Articulāte Vol. VIII

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ARTICULATE yourself through your words ~ COMMUNICATE how you feel towards the issues and don’t let go of those issues ~ SPEAK ABOUT what matters most to you and then argue it until you win ~ EXPRESS your ideas clearly and support them with all that you know so others can know what you know, too ~ ARTICULATE yourself through your words ~ CONVEY to others what you really mean by writing it down ~ VERBALIZE your passion on the matter and then realize that disagreeing may be inevitable ~ ENUNCIATE each word in every sentence you speak clearly and with confidence, causing others to believe you ~ ARTICULATE yourself through your words

~ PRONOUNCE every syllable in a way that makes you seem as eloquent as a member of the royal family ~ SPEAK CLEARLY and loudly so that everyone will be able to hear and understand you ~

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Articulate
A Journal of Literary and Cultural Criticism

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Editorial Policy:

Articulate is published in the spring semester of each academic year and features student essays of literary and cultural criticism. Articulate will consider papers written by Denison undergraduates in any area of literary and cultural criticism and from any department or discipline. Faculty members are encouraged to recommend particularly strong essays from their classes for publication in Articulate. As a special feature, Articulate publishes each year's winner of the Robert T. Wilson Award for Scholarly Writing.

During the review process, all information identifying the author is removed from the essay and the essays are read as anonymous works of writing. After all submissions have been read, the editorial board meets to discuss and choose the essays to be published. The identities of the authors are not revealed until all decisions have been made.

Call for Papers:
Submissions will be accepted throughout the academic year and should combine research with original insight. Submissions should not exceed fifteen typed, double-spaced pages, although essays of greater length which are of exceptionally high quality will be considered for publication. Please use MLA documentation.

Initial submissions should be in hard copy. Those writers selected for publication will be asked to submit an electronic manuscript of their work. Please submit your essay with a cover sheet including your name and Slayter box. The journal accepts submissions at any time during the academic year.

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Measure for Measure is the Shakespeare play with great contemporary significance. The decadence of Renaissance Vienna—sex, sexual morality, corrupt officials, and a failure of the judicial system—are all comparable to troubles in the modern realm. However, Measure for Measure is one of Shakespeare's more controversial works because of its intensely sexual nature. While intercourse in itself does not make an appearance in the play, human sexuality and the tensions of love and desire are very much a part of it. While intercourse in itself does not make an appearance in the play, human sexuality and the tensions of love and desire are very much a part of it. While Mark is a womanizer, Isabella is virginal and pure. However, she is a womanizer, Isabella is virginal and pure. However, McCandless points out that Isabella's sex is a factor in her attraction to the Duke. Angelo.
of Isabel's power. The critical dichotomy in *Measure for Measure* stems from three sources—a misconception of the source of Isabel's sexuality, the tendency to assign blame to one character, and natural human bias. Human bias is the first problem in reading *Measure for Measure*. As Maus suggests, "complete self-display before God or others ironically or inevitably invites accusations of hypocrisy" (204). In other words, no one is completely transparent, and if someone pretends to be, they must have a secret. This essential facet of human nature works against Isabel. Despite the fact she continually demonstrates her commitment to remaining pure, her motives are called into question because she seems to good to be true. Isabel can, at times like her innocence too much, but that does not prove an attempt to seduce Angelo. For instance, she is being curving favor when she tells the Nun that she desires "a more strict restraint" despite the fact that the order she is entering is notoriously strict (Liv. 4). However, Isabel may be demonstrating her true religious fervor. It is troublesome that she tells Angelo that the vice she despises above all others is fornication. Murder and rape are much greater offenses to most people. However, Isabel's chastity is her greatest treasure and in fact she will place it above her brother's life—"More than our brother is our charity" (III.185). Isabel is also condemned because she takes so long to tell Claudio what can save his life. While many male critics cite this as evidence of her cruelty, it is plausible that she is embarrassed at what has happened, and in her encounters with men she does not trust them. She seems to take her time in order to reassure herself that Claudio will not ask her to fulfill Angelo's desires. She reiterates the horror of Angelo's request—"a murderer, adulterer, thief, and a virgin violator." (V.I, 38-41). If Angelo had actually killed Claudio after his downfall, Angelo, on the other hand, has evil motives. He propositions a religious novice, threatens to torture her brother when she refuses him, leaves his fiancé when she loses her dowry and chalks his fickleness up to infidelity on her part. He breaks his deal with Isabel and actually moves up Claudio's execution date once he has what he wants. Isabel calls him a "murderer, adulterer, thief, and a virgin violator." (V.I, 38-41). If Angelo had actually killed Claudio after making love to Isabel, he would be considered nothing less than evil in the flesh. However, his plans are undermined and Isabel and Mariana both forgive him. Angelo, in his defense, feels he does not deserve to be punished. He would he yet have lived. Alack, when once our grace we have forgot. Nothing goes right; we would and we would not (I.V, I, 31-3). The combination of Angelo's guilty conscience and the mercy of Isabel, Mariana and the Duke makes it difficult to crucify Angelo from the critical standpoint. Isabel and Angelo both have flaws and neither should be held up as a saint.

Second, the sexual nature of Isabel's person and speech is not provided by anything she says or does, but rather what Lucio, the Duke and Angelo say and do. The sexual nature of Isabel becomes an aspect of the play even before she makes her first appearance in the flesh. Claudio tells Lucio that in Isabel "There is a prone and speechless dialect/ Such as move men" (Lii, 178-9). As David McCandless paraphrases Claudio, "Isabella, or more precisely, her body, speaks sex" (96). However, it is no fault of Isabel's that she is attractive, and it certainly does not mean that she is guilty of trying to tempt men. The sexualization of Isabel continues with the appearance of Lucio. When Isabel goes to plead with Angelo, Lucio comments continuously in very sexually connotative language. He tells her, "Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold" (Lii. 44-5). This puts a little more fire in Isabel, but the sexual charge stems from Lucio. Once Isabel starts to make good points, Lucio says, "Ay, touch him", which is very physical and then later “O, to him, to him, wench... He's coming” (Ill, II, 124-5). This comment is blatantly sexual, and while it refers to the climax of the argument between Isabel and Angelo, it is also suggestive of sexual climax. Similarly, the Duke suggests the bed-trick to Isabel—a idea that puts her in a very suggestive situation. It is Isabel's decision to take part in it, but the original plan is not hers. Finally, there is tendency among critics to read the play too narrowly and to make one character the personification of evil and the other the personification of good. *Measure for Measure* is not a play, which permits that sort of moral absolutism. The critics who took the middle ground in the debate over Isabel and Angelo—Louis Auchincloss who viewed Isabel as enormously funny because she takes herself so seriously and Mario Degan who is more caught up in the pregnancy and abortion imagery of the play than the good and evil debate—get closer to the heart of the matter. While Isabel is not perfect, she is not temptress. She can be unscrupulously harsh, as is seen in her confrontation of Claudio and self-assisted at times, but she is not to blame for Angelo's downfall. Angelo, on the other hand, has evil motives. He propositions a religious novice, threatens to torture her brother when she refuses him, leaves his fiancé when she loses her dowry and chalks his fickleness up to infidelity on her part. He breaks his deal with Isabel and actually moves up Claudio's execution date once he has what he wants. Isabel calls him a "murderer, adulterer, thief, and a virgin violator." (V.I, 38-41). If Angelo had actually killed Claudio after his downfall, Angelo, on the other hand, has evil motives. He propositions a religious novice, threatens to torture her brother when she refuses him, leaves his fiancé when she loses her dowry and chalks his fickleness up to infidelity on her part. He breaks his deal with Isabel and actually moves up Claudio's execution date once he has what he wants. Isabel calls him a "murderer, adulterer, thief, and a virgin violator." (V.I, 38-41). If Angelo had actually killed Claudio after making love to Isabel, he would be considered nothing less than evil in the flesh. However, his plans are undermined and Isabel and Mariana both forgive him. Angelo, in his defense, feels he does not deserve to be punished. He would he yet have lived. Alack, when once our grace we have forgot. Nothing goes right; we would and we would not (I.V, I, 31-3). The combination of Angelo's guilty conscience and the mercy of Isabel, Mariana and the Duke makes it difficult to crucify Angelo from the critical standpoint. Isabel and Angelo both have flaws and neither should be held up as a saint.

Works Cited


As Cupid's Arrows Fall: Sexual Growth, Abuse, and Coping in Phillips' From the Devotions and Carson's Autobiography of Red

Derek Mong '04

"I am that queer monster the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility." —Henry James

Children are innocent, adolescents less so, adults downright weathered. Well at least that's the convenient model for the convenience of thought. However, in reality no one fits this black and white, us and them, my gendered ascribed as particular as they are. Between the child and the adult, we can count on change, but little else. Puberty and society both play a role. The final outcome? A new first-person account with experience ripe for the taking. Salinger told us this much and then told us no more, prompting Mailer to brand him, "the greatest writer to never leave prep school." Joyce wove a similar tale for the Irish Catholic, before Fitzgerald sold it to white bourgeois. Eventually Flann feminized the story. To this day, the bildungsroman remains one of fiction's most vital and salable genres.

And yet what of poetry and (its faithful subject) the纯净 erotic? What of the gay youth whose sexual growing remains tabula rasa. Phillips and Anne Carson. Both poets depict, in their respective styles, a narrating and narrativized self as the source for this frightening voice. Phillips writes, "the italics often serve as the voice of somebody other than the speaker," (Rowell 213). Though hardly\footnote{\textit{The Autobiography of Red} was a novel in verse, she's drawn to a certain narrative completion left open by Phillips. Phillips writes \"Honey Hush\" with this word in mind.} a novel in verse, she's drawn to a certain narrative completion left open by Phillips. Phillips, Namely, she provides Geyron with photography, a doubly creative and therapeutic gesture. Carson thus writes her protagonist's as whisps as the voice whispering \textit{From the Devotions}. Geyron survives as that "queer monster the artist, a

another interpretive layer to innocence as it asks for something to affect the unsoothed flesh, to fill the "capacity for suffering." The flesh as "song untrained," for example, in \textit{Vsense, the Body Electric} and the rich homoeroticism we associate with his verse. Meat, however, infers hunger, another bodily desire Phillips equates to sexual need (for other examples see \"The Blue Castrate\" section II.14 or \"In the Borghese Gardens\" lines 15-16).

Finally, when "good soil waits" it waits for something, namely seed. That metaphor implies spring farming before plant begins to germinate. If one reads these analogies as I have, then its obvious that the flesh without knowledge becomns another man. Thus Phillips' primary sexual stage doesn't present itself as blank canvas, but as flesh waiting and wanting other flesh, perhaps before its even aware of what it's asking. Pain and wounding will inevitably follow.

A question, however, remains: what compels the waking world's gaze, its deep-seated interest, and (solicited or unsolicited) partner? This seems pivotal to Phillips' exploration of early sexuality and the repercussions of abuse. The poet has said, "I believe that there are, for lack of a less worn-to-the-bone term, forces — the erotic, of course, also the violent, also trust..." which the ancients considered akin to gravity or wind (Dyke 10). Among similar lines (though more narratively defined terms), and I believe Phillips wrote \"Honey Hush\" with this word in mind.

The poem following \"Honey Hush\" reveals two distinct visual characteristics at play: 1) the opening use of italics juxtaposes routine and romance, a division between sections n. line 14 or \"In the Borghese Gardens\" lines 15-16. 2) a division between sections. This is a good point with which to a form a Phillips elucidates the characteristic when he writes, \"the italics often [serve] as the voice of somebody dead, or of a deity, or of no one identifiable except as another part of the narrative self\" by whom the poem is being primarily laid out\" (Rowell 213). His first two possibilities apply to \textit{Deviations'} later sections, leaving \"another part of the narrative self\" the source for this frightening voice.

It will be as far: As if trust could be far. Imagine, boys coat the sugar body... (lines 1-7)

In these lines Phillips speaks as the actual abuser, the man (or woman) pressing himself or herself against the child. It's important to note that this poem does not specify sex or sexuality, merely conceptualizes the abuser as a boys, a model Phillips uses in \"Arcadia\" and \Alba: Come\". The abuser tries to persuade the child into the sexual un-knowing, the italics defined, may be the term instinct, and I believe Phillips wrote \"Honey Hush\" with this word in mind.

\begin{enumerate}
\item[12] The voice ends with forceful words that demand the child's love, a love the bed can barely explain, though he attempts to do so in lines 16-17. \textit{Cupids arrows} and neither mind nor be surprised/ by their weight, slow as drones and as deliberate, upon me\" (lines 10-13). The bees and the weight represent that man contemplating his perverse desire.

The second, more narrative section of this poem stands in stark contrast to the first and initially yields few links to its companion. Again we find children who "make of their smallness a model," (Phillips asser-ts) the inflected language used throughout the book, a style that forces the reader to adjust one's psychology, one's sense of expectation (213). Perhaps the most cohesive col-}
across four distinct stages. The poem’s broader trope is the voice and the thirst. Phillips begins this poem speaking as one of the boy’s co-workers (lines 1-2). Two elements, not uncommon to this book, must previously seen Phillips equate hunger/thirst with sexual desire, so this comparison comes as no surprise. Thus when the speaker sends the poem with “bring him to me” he’s figuratively commanding the boy to join him in sex acts. The concept gorgeous throughout its frightening implication, especially considering the re-imagined cliché underlying “He’s a farmer, he only drinks water but you can’t make him drink.” The older man intends to prove this maxim wrong. In section two, “He is a Lover of Horses,” the older farmhand remains after climaxing, and seems to have layed it all:

“grief that he knows/ when they leave him” (lines 7-8). If the boy doesn’t know the difference between horses and men” (line 1-2). Though perhaps not an equal. Phillips had this to say about his poetry, and more in seeing how narrative can be constructed intuitively from remnant (Rowell 213). Remnant resists explicit, on-the-page completion, and its this sort of poetry Phillips currently writes. Thus he’s not concerned with resolving issues of abuse and sexual maturity. The poem’s broader trope is the voice and the thirst. Phillips is highly adept at presenting them through varied voices.

Section three builds on this further, posturing masturbation as the next step towards sexual freedom. “The one hand down his pants is not- however- mathematical- a proof, but feels good” (lines 3-4). This solitary pleasure gives the boy enough confidence to continue despite previous setbacks. No man accompanies him, leaving self-stimulation his only and one goal. He ends with confidence and an erotic, blooming like spring: “The field that contains him is wide one... He is sure he is the one flower in it” (lines 7-9). After experiencing these stages, the boy can now complete the next step with one partner. “This one done, but still is- a dark weight upon him, that stays, groaning/whispering/ baby and pie” (lines 2-4). Remnants of “Honey Hush” linger (the sexual partner as weight, the child of the sex act leaves the mature sheen of Phillips’ older farmhand as just another sexual aggressor. Furthermore, Phillips titles this section “The Taming” directly equating the sex with horse training. The other farmhands have finally initiated and trained the boy, ready to be his partner. However, one can’t deny the beauty written into these lines. Phillips describes the boy’s partner as “not like the others, who say nothing and leave soon” (lines 1-2). Though perhaps not an equal, the older farmhand remains after climaxing, and seems to have approached the boy with his permission. The description of orgasm “is like to maybe buried outside me” (line 8). Finally, a quick tally of line numbers reveals the poem’s form: an unrhymed sonnet, the volte placed at the climax of this book. These contrasting depictions of the sex act lens the poem’s broader trope in the matter. He offers no opinion on the rightness or wrongness of sexual initiation, but merely depicts its occurrence. For better or worse, this remains one possible route towards sexual maturity.

It has been characteristic of these poems that they end without answers. Phillips is highly adept at presenting sexuality and abuse, linking multiple metaphors, chaining his invented syntax, but he usually finishes in uncertainty. Questions are boundless, resolution sparse. Partly, this has to do with his poetic vision: “For better or for worse, I see everything through the lens of loss” (Dykes 5). But perhaps a double meaning. “His body like mine./ in places: what anew springs up/ and leave/ soon” (lines 2-5). Finally, a quick tally of line numbers reveals the poem’s form: an unrhymed sonnet, the volte placed at the climax of this book. These contrasting depictions of the sex act Lens the poem’s broader trope in the matter. He offers no opinion on the rightness or wrongness of sexual initiation, but merely depicts its occurrence. For better or worse, this remains one possible route towards sexual maturity.

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heartache, Geryon makes a picture that conveys the fatalism and confinement plaguing his mind. 

The photograph is titled “If He Sleep He Shall Do W

It shows a fly floating in a pail of water-drowned with a strange agitation of light around the wings. Geryon used a fifteen minute exposure. When he first opened the shutter the fly seemed to be still alive. (71)

Geryon’s photograph screams autobiography, not simply for its place in the journal, but through the content of the image. Carson doesn’t veil this reading. Obviously, it’s been raining since the chapter began, and as the opening line suggests, there’s little escape from the water. “Water! Out from two crouching masses of the world the world leaps” (70). Furthermore, the fly’s confined, literally caged as the rain collects and drowns him. The physical and emotional similarities between Geryon and the quickly appear. The “agitation of light around the wings” hints at Geryon’s unique potential to fly. However this attribute does not occur to Geryon, who is merely aware of the fly’s monster-like appearance and incomparable containment. Carson writes, “Weak as a fly Geryon crouched against the sink/ with his fists in his mouth/ and his wings trailing over the drainboard” (71). Furthermore, the knowledge Geryon carries of his own “early death much to the despair of the community” has also been projected onto the fly. We’re quickly reminded of “Red Patience”, not simply from the 15 minutes exposure, but from the way Geryon captures and views the image. “What if you took a fifteen-minute exposure of a man in a jail, let’s say the lavois has just reached his window?” he asked. “I think you are confusing subject and object,” she said. “Very likely,” said Geryon” (53). In “If He Sleep He Shall Do Well” subject and object become nearly indistinguishable. Geryon viewing the photograph becomes intrinsically linked to the photograph image and the photo itself.

Any line separating the viewer and the viewed disappears completely in South America. Here Geryon takes his own portrait. 

he set up the camera on the window sill and activated the timer, then positioned himself on the bed. It is a black and white photograph showing a naked young man in fetal position. He has entitled it “No Tail!” The fantastic fingerwork of his wings is outspread on the bed like a black lace map of South America. (97)

Once again we’re given a beautiful and disturbing image, wrought with intimacy and a comic lining not previously at play in his work. “The implications of self-portraiture cannot be overlooked. In photographing himself (or the fly for that matter, which one could label a symbolic self-portrait) Geryon temporarily moves his own fragile body from the painted, inexplicable, and temporal world, to the tangible and timeless print surface. Geryon’s image(s) of self do not convey egoism or vanity, characteristics associated with the poorest self-portraiture, but instead an attempt at personal commun- 

He explains this unusual participation with reality: “I am dis\

He could feel it massed around him, he could see its big deadweight blocks padded tight together all the way from Bermuda to Buenos Aires—too tight. His lungs contracted fear of time came at him. Time was squeezing Geryon like the plats of an accordion. (80).

The photographs offers Geryon a temporal anomaly, which further aids in his healing: the ability to halt time, as we’ve seen in both “Red Patience” and his fly image. The question, “What is time made of?” plagues Geryon throughout the novel, tying into his fear of death as well as the difficulties brought on by aging. He senses an impermanence in his existence, dating back to his prophetic writing concerning his own death. This anxiety relates directly to the passage of time: 

What is time made of?

He explains this unusual participation with reality: “I am dis-appearing he thought/ but the photographs were worth it/ A volcano is not a mountain like others. Raising a camera to one’s face has effects/ no one can calculate in advance” (135). Others have noted the pleasurable voyeurism that accompanies photography, but few have linked it to participation as Sontag has: “Like sexual voyeurism, it is a way of at least tacitly, often explicitly, encouraging whatever is going on to keep on happening” (12). Through the camera Geryon both encourages and participates in the events around him. As opposed to simply being acted upon (both sexually and in general), he has found a moderating existence in which he too acts. He’s found the place of the artist. With each shot Geryon authors some part of his life, controlling where he’d had otherwise felt controlled. His images connect the infinite slope of time with all its consequences: aging, death, an existential dread that relinquishes control. Sontag again: “the photographer beholds her camera, creating a tiny element of another world: the image world that bids to outlast us all” (11). Permanence from an impermanent world: that’s the effect of Geryon’s camera. Through a lens he can both engage and contemplate. It’s the sort of participatory balance he’s locked since his adolescence began.
William Congreve must have been a fantastic card player. The way he manipulates his audience with deception, appearance, and lots of shuffling about is just as good a card player of his time would have worked a mark—slowly, stealthily, and always, always cheating. In her essay, "Games People Play in Congreve’s Way of the World," Sue Kimball tells us: "[t]he years following the Restoration represented a period when the passion for gambling reached its greatest height, partially in reaction to the relaxation of the severe regulations imposed on gaming by the Commonwealth, and also as a result of the years spent by Charles’s courtiers in France, where they had learned about more games of hazard and skill than they had before suspected to be in existence. . . . on their return, they made no scruple of introducing them all to England." Every gambling book of the period features discussions of methods of cheating, but the social stigma now attached to dishonest play was evidently lacking then... in fact, it was regarded almost in the light of an embellishment to skillful play... (191–192).

In order to manipulate the audience of The Way of the World Congreve employs the character of Mirabell—the epitome of Kimball’s description of gaming and gamblers. Mirabell is a reformed rake (meaning he would have picked up gaming at one of the king’s courtiers in France), a master manipulator (as we will examine in this essay), and a cheater. His cheating is not overt, which is Congreve’s intention, but as Kimball points out, cheating was seen (short of being caught red-handed) as the sign of a skilled player. Kimball observes that “Mirabell seems at all times to be looking into the hands of his opponents... and he certainly plays with marked and concealed decks” (192). In the very first scene Mirabell is finishing a game of cards with his friend Fainall: "Fainall, ‘Have we done?’/ Mirabell, ‘What you please. I’ll play on to entertain you’" (L.2–3). Richard Brinovan presents an interesting way to read this exchange of dialogue in his book, Plays and Counterplot: "[t]hat Mirabell offers to play on for Fainall’s entertainment suggests that the larger game about to be initiated has already been played out before the opening scene. Fainall wins the card-game just concluded, but he will be the loser in the far more important contest for two fortunes" (214). Mirabell does just as Kimball asserts—he looks into Fainall’s hand and anticipates his scheme, he plays with the “marked deck” of Wraitwell and Sir Wilful, and he uses the "concealed deck" of Mrs. Fainall’s deed of estate. Mirabell the "reformed rake" uses all of these raskih methods to cheat and beat an established rake, in Fainall, out of all he had hoped to gain. But why does Mirabell, who is the agent of Congreve, go so far in appearing non-rakish to achieve a goal that is completely rakish in motivation and execution?

The answer to this question lies in the climate of the times in which The Way of the World was written and performed. The time for witty rakish and libertine heroes was on the decline, mostly due to Jeremy Collier’s scathing attack on such comedy in his Short View. Congreve bore the brunt of the attack in Collier’s piece and was forced to change the way he wrote comedies because of the shift in public opinion against him. In his introduction to Way of the World (Anthology edition), Richard Kroll asks, “How can Mirabell successfully court Millamant, a vastly rich heiress, yet secure her entire fortune of 12,000 pounds, which depends on her marrying with her aunt and guardian Lady Wishfort’s consent?” (760). I think the more interesting and historically significant question (knowing what we do about the public climate surrounding the play’s release) is: How does Congreve convince critics and audiences that the play they are seeing, which has all the rakish undertones and elements of a true Restoration comedy, is actually a groundbreaking premiere of strong women, a sentimental hero, and the Collier-esque defeat of the rake? It turns out to be an easy trick for Congreve to take, using deception, misdirection, and manipulation—all in the way of the world.

It is essential to our purpose in this essay to establish how Congreve uses his "sentimental hero." Mirabell acts as Congreve’s agent of deception in the play. He manipulates the other characters as though they were pieces on a chessboard or cards in his hand. Congreve’s play is to present Mirabell to the audience as a sentimental hero who wants nothing more than to defeat the rakish Fainall, save the distressed Wishfort and Mrs. Fainall, and end up with the girl (Millamant). Congreve wants the audience to forget that Mirabell was a rake at all and see him in a true sentimental role. However, in a close reading, we notice that Congreve does not really distance Mirabell from Fainall. This is because Mirabell is not a sentimental hero— he is a rake, just like Fainall, only smarter, more manipulative, and more reserved. For example, the "old rake" Mirabell did have a mistress, but Congreve twists the story in such a way as to make the audience believe Mirabell did the right thing by marrying the feardom-addicted Arabella Langnish in an unsuspecting Fainall. In his essay, Comedies of Appetite and Contract, David Thomas takes Congreve’s bait: “[Congreve] clearly sees Mirabell, and wishes his audience to see Mirabell, as a deeply honest man who entered into a frank and mature relationship with
Arabella Languish. Having explored both her character and her body in depth, he found himself in the end unable to respond with the same intensity of emotion to her as she clearly felt for him" (92). Thomas offers nothing but critical apology and he must reach extremely far to even begin to cover Mirabell's action. Nothing in the text gives us the impression that Mirabell and Arabella's relationship is anything other than a matter of convenience. What we can assume from the text is that a rakish Mirabell got Arabella pregnant and was not moved to marry her. Instead, he employed his slower-witted friend Fainall to hush-up the affair through marriage and then co-opted a deed of estate for future use, which we can safely assume was rakish and self-serving. Yet, Congreve pulls it off—he tricks audiences and critics into thinking Mirabell is a "deeply honest man," someone with nothing but the best of intentions. But, I think we have shown Mirabell and Congreve as sheep in wolves clothing— one pretends a sentimental hero to get the girl/cash/reputation, and the other pretends a Whig to get Collier off his back and paying customers into the theater.

Another way Congreve tries to manipulate his audience is by misdirection, or by calling attention to elements of the play other than the delicately concealed rakish actions of Mirabell. He achieves this, brilliantly, in one scene with Millamant and Mirabell. Kroll tells us that "[s]ome critics have pointed out that this scene—the most famous one in Restoration comedy after the china scene...shows Congreve's approval of the Glorious Revolution because Mirabell's and Millamant's compact echoes the terms of Locke's second Treatise of Government." (760-761). The idea of Locke-ian equality between Mirabell and Millamant is merely an illusion created by Congreve to distract us from Mirabell's real intentions. This assertion can be proved by comparing a critical reading of the scene, provided by David Thomas, with our own ideas, formed above, of Mirabell as rake. Thomas tells us: '[the] contract scene in Act 4 is a masterpiece that sets out the parameters for an ideal marriage in Congreve's eyes, one in which the actuality of personal commitment is perfectly balanced by the need for personal space and personal freedom. Given the dominant position that men enjoyed in what was still a largely patriarchal society, it is not surprising that Millamant's demands are the most advanced. But, when we actually analyze the text we see that after Millamant gets through the common sense requests that Mirabell not kiss her or call her funny names in public she makes demands that she calls "[j]ifters" (V2:213). As readers, should we not find it strange that a list of groundbreaking and forward thinking requests are "trifling" to the very character who is listing them? Assuming this point, how do we respond to someone like Thomas who would assert that, "Millamant's aim in making these demands is to safeguard her personal liberty within a framework of marital, contractual commitment. She is no longer being frivolous, nor is the attempting simply to score off Mirabell" (99)? Thomas, and many others, fall into the trap of wanting to believe that Millamant is her own woman (no-one can beat that flighty) and Mirabell is actually reformed. Congreve knows that the audience (especially at the time the play was released) will appreciate and focus on this woman seemingly exercising some control over her own destiny and over that of the sentimental hero. However, as we have seen, Mirabell is not reformed and these women are controlling Mirabell only as much as he allows them. They are pawns that either serve as obstacles or agents, depending on how Mirabell needs to use them. What emerges from this complicated maneuvering of characters and social norms is a situation that appeals to the audience—it is something they admire and swoon over while Congreve quickly slips Mirabell the rake in through the back door. Congreve is merely "throwing off suit," to use our card playing terminology, and by doing so he draws the audience over closer to where he can take total advantage/control of them.

To add to our understanding of how the Way of the World is not a progressive stroke for equality, and to understand how deftly/masterfully Mirabell manipulates the women of the play, we should examine another female character. Marwood is the strongest woman in Way of the World. She is presented to us as a man-hater, illustrated by a discussion with Mrs. Fainall: "Mrs. Fainall. Is it possible? Dost thou hate those vipers, men? / Mrs. Fainall. Marwood. I have done hating 'em and am now come to despise 'em, the next thing I have to do is eternally to forget 'em. / Mrs. Fainall. There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a Penthesilea" (I.46-51). Congreve would have us believe that Marwood hates men above all else. As the applause rolled out, Congreve made an interesting choice. He sat down at a card table, with himself at one end and Jeremy Collier and the puritanical middle class at the other, and he created a character in Mirabell to deceive, manipulate, and misdirect the attentions and emotions of them all. Just as Mirabell and Fainall match each other move for move in the play, Congreve matches Colliers tactics. Collier uses the element of surprise and methods of cheating (by taking lines of plays out of context) to deceive audiences into applauding for a "reformed rake" who is not reformed at all. As the applause rolled out, Congreve the card shark must have smiled—he had won the game, and like Mirabell he would play on and on for their entertainment.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the Question of Opium

Bobby Mehl '03

It is well established that biography is a literary form of creation - built, like the novel, by the storyteller and its characters. The interpretation of another's existence is a touchy and dangerous endeavor, yet at the same time can account for a beautiful revelation of the human condition: "This is the peculiar music of biography. Haunting and uniquely life-like for a moment, but always incomplete and unsatisfactory and sending out many echoes into the future" (Holmes vol. 2, 561). The biographer's finished product is as subject to scrutiny as is the individual they studied, and this allows for an array of readings for any one life. The validity of any character analysis, then, is left to the opinion of the reader.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge is the subject of a great many biographical pieces, a tribute, if nothing else, to the magnetic nature of examining the life that he lived. It is not necessarily the fascinating story of his life that so intriques these authors, but the daunting challenge he offers as a subject for analysis. The questions he creates, the mysticism he connotes, and the tragic nature of his time on earth are the bait that have lured so many willing contestants. His story continues to grow, his legend metastasizing because "it is his life, and his serf-abandonment of his poetic ambitions, that continue to convince us that we ought to find in him parables of the failure of genius" (Bloom 2). This concept is the string that holds together the bundle of interpretative opinions of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; the undeniable feeling that, despite his accomplishments, he fell far short of the level of historical literary greatness to which he seemed destined. The extent to which this belief is held has in itself created an unmistakable icon out of Coleridge, a consummate who found himself straddling the pressures of his beliefs, daintily toeing the line of psychological analysis and sheer reporting of fact, either of which would fail on their own. By closely following the entire life of Samuel, he gently coaxes themes that attempt to characterize and categorize the madness that was Coleridge's being. In so doing, he reveals the tragic man as having a starkly split world - one of hope and despair, creation and destruction, simultaneously embracing and loathing his surrounding world. Holmes' character becomes an intricate study of human psychology, a genius with a tremendous fissure separating his lifelong disappointments from the successes of love, life, and literature that haunted him with their painful proximity. This fissure, as portrayed by Holmes, is Coleridge's insurmountable opium addiction. Holmes' Coleridge is a captivating dichotomy, a man who finds himself straddling the pressures of two worlds, the cleavage of which is opium. While under the influence of the drug, Coleridge's mind became a delirious whirlwind, be it in the form of his constant, vivid nightmares, or in his imagination run wild into the haunting battlefield where hope struggles endlessly against dejection and regret. His life, while without opium, was a perpetual string of disappointments and perceived failures, and he was unable to separate himself from the massive guilt of his secret addiction. The sober Coleridge vowed to re-appropriate the reins of his literary career, to establish the greatness he knew lay within him, and to make right the relationship with his family and friends - this, he knew, would save his health. These thoughts, however, were self-deceptions predicated on breaking his addiction, and this was a power Coleridge ultimately knew he did not have. After succumbing to the next dose of his shameful vice, Coleridge was once again left with the 'tales' of his life, hopeless and lonely, doomed to repeat the cycle. As Holmes surmises, "His addiction can also be considered an
emotional state which throws light on his extraordi-
nary imaginative ‘dependency’ on certain close, human
relationships... Love and Opium are sometimes inter-
changeable. And, like the opium, the patterns of love in his
life were searches for freedom, for the chance to ‘start over’
himself, destroying his capacity for work, destroying
the love of all those around him” (vol. 2, 351). Guilt
represents another key cog in the ever-running machin-
ery of opium and despair. It is what drives him away, and
conversely it drives others away from him.

The destruction that makes him unable to bear his family
and friends leads him to alienate them even further.
Since he remains wracked in the cycle of self-loathing
and self-pity, he loses regard for friendships and ‘normal’
living altogether. The catalyst for this continually lost
pause with reality is, of course, the description of
the account of a dispute between Coleridge and female
friends of his, Holmes relates that “...Coleridge was in
a fury of opium and making outrageous demands. Months
later, in one of an agitated series of confessions about
his opium addiction, he spoke of his excess of cruelty
to Mary and Charlotte... a vision of Hell to me when I think
of it” (vol. 2, 330). Guilt promises to pull himself out of opium’s
grasp, to produce more of his promised by his opium addiction.

It is significant... that though he thought much about po-
etry, he did not actually write it. Opium was no fuel for
the constructive imagination, but a barrier against pain
and anxiety, and a febrile encouragement to his long
night-spectacles and dreams of literary glory” (Holmes 297).
And so his work, his career, his livelihood—his identity as a writer—were consistently com-
promised by his opium addiction.

As Holmes related, love and opium truly do become interchange-
able for Coleridge. The weight of this lifestyle in turn caused
Coleridge to develop the need to shirk from reality. This
would come in a double form in his life, the temptation to
find a new home, to find any home, to find the answer to his struggles; “such wild ‘wanderings’ were to be
a common part of his life, the temptation to fix his
limitations, to shave his demoniacal self, and in part through that of the pre-existing, self-
destructive nature of Coleridge.”

According to Geoffrey Yarrington, “A good deal of
nonsense has been written about Coleridge’s addiction to
opium, and that it was ‘the direct result of the nerve-
rous and emotional stress arising out of his unhappy do-
mestic situation’” (218). Like Schneider, he contends
that Coleridge himself was acting as both the victim of
circle of gloom and love, and more one of self-loath-
ing and mental frailty—not in the sense of weakness,
but of fragility. For no biographer questions the essen-
tial backwardness of Coleridge. Perhaps opium itself was an untamable beast; or maybe Coleridge, for whatever subconscious reasons,
refused to overcome his afflictions, finding it easier to
wallow in self-pity and public scorn than to swallow
his self-doubt and past failures. Whatever the case,
Coleridge provides a wealth of evidence, much of it from
the words of Coleridge himself, to the end that the opium
fuelled his creative imagination, but at the same time
obstructed by a gray cloud of personal conflicts—
but rather the manner, process, and causes for the unreal-
ized promise. The role of opium is likely debatable as
for that of the pre-existing, self-destructive nature of Coleridge.

This is to say that the question of opium produces a spectrum of viable conclusions, and that no matter what
a biographer may portray, the role of opium is an
elemental factor in the breakdown of Coleridge’s life and
work.

Even those who view Coleridge’s opium addic-
tion as a corrosive force do not address and categorize its
effect. To omit an analy-
sis, or at the very least an attempt to appreciate the
decay of Coleridge, and to appreciate its effect. To omit an analy-
sis, or at the very least an attempt to appreciate the
decay of Coleridge, and to appreciate its effect. It
seems that Coleridge was a will more than a mere offshoot
of his more severe problems must
be taken into account in any

Continued...
of this "some of the writing about opium has been almost as imaginative as the effects attributed to it" (25).

Authors writing in this vein seem to almost "resign" themselves to profound "evasion" for Coleridge. Enticed, they feel by the mythic history of opium, combined with its place in literary lore which is, in no small part, attributed to the success of DeQuincey's Confessions. Coleridge biographers romanticize its effects and the consequences of a lifetime of addiction. The true role of opium and addiction in his life, then, is as another failed cure, a succeeding state upon which is imposed the burden of guilt and to win his everyday living by steady labors; a ruined life, however, we now know is not an inevitable consequence of addiction to opiates. Medical writers have shown that many addicted persons live entirely normal lives for a normal life-span" (31). Claiming that advances in science now prove that opium is tamer than previously thought, she asserts that it was a desire to classify Coleridge as an opium addict that has led to the exaggerated descriptions of opium's importance. Rather than approach the subject through Coleridge specifically, Schneider generalizes on the historically mistaken identity of opium. It is this identity that has brought so much claimed relevance to Coleridge's opium use, and, consequently, to its role in the disintegration of his life and career.

In assimilating the use of opium to the life of Coleridge, these authors portray their character as increasingly neurotic, this state arising principally as a result of his stressful and disappointing life. His failures are the consequence of his tendency for self-degradation and his propensity for experiencing overwhelming guilt. Opium's place, then, is as a failed cure for these psychological maladies: "because no physical palliatives can heal a neurosis, not opium, the one being causative, if at all, only in quite isolated cases, the other sense than the traditional virtue that observes the method by which Schneider removes opium from his perception of the 'guilt circle.' Opium's only real function was as a result of stress and guilt - an escape into the dream-world - but the content of the dreams was based purely on the distressed psyche of their creator: 'very likely, therefore, opium users as a whole related their dreams to their original instability' (Schneider 49). Like Yarlott, she peels the impact of opium away from the circle, and in effect farther away from the heart of Coleridge analysis.

Within this determination of the interplay between opium and the reflexive quality of Coleridge's despair - lay the biographer's ultimate assessment of the Coleridge question. It is telling of the nature of his biography that there seems to be a repeated exploitation of the concept of the downward emotional spiral. The circle itself becomes a symbol of Coleridge biography, being the consummate representation of his career and life failures (the unquestionable), while at the same time forcing the author to address Coleridge's opium addiction (the debatable), and to decide where in relation to the circle it falls. The specific interconnection made by each author - their particular placement of opium within the circle - is paramount in directing the door to his inner-world, while offering the reader his life. 

In describing the opium-dreams, DeQuincey says, "I seemed every night to ascend - not metaphorically, but literally to ascend into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-descend. Not I, by waking, feel that I had re-ascented" (48). She resorts to extreme characterizations, and casts an almost blind eye to a vast number of other possible subjects. For a piece that attempts to use medical facts, very few studies she describes are lacking of any real scientific merit. In seeking to debase a long accepted fact of using the drug, Schneider relies on weakly drawn conclusions and universal assumptions; "the dreamers' readiness to assume opium as the cause... illustrates the strength in the popular mind of the DeQuincey tradition... But man is a highly suggestible animal" (48). Here she is already assuming the truth of her opinion, and finding fault in years of experience based on the UNScientific proof of her ideas. In describing the opium-dreams, DeQuincey says, "I seemed every night to ascend - not metaphorically, but literally to descend into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-descend. Not I, by waking, feel that I had re-ascented" (48). Descriptions such as these, so similar in nature to Coleridge's in his Notebooks, are much more than the creative mind of a neurotic, as Schneider argues. Her statement that he consciously dreamed for the degree to which he couldactions are, and this casts serious doubt on the rest of her analyses of Coleridge.

Without doubt, I feel that Holmes' two-volume story holds the most merit: in his preface, he says, "I have attempted to recapture his fascination as a man and a writer and above all to make him live, move, talk, and 'have his being' (25). In pursuing this approach, Holmes has achieved what should be the goal of any biographer: offering the life of the subject and opening the door to his inner-world, while offering the reader the opportunity to draw certain conclusions on their own. 

He has truly offered his own attempt of "the art of human understanding."

As for my personal opinion concerning Coleridge, the extent of my research and reading has led me to concur with a thought put forth by Bloom: "he seems to lend himself to myths of failure, which is astonishing when the totality of his work is contemplated" (25). All things considered, I feel that Coleridge is forever unfairly viewed through a jaded eye, one wondering what could have been. As for me, I prefer to enjoy and appreciate the things that he actually did. For whatever vices, ailments, or problems an artist has are ultimately a part of who they are. Their accomplishments and art, I feel, should be accepted as products of the same facets that facilitated any negative aspect of their life. In short, Coleridge was who he was, and his effect on literary history is undeniable; whether he is worthy of such excessive study is up to the individual. But to be certain, Coleridge's life and times are quite proficient at evoking the biographer in us all.
Like so much of the work of Franz Kafka, Herman Melville's "Bartleby" nearly defies coher. Work-
ing on a level that is both abstract and allegorical, Melville forged "Bartleby" out of a tremendous number of ideas, leav-
ing the reader with a story that can be read in a great variety of ways. Many of these readings are contradictory and disso-
nant. Laced throughout "Bartleby" are plotlines having to do with Northern Slavery, supposed self-discovery (by the lawyer - which is ridiculous), a parable of the absurd, a story of unrelenting pessimism, an experiment in narration, and a lesson in why timidity is poor business practice. Perhaps the most ambiguous thread in "Bartleby" is the strange dialectic occurring between determinism and free will. At best, Melville hints at the possibility of this philosophical reading. how-
ever, the text is loaded with commentary on the subject. One could even claim that "Bartleby" is a parable of Schopenhauerian asceticism and an anticipation of Sartre's "Camus' absurd." This paper will be an examination of this tension between determinism and free will with the ultimate purpose of attempting to locate a synthesis to this seemingly uncompromising dialectic.

It is an understatement to say that Bartleby is a rather eccentric character. From the first description we get of him it is clear that he is an anomaly. "In answer to my adver-
tisement, a motionless young man one morning stood upon my office threshold, the door being open, for it was summer. I can see that figure now - pallidly neat, pitiably respectable, incurably forlorn! It was Bartleby" (Melville 9). Talk about a bizarre way to describe a person! The adjectives - neat, res-
spectable, forlorn - are not out of the ordinary, but the syn-
tactically odd adverbs are quite strange for a first impres-
sion: pallidly, pitiably, incurably. Already we are given the impression that Bartleby has some type of illness - some-
ting that begs the question of how the narrator came to this conclusion on first sight (and further begs the question of the narrator's authenticity, which will be examined later).

Immediately Bartleby is distinguished from the other employees by having his desk situated on the attorney's side of the division in the office. His desk was placed there "so as to have this quiet man within easy call, in case any trifling thing was to be done" (9). Initially, Bartleby was an exemplary employee who was "cheerfully industrious" (9). Before long the lawyer gets the first indications that even if there were "trifling things" to be done, Bartleby would not be the one doing them. We are introduced to Bartleby's favorite word: prefer. Asked to proofread some copying he had done, Bartleby calmly replies that he "would prefer not to." The choice of verb is deliberate (as soon becomes evident by the repeated use) - prefer. Not once does Bartleby say he "will" not; he completely avoids the use of the verb "to be." This linguistic clue as to what's going on inside Bartleby is one of the few clues we have into his actual mental state. In the entirety of the story, Bartleby makes only one active action - he shows up and applies for the open position. From this point we find Bartleby quickly retreating from this position into himself. Bartleby's only actions (after this first one) are all reactions - he never once begins conversation, he never once asserts his will. When he states he would "prefer" not to do something he is not "willing" something to happen, but the opposite: not "willing" something to happen. Even the (somewhat blind) narrator sees this. "Poor fellow! thought I, he means no mischief; it is plain he intends no insolence; his aspect sufficiently evinces that his eccentricities are invol-
tary" (11), italics mine.

With every step away from expected, "normal" be-

havior Bartleby retreats into himself in a sort of ascetic flight from the world. Each time he draws nearer himself he be-
comes more maddening for the lawyer and the other employ-
es. We find concentric circles of walls: Wall Street, the walls that surround the building, the walls of the building (and the windows), the division between the lawyer's side and the employee's side of the office, and the barrier between Bartleby's desk and the lawyer. Bartleby is simply erecting even more walls - first between himself and the others, and then between himself and the physical world, and then, fi-
nally, within himself. These increasingly tight barriers show Bartleby whittling away at the temptations of life, ridding himself of everything but his essential self.

In The World as Will and Representation, Arthur Schopenhauer puts forth a conception of human metaphysi-
cal reality that is eerily similar to the journey that Bartleby undertakes. Melville probably would have liked Schopenhauer - they're both dark and pessimistic. In order to understand how Schopenhauer reaches his endorsement of asceticism I must first preface with a whirlwind overview of his philosophy. For Schopenhauer, there is one thing-in-itself (the inner content, the essence of the world): the will to live. The will to life is in a state of freedom. Individual beings that are alive are termed phenomena. "As the will is the thing-in-itself, the inner content, the essence of the world, but life, the visible world, the phenomenon, is only the mirror of the will, this world will accompany the will inseparably as a body is accompanied by its shadow; and if will exists, then life, the world, will exist" (Schopenhauer 275). The most im-
portant thing to understand at this point is that the will to life necessitates and determines the actions of the phenomenon, while the thing-in-itself, the will to life, is freedom, the actual phenomenal world is determined. A wolf kills prey and eats due to the will to life: a flower grows towards sunlight due to the will to life, etc.

Man, like a wolf or a flower or bacteria, is a phenom-

enon. However, unlike these phenomena, man has the ability to reflect upon himself and is in the unique position of recog-

nizing the thing-in-itself in himself.

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Like every other part of nature, man is objectivity of the will; therefore all that we have said holds good of him also. Just as every thing in nature has its forces and qualities that definitely react to a definite impression, and constitute its character, so man has his character, from which the motives call forth his actions with necessity. In the act of his empirical character reveals itself, but in this again is revealed his intelligible character, i.e., the will in itself, of which he is the determined phenomenon of a sort.

Given this metaphysical structure it would seem logically impossible for human beings to be awarded free will: all will is determined by the will to life. There is one loop-hole, though: since man is the only phenomenon that is aware of his condition, he is aware that he is determined. This being the case, Schopenhauer argues, there is one path to free action available: the renunciation of the will to life. Schopenhauer qualifies this by stating that "Far from being the denial of the will [to life], suicide is the phenomenon of the will’s strong affirmation. For denial has its essential nature in the fact that the pleasures of life, not its sorrows, are shunned. The suicide wills life, and is dissatisfied merely with the conditions on which it has come to him" (398). However, through a sort of ascetic life one is able to act freely and deny the will to life. Thus the freedom which in other respects, as being longing to the thing-in-itself, can never show itself in the phenomenon, in such a case appears in this phenomenon, and by abolishing the essential nature at the root of the phenomenon, whilst the phenomenon itself still continues to exist in time, it brings about a contradiction of the phenomenon with itself. In just this way, it exhibits the phenomena of holiness and self-denial (288).

One of the reasons, I suspect, that this philosophical dilemma is overlooked in "Bartleby" must be due to the change in writing style and mood. Gone are the long, high-flying philosophical diatribes of Moby-Dick and Melville’s earlier fiction. Instead, we find in "Bartleby" a very subtle and exceptionally constructed example of a philosophical idea being acted out rather than discussed. Bartleby is a fictional exemplification of Schopenhauer’s asceticism - compare the discussion of Bartleby above to the thrust of Schopenhauer’s asceticism towards freedom. The lawyer is completely unaware of anything other than surface reality, which, according to both Bartleby and Schopenhauer, is rather useless. But the problem is that neither of these men are actually living. Melville (and Schopenhauer) sets up these two as the thesis and antithesis - but there is no synthesis. In order to gain freedom Bartleby needs to cease living; in order to think he is living, the lawyer must give up freedom. Neither of these options is adequate. One hundred years later this same basic problem is revisited by the absurdists and existentialists - with one major change: the asserted metaphysical state of humans is that of absolute freedom (which can be every bit as oppressive as determinism).

As I mentioned at the outset, Bartleby anticipates a move made by Camus with his idea of Sisyphus as the absurd hero. Sisyphus, too, is an inadequate synthesis in this dialectic, but he is closer than either Bartleby or the lawyer. Living in a state of existential authenticity and having achieved freedom, Sisyphus is a definite step forward. We must admire Bartleby for the courage to attempt what he does, but surely this slow withering into nothingness is not and cannot be the solution to this free will-determinism dialectic? Sisyphus seems even more radical than Bartleby: Sisyphus, fully aware of his freedom, chooses to take the rock, to take responsibility. His rock - his burden (his life) - awaits him. Bartleby, presumably, would simply "prefer not" to face this rock. Ah, but the rock remains! Sisyphus asserts a certain dignity absent in Bartleby. "At each of those moments when he leaves the heights and gradually sinks toward the lairs of the gods, he superior to his fate. He is stronger than his rock" (Camus 121). At the very least Sisyphus recognizes the rock - his world, his fellow men - and has the courage to take responsibility for it, not slipping into the ascetic solipsism of Bartleby and Schopenhauer.

However, despite what Camus has asserted, I have a difficult time imagining a truly happy Sisyphus, endlessly trudging up that dumb mountain with his rock, only to come back down and begin again...endlessly (this "indentity is important: think just for a second what that word could possibly mean for him). And so we are still on a quest to find our hero, our superman. Or perhaps Schopenhauer is right: "constant suffering is essential to all life" (Schopenhauer 283).

Maybe Sisyphus need not be happy.

Ah, Bartleby! Ah, Sisyphus! Ah, humanity!
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