

Structuralism Applied: American Literature and its Subordination to Structure

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BECAUSE ALL CULTURES are different the body of literature produced by each of them is different. We are prepared to accept the distinctiveness of literature and national culture when different languages are involved. French, German, English literature constitute, in their creative and critical utterances, a distinct discourse. It is more difficult to disentangle the differences when one deals with different but historically affiliated cultures operating in the same language. Participants within these separate cultures sense the difference, live them out in their lives, and in the fragment culture invest a very considerable amount of ideological energy in finding a vocabulary for their own indigenous perspectives. The clearest example of this process is the development of American literature within the field of an already existing body of literature in English. But the activity of cultural and literary nationalism in the United States as a negative dialectic with England and as a positive, visionary dialectic with its own possibilities, has its parallels in Canada, Australia, New Zealand. Indeed, with interesting refractions the process may be traced across Africa and the Caribbean, the terrain covered within the university system in this country by the term Commonwealth literature.

We say, if we are outsiders, American literature is different, Canadian literature is different. . . . We say, if we are insiders, it is not different, this *is* how the world is; they do not really understand it. What *it* is is hard to pin down, and although *it* finds a visible register in a kind of explicit cultural thematics (the frontier, the garrison, the mateship *mentalité*)¹ there is more to the matter than the thematized content of historical

reflection. There is a Canadian, American, Australian way of looking at the world. Ideally one sees it in table manners, constitutions, political, social, and moral practices. What is involved in *it* is a set of categories which give us our lived experiences with an accent of cultural legitimation. Theories of politics, culture, nation, literature attempt to give a philosophical and moral stability to the pressing, pressuring question: what is an American, Canadian, Australian . . . ?

In the context of the United States, de Tocqueville offered a classic *outsider* answer to Crèvecoeur's insider-outsider classic question: what is an American? Emerson and the transcendentalists worked on what have become the classic *insider* answers to the issue, not as a question but as an existential preoccupation. Most commentators, contemporary or historical, American and non-American, have acknowledged American literature as *different*, and non-American observers have come to accept the inside-narrative of why this is so as a reasonable account. This is perfectly natural and to proceed in any other manner would invite difficulties. R. W. B. Lewis's *The American Adam*, Henry Nash Smith's *The Virgin Land*, Perry Miller's work on the Puritans and the Transcendentalists, or Charles Feidelson's *Symbolism in American Literature* give a remarkably empathetic and nuanced introduction to the rich internal world of American culture. Neither Marx nor Engels, neither Sartre nor Baudelaire offer the same points of entry. Even sympathetic outsiders as engaged as D. H. Lawrence or Cesare Pavese do not deliver one *into* the works of *that* mind which has expressed itself with such interweaving consistency since the seventeenth century began the process at such an extraordinarily high articulate level of debate. No other colonial venture began with such intentional philosophical *éclat*. We can speak of the New England mind almost immediately. That it took a *little* time to become New England is correct; but that it *was* mind working with reflective nuance on its immediate and surrounding experience is beyond doubt. The essence of the American experience then may be characterized as a *mode* of philosophical, moral *intent* rather than as an *activity* of historical *content*. This is the conclusion that we may take away from the inside narratives that commentators on the culture and prac-

tioners of the literature have given us. American criticism, like many of the imaginative texts it works with, is a deflection of history. The marks of this deflection may be seen in the preoccupation with myth and symbol and an archetypal phenomenism which in literature regulates the Aristotelian trinity of action, character and thought into a ritual and idealized correspondence, with moral and ontological ambitions.

It is true that there have been tributaries during the last fifty years which have flowed into the American preoccupation with mythic and symbolic modes from elsewhere. Names like those of Freud, Jung, Cassirer, Neumann, Eliade, and Lévi-Strauss supported an interest in myth from the perspectives of psychology and anthropology within the wider context of European civilization. There has, indeed, always been a curious openness to the outside voices of theory and metaphysical reflection in the United States. German idealism, Coleridge, Indian thought, attended the American Renaissance, just as French structuralism/anti-structuralism in all its variations from Althusser, Barthes, Lacan, and Derrida to its most recent logical juggling with the shades of Marx, Hegel, Freud, Saussure, have fascinated contemporary horizons.² But although the code terms have migrated from myth and symbol to language, grammar, structure and genealogy, what we notice is the *appropriation* of this discourse into a debate which remains as American in its *applications* as it was in Emerson's time, as American in its concentration on categories of thinking and seeing as the primary *modes* for the perception and comprehension of existence in America. *Inside* American culture Lacan and Lévi-Strauss *aid* and *abet* a world according to Jonathan Edwards, Jefferson, Emerson. This is simply another way of acknowledging the observation of Henry Steele Commager that the distinguishing characteristic of the *American Enlightenment* was its *application* of theories which remained more garrisoned in logical and conceptual compounds in Europe.³

The advanced debate in the area of critical theory in the United States is, at the moment, immensely indebted to Paris. A process of absorption and assimilation is in process. It is not all one way;⁴ the westward flow of traffic is, however, quite considerable. But what is most striking about the preoccupation with

myth, symbol, language, structure, and genealogy and the massive influence of structural anthropology is that the effects seem much more powerful in the field of American literature than in the area of American anthropology itself. Joan Mark's work on nineteenth-century American anthropology⁵ or George W. Stocking Jr.'s *The Shaping of American Anthropology 1883-1911: A Franz Boas Reader*, give us a much more empiricist world than the one we encounter almost everywhere and from the beginning in American literature. It has been much easier for Lévi-Strauss and Lacan to be linked up with Melville and Faulkner because Melville and Faulkner represented as well as constituted a symbolic, structured, language-conscious, problem-saturated world. To put the case somewhat inadequately, what Lévi-Strauss and Lacan register as secondary representations of paradigm, Melville and Faulkner register as a primary representation of a more apodictic, given expression of experience.⁶ What remains with a kind of honed epistemological precision in Lévi-Strauss and Lacan becomes a dramatically and fruitfully blurred ontological anxiety in Melville and Faulkner. The power of their fictions has the explosiveness of narrative event and the implosiveness of a highly self-conscious (in its driven rather than narcissistically entertained, manipulated form) preoccupation with the fictive features of the human situation. The *original* dimension of the American critical contact with recent European thought is its *applied* aspect. And the originality of this application, apart from being part of an historical tradition of such filtering, springs from the remarkable way the body of American literature participates, in a primary and generative way, in the kind of discourse located in a crucial but secondary manner by the paradigms of Paris.

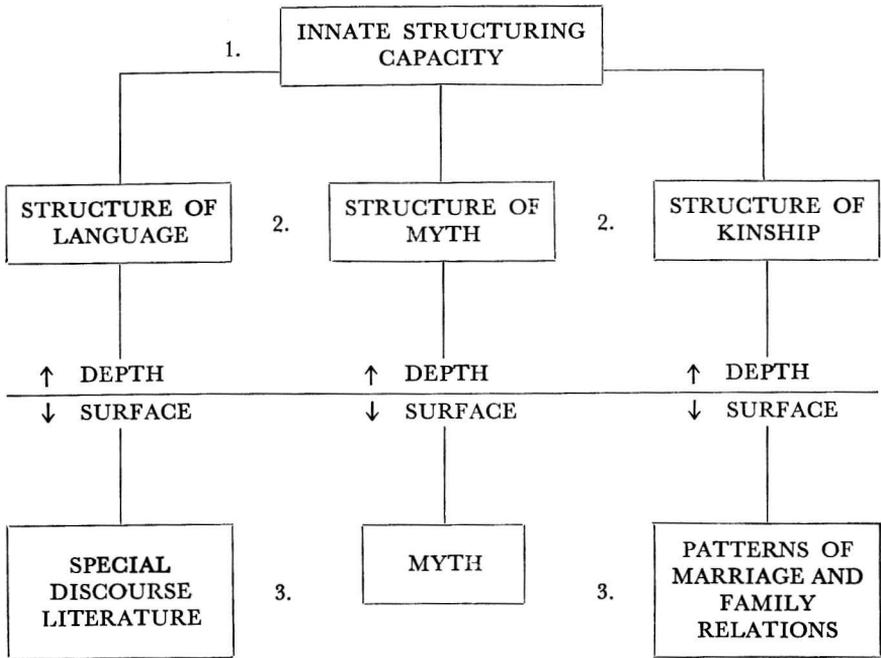
John T. Irwin's *Doubling and Incest: Repetition and Revenge*, Patricia Tobin's *Time and the Novel: The Genealogical Imperative*, Eric J. Sundquist's *Home as Found: Authority and Genealogy in Nineteenth-Century American Literature*, John Hill's *The Language of Faulkner*, Philip Gura's *The Wisdom of Words: Language, Theology and Literature in the New England Renaissance*, Robert D. Richardson Jr.'s *Myth and Literature in the American Renaissance* all testify, with different blends of

synchronic and diachronic analysis, to the richness of a fundamental preoccupation with myth, language, kinship, structure.

There are two questions that arise. If these observations hold some truth *why* should American literature manifest such a highly developed sense of the structures of existence: social, historical, religious, linguistic? Perhaps it may be as well to delay the attempt to answer the *why* in favour of testing these propositions on an American text, in favour of asking a *how* question.

There is an inevitable circularity to an argument that says the literature of a nation is shaped thus because of the culture which produces it, while the evidence for the culture being what it is asserted to be is sought in the literature. What one is attempting to provide in the following account is a kind of outside frame for the very distinctively textured inside narrative that American literature, in its outstanding writers, gives us of the American experience of history imaged/imagined in an American way. I am proceeding from a set of observations based on two generations of post-second world war American critical scholarship ((i) Lewis, Smith, Miller, Feidelson; (ii) Irwin, Sundquist, Tobin, Hill, Gura, Richardson); from a set of cultural descriptions of the United States of an internal and external kind (Emerson, de Tocqueville); and from the proposition that it is through a submission to, and a heightened consciousness of, the *forms* and *structures* of experience and history that American literature earned its distinctive characteristics. I suggest that although an openness to conceptual paradigms from elsewhere, India and Europe, has been an important feature of American literary culture, the *use* of such paradigms as well as an innate predilection for the paradigmatic as a mode of registering experience has dominated the scholarly and artistic community in the United States.

I should like to address the *how* and the *why* of this matter by reference to a structuralist diagram⁷ and in relation to William Faulkner. The diagram operates around a few terms: surface, depth, structure, myth, language, kinship and attempts to capture a process of interaction between different levels or codes of social, linguistic, and cultural behaviour. To give it an American, concrete dimension one can refer to Robert D. Richardson's



first-rate study of the interpenetration of myth and literature during the American Renaissance. "American writers," Professor Richardson notes, "subordinated myth as subject, myth as form, and myth as symbol to their overriding interest in the process of mythical thought and the process of myth formation."⁸ Elsewhere in the same study the great strength of Melville, as a writer, is connected to the ability "to look beneath the surface arguments for and against myth to concentrate on the *processes* by which myth arises and by which it comes to be believed."⁹

Essentially, the three levels of the diagram may be explained in the following manner.

Surface 3 is the *content* of our social and historical world, in which we live our concrete existence (marriage, myth) and in which books get written (special discourse). Depth 2 is the consciousness that we have of that multiform content insofar as it can be related to the three phenomena of language, myth and

kinship as categories of description and principles of order fundamental to any society. Depth 1, the order behind that order (innate structuring capacity) harbours the concern with ultimates, absolutes, universals, the nature of man: the traditional domain of metaphysical philosophy, and the recurrent preoccupation with scarlet letters, white whales, transparent eyeballs, and red suns pasted in the sky like wafers that we meet in American literature.

Although one could move into the world of this diagram through any of the separate avenues of language, myth or kinship what one ends up with is a preoccupation with fundamental structure and with structuring as a process which registers or gestures toward such a foundation structure. I understand Professor Richardson's comments on myth and process as an interest in the avenue of myth which, in his chosen figures of Emerson and Melville, intersects quite radically with elements of language and kinship. The way in which the structuring capacities of language, myth, and kinship collaborate as a primary activity of structure is a matter for speculation, and in the long run this speculation runs into philosophical and metaphysical shoals. What we do find in important sections of American literature is the implicated concern of all three modes even when one of them is emphasized. Thus, although Melville's *Pierre* is deeply engaged with the patterns of marriage and family relations, with the kinship network, it quickly unravels into the tangled undergrowth of Greek mythology with Enceladus, parricide, incest breaking savagely, logically, through the social and moral crust of nineteenth-century Puritan Boston. In the process of this unravelling Melville is also caught into a kind of special consciousness about the ethical and ontological shortcomings of prose fiction as a means of disclosing deep truths about existence.

An earlier Melville, in *Moby Dick*, acknowledged that true places are not to be found on maps, yet, in that book, he set out to seek such places in the Genesis connection (totemism, kinship, language) between God and great whales. In the word "whale," from Hebrew to the languages of the South Seas, one seeks, according to Melville, glimpses of the first ground of all things. In the myths that surround the records, sacred and profane, of

that most mythical of creatures, the whale, the grammar of creation is hinted at. Between etymology and extracts, language and myth, the anxieties of the primordial relationships between man-animal-nature-god are pored over by Melville. The white whale brings together the meshed structures of language, kinship, myth. In different phases of Melville's career different concerns are foregrounded, just as in different phases of American literature we meet a dominant accenting of the fictional world under one particular aspect. Clearly, language has a high self-consciousness in Henry James, in Thomas Wolfe, in Robert Coover and William Gass. We can acknowledge this while at the same time admitting the immense distance that separates the theoretical as well as the textured interest that each of these writers had/have in language.

What I would like to do now is to look at William Faulkner to see *how* this process enacts itself in a writer who is very American, very attuned to the ceremonial and ritual structures of his personal, social, and historical world.

The special discourse is, for us, literature. For a book like *Absalom, Absalom!* the myth comes from II Samuel and refers to Abraham, the son of David. What we meet in the novel is a man called Sutpen, born poor, of a large family in the Appalachians who turns up in Mississippi after a marriage which yielded a son and adventures which got him some property in the West Indies. He carves a new plantation out of the swamp with an iron will and a group of slaves who act as accomplices and co-sharers of Sutpen's design to found a dynasty and a space in history for himself. He marries again in a society which has no knowledge and therefore little memory of his previous existence. The naked structure of the book sets up, in the midst of Civil War, an involvement between the daughter of Sutpen's second marriage and the son of his first marriage which leads to the shooting of that son, Charles le Bon, by the brother of the girl whom he proposed to marry. Such a summary is an insult to Faulkner's narrative, but it touches on the box Janet Wolff assigns to *Patterns of Marriage and Family Relations: the Kinship connection*. This is the Biblical account.

Again, it is a characteristic of Faulkner's novels that they foreground themselves in a version of Surface 3, heavily leashed to Depth 2, in such a manner that unacclimatized readers find themselves lost in a hypnotic universe of flowing words, obscure relationships, and invoked fragments of myth. This characteristic should alert us to the fact that the areas of language, myth, and kinship are *not* separate territories with their own grammar, logic, and structure. They register and organize with remarkably fluent adeptness the sense of there being not *behind* only, but *through* them, a continuous discourse, a code which does not explain anything, because it is not about anything, does not refer to anything, not even, as Faulkner would say, to itself, because that would detract from the precedence that it must have as preceding all being. All you can do is follow its flow: Yoknapatawpha, which describes the fictional world of his imagination, comes from the Chickasaw word meaning: waters flowing gently across flat land.

The grain of language *is* its structure; so with myth and kinship also. Faulkner, if someone caught him in a certain mood, would agree with Mircea Eliade:

First argument: 'The sacred' is an element of the *structure* of consciousness, and not a moment in the *history* of consciousness.

Next: The experience of the sacred is indissolubly linked to the effort made by man to construct a meaningful world.

I emphasize this: hierophanies and religious symbols constitute a pre-reflective language. As it is a case of a special language, *sui generis*, it necessitates a proper hermeneutics.¹⁰

My reservation with Eliade lies only with the aggressive force he gives to man *constructing* a meaningful world. One apprehends meaning by following the grain of language and of the imagination. Negative capability is not construction but attention. As such it invites sensibility rather than necessitates a hermeneutic. The apprehension of meaning in literature is a treading on difficult, dangerous, sacred ground. To wrest meaning from existence is to take fire from the gods who contain that truth: the meaning of meaning.

I want before I leave Faulkner to relate some of the observations I have been making to the most magically ritualistic of his

works, *As I Lay Dying*. Vardaman, a young boy, has a sentence, a chapter to himself, "My mother is a fish."¹¹

This is, very directly, the language of totem and kinship. Faulkner has subordinated a world of realistic reference in which a young boy, coming back from a fishing trip to a house where his mother is dying, is shouted at by his father to clean and gut a caught fish. He is terrified.

Then I begin to run. I run toward the back and come to the edge of the porch and stop. Then I begin to cry. I can feel where the fish was in the dirt. It is cut up into pieces of not-fish now, not-blood on my hands and overalls. Then it wasn't so. It hadn't happened then. And now she is getting so far ahead I cannot reach her.¹²

As I Lay Dying is as near to ritual as literature can come without moving toward the silence of Beckett. The elimination of experience, in its placed and felt form in a physical universe, into a matrix of inchoate metaphysical reflections on not-fish and not-blood, constitutes the unravelling of Janet Wolff's surface patterns of assumption and perception.

The sense in which Vardaman is locked into a sub-surface grammar of symbolic classifications becomes very clear. Vardaman, in this passage, is registering pieces of his mind.

But my mother is a fish. Vernon seen it. He was there.

"Jewel's mother is a horse," Darl said.

"Then mine can be a fish, can't it, Darl?" I said.

Jewel is my brother.

"Then mine will have to be a horse, too," I said.

"Why?" Darl said. "If pa is your pa, why does your ma have to be a horse just because Jewel's is?"

"Why does it?" I said. "Why does it, Darl?"

Darl is my brother.

"Then what is your ma, Darl?" I said.

"I haven't got ere one," Darl said. "Because if I had one, it is *was*. And if it is *was*, it can't be *is*. Can it?"

"No," I said.

I am. Darl is my brother.

"But you *are*, Darl," I said.

"I know it," Darl said. "That's why I am not *is*. *Are* is too many for one woman to foal."¹³

To quote A. M. Hocart: Vardaman and Darl, as participants in a ritual of self-definitions, seek to establish "an identity between man and the ritual objects, between ritual objects and the world, a kind of creative syllogism."¹⁴ Between horses and fish and men, between brothers and mothers as horse and fish, there are important totemic connections. James L. Peacock has noted this aspect of Faulkner who "seems to sense the cultural implications of a heavy stress on kinship for he involves his characters in precisely the patterns that anthropologists discover in the symbolism of primitive societies. *The Sound and the Fury* focuses around incestuous attraction between brother and sister, and *As I Lay Dying* evolves a totemic metaphor."¹⁵

The interesting aspect of Faulkner's anthropological perspective, however, is not his acknowledgement, with lucid intuitive powers, of the elementary presence of a system of symbolic classification, but rather his further deconstruction of that system into the origin and ambition of it not as *a* system but as system itself. To use a phenomenological term, there is something *eidetic* about this drive of Faulkner's to get at the structure of structure. Darl, the voice of this concern for Faulkner in *As I Lay Dying*, puts the matter with intellectual compassion and emotional precision:

In a strange room you must empty yourself for sleep. And before you are emptied for sleep, what are you. And when you are emptied for sleep, you are not. And when you are filled with sleep, you never were. I don't know what I am. I don't know if I am or not. Jewel knows he is, because he does not know that he does not know whether he is or not. He cannot empty himself for sleep because he is not what he is and he is what he is not. Beyond the unlamped wall I can hear the rain shaping the wagon that is ours, the load that is no longer theirs that felled and sawed it nor yet theirs that bought it and which is not ours either, lie on our wagon though it does, since only the wind and the rain shape it only to Jewel and me, that are not asleep. And since sleep is is-not and rain and wind are *was*, it is not. Yet the wagon *is* because when the wagon is *was*, Addie Bundren will not be. And Jewel *is*, so Addie Bundren must be. And then I must be, or I could not empty myself for sleep in a strange room. And so if I am not emptied yet, I am *is*.

How often have I lain beneath rain on a strange roof, thinking of home.¹⁶

Hocart may well describe as a kind of creative syllogism the immense anxiety with time and being and the world and relationship caught by Vardaman's plaintive utterance: "My mother is a fish." Yet for Faulkner's Bundrens waiting to bury a dying mother there is very little free play. One can see a syllogism having to do with some kind of primordial code, having to do in its turn with a kind of creation. But the juggling between "I," "is," "was," "mother," "son," "brother," "horse," "fish," registers the difficulty rather than the privilege of potential fruitfulness of such a syllogism of creation.

There is a keen relationship between the structure of language and the structure of kinship in these passages from *As I Lay Dying*, one that puts them in a kind of Möbius band relation to the farthest reaches of Janet Wolff's diagram: Innate Structuring Capacity. For us, and for Vardaman-Darl, the generative, transforming energies between simple and complex structures of explanation, between surface and depth features of those structures, presents a dilemma. What is the status of this structuring capacity, and in what sense is it innate? Faulkner, with great imaginative power, heads off the question by *enacting* the dilemma in a flow of language, image, interrogation, character and circumstance such that the innate structuring capacity *becomes* the formal source of rhythm, ritual, the fundamental movement in terms of which we domesticate (= kin), humanize (= language), fictionalize (= myth), our predicament as Man.

The very important question has to come up: why should myth, ritual, language, kinship concerns project themselves with such penetration and persistence onto the special discourse that we call literature in this part of the world?

Even though the phenomenon I have tried to describe is not by its nature historical or cultural, the attempt to explain it may be.

The last five hundred years have been ones of violent contact between cultures on both halves of the American continent. Populations have been destroyed, uprooted, traumatized. This is

a modest account of Indo-America and Plantation America, both of which suffered at the hands of Europeans, and of European immigrant populations who had often suffered at the hands of other Europeans in Europe. In the usual way of dominant groups the concerns of one's own culture are given the privileged status of reality. Imperialism has never formed an intimate relationship either to humility or relativity. But we can see from where we stand within Euro-America that there are severe tensions in memory, at particular historical periods, with the country of European origin. Mark Twain made hay out of this in *Innocents Abroad*; Henry James made gold out of it in everything he wrote.

North America has witnessed the disintegration of societies and the attempt to found societies. The passing of a culture or its severe impairment provokes its mythological reserves into activity; the setting up a society causes the invocation of myth. This should not be surprising. After all, the dismantling of a history and a way of life lays bare those fundamental structures of myth, kinship, and language; just as the setting up of one in its place forces an excessive degree of consciousness of such structures. In Canada and in the United States, there is a very keen sense of elementary structures. Space and the organization of space; possibility and the orchestrating of its fullness and usefulness — these are the themes of the Children's Crusade into a land which is, according to one's own mythologies, Virgin, Promised; or if the weather is bad and one's bones and investment shiver in Baffin Island or Labrador, then it becomes the land that God gave Cain.

What happens when history speeds up or when societies are transformed by revolutionary change? "Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold." What is this centre? It is that complex of factors, both surface and depth, embraced by Janet Wolff's diagram.

Images, symbols, mythological fragments collapse in on each other. One has the sense, not of this or that experience not making sense, but of *all* experience becoming senseless. The concern with the lost centre has been *the* agony of modern literature,

and Nietzsche's famous section on the Death of God is the central statement of that loss.

'Whereto has God gone?' he cried. 'I shall tell you! We have slain him — you and I! All of us are his murderers! But how have we done this? How had we the means to drink the sea dry? Who gave us a sponge to efface the entire horizon? What were we about when we uncoupled this earth from its sun? Where is the earth moving to now? Where are we moving? Away from all suns? Are we falling continuously? And backwards and sideways and forward in all directions? Is there still an above and a below? Are we not wandering lost as though an unending void? Does vacant space not breathe at us? Has it not grown colder? Is there not perpetual nightfall and more night? Must we not light lanterns in the morning? Do we hear nothing of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God? Is there no smell of divine putrefaction? — the gods also decompose!'¹⁷

When the centre cannot hold, Yeats is right: "the blood dimmed tide is loosed," "the best *do* lack all conviction," "the worst *are* full of passionate intensity." Such a havoc of ontological and moral structure throws us back to the darkness and our images, onto the final raft which we call our beginning: the Word: its rhythm, sound, texture, language. We are at such a point, mired in myth, in the place where the mythological grows like *sacred* mushrooms on decaying matter, the place which precedes place: the Beginning; the place which succeeds place; the End.

Human bonds, guaranteed by the primal bond between man and the universe, sustained by a language which retains in its fibre and structure the memory and hence the necessity of these bonds — this is what we mean by the sacred.

There is a subtle but important distinction between European concern with, and exposure to, fundamental structure as sacred origin. The structures retain *content* (custom, manners, language, class, history, intellectual categories) in Europe. Memory and environment sustain what belief cannot fabricate. Supreme fiction rules an ideological roost from which supreme fictions are banished as metaphysical wraiths. The sacred is, as one said earlier in quoting Eliade, a moment in the *history* of consciousness — not an element of the structure of consciousness.

When societies undergo intolerable pressure they go into a tailspin of despair, resistance: the Black Death hitting medieval Europe into a paroxysm of Christian Ghost Dances is as near a parallel to the White Death that European expansion in the period beginning in the wake of the Black Death visited on the cultures with which they came into violent contact. Deep crises in the collective and individual life of man erupt in the volcanic strewings of the myths and symbols of his culture. The sky of this continent, in the darkness of its history, has been lit with these strewings. This is the terrible pressure behind the word myth, beyond that with *kinship*, beyond that with *language*, behind and before these matters, with *structure*, as the supremest of all fictions.

America is the place where the bone of structure breaks through the skin of history; American literature is caught up in images of revealed, underlying, treacherous forms. Structuralism, in the American grain, is apocalyptic, driven, compulsive, native.

NOTES

- ¹ As cultures mature they select a dominant aspect of their history, crystallized into an interpretative figure, to stand for what they believe themselves to be. These asserted archetypes are normative, protected by consensus but vulnerable to disenchanting eyes. For the United States the frontier is the central myth: see Richard Slotkin, *Regeneration Through Violence. The Mythology of the American Frontier, 1660-1860* (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1973). For Canada Northrop Frye's figure of the garrison, as expressive of the central imaginative frame within which Canadian experience has been undergone, is of importance. See Frye, "Conclusion," in Carl F. Klinck, ed., *Literary History of Canada* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965), pp. 821-49. "Mateship" has filled an important place in the normative reflections that Australians have conducted on the question of their own identity. See Russel Ward, *The Australian Legend* (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1958).
- ² Most recently, the energies that have been reflected in *Boundary 2* have issued in William Spanos, Paul Bove, and Daniel O'Hara, eds., *The Question of Textuality. Strategies of Reading in Contemporary American Criticism* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1981).
- ³ Commager spelled out his thesis in this way: "...the Old World imagined the Enlightenment and the New World realized it. The Old World invented it, formulated it, and agitated it; America absorbed it, reflected it, and institutionalized it." *Jefferson, Nationalism and the Enlightenment* (New York: George Braziller, 1976), p. 3.
- ⁴ The founding role of Peirce in the whole debate on semiotics is a contemporary manifestation of influence as strong as the influence of his

friend William James on European thought earlier in the century. Charles Morris and G. H. Mead have also been important American influences on European critical thought. For the influence of C. Wright Mills and Oscar Lewis on recent French biography see Gabriel Merle, "Five types of Contemporary French Biography," in Anthony M. Friedson, ed., *New Directions in Biography* (Honolulu: The University Press of Hawaii, 1981), pp. 62-72.

- ⁵ Joan Marks, *Four Anthropologists. An American Science in its Early Years* (New York: Science History Publications, 1980).
- ⁶ Primary and secondary representations are a recurrent phenomenon addressed by Paul Ricoeur in *Freud and Philosophy: An Essay on Interpretation* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1970). Note particularly his section "Representatives and Ideas," pp. 134-51.
- ⁷ The diagram may be found in Janet Wolff, *Hermeneutic Philosophy and the Sociology of Art* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1975), p. 68. She acknowledges her debt to Michael Lane, ed., *Structuralism: A Reader*, (London, 1970).
- ⁸ Robert D. Richardson Jr., *Myth and Literature in the American Renaissance* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1978), p. 10.
- ⁹ Richardson, *Myth and Literature*, p. 7.
- ¹⁰ Mircea Eliade, *No Souvenirs: Journal 1957-1969* (New York: Harper and Row, 1977), p. 313.
- ¹¹ William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying* (New York: Random House, 1957), p. 79.
- ¹² *As I Lay Dying*, p. 52.
- ¹³ *As I Lay Dying*, pp. 94-95.
- ¹⁴ A. M. Hocart, *Kings and Councillors. An Essay on the Comparative Anatomy of Human Society* (Chicago, 1970). Quoted by Rodney Needham in *Symbolic Classification* (Santa Monica, California: Goodyear Publishing Co., 1979), p. 28.
- ¹⁵ James L. Peacock, *Consciousness and Change. Symbolic Anthropology in Evolutionary Perspective* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1975), pp. 204-05.
- ¹⁶ *As I Lay Dying*, p. 76.
- ¹⁷ Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, Section 125. See Walter Kaufmann, *The Portable Nietzsche* (New York: The Viking Press, 1954), p. 95, for a convenient reference.