

Experimental Fiction Now



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DEFINITIONS

In *Art as Experience*, the philosopher John Dewey describes a cycle in art and literary history whereby works initially thought to be too radically experimental ultimately are accepted as “classics” that themselves become objects of imitation:

[T]he fruits of the new procedure are absorbed; they are naturalized and effect certain modifications of the old tradition. This period establishes the new aims and hence the new techniques as having “classic” validity, and is accompanied with a prestige that holds over into subsequent periods.

Dewey’s notion that “new procedures” create “certain modifications of the old tradition” is strongly reminiscent of T.S. Eliot’s argument in “Tradition and the Individual Talent” that “existing monuments”

form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the whole existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new.

Both Dewey and Eliot are suggesting that without experiment in art and literature, the “supervention of novelty,” the great works of the past merely ossify into a “tradition” that no longer inspires artists and writers to, in effect, outdo the “existing monuments,” to bring those monuments into active communication with the present. “Certain modifications of the old tradition” are needed to keep the old tradition from becoming merely old, as well as to invigorate the new through contact with the genuine achievements of the past. Thus both Dewey and Eliot view experiment as a way of maintaining the vitality of the tradition, but also see the tradition as subject to the revision prompted by “the really new.”

For Dewey, the reader or audience must as well have some familiarity with tradition in order to appreciate a truly new work of art. According to Dewey, “the perceiver, as much as the creator, needs a rich and developed background which, whether it be painting, in the field of

poetry, or music, cannot be achieved except by consistent nurture of interest.” Since Dewey believes that the value of art resides in the experience of it, that experience would be impoverished without this “developed background” of tradition. The experimental work of art threatens to be meaningless if the “perceiver” can’t recognize the broader practices made visible by a tradition that the work still encompasses. “Rich and developed” does not mean encyclopedic, and a reader need not formally “study” literature and literary history. At some point, in fact, a pursuit of tradition for its own sake is as likely to impede our ability to experience art deeply as encourage it, as the customary practices come to seem “normal” and departures from them unwelcome. This embrace of tradition by all too many readers when they encounter “the really new” is finally not just an objection to the “experimental” in literature but often also a rejection of the whole notion that literature is “art” that should prompt fresh experience, in favor of the belief it is primarily a source of wisdom.

Dewey is well aware of the clinical connotations of the term “experimental” when applied to the arts and thus suggests an alternative:

If instead of saying “experimental,” one were to say “adventurous,” one would probably win general assent—so great is the power of words. Because the artist is a lover of unalloyed experience, he shuns objects that are already saturated, and he is therefore always on the growing edge of things. By the nature of the case, he is as unsatisfied with what is established as is a geographic explorer or scientific inquirer. The “classic” when it was produced bore the marks of adventure. . . .

In using the term “experimental fiction” throughout this book, I am using it in Dewey’s sense as “adventurous.” There is, of course, a latent danger of taking Dewey’s insistence on “new forms and techniques” too far. If every work of fiction was “new” in these terms, there would be no “mainstream” and no doubt fewer readers of fiction. And it is certainly the case that some “experimental” fiction fails in balancing the formally or stylistically “new” with the need to provide the reader some recognizable variety of aesthetic beauty or pleasure, some tangible sense of satisfaction. Perhaps most experimental fiction fails in this way, or at least doesn’t convince the reader such satisfaction can indeed be found. But much of it, especially the experimental

fiction produced by numerous American writers over the past 50 years, has both memorably extended the “growing edge of things” and left behind fully realized works of art.

Dewey has not been alone in finding the term “experimental” not altogether satisfying as a label identifying formally innovative art, fiction in particular. For those who think that every new work of fiction is implicitly experimental, necessarily one-of-a-kind, the term seems redundant. For writers who want their work to be assessed, at least in part, by its departures from formal or stylistic convention, some such term is surely desirable, although not all writers have been comfortable with designating a particular work an “experiment,” perhaps objecting to the parallel with the scientific experiment and its association with the principle of “trial and error.” Who, after all, wants to invite the possibility that what one has written might be in “error,” an unsuccessful experiment?

The categorization of certain works of fiction as unconventional or unorthodox enough to be called experimental has probably been most emphasized by scholars and critics, for whom such a category makes critical discussion more focused (some might say more esoteric). “Trial and error” is not really the defining feature for most critics. Generally, critical commentary on postwar experimental fiction (or more broadly “postmodern” fiction) has focused on “experiment” as, in Jerome Klinkowitz’s words, the “disruption” of a “conservative stability of form” in literary fiction as descended from 19th century writers. Certainly modernist experimental writers such as Joyce, Woolf, Proust, and Faulkner “disrupted” this stability as well, but their experiments did not really dislodge the assumptions of realism—they could even be called an extension of these assumptions into what is now called “psychological realism,” through which the writer portrays subjective consciousness, not external reality itself, as what is “really real.” From the perspective provided by Klinkowitz, “trial and error” is not the guiding principle of experiment but rather the notion that “stability” is itself not a desirable state where the art of fiction is concerned.

It is true that “experimental fiction” is ultimately a catch-all term of convenience that doesn’t necessarily signal anything very specific about what experimental writers are up to

(another reason why Dewey's "adventurous" is at least somewhat more descriptive). Klinkowitz prefers "disruption," while other critics have written about "breaking the sequence" or "the art of excess" or "anti-story." In most cases, however, these critics are really interested in what Ellen Friedman and Miriam Fuchs in *Breaking the Sequence* simply accept as "innovations in form." Friedman and Fuchs also provide a handy description of the elements of "stability" against which most adventurous writers are rebelling: "Plot linearity that implies a story's purposeful forward movement; a single, authoritative storyteller; well-motivated characters interacting in recognizable social patterns; the crucial conflict deterring the protagonist from the ultimate goal; the movement to closure. . . ." Perhaps the most succinct statement of the motivations underlying experimental fiction would be the remarks made by the experimental writer John Hawkes: "I began to write fiction on the assumption that the true enemies of the novel were plot, character, setting, and theme, and having once abandoned these familiar ways of thinking about fiction, totality of vision or structure was really all that remained."

A critic who did use the term "experimental fiction" straightforwardly was Robert Scholes in his book *Fabulation and Metafiction* (1979). In the chapter of that book called "The Nature of Experimental Fiction," he writes: "Forms atrophy and lose touch with the vital ideas of fiction. Originality in fiction, rightly understood, is the successful attempt to find new forms that are capable of tapping once again the sources of fictional vitality." Scholes's book popularized the term "metafiction" as a more specific term encompassing the tendencies in postwar American fiction that made readers think of them as "experimental": "Metafiction. . . attempts to assault or transcend the laws of fiction—an undertaking which can only be achieved from within fictional form." Writers such as William Gass, John Barth, Robert Coover, and Donald Barthelme were "working in that rarefied air of metafiction, trying to climb beyond Beckett and Borges, toward things that no critic—not even a metacritic, if there were such a thing—can discern."

In my view, the foundational works of American metafiction are John Barth's story collection *Lost in the Funhouse* (1968) and Robert Coover's novel *The Universal Baseball Association* (1968), as well as his collection *Pricksongs and Descants* (1969). These books show the influence of precursors such as Beckett and Borges, as well as Nabokov, but finally Barth and Coover here bring together most explicitly the strategies used by these precursors that work against the maintenance of transparent realism by calling attention to the act of writing or the

processes of representation, pointing the reader away from the unfolding narrative and toward the artificial devices by which all literary narratives are constructed and developed. This selfconsciousness, or self-reflexivity, led ultimately to the designation “metafiction”—fiction about fiction—as the term used to identify this kind of fiction that ultimately called into question all established conventions that work to hide their own artifice.

In Barth’s fiction, these conventions are challenged directly, in stories that blatantly reveal themselves to be fabrications, that examine self-reflexively the process and tools of storytelling, that delight in all the contrivances and tricks that are involved in storytelling even as they acknowledge that such contrivances are always involved. Coover’s fiction indulges in these sorts of diversions as well, although his work is more likely to explore the ways in which fiction and fiction-making incorporate, perhaps inevitably, elements of ritual and myth and to explode the conventions of realism and traditional narrative from within, to produce a kind of kaleidoscopic surrealism rather than the comic anatomies of storytelling to be found in *Lost in the Funhouse*. Metafiction in both Barth and Coover was simultaneously an attempt to clear the ground of the remaining inherited presuppositions about the “craft” of fiction and to make possible a more unrestricted conception of what actually constitutes literary craft, to open up the ground for new practices that might expand fiction’s potential range, that might even lead to a renewal of storytelling in new forms and styles.

These books remain the touchstones of American metafiction, but they were soon followed by additional works of equal value and accomplishment, such as William Gass’s *Willie Master’s Lonesome Wife* (1971), Gilbert Sorrentino’s *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things* (1971) and *Mulligan Stew* (1979), as well as some of the work of Ronald Sukenick and Raymond Federman. These writers continued to ask questions not just about the conventions of fiction but about the very medium of writing, about the established usages of language itself. Gass and Sukenick play games with typography, Sorrentino adds to metafiction his outrageous humor and inveterate experimentation, Federman uses metafiction (or what he called “surfiction”) to question the

“reality” of reality. In my opinion, while some of this work may occasionally go out of print, it will always be rediscovered because it still seems innovative despite the passage of time and the borrowing of its innovations by later writers.

POSTMODERN CONFUSIONS

David Foster Wallace

The collective legacy of these writers has certainly remained visible enough. It is their work that prompted the term “postmodern” to describe their challenges to convention, and the term has persisted as a catch-all way of designating works of fiction that seem anti-realist or don’t conform to generally accepted storytelling norms. However, the vague way in which “postmodern” is used to distinguish apparently unconventional from “normal” fiction has obscured the more literal sense of the term as these writers might have understood it. Postmodern fiction was written to both validate and extend the experimental impulse behind modernism, implicitly suggesting this is an impulse that can always be renewed. “Postmodern” has now become a semi-permanent category in which we can place unconventional work (or what is perceived as such), but ultimately the experimental fiction of the 1960s and 70s can provide a model only by demonstrating that the model fiction writers should follow is the absence of a model.

While this category remains, arguably so that critics might keep the occasional fiction assigned to it appropriately marginalized, the past thirty years or so, at least in English language fiction, has seen a retreat to conventional practices, a widespread return to narrative business as usual. Perhaps the earliest and most prominent manifestation of this was to be found in the rise of “minimalism” in such writers as Raymond Carver and Mary Robison. However, in quite obviously signaling a break from the formal experiments and self-reflexivity of postmodern American fiction, the work of these two writers in particular did not merely return to old-fashioned storytelling. The severely pared-back minimalism of their stories seemed to accept the postmodern critique of representation if not its alternative strategies. Character and plot are stripped to the bone, the former presented to us entirely through mundane actions, with no attempt at “psychological realism” (thus we never really get to “know” Carver’s characters, we

just watch them wandering through their lives), the latter flattening out Freytag's triangle to an unemphatic succession of events. One could plausibly say that Carver and Robison were actually engaged in their own kind of experimentation--how bare and uninflected can realism become while maintaining the reader's interest in fiction otherwise still committed to narrative illusion?

Some writers have continued to show the influence of postmodern experimentation, their work bearing signs of an attempt to engage with the legacy of postmodernism, but that legacy is more likely to be understood as matter of content, of adopting a certain attitude toward the world, not of formal innovation. In this way the most important postmodernist, whose work looms the largest in its influence, is Don DeLillo rather than John Barth or Donald Barthelme. Probably the writer who most clearly represents this more vexed relationship with postmodernism is David Foster Wallace, whose work is marked as least as much by its resistance to what he considered the defining features of postmodernism as an unambiguous affinity with the goals of a writer such as DeLillo. Wallace perhaps expressed his unease with the attitude he associated with postmodernism in his essay "E Unibus Pluram: Television and U.S. Fiction."

This essay is presented as a reflection on the influence of television, but in the long run it is more important as Wallace's analysis of the state of fiction at this time (1992) and, perhaps most significantly, as an implicit statement of Wallace's own preferred practice as a writer of fiction. Here Wallace identifies "postmodern irony" as the characteristic approach of cutting-edge American writers and explicitly identifies DeLillo, as well as Thomas Pynchon, as the older writers identified with such irony. He believes that irony in their fiction "started out the same way youthful rebellion did. It was difficult and painful, and productive—a grim diagnosis of a long-denied disease. The assumptions behind this early postmodern irony, on the other hand, were still frankly idealistic: that etiology and diagnosis pointed toward cure; that revelation of imprisonment yielded freedom."

One could certainly quarrel with Wallace's characterization of 1960s postmodernism. Although it is true that what we now call postmodernism emerged from the same cultural milieu that produced the era's "youthful rebellion," it doesn't seem faithful to the dynamic and largely comic spirit of 60s fiction to describe its effect as "grim," however much it might be responding to grim social and cultural conditions. It is also inaccurate to describe the comedy of this fiction

as being of the sort that involves “diagnosis” and “cure.” The comedy in Pynchon and DeLillo (as well as Coover, Stanley Elkin, or Barthelme) is not conventionally satirical, proposing solutions to the social dysfunctions and existential dilemmas it portrays. It offers only sustained laughter, although this laughter does promise a liberation into freedom, a “revelation of imprisonment.” Still, by calling the postmodern irony of such writers “idealistic,” Wallace clearly wants to exempt them from the criticisms he makes of writers following in their wake, who no longer have the idealism he finds in Pynchon and DeLillo. At worst Wallace wants to call into question the way their example has been assimilated, not the literary value of their books.

The bulk of Wallace’s essay is taken up with an extended critique of television, focusing on a similar “ironic” stance Wallace finds there, which he further believes is traceable to the early postmodern writers but robbed of its “idealistic” intentions. Describing the relationship to tv of a fictional everyman, “Joe Briefcase,” Wallace observes:

For to the extent that TV can flatter Joe about “seeing through” the pretentiousness and hypocrisy of outdated values, it can induce in him precisely the feeling of canny superiority it’s taught him to crave, and can keep him dependent on the cynical TV-watching that alone affords this feeling. And to the extent that it can train viewers to laugh at characters’ unending put-downs of one another, to view ridicule as both the mode of social intercourse and the ultimate art form, television can reinforce its own queer ontology of appearance: the most frightening prospect, for the well-conditioned viewer, becomes leaving oneself open to others’ ridicule by betraying passé expressions of value, emotion, or vulnerability. Other people become judges; the crime is naivete. . . .

Again there is much here that is debatable, however accurate the general account of television “cool” might be. Wallace’s definition of “television” seems very broad, seems indeed to encompass the medium as a whole, but in his discussion he seems primarily concerned with sitcoms and commercials. Perhaps it is the case that those responsible for creating this kind of television are also most likely to have read and felt the influence of avant-garde and experimental

fiction, but if so, Wallace does little to show that this sort of direct influence was likely. Instead, he suggests that tv and postmodern fiction “share roots,” but his assertions about these “roots” only create confusion about what he counts as “postmodern” after all:

In fact, by offering young, overeducated fiction writers a comprehensive view of how hypocritically the U.S.A. saw itself circa 1960, early television helped legitimize absurdism and irony as not just literary devices but sensible responses to an unrealistic world. For irony. . . is the time-honored way artists seek to illuminate and explode hypocrisy. And the television of lone-gunman Westerns, paternalistic sitcoms and jut-jawed law enforcement circa 1960 celebrated a deeply hypocritical American self-image.

Further:

It’s not one bit accidental that postmodern fiction aimed its ironic cross hairs at the banal, the naïve, the sentimental and simplistic and conservative, for these qualities were just what sixties seemed to celebrate as “American.”

From this one would conclude that for Wallace, “postmodern” writers are those writing what he calls “Image-Fiction,” writers such as William Vollmann, Jay Cantor, Stephen Dixon, A.M. Homes, and Michael Martone, most of whom could really be called second or third-wave postmodernists if Pynchon, DeLillo, and Coover are the original postmodern writers. (Dixon is of the same generation as Pynchon and DeLillo, although he came to fiction writing at a later age.) It is not really plausible to think that such first-wave postmodernists would have been inspired in their practice by television rather than the modernist writers of the previous generation (although ultimately some of them—Coover, for example—do take the pervasive presence of television as a subject, while Pynchon and DeLillo are certainly sensitive to the influence of television and mass media on American culture), and Wallace seems to be suggesting that tv was as important in the development of “postmodernism” as any specific literary practices. Furthermore, he also seems to be suggesting that television writers may themselves have been led to their own version of postmodern irony primarily by television itself, not by postmodern fiction, after all.

It seems overwhelmingly likely that the irony expressed and the attitude of “canny superiority” encouraged by certain kinds of television shows are mostly a function of the history of television rather than of postwar American fiction. Television becomes just another of the features of American culture that causes both tv and fiction writers to hold that culture at a distance, even if in doing so the tv writers are contributing to the trivialization of that culture, which Wallace correctly enough points out. The ubiquity of the television version of reality as well could perhaps be the main source of tv’s influence on fiction writers, as they struggle to register that ubiquity and its distorting effect on actual reality. Wallace is describing what he calls a “cultural atmosphere” in which irony is a privileged aesthetic response to experience, but the irony of television is superficial and self-satisfied, while the irony of postmodern fiction simply is not.

When Wallace refers to the “U.S. fictionist” who shares this atmosphere but also “sees himself heir to whatever was neat and valuable in postmodern lit,” he is surely writing primarily about himself. It was, in fact, clear enough even when this essay was published, but it now seems even more apparent that “E Unibus Pluram” is ultimately a kind of manifesto for Wallace’s own artistic practice, at least insofar as that practice is based on prolonged reflection on his own relationship both to the “cultural atmosphere” television helped create and to postmodern fiction. He is drawn to postmodern irony, but finds that the cheap irony of television (of contemporary culture generally) has to some extent usurped it.

Thus finally “E Unibus Pluram” works better as illumination of what David Foster Wallace was hoping to accomplish as a writer than it does as a critique of postmodern fiction. It doesn’t really make the case that “TV had absorbed from postmodern lit” any of its own unproductive irony. To conclude that the popularity of irony on television must be related to the prevalence of irony in postmodern fiction is to underestimate the ability of tv writers (and audiences) to understand the appeal of in-jokes and generalized mockery all on their own and, sadly, to overestimate the reach of American writers in the 1960s and 70s, however much in retrospect they seem to have presaged a significant cultural shift. Moreover, Wallace conflates the postmodernism of “postmodern irony” with the specific postmodern practice of metafiction, which he discusses briefly on the way to a much longer discussion of self-reflexivity in

television. “Postmodern” irony becomes “self-conscious” irony, which is “the nexus where television and fiction converge and consort.”

But metafiction and postmodernism are not synonymous, although their appearance on the literary scene was more or less coterminous. Metafiction was not “deeply informed by the emergence of television” but has its roots in the fiction of Beckett and Borges or, if we want to trace it to its earliest manifestations in fiction, Cervantes and Laurence Sterne. It was not “selfconscious” in the superficial and trivial way in which television celebrates its own omnipresence, but called attention to its own artifice as part of an effort of self-renewal, shedding encrusted assumptions and expectations to make further invention possible, not settling for facile mockery.

To be sure, David Foster Wallace’s own fiction is not an exercise in facile mockery. However much it does create an ironic tone similar to that found in the work of DeLillo and Pynchon, Wallace’s use of postmodern exaggeration and incongruity is in the service of a very earnest, indeed “idealistic” vision of damaged characters and a sick society both badly in need of “cure.” Still, Wallace also evokes this vision through the signature postmodern focus on language and its effects. One could say, in fact, that Wallace’s real subject is language, although not just language as style, and not really emphasizing the limitations or uncertainties of language per se as in much postmodern fiction. Wallace’s stories and novels are typically an attempt to inhabit the consciousness of his characters, but consciousness as their discursive world, invoked by the language they habitually use in confronting experience and only through which can perceive it to be comprehensible at all. His fiction is composed of the stream of words his characters use to construct a manageable account of the reality they negotiate, although in most cases these characters do not literally speak in their own voice through first-person narration.

Thus the beginning of “The Depressed Person”:

The depressed person was in terrible and unceasing emotional pain, and the impossibility of sharing or articulating this pain was itself a component of the pain and a contributing factor in its essential horror.

Despairing, then, of describing the emotional pain or expressing its utterness to those around her, the depressed person instead described circumstances, both past and ongoing, which were somehow related to the pain, to its etiology and cause, hoping at least to be able to express to others something of the pain's context, its—as it were—shape and texture. The depressed person's parents, for example, who had divorced when she was a child, had used her as a pawn in the sick games they played.

This is, of course, the sort of language, used to create a distinctive discourse of jargon words, filler phrases, and practiced rhetorical moves, by which we might expect a “depressed person” to interact with the therapeutic world in which she lives. Something similar is done with characters like the Account Representative and the Vice President in Charge of Overseas Production in “Luckily the Account Representative Knew CPR,” from Wallace's first collection of stories, *Girl With Curious Hair*:

There were between these last two executives to leave the Building the sorts of similarities enjoyed by parallel lines. Each man, leaving, balanced his weight against that of a heavily slender briefcase. Monograms and company logos flanked handles of leathered metal, which each man held. Each man, on his separate empty floor, moved down white-lit halls over whispering and mealy and monochromatic carpet toward elevators that each sat open-mouthed and mute in its shaft along one of the large Building's two accessible sides. . .

Particularly the divorced Account Representative, who remarked, silently, alone, as his elevator dropped toward the Executive Garage, that, at a certain unnoticed but never unheeded point in every corporate evening he worked, it became Time to Leave; that this point in the overtime night was a fulcrum on which things basic and unseen tilted, very slightly—a pivot in hours unaware—and that, in the period between this pint and the freshsuited working dawn, the very issue of the Building's ownership would become, quietly, in their absence, truly an issue, hung in air, unsettled. . . .

Again, these characters and their actions are described through the kind of no-nonsense, robotic language that would mirror the perceptions of the characters, who can be adequately identified merely as “Account Representative” and “Vice President of Overseas Production”

(themselves invested with about the same degree of personality as the Executive Garage). This mirroring effect is perhaps especially pronounced in “Mr. Squishy,” from *Oblivion*, the last book of fiction to be published in Wallace’s lifetime:

In an unconventional move, some of this quote unquote Full-Access background information re ingredients, production innovations, and even demotargeting was being relayed to the Focus Group by the facilitator, who used a Dry Erase marker to sketch a diagram of Mister Squishy’s snack cake production sequence and the complete adjustments required by *Felonies!* at select points along the automated line. . .

The Focus Group facilitator, trained by the requirements of what seemed to have turned out to be his profession to behave as though he were interacting in a lively and spontaneous way while actually remaining inwardly detached and almost clinically observant, possessed also a natural eye for behavioral details that could often reveal tiny gems of statistical relevance amid the rough law surfeit of random fact. Sometimes little things make a difference. The facilitator’s name was Terry Schmidt and he was 34 years old, a Virgo. Eleven of the Focus Group’s fourteen men wore wristwatches, of which roughly one-third were expensive and/or foreign.

This story is a kind of inventory of the observations and memories that roll through Terry Schmidt’s mind as he “facilitates” his Focus Group, captured entirely in this kind of advertising/marketing-speak. What unites all of the passages I have highlighted is that they reveal the extent to which we all inhabit such language-worlds, ways of thinking that determine our interactions with the “outside” world, except that, caught as we are in these linguistic and syntactical webs, there really is no outside. And what each of these slightly different such webs have in common is that they blanch our words of most of their vigor, leaving only edgeless, etiolated husks.

If Wallace thus does depict an exhausted language, it is exhausted not because its potential resources have been depleted but because the specific practices imposed by an enervated American culture have corrupted it. Ultimately, then, neither Wallace’s theme nor the strategy by which it is embodied could really be called distinctively postmodern. The attempt is

finally to capture life as lived and experienced, the *Way We Live Now*, in other words a modified version of realism. The “stream of consciousness” method used by many prominent modernists was a modification of realism, an attempt to get at what is most immediately “real” in human experience, consciousness itself, and Wallace’s strategy seems to me a further development of this kind of psychological realism, even if Wallace finds himself writing in an era when even human mental processes can’t really be trusted as authentic, determined as they are by culture, by genetics, by forces beyond conscious human control.

How to tell stories when the language you must use is so thoroughly infected by artificial discourses, however authentically you manage to portray the inauthentic? Of course, you really can’t, except by simultaneously noting the way in which what you’re doing is telling a story. That Wallace’s fiction is so often fiction about fiction-making is thus less a sign of its postmodernism than it is again a function of an essentially realist strategy. Since the artificial discourses permeating contemporary American culture are enlisted (must be enlisted) to construct stories about the world, an unavoidable subject of Wallace’s work must be the ways in which these stories work. In *Oblivion*, in fact, almost all of the stories are in part about the fashioning of stories, a few quite explicitly.

“Another Pioneer” is ultimately not one of the better stories in *Oblivion*, finally too long to support its relatively obvious story-within-a-story premise (a tendency to overelaboration is arguably a weakness to which Wallace too often succumbs), and while “Mr. Squishy” is certainly a bravura performance that does make us believe in the portrayal of its protagonist’s feelings of being trapped inside a worldview he really no longer believes in, it isn’t as direct an example of Wallace successfully employing postmodern, metafictional strategies to meet more traditional literary goals as “Good Old Neon.” At its core, this is indeed a story about a story, although we don’t know that until its conclusion. We do then discover that the narrative has been an impersonation by “David Wallace” of one of his high school classmates who died in a “fiery single-car accident he’d read about in 1991,” an attempt by the presumed author of *Oblivion* to “imagine what all must have happened to lead up to” that crash, why someone “David Wallace had back then imagined as happy and unreflective and wholly unhaunted by voices telling him that there was something deeply wrong him that wasn’t wrong with anybody else and that he had

to spend all his time and energy trying to figure out what to do and say in order to impersonate an even marginally normal or acceptable U.S. male” would drive into a bridge abutment.

It’s a thoroughly convincing impersonation, and emotionally charged in a way that has only been enhanced by what we now know about the conditions that precipitated David Foster Wallace’s own later suicide. But it is precisely in the act of “baring the device”—self-reflexively disclosing that the story is indeed a made-up story—that “Good Old Neon” produces its greatest *emotional* effect. For in addition to the story’s sympathetic representation of the imagined protagonist’s emotional distress is the revelation that it was the author’s own response to that distress that led “David Wallace” to write the story in the first place. In this way Wallace employs a “postmodern” strategy but does so in order to avoid the impression such a strategy “plays tricks” with the reader, allowing the writer to engage in cheap irony. Instead, this is a “self-conscious” story whose self-reflexivity reinforces the emotional sincerity of its storytelling and character creation.

Wallace was clearly enough attracted to the “idealism” embodied in the practice of the first-generation postmodernists. If such idealism was no longer quite possible to maintain (in Wallace’s view, because of its corruption by television and other forms of shallow irony), neither was it possible simply to return to the unselfconscious practices of traditional realism. Thus in a story like “Good Old Neon,” as well as in many of his other stories and in his magnum opus *Infinite Jest*, he wrote fiction unconventional and self-knowing enough that he would still frequently be identified by readers and critics as a postmodernist, but with an affective immediacy that also proved intensely appealing to the many readers who responded so fervently to his work. One could describe that work as a kind of “experiment” with the capacity of postmodernism to achieve more emotional resonance, and it would only be fair as well to say that if Wallace’s fiction is a further development of psychological realism, its expression of such realism is often surprising and always in Wallace’s distinctive style and voice. Still, in arguably reaffirming the ultimate ambition of realism to reflect existing reality as the central ambition of fiction, David Foster Wallace’s fiction can’t finally be comfortably included as a body of work clearly perpetuating the “really new” in literary art. It partly remains in the shadow of those adventurous writers of the 1960s and 70s on whom Wallace continues to look back with admiration, and partly attempts to escape that shadow by willfully misunderstanding the legacy

of these writers and offering solutions to nonexistent problems, solutions that in the long run signal retreat.

Jonathan Lethem

Jonathan Lethem is also a writer whose work has been identified as second-generation postmodernism, although finally it has little in common with Wallace's fiction other than a general disinclination to adhere to conventional storytelling norms. Lethem's fiction as well is often linked with Pynchon and DeLillo as postmodern precursors, but in Lethem's case their "postmodern irony" is mediated through the influence of science fiction, especially the work of Phillip K. Dick. This amalgamation of high postmodernism and popular literature is taken to be his signature variation on postmodernism in fiction, although much of his early work would seem to be more accurately characterized as straight science fiction. Beginning with *Motherless Brooklyn* (1999), Lethem began to publish books more likely to be categorized as "literary fiction" but continued to include elements of popular fiction (detective fiction and comic books as well as science fiction).

In a review of Lethem's *Chronic City* (1999), Hari Kunzru describes the postmodern element in this novel as in part deriving from the author's implicit acknowledgement that "he's writing belatedly" and, further, the accompanying signal that he "wants us to know he knows." This is indeed a very postmodern gesture, and perhaps in conveying this sense of belatedness Lethem is engaged in the same sort of strategy John Barth had in mind in positing a "literature of exhaustion" that exploited the "used-upness" of fictional form to generate new forms. However, where Barth and his fellow metafictionists forced a new attention on form, style, and narrative strategy, Lethem in *Chronic City* settles for vaguely surreal machinations of plot (an "alternative reality") and loudly "colorful" characters (most of them given obviously Pynchon-derived names). While it might be debatable whether the greatest influence on a book like this ultimately is a version of postmodernism drawn from "the writing that inspired Lethem to become a writer" (as Kunzru puts it) or the demands of fantasy and science fiction, there is finally nothing that could be called formal innovation in *Chronic City*, nothing that really challenges readers to examine their assumptions about the novel as a form.

Lethem's reputation as an experimental writer thus seems entirely based on his incorporation of the narrative conventions of genre fiction into novels that have otherwise been

generally accepted as “serious.” The plot devices of detective stories and science fiction allow Lethem to ostensibly bypass the requirements of ordinary realism, providing for an approach that blends caricature and pseudo-fantasy to produce what can best be described as whimsy. Whimsy is not a productive mode of either postmodern or experimental fiction, and in *Chronic City* it leaves an impression of aesthetic timidity. As William Deresiewicz says in his review of the novel, Lethem “wants realism, with the credibility it brings—wants us to take the world of the novel as a faithful copy of the world we know—but he also wants to stack the deck by deploying supernatural elements whenever he finds it convenient.” Thus the New York City portrayed in the narrative needs to be recognizable enough as New York City that we are able to associate the events and themes with the real place, but not so much that the author can’t introduce runaway tunnel robots, an illusory space mission doomed by the presence of Chinese space mines, and snowfall in August.

This sort of controlled fantasia can’t really be what the postmodernists had in mind as an alternative to conventional realism, nor is it credible as a revision or reorientation of postmodern challenges to inherited practice, an attempt to extend the reach of postmodern experiment into a different era and changed circumstances. It implies that postmodern experiment was simply a strategy designed to undermine the principle of verisimilitude, so that any work not strictly observing the rules of traditional realism could be called “experimental.” And while Lethem’s work is consistent with much postmodern fiction in that it is essentially comic, the comedy of a novel like *Chronic City* is much too gentle, too shy of the more corrosive humor of the postmodern comedy of Pynchon or DeLillo. It doesn’t so much lack “real satiric bite,” as Kunzru maintains, as it never rises above *mere* satire, a relatively mild critique of post-9/11 New York under Bloomberg. The satiric purpose, in fact, predominates in a way that sets this novel apart from the postmodern comedies of such writers as Pynchon, John Barth, or Donald Barthelme, which don’t attempt to “correct” behaviors and institutions in the manner of conventional satire but portray human behaviors and institutions as resistant to amelioration (but no less deserving of laughter for that).

Chronic City’s satire is portentous enough that readers would certainly be justified in concluding it is an attempt to “say something” about America in the 21st century, but the novel

hardly conceals any deep meaning not made apparent through its choice of satirical targets. The story of the relationship between narrator Chase Insteadman, former child actor, and Perkus Tooth, former bohemian intellectual turned pothead, allows Lethem to canvass his “alternative” New York from top (Insteadman is something of a mascot for the city’s high society types) to bottom and to adjust his satirical focus accordingly. That the purport of the novel’s themes does not go much beyond this surface satire is actually in its favor, as we aren’t subjected to the kind of tedium the exploration of “ideas” in fiction usually entails. In this way Lethem is finally faithful to his postmodern predecessors: to the extent Barth or Pynchon or DeLillo incorporate ideas, they do so as inspiration for formal or narrative devices (“entropy” in Pynchon, for example) rather than abstractions with which to “wrestle.”

However, *Chronic City* nevertheless suffers from its own kind of tedium. It never attains the structural or stylistic vitality required for us to suspend our disbelief in its plot contrivances. The narrative drags along, its narrator’s language leaden and unnecessarily prolix. The narrator is himself an unengaging figure whose status as a blank slate on which his friend Perkus inscribes a more capacious understanding does not make him a compelling character over the course of a 450-page novel. Perkus himself is much less compelling than Lethem wants him to be. He’s an essentially stock countercultural type, and his recurrent cluster headaches and other mental problems make him seem more pathetic than heroic.

Lethem’s fiction in general is not without its pleasures, both stylistically and in its humor. Much of it displays a lively enough imagination, even if *Chronic City* ultimately falls flat. (And it collapses from an excess of satirical ambition rather than too little.) But precisely as a work that seems to be one of Lethem’s most ambitious, this novel does illustrate the way in which a writer clearly influenced by postmodern experimental fiction expresses that influence by muting it, softening its edges while remaining “quirky” enough that his work generally avoids being identified as “mainstream” literary fiction. Lethem circumscribes the most radical implications of the legacy of postmodern experiment, implications that potentially undermine all assumptions about fiction as a literary form, by translating its carnivalesque comedy into ordinary satire, its narrative innovations into eccentric fantasy, its linguistic play into a more or less conventionally literary prose style (although again not necessarily without its pleasures, nevertheless). Perhaps it could be said that Lethem is attempting to enhance the legacy of postmodernism by making it

more universally appealing, but at best what we get is really a pastiche of postmodernism, one that may represent the creative sum of Lethem's important inspirations yet never finally goes beyond a kind of comprehensive aesthetic paraphrase of the originals.

George Saunders

George Saunders is certainly a writer whose fiction is seldom if ever identified as “mainstream.” Like Lethem’s work, however, it is also usually received enthusiastically by readers and critics who admire it for its “quirky” departures from what are still even now the predominantly realistic norms of literary fiction. And it is not so hard to understand why these readers and reviewers would find Saunders’s fiction appealing. To first-time readers especially, his stories are no doubt a little puzzling, requiring some accommodation to their surrealistic settings and premises, but ultimately they are puzzling in an entertaining way, the settings and events just off-kilter enough to provoke the reader’s curiosity, the premises just outrageous enough that we find their surrealism both disconcerting and surprisingly tangent to existing conditions of American reality. Above all, the stories are often very funny, so that even if we remain uncertain how to interpret the narratives’ mutated reality, we can still enjoy their oddities as conveyed through Saunders’s deadpan, understated style, which can assimilate the most stilted, bureaucratic jargon with the most colloquial, slang-ridden expressions, often in the same paragraph or even the same sentence. Reinforced by Saunders’s ability to mimic the inanities of American speech in his dialogue, this adept orchestration of voices and languages is frequently a source of pleasure in itself.

Tenth of December (2012) manifests all of these appealing qualities. It may be, in fact, his most consistently engaging book since his first, *CivilWarLand in Bad Decline* (1996). The title story of that book introduced a narrative trope that by now has become a signature Saunders device, a trope encompassing both plot and setting, through which the story’s protagonist, also the narrator, relates his experiences as an employee of an outlandish theme park in which American life and history have been reduced in scale and repackaged as entertainment—although there is never much indication that anyone is actually entertained by it (certainly not the employees). Parks such as this signify both the way American history has been reduced to its

value as the subject of such simplistic entertainments, designed to fulfill the needs of commerce rather than citizens and their shared culture, as well as the way in which American life in the present has organized itself around the commercial imperative, emptied itself of interest in anything except mindless spectacle. “CivilWarLand in Bad Decline” may be the prototypical such story, its title an accurate forecast of the story’s portrayal of a Civil War-era theme park in crisis and the unfortunate consequences for its employees, especially the narrator (who winds up dead). The story isn’t in fact entirely surreal, since one can indeed imagine an American culture so debased that something like the phenomenon it depicts could arise, but its imaginative amplification of these nascent cultural tendencies is darkly comical and disturbing.

Most of the stories in *CivilWarLand* (including the concluding novella, “Bounty”) are of this kind, giving the book itself a structural and thematic coherence. Stories of this type recur in Saunders’s later work as well (“Pastoralia”), suggesting that this narrative is especially expressive of Saunders’s concerns as a writer, that his return to it allows a continued development of those concerns. There is but one such story in *Tenth of December*, “My Chivalric Fiasco,” which is actually one of the least substantial pieces in the book, a diverting enough turn using the theme park setting that gives Saunders an opportunity to indulge in some quasi-Elizabethan verbal tricks but is otherwise rather slight. Most of the other stories in the book nevertheless still seem recognizably to originate in the same sensibility that offers the dystopic theme park narrative as a touchstone of sorts for the aesthetic and thematic assumptions of Saunders’s fiction.

Stories such as “Escape from Spiderhead” and “The Semplica Girls Diary” share a setting in what must be taken as a near future in which currently ominous practices and trends have proliferated even farther, to the point they have simply become an accepted feature of the cultural landscape. In the first, prisoners have been assigned to a facility where they serve as test subjects for drugs with names like “Darkenfloxx” (administered through a “MobiPak”), which work to alter mood or increase sexual proficiency. (Saunders readers will not be surprised when the tests go horribly wrong.) In the second, a suburban family in distress wins a lottery jackpot and uses the money to keep up appearances by buying “Semplica Girls” (“SGs”), poor young immigrant girls who have essentially agreed to act as lawn ornaments through some sort of new technology

that allows them to hang suspended in the air. Both stories could be called satirical, but again they less provoke laughter than sober recognition such things might not be so farfetched. In each story as well, at least one character resists the general moral drift that accepts the ongoing situation as normal and instead experiences an awakening of sorts. In “Escape from Spiderhead,” the narrator protagonist decides he will not contribute to the possible death of another test subject, at the cost of his own life. In “Semplica Girl Diaries,” the family’s youngest daughter is so deeply upset by the treatment of the SGs that she sets them free, causing the family even greater hardship.

Thus, while stories such as these clearly enough have some satirical intent, they are in most cases just as clearly explicit moral fables, tales of overcoming the degrading and dehumanizing attitudes that appear to underlie the social order depicted in the stories. It seems likely that this quality in Saunders’s fiction also contributes to its appeal: the imaginative projections into the future come marked with palpable disapproval of the sorry state of affairs it has produced, but offer some hope that the human capacity to overcome cultural conditioning and make morally courageous decisions might still survive. This sort of provisional optimism does not color every story, but finally one can’t call Saunders a gloomy writer, however much his fiction does illuminate the march of folly on which the human species, especially in America, seems to be proceeding. He has been compared to Kurt Vonnegut, who certainly did have a gloomy outlook, and whose fiction contains the same sort of SFish elements and the same straight-faced humor, but where in Vonnegut the humor is about all that comes between us and nihilistic despair, in Saunders it, as well as the movement of narratives like “Escape from Spiderhead” toward an ultimate moment of moral recognition, acts to reinforce, as in most conventional satire, the critique of social dysfunction. Saunders’s fiction leaves the discernible impression its representation of human folly is at least partly meant to suggest we should (and could) stop doing and believing the things that make it possible.

The stories particularly register the deprivations of “late capitalism” and the class divisions it perpetuates and intensifies. In addition to the dehumanizing practices depicted in “Spiderhead” and “Semplica Girl Diaries,” the demeaning necessities of current economic arrangements are featured in “Exhortation” (composed in that most debased form of capitalist

communication, the memorandum) and “Al Roosten,” in which a man voluntarily debases himself in the name of good business. Class conflict is portrayed very directly in “Puppy” and “Home” and emerges as the dominant theme in the book’s first story, “Victory Lap,” which compels attention first of all as the story of a young woman abducted by a madman but rescued by a neighbor boy before she is killed. Finally, however, the thriller-tinged plot (which seems taken from a television crime drama) serves as a device to dramatize the distance that has grown between the young woman and her rescuer, once childhood friends, a distance exacerbated by the pretensions of class. These stories, less fantastic than “Semplica Girl Diaries,” “Pastoralia,” or “CivilWarLand in Bad Decline” (or certainly than Saunders’s novella, “The Brief Frightening Reign of Phil”), nevertheless only reinforce the conclusion that Saunders is a writer with the ambition of “saying something” about the state of American life and culture.

However much these particular stories depict characters facing extreme situations, they ultimately might still be characterized as works of narrative realism. Even Saunders’s more radically surrealist stories do not really depart from the requisites of conventional storytelling, and in this his fiction is consistent with (probably one of the inspirations for) most of the neosurrealist fiction that has become quite a noticeable development in recent American writing (for example in the work of Aimee Bender and Stacey Levine). If anything, this fiction observes the dictums of plot development even more scrupulously than traditional realism, as the freakish or oddball characters and absurdist events are chronicled in a strictly linear way, encompassing appropriately rising actions and clear resolutions and generally satisfying any reader’s need for narrative. At the same time, claims are often made that this mode of fiction is nevertheless audacious and unconventional, claims based entirely on its defiance of the surface logic of ordinary reality. Thus the alternative posed to “realism” is a diametrical anti-realism that informs a story’s content but not its form. Saunders is probably the most accomplished of these new surrealists, but his stories only illustrate most prominently that such fiction derives its appeal from conjuring fanciful flights from reality related through familiar narrative strategies. That Saunders employs his vision of an altered reality at the satirical level to achieve the traditional goals of realism—to depict the way things are—could lead us to the conclusion that Saunders’s

ambitions aren't that far removed from those associated with the realist tradition. They might be seen as two sides of the same literary coin.

The relatively large proportion of stories in *Tenth of December* that are more or less straight realism only reinforces this conclusion. It would seem that sometimes Saunders's effort to capture the degeneration of American life requires the surreal satire of "Semplica Girl" or "CivilWarLand," while in other cases the realism of "Puppy" or "Home" works as well. Their shared use of conventional storytelling is allied with another in-common feature that finally helps to account for the appeal of Sanders's work: All of Saunders's stories ultimately create an emotional atmosphere that solicits considerable empathy for his characters and their plight. This is accomplished to a great extent through Saunders's prose style, which can be ingenuous in an almost merciless way but through that very quality also provokes sympathy for a character such as the title character of "Al Roosten," a struggling merchant who has entered into a "luncheon auction of Local Celebrities, a Local being any sucker dopey enough to answer yes when the Chamber of Commerce asked."

Roosten stepped warily out from behind the paper screen. No one whooped. He started down the runway. No cheering. The room made the sound a room makes when attempting not to laugh. He tried to smile sexily but his mouth was too dry. Probably his yellow teeth were showing and the place where his gums dipped down.

Frozen in the harsh spotlight, he looked so crazy and old and forlorn and yet residually arrogant that an intense discomfort settled on the room, a discomfort that, in a non-charity situation, might have led to shouted insults or thrown objects but in this case drew a kind of pity whoop from near the salad bar.

The most transparently emotion-laden story in the book is perhaps the title story. In it, a boy and a middle-aged man are making their way through a patch of woods. The boy is simply enjoying himself, lost in fantasy, but we discover that the man is ill with cancer and has come to the woods to commit suicide. The man winds up rescuing the boy when he falls through the ice on a pond, and the man decides he wants to live, after all. The plot itself tugs pretty strongly at the heartstrings, but the language used to convey the suicidal man's despair (Saunders hews

pretty closely to the character's stream of thought) bears an especially direct emotional weight as well:

Ouch, ouch. This was too much. He hadn't cried after the surgeries or during the chemo, but he feels like crying now. It wasn't fair. It happened to everyone supposedly but now it was happening specifically to him. He'd kept waiting for special dispensation. But no. Something/someone bigger than him kept refusing. You were told the big something/someone loved you especially but in the end you saw it was otherwise. The big something/someone was neutral. Unconcerned. When it innocently moved, it crushed people.

A passage such as this does not hide the underlying pathos through irony or "wacky" humor (of the sort both Saunders and Jonathan Lethem do frequently employ) or agile writing. The emotion it is clearly soliciting from the reader even verges on being sentimental. (I would maintain it actually crosses that line.) The story's placement at the conclusion of this book would seem to further indicate that Saunders regards it as bringing together the book's common concerns or revealing its important assumptions. For me, the story works to clarify that, despite the fact many of his stories court the bizarre and chronicle extreme states of being, finally George Saunders's fiction fits comfortably enough within the established protocols of the American short story as recognized and accepted by most readers. That this is true does help explain the widespread enthusiasm for Saunders's work—the surface content of his stories is pleasingly weird, but they are also told in familiar ways and engage the reader's emotions rather straightforwardly. At the same time, it does little to help justify claims that Saunders's fiction, in addition to being entertaining, also occupies a place on the cutting edge of American fiction.

Sergio de la Pava

The response to Sergio de la Pava's *A Naked Singularity* included numerous references to the book as "postmodern," "innovative," or "absurdist," terms that by now are mostly used to indicate that the work at hand is not a conventional work of realism. Often postmodernist and realist seem to be the only two categories available in which to put new works of fiction--the former to designate anything that runs counter to the broadest currents of mainstream "literary fiction," the latter to identify the fundamental aesthetic orientation of mainstream fiction. A

Naked Singularity is clearly enough not mainstream, from its length (de la Pava seems more interested in putting everything in than in exercising editorial restraint) to its long stretches of dialogue without expository supplement, its gradual shift from a kind of expose of the American judicial system to a crime novel complete with "caper," all enveloped in a quasi-science fiction atmosphere that may just be the eerie reflection of the protagonist's psychological breakdown. But do these qualities alone warrant calling the novel "postmodern"? Moreover, does calling it postmodern further make it "innovative"?

There's no doubt that *A Naked Singularity* takes real risks if its intended audience is indeed typical readers of literary fiction. That de la Pava chose to self-publish his novel after it was rejected by every agent to whom he sent it suggests, of course, he does not consider this to be his likely audience. The reader of *A Naked Singularity* needs to be willing to become immediately immersed in the daily business of a big-city American court at its most random and chaotic, in the company of the novel's protagonist, Casi, a public defender attempting to negotiate his own way through an environment that ultimately we understand has taken its toll on him, despite the fact that he has apparently been successful enough at his job he has yet to lose a case that has gone to trial. (He spends most of his time attempting to prevent his clients from going to trial in the first place through plea bargaining.) There is little indication in the novel's first 100 pages that anything like a conventional plot of the kind we might expect from a novel with a legal setting is going to develop, although Casi's account of the courtroom scenes and his interaction with his clients is quite compelling on its own.

This early part of the novel doesn't avoid realism but, if anything, could be described as hyperrealism. The depiction of the hellish atmosphere and moral degradation of the New York lower courts is uncompromising and unrelenting as we follow Casi through his daily activities. If the ultimate goal of realism is to represent life as lived as faithfully as possible, *A Naked Singularity* surely accomplishes the task, giving Casi's encounters with his colleagues and his clients its scrupulous attention. Such an approach can seem postmodern only when "realism" is reduced to conventional storytelling: "plot," after all, is an artificial imposition on the artistic treatment of reality in fiction, since rarely do we experience our lives as "story," complete with

its exposition, rising action, and narrative climax. Historically, realism has been a mode most supportive of character and setting, and certainly *A Naked Singularity* provides plenty of both.

Eventually it provides plenty of plot as well, but by the time we get to the heist, meticulously planned by Casi and a colleague, and its ultimately violent outcome, we have also been introduced to several other narrative strands, including Casi's interactions with his family and his volunteer work on a death penalty case from Texas, as well as the interpolated stories Casi tells about various boxers of the 1980s, especially Wilfrid Benitez, with whom Casi seems to have a strong connection. This digressiveness would appear to be another feature of the novel that might lead readers and reviewers to call it postmodern, but finally all of these strands work together to provide a coherent character portrait of the protagonist. Because the novel is further unified by Casi's first-person narration, the digressions are less a symptom of postmodern fragmentation than an alternative method of characterization that arguably renders his increasingly erratic behavior and deteriorating state of mind with more fidelity than a more linear, conventional form of "psychological realism" would.

The postmodern writers with whom de la Pava has been most frequently compared are Wallace, Pynchon, and Gaddis, and of the three it seems to me that *A Naked Singularity* has most in common with the latter, particularly *A Frolic of His Own* with its similar legal setting, but the reliance on dialogue in Gaddis's fiction provides the closest parallel to de la Pava's approach in his novel, although he does not pursue the strategy as radically as Gaddis does. Moreover, although Gaddis is frequently classified as a postmodernist, his work is much less explicitly metafictional or absurdist, much less an attempt to create a distorted or artificial world separate from reality than to be truer to reality by getting it all in, the sheer babble and noise of American culture as reflected by the perpetual talk of his characters. *A Naked Singularity* certainly could be identified as a novel of "excess" (a designation coined by Tom Le Clair), and it shares with Gaddis as well as Pynchon and Wallace a willingness to violate the boundaries of what would ordinarily be considered "well-made fiction," creating in the process an impression of excess that is actually very carefully calibrated in its effects. The work of all of these writers puts the reader in the same position as the characters in their novels, who often find themselves in the middle of a seemingly overwhelming "system" they are attempting to comprehend.

If *A Naked Singularity* bears comparison to the meganovels of Pynchon, Gaddis, and Wallace, it is hard to say that it advances beyond the achievements of these earlier works, either formally or thematically. To suggest that this novel probably should not be considered innovative is not to undervalue its own achievement. At a time when ambition in American fiction is most often expressed in the "social novel," in hybrid genre forms such as the post-apocalyptic narrative and tepid forms of magical realism, or simply in securing a contract with a mainstream publisher, it is refreshing that a writer is willing to be more formally adventurous, in a mode less assimilable to prevailing expectations of "literary fiction"--so much so that no agent or publisher was willing to take a chance on this book. The most foolish miscalculation on the part of those who concluded this novel was not worth publication is in the assumption that readers would not find it engaging because of its unorthodox structure, but in fact once we have oriented ourselves to its method the novel is quite entertaining (if at times disturbing in its portrayal of the dysfunction of our "system of justice"). In the novel's expository passages, Casi's voice attracts our interest, and de la Pava's control of language in general should be apparent to any serious reader.

Ultimately there can be no fixed category of "innovative" fiction. Sergio de la Pava is admirably following up on the innovations of Gaddis and Pynchon, exploring possibilities suggested by their example, but the invocation of a term like "postmodern" as a convenient way to identify a book like *A Naked Singularity* works more to obscure our perception of what's truly innovative in new works of fiction than to assist it. No familiar terms will seem adequate to describe the introduction of the really new.

SOURCES OF THE NEW—SENTENCES

Gary Lutz

If currently there is a writer whose work does represent the cutting edge in advancing the art of fiction beyond prevailing conventions and stale assumptions, in my view that writer is Gary Lutz. Lutz's short stories indeed question the presumption that the inherent goals of fiction are to tell stories and communicate "themes" by establishing instead that the core element of fiction is the sentence and that the art of fiction consists of the resourceful accumulation of

sentences—in Lutz’s case the accumulation of singular, surprising, and painstakingly constructed sentences. These innovative sentences in turn give rise to the larger discursive and aesthetic order that can indeed be found in Lutz’s stories, but Lutz first attends to the aesthetic integrity of his fiction at this more fundamental level, such that “content” and “form” become inextricable.

Lutz has himself described the method by which he builds his sentences in some detail, most notably in the essay “The Sentence is a Lonely Place,” but also in numerous interviews he has given over the years since *Stories in the Worst Way*, his first book, was published in 1996. Most of his stories, he explains, are conceived as sentences, or the gradual development of sentences, without relation to character or a plot. He describes his interest as being almost exclusively in placing these sentences together in the most resonant way he can devise, resonant literally in how words reinforce and echo one another and how the sonic and grammatical relationship between those sentences maintains and magnifies such echoes. Assonance, consonance, and alliteration play an important role in this process, as does manipulations of grammar, odd juxtapositions, unusual word choice, word combinations and neologisms. We don’t have to get very far into the first story in *Divorcer*, the title story, to find a passage that immediately illustrates many of the typical features of Lutz’s prose:

The afternoon welcomed me into its swelters. An hour went by, then cleared the way for another. I had found a bench near the store and stood in quiet beside it. Others came and sat: unfinished-looking men, a pair of proudly ungabby girls I took for lovers done for now with their love, a woman graphically sad in ambitious pinpoints of jewelry. Then a man so moodless, I could see all the different grades and genres of zilch behind his eyes. The city flattered these people who in the country would have been flattened fast for all to see all the same.

The reader is immediately invited to pause and consider the first sentence as a self-contained linguistic unit. Why this unorthodox figure—“welcomed me into its swelters”—with its verb made into a noun? The second sentence also draws attention to itself, this time through the strange and arresting use of personification, reinforcing the conclusion that Lutz wants us focused in at the sentence level. Indeed, to fully appreciate Lutz’s singular sentences, we must be willing to restrain the impulse regard them as links in a discursive chain, to in effect merge them

into a kind of verbal stream that carries us headlong not only from sentence to sentence, but through all the story's verbal formulations and devices, regarding them all as simply the transparent means to the ultimate goal of narrative development and resolution. In a Gary Lutz story we must on the contrary pause to contemplate what "unfinished-looking men" might actually look like, to judge the fitness of the phrases "proudly ungabby girls" and "a man so moodless" in leaving an impression of these briefly mentioned figures. We must note not simply the wordplay of "flattered" and "flattened" but also that each word separately produces its own distinct connotations, while in this syntactical pairing the two also work together to give the whole passage additional meaning uniting the particular details, as does the following repetition of "for all to see all the same."

For readers willing to accept Lutz's redirection of our aesthetic interest, it is perhaps tempting to conclude that Lutz's art is indeed an art of the sentence, considered in isolation from narrative, character, or setting. Thus almost all reviewers and interviewers who express admiration for his fiction concentrate their attention on Lutz as a unique stylist, ignoring the way his stories do in fact retain these other elements. The formal patterns that emerge are both a result of and a natural aesthetic complement to the singular sentences that constitute his work. If individual sentences in a sense leave us suspended in their word twists and serpentine syntax, the stories in which they appear do something similar, accumulating these sentences to create a kind of layering effect that gradually expands our sense of character and situation without making them secondary, mere vehicles for advancing a conventionally developed plot. The stories work by linking sentences to paragraphs to episodes, establishing a relationship of mutual resonance and reinforcement, creating from character and situation an impression of depth and breadth that might seem static, but that finally works as an aesthetically coherent alternative to the notion that "story" entails movement forward.

"Divorcer" introduces us not only to this alternative strategy, but also to the theme that pervades the work and allows Lutz to expand his technique beyond the bounds of what would be possible in an individual story. Like all of the other pieces in *Divorcer*, it is composed of marked fragments, each one adding a layer to the narrator's account of his short-lived marriage. The

sections move freely around the narrator's recollections of the marriage, each of them capturing a moment or arriving at an insight that illuminates the circumstances of the marriage and its ultimate failure, but by no means suggesting that human relationships can be explained by representing them in a "story." As one would suspect, the reality of failed marriage is most memorably evoked in the most bracing sentences:

Marriage had not worked out to be a doubling of each other's life, though there were duplicate juicers and sources of music.

My penis might have had reach, maybe, but it never increased itself for her.

My wife: she was the active one in the marriage, mixing other men into it.

Both through sentences like these and through a formal arrangement that reproduces for the story as a whole the poetic suspension in which such sentences are designed to hold the reader, "Divorcer" allows us, in effect, to inhabit the experience of divorce rather than simply read about it.

The other stories in the book expand and enhance this effect, approaching the experience from different angles, augmenting it through depth of treatment, their characters compelling precisely because they seem to blend into each other, their shared predicament conveying a powerful sense of pain, confusion, and loss, as well as, frequently enough, self-hatred. In "The Driving Dress," the narrator loses weight in order to begin wearing the clothes left behind by his ex-wife, coming to terms with his (second) divorce by fleeing his own identity. In "Fathering" and "Middleton," no actual divorce is involved, but each introduces us to a marriage at a point when its failure is implicit. In the former, a father focuses his attention on helping his daughter through school, after which his job as a father will be mostly done. Meanwhile, he arranges trysts with other men for his wife, as if acknowledging that the marriage itself is now past its usefulness. In the latter, a husband's wife has died, and as the husband briefly relates to us the events of the funeral, it becomes clear the marriage had become perfunctory: "There had in fact been talk of divorce, but we talked about it the way other people talked about getting a pool or maybe just a pool table, even just the miniature kind that rests atop a regular table, even a card

table.” That the marriage was inadequate to the husband’s needs is confirmed when shortly after the funeral he begins a sexual relationship with a man.

Two additional stories, “To Whom Might I Have Concerned?” and “I Have to Be Halved,” widen the focus to include same-sex relationships as well, although they are portrayed as just as subject to disillusionment and dysfunction as their heterosexual counterparts. Thus sexuality in *Divorcer* is not shown to make a significant difference in tempering the fragility of intimate human relationships. All human beings are prone to the same blindness, indifference, and casual cruelty, all human love accompanied by an expiration date. As the narrator of “Womanesque” explains his failures, “It’s just that I was born, grew some, started differing, didn’t stop.”

These are certainly not original insights. What is original in Gary Lutz’s fiction is the especially powerful way in which these insights are expressed, emotionally affecting without resorting to traditional narrative devices. He does not narrow the possibilities of “literary” language to the usual sort of figurative flourishes that too often serve mostly as linguistic decoration, nor does he rely on typical notions of plot or of “well-rounded” characters or any of the other established elements of fiction that draw attention away from language. If much experimental fiction is primarily experiment with form, Lutz’s innovation is in paring back form in order to reconceive the purpose of the sentence as the truly essential element of prose fiction. In the way they reinvigorate the English sentence, Lutz’s stories in *Divorcer* ought to inspire other writers to consider how close attention to the shapes and sonorities of sentences can in turn bring a satisfyingly new kind of organization to fiction.

Diane Williams

A current writer whose work in its sensitivity to the syntactic and auditory intricacies of the sentence can invite comparison with Gary Lutz is Diane Williams. Williams works primarily in what is usually categorized as “flash fiction,” as did Lutz early in his career, but in his later work he has combined a focus on the sentence as center of interest with a fuller exploration of character and narrative. In doing so Lutz may have sacrificed some of the nonlinear purity and hallucinatory intensity found in Williams’s fiction, and her stories are also more highly wrought, with a greater focus on the possibilities of the form as a means of foregrounding language itself,

than most flash fiction has become. They do not settle for snapshot realism, and, despite their length, they in fact encourage slower, more careful reading. If flash fiction potentially appeals to a new, attenuated attention span among some readers, Diane Williams's stories reward expanded attention and encourage rereading. One could spend as much time lingering over her brief fictions as reading much longer stories by more conventional writers, too many of which require too little of the reader's close attention.

"My Defects," the first story in *Vicky Swanky Is a Beauty*, might serve not just as an introduction to this book but also to Williams's work as a whole:

I'm happy at least to do without a sexual relation and I have this fabulous reputation and how did I get that in the first place? I am proud enough of this reputation and it stands to reason there's a lot that's secret that I don't tell anyone.

I want to end this at the flabber, although I am flabbergasted.

I opened the cupboard, where the treats are stored, and helped myself and made a big mess, by the lakeshore, of the food, of the rest of my life, eventually.

Michelle, the doctor's nurse, showed me a photograph of her cats. The smart cat opens the cupboard, Michelle says, where the treats are stored, and she can help herself, and she makes a big mess!

I crossed the street to survey the lake and I heard crepitations—three little girls bouncing their ball. I used to see them in perspective—my children—young people, one clearly unsuitable. She can't help herself—she makes a big mess.

With my insight and skill—what do I search for at the shore?—the repose of the lake But sadly, although it does have a dreamy look, it is so prone to covering familiar ground.

On first encountering Diane Williams's fiction, readers are likely to puzzle over the classification of such a condensed and often enigmatic work ("My Defects" is quoted here in full, and it is typical Williams in its length) as a short story. Short, yes, but story? Prose poem,

maybe? Prose fragment? Surreal reverie? Williams's stories have characters, but they hardly "develop" in any conventionally recognizable way. Sometimes a story seems to be advancing a plot only to abandon it or veer off in an apparently new direction. Most of the stories are too brief to evoke many details of setting, and while Williams does return to particular themes— especially sex—the stories are generally too elusive for the reader to conclude they are attempting to "say something."

In "My Defects," we are introduced to a character whose identity seems continuous enough but who is never really developed beyond her initial assertion that "I am happy at least to do without a sexual relation" and her accompanying puzzlement that "I have this fabulous reputation and how did I get that in the first place?" It could be said that the story is essentially an illustration of the narrator's declaration of her circumstances in the first paragraph. To adequately discern the nature of the story's portrayal of the narrator's situation, however, we must understand the extent to which her initial words are both completely truthful and disingenuous. She doesn't tell us why she is without a sexual relationship or why she is happy about this, nor what precisely her "reputation" is. (Perhaps she speaks for the author, who certainly does have a "fabulous reputation" among her admirers?) Yet at the same time, the narrator expresses in the first paragraph what surely does seem to her a literally accurate account of her life's circumstances, however elliptical the reader might find it.

In a sense, the narrator tries to clarify what she means by this initial statement in the following paragraphs, which at least appear to present a semblance of plot and action. As is usual in a Williams story, the transition is abrupt, the connection at first obscure, facilitated only by some characteristic Williams wordplay. We might all along think that the narrator is speaking from her kitchen, except for the abrupt shift to the doctor's office, which suggests that these scene changes may just be arbitrary. However, the parallel invocation of "a big mess" encourage us to find continuity after all, naturally enough inviting us to wonder what the mess might be. (Are all references to the "mess" just versions of the narrator's?)

That the next paragraph finds the narrator watching children at the lake, imagining her children, "one clearly unsuitable," along with a general air of regret perhaps unavoidably leads us to suspect that the narrator's visit to the doctor might have been to seek an abortion, although the

visit could be simply an implication that she is pregnant. The syntax and transitions are opaque enough that perhaps neither of these scenarios apply, however, and we are probably best advised not to try pinning down the story to its particulars at all. The unanswerable questions persist in the final paragraph. Is the narrator being ironic or sarcastic in referring to her “insight” and “skill,” since she ultimately gives us little reason to think she believes herself to possess much of either? Does the “dreamy look” of the lake coincide with the “repose” she seeks there, and wouldn’t “familiar ground” actually contribute to repose? And we should again be attentive to the wordplay: a lake by its nature covers unfamiliar ground, although it could also be just a continuation of the ground the narrator currently finds frustratingly familiar.

A story like “My Defects” seems designed—and both its radical compression and its oblique structural devices certainly appear to be products of design—to unavoidably provoke the reader into looking for coherence and continuity while also frustrating any attempts to collapse the story into a too-facile coherence or to find continuity too readily. Like many of Diane Williams’s stories, it suspends the reader in its own dreamlike shifts and playful language such that the most satisfying response may be to relax the demand that the story yield up its meaning immediately, to perhaps be willing to tolerate indeterminacy. This would not really mean conceding the story is meaningless, a conclusion reached by too many readers when encountering “difficult” fiction, but rather accepting that its meaning (even at the level of “following” the plot) is suggestive rather than certain, including even the possibility of overlapping, multiple meanings.

Not all of Williams’s stories are as compressed as “My Defects” (although some are even briefer and more compressed). The title story provides a character study of sorts of Vicky Swanky, who, “years ago,” was a beauty. Now, “her breasts were flat. Her hips were flat. She looked older than her forty years.” The first part of the story offers a reasonably cohesive portrait of Vicky Swanky, whom the male narrator announces as an “old friend” who is “going through a divorce” and who invites the narrator over to her house. What the two do together is suggested in typical Williams ambiguity: “In connection with sex, we lightened up a little then and we dumped some of it off the edge at a minimum.” The second half of the story introduces elements that seem to develop the situation: the narrator brings over a dog; it snows; Vicky Swanky serves

food. The narrator expresses his own uncertainties about the situation: “It was getting busy concerning the basic meaning, the degree, and the quality.” In the story’s final paragraph, a plumber arrives and indicates that he will need “to remove everything from the nipple in the wall to the toilet.”

“Vicky Swanky,” although still very short, is nevertheless characteristic of Williams’s more extended fictions. Such stories appear to progress by accumulating incidents, but these incidents lead the reader on paths that inexorably wander in uncharted directions, sometimes changing tack altogether. This is especially true in the novellas Williams has written, such as *On Sexual Strength* and *Romance Erector*. In these longest stories, something like a narrative does develop, but the reader should not expect its episodes to be related through their logical coherence, even if they do unfold in what seems a kind of progression. The narrative is built up out of the same sort of accumulation of smaller units of exposition and “action” we find in the briefer fictions, but if anything the effect over the course of the story is even more digressive than in the flash fictions, as the narrative oddities have more space in which to proliferate.

Thus *Romance Erector* tells the kind of story, about love and sex, the confusions in the former caused by the latter, one would expect from the title, but while it does feature recognizable characters experiencing those confusions, their actions are sufficiently ambiguous, at times almost arbitrary, that the reader might share their confusions. But the practiced reader of Williams’s signature short pieces will surely note the metafictional implications of the narrator’s words in Chapter 7, which opens with the narrator telling us “The real story begins on Thursday—pungent, warming—the translucent tale.” At the end she admits, however, that “I have storyish ideas but no story in me. This is the row of empty marks. These are the signs of what is next.” This of course applies to all of Diane Williams’s fictions—they embody “storyish ideas” but relate stories only in the sense that things seem to happen, even if we don’t quite know how or why.

In both her longest and shortest fictions, Williams fashions a kind of “story” that proceeds entirely from the “empty marks”—words—that are made into the “signs” that determine “what is next,” the sentences that in the intricate process of their unfolding work to shape narrative and character development. The result is indeed “translucent” prose compositions

with enough of the familiar features of a “tale” to be recognized as a story but also cloaked in enough shadow and distortion as to remain mysterious.

Dawn Raffel

Dawn Raffel is now probably best known for her 2012 book, *The Secret Life of Objects*, an unorthodox memoir in which the author invokes her past through reflections prompted by various objects she still possesses. While this book succeeds on its own terms, offering a concise but affecting account of the writer's relationships with family and friends, it would be an injustice if its relative success came to overshadow the accomplishments of her fiction, which are numerous and distinctive.

If Raffel's fiction is in danger of being overlooked, this admittedly might be due to its rather infrequent appearance. Her first book, the story collection *In the Year of Long Division*, came out in 1995, her first novel, *Carrying the Body*, was published in 2002, while a second collection of stories, *Further Adventures in the Restless Universe*, appeared in 2010. The long intervals between books apparently comes not from wavering ambition but an overabundance of care, as Raffel has spoken in interviews of taking up to a year on one of her stories, most of which are seldom more than a half-dozen pages long.

Although Raffel is a former student of Gordon Lish, and thus could loosely be grouped among those current writers influenced by his notion of "consecution" (writers such as Gary Lutz and Christine Schutt), the care that she takes is as much with the intervals and silences between sentences as it is in the construction and linking of sentences, the strategies for which have been adopted by most of Lish's acolytes. Certainly Raffel takes pains over the rhythms and tonalities of her sentences, as we can plainly see in the very first story of *In the Year of Long Division*:

Fishing was the only sport in our town. How it was. Pick. Any house in our town was any house in our town. Any wind in our town was the wind in our town. Down was down. Queasy was a way of life. Bored to crackers, snap, kerplunk. ("We Were Our Age")

If some readers might find Raffel's prose "difficult," its difficulty arises first of all from primacy of sound over sense. The stop-and-start rhythm, the strategic repetition, the assonance modifying into outright rhyme (our-house-town-down)--these are the most immediate qualities of a passage such as this, and whatever narrative or descriptive work they also do must accommodate itself to the intonations of Raffel's language. That language does indeed perform this other work, however, in its own unorthodox but ultimately compelling way. "Any house in our town was any house in our town" tells us almost all we need to know about this town, making any further sensory description superfluous. "Down was down," in addition to providing Raffel's signature wordplay, also clues us in on the type of wind pervading the town, the kind ensuring that "Queasy was a way of life."

But Raffel's attention to the lacunae between and among these sentences, to what needn't or perhaps even can't be said, is just as painstaking. So ruthless is she in eliminating the unnecessary, in fact, trusting in the reader to bridge the gaps and to acknowledge the unstated, that some readers might feel disoriented from the lack of expository directions and situational detail. This feature of Raffel's fiction is perhaps what has encouraged the view that it is a version of "minimalism" (for example, in John Domini's review of *Restless Universe* reprinted in his book *The Sea-God's Herb*), but while Raffel's work does to some extent recall the similarly reduced fictions of Mary Robison, her stories rely even less on narrative than most minimalist fiction, in which conventional "drama" is often missing but things happen nevertheless. Raffel's stories convey something closer to a literary impressionism, a blurry but distinguishable evocation of a scene or episode, often, as in "We Were Our Age," an exercise in memory more than storytelling.

A more conventionally recognizable feature of Raffel's fiction is her extensive use of dialogue, which is in fact the dominant mode in some stories. (Perhaps reflecting the influence of Harold Pinter and Edward Albee, whom Raffel has identified as among her earliest inspirations.) One of the stories in *Further Adventures in the Restless Universe*, "The Myth of Drowning," is entirely a dialogue set-piece, and its development is typical, as a man and a woman before sleep talk about a story the woman had told:

"How was it that she drowned?"

"Who knows," she said. "She couldn't swim. Or cramps. Maybe undertow. The undertow was wicked"

"You know what I mean."

"No, what do you mean?"

"I mean people were there," he said. "That's how you told it. A crowd on the shore."

"That's what the myth is: Drowning is noisy. It isn't," she said.

"It isn't," she said.

"I heard you the first time."

"Tired, I said."

"Broad daylight," he said.

"And shallow," he said. "No one could see her?"

Although by the end of this brief dialogue (around two pages long) we can piece together what must be the context of the conversation (the couple have had a tense evening, the man believes the woman sees herself as the drowning woman), the absence of authorial assistance is made even more acute by the abbreviated, discontinuous nature of the dialogue itself. But that comes not from a distortion of human speech patterns but an affirmation of it, an attempt to capture the way we actually talk to each other with fidelity. As David Winters says of Raffel's dialogue, "This is speech as it is spoken in life, not in literature: shorn of explanatory apparatus, driven more by conflicting agendas than by semantics, and, in its resultant asymmetry, rife with abrupt about-faces and non sequiturs."

Consistent with the strategies of her prose style more generally, Raffel's dialogue calls on the reader's capacity to infer the not-said from the said, the encompassing context from the

fleeting clues we do get. In asking us to read closely and carefully, she also suggests that reading fiction is not merely the registering of the words on the page but also remaining alert to their subtler intimations, the discursive and aesthetic reverberations created by the tension between what those words signify and what they leave unexpressed. The reader's experience will be incomplete without this sort of attentiveness, but this doesn't make her work truly difficult or inaccessible. Only readers who close themselves off to the possibility of a more expansive reading experience, expansive in the sense that reading is more than gliding along the surface of words but can be provisional and recursive, will find Raffel's fiction perplexing. Patient readers will find it enlivening.

It might seem that Raffel's aesthetic strategy would work best in short fiction (and some of her stories are short enough to be called "flash fiction"), but her only novel, *Carrying the Body*, is also quite good as well. It shares with Raffel's stories a focus on family relations, although where many of the stories focus on relationships between parents and children, *Carrying the Body* portrays family drama more broadly, beginning with a pair of estranged sisters, one of whom left home young to experience life more fully, while the older sister remained in the home to care for their debilitated father. The younger sister returns to the home with her young son and eventually leaves again, abandoning the child, who becomes increasingly ill, to the ministrations of the older sister, a job for which she is clearly not prepared. The novel traces the development of the relationship between the older sister (referred to throughout as "the aunt") and the child, using the same elliptical methods as in the stories, which prove to work very well in evoking the hesitant, tentative growth of the aunt's concern for the child, as well as her increasing desperation about her own inadequacy in dealing with the situation she finds herself confronting.

Further Adventures in the Restless Universe (2010) is the most recent fiction (in book form) Raffel has published, and while the stories in this collection are generally similar in approach to those in her first book, a few of them, such as "The Air and Its Relatives," although still fragmented and conducted largely in dialogue, are arguably somewhat more conventional. The focus is even more resolutely on parent-children relationships. "The Air and Its Relatives" is a memory story about the narrator and her father, framed by a series of scenes in which the father

is teaching the daughter how to drive. The fragmentation of the story serves to emphasize the episodic quality of memory, so that the story coheres in a readily perceptible way. The story's elegiac tone is consistent with many of the other stories in the book as well, and the book is further unified by a motif provided by the book's title, itself a reference to Max Born's *The Restless Universe*, which is explicitly identified in "The Air and Its Relatives" as a book the daughter and the father would read aloud together. We live in a "restless" universe of change and ineffable mystery, not least in the human experience of love and loss this book explores.

Further Adventures in The Restless Universe begins with an epigraph from Born that not only applies to this book but could also serve metaphorically as an apt description of Raffel's fiction as a whole: "Visible light covers only about one octave, speaking in musical terms." It is certainly appropriate to think of Raffel's work "in musical terms," even if it is a music, like that of, say, John Cage or Morton Feldman, that keenly exploits absence and quiet as part of its musical scheme. And if visible light is only one part of the spectrum, and not the largest, so too does Raffel's fiction make explicitly visible only a sampling of the world in which its characters act, talk, and subsist. With the reader's help, it manages to strongly illuminate, nonetheless.

Melanie Rae Thon

If Melanie Rae Thon is a writer less widely read than might be expected, given her skill in creating vivid characters and evoking an equally vivid sense of place, among the reasons for this would surely be the sheer intensity of her work, which can at times seem unremitting, even claustrophobic. Not only does she typically focus on distressed characters often facing the direst circumstances, but her compressed yet urgent prose so insistently attempts to encompass these characters and their situations, to describe, summarize, and account for their states of mind and being, that the reader either becomes captivated by the lyrical pulse of Thon's language, or it can start to seem oppressive. This effect is especially pronounced in Thon's most recent fiction, including her new book, *Silence and Song*, in which lilting language takes on much of the role assumed by plot in more ordinary fiction.

Thon's 2000 novel, *Sweet Hearts*, features the character Flint Zimmer, a troubled boy just released from a juvenile correctional facility. "He's smashed enough windows and been in enough houses," we are told

to know the strange places people hide what's precious. In unlit rooms, he's smart as a blindman: he finds one loose brick with his fingers, hears the single board that wheezes beneath him. People on vacation stash jewelry in the freezer. An emerald ring with tiny diamonds, there wrapped in plastic behind the corn and carrots. He feels it. Long guns lie quiet between towels under folded linen. Do you think he won't smell them?

If Thon's style can be called "lyrical" or "poetic," it is not because it casually spins off decorative phrases or floats on a cloud of figurative language. Its effects are more subtle, including parallel phrasing ("finds one loose brick . . . hears the single board"), deftly timed assonance ("strange places," "wheezes . . . freezing," "tiny diamonds"), and unobtrusive alliteration ("brick . . . board . . . beneath," "corn and carrots"). Thon's prose is pervasively rhythmic, achieved through tonal modulation of both sentence length and sentence types, modulations that give the prose its kinetic quality.

This kinetic quality is mirrored in the narrative structure both of *Sweet Hearts* and Thon's next novel, *The Voice in the River* (2011). In each novel a story is told — in the former, the story of Flint Zimmer's ultimate, desperate descent into murder, in the latter of the search for a missing boy, feared drowned trying to rescue his dog — but in both it is as if the story eventually just happens, emerging not from "storytelling" per se but as a consequence of shifting perspectives and circumstances, supporting and tangential characters providing a kind of narrative counterpoint that echoes on a formal level the tonal patterns of Thon's prose style. Her fiction is attuned to "the voice in the river," but it is the reverberations of that voice as it resounds among those who hear it that Thon's writing attends to, not the river's current as it rushes forward.

If this de-centering of plot is characteristic of all of Thon's fiction, even the earliest, which is the most conventional in its use of character, point of view, and narrative sequence, *Silence and Song* is Thon's most radical experiment in form and lyrical expression. Composed of

two novellas, “Vanishings” and “Requiem: home: and the rain, after,” and a brief interlude between (titled “Translation”), the book is as full of lost souls as her previous work — immigrants wandering the desert, a runaway boy, a drug-addled killer and his suffering sister. But the purpose of telling their stories, however obliquely and discontinuously, seems less to simply give attention to otherwise marginal characters, or even to create sympathy for such characters, than to view them all as part of a living continuum, a continuum on which pain and suffering occupy their place in the enduring order of existence (as does redemption from that pain and suffering occupy its place). Orlando, one of the undocumented immigrants, nears death from thirst and exposure:

Stars pulsed: amber, orange, turquoise, violet. White flares and red implosions. Now, tonight, while the dead watched, whole galaxies popped in and out of existence. Never had Orlando known the names of stars, but he knew them now as he knew their colors. This sphere of broken light was the mind of God, and they were small and dark inside it.

A kind of spiritual animism or pantheism informs much of Thon’s work, but this effort to reveal the connectedness of all Being becomes especially central in *Silence and Song*. It comes off least effectively in “Vanishings,” which in its portrayal of the reality behind the impersonal headlines — “Illegal Immigrant Deaths Spiral to New High in Arizona” — threatens to sentimentalize the migrants and their plight, making it difficult for the reader to discern the broader theme separate from the pathos of the situation. Some readers no doubt assume that invoking such pathos is the author’s goal, an impression reinforced by the novella’s narration by a teacher of children with special needs, who can especially identify with the “disappeared” in the desert because her own infant sister “vanished” in a desert car accident (consumed by the ensuing fire), an accident that also claimed the life of her older brother. The story of the narrator’s family, including her brother as a “ghost” roaming the desert, alternates with the scenes of suffering among the border crossers, such as the misfortune of a man who voluntarily leaves supplies of water for the immigrants but is shot and killed by a 14-year-old boy while attempting to help after the boy has crashed a stolen car, as well as briefer scenes evoking nature — bears, honeybees, the saguaro cactus.

This is all done quite seamlessly, and the echoes and parallels among all the episodes bring coherence to the novella's interlacing form. Yet finally "Vanishings" sacrifices aesthetic pleasure to an overindulgence in too-facile emotional effects, which also obscures its own enabling vision. "Requiem: home: and the rain, after," is a much more effective realization of this vision, as its formal design, if anything even more adventurous than "Vanishings," more successfully balances an intrinsic aesthetic interest with the underlying theme it is intended to communicate. Narrated by the sister of a young man who commits a convenience store murder that is captured on videotape, the novella relates the story of the murder and its aftermath, its roots in the man's troubled past, interspersed with scenes from the after-effects of the nuclear meltdown at Chernobyl, an event that took place on the heels of the murder and, for reasons the narrator makes evident, became linked with the family's attempt to assimilate the brother's action and its causes.

The most immediately conspicuous feature of "Requiem" is its use of what seems a poem to begin the narrative exposition. The device is continued on subsequent pages as well, apparent poems juxtaposed with prose passages providing us, for example, our first glimpse of the crime scene: "The video stops and starts and plays again. Doesn't show the girl's face, the girl too stunned to move, the speed of a bullet leaving the gun . . ." But when the sister recalls a visit from the police, we get a verse rendition:

Please, the policeman says, as if he
loves you. Dark hands flutter open
and close, exposing

pale skin of the palm, soft pink
skin of the fingers, everything
strange, hands too big, fingers flexing.

It is as if the lyrical impulse animating all of Thon's fiction has here finally literally expressed itself as lyric. While the writing in these lyrics and the writing in the ostensible prose

passages are not notably dissimilar in expression or cadence, the effect is to keep the reader suspended above the presumed narrative “flow” of a story that might otherwise seem well-suited to a dramatic — even melodramatic — treatment. Instead, the reader is made constantly aware that language, not story, is the irreducible medium of fiction, that “what happened” is only the beginning of the explorations a work of fiction might make. Thon is interested in the long reach of events, the mental afterimages they leave, the attempt to reckon with their consequences. If for the narrator of “Requiem” these events and their indelible influence return as poetically heightened fragments, such would only seem in its way an accurate representation of the character they assume in retrospect and reflection.

This free interplay of prose and verse also itself puts into question the very distinction between the two, between “poetry” and “fiction.” I do not believe that Thon wants to turn fiction into poetry, nor simply to write “poetic” fiction. Instead, she works to erase the boundaries altogether, leaving only the act of writing, which through its aesthetic ordering (whatever name we want to give it) can make us briefly aware of the potential consonance of existence. It is an illusion, of course, although in the process of “making poems of the words” within our reach, as the final lines of “Requiem” have it, we might momentarily imagine that at the end “we will need no more words ever.”

BLIND ALLEYS

Perils of the Apocalypse

Ben Marcus

It was perhaps inevitable that Ben Marcus’s fiction would come to seem more conventional following on his first book, *The Age of Wire and String* (1995), which could be taken either as a collection of short pieces employing a common subject and method or as a novel, and which surely qualifies as experimental in any intelligible definition of the word as it applies to the writing of fiction. It is an utterly singular work, requiring the reader to put aside all assumptions about the role of narrative, character, and setting in fiction. Not only does this book (considered either as a whole or in its parts) eschew all of these elements, but it almost seems to

invent a form in which they could have no role; in this work they are notions as strange in their application to the “world” the book describes as the devices it does use no doubt seem to readers who assume “narrative” and “fiction” are essentially synonymous terms. Its own first words proclaim it “a catalog of the life project as prosecuted in the Age of Wire and String and beyond,” and the most satisfying reading of *The Age of Wire and String* allows it to resolve the uncertainties of this self-characterization as it will.

Notable American Women (2002), Marcus’s next book, could hardly be called a conventional novel, but it does begin in a recognizable situation (family dysfunction), introduces relatively recognizable characters (the family of “Ben Marcus”), and tells a story of sorts (the story of how “Ben Marcus” is instructed in the tenets of the “Silentist” movement, which is dedicated to the achievement of complete silence). This novel could be called a narrative rather than a “catalog,” although it is a highly fragmented one that moves freely back and forth through time. Given the outrageous premise, this is not a novel of “realism,” although it never crosses over into outright fantasy. Instead, it works allegorically, using the outrageous premise to render the Marcus family drama more emphatically, to convert the apparently autobiographical elements of this drama into emblematic, if absurdist, melodrama.

The allegorical mode is again Marcus’s chosen method in *The Flame Alphabet*, although now it is more a straightforward sort of allegory without the explicit autobiographical focus on the experiences of “Ben Marcus” (however wary we should be of identifying this character literally with the biographical author) found in both *The Age of Wire and String* and *Notable American Women*. It is, in fact, more or less a post-apocalyptic narrative, although it does not project into the future present political and cultural tendencies that have led to the dire conditions portrayed (perhaps the most common approach to the post-apocalyptic mode) but instead posits a more metaphysical source of affliction. Here, Marcus brings together motifs and themes that are treated more obliquely or more partially in his previous books, most obviously the notion that human beings have a vexed relationship with language, that language as a human attribute may finally do more harm than good, and that in our struggle to control language, to use it in ways that foster communication or expression, more often than not we fail. In *The Flame Alphabet*, the

danger we court in our careless and frequently hurtful uses of language has been literalized in the form of a “language toxicity,” a plague whereby adults are sickened by, and presumably eventually die from, the words spoken by children (in the later stages, by all forms of language).

Prominent in the struggle to control language would be, of course, the struggle of the writer to induce it into satisfying rhetorical and aesthetic forms, to invoke it in a way that affirms human potential. *The Flame Alphabet* could be interpreted as a fable about this struggle, substituting a more subtle kind of metafiction for the blatant self-reflexivity of the previous books and their invocation of “Ben Marcus.” The narrator not only chronicles the toll the “language toxicity” takes on his own family, but also desperately tries to find a cure, experimenting with a new alphabet to address the fact that

the alphabet as we knew it was too complex, soaked in meaning, stimulating the brain to produce a chemical that was obviously fatal. In its parts, in combination, our lettering system triggered a nasty reaction. If the alphabet could be thinned out, shaved down, to trick the brain somehow, perhaps we could still deploy this new set of symbols, or even a single symbol, the kind you hold in your hand and reshape for different meanings, for modest, emergency-only communications.

The narrator surveys linguistic history to determine if any of its historical “scripts” might be free of the taint modern language can no longer conceal, an effort which ultimately fails, although at the novel’s close a serum is developed that makes it possible for the human race to temporarily survive. The implication clearly enough seems to be that language will never be safe for human production or consumption, that its effects will always be beyond our abilities to anticipate or understand. It is an odd theme for a novelist, unless we are to regard *The Flame Alphabet* as an instance of the struggle with language that provisionally succeeds, manages in its verbal ingenuity a momentary stay against the confusion that language itself breeds. Perhaps the book itself, in its achieved coherence, stands as the author’s own temporary victory in the struggle, as a tentative affirmation of the human.

The post-apocalyptic genre has become such a recognizable vehicle for writers wishing to convey a message, to “say something” about the state of humanity, that it is to me somewhat

surprising that a self-confessed experimental writer such as Ben Marcus would turn to its narrative formula in the first place. Yet another tale of the twilight of the human race, however much it does avoid the usual social and political commentary to which such narratives can often be reduced, *The Flame Alphabet* doesn't seem like a noteworthy contribution to the further development of innovative fiction. It unfortunately might leave the impression that "experiment" in fiction has been reduced to a vaguely futuristic story illustrating strange ideas about language.

Even if we don't think they are so strange, we might nevertheless conclude that Marcus's own skill with language implicitly threatens to undermine these ideas:

. .in Wisconsin there were early adopters. A fiendish strain of childless adults who consumed the toxic language on purpose, as a drug, destroying themselves under the flood of child speech. They stormed areas high in children, falling drunk inside cones of sound. They gorged themselves on the fence line of playgrounds where voice clouds blew hard enough to trigger a reaction, sharing exposure sites with each other by code. Later these people were found dried out in parks, on the road, collapsed and hardening in their homes. They were found with the slightly smaller faces we would routinely see on victims in only a few weeks.

Such a passage as this is both imaginative and exact. It succinctly captures the actions described through figurations that show impressive command of the resources of language. There is also a deadpan humor here that further confirms Marcus as a writer able to use words skillfully and with sensitivity to their effects. It doesn't really suggest through its own formal or stylistic choices that this meaning is dangerous or unstable or even uncontrollably ambiguous in its proliferation. If language is indeed an elusive phenomenon whose power exceeds our capacity to wield it, this is a proposition that comes to our attention because it is advanced directly, in no uncertain terms, by the novel's narrator and its narrative, not because the novel itself embodies the idea aesthetically either in style or form. The dissonance between the novel's doom-laden message about the perils of human communication and its author's proven facility — here and in his previous work — with the medium through which it occurs is rather hard to ignore, and it makes *The Flame Alphabet* seem an artistic misstep.

I would maintain that the genre of post-apocalyptic fiction has been an artistic misstep for contemporary American fiction as a whole, particularly for those writers whose work could otherwise be called adventurous (Marcus, for one, as well as Paul Auster or Cormac McCarthy) but who still seem to share the mistaken assumption that the adventurous “content” of stories of a future dystopia that overcomes America (in various manifestations) adequately substitutes for formal or stylistic innovation, or at least some specifically aesthetic strategy designed to expand our awareness of the possibilities of fiction *as* a form. The post-apocalyptic narrative does not inherently preclude such innovation, as evidenced by David Markson’s *Wittgenstein’s Mistress*, a truly innovative, adventurous novel (by a truly adventurous novelist), but the “story” in this novel is never more than provisional in the first place, since it may be the delusion of the narrator, who believes herself to be the last human being left alive. Her circumstances (at least as she understands them) are not delineated directly but merely suggested by the series of often enigmatic statements she sets down (à la Wittgenstein) and that together comprise the novel’s formal structure. Thus the story emerges as a function of the structure rather than subsuming the structure to its own requirements.

The post-apocalypse genre is finally all about story in this latter way. “What happens” is unavoidably the central and ultimate source of interest, but at the same time the genre encourages stories that aspire to “say something” even more than to simply reveal what happens. Markson’s novel could be called experimental because the story it tells cannot be separated from the form through which it is related, ultimately because it is really just the fortuitous outcome of the rigorous attention Markson pays to the form, to its aesthetic integrity. If experimental fiction is to remain valuable as the cutting edge of literary practice, it must at the least contest the notion that “telling a story” exhausts the possibilities of fiction as a literary form or that a novel works best as a disguised form of social commentary. The popularity of the post-apocalyptic genre among writers not otherwise inclined to produce “mainstream” literary fiction suggests that this genre has become a kind of substitute for more challenging demonstrations of what is possible in fiction.

Conceptual Schemes

Davis Schneiderman, Mark Danielewski

Arguably the experimental fiction of the past 50 years has been inherently a “conceptual” fiction. The efforts among such postwar American writers as John Barth, Gilbert Sorrentino, and Raymond Federman to question established norms and to extend the formal possibilities of fiction challenged readers to put aside the assumption that a work of fiction is identical with its “story,” which in turn enlists “character,” “setting” and “theme” to give it substance. Not all readers would necessarily describe their expectations in this way, nor cling rigidly to them, but even the innovations of modernism (which arguably only altered perceptions of how plots could be organized and characters presented) did not finally overturn assumptions about the centrality of narrative as the default structural principle of fiction.

Writers like Sorrentino and Federman contest these assumptions by disrupting complacent reading habits and substituting for the formal structure provided by narrative (a structure that pretends to be no structure at all but instead the embodiment of fiction in its natural state) an alternative form created for *this* particular work, whose “concept” the reader must ultimately grasp in order to affirm the work’s aesthetic integrity. Inveterate experimental writers such as these essentially attempt to reinvent “form” with each new work, requiring that readers regard literary form (at least in fiction, although the stakes are the same in poetry as well) as perpetually unsettled, always subject to revision and re-creation. Most readers of fiction, of course, remain unwilling to relinquish their inherited conception of form as something already known, an established paradigm by which to judge the work’s “success,” and so experimental or adventurous writers must still attempt to break through ingrained reading habits by, if necessary, rudely interrupting them.

Perhaps it is the persistence of these passive reading habits, despite the efforts of various outlaws, absurdists, metafictionists, and other assorted postmodernists, that accounts for the appearance of a more direct form of conceptualism in Davis Schneiderman’s *[SIC]*, as well as his previous novel, *Blank*. Both books bring to fiction the programmatic conceptualism that has featured prominently in American art since Joseph Kosuth’s 1969 manifesto, “Art After Philosophy,” and that more recently has been rather flamboyantly adapted to poetry by the poet

Kenneth Goldsmith. *Blank* is a series of pages that are, well, blank except for a few pages with chapter titles on which the blank pages refuse to elaborate. Schneiderman has said of the book that it “takes as its starting point that there is no starting point. . .this is literature that exceeds its frame and grows to encompass and then process its own discussions” and that it is “a conceptual work that allows you an entry point into a world beyond realist and experimental/innovative literature. This is conceptual work that responds to the at-times alienating character of contemporary art” (*The Nervous Breakdown*, April 26, 2011).

While such remarks surely do manifest a kind of postironic glibness that warns us not to take them altogether seriously, finally we have to accept that the provocation of *Blank* is indeed directed toward the purposes Schneiderman describes here, or the book threatens to become merely a joke (although we should not underestimate the extent to which it is indeed intended partly as a joke). No doubt Schneiderman does want us to think of his book as going “beyond” both “realist and experimental/innovative literature” and to regard its “content” as radically indeterminate (if it can be said to have content). That the book is meant as a response “to the at-times alienating character of contemporary art” is somewhat vague—What kind of response? To what feature of contemporary art that makes it “alienating”—but more generally this notion that art is fundamentally a response to the nature of art is one of the controlling ideas behind conceptual art going back at least to Kosuth (who himself argues it goes back to Duchamp). Presumably Schneiderman wants us in particular to have in mind the “character” of contemporary fiction (especially in its “literary” version), but the moves he makes in describing his “conceptual book” are recognizably those associated with conceptualism.

Blank certainly follows the central principle associated with conceptual art: once we have identified its motivating concept, we have appreciated its “art,” which has almost nothing to do with execution, with the way the writer works with the “materials” at hand. We do not judge this book by its artful disposition of words, since it contains none (aside from the chapter headings, which more call attention to the absence of words than furnish us with a few scarce specimens). *[SIC]* is equally conceptual, although in this case the text is full of words--except that none of them have been written by the author. (He does conspicuously lay claim to them, nonetheless.) Part 1 of the book consists of a series of appropriated canonical literary works, proceeding in a

more or less chronological sequence, from “Caedmon’s Hymn” to Joyce’s *Ulysses*, each work presented as “by Davis Schneiderman.” Part 2 is a “translation” of Borges’s “Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote,” although it is actually a transformation of the text through several different languages as produced by an online translation program. Part 3 consists of a miscellany of documents produced since 1923 (the cutoff date for determining the “public domain”), including Dwight Eisenhower’s farewell address, a recipe for a “1943 Victory Cake,” the source code for the Melissa virus, and the first 30 Tweets—all again putatively “by Davis Schneiderman.”

Thus while *[SIC]* unlike *Blank* seems to provide a text we might read (a text composed of other texts), it turns out to be one we don’t need to read. Again once we have assimilated the underlying concept bringing the texts together, unless we would like, say, to re-read Keats’s “Ode on a Grecian Urn” for its own sake, we have little reason to do more than skim through the book’s pages to get its “point.” *[SIC]* is an implicit critique of copyright, of the “ownership” of writing and the taboo of plagiarism. Conversely, one might see it as the celebration of the possibilities of appropriation, a kind of literary remixing. Finding this critique satisfying must finally depend on the extent to which the reader also finds him/herself in sympathy with the philosophy of artistic appropriation and considers the product of such appropriation compelling as a work of art, since there are otherwise no aesthetic standards against which a book like this can be measured. Certainly there are many readers who would find this sort of thing simply irrelevant to art, perhaps its very antithesis. Others would just as surely defend it as a necessary tonic against bloated claims on behalf of “originality” and a challenge to us to think seriously about what we do expect of art.

I myself do not find originality an altogether empty term, at least if we concede that originality in art or literature is always a relative claim, a perception that a specific work or writer has exploited a formal possibility not previously so fully realized or produced effects with language so well-rendered, not an assertion that something wholly new, entirely unconstrained by convention or uninfluenced by other artists and the history of the form, has been created or is even possible. Davis Schneiderman would likely deny that in its way his book aspires to originality, but it seems to me that it asks to be taken as original in the most radical sense, a book so utterly removed from the ordinary practices of “literary fiction” that it is a work of art on its

own terms, not on those tied to existing formal requirements or to literary history. It seeks to be regarded as *sui generis*, a book that can be judged only by the criteria it sets up for itself. However, if there are few, if any, touchstones in previous fiction by which to assess it, *[SIC]* is recognizable enough as a fellow traveler with conceptualism in contemporary art, as well as with the escapades of Goldsmith. In this context, *[SIC]* can't really be called original (save perhaps in bringing conceptualism to fiction), but, more importantly, it's really not that interesting, either.

Finally it is rather hard to know why we shouldn't prefer a straightforward nonfiction polemic against the ill effects of copyright (including its perpetuation of the myth of "ownership," of "intellectual property") over the more indirect version of this critique as found in *[SIC]*. In some ways a writer like Davis Schneiderman performs a worthwhile enough service in reminding even those of us who favor experimental writing that we can still impose too many formal requirements on a work of fiction, and "The Borges Transformations" is a provocative demonstration of the inherent instability of meaning in any text. But in restricting the scope of his iconoclasm to what the book wants to "say" about the subject it indirectly raises, *[SIC]* almost negates whatever adventurous impulse might seem to animate a work ostensibly so unconventional. Such didacticism only makes experimental fiction a means of achieving the sort of conventional goal—in this case, communicating a "theme"—emphasized by the "realist" fiction to which it is supposed to be an alternative.

Even fans of Mark Danielewski and his typographically adventurous novels *House of Leaves* and *Only Revolutions* should be disappointed with *The Fifty Year Sword*. Previously published only in the Netherlands in 2005, this novella adds almost nothing to a consideration of the aesthetic possibilities of manipulating the physical features of a printed book not already present in the two novels, and if anything the underlying narrative to which these manipulations are meant to contribute is even less compelling than those we encounter in *House of Leaves* and *Only Revolutions*. If the former manages to bring some life to what is finally an overly familiar narrative (perhaps two interlocking but overly familiar narratives) through its challenges to the protocols of the printed page, and the latter partially substitutes, at least for a while, the sheer audacity of its defiance of these protocols for an even more lackluster narrative, *The Fifty Year*

Sword does neither of these things. Its textual provocations are tepid, mere flourishes, its story, such as it is, little more than a convenience and difficult to take seriously.

The Fifty Year Sword does little more to depart from the typographical conventions of fiction than to give the appearance of printed verse, or verse dialogue. (That the lines of dialogue are color-coded as a way of identifying the speakers seems simply a repetition of the same sort of device used in the two novels, and altogether it is not a particularly interesting device, anyway.) At one point the text is printed vertically rather than horizontally, requiring us to rotate the book in our hands, but again this move is the sort of thing we have come to expect from *House of Leaves* and *Only Revolutions*, and once it has been established that our assumptions about how to properly read a book are to an extent arbitrary, to simply keep issuing this reminder without offering compelling demonstration of how literature might continue to be enhanced by reading differently makes the effort seem mostly gimmickry. (Fortunately, in *The Fifty Year Sword* use of the device is limited, so we aren't really forced to dwell on its apparent lack of purpose.) Otherwise, the unconventional or "innovative" elements of *The Fifty Year Sword* are restricted to the use of graphic illustrations (many of them) and various misspellings and neologisms, neither of which are in fact innovative at all. The wordplay seems particularly derivative of Joyce in *Finnegans Wake* — "pricksticking," "indacitation" — while the illustrations are generally unremarkable, albeit not terribly intrusive.

Danielewski gave a reading of *The Fifty Year Sword* in 2010, when it was still unavailable in the United States as a printed text. Perhaps this "theatrical performance," as it was described, managed to make the novella's story seem more substantive, or at least more dramatic, but shorn of the whizz-bang and stagy spectacle it doesn't make for very captivating reading as a book. It is more or less a children's story in which a group of orphans listen to a figure identified as "the Story Teller" relate a story about magical swords. A touch of "adult" interest is added in the conflict between the seamstress Chintana and Belinda Kite, who has had an affair with Chintana's husband. The novella ends with Belinda Kite literally being cut to pieces (in a delayed response to one of the swords) and falling apart "even as slices of joints and nails/scattered apart on the frosty stone/followed /by the slow tumbling/slivers of the rest/of

Belinda Kite's/hand." Again this scene might have greater effect when reproduced in a "theatrical performance," but then perhaps it might have been written directly for such a performance rather than as a work of fiction, where the artificial arrangements of the words in this description can neither substitute for the visual immediacy of the scene as performed nor finally elevate it beyond the rather ordinary fairy tale-ish story it concludes.

The most useful service the publication *The Fifty Year Sword* might offer is to confirm the initial achievement of *House of Leaves*, but also to illustrate the limitations of that achievement, at least as Danielewski has so far shown in his attempts to follow up on the accomplishments of his first novel. *House of Leaves* established the basic principle underlying his alternative practice as a fiction writer, that "the book" as traditionally conceived and formatted is an object whose properties we have come to consider fixed but are in fact entirely contingent and thus open to reconception. *House of Leaves* is a prodigious attempt at such revision, including experiments with typeface, print placement (in the traditional column, multiple columns, in areas cordoned off in various ways, rightside-up, upside-down, sideways, in brief snippets at the top, bottom, and middle of the page), the insertion of visual/graphic aids, the "proper" function of the page in general. Danielewski wants the reader's eye to roam around the page, to suspend the expectation that a literary text must adhere to the conventions of reading associated with the European codex (left-to-right, top-to-bottom) that now define what "reading a book" signifies. This is certainly a perfectly valid strategy, based on a valuable insight that could continue to inspire writers of innovative fiction. However, Danielewski and his admirers have attempted to promote his work as if this insight is unique to him and his fiction *sui generis*, when in fact writers such as Ronald Sukenick and Raymond Federman investigated the possibility of taking the printed page as malleable 40 years ago. Federman's *Double or Nothing* (1971) and *Take It or Leave It* (1976), in fact, are at least as radical as Danielewski's novels in their textual disruptions, and, in my opinion, more aesthetically satisfying.

House of Leaves provides its share of aesthetic satisfaction, but even it is marred by a wellworn and formulaic story, the story of an "outsider" existing on the margins of society (in this case an outcast with a scholarly bent and a mental illness) the conventionality of which isn't really enlivened much by its intersection with a secondary narrative that doesn't rise much above the level of an ordinary horror story, nor can either of these stories really sustain interest to the

end of a 700-page novel. This has in turn the unfortunate effect of more heavily burdening the novel's textual play with even more of the responsibility for maintaining the reader's attention, a burden it cannot quite fully shoulder at such length. The formal experiments of *House of Leaves* thus threaten to seem grafted onto a narrative that is really only an excuse for the exercise of these experiments. The fiction by Sukenick and Federman engaging in similar, and antecedent, experiments, never left such an impression. Their experiments were integral to the story being created through the formal effects, the "content" not distinguishable from the "form" that gives the story its singular expression. These works are also self-reflexively aware of themselves as stories in process, so that the literal act of inscription, of arranging words, sentences, and paragraphs on the page becomes part of the narrative content. Although *House of Leaves* does depict its protagonist as a writer of sorts, at least as the "editor" of the manuscript that brings the twin narratives together, this activity finally seems as much a fortuitous justification of the novel's typographical pyrotechnics as an effort to explore the implications of this inscriptive free-for-all in a reconsideration of the aesthetic ordering of fiction.

This limitation is even more pronounced in *Only Revolutions* and *The Fifty Year Sword*. In *Only Revolutions* the pyrotechnics finally seem the novel's only real source of interest, since once the reader is able to discern its narrative line (and this isn't easy), it proves to be yet again formulaic and dull, essentially a version of a "road novel" in which its two peripatetic outsider characters travel across the country, with the additional twist that they drive across time as well. This science fiction element parallels the horror element in *House of Leaves*, intended to provide the otherwise perfunctory story with some additional appeal, but if anything it falls even flatter. The story of the two young lovers and their adventures across time and space has almost no drama, not even of the episodic kind found in most picaresque narratives, and its characters are entirely colorless. Thus while the pyrotechnics might be even more flamboyant — competing accounts meeting in the middle of the book, requiring us to flip the book over and read from both "front" and "back" — eventually the tedium induced by the narrative makes it increasingly difficult to continue the attempt to assimilate them. Ultimately it is hard to deny that *Only Revolutions* is indeed a very experimental novel, but it is a decidedly failed experiment, albeit of

a sort that might still be adapted successfully in another context — something briefer, or at least with a more effective fusion of matter and manner.

Unfortunately we cannot conclude from *The Fifty Year Sword* that *Only Revolutions* might be just an understandable misstep after the audacious debut of Danielewski's iconoclastic project in *House of Leaves*, its flaws the product of unfocused or misdirected ambition. It does not show us a writer exercising much ambition at all but merely repeating the same moves his first book prepares us to expect, repetition *Only Revolutions* continues at exhausting length. Certainly *The Fifty Year Sword* is a very slight work, and a first-time reader of Danielewski who starts here is most likely to conclude it is superficially unusual, but hardly in a way that is likely to change the course of literary history. Such a reader might in fact find it simply boring. Still, the disappointment of this book should not altogether rule out the chance Danielewski will discover a new and surprising strategy in a future work exploiting his essential insight into the plasticity of the literary text, one that allows neither our notions of "text" nor of "story" to go unexamined. *Only Revolutions* was not that work, but perhaps the "serial novel" Danielewski is soon to be publishing will be. (Simply that he has chosen to publish it in serial form is not, of course, itself a particularly venturesome or innovative move.) For now, *House of Leaves* remains as an admirable literary performance that unfortunately threatens to become merely a curiosity.

SUPERSIZE IT

Joshua Cohen

Jim Gauer

Readers who shied away from Joshua Cohen's 2010 novel, *Witz*, because of its daunting length (over 800 pages) and presumed difficulty would probably find his follow-up novel, *Book of Numbers*, rather less intimidating and more accessible, if not exactly an airport book. At a mere 600 pages it is still bulky enough, and while its prose is not quite as dense and its narrative not quite as opaque as in *Witz*, it hardly represents an embrace of conventional formal strategies. Few readers are likely to regard it as a work of mainstream "literary fiction."

It is really only as compared with *Witz*, and to a lesser extent Cohen's first novel, *Cadenza for the Schneidermann Violin Concerto*, that *Book of Numbers* seems more restrained, more reader-friendly. *Witz* may or may not be an entirely successful novel, but it is surely a novel like no other before it. It could be described as a kind of postapocalyptic narrative, although it is closer to satire or absurdist farce than to dystopian fable. The premise is certainly outrageous enough: A plague whose origins and method of transmission are never explained wipes out all Jews on earth except, at least temporarily, first-born sons. This leaves Benjamin Israelien, the firstborn son (with twelve sisters) of an upper-middle-class family from New Jersey, alive to face the realities of the new world, which not long after the plague has done its work becomes entirely Jewless except for Ben, who somehow survives the additional extinction of remaining Jews.

Benjamin, born just shortly before the plague hits, but born fully grown (complete with beard and glasses), comes to be exploited as the Last Jew on Earth, and he flees from those who would turn him into a marketing device in a country that, now without real Jews, becomes obsessed with them, experiencing mass conversions to the ways of the "Affiliated" (the word used throughout the novel in place of "Jew"). Benjamin sets out on a picaresque journey during which he encounters many strange people and traverses a surrealistic landscape that, while ostensibly more Jewish in its customs and culture, increasingly alienates Benjamin Israelien, the actually living Jew. The journey ends with Benjamin in Polandland, where those who refuse to be affiliated are sent and "leisured to death," the Holocaust transformed into a theme park death camp.

The wholesale rejection of the assimilationist narrative that dominates American Jewish fiction is palpable in the novel's narrative excess and burlesque atmosphere, the latter of which is accomplished through Cohen's signature prose style, which combines qualities of the stand-up comedian, vernacular Jewish-American speech, and Talmudic commentaries. It is at times (perhaps most of the time) just as excessive as the novel's extravagant plot developments:

We have been taught thusly that a knock, a rap, an application of the hand, of the knuckles, the palm, is variable with intent, that a knock must spend itself in only one of

two ways, depending; and so we have two interpretations, one to each fist, united in purpose; whereas some scholars say, a knock ends when the hand breaks contact with the struck surface, other scholars hold that it's when the sound of its striking is rendered imperceptible, when it's said to die — physics and the acoustics aside, this is philosophy, what's meant is the appreciation of senses. But this knock is strange; it's as if the fist or all the world's fists at once are metamorphosing into the door, and without any breaking, any cracking, or splinter, in a knock that's forever a knock, a massed hand of hands exploring the surface, the lifespan of entry, though others hold that the hand of God outstretched and strongarmed only strikes quickly, then removes itself, retracts into its own power and infinite mercy, and that the sound then lives, not reverberates, that the knock sounds in a single wave throughout the structure of the house, the solo stroke transmitting itself in full to the foundations on up to the roof and quaking with light, undiminished — the entire house knocked upon, this house of total door. . . .

Beyond the novel's mammoth scale and outlandish narrative, ultimately this profuse prose is the novel's most essential feature, creating a fictional world shaped and misshaped by its loopy eloquence and careening rhythms. *Witz* is a thoroughly unconventional, audacious novel, most emphatically so in its style, which shows Joshua Cohen to be a writer who rejects the notion that less is more, instead affirming the proposition that more is more.

This principle is at work in *Book of Numbers* as well, although as with the novel's plot and premise, its style is also more muted than that of *Witz*. Initially presented as a memoir — or notes toward a memoir — written by “Joshua Cohen,” a failed novelist whose first and only novel was doomed to eternal disregard when it was published on September 10, 2001, eventually it becomes the story of his ill-fated collaboration with a second Joshua Cohen, “the Joshua Cohen I'm always mistaken for . . . The man whose business has ruined my business, whose pleasure has ruined my pleasure, whose name has obliterated my own.” This JC is the billionaire founder of “Tetration,” a high-tech company clearly modeled on Google, and the largest part of the novel relates the history of this company — and by association the history of the Internet — through the transcripts of the interviews for a ghost-written memoir that Joshua Cohen conducts with

Joshua Cohen (the latter referred to by the former as the “Principal”). The project ultimately runs afoul of a Wikileaks-like organization that wants to disclose the contents of the interviews because of Principal’s revelations about his company’s cooperation with the U.S. government in its surveillance activities.

In the expository passages of the novel’s first pages, the narrator Joshua Cohen provides a relatively straightforward account of his circumstances (not altogether happy), although his language is far from rhetorically plain, as when he describes the writing of the novel whose failure has left him scrambling for a career:

I’d worried for months, fretted for years, checked thesauri and dictionaries for other verbs I could do, I’d paced. I couldn’t sleep or wake, fantasized best, worst, and average case scenarios. Working on a book had been like being pregnant, or like planning an invasion of Poland. To write it I’d taken a parttime job in a bookstore I’d taken off from my parttime job in the bookstore, I’d lived cheaply in Ridgewood and avoided my friends. I’d been avoided by friends, procrastinated by spending noons at the Battery squatting alone on a boulder across from a beautiful young paleskinned blackhaired mother rocking a stroller back and forth with a fetish boot while she read a book I pretended was mine, hoping that her baby stayed sleeping forever or at least until I’d finish the thing its mother was reading — I’d been finishing it forever — I’d just finished it, I’d just finished and handed it in.

But it is when the narrator gives the story over to his namesake and the chronicle of the rise of Tetration from shoestring tech start-up to worldwide digital dominance that Joshua Cohen (the author) again affirms the centrality of language, of the role of uninhibited language in defining the aesthetic character of his fiction. In a typical passage relating his experiences, Principal explains: “We flamed the PARCy with emails, as like other avatars, as like the same avatars but registered with other services, batchelor but now @prodigy, cuddlemaven but now @Genie. We even went trolling for him among the dossy BBSes and subscribed to leetish listservs and wrote posts or comments or whatever they were called then to autogenerate and hex all the sysops down.” Much of Principal’s story is told in this way, not only revealing how thoroughly Cohen

has acquainted himself with the jargon of computer systems but also allowing him to evoke the world this character inhabits, which has increasingly become the world the rest of us have been compelled to inhabit. This language thus becomes the novel's method of achieving a kind of verisimilitude — it is faithful to present reality — but as well works to estrange us from that reality, although it might be the case that such estrangement is actually inherent in the rapidly attained global hegemony of cyber media.

The reader in effect is put in the same position toward the novel's depicted world — to the extent that it is portrayed as essentially incomprehensible, anti-human — as the protagonist is toward his own life, alienated as he is from his marriage and his career. In some ways, the protagonist of *Book of Numbers* is a recognizable schlemiel-type character, his story that of his own bad luck and ineptitude, the reader left to decide which is the more accurate characterization. The contrast with the successful Joshua Cohen is, of course, stark, and although we eventually learn that Principal is dying of cancer, we are never really provided a proper death scene and at the end of the novel he has become a kind of mythical figure, his dead body purportedly discovered all over the world, while our protagonist Joshua Cohen returns to New Jersey and moves in with his mother.

If *Book of Numbers*, while far from a conventional narrative, turns out to meet ordinary expectations of what a novel should look like more readily than *Witz*, both of these novels defy the moderate norms of “literary fiction.” Most immediately, they might be seen as extensions of what the critic Thomas LeClair has called “the art of excess,” the most recent in the line of largescale, overdetermined novels written during the past 40 years by American writers that include such works as *Gravity's Rainbow*, *JR*, several books by Don DeLillo, and Wallace's *Infinite Jest*. But while they each certainly well enough fit LeClair's general description of the “massive novel” (or “meganovel”) that is “profoundly informed, inventively crafted, and cunningly rhetorical,” neither *Witz* nor *Book of Numbers* is quite “excessive” in the way LeClair has in mind when further identifying these earlier works as “systems” novels, novels that “represent and intellectually master the power systems they exist within and are about” (*The Art of Excess: Mastery in Contemporary American Fiction*, 1989). They don't so much attempt to incorporate elements of the “power systems they exist within” as part of their representational

strategies (as, for example, Pynchon does with ecological systems in *Gravity's Rainbow*) as remain content to be “about” the systems they examine.

Witz, despite its gargantuan scale, could be identified as an allegorical satire, a form of social criticism the excesses of which increase the amplitude of the critique but don't really transform the traditional purpose of this sort of literary discourse or subvert assumptions about the nature of representation in fiction. Indeed, ultimately the narrative depends upon the assumption that it concerns a unitary “subject” worthy of such critique and reinforces the belief that a fictional narrative can be discreet and linear, even as it meanders through a grotesque, unreal landscape. *Book of Numbers* is more static, fragmented, and metafictional, but its more conspicuous postmodern devices are still employed to accomplish a unitary purpose in advancing a cautionary tale about the hazards of the Internet Age (a purpose that is further underscored by the allegorical parallels suggested by the novel's title, with Principal's group of bohemian tech geeks — led by a troubled genius named “Moe” — taking on the symbolic status of the Israelites wandering in the desert, seeking the Promised Land). Of course, *Book of Numbers* concerns itself with a “system” — probably the most influential and all-encompassing system whose effects we now encounter — but again the novel is squarely “about” this system, an account of its depredations of a kind that doesn't really ask us to reconceive the novel as a literary form.

This does not lessen Joshua Cohen's achievement in either of these novels, indicating merely that he uses “excess” as a literary strategy to serve his own ends. Although clearly enough Cohen has been influenced by Pynchon and DeLillo, Coover and Barth (as well as Stanley Elkin and, in his more stylistically baroque phases, Philip Roth), this influence is expressed as a more generalized preference for an augmented scope and an inclination to transgress presumed limits. Certainly Cohen's novels are formally unorthodox, but his most transgressive practice is stylistic. Reading both *Witz* and *Book of Numbers*, but especially the former, one either becomes ensnared by Cohen's immoderate prose (and his abundant sense of humor) or literally just finds it all too much. *Book of Numbers* arguably subsumes some of the verbal energy to the greater clarity of plot and theme the novel provides, but while this might make it somewhat less formidable, for me at least (paradoxically, perhaps) it also to that degree makes it that much less satisfying.

Jim Gauer's *Novel Explosives* (ZeroGram Press, 2016) seems at first to be an almost paradigmatic example of a meganovel," exemplifying in its approach LeClair's description of the "art of excess." It is a 700-page behemoth (its length made even more daunting by its generally very long paragraphs) that tells what initially presents itself as a quite complex story requiring multiple points of view, a fractured narrative--although the story takes place over the course of a week, we begin at the end of the week, go back to the beginning, and are subsequently presented alternating episodes from beginning, middle, and end--and a style that is uninhibited, to say the least, in both its syntactical overabundance and its often arcane vocabulary. Quite clearly as well, it intends to take on the heftiest and most far-reaching of themes: the nature of human identity, insatiable greed, the corruption of social and cultural norms of decency.

Yet finally the novel seems not so much a complex response to what has become a complex reality, but a sustained embellishment of a relatively simple--if at times disturbing--story of the intersection of financial chicanery and the drug trade and a relentless enhancement of the details and circumstances of that story with endlessly proliferating information, often deliberately esoteric. The outrageousness of this strategy, whereby, for example a few minutes of a character's time is extended for pages while we are told about the physics underlying the situation or the technological developments contributing to the plot turn underway, can be rather entertaining in itself, but, while Pynchon and DeLillo preceded Gauer in creating information-saturated narratives, their novels seemed to be attempting to reveal how perceptible reality was increasingly conditioned by the sometimes imperceptible forces (political, technological, historical) flowing together in the formation of modernity. *Novel Explosives* seems content simply to add mathematical and scientific explanations to its ongoing narrative actions, slowing those actions down at the same time they act as a kind of reinforcement of the novel's realism rather than an interrogation of it.

And, indeed, ultimately this is an intensely realistic novel, deeply immersing us in the milieu of each of its settings: a town in Mexico where the novel begins with a man who has forgotten who he is (but not what he knows) and how he came to be in the town; the world of

megacapitalism inhabited by an unnamed "venture capitalist" (later he is referred to as "Douchebag" by those who are pursuing him), who turns out to be the amnesiac to whom we are first introduced; and the world (underworld, perhaps more accurately) in which move a pair of criminal enforcers employed by an American drug overlord, whose activities bring together predatory capitalism and the drug trade, the latter obviously being portrayed as an extreme but logical extension of the former. One of the enforcers, Raymond, arguably becomes the novel's protagonist when he begins to rebel against the orders given to him by his employer, exhibiting a moral conscience the other characters lack. We are able to appreciate Raymond's change of heart, however, mostly because we have been so relentlessly exposed to the pervasive moral rot polluting the environment in which he finds himself, which by extension reflects the corruption of the larger socioeconomic system that makes it possible.

Novel Explosives comes closer to being a species of satire than the kind of postmodern pastiche we might associate with Pynchon or DeLillo. Certainly the novel makes its share of metafictional gestures—starting with its title, which refers literally to a kind of advanced explosive but which also clearly enough alludes to the novel we are reading, with its attempt to “explode” the narrative and stylistic expectations some readers might bring to it--and while this contributes to its predominantly comic tone, in effect adding its own representational objectives to the array of potential satirical targets, it doesn't finally negate those objectives. Surely few people could read *Novel Explosives* without concluding that the author intends it to draw attention to the corruption and criminality it highlights so that we can be aware, at least, of the scope of the problem we face if we hope to combat it. Indeed, it might be said that the novel goes beyond satire to become more straightforwardly a critique of capitalism in its 21st century variety, a critique given more immediate force through its realization in the form of a postmodern novel.

But then this appropriation of the postmodern novel of excess for its rhetorical convenience--adding it as a kind of elaborate supplement to an otherwise polemical narrative--makes it something less (or other) than an postmodern novel, since Pynchon and DeLillo are not satirists, except to the extent that satire might be an indirect and secondary effect of their more

radically incongruous and unsettling portrayals of an enigmatic and often impenetrable reality. Thus it would be both unfair and ultimately inaccurate to say that *Novel Explosives* is derivative of the work of these earlier writers. While to a degree a novel like this would not be possible without the prior example of Pynchon and De Lillo (as well as Gaddis and McElroy), we could say that those writers have enabled Gauer in his endeavor to write a complex, large-scale novel whose complexity is mostly a surface complexity that supports the novel's ultimate representational ambition: to amplify the characters and their circumstances as much as possible, but in order to enhance the verisimilitude of the depictions. Postmodern fiction questions the capacity of language to fully achieve verisimilitude; *Novel Explosives* does not manifest such skepticism, even if it must extend the resources of language almost to the bursting point to achieve its goal.

Still, it is in its invocation of language that this novel is most impressive. If its style could be called excessive, it is excessive in the most audacious and frequently entertaining way. If the sentences and paragraphs are elongated and labyrinthine, it is not because of the author's lack of control but because he maintains such measured control that they can be trusted to do their work. The Venture Capitalist celebrates his success in that vocation:

We should, at this point, probably take our seats; the salads have arrived, and the wine is being poured, and with our market cap now hovering above \$10 billion, and plenty of oxygen trapped in the ever-expanding market bubble, death by live burial would seem to be out of order. We're starting with an ethereal Corton-Charlemagne, a \$500 white from the Burgundy region, which is about as far from Bahr al Gazal as you can possibly get, a wine that in my understated Elicit Networks tasting notes is "all but inevitable" and "brilliantly executed" and "seemingly so accidental but so richly deserved," though to be perfectly honest, let's not kid ourselves, no one in Silicon Valley, much less North Dallas, really gives a shit about ethereal Burgundies, since they're more about earthy poetry, and epiphanic moments, than power and elegance, measured in fruit-pounds of torque, and Parker, rather famously, no longer bothers to even taste them.

The tone of this passage, a kind of mock sincerity, typifies the style of the novel as a whole, but especially the sections narrated by the Venture Capitalist. Although ultimately the style flags in the last third of the novel, this is at least as much because the narrative itself has been stretched beyond its capacity to sustain interest in its resolution, not because the prose itself wears out its welcome.

Novel Explosives is certainly by far more interesting than most of what gets published by prominent publishers, even prominent independent publishers, as "literary fiction." However, the novel too nearly seems to treat the "postmodern novel" as itself a genre to be adopted for me to fully embrace it. Most readers would find it a less intimidating work than its size might suggest, but in a way that is also the source of my disappointment with it.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

John Keene

John Keene's *Counternarratives* is neither a collection of short stories, nor the sort of linked novel-by-proxy series that has become increasingly common in the past decade or so. This extraordinary book is instead unified by the conceit invoked in its title: its stories all counter, challenge, or subvert established narratives about race and slavery in the history of the Americas. Together their effect is to disrupt and disorient our settled notions about the agency of the enslaved and exploited, and about the intelligibility of history itself.

The first story in the book, "Manhatta," briefly tells of the original landing on Manhattan Island of Juan Rodriguez, the first non-indigenous inhabitant of what is now New York City, establishing the iconoclastic spirit of *Counternarratives* by reminding us that the first "settler" in what became the largest city in the United States was in fact a man of African descent. "Manhatta" is followed by "On Brazil, or Dénouement: The Londônias-Figueriras," which moves the setting to Brazil, whose development as a slaveholding Portuguese colony is traced alongside that of the US through the book's first section. This story reminds us that slavery was a phenomenon endemic to the European colonization of the Western hemisphere (as does "Gloss, or the Strange History of Our Lady of Sorrows"), while "An Outtake from the Ideological

Origins of the American Revolution” makes us remember that in the American colonies slavery was accepted in the North as well as the South.

But these stories do not simply represent enslaved Africans as the oppressed victims of European colonial cupidity. The black protagonists in stories such as “Gloss,” “An Outtake,” and “A Letter on the Trials of the Counterreformation in New Lisbon” are strong-willed and dauntless in their desire for freedom, and they possess a distinctive power of their own. In “Gloss” and “Lisbon,” this power is expressed in the characters’ moral stature and palpable accomplishments, but also through a spiritual force that at times manifests as essentially supernatural. The latter story is narrated (as we discover at its conclusion) by a slave known to the whites as Joao Baptista, but who informs the ostensible protagonist, the provost of a Catholic mission, that he wants to be called by his African name, Burunbara. Burunbara, it turns out, “can read the past and the future. I can speak to the living, as now, and to the dead. I can feel the weather before it turns and the night before it falls. Every creature that walks this earth converses with me.” “Gloss, or the Strange History of Our Lady of Sorrow” features an enslaved woman named Carmel, who, after the family she serves is killed during the Haitian revolution, accompanies the only surviving daughter to a convent in Kentucky. Carmel’s powers of divination allow her to speak with the dead and give her access to a world beyond sensory experience that she renders in visionary works of art.

Burunbara and Carmel share this oracular insight with James Alton Rivers, formerly known as Huckleberry Finn’s raft companion Jim Watson in Mark Twain’s novel. In “Rivers,” Jim has attained his freedom, and the story begins with an encounter Jim has with both Huck and Tom Sawyer in St. Louis. Tom has predictably enough become a garden-variety white supremacist:

You’d better watch yourself, Jim, you hear me? Good thing we know you but walking these streets like they belong to you, and they don’t to no nigger, no matter what some of you might think these days, so watch it, cause the time’ll come when even the good people like me and Huck here have had enough.

Nobody who has read either *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* or *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* carefully can really be surprised that the adult Tom holds these views, nor that Huck, in contrast, shows signs of retaining his respect for Jim. Tom Sawyer's "adventures" are possible because he is a young white boy whose freedom is predicated on the unfreedom of others, and his "mischief" is more often callous and self-involved than innocent. Huck's adventures, on the other hand, force him to confront the realities of the culture that has shaped him, and in the process, he also must acknowledge his common humanity with the "runaway slave" who has shared his journey. If in "Rivers" Huck doesn't exactly sound like the dissenting voice that, at the conclusion of *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, announces the intent to "light out for the territory," he does try to restrain Tom in his racist taunting. Keene doesn't counter Twain's portrayal of Huck and Tom so much as extend that portrayal to its probable outcome in their maturity.

What Keene does counter is the popular perception of Tom Sawyer as the prototypical American boy, offering instead a glimpse at what American "innocence" can seamlessly become. Certainly Keene also contests the perception of Jim as simply Huck's amiable and superstitious companion, assisting in Huck's education in the ways of the world and acting as the catalyst in his possible moral enlightenment. Here Jim tells us his own story, and his superstition has become an ability to read "omens" that is valuable when he joins the First Missouri Colored Troops during the Civil War. The most unsettling moment in "Rivers" is undoubtedly the conclusion, in which Jim's company is confronted by a Confederate brigade:

. . . I usually kept to the reader as I was ordered to, but Anderson urged several of us to crawl out to the edge of the field, near the river, where there was a stand of Montezuma cypresses, which I did and when I rounded them flat on my stomach, creeping forward like a panther I saw it, that face I could have identified if blind in both eyes, him, in profile, the agate eyes in a squint, that sandy ring of beard collaring the gaunt cheeks the soiled gray jacket half open and hanging around the sun-reddened throat, him crouching reloading his gun, quickly glancing up and around him so as not to miss anything.

This scene disturbs not because it undercuts a plausible narrative about the likely fates of Huck and Jim, but because it is that narrative. If we are to take these fictional characters and imagine them real, with subsequent life stories true to historical circumstances, the scenario Keene presents is entirely believable. The influence of the slave culture in which Twain depicts both Huck and Tom being raised is not easily eluded; the vow to “go to hell” rather than betray a friend cannot easily negate the overwhelming social pressure to show solidarity with one’s own and help defeat the Union invaders. The final encounter between Jim and Huck that Keene provides prompts us to reconsider any notion we might have that *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, however much its protagonist might experience individual moral progression, tells us much about the social progression necessary to make Huck’s story more than a pleasing fiction.

If the myth of Huckleberry Finn cannot be sustained in the light of historical reality, Jim endures with his dignity and self-respect intact, at least through the compelling reimagining undertaken by Keene. “The Aeronauts” shares with “Rivers” a Civil War–era setting and concerns the narrator’s experience as an employee of the “Balloon Corps” near the beginning of the war. “The Aeronauts” is perhaps the lightest, most humorous story in the book, although it also provides a vivid sense of black life in Philadelphia, as well as a portrait of wartime Washington. The bleakest story is no doubt the last, “The Lions” (given a separate final section, identified simply as a “Counternarrative”). Where most of the other stories are very specific in details of setting and historical period, this story is generalized and abstract, existing in “untime,” as one of the two characters puts it, presented as an extended dialogue between a deposed ruler and his successor, who has presumably staged a coup, but who is also a longtime comrade in arms. Their conversation reveals a violent and ruthless past of the kind we unfortunately associate with many postcolonial regimes: “All those car crashes, overdoses, bodies found at the bottom of drained swimming pools, riverbeds, earthen dams, sudden bathroom electrocutions, sharp, heavy projectiles flying through windows while people were eating their morning meals. . . .” Keene depicts these two characters as quite obviously unscrupulous and brutal, but they did not become so in a moral or historical vacuum:

Did you not learn anything from the brazen creatures who seized our mothers and fathers, who bought and sold them here and across the sea, who fought them here and

over there and did not back down? The ones to whom you signed over so much of our matrimony and patrimony? Their puny bodies that melt in the sun, all their sicknesses of the flesh and mind and soul, yet they keep arriving. Their words, their ideas, their abstractions, the ones you love so much, gave them an armor of fearlessness. . . .

If “The Lions” is a “counternarrative,” we might interpret it first of all as counter to the previous stories that have portrayed their protagonists exercising special powers in productive and responsible ways to resist their oppressive circumstances. The two dictators in “The Lions” abuse power, wield it in a way that degrades rather than transforms. At the same time, a sense of disillusion and betrayal pervade the dialogue, suggesting that power was initially pursued with better intentions but those intentions were corrupted—as if the life the two men actually lived was the counternarrative to the life they sought. The story adds an element of tragic complexity to the book; the figures portrayed are free enough from the subjection of those “brazen creatures” with their “armor of fearlessness” to claim a kind of autonomy, but not so free that their autonomy can’t be undermined by the weaknesses of human nature.

The term “counternarratives” takes on at least one more meaning if we consider Keene’s formal strategies. *Counternarratives* is a heftier book than Keene’s 1995 novella *Annotations*, his only other published work of fiction. *Annotations* is a bildungsroman of sorts, although as the title suggests, it is closer to being a commentary on a possible coming-of-age story, notes toward such a work. The novella blends autobiographical narrative with terse allusions and abstract reflection, even literary criticism. If in *Annotations* Keene attempts to use his own life experience as the medium for a more detached exegesis and elaboration, in *Counternarratives* he does something similar with history itself, subjecting it to complication, revision, and reassessment.

Although almost every story in the book offers a tangible narrative, few if any are related in a conventional narrative mode, which is, after all, precisely the kind of storytelling that for so long has failed to acknowledge a central role for the black experience. “A Letter on the Trials of the Counterreformation in New Lisbon” is in the form of a letter. “Gloss, or the Strange History of Our Lady of Sorrows” is literally a gloss, an extended footnote or commentary on what begins as a work of history of Catholicism in early America. “Persons and Places” is a double-columned

story simultaneously describing a fleeting encounter between George Santayana and W.E.B. DuBois from the perspective of each man, while “Blues,” about a tryst between Langston Hughes and a visiting Mexican poet, is told through what seems a series of notations rather than narrative exposition. In its engaging, often exhilarating use of alternative or unorthodox forms, *Counternarratives* abundantly demonstrates what “innovative” fiction at its best can accomplish: sometimes narrative content that challenges longstanding presumptions can be adequately expressed only through equally challenging extensions of form.

Gabriel Blackwell

Although Gabriel Blackwell’s *The Natural Dissolution of Fleeting-Improvised Men* is a satisfying and successful book on its own, considering it in tandem with Blackwell’s previous novel, *Shadow Man* (2012) perhaps helps to clarify the aesthetic assumptions motivating both. For some readers, considering the two novels together might confirm that what otherwise seems in each of them a kind of clever mimicry of genre conventions or of a particular writer’s prose style is really just the most visible manifestation of a more deliberate and comprehensive literary strategy. While this strategy could loosely be described as one of “appropriation,” in Blackwell’s fiction the mere act of appropriating other writers and their work is not so much presented as itself a radical move but provides the material with which the writer continues to create new work using recognizable elements of fiction (“character,” “point of view,” etc.), even if what results still begins with what others have already written.

The Natural Dissolution of Fleeting-Improvised-Men is subtitled “The Last Letter of H.P. Lovecraft,” and literally it is offered to us as a letter putatively written by Lovecraft a few days before his death, along with an introduction by the man who claims to have found it (“Gabriel Blackwell”), a series of annotations, and at the conclusion a few extended endnotes. The novel’s most impressive achievement is its persuasive impersonation of Lovecraft’s style—the letter relates Lovecraft’s own final experiences in the same manner as his stories—complete with his signature stylistic effects: the breathless cadences, melodramatic descriptions, and often stilted diction. Likewise in *Shadow Man*, Blackwell channels the hard-bitten, wised-up prose style of classic detective fiction in authoring a “biography” of Lewis Miles Archer, purportedly the real-life detective on which Dashiell Hammett’s “Miles Archer” was based (himself a character to

whom Ross McDonald's "Lew Archer" was subsequently a clear homage). Both Hammett and Raymond Chandler make appearances in this account, and much of the story itself concerns people and events that readers of Chandler's *The Big Sleep* will immediately recognize. (Ultimately we are to believe that Archer himself is the prototype of Chandler's Phillip Marlowe.)

If a common complaint about "experimental fiction" is that it too readily turns its back on the traditional readerly pleasures provided by narrative, narrative voice, and character, both of these novels parry this objection by providing plenty of each. *Shadow Man* features the same sort of labyrinthine plot found in Chandler's fiction, which appeals through its very complications and sudden twists, while *Natural Dissolution* adds to the horror narrative embedded in the Lovecraft letter another narrative strand relating the circumstances by which the letter came into Gabriel Blackwell's possession. This narrative emerges through the annotations to the letter, and eventually the two stories almost merge, each of them a story of "dissolution"—Lovecraft's into the hallucinations preceding his death (induced no doubt by the undiagnosed cancer that killed him), Blackwell's into ennui and debilitation after his girlfriend leaves him. Thus not only does *The Natural Dissolution of Fleeting-Improvised-Men* highlight story, but reinforces the centrality of story by drawing the reader's attention to the parallels between its twin narratives.

Clearly, however, Blackwell's storytelling is still not an ordinary kind of storytelling, concerned as it seems to be with reiterating existing styles, narrative practices, and even characters. This approach certainly takes an inherent risk: Although Blackwell's simulations of a Chandler novel and a Lovecraft tale are very skillfully realized, and part of the enjoyment of reading a book like *The Natural Dissolution of Fleeting-Improvised-Men* comes from appreciating his rendering of Lovecraft's prose style and his reproduction of the typical features of a Lovecraft story, readers who have not read much, if any, of Lovecraft's fiction will necessarily be less able to experience the full effect of Blackwell's performance. The fictional narrative taking up most of the Lovecraft letter has enough of the menacing, metaphysical horror and quasi-psychedelic imagery characteristic of Lovecraft's better stories that even these uninitiated readers can still find the story of H.P. Lovecraft's disintegration compelling, especially in its increasing resonance with Gabriel Blackwell's descent into his own hellish circumstances, both of them becoming the story of "fleeting-improvised-men." Nevertheless,

readers who are familiar with Lovecraft's work will inevitably be more aware both of Blackwell's strategy and his accomplishment in creatively appropriating that work.

Perhaps readers of genre fiction more generally will be drawn to Blackwell's work, as both *Shadow Man* and *Natural Dissolution* are specifically appropriations of genre fiction. One might say that Blackwell has taken the tendency among some contemporary writers to incorporate elements of genre to a literal and logical extreme, manifesting a relationship to genre conventions that goes beyond homage or assimilation to one that might be called parasitical. While surely Blackwell is an admirer of the genres (and authors) from which his novels borrow, neither of them is really very far from parody or satire. This tongue-in-cheek tone is part of what makes these novels appealing, while forcing greater distance between the invented narrative and its underlying source prevents them from becoming versions of "fan fiction." Ultimately neither book so much toys with the elements of genre per se, or the specific conventions of detective and horror fiction, as they use these particular genres to create a fictional world out of fiction, to fashion alternative forms of storytelling from the shards of conventional storytelling.

In this way, a book like *The Natural Dissolution of Fleeting-Improvised Men* could certainly be called a work of "metafiction"; if anything, it is more radically "fiction about fiction" than the work of those first associated with it (Barth, Sorrentino, etc.). Self-reflexivity as practiced by these writers was meant to disrupt the reader's suspension of disbelief, reminding us we are reading fiction, with all of its artificial devices. Blackwell's novel doesn't ask us to be mindful of the distinction between fiction and reality. Instead it invites us into a fictional creation we already know to be blatantly artificial. However much "the last letter of H.P. Lovecraft" is framed through circumstances meant to vouch for its authenticity, and despite the quasi-scholarly tone of the Introduction, no readers are likely to assume the letter is real and thus to further accept the accompanying account of the hardships faced by "Gabriel Blackwell" as anything other than an invention. One could say that *The Natural Dissolution of Fleeting-Improvised Men* asks the reader to suspend the inclination to *believe*—that what we are reading could at some fundamental level "really happen," or that the experiences related must in some way reflect the author's own.

In explaining his own turn to metafiction, John Barth invoked what he called “the literature of exhaustion,” a kind of fiction being written by Barth and others that proceeded on the assumption that the received conventions of fiction had been “used up” and that the task facing the adventurous writer was to find a way to create something new out of the very “exhaustion” of fiction’s traditional resources. Barth himself did this by always reminding the reader that the imperatives of storytelling are not the imperatives of life, that the former should not be constrained by the latter. Gabriel Blackwell accepts this task as well, perhaps even taking its potential a step farther. The *Natural Dissolution of Fleeing-Improvised Men*, as well as *Shadow Man*, pretend to give up on the possibility of telling new stories in fiction and instead recycle elements of “old” fiction, in the process paradoxically producing something new, after all.

DYNAMICS OF THE PAGE

Steve Tomasula

Steve Tomasula superficially shares with Mark Danielewski an interest in adding visual devices to written text. But Tomasula's devices are truly integrated with his prose, adding shades of meaning, exploring the limits of the printed page, and extending the scope of prose fiction in ways that Danielewski does not seem inclined to pursue. Tomasula's fiction expands our awareness of the boundaries fiction might challenge and still be true to the form. It makes readers consider how rigidly they should adhere to inherited assumptions about these boundaries, while also providing a satisfying reading experience. Tomasula tells stories, but they are narratives with intrinsic interest in and of themselves, not rehearsals of familiar plots.

In many ways Tomasula’s *Once Human* (FC2) is a very good introduction to the work of this conspicuously unconventional writer for those who are either unfamiliar with his previous work or have shied away from it because it promised to depart too radically from the conventions of “normal” fiction. Venturesome readers will find that this book indeed exhibits Tomasula’s trademark assimilation of visual elements—photos, illustrations, graphs and charts, drawings—into the verbal “text,” as well as the inveterate manipulation of typography and page design. However, encountering these devices through a selection of stories allows the reader to

contemplate Tomasula's strategies in shorter samples, while the selection also provides some variety, perhaps encouraging readers to appreciate that these strategies are both purposeful and ultimately accessible.

Tomasula's approach is evident in the book's first story, "The Color of Flesh." The story of protagonist Yumi's discovery that her boyfriend may be attracted to her not despite the fact she has a prosthetic limb but because of it and his pornographic obsession with disfigured female bodies is enhanced by drawings that give the story most immediately the look of a graphic novel. But the story actually contains plenty of text, and the drawings are not themselves the medium through which the narrative is presented. Neither are they merely decorative, although they are certainly well-rendered. So striking are they, in fact, that it soon enough becomes clear we are meant to do more than just glance at the drawings as a kind of accompaniment to the written text but to consider them a constituent part of a reconceived "text" that integrates writing and visual devices, with each contributing its own effect to the new, hybrid text. Thus, in "The Color of Flesh" the illustrations impress as more than ornamental, a drawing of prosthetic limbs "dangling from the ceiling" of a "shop that sold such things" in particular adding a spooky (if stylized) palpability that isn't quite achieved by the prose description alone, not even the comparison to "Gepetto's workshop."

It might be tempting to call Tomasula's approach "multi-media," especially since he has produced one "book," *TOC*, that can only really be described as multi-media, as it is not published as a book at all but on DVD and predominantly takes visual form, but the goal does not seem to be to blend prose fiction and visual media as much as to extend our conception of what prose fiction might be. Is it the case, a story like "The Color of Flesh" asks us, that when visual art is added to literary art a work of fiction becomes something else, no longer fiction but precisely a hybrid, something separate that should be judged by standards other than those traditionally applied to fiction, or does it remain within the boundaries of that form as historically established, albeit questioning where those boundaries should lie? Readers could come to different conclusions about this, but arguably Tomasula's fiction is most consequential if we think of it as still belonging to literature, as an attempt to reckon with the status of fiction at a time when visual representations are more pervasive than ever.

Tomasula has cited the influence on his work of such writers as Raymond Federman, Gilbert Sorrentino, and William Gass, all of whom similarly unsettle our usual way of reading—on pages with blocks of text, read sequentially from top to bottom—although none of these writers (aside from Gass in his novella *Willie Master's Lonesome Wife*) really included pictorial elements. Tomasula's own work is thus perhaps best understood as extending their experiments, proceeding under the fundamental assumption that the page (and all of his books aside from *TOC* do take the printed page as fiction's native medium) is infinitely pliable, a site where the literary artist might create aesthetic effects not confined to the usual felicities of prose style, and might also contribute to a reconception of form that includes but goes beyond sole reliance on traditional verbal narrative. If we judge much conventional fiction by the degree to which it encourages us to transcend the page, to give ourselves over to the illusion good writing is supposed to cast, Tomasula's stories and novels keep us firmly rooted to the page, refusing to let us forget the materiality of the medium.

Although the drawings and photographs in *Once Human*—some of which are quite complex and detailed—are the most conspicuous illusion-suspending elements, Tomasula's attention to the dynamics of the page is also manifest in typography and typeface. No two stories come in the same font size, and the page layouts follow no rules of prose composition other than those the author has invented. The pages of some of the stories often shift in appearance, in some cases multiple times. The text of "The Color of Flesh" begins in a single column, switches to double columns, and in the second half of the story kaleidoscopically changes fonts, page color (black on white to white on black), and page design (the text presented in something resembling thought balloons). "Self-Portrait" at first seems a more or less conventionally printed story, free of both visual aids and typographical oddities, except that a closer look reveals a column of words running down each of the inner margins, one column repeating the work "stroke," the other "snap," the two actions performed by the story's protagonist, a lab technician responsible for euthanizing mice for testing.

If at first this might seem a random, even frivolous gesture, ultimately it does have the effect of continually reminding us of the "work" the technician carries out, which presumably we are to consider important to the story's explication, even as the story appears to develop the

situation in other, tangential directions (the protagonist's romantic involvement with his coworker, for example). This sort of literalization of motif or image can perhaps be seen most clearly in stories such as "The Atlas of Man" and "The Risk-Taking Gene as Expressed by Some Asian Subjects." The narrator of the first is a researcher who collects data on human body shape. He falls in love with a fellow researcher (unhappily). The text of this story includes several illustrations of bodies and body types, as well as various graphs representing the work the narrator has done in studying the human body. Together, these visual elements reinforce the contrast between the narrator's usual impassive approach to the world as filtered through his work and his growing self-awareness of the implications of that work in relation to himself, a contrast that ultimately works to create some sympathy for the man's emotional confusion.

"The Risk-Taking Gene" again focuses on a researcher, in this case studying the purported "risk-taking gene," the "genetic propensity discovered by Cloninger, Adolfsson, and Svračić for some people to put themselves at risk in order to feel the level of arousal most of us get from the petty concerns of our day." The narrator in this story is conducting interviews in an Asian-American neighborhood (or trying to), and winds up being surprised by the identity of the "subject" who is indeed most willing to take risks. The story relies less on pictorial devices and more on page design and typography for its effects. Reflecting the narrator's line of work, some of the pages are printed on a facsimile of a questionnaire, others on what appears to be a representation of a DNA gel. Both of these stories employ a non-conventional fusion of text and visuals, each playing off of the other, that typifies Tomasula's literary method. Since finally his fiction does not at all abandon narrative—some of these stories have rather dramatic plots—it offers not an alternative to "story" but an alternative way of telling a story still anchored to the printed page.

Both "The Atlas of Man" and "The Risk-Taking Gene" are also obviously related in their focus on a character doing "research" on the human body. In this they share a dominant theme of Tomasula's work, exemplified most notably in *VAS*, his best-known novel and probably greatest achievement to date. Subtitled "An Opera in Flatland," the novel is first of all a kind of pastiche of a previous novel, Edwin Abbott's *Flatland*, a geometry-based science fiction "romance" published in 1885. Tomasula takes over the premise of "people" living in a two-dimensional "flatland," people who are themselves geometrical figures. Thus the main characters of *VAS* are

“Square” and his wife, “Circle.” The plot of this novel is minimal but, narratively speaking, straightforward. After a series of failed pregnancies (resulting in miscarriage or abortion), Circle has asked Square to get a vasectomy, to which he has agreed, although as the novel begins he has not yet signed the consent form required. Most of the rest of the novel follows Square as he ponders the implications of his decision and the state of his relationships both with Circle and his daughter, Oval.

VAS becomes “operatic” in the way it illustrates and embodies the story of Square reckoning with his situation by depicting it through very elaborate drawings, photographs, and other visual elements comprising a large portion of the text, these elements becoming something like the music that transforms a play into an opera. The novel is an “opera in Flatland,” of course, because it takes place not in the three-dimensional space of theatrical operas, or even the simulated space of film, video, or cyberspace, but on the page, through the “flat” surfaces of text and graphic image. Thus *VAS* is still dedicated to *literary* experiment, to testing the limits of the page as literature’s traditional medium. Online publication has obviously challenged the seemingly necessary connection between literary works and the printed page, but Tomasula continues to take the page as his focus, aside from *TOC*. Indeed, most of his published fiction depends on its realization on pages, and its effects would be almost totally lost on, say, a Kindle.

Tomasula employs his effects in part to fulfill one of the most traditional of literary goals, developing “theme.” If anything, Tomasula’s fiction is even more devoted to communicating theme than most mainstream literary fiction. The researchers and scientists in his fiction are engaged in work ultimately intended to help overcome the supposed limitations of human biology and genetics, to remake our physical existence. *VAS* is probably the work in which Tomasula most intensively explores the implications of the scientific intervention into nature as represented by the human body (one thinks of Hawthorne’s stories about human beings “playing God”) and the creation of a “postbiological” future. Square familiarizes himself with the history of eugenics, human experimentation, genetic engineering, and various other “advances” in medical science, his contemplation of these subjects accompanied by an almost dizzying variety of visual and typographical devices that make the motives behind and ultimate consequences of the rise of the “postbiological” even more disturbing.

Remaking reality is of course the ambition of fiction as well, and Tomasula's work can also be taken as variant of metafiction, subjecting fiction to the same scrutiny as these other efforts to reshape and reorder the world. The representations of the body offered by the scientific methods of mapping and measuring it are themselves represented literally in Tomasula's pictorial imagery, provoking us to reflect on the extent to which literature aspires to the pictorial even while doing so through the descriptive and figural powers of language. Similarly, his typographical variations insistently remind us that the arrangement of print on the page has also always reinforced a particular way of organizing literary representation, one that is assumed to be the "natural" form that reading takes but that Tomasula's work proceeds to show can be altered.

"Representation" is itself the subject of his 2006 novel *The Book of Portraiture*, the title of which is taken from the supposed journal of the painter Velasquez, which among other things chronicles the creation of Velasquez's "The Maids of Honor," a notoriously self-reflexive painting that depicts the painter himself among the other subjects of the painting, standing at his easel and apparently staring outside the painting at the viewer. The other sections of the book (including a reworked version of "Self-Portrait") also invoke the human urge to re-present reality, to both productive and destructive effect, making *The Book of Portraiture* the most avowedly metafictional of Tomasula's books, but one that doesn't just expose the inherent artifice of narrative but reveals the transformative effects, potentially liberating but also potentially dangerous, of human beings' capacity to reimagine themselves.

Once Human is not as intently focused either on the scientific and technological manipulation of nature as *VAS* or the implications of representation as *The Book of Portraiture*. The most explicitly metafictional story in the book is probably "Farewell to Kilimanjaro," which is finally more conventional parody than metafictional self-reflection in its "what if" story of an elderly Ernest Hemingway (in the story simply called "E") experiencing degradation in an old folks home. Among the remaining stories in the book, "Medieval Times" has a family resemblance to one of George Saunders's theme-park stories ("CivilWarLand in Bad Decline"), although it ultimately satirizes current events through analogy more directly than Saunders does. "The Color of Pain and Suffering" is of a piece with "Self-Portrait" and "The Atlas of Man" in its focus on the romantic travails of a medical illustrator. If ultimately *Once Human* could be

described as something of a miscellany collecting Tomasula's shorter fiction, that very quality nevertheless gives readers a valuable sampling of the work of a compelling and genuinely experimental writer.

Shelley Jackson

For all of her experiments with divergent media that are ultimately impalpable (her e-lit hypertext, *Patchwork Girl*, which is also essentially inaccessible unless you have the equipment to play a CD-ROM, on which the novel is now exclusively available), hypothetical (*Skin*, a "story" inscribed on human skin a letter at a time and that ultimately can never be read), or ephemeral ("Snow," a story written on fallen snow — although it is being presented more permanently through photography), her conventionally printed novels are quite corporeal and amply realized. *Half Life* (2006) and her most recent novel, *Riddance*, are both long and comprehensively developed novels that allow the reader to settle in for a comfortable enough read, although in each case the story must be pieced together, and is not merely offered to us from a unified narrative perspective.

It might be most appropriate to describe both books as epistolary novels, albeit of the modern sort that extends beyond simply the exchange of letters as a narrative device to include other kinds of interpolated documents as well (additionally integrating visual effects, especially in *Riddance*), resulting in a form of collage as presumably Jackson's preferred method of composing traditional prose fiction. (Likewise, her 2002 book, *The Melancholy of Anatomy*, is ostensibly a collection of short stories, but the stories are associated in a collage-like fashion, a series of vignettes organized by grouping them into sections representing the four humors and their respective origins in parts of the human body.) Thus these books are by no means regressively conventional in either form or subject — their subjects are in fact distinctly unusual — but they do adapt a formal strategy frequently enough employed previously by modern writers, in various permutations, that its use in both *Half Life* and *Riddance* is not disruptive of an "immersive" reading experience but really only adds a kind of mystery element to the novels' quasi-horror plots: in addition to questions about how the extraordinary circumstances portrayed will develop and be resolved, questions pertaining to the exposition of those circumstances — how do the pieces fit together, how are they working to conceal as much as reveal? — become central to the narratives as well.

To describe these narratives as horror plots is not to classify them as genre fiction nor to denigrate horror elements as somehow unworthy in a properly experimental fiction. Jackson uses the tropes and trappings of horror lightly, adopting them not for atmosphere or specific plot devices but because the horror narrative prominently focuses attention on the human body, its traits and transformations, which has also proven to be Shelley Jackson's most abiding preoccupation as a writer of fiction. *Half Life* borrows the imagery from a "mutation" film ("the incredible two-headed woman!"), but Jackson is not interested in exploiting this imagery for shock effects. Instead, she takes the potentially grotesque situation the novel depicts — an alternate reality in which atomic testing has created a substantial spike in the birthrate of conjoined twins — all essentially born with two heads on one body — as an opportunity to provoke reflection on our facile concepts of identity. In resolving to surgically remove the head of her sister, Blanche, who (she believes) has long been in a kind of coma, a prolonged state of uninterrupted slumber, is the novel's protagonist, Nora, really proposing to murder another person, who, after all, shares one body with Nora, or is it merely the equivalent of amputation? Are Blanche and Nora actually two people? If so, which one gets to claim rights to their in-common body? For that matter, is it really "Nora" who speaks to us as the protagonist of *Half Life*, or is she at least as much Blanche, even before we learn that the latter has probably been more active all along than we realized?

Many readers of *Half Life* probably suspect all along that Blanche is likely not merely "dead weight." Luckily, the novel doesn't really depend on a surprise or trick ending. The narrative itself is insidiously humorous, despite the nature of the subject, and at times seems outright a satire of the rigid protocols of identity politics. ("Twoifers" have become militant in defense of their rights, and demand observance of the proprieties in speech and behavior that uphold their status.) If it is relevant to the accomplishments of *Half Life* to call it an "experimental" novel, it is not because of its formal design but its creation of a "character" who complicates the very notion of unitary character in fiction — although its formal strategies certainly work effectively to help produce this effect. If printed fiction cannot attain the same degree of contingency and nonlinearity as hypertext, in *Half Life* Jackson nevertheless creates a character whose "true" identity may be whatever we decide it to be, and ultimately turns the narrative back on itself, encouraging us to perhaps reconsider everything we have read.

Riddance has its share of slippages and ambiguities, but while the story it tells is even more gothic than *Half Life* — set in a school for stuttering children in the early part of the 20th century, the school, we are told by the initial narrator, the “editor” of a scholarly compendium about it (the book we are about to read), “may have appeared on county maps in the vicinity of Cheesehill, Massachusetts, [but] its real address was in the crepuscular zone” — it is also more recognizable in its formal structure, a novel masquerading as another kind of text (Nabokov’s *Pale Fire* being just one example of this sort of fabrication, although the use of supposedly pre-existing documents as a formal device is a common enough strategy in horror fiction more generally). The editor, who at least fancies himself a scholar, offers us a collection of documents related to the Sybil Joines Vocational School for Ghost-Speakers and Hearing-Mouth Children, located in Cheesehill, the hometown of Sybil Joines, the founder and proprietor (although later directors of the school apparently also assume the founder’s name). It is called a school for “ghost-speakers” because Sybil Joines, herself a stutterer, believes that the dead make their presence known to the living in the speech — or non-speech — of those who stutter.

Although numerous kinds of found texts (as well as many photos and other graphic illustrations) are included in the editor’s collection, the two most important are undoubtedly the series entitled “The Final Dispatch,” which purports to be Sybil Joines’s own last communique, sent from the land of the dead, and “The Stenographer’s Story,” which tells us of the experiences of Sybil Joines’s assistant, an African-American student at the school named Jane Grandison, who transcribes the dispatch. (Jane Grandison eventually becomes the second Sybil Joines, although her status as an African-American at first leads her to express some skepticism about some of the assumptions at the school — how thoroughly white “the dead” seem to be, for example.) The circumstances surrounding Sybil Joines’s journey to the “land of the dead” eventually emerge — she claims in the dispatch to be pursuing a recalcitrant student she wants to bring back to the school — but the central interest of the novel surely lies in the exposition of Sybil Joines’s final encounter with this nebulous realm of paranormal existence she has spent her life — which the other entries in the collection work to elaborate — seeking to understand. The editor remarks in his introduction that through its layered organization, “this book can be entered at any point” (marking the printed text’s closest potential resemblance to a hypertext, although “The Final Dispatch” itself evokes hypertext in Sybil Joines’s descriptions of the fluidity of her

surroundings), but this possibility is itself mostly virtual, since to approach *Riddance* in this way would really rob it of a forward momentum that clearly seems to be intentional.

Sybil Joines's dispatch is the main attraction in *Riddance* as well because it features much of the novel's best and most imaginative writing. "White everywhere," she writes (or speaks, while Jane Grandison writes it down), in describing what she sees while pursuing Eve Finster, the errant student,

complicating into color, into form, fading again to white. White sky. White plains onto which white cataracts thunder down from an impossible height: souls pouring without surcease into death and roaring as they fall. The cataracts — the one stable landmark, the one feature on which all travelers report — one in such incessant motion that they seem immobile: one immense hoary figure, frozen in place, head bowed. Sometimes a bridge travels down the length of it: a fire in a shirtwaist factory, great ship sinking in icy waters. . . .

For all the apparent predisposition for the visual evidenced in her hypertext and alternative-media works (as well as the visual orientation of the passage above), both *Half Life* and *Riddance* show Shelley Jackson to be a poised and evocative stylist, one of the reasons both of these quite long books remain pleasurable to read.

A little later Sybil Joines tells us:

Now I shall have to start all over again, trumping up a world to catch her in! Only a moment ago, as it seems, I was hurrying down a familiar road. For all its spectral dogs and rabbits, it was, as near as I could make it, the way home. The girl was in my sights! And then my heart flared up white inside me, and road and ravine and crowding hills all blanched and raveled into filaments like the thread-thin hyphae of a fungus. The girl is gone. I am alone on a blank page.

The "white" that confronts Sybil Joines so implacably, we discover, is the white of the page on which she is composing the reality of the land of the dead as she speaks. *Riddance*, it turns out, is not simply (or even primarily) a gothic fantasy about communing with the dead but an allegory

about writing, or, more precisely about language. Indeed, making a metaphorical connection between the human body and writing has been a preoccupation of Jackson's in all of her work. (*The Melancholy of Anatomy*, she has said, was conceived as "a kind of body" to be "read.") However, *Riddance* arguably works out the metafictional implications of this trope most abundantly. It is Sybil Joines's belief that the presence of the dead is a manifestation of language — specifically human speech — but they are most sensitive to the silences and hesitations of stutterers, through which the dead might speak and into which the stutterer might be able to enter and encounter the dead (thus some students actually disappear into their own mouths).

Many of the students at the Joines Vocational School also produce "mouth objects," ectoplasmic emanations in various shapes that are then intensively studied for their possible meaning. An illustrated collection of these objects is offered in the book's appendices where, lined up side-by-side, they look conspicuously like letters in an alphabet. To be alive, it would seem, means having access to language, and thus the ghostly presences of the dead make themselves known not through apparitions but through the palpable medium of language. If *Riddance* is truly a book about the paranormal ("necrophysics," as Sybil Joines would have it), we could say it implicitly portrays the way language is haunted by its own ghostly origins and the now-spectral uses to which it has been put in the past. The same is true, of course, of literature itself, which continues to embody a living force only after the writer's reckoning with all of the dead forms it has assumed in the past.

However much Jackson has experimented with hypertext and other unorthodox media, both *Half Life* and *Riddance* show that her work is firmly situated in established literary history— perhaps we could say it, too, emerges from the silences and gaps lurking in that history.

Michael Joyce

Since Michael Joyce is not only the author of what many consider the foundational work of hypertext fiction, *afternoon, a love story* (1987), but also probably the most important theoretician of hypertext as a literary medium (especially in the essays collected in *Of Two Minds: Hypertext, Pedagogy, and Poetics*, published in 1995), it is of course tempting to

approach his print novels—and most of his fiction in the last 20 years has been conventionally published in print—as somehow continuous with, or at least strongly influenced by, the hypertext works. But while it is certainly possible to seek parallels between the influential hypertext fiction and a novel such as *Remedia*, his most recent, perhaps it is more useful to see all of the work, hypertext and print-only, as part of a continuum, united not necessarily by the multiplicity and contingency of hypertext per se, but attention to craft in the most precise sense: the adroit shaping and ordering of “story” so that the reader’s interest is not solely directed at the particulars of the narrative but also toward the means of its unfolding.

It is not inapt to say that Joyce’s fiction is concerned with “ordering,” even though it would seem to be the case that hypertext subverts formal order in leaving it up to the reader to determine the way in which the story will develop (at least according to the options provided by the author), as well as exactly what plot elements will comprise the narrative in the first place. But in making these choices available to the reader, of course, the hypertext author is unavoidably confronting the role of order and form in fiction, and this acute awareness of form is inevitably communicated to the reader. Joyce’s 2007 novel, *was* (FC2), manifests this structural reflexivity perhaps most radically of the print works through its extreme fragmentation and decentered narrative content: presented in a prose that more closely resembles lines of verse (some as short as a word or two), the novel has no real characters, no setting (or, rather, the setting is the entire world), and no story beyond the perpetual circulation of information and human activity. *was* is probably the print novel that most strongly evokes Joyce’s hypertext works in that it is essentially a *network* of connected if shifting episodes in which ultimately the principle of connection itself, its comprehensive achievement, is more to the point than the simple forward movement of plot. (Joyce underscores the importance of connection in his novel by subtitling it “a novel of internet.”)

It might also seem that *Remedia* (Steerage Press) belies the notion of “shaping,” given that its subtitle identifies it as “a picaresque.” Of the various permutations of narrative, the picaresque would seem to be the loosest, the most deliberately *unshaped*. It could be said that a picaresque narrative even refuses the shape imposed by a conventional plot (of the sort outline in Freytag’s Triangle), instead focusing on mere succession, one point in a narrative progression

after another. But of course the impression of one thing following another in a picaresque narrative (at least a good one) is a constructed illusion, as much shaped by the writer's sense of the effect to be created as any "well-made" story. The requirements of a picaresque story would only be even more subject to a self-conscious act of shaping when the picaresque is strategically used as a kind of deliberately anachronistic formal device, as surely Michael Joyce is doing in *Remedia*. Joyce doesn't just set his narrator-protagonist on a journey he chronicles as a serial account of his "adventures," but asks us to consider how the notion of "picaresque" itself affects our perception of the narrator's state of mind as he is reciting adventures that are indeed unpredictable and uncommon.

Remedia's protagonist remains nameless throughout the novel, although he is far from an Everyman figure. We are introduced to him as he is recalling the first time he had the visionary experience—destined to reoccur over the course of his life—in which reality seems out of phase, intruded upon by a phantasmal door:

. . . What I remember is not the door itself but the man who emerged, smiling as he touched a long index finger to his lips as if to signal that our encounter was a secret between us, his face inexpressibly kind, long as a horse's, his ice blue eyes gleaming.

These visions, featuring a door or portal or some other kind of opening (including "random appearances of vertiginous geometric space") would seem to mark the protagonist as an unreliable narrator, at the very least susceptible to a slippage in his hold on reality. It's not that we might doubt the veracity of the account he gives us, but the incidents and experiences he relates, as well as the other characters he encounters, are surely out of the ordinary, making it possible to wonder whether *Remedia* scrupulously recounts the odd, frequently extreme, but ultimately "real" events the narrator witnesses, or these events are partly the product of his mind-altered perception.

The story essentially takes us through the narrator's relationships with two women, Magika, with whom the narrator is involved as the novel begins, and Medb, an Irish woman he meets quite randomly on a bus when he has ventured to Ireland after his relationship with Magika goes on hiatus (she is touring Europe with an experimental theater company). The

narrator and Medb relocate to the United States, and eventually make their way to Utah, where they meet up with a Mormon woman, Sariah, and her Native American consort, Tokoa. The narrator's initial encounter with Tokoa, when the car he and Medb are driving breaks down, at first might seem one of the narrator's portal visions: "a figure brown as a twist of tobacco stood in loincloth leggings, his long hair held back by a headband, neck garlanded with three necklaces, leather bands around the wrist of his beckoning upright arm as he stood before the oblong entrance of what looked to be a shaded cave." When his attention is drawn to Tokoa himself approaching from behind and offering assistance (wearing "a broad-brimmed camo Aussie hat that someone had spray-painted neon orange"), the narrator is apparently brought back to reality—while the brown figure "lowered his arm and was descending into the cave"—but thus we have only more reason to suspect that a radically subjective perspective may be distorting the account he gives of his sojourn in the desert that (with a side trip to Iowa) will occupy much of the subsequent narrative related in *Remedia*.

While in Utah, the narrator is visited by Magika, and soon she, Medb, and Sariah have banded together to create a feminist monastery of sorts (although apparently most directly devoted to seeking out "silence"), but the exact nature of this desert compound continues to be rather murky throughout the novel, as the women allow no men to enter, which, to say the least, pleases neither the narrator nor Tokoa. Equally mysterious are the circumstances through which the narrator finds himself in Iowa. Here the narrator refers directly to a "door" he entered—although his fugue might also be the consequence of "a sacred herb thought to be a hallucinogen" he has ingested—and subsequently "emerged from that door six days later on a Beachy Amish farm just outside of Kalona, Iowa, and with little sense how I had gotten there or what I had done in the interim." The patriarch of the Amish family with whom he finds himself, Jacob, then accompanies the narrator and Tokoa on their trip back west, ostensibly to visit the gravesite of his great-grandmother in Colorado but also, it would seem, in flight from his family and his Amish identity. When the three men reach the "Skull Valley" monastery, the women decide to admit Jacob among their number, just before the compound is itself laid siege by the U.S. military, during the course of which operation many of the members are killed (including Jacob). Both Magika and Medb survive.

The narrative thus ultimately culminates in a dramatic, large-scale event, toward which a conventional picaresque novel might be expected to “build.” But Joyce mutes even this means of providing “drama” in a picaresque story by in fact deviating from a strictly successive rendering of events. The narrator skips ahead and moves back in his narration of his experience, and his blackouts and general habits of thought provide substantial narrative lacunae that never really fully get filled. We can’t really be sure exactly what happened between the narrator’s sip of Moon Lily tea and his arrival in Kalone, Iowa; the creation of the Skull Valley monastery, as well as its subsequent activities, are never described in any detail, leaving the creator’s motives and intentions hazy at best; the siege is not related as a continuous episode but instead in alluded to by the narrator at various points (including as the subject of a play that Magika writes in its aftermath). Although the narrative does proceed more or less chronologically, starting in 1987 and ending in 1998 (with entries in the final two chapters that skip ahead to 2001, presumably the date of the entire retrospective narrative’s composition), its status as “picaresque” finally seems more the product of the narrator’s wandering recall than it does the intrepid observations of a nomadic hero.

Indeed, for a picaro, the protagonist of *Remedia* seems remarkably passive. Even though he is closely involved in all of the situations depicted in the novel, things mostly happen *to* him, not through deliberate agency, and most of the other characters emerge from the novel as both more dynamic and more self-possessed. For all the doorways and entrances the narrator believes are beckoning him forward, he doesn’t seem a very adventurous man, a strange enough state of affairs for a picaresque hero. The novel’s conclusion only reinforces the impression of impassivity: Sariah visits the narrator several years after the siege and urges him to seek out Medb, with whom he has lost contact. “I’ll think about it,” he says. “Thinking’s not doing,” Sariah replies. It might be going too far to say that *Remedia* is more a novel about thinking than doing, but finally Joyce in deemphasizing the ostensible hero’s deeds, instead uses the character’s *processing* of his often random experiences to create a picaresque narrative that reflects the protagonist’s peripatetic life, but at the same time proceeds forward by following along the narrator’s channel of thought—almost as if the portals he so frequently glimpses are the hyperlinks of consciousness