the spoken "lines" she is reading indeed invites a reading *via* Derrida's critique of phono-logocentrism, his notion that while Plato thinks his logos (voice/logic) transcends the mere repetition of writing, in fact "speech is also writing": that is, Linda cannot turn off the (her) voice because the voice can no longer be distinguished from the writing, like writing it "runs everywhere," is "out of control." ("Nothing outside of text.")[6] But if we read it the other way around, giving the traditional (logocentric) priority to voice, then perhaps we would also

have the priority here to a *real* spatio-temporal rift, one "deeper" than the merely textual one.[7] If the visual hierarchy of lines suggests for the Chinese sage the regular order of seasons (and perhaps of all Kantian "events" or "phenomena"), it might have suggested to a French soldier fighting in the Napoleonic wars a political power hierarchy, with the emperor (though not quite the *roi soleil*, sun king) on top. One indeed suspects that *Revolution* is here playing the notion of a French emperor against that of an (implied) ancient Chinese emperor.

What finally, then, are we to make of the play between textual, spatial, temporal (synchronic) surfaces and the violent, diachronic rupturing of these surfaces, the play between vertical and horizontal "planes" in *Revolution*? We recall that the first duality in Bunge's "war of epic scope," "irrationality versus reason," is implicitly correlated with the musical dialectic of atonality and tonality (or disharmony and harmony, disorder and order). On the one hand this points toward the whole problem of reason vs. unreason at the time of the French Revolution, which was fought according to the highest principles of "reason" yet was also most "unreasonable."[8] However, a "revolutionary reason" as "unreasonable reason" could also suggest the Sadean, Faustian, Romantic excesses of German idealism (and pre-eminently Hegel): this combines the greatest vertical thrust of "going beyond" what can be rationally thought with the pure horizontality of a philosophical dialectic which, being synchronic, is "rational" (a rational "system") yet lacks the (Kantian) diachronicity of actual lived experience. With Hegel then we have a paradox which, on my reading, *Revolution* also plays with: the pure horizontal dialectic of thought (of reason *vs.* unreason, which is ultimately a trope of reason itself) cannot really "catch" history (its ostensible purpose in Hegel) since it is horizontal, synchronic and atemporal; and yet the vertical thrust of the Hegelian "unthought," the "negativity" which drives the dialectic, while it moves through actual time/history and thus may be more genuinely "historical," cannot be made "rational," cannot be "understood."

Of course, we might also correlate an intrinsically paradoxical revolutionary, romantic, idealist thinking with modernism, whereas *Revolution* clearly is offering, through its pervasive and all-encompassing (inter)textual surface(s), a postmodernist alternative of sorts. This is why the postmodern thinking of Deleuze is *à propos*, the Deleuzian *aion* as neither diachronic nor (its dialectical negation) synchronic but as "flat surface of time," an indefinitely extended surface that itself includes or encompasses the virtually infinite modalities or possibilities of the "infinitive Verb," which represents the potentiality of all action(s). *Revolution*'s "Dialogue of Unreason"[9] maintains that "deranged language can only be confronted by the absence of language. […] I myself have a friend, a philosopher, whose utterances have never made any sense to me at all. Yet, because he cannot speak, should I be silent?" (85) I would suggest that

there is an authorial stance in *Revolution* which consistently holds speculative philosophy (e.g. German idealism) suspect insofar as its abstractions transcend the possibility of human "communication," the actual dialectic of dialogue that requires a surface sufficiently smooth that both parties can understand what the other is saying. This gives us another, slightly different picture or model: the philosopher's (perhaps romantic revolutionary's) speech is "irrational" or "insane" and thus nonsense to the non-philosopher (non-revolutionary), is therefore in effect "silence" ("he cannot speak"); how then could I, the reader, possibly respond to him, to his nonsense/silence?[10] Yet perhaps I could respond with anything: this "uneven" surface becomes a "silent" (and thus "smooth") one upon which, now, the virtual infinity of the "infinitive Verb" opens out.

Turning then to Morrison's next book *Each*, the E of ARES, I propose to pursue slightly further some of these same lines (or projections-onto-surfaces) of thought. *Each* is "based on the illustrations that [the French poet and novelist] Raymond Roussel commissioned for his [long modernist poem] *Nouvelles impressions d'Afrique*. Although Roussel himself had never been to Africa and neither the poem nor its illustrations (nor for that matter, his earlier *Impressions d'Afrique*) have any clear connection to the Dark Continent, the poem is related to the illustrations and supposedly in some sense related to Africa. Adding to the absurdity, or rather perhaps to a playfulness which may seem more postmodern than modernist (one thinks of Andy Warhol), "For this purpose Roussel hired a private detective to convey his instructions to a popular French artist"—one whom we may safely assume had neither been to Africa nor had read the poem. Furthermore, "A student of Roussel's earlier work, MM nonetheless declined to read this unique poem, preferring instead to reconstruct it from the artist's illustrations."[11]

The chapters of *Each* seem to be a series of rambling monologues "spoken" by personae, artist-figures who are all variations (some American, including Hemingway and the author) on Roussel. As in *Revolution* we have here a post-revolutionary as well as postmodern ambiance. "[H]aving done with the post-revolutionary period, we must now consider the post-civilization period. […] By comparison, then, with civilization itself, post-civilization is a shambles" (Chapter 12, p. 39). But this "time of post-civilization" could be our contemporary "postmodernist period"—especially if we see this as a synchronic surface "projected" into the future rather than a diachronic time through which we are now actually living[12]—or it could be the early twentieth-century period "between the two wars." Or it could be both simultaneously, in which case modernism and postmodernism (that is, the poetic and narrative aesthetics of both) are being collapsed together. "Actually we were back"—after all—"in the 1930's, in what they called the interlude between the wars (*le jeu d'esprit entre les deux guerres*). Some slippage had occurred […]; yet withal a peaceful atmosphere

prevailed" (Chapter 10, p. 35). One might set the spacing of this "interlude," this slippage that reveals "peace within war," or rather "between wars," in relation to the problematics of music, surfaces and war/peace interplay in *Revolution*.[13]

The speaker or persona in Chapter 9 engages in para-Augustinian musings on the nature of time: For you see we are dealing with something no less than *the intervention of time itself*. Time, my dear, figured at once as substantial and insubstantial. […] For if time hath substance, let him show it (in place, motion, effect); and if it hath instead *no* substance, then let him ignore it. Ignore what? I calmly interjected. Ignore the whole argument, she said […]. And so I did, for there is nothing, dear, so boring as a sundial by itself, a sundial, you see, without the sun. Its little arrow pointing meaninglessly out into space—or ether, if you will […]. Which brings me to my point here […] that virtually nothing exists in and of itself […], that what does exist exists within time […]. (28-29)

Here we have on the one hand a more straightforward, perhaps "flattened out" critique of the abstractions of academic philosophy on the grounds, once again, that they are ultimately "meaningless" (what is "time in itself"?[14]); on the other hand we are nonetheless made to think about such an abstract time (temporality) in relation to the concrete image of a "sundial by itself […] without the sun. Its little arrow pointing meaninglessly out into space […]." This is an image that correlates rational abstractions with the "mechanical," with instruments and machines, while the non-rational (and perhaps "atonal" if not also "mad") is correlated with nature (the sun): the rational instrument (like the abstracting human intellect) can only "work" because of the sun, whose cast shadow is that by which we measure "time," here defined (as in physics) by the sun's movement across the sky.[15] One thinks again perhaps of Kant's "noumena," of the logic or pure forms of the mind which are "empty" without the incoming sense impressions to "fill" them, thus creating the "phenomena" or that which we can actually know; that is, creating our "lived experience" which can in fact only be within and *through time* (diachronic).

In the "Summary" preceding Chapter 9 we get an explicit shape/form contrast: while "form suggests in some perverse, Napoleonic way the essence or being of the thing," a "setting" in the sense of encompassing, abstract "summary," "shape" is again real lived experience, actual objects, "setting" in the sense of the "physical detail, accessories" of a scene or situation. Thus, ever preferring the setting or shape of things *now* (more perhaps than the shape of things to come), the speaker notes that "the children are healthy, the garden is flourishing, dinner on the table. The general economic situation is feasible. There's no ghastly war taking place *at the moment*. […] Why introduce a lot of philosophical garbage into a scene like this?" The notion that there is no war taking place at this moment is quite suggestive: in fact, if we punctuate any lived experience or "scene" finely enough we enter into points/moments so

"atomic" or "precise" that they become abstracted, in another way, from the actually lived/experienced scene or "setting." In this sense even if we were a soldier in the midst of combat, *in medias res*, at any single moment there would be no "war": now he is gazing at the clouds, now at the smoke coming from his cigarette; even as he fires his gun this moment in itself cannot be equivalent to the abstraction "war."

Thus we have entered into (almost without realizing it) the realm of modern or "abstract art," which is clearly where Morrison has been from the outset in *Each*. After all, the author (posing here as *auteur*, as Roussel himself in his various modernist *artiste*-personae) never read Roussel's poem (*Nouvelles impressions d'Afrique*), but rather chose somehow to "reconstruct" it from a series of illustrations by a popular modern artist, the meaning of *each* of which will of course be open to numerous interpretations. So that *Each* is giving us, in a certain sense, the *absence* of a literary text and the presence of a "visual" text. But the latter, unable to be an illustration, is rather a series of framed "scenes" that are "spoken" by the poet's/painter's persona; because they are spoken (because this is a novel and not a work of visual art), however, what these scenes can above all give us is the absence-of-literary-text, and one of Morrison's techniques for doing this, I would suggest, is the displaying or depicting of these spatio-temporal-textual "spots of time," which, as atomic moments, "present" the absence of the larger, more coherent setting/scene. The constant authorial intrusions (e.g., "Time, my dear, figured at once"), intertextual intrusions ("and if it hath instead *no* substance"), interruptions (as in *Revolution*) of the "speaker" by other voices ("Ignore the whole argument, she said"), and/or interruptions of his interlocutor by the author/persona ("[L]et him ignore it. Ignore what? I calmly interjected") serve to reinforce this sense of "spots" or "points," of a constantly broken, ruptured, interrupted or disrupted textual-spatial surface, a surface that could not possibly be made complete or *filled in*, since (for one thing) its original "text" (Roussel's poem, to say nothing of his antecedent novel, *Impressions d'Afrique*) is missing.

For in the highly (and self-consciously) "aestheticized" context of *Each*, clearly "between the two wars" (i.e. roughly in the period from 1918 to 1939) also means "between modernism" (or "between the two modernisms," where "modernism" is seen as something essentially split): *this* is the "interlude" or *jeu d'esprit entre les deux guerres*." The now-point or now-*punkt* between the two abstract ideas or entities (settings, scenes) of "war" or "modernism" is again, in the extremity of its atomic particularity and concretion, another kind of abstraction, and precisely one that can be correlated with the surface-techniques of abstract painting as associated especially with Cézanne and Cubism. (Or perhaps we must begin from the *pointillisme* of the impressionists.) Morrison's technique here is somewhat more refined than in *Revolution*: rather than the intersection of vast horizontal/vertical planes, the displaced glacial ice-fields of

Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," we have a "de-surfacing" effect that goes beyond even the fine Poundian ("A Pact") carving-up of the surface to become the random dripping of paint (Jackson Pollock) onto the canvas, postmodernist (not Wordsworthian) "spots of time." And this "punctuality" of the point/*punkt* is also that of a pencil-point (or wetted paintbrush-tip), the momentary act of the artist/writer caught *in medias res*. For after all the sundial can "point" in several directions simultaneously, not unlike Hemingway's pencil sharpener of Chapter 3:

> But suddenly I was back in Paris. Having perused the first two chapters of my book, I was depressed to find such a lack of continuity. And more than that, […] so much reference to trivial events in my life, so much "backing and filling." […] Anyway, as I said, I was back in Paris, sitting in a goddammed café, trying to get my fucking writing materials together: two blue-backed notebooks, two pencils, and a pencil sharpener (a pocket knife would have been too wasteful). There seemed to be nothing to write about apart from the goddammed writing materials and the café itself: its marble-topped tables, the smell of early morning, the sweeping-out and mopping. […] And as if that weren't enough, you had to sit through a pile of shit about the pencil sharpener, the importance of the *pencil sharpener*, as opposed to the *pocket knife*, which was meant to suggest some goddam manly fishing trip in Michigan, or the way you felt like slitting Hadley's gizzard in some fucking one-night hotel in the Pyrenees on the way to do some more manly fishing in Spain, or on the way back. And how the pencil lead might break off in the conical nose of the pencil sharpener and then you would have to use the small blade of the pen knife to "clear" it, or else sharpen the pencil carefully with the sharp blade […]. (5)

In the artist's self-portrait here—on the next page, just before blowing his brains out with his "monstrous fucking macho bear gun," the speaker notes that he never sees "Ez anymore, and Joyce is dead, and Scotty has been dead god knows how many years,"[16] so that the "timing" of this remembered yet displaced, latecoming, "retro" moment is deliberately imprecise—focuses so obsessively on his own writing instruments that there is no space/time/text for "actual content." Or: the focus is so "sharply drawn," it becomes like the pencil-point itself so abstracted in its atomic momentariness as to be nonsense-ical, perhaps infinitely self-repeating like the series of points that constitute the "line."[17] And there is an interesting play here off/against the sundial/sun image from a later chapter: the sundial needs the sun shining on it in order to "read the time," the pencil needs the pencil sharpener to "sharpen" it in order to "write time" (write one's life, one's memories). But the pencil, cast in the dependent role since it "needs" the sharpener, is nearer the sun in its "creative force"; still, the feminine sharpener and macho pencil are both "machines."[18] (In the later passage we more likely see the sun as feminine—echoes of SOLUNA's moon/sun inversions—and the sundial with its phallic or "stylistic" pointer as masculine.[19]

If *Each* moves us toward a more playful, "superficial" and "mythic" sense of the warlike philosophical dialectics of *Revolution*—as if perhaps we were now observing, to quote Pound, "the elegance of Circe's hair / Rather than the mottoes on sun-dials" (see note 14)—in the second section of *Second*, the last book of both ARES and (the following stage of the **Sentence**) HERMES, we go straight back to the dialectical oppositions within the original Greek mythopoetic-metaphysical texts.[20] For instance, we get the passage from Anaximander (early sixth century B.C.) that Heidegger (in *Early Greek Thinking*) calls the "oldest fragment of western thinking." Anaximander is saying here that the *archai*, the first or fundamental principle of all things (of the *kosmos*/ world-order) is not a physical element, as the Milesian materialists had said (Thales called it water and Anaximenes air/breath), but rather something more abstract, something whose conceptualization requires of us real speculation, metaphysical *thinking*:

> […] some other *apeiron* nature, from which come into being all the heavens and the worlds in them. And this source of coming-to-be is that into which destruction too happens […] according to necessity, since […] they pay penalty and retribution to each other for their injustice according to the assessment of time. (Fragment 112)

This sixth-century B.C. *apeiron*, unlimited or indefinite, is (according to Cornford) an hypostasis of Hesiod's *Xaos* (Chaos) in his *Theogony* of perhaps 200 years earlier. That is, the mythopoetic, personified "god" Chaos, out of which "first came Earth," becomes in the early metaphysics of Anaximander an abstracted, depersonalized notion of infinity or unlimitedness. Hesiod's Chaos already has at least two interpretations: we probably think of it as an encompassing disorder or *mixture* (cosmic "soup") within which Earth (and then Eros, and then from Earth her mate Sky which "covers Earth" through the force of Eros) suddenly appears or rather is "ordered" (out of which it "orders itself"), but as Cornford notes *Xaiein* means "yawning gap" or "mouth," and we may also picture Chaos as the initial gap or "difference" between Earth-Sky (Mother-Father). This latter reading seems counterintuitive, for how could the "difference" have preceded, as chaotic ground, the "order" of A and B that emerged out of it?[21] But perhaps it is just this primordial self-difference of Chaos which allows it to become self-ordered (as too in physics' chaos theory) into logical oppositions, opposed terms/elements.

In any event, out of Anaximander's *apeiron* as infinity and/or indefiniteness (are these different meanings?) are differentiated (self-ordered) the opposite elements/principles of hot and cold, wet and dry and so forth. On the traditional reading, while the whole *kosmos* ("order") comes out of the *apeiron* ("coming-to-be," *genesis*) and goes finally back again into it ("destruction," *phthoran*) "according to necessity" and perhaps in a cyclic pattern, "they pay penalty and retribution to each other for their injustice according to the

assessment of time" means that hot/cold and wet/dry must "balance" each other: when wet or cold goes too far it must come back toward dry or hot, a variation on the idea that hot "destroys" cold and wet "destroys" dry.[22] However, the young Nietzsche (in *The Classic Age of the Greeks*) has a different interpretation of this "paying penalty," picked up by the later Heidegger: it is not that individual elements or principles like "hot" pay penalty to or balance their opposites, but rather that the whole emerging (coming-into-being, self-generating) *kosmos* must "pay penalty" back to its origin, the *apeiron*, by finally passing away into it (or dissipating, decaying back into disorder). Nietzsche and Heidegger of course like this reading, because it fits the notion of human subjectivity's (*Dasein*'s) radical finitude, its close proximity to (the) Nothing (Heidegger's *das Nichts*) and/or (the) ultimate contingency and disorder (Nietzsche).

However, this famous passage from Anaximander, as we have it in standard works like Kirk and Raven's *The Presocratic Philosophers*, is so ambiguous in part because it is just a surviving *fragment*, that is, it is already (inter)textually "mediated." Thus Morrison (as the second or third or nth order "reader" of Anaximander's original text quotes it here as we find it embedded within Kirk and Raven: "Simplicius, doubtless quoting from a version of Theophrastus' history of early philosophy, identifies in Anaximander *some other* apeiron *nature, from which* […] *since*, he adds in his most poetical description of the matter, they pay penalty […] *assessment of time*." Here the intertextual element—in a certain way reinforced by the intrusion of "poetry" into metaphysics, reminding us that the metaphysical *apeiron* is but a further extension or abstraction of a mythopoetic *Xaos*[23]—is expanded by Morrison at the opening of *Second*,2, for this Simplicius-Theophrastus-Anaximander passage is set between/among and juxtaposed with passages from the *Odyssey*, which themselves play off/against the empirical travelogue-narrative of the author as he pursues the "underworld" nightlife of Thracian Alexandroupoli.[24] *Second*,2 opens:

> Alexandroupoli nightlife: "Chaos," two black doors, "Closed." "I am Odysseus, son of Laertes" (Homer). Their handles not responsive to being pulled. "Known above all men for crafty designs." "Artakie," a cavernous one-room club, its sign reading Privé," its décor in black and white, two silver-clad pillars rising from a central well. "And my fame goes up to the heavens." Three candles are burning atop the bar, it not clear why the electricity is off. "I am at home in sunny Ithaca." At any rate, the music has been extinguished along with the lights. […]
>
> "Chaos," the club visited earlier, now has lit its neon sign. "Ithaca is rugged but a good nurse of men." […] Within the darkness of "Chaos" the electronic sound system pulsates. "For in truth Kalypso, shining among divinities, held me in her shining caverns […] and so likewise Aiaian Circe the guileful detained me, but never could she persuade my heart." […]
>
> Along an up-market avenue, the Café Del Mar is also darkened. […] "Come, I will tell you of my voyage home with its many troubles." The Barracuda Club, half-lit, has a whole wall filled with video games. "Which Zeus inflicted on me as I came ashore." […] Author perambulates Alexandroupoli's central streets, […]

past a darkened park, […] past a street fronting the sea, whose waves lash up over the embankment toward a pub called "Aeolus."

> "From Ilion the wind took me and drove me ashore at Ismaros
> in the land of the Kikonians. I sacked their city and killed […]
> […] I favored a light-footed escape and strongly urged it,
> but my foolish companions would not listen to me […]
> Meanwhile the Kikonians went and summoned others […]
> and the luck that came our way from Zeus was evil,
> to make us unfortunate, and give us hard pains to suffer."

The wind picks up. Surrealistically the surf gleams under large white street-lights. We pass the "Amis Café." In the grid of the sidewalk holes have been dug, deep rectangular trenches large enough for men. (46-47)

Morrison claims to have retraced insofar as possible, during his trip to Greece and the Aegean islands off Asia Minor, the actual route that Homer's Odysseus took after he left Troy to wander for ten years. This ancient traveler's first stop ("From Ilion the wind took me") was the land of the Kikonians. Here we see how the "author"'s physical perambulations about the Thracian "night town" scene get juxtaposed with the passages from Homer and Anaximander (*via* Simplicius and Theophrastus). In particular, Chaos becomes a darkened "night club": this plays not just on Hesiod (whose under-earth, before it becomes Hades, is Tartaros, home of the giants) but on other Greek creation myths, variations on Hesiod's, in which Erebos (Night), associated with the under-earth, also has a key role. But Chaos as that which precedes or underlies all warlike oppositions explicitly appears in the opening line: "Alexandroupoli nightlife: 'Chaos,' two black doors, 'Closed.'" Chaos itself is ambiguous: on the one hand it cannot be pinned down to either of the "two" (Earth and Sky, Moon/Sun, Dark/Light, Female/Male), yet "it" (both doors) is/are "closed," which also associates Chaos with the dark principle (first Earth comes out of Chaos, then Sky from Earth) now taken as absence, nothingness, and/or the pervasive "indefiniteness" of the Anaximandrian *apeiron* seen both as encompassing flux and as difference.

A key concept and technique that ties Morrison's poetics here to what he is doing in *Each* is that of the "fragment." We have only the few surviving textual "fragments" of Anaximander (for whose interpretation or "understanding" we thus rely on layers of intertextual mediation); with Homer we have something more nearly approaching textual "totality" (though actually those epic poems were famously constructed out of formulaic fragments accumulated through centuries of oral tradition). Yet a crucial aspect of the textual-interposition (or "intertextual") technique is precisely that it tends to "fragment" even texts (e.g. Homer's) that we might have initially thought to be somewhat more "wholistic." That is, in order to juxtapose (as ongoing textual strategy) text A with texts B and C we could necessarily only take fragments from each; furthermore, the actual fact of "juxtaposition" tends to foreground the intrinsically fragmentary (or ultimately "intertextual" in the sense of being parts of a larger

"total text") nature of each quoted passage/text. Thus in the above-quoted extended passage the author has taken slices from Homer's Kikonian "passage" (in the Odyssey)[25] in order to juxtapose these with Anaximander's *bona fide* fragments—Anaximander's is another *kind* of text/discourse because it is a metaphysical text and also because it is one that "originally" we only possess in fragmented form—and with "fragments" (in another sense, tied more to the modernist stream-of-consciousness) of the author-narrator's empirical, present-day (real-world) narrative.

A few pages later in *Second*,2 Morrison continues to engage in his "siftings on siftings in oblivion,"[26] interspersing domestic "scenes" suggestive of violence (war) from his Aegean travelogue with citations from Kirk and Raven's commentary on the above-quoted Fragment 112 of Anaximander:

> Next door a home appliance store has set out on a table modern electric irons, all in white, but trimmed in sea green, leaf green, sea blue, cloud grey. *It is clear* (Kirk and Raven) *that if Anaximander thought the sea would dry up once and for all this would be a serious betrayal of the principle that things are punished because of their injustice: for land would have encroached upon sea without suffering retribution.* Across the street a white-jacketed butcher is cutting meat for an obstreperous matron. *Our interpretation of Fragment 112 as an assertion of cosmic stability may, however, be wrong.* Sausages hang from hooks before him, as he labors to satisfy her requirements. *Could the drying up of the earth be the prelude to re-absorption into the Indefinite?* A plucked chicken hangs by its yellow feet. *This it could not be, since if the earth were destroyed by drought such an event would implicitly qualify the Indefinite itself as dry and fiery, thus contradicting its very nature.* Two doors down a bridal store is showing a dark-skinned manikin with long, curly black tresses dressed in a white gown. *The principle of the fragment could, nonetheless, be preserved if the diminution of the sea were only part of a cyclical process*: At a jeweler's shop one window has been devoted to enormous fabric butterflies, painted in extravagant colors. (55)

The "cyclic" reading that Kirk and Raven arrive at here may seem to come closer to the above-mentioned Nietzsche-Heidegger reading of Fragment 112: it is not opposed elements that pay penalty/retribution to one another (thus maintaining "cosmic stability") but rather the whole self-generating *kosmos* (world-order) that pays penalty/retribution to the *apeiron* (disorder) from which it emerged by returning (dissipating, decaying, disordering) back into it. However, while we *might* suppose that Nietzsche (the ultimate glorifier of the *agon*, of life as war) thinks in cyclic terms with his eternal return—this will depend on our interpretation of that famously cryptic and elusive trope, which has at least three different versions in Nietzsche's own writing—we will be less likely to think of the later Heidegger in such terms. In any event, Kirk and Raven's interpretive speculations here on cosmic cycles are juxtaposed with implicitly violent images of electric irons (for eternally "drying the earth"), chopping butchers, hanging sausages and plucked chickens—but also with "virtual-transformation" images of "dark-skinned manikins in white gowns"

and "enormous fabric butterflies," as if the earth will never change *in substantio* but only on its aesthetic and ultimately illusory surface.

However, whether or not one agrees that "the principle of the fragment" (i.e. Anaximander's original point) is in fact actually that a balance of opposites leads to cosmic stability, or that this central "principle" (this interpretation of Anaximander) "could, nonetheless, be preserved if the diminution of the sea were only part of a cyclical process," I prefer to read, deconstructively perhaps, this "principle of the fragment" in another way, thinking of Gasché's analysis of the "Romantic fragment" (the witty, ironic, aphoristic style of prose perfected by Schlegel around 1800) in his Foreword to Schlegel's *Philosophical Fragments*:

> A piece struck by incompletion, a detached piece, a piece left over from a broken whole, or even an erratic piece, is structurally linked with the whole or totality of which it would have been a part. Such a fragment is a piece of an ensemble, possible or constituted *at one point*. It receives its very meaning from that ensemble that it thus posits and presupposes rather than challenges. [Here] reference is made to the disruption of totality by writing and textuality. […] [T]he early German […] Romantics' theory and practice of the fragment prefigure the discoveries associated with contemporary theories on writing and textuality. […] The Romantic fragment "aims at fragmentation for its own sake."[27] Rather than a piece to be understood from the whole of which it would be a remainder, or a broken part, the Romantic fragment is a genre by itself, characterized by a concept of its own. […] [A]ll fragments are systems *in nuce*. […] Fragments are individuals, singular organic totalities, that is, systems in miniature. […] It would thus seem that Schlegel confines the synthetic power of absolute unity to the *punctual* entities of the fragment alone. In the closed-off individualities of the fragment, unity is achieved in *chaos*, but at the expense of any systematic relation as the absoluteness, or isolation, of the fragment suggests. A lack of coherence, or of "a-systasy," as Schelling called it, would characterize the fragmentary universe. […] The fragment thus captures, as one would say, the *event character* of the system. […] In contradistinction from the Idealist position strictly speaking—Hegel, for instance—according to which the system consists of an ordering totality transparent to itself, the early Romantics think the system through fragmentation, that is, as presenting itself, not in a pure medium of thought and in absolute figurelessness, but as always an individuality, and hence, in principle, multiple. (vii-xiii, my emphasis)

By in effect fragmenting his various texts in order to interpose or juxtapose them, then, I am suggesting that Morrison's technique also, in a slightly different way perhaps, "aims at fragmentation for its own sake"—so that each of his fragments maintains a radical "individuality" or uniqueness, and the ordering totality of the whole textual system never becomes "transparent to itself." For if ARES (war) is opposition and chaos, it is also fragmentation, yet a fragmentation that ends not in the "terminal equilibrium" of absolute decay and dissolution but as a field of self-contained points, punctuated organic totalities whose indefinite lingering on the textual surface betokens, in however "flattened out" a form, a kind of self-regeneration.

And here is a final thought on Morrison's ARES, which ties the notion of punctuation, fragmentation and dialectical oppositions on the synchronic textual surface to the indefinitely wide range of reference of Deleuze's "infinitive Verb," that silent projection of speech/language onto the metaphysical surface that nonetheless (as "verb") also suggests a certain verticality, actuality, spatio-temporal displacement or "eventhood." In his *Bing Fa* (*The Art of War*), the ancient Chinese political philosopher Sun Tzu claims that the successful military force knows how, through what he calls the art of "numbers" (*shu* 數) and "measurement" (*tu* 度), to "feign chaos (*luan* 亂) on the outside" in order to lure into its highly organized core the attacking enemy force.[28] There are various interpretations of this, and elsewhere I have suggested an interpretation in terms of Serres involving non-linear dynamics and the field of irrational numbers—or rather a field of rational numbers on the juxtaposed surface that "feign irrationality" due to the indefinitely long, but finally repeating, strings of digits after the decimal point—as well as one in terms of Deleuze's "Stoic logic" and his "virtual surfaces"—now taken as chaos-feigning surfaces, surfaces that mirror a series of flitting images, the fluttering of a butterfly's wings.[29] For if it is finally the porous and fragmentary textual surfaces—as individual organic totalities whose own "systems" are not "transparent to themselves"—that are "drawn into" one another (along with the ideas and figures contained by them), we still must consider the vertical interaction of spatial and temporal planes in relation to linguistic and textual ones—the interaction, for instance, of the centuries that contain these linguistic-textual surfaces and of which they themselves may be fragments.[30]

Notes

1. One myth takes Aphrodite as daughter of Zeus and Dione, thereby making Mars her half-brother; another myth has Aphrodite as daughter of Kronos and Rhea, thus Zeus' sister and Ares' aunt; the most famous has her rising from the sea-foam generated by Ouranos' severed genitals. (See the discussion at the opening of Chapter 3.) In any case Mars as war, conflict, dialectic and Venus as eros, desire, sexuality represent a pair (whether as brother-sister or lovers); see Freud's *thanatos* (as the disintegrative death-drive) and *eros* (as integrative sexual drive) of *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*.

2. Freud in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* says that in effect death is our greatest "pleasure" or "release of tension," whereas eros is correlated with tension; it is a "return to our pre-organic state" tied to the unconscious "repetition compulsion"—death then as the "ultimate repetition." Deleuze in *The Logic of Sense* contrasts Kronos (linear, chronological time), as the "depth-drives of eros," with Aion as the flattening out (or projection) onto a flat surface of the depth-drives, thus correlating it with thanatos (the death-drive) as that final, "absolute" repetition and also seeing it in relation to Nietzsche's (non-chronological) eternal return.

3. In *Revolution* we do not yet get the juxtaposition or interposition of ancient narrative, philosophical and sacred texts with a contemporary, empirical narrative (which will become the trademark of HERMES), so that in this earlier book the intertextual play might seem to be less "radical"; however, it still goes as far as it could without interposing "extraneous" texts. And passages like that featuring the "*I Ching* commentary" (see later discussion) also come close to doing—indeed predict—what Morrison will do in those later, double-textual books.

4. This textual-temporal "fading" occurs in many chapters, not just the American ones. Morrison indeed gives us several variations on the epistolary and/or journal "format," whose intertextual play operates at various levels of spatio-temporal rupture or displacement. In Chapter 2 ("Spring, or the Wisdom of Jen"), a parody of the traditional life-of-sage as holy text that gives us the hero before he leaves China for France, the dated entries are simply third-person narrative, in a "calendrical" format. For instance: "March 1 Jen slept, his hammock suspended between a pine tree and a bamboo hut. […] March 31 Early the morning of his last day with the master, Jen dreamt of his father and mother. […] Returning to his hut, weary of travel, he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep, eager to embark tomorrow on his new life." (19-33) In Chapter 5, under the heading "Linda Finley, Journal," we get the traditional first-person "confessions" of a diary: "Oct. 1, 1968 I cried all day. Could not stop the death images coming. Don and I talked for an hour on the phone. He came over […] This morning I found a sonnet Don left me on the coffee table. Such a bright, priceless gift. It assuages my fear.

…

> We aren't sure what we'll do after the wedding. We haven't any idea where we'll go […]. Whatever happens I *must* remember Don's writing. The writing comes first. I want us to be happy and live our lives out together in love.

Linda put the journals back into one of the boxes. Next she came across a notebook Donald had kept in Paris. It too was in the form of a journal. It seemed to date from 1967. Linda took a seat on the sofa.

> I spent my first day in Paris walking through a hot frozen album of postcard snapshots. The scattered white buildings. The perfectly diminishing perspectives […].

Linda flipped the pages and came to an entry headed "Illiers."

> The ghost of Proust haunts the place. […] Everything is exactly as I dreamed it would be: dark storm clouds over fields of unharvested wheat, waterlillies, fishermen, berry bushes. It is all Paradise. I look for Proust. I miss him in the landscape. Is he here now? Does he still remember?

(79-80)

The narrative fadings, transformations, displacements here are reinforced by the within-text spacings, the (literal) "spaces." In a third variation, there is no actual calendrical or journal format but Bunge's student Elizabeth dreams a "date" which then dissolves (fades) into a dream-narrative: "Trying, however, to conjure Donald up again, she saw herself instead in the act of reading an antique manuscript. As she concentrated, the word at the top of the first page came into focus. 'January,' it said. […] Sentences emerged, the way a secret message does when held in the right light. […] 'Let's see. That's a date. It says "January 20*." What's that by the twentieth? An asterisk.' As Elizabeth dreamt, the words dissolved into narrative.

> JANUARY 20*
>
> The Historical Society met again this month […]. [O]ur gathering took place in a retreat for the insane. […] On the way to the asylum I read an interesting article. The work, which is entitled "The Dialogue of Unreason," maintains that deranged language can only be confronted by the absence of language. In other words, if someone [converses] with you in a deeply confused way, […] ignore him.
>
> …
>
> The caretaker led us down a narrow, windowless corridor, which smelled like burnt sulphur. […] He paused in front of a large oak door, looking into our faces somewhat apprehensively."

(84-85)

In this passage a dreamed "date" for marking a "journal entry" leads into a dream-narrative that has within it a further space or gap, between the narrator's reflections on "The Dialogue of Unreason" and the real action once they are inside the insane asylum; in the asylum they are shown one "Monsieur Louis," who either is or imagines that he is (like the character in Pirandello's *Henry IV*) King Louis XVI of France. The asterisk (*) refers us to an "Editor's note": "The following narrative draws heavily upon unpublished papers of E.M. Hardwigg in the collection of Mme. Jules Roy […]." This note, for all its "Sadean" flavor (Sade's imprisonment coincided with the Revolution) of the asylum, has a very early 19th century "American Gothic" ambiance; one thinks of Irving and the Francophile Poe; the text alludes directly to Hawthorne *via* his French pen name, "Aubépine."

Here, however, I must focus on those cases of spatio-temporal-textual play which most clearly foreground the abstract themes of dialectic and the temporal-historical surface mentioned at the outset.

5. A famous image of Hegel's in *The Phenomenology of Mind*, 1806.

6. And perhaps the use of quotes-within-quotes here—Linda is reading out loud (outside quotations) a passage quoted from a book (inside quotations)—suggests that *mise-en-abime* of pervasive textuality, taken by Derrida as indefinitely-extended quotability (a system in which there is no "original" or "unquoted" text), which again implies that speech is encompassed by an open-ended *écriture*.

7. In the context of the *I Ching*'s lines it seems apt to mention that Derrida in fact says, in *Of Grammatology*, that since Chinese writing is essentially not alphabetic (phonetic) but pictographic, Chinese language/culture/thinking may well have developed "outside of logocentrism." The

question remains: can these "written lines" of Chinese metaphysics be engulfed within a (within their) "voice," or would not any voice (logos) be absorbed within (or between) them?

8. It is a dialectic (or paradox) the Marquis de Sade was very comfortable with. Foucault, describing the post-Renaissance, Neoclassical age in *The Order of Things* as one in which "madmen" were increasingly "excluded" by being put away in mental institutions, says that this age had forgotten that madness ("unreason") is "the other side of reason," that they are two sides of the same coin, and those in power have the power to exclude those whom they regard as "abnormal."

9. See the end of note 3.

10. A chaos-theory reading *via* Serres is, once again, possible here: the background noise of total randomness or disorder (static on the radio) self-orders into "meaning" or "speech" (tuned-in stations), yet hyper-order (hyper-repetition) leads to the redundancy of blank chaos, terminal equilibrium, information death. Perhaps Serresian blank chaos is one way of seeing the Deleuzian "metaphysical surface" of the Verb, explicitly correlated, in *The Logic of Sense*, with Freud's thanatos (death instinct) and with silence.

11. The above passages are quoted from the "blurb" on the back cover of The Working Week Press (2000) edition of *Each*.

12. Jameson's definition of postmodernism as "the attempt to think the present historically in a period which has forgotten how to think historically" suggests, in effect, the equivalence of these two views; both are flattened out "onto the surface."

13. Achilles' shield in the *Iliad*—see the discussion in Chapter 4 on HERA—most famously raises the question: Is it that (in human life, the human world) peace ultimately encompasses war, or *vice versa*, or both simultaneously? We might also, and especially in light of Hemingway (e.g. in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place"), substitute "order" for "peace" here and "chaos" for "war."

14. But Augustine in the *Confessions* famously says that he only feels confused by time when he starts to think about it, to wonder in a philosophical way: "What is time?"

15. Morrison may well be playing this duality of sundial (unreal abstraction)/sun (reality) over against a somewhat similar one at the opening of Pound's *Mauberley*: here the speaker's or persona's "true Penelope was Flaubert, / He fished by obstinate isles; / Observed the elegance of Circe's hair / Rather than the mottoes on sun-dials." The scientific objectivity yet cold, deathly, unreal abstraction of measuring instruments and ancient inscriptions (Morrison's sundial in *Each* is "supported" by "imitation Corinthian columns" and "little insipid scrollwork") are contrasted with the living, fleshly "reality" of a character (beautiful femme fatale, witch) out of ancient myth. (Pound of course followed Eliot to London and then Hemingway and Fitzgerald to Paris.)

16. "Hemingway" is of course referring here to Ezra Pound, James Joyce and F. Scott Fitzgerald, his fellow Parisian expatriates.

17. A more radical vision of post (or post-post) modern art, I would suggest, than what we get with the usual Benjaminian "mechanical reproduction" (raw repetition) of Warholian Marilyn Monroe heads

18. Derrida plays on the notion of pen or *stylus* as both phallus and "style," over against a feminine writing or encompassing textuality. (Greek *stylos* is "pillar.")

19. See the previous note.

20. "Second" implies "two," thus "duality," "dialectic" but also "doubleness," "reflection," "virtuality."

21. Of course, beginning from "difference" (as in Lacan, Derrida, Deleuze *et al*) is a very "postmodernist" tendency.

22. These ideas are very similar to (or identical with) what we have in ancient Chinese thinking, particularly the *I Ching* and, much later, Lao Tzu and the Yin-Yang School. But while

the Greeks have four (astrological) elements (earth, air, fire, water), the Chinese, five (earth, water, fire, wood, metal).

23. The late Heidegger and early Derrida are intensely aware of the manner in which "poetry" (or "writing") encompasses metaphysics; Derrida would prefer "encompasses" to "precedes" here. That is, abstract ideas are themselves also "tropes."

24. We think too of Joyce's *Odyssey*-based *Ulysses*, and specifically the Night Town section.

25. Before he even gets to the land of the Lotus Eaters, an *island* where there arises the possibility that even fragmentary "memories of home," that is, of "totality," will disappear if we don't get quickly tied to the ship/main narrative.

26. Pound, *Mauberley*, "Envoi" (1919): "When our two dusts with Waller's shall be laid, / Siftings on siftings in oblivion, / Till change hath broken down / All things save beauty alone."

27. Gasché here quotes from Lacoue-Labarthe and Nancy, *The Literary Absolute* (1988), 41.

28. 亂 (chaos) has "two hands unraveling thread or threads" on the left and "one thread drawn out—a radical redundancy" on the right (Wieger), suggesting not just chaos but also the built-in redundancy that would mark Serresian "blank chaos."

29. See Stevenson, "Odd Thinking: Surface Dynamics in Chuang Tzu and Sun Tzu," in *Background Noise*.

30. See the discussion of the actual, dynamic (spatio-temporal) "eventhood" of Morrison's interplay of different discourses, especially when they "break into" dialogues, at the end of Chapter 6; see also the discussion of Lyotard's metaphoric-vertical spatial "displacement" (within *langue* but also on the boundary of *langue*) in Chapter 4.