There is a sleep no man desires
There is something about that sleep
That sends fear down the hearts of men
That world unknown yet revered by fear
That surrounds a man when he goes to sleep

less

Sleep

the luminary

Issue 3

Sleep(less) Beds

Take up your bow and courage to slip into it
Courage, be brave and face that sleep
That sleep that frightens the mighty
That sleep that is wild on eart
That sleep that has no path
That is hated and more than loathed
A sleep that captured great men of history
It is the sleep of the GONE. sleep

Beds

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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SLEEP(LESS) BEDS

CONTENTS

THE STORY OF THE BED

Dr. Michael Greaney, Lancaster University

Michael Greaney has studied at the Universities of Oxford, Newcastle and Lancaster. His research interests lie in modern/contemporary fiction and theory. His first book, *Conrad, Language, and Narrative* (Cambridge University Press, 2002), received the Joseph Conrad Society of America's Adam Gillon Award for the most significant work in Conrad studies from 2001-4. *Contemporary Fiction and the Uses of Theory* (Palgrave, 2006) is a study of the reception and representation of theoretical ideas in literary fiction since the 1960s. He is currently writing a book on the representation of sleep and sleep-related states in the modern novel.

Le lit, c'est l'homme.

    -- Guy de Maupassant

There is a ruefully self-deprecating character in Guy de Maupassant's short story 'Le Lit' (1882) who fondly dreams of possessing the necessary skill to tell 'the story of a bed.' It is, you have to admit, a curious ambition. Why would anyone want to tell stories about, or on behalf of, divans and mattresses and pillows? Since when did furniture merit any serious share of narrative representation? The truth, as a moment's reflection may reveal, is that furniture has often acquired symbolic significance in literature and culture. The cultural history of the mirror or the looking glass is probably worth a PhD thesis or two. Doors and windows open up all sorts of liminal possibilities. And if we think of the role of the Round Table in Arthurian legend, or the throne coveted by the villainous hero of Shakespeare's *Richard III*, or the magical wardrobe in C.S. Lewis's *Narnia* tales then we might even begin to persuade ourselves, half-seriously, that furniture studies could be the next big thing in cultural criticism. Some forms of furniture carry us or support us; others serve to store and display our possessions. But beyond its immediate practical functions, furniture -- especially such symbolically charged items as Arthur's table or C.S. Lewis's wardrobe -- also carries, stores and proclaims our meanings and values. What kinds of meaning do we ask beds to carry?

Beds witness human life at its most and least eventful. On the one hand, the bed is the stage on which the major creaturely dramas of human existence -- 'Birth, copulation and death,' as T.S. Eliot brutally summarizes it -- are acted out. On the other hand, the bed also bears mute and uncomplaining witness to our bodily lives at their most tediously uneventful. We clock up thousands of hours of sleep during our lifetimes, but somehow this period of time does not count towards the story of our lives. There is something nondescript and narrative-resistant about the hours that we spend in the oblivion of sleep. For this reason, the bed of sleep is a curiously self-effacing entity, one that has always been massively upstaged in the cultural imagination by its more lurid and exciting cousins, the hospital bed, the marital-bed, the sick-bed and the death-bed. Indeed, it would seem strange even to speak of 'sleep-beds,' presumably because the bed of sleep, unlike the beds of birth, copulation and death, is an entity without a story, the site of a sheer non-event. Anyone who has tried to watch more than

a few seconds of Andy Warhol's home movie *Sleep* (1963), which comprises some five hours of black-and-white footage of Warhol's boyfriend John Giorno sleeping in a New York apartment, will know this only too well.

The beds that have stirred the literary imagination are altogether less comfortable than the one in which John Giorno slept. Probably no beds in world literature are more horrifically uncomfortable than those belonging to Procrustes, one of the most memorable psychopaths of Greek mythology. Procrustes was always happy to offer travellers a bed for the night, and was abnormally eager that the sleeping bodies of his house guests should precisely match the dimensions of the beds to which they were assigned. Like a deranged DIY expert who believed in adjustable people rather than adjustable furniture, Procrustes -- whose name literally translates as 'the stretcher' -- customized his guests to fit their beds: short sleepers were stretched and flattened out with a hammer, whilst tall ones had their extra inches lopped off. The story of Procrustes, in which the bed is imagined as a lethally dangerous place of enclosure and entrapment, ripples with the sense of fear and paranoia that is so often evoked by beds in literary narrative.

But has the literary imagination ever found anything to say about comfortable beds? A celebrated line from Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* is instructive in this regard. When eyebrows are raised at his prolonged absence from Rome, Antony famously remarks that '"The beds i'the east are soft."' One way of reading these words is as a veiled confession that Antony has 'gone soft' -- that the disciplined soldier has become a tender lover in the arms of Cleopatra. If 'the bed is the man,' as Maupassant puts it, then the soft beds of the east tell us all we need to know about the potential 'softness' of Antony in this play. It is of course a curious paradox that the eastern beds that confirm Antony's virile heterosexuality are the very same beds that call into question his heroic manliness. Nor are the messages emitted by these beds exclusively concerned with gender. As Garrett A. Sullivan Jr. has remarked, there is a whole 'geography of sleep' implied in Antony's words, one that revolves around an opposition between the tough martial culture of Rome and the sumptuous beds of Alexandria, the scene of sexual languor and decadent inaction. In what we can now recognize as a classic 'Orientalist' gesture, the east is envisioned as a soft and yielding bed whose embrace dangerously emasculates Shakespeare's Roman hero. Luxuriously comfortable as they may seem, the eastern beds of Antony and Cleopatra are every bit as dangerous in their own way as the beds in the Procrustean torture chamber.

The bed, as it has been imagined by writers, is always a double bed, a twofold entity. It is an object that answers to our desire for periodic withdrawal from the demands and obligations of social space; but it also embodies our fear that the non-social or anti-social space of sleep might turn out to be a death-trap rather than an escape hatch or a bower of bliss. And the contradictory fears and desires that beds excite in us are not likely to be resolved anytime soon. Beds function as a permanent reminder of our fallen or falling nature, our inescapable nightly reorientation from vertical self-consciousness to horizontal oblivion. To consider the story of the bed is to confront the extraordinary fact that in the oblivion of sleep we are periodically absent from the story of our own lives. How we do we deal with that absence? What stories and props do we use to plug the gaps in our discontinuous life experience? The bed is one such prop, and its stories, as we shall discover in the articles that follow, are never less than richly unsettling.

CREATIVE PIECE

FORMATION OF A DIFFERENT MEDIUM OF PERCEPTION

Fatemeh Takhtkeshian, Lancaster University

This series: 'Ego ideal' arises from my experience of trying to run away from parts of my life by abolishing all pictures or anything that reminded me of those days. In the process of destroying and tearing apart photographs that caused me shame or anger, surprisingly I discovered ways to see these experiences differently. Not hating them anymore, I decided to keep those pictures and use them in my painting and collage pieces. As a base for the new works, I used a second-hand book as sheets of paper, filled with the previous owner's dreams and ideas. On top of these I added my own dreams, nightmares and life experiences. Using second-hand paper is like sleeping in the other person's bed (room) and seeing their dreams start to enter in our nightlife; like borrowing part of someone's soul. In this project I drown in my real life, dreams and nightmares until it is impossible for me to make a clear boundary between them. My 'Ego Ideal' is lost somewhere between those layers.

However, we are what we represent: a careful or careless selection of different layers. Our everyday lives are composed of movements back and forth behind the scenes and the stage where we present our 'selves.' Society does not provide us with clear instructions of how to act. Indirectly, society confines and forms us through a process of representation, mediated by language and other symbolizing systems. These systems, historically, construct and at the same time confine our experience of forming our 'Ego Ideal.'

SIR RO...

CATHERINE

Si...

sign. He dresses to...

SIR ROBERT (noticing the sandw... ...clous. May
I help myself?) (He takes one ... ...to the desk.)

CATHERINE : ...

SIR ROBERT (into the telephone) ... Yes. Michael
F.E.? I didn't know... ...speak... ...Go on
(The man at the other end of th... ...peaks for some
time. SIR ROBERT listens with ch... ...lids, munching.
...Southwith. / ARTHUR appear... ...dining-room-
doorway.)
...length.) Thank you, Michael ... hangs up the

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SCENE II]   THE WINSLOW BOY

ARTHUR (with sudden violence): We've got to win it.
                (CATHERINE does not reply.)
      What does Sir Robert think?

CATHERINE : He seems very worried.

ARTHUR (thoughtfully): I wonder if you were right, Kate.
      I wonder if we could have had a better man.

CATHERINE : No, Father, we couldn't have had a better
      man.

ARTHUR : You admit that now, do you?

CATHERINE : Only that he's the best advocate in England
      and for some reason—prestige, I suppose—he seems
      genuinely anxious to win this case. I don't go back on
      anything else I've ever said about him.

ARTHUR : The papers said that he began to-day by telling
      the judge he felt ill and might have to ask for an adjourn-
      ment. I trust he won't collapse——

CATHERINE : He won't. It was just another of those brilliant
      tricks of his that he's always boasting about. It got him
      the sympathy of the court and possibly—no, I won't say
      that——

ARTHUR : Say it.

...wly): Pos... ...ed him...

(DESM... ...w. He stands just

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SLEEPING OVER

Chris Wiewiora, Iowa State University

Chris Wiewiora is from Orlando, Florida where he graduated from the University of Central Florida (BA in English) and worked as an editor at *the Florida Review*. Currently, he lives in Ames, Iowa where he is a Masters of Fine Arts candidate at Iowa State University's Creative Writing and Environment program. He mostly writes nonfiction. He is a regular contributor to *the Good Men Project* and a contributing editor to *BULL*: Men's Fiction. Read more at www.chriswiewiora.com
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ABSTRACT:

My father, a copyeditor for a Christian magazine, shoves a letter about relationships through the cat door in my bedroom door. I spend a non-sexual overnight at Lauren's house, where I fall asleep together with her for the first time. While trying again in my relationship with Lauren, the remoteness in my relationship with my father widens.

The week that Lauren and I broke up, my father had slipped an envelope through the cat door sawed into the bottom of my bedroom door. A sticker of a mockingbird sealed the clasp. The front read: *(to read after you've had your coffee and are awake).*

A month later, I sat in front of Lauren's dad's house in my car, with the engine on, and the lights off. It was 10:30pm and Lauren was alone. But it wasn't a creepy me-stalking-her situation. It was a me-having-come-over-to-see-her in the late afternoon and make her homemade buttermilk biscuits that I had topped with chopped spinach, slightly sautéed portobello mushrooms, sun dried tomatoes, and crumbles of goat cheese. It was her saying they were amazing while curling up next to me as we watched the movie *The Triplets of Belleville* on her bed. It was us making out, and me taking off my shirt, and Lauren saying we shouldn't go much further than kissing and touching with our shirts on—just yet—because it was the first time we'd seen each other since agreeing that we were going to try again.

One of the most intimate times we had had sex was on a Sunday when my parents were at church. Lauren and I were on the carpet of my bedroom with our jeans around our ankles.

"It's just so good," Lauren whispered.

"Why's that?" I asked.

"You're not fucking me," Lauren said. She was on the pill, but she'd always said that she liked being so close without a condom. On top, I looked into Lauren's eyes, making it last. After, she told me that I was the only guy she has ever let come inside her.

So, when Lauren said that we shouldn't go much further, I stopped. I put my shirt back on. I hadn't come over to fuck her.

And later when I was idling in front of Lauren's, a half-hour drive from my parents' house, and no matter what I did my car's lights wouldn't work, all I could think about was my father's letter:

Now that you've been with Lauren awhile, I wonder whether you've thought about your future with her, how your relationship with her is unfolding. And have you given thought to the various aspects of intimacy that you and Lauren are cultivating—social, emotional, spiritual, physical? And whether you have established any boundaries to physical intimacy?

My father is the copy coordinator at Campus Crusade for Christ's corporate magazine *Worldwide Challenge*™ (they <u>always</u> use the trademark symbol). My parents have been missionaries for longer than the 30 years they've been married. From them, I grew up with the commandment to save sex for marriage. But my parents don't know that their youngest son, who Mom introduces as her "baby," has a pack of thintensity™ ultrasmooth™ lubricant Trojans™ in the pair of motorcycle gloves that are next to his Swiss Army Knife™ and Good News Bible™ in the drawer of his bedside table.

<u>Bottomline</u>: My father's letter was way too late.

I turned off my car's engine and I thought of all the possibilities: I couldn't drive home in the dark on the interstate; I wouldn't ask Lauren to drive me home; and I wasn't going to call my parents to pick me up. It was respectively illegal, unfair, or ridiculous. I realized I'd already made up my mind, because the car's engine was already cooled down.

I walked back to Lauren's front door. Her dad was gone on a hunting trip that weekend with her brother. Lauren was alone and I was about to ask to stay over. I couldn't think of anything else.

So, I knocked, Lauren answered, and I immediately started to explain that, "It's probably a fuse or the switch," but before I could finish Lauren said, "Stay."

I knew I had to call home. My parents have never imposed a curfew, but I'd never not come home before, even if that's meant unlocking the front door as quietly as I could at 3am to my father sitting in the front room reading some proofs and him saying, "I hope you had a good time. I'm glad you're back, safe."

My cell phone had died, too, so I had to use Lauren's to call home. And as my parents' phone rang, I prayed to God: *Hey man, I haven't asked you for too much recently and I know we don't talk a lot, but you know I'm listening and if you could, this time, would you hear me out? I realize that this is an emergency prayer that I could've used*

on having my lights work, but I'm here now; so could you please, please, please *not have anyone pick up, then I can leave a message and the folks won't worry?*

The machine tuned on and I rushed, "Hey, it's Chris. My lights aren't working on my car. It runs. I'm okay. I'm at Lauren's and I'm going to spend the night here. She has another bed I can sleep in. Oh, and my cell phone died. I'll be home in the morning. Love you. Bye."

Lauren heard my message and said that there was another bed in her dad's office. We cleared off some papers from the blanket of the single bed. I took off my shoes as if I were going to sleep. Lauren said she was going to watch an episode of *Six Feet Under* and that I could join her in her room.

Next to each other on Lauren's bed, we watched the TV. Lauren reached out and held my hand and was rubbing my fingers. Lauren had brushed her teeth and changed into short-shorts, out of her bra, and put on a loose t-shirt. I thought how less than an hour ago we had been messing around and I had been ready to sleep with Lauren, but I hadn't even thought about falling asleep with her. I'd never stayed and slept the whole night with a girl before.

My father and I have kept a "don't ask, don't tell" policy with the silent agreement that I would come home to get back in my own bed. I knew in the morning I would have to face my father. Even if I explained that there had been a boundary, and that I thought he should be proud of me, I knew I wouldn't be telling the whole truth: that I didn't agree with him about holding yourself back from someone you loved. I was frantic thinking what I would say.

Lauren squeezed my hand, checking on me. My eyes were closed. I knew tomorrow would come, but I was comfortable right then and there. I was content. Then Lauren straddled me. I kept my eyes shut. She slid my glasses off of my face as gently as a goodnight kiss.

In the night, I heard a small *phht*. Then a sigh. And I realized that Lauren just farted. Our relationship had ended before after I had told Lauren that I needed her to open up and Lauren said she didn't think she could let me in any further. Lauren farting wasn't exactly what I wanted, but nonetheless there was a certain sweetness to it, and I realized how vulnerable sleeping together was for both of us.

A fiesta ringtone went off. I didn't know where I was. I had all my clothes on and I was under a blanket on a bed that wasn't mine. Something was shuffling next to me. Everything was blurry without my glasses. I squinted in the hazy sunrise coming through some blinds and snatched my frames from a nightstand. As I put my glasses on a TV came into focus. Then I turned to Lauren. Her hair was a hot mess of bedhead that I had only seen before, after sleeping with her.

"Good morning," I said as I tucked one of her curly bangs behind her ear and then kissed her forehead.

"Five more minutes," Lauren said and she turned off her alarm.

I spooned Lauren while rubbing her back. She told me that she had dreamed that she had been deaf, but then was trying to convince a guy that she could actually hear. I thought that her dream was about us.

At her front door, I turned around to Lauren and we kissed, tasting the coffee off each other's tongues. I sat in my car—lingering—thinking how grown up all of that was.

When I got home my father asked me, "So, your lights aren't working?" I said, "Yeah," and showed my father the switch that didn't work. I felt the need to prove it to him. He said I should get it fixed so I would be safe. And that was it.

He hadn't ever asked me what was happening: how Lauren and I were doing when we first got together, or how I was after it fell apart, or anything about me and her trying again. And I almost wished my father had asked me what happened, because I thought that if he wasn't going to ask then, he wasn't going to ask me ever. I believed that could have been the opening to talk about the thrill of sleeping with someone you love, of waking up next to someone with the confusion of the morning sun, and realizing you are still there with them, and wanting to stay with them for just five more minutes, always just a little longer.

CREATIVE PIECE

NEITHER SLEEPING NOR WAKING

Kevin McLellan

Kevin McLellan is the author of the chapbook *Round Trip* (Seven Kitchens, 2010), a collaborative series of poems with numerous women poets, and *Shoes on a wire* (Split Oak, forthcoming). He has recent or forthcoming poems in journals including: *2014 Poet's Market, American Letters & Commentary, Barrow Street, Colorado Review, Horse Less Review, Kenyon Review Online, Sixth Finch, Western Humanities Review, Witness* and numerous others. Kevin lives in Cambridge MA, and sometimes teaches poetry workshops at the University of Rhode Island in Providence

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Late afternoon
and these

necessary deafening birds

_____

Opaque white
curtains now open

light I am envious

_____

Floating dust particles
and the early

moon across a face

_____

Now foreign
to me

a body always happening

'NEVER SLEEP AGAIN' – HORRIFIC BEDS IN WES CRAVEN'S *NIGHTMARES*

Katharina Rein, Humboldt-University of Berlin

Katharina Rein holds an M.A. in Cultural History and Theory from the Humboldt-University of Berlin, where she currently works on her PhD dissertation concerning media and magic in the late 19th century. She is employed as a research and teaching assistant at the Deptartment of Media Studies of the Bauhaus-University of Weimar. Katharina Rein published several articles on horror film and other topics of cultural history in German and English as well as a monograph on the horror classic "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (1984) (in German).

Website: http://katharina-rein.blogspot.de/

ABSTRACT

In this paper, I analyse the motif of the bed in regard of its representation in two horror films directed by Wes Craven: A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984) and New Nightmare (1994). The discussion of scenes in which beds play a central role in those two features reveals that beds are more and more detached from positive connotations as spaces of repose and safety, and charged with images of horror and violence instead. Moreover, beds are depicted as entry points into the realm of dreams, or in this case, nightmares. Thus they are connected to a mortal danger for their occupants, who are chased and killed in their nightmares by Fred Krueger, a supernatural phantom of a murdered child molester and killer, haunting the teenagers' dreams. In the Nightmare series, dream and reality are often difficult or impossible to tell apart – for the viewers as well as for the characters themselves. The films thus hint at a problem philosophy has been linking to dreaming for centuries – the difficulty to distinguish the two states of existence and to decide which of the two is 'real,' or perhaps 'more real' than the other. In the Nightmare series, this border is often blurred as the teenagers' nightmares often appear to be no less 'real' than their waking existence, sometimes the former are even more exciting and adventurous than the latter (especially in the sequels). Finally, especially New Nightmare reflects on the production of horror films itself, as it, first, revolves around characters involved in film production and, second, depicts horror plots as (at least sometimes) originating from nightmares.

Wes Craven's *A Nightmare on Elm Street*[1] is today regarded as an indisputable classic of the horror genre. However, compared to other milestones of modern horror like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*[2], *Halloween*[3] or *Friday the 13th*[4], the *Nightmare* series received relatively little academic attention. The success of the first

Nightmare prompted five sequels from various directors, followed by *New Nightmare*[5], *Freddy vs. Jason*[6], and a remake in 2010 (starring Jackie Earle Haley as Freddy Krueger - the first of the Nightmare franchise in which Krueger is not portrayed by Robert Englund).[7] An incredible amount of various Nightmare-connected merchandising ranging from Freddy's razor-blade glove for Halloween costumes, to cereals and board as well as computer games, testifies to the cult status it enjoys even today, almost thirty years after the original feature.

Isabel Cristina Pinedo classifies the pictures of the Nightmare on Elm Street series as postmodern – a category which, according to her, displays the following five characteristics:

1. Horror constitutes a violent disruption of the everyday world.

2. Horror transgresses and violates boundaries.

3. Horror throws into question the validity of rationality.

4. Postmodern horror repudiates narrative closure.

5. Horror produces a bounded experience of fear. [8]

Although the five sequels from the period between 1985 and 1991 lose many of the elements established in the original feature and stress or introduce others[9], all films of the Nightmare series have the elements named above in common. Furthermore, they introduce and shape an iconic villain, composed of the characteristics of various Gothic and modern horror monsters, and recognizable by his appearance: the garden glove with razors attached to its fingers, his red-and-green-striped sweater, a shabby hat (although in New Nightmare, Freddy's appearance is awkwardly new and stainless) and scarred face. On an acoustic level, Krueger is accompanied by a characteristic tune as well as a nursery rhyme about him, often sung by girls dressed in white, who are skipping rope or hopscotching.

By featuring heroes and heroines whose only way to fight the supernatural killer is to neglect sound judgement in order to accept the premise that they can be killed by someone in their nightmares, the series also questions ideals of rationality. Further, as has been often noted by others, the series plays with sexual taboos by hinting at (or sometimes bluntly stating) Krueger's paedophilia, at the same time demarcating him as a dominant father figure to his victims. As I have argued in detail elsewhere[10], part of the Nightmares' success results from various forms of disruptions reflected and deployed in the pictures, in particular the disruption of the discriminability of dream and reality. This topic touches upon a primordial ontological insecurity, frequently addressed in the history of philosophy from Plato to Zhuanghzi to René Descartes. Associated with this theme is the motif of the bed, whose representation in the two *Nightmares* directed by Wes Craven in 1984 and 1994 I am going to analyse in this paper. For this purpose, I will first consider scenes in which beds play a central role in *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, where the bed is turned into a symbol of horror and is established as a possible portal into the world of deadly nightmares. In the second section, I will turn to *New Nightmare*, where beds constitute an even more central motif as their function as an entry point to a different reality is focussed and emphasized. I will thus show how these two films address various fears connected to beds and sleep, for which the bed

becomes a symbol. These range from uncanny bedtime stories to notions of monsters coming after one in the dark, to the dangers of somnambulism as well as the production of horror films themselves out of nightmare contents, respectively as an alternative to the latter.

'1, 2, Freddy's coming for you': *A Nightmare on Elm Street* (1984)

A Nightmare on Elm Street (hereafter: *Nightmare 1*) is about a group of teenagers surrounding the main character Nancy (Heather Langenkamp) who are terrorized and slaughtered in their nightmares, by a killer later identified as Fred Krueger. Krueger, a paedophile child molester and murderer, has been torched alive by a mob of enraged parents living on Elm Street[11]. Apparently, he managed to somehow live on in their children's nightmares where he continues to terrorize them, also killing them in real life if he manages to do so in the teenagers' nightmares. Nancy, who figures as the Final Girl[12], becomes aware of Krueger's past life as well as of his present dream world-existence and eventually manages to bring him out of her dream into the real world where she first fights him with booby traps she has installed around the house, and then sets him on fire (once again). However, the picture's open ending leaves it unclear whether Freddy is actually defeated or not, or if Nancy falls victim to him (or perhaps to madness), by presenting another dream sequence featuring Krueger's return in the very end, after his supposed elimination by Nancy.

The very beginning of *Nightmare 1* is a sequence which is later revealed as a dream: After being chased by Freddy through his characteristic boiler room (or rather hall), we see Tina (Amanda Wyss) wake up in her bed, sweaty and scared, behind her a shadow reminiscing the Gothic horror of German expressionism, which will be referenced again in New Nightmare, when Freddy's razor-blade glove casts a long-fingered shadow similar to Graf Orlok's in *Nosferatu, a Symphony of Horror* .[13] Tina's mother enters to check on her daughter but fails to be of any assistance, instead pointing out that Tina's nightdress displays four slits across the stomach. However, Tina's mother instructs her to 'either cut your fingernails or [...] stop that kind o'dreaming' (00:04), immediately finding a rational explanation for the slit nightdress, namely her daughter clawing herself in her sleep. After her mother leaves, we see Tina somewhat superstitiously grabbing the crucifix from the wall and lying down again. She thus follows the advice given in a verse from the nursery rhyme accompanying Freddy Krueger: '5, 6, grab your crucifix,' which we subsequently hear when Tina's bedroom cross-fades into the characteristic white-clad girls skipping rope.

The second attack on Tina also occurs in a bed, but this time she and her boyfriend Rod sleep in her mother's bedroom when she is out of the house overnight. After having had intercourse and fallen asleep, the girl awakes from the sound of pebbles being tossed against the bedroom window, and gets up to look out. In the following sequence, she goes out into the garden and onto the street where she finally meets Krueger. Chased by him, she makes her way back to the house, and the two of them crash on a garden table when he attacks her right before she can enter the house. Then suddenly, we see Tina wrestling with her bed sheets from her bed that serve as mediators between this scene (which is only revealed as Tina's dream when Freddy appears) and reality. As we now see Rod waking up in the bed next to her, Tina screams and kicks in her sleep, struggling with Krueger under the sheets, who is visible only in Tina's nightmare but invisible to Rod when he jumps out of the bed and

pulls the cover off Tina (00:16). However, we soon learn that Freddy's nightmarish actions affect reality too, as he slashes open Tina's stomach – reproducing her slit nightdress from the scene discussed above, one level deeper, if one will. Finally, the girl is impaled by his claws and dragged up along the wall and to the ceiling, leaving a trail of blood before dropping down on the bed again and off it, on the floor, while her boyfriend is watching, paralyzed with fear.

Following Robin Wood's 'simple and obvious basic formula for the horror film: normality is threatened by the Monster,'[14] this sequence starts out with a notion of the bed as where teenagers have sex when their parents are not at home, and ends up representing the same bed as a place of violent slaughter and horror. Through Freddy's actions, the intimate retreat turns into a crime scene and the setting of Tina's dramatic death, while her boyfriend Rod turns from a lover into a murder suspect. Indeed, he gets arrested later and finds his own dramatic death in a prison cell, where a bed sheet animated by Krueger wraps itself around his neck, pulls him out of bed and hangs him, staging a suicide. Somewhat similar to Tina, Rod is thus killed by Freddy after going to sleep in a bed that is not his own, is violently dragged out of it and to the ceiling in his death throes (00:38).

While these beds are first shown as being common in the sense that they are used for repose and sleep, Nancy's beds seem to be haunted from the very beginning. When she stays over at Tina's house in the night of her murder, sleeping in her friend's bed, immediately after everybody goes to sleep, the crucifix, which has offered some kind of solace to the nightmare-plagued Tina before, falls off the wall. After that the wall above Nancy's bed (it is actually Tina's bed but Nancy sleeps in it in this scene) seems to turn into a membrane, through which Freddy tries to make his way into the bedroom: His head and hands press through it, stretching it like a rubber sheet (00:13). Nancy wakes up and knocks on the wall that has suddenly turned solid again under her scrutiny. After finding it on the floor, she replaces the crucifix – a gesture that apparently stops Freddy's attack, or rather directs him toward Tina. This scene suggests, however, (and this is elaborated later in the picture) that Freddy can penetrate the real world during someone's nightmare, the bed, or the space around it functioning as a gateway for him. Apparently his entrance can be prevented, the gate shut, so to speak, by a symbol of faith such as the crucifix.

At her first shown encounter with Freddy, Nancy falls asleep in school, and not in a bed at all (00:22-00:28) – which further suggests that her bed is not a singular space of relaxation but just one of many places in which she can (and does) sleep. She also falls asleep in the bathtub, which is subsequently turned into a deep lake by Freddy's dream-shaping powers (00:31-00:33). When we finally do see Nancy sleeping in her own bed, she has already gotten a sense of what is going on and uses the bed as a transitional space to deliberately enter Freddy's realm and look for him (00:36-00:40), instead of falling asleep because she cannot fight it and being surprised by the killer. Later, she does that again, this time succeeding in pulling him over into her real world-bed, which now serves as the starting point of a chase through the booby-trapped house (01:10-01:20). Here, the bed is first represented as a sort of portal to Freddy's world, which can at least be entered knowingly – though not necessarily exited by one's own will. Nancy experiences this in her first nightmare at school where she only manages to escape Freddy by making herself wake up by burning her arm on a hot pipe in his boiler room. Having considered the problem, Nancy finds a way to deliberately leave the dream world by setting an

alarm clock. She has to synchronize it with her dream experience of finding Freddy until the alarm rings and to grab him at exactly the right moment without him getting her first. Curiously, this seems to imply that time runs at the same pace within someone's dream as in reality: Nancy's wristwatch in her dream is synchronised with the alarm clock in her real bedroom. Thus, dreams in Nightmare appear very reality-like: without a distortion of time (at least not for the dreamers), without surrealist landscapes etc. Once she has brought the killer over to her world and attacked him, Krueger seeks revenge, setting Nancy's sleeping mother on fire (we remember that she was part of the mob who killed him, turning him into an undead dream phantom in the first place) who subsequently sinks into her bed, thus entering Freddy's world for good (and somewhat grotesquely waving goodbye to Nancy and her father as she does so). After her disappearance in the bed-portal, Freddy himself emerges out of the same bed, first stretching the sheet into Freddy-shape, similar to the wall above the bed in the scene mentioned above, then cutting through it and going after Nancy (00:82-00:84). Thus, the bed is once more identified with a gate into Krueger's world of nightmares: it is an entry as well as an exit point for the dreamer/victim and the killer alike – Freddy now explicitly coming out of the bed (without Nancy's mediation), and finding the sheet as his first obstacle.

Another interesting as well as iconic scene in which the bed is depicted in this function, is the one rendering Glen's (Johnny Depp) death (00:65) – though the passage works only one way for Glen who does not try to consciously enter or exit the dream world. As Pinedo writes, he 'lulls himself into a false sense of security. After all, he is home in bed, his parents are downstairs, and he is surrounded by stereo and television.' (Pinedo, p. 95). We find the teenager in his bed, falling asleep – despite Nancy's vehement warning 'Whatever you do, don't fall asleep!' (00:58), which she repeats ten years later to her son in *New Nightmare* (00:73) –, the TV set on his lap, which plays the US national anthem and announces the time before its picture and sound collapse into white noise after midnight. Similar to the idea staged in *Poltergeist*,[15] where ghosts emerge from the television set's white noise, as they seem to be transported through a canal in which there is no longer any information submitted, here, Fred Krueger emerges as soon as the white noise enters Glen's room at midnight. His red-and-green-striped arm reaches out of Glen's bed and violently pulls him into it. As soon as the boy can no longer be seen, the hole in his bed spouts a huge blood fountain up to the ceiling. Glen's body is thus dematerialized and turned into the equivalent of the television's white noise: a stream of blur which is yet, somehow, the essence of what was there before. Although there is no violence shown, this scene sticks to a viewer's memory as especially gruesome – perhaps in part because the sense of security and comfort suggested by the bed is so brutally disrupted.

In this scene, as well as in the scenes discussed above, the bed is, first, established as a direct gateway connecting waking reality and dream experience. In *Nightmare 1*'s horrific context it is definitively detached from positive connotations of repose and refuge as the bed as a safe space turns into a place of sudden and violent death. By blurring the boundaries between reality and dream, which is done by aesthetic and narrative means, as well by the fact that harm experienced in a dream affects the real person, *Nightmare 1* further draws our attention to the circumstance that the bed is where a profound ontological insecurity is established as dream and reality merge into one. We encounter this phenomenon in our everyday lives when an element out

of the real world gets implemented into a dream, for example the buzzer being transformed into a distant telephone that is not being picked up, or vice versa: When the dream reaches into reality it leaves a strong impression on the dreamer even after he or she has woken up. In any case, the bed is where the border between dream and reality becomes permeable, causing a profound Cartesian metaphysical problem. Finally, the concept of a hole in the bed acting as the gate to Freddy's world that is elaborated in *New Nightmare* is established here.

'9, 10, never sleep again': Wes Craven's New Nightmare (1994)

Ten years and five sequels (which were produced without Craven's participation except for *Nightmare 3 – Dream Warriors*,[16] which he co-scripted) after *Nightmare 1*, Wes Craven sets off to write another *Nightmare* and to add a final feature to the franchise. It turns out to be as much a remake of *Nightmare 1* as it is – or at least appears to be in hindsight – in many ways a preliminary study to the *Scream* series, which started two years later. Many of the iconic scenes from *Nightmare 1*, such as, among others, Freddy's tongue emerging out of Nancy's/Heather Langenkamp's telephone and licking her mouth, or her blonde friend/babysitter being dragged up along the wall and to the ceiling recur in this film along with various quotes from *Nightmare 1*. Moreover, the original *Nightmare* is often referred to as members of the original cast and crew now play themselves: for instance, Heather Langenkamp appearing as herself, a now mature actress who starred in a scary movie as a teenager, ten years earlier. *Nightmare 1* haunts the actress who does not want to have anything to do with the horror genre anymore and tries to keep her son Dylan (Miko Hughes) from watching her movie. Wes Craven plays the director of this horror film, who is now turning a series of nightmares he had into a movie script for a definitive film in the *Nightmare* series. Thus, the distinctive self-reflexivity later elaborated in the *Scream* series is anticipated as *New Nightmare* proves to be a scary movie about making scary movies (it also features telephone calls from a stalker with a Krueger-like voice who pretends to be – or perhaps really is – Freddy). In many ways, restaging the plot of the *Nightmare 1*, it is now Heather Langenkamp who has to face a Freddy-turned-real, striving to leave the realm of film and fantasy and to enter the real world.

Self-reflexively, *New Nightmare* foregrounds nightmares as a recurring motif: Dylan and Heather Langenkamp have them; Dylan's babysitter has nightmares about Freddy Krueger as well. While Heather turns her nightmares into fears that plague her everyday existence, Robert Englund expresses his nightmares in his oil paintings, one of which represents a 'darker, scarier' Fred Krueger than he himself was (00:46-00:48), and Wes Craven writes another horror script. In contrast to the other *Nightmare* films, which are mostly comprised of the characters' nightmares, *New Nightmare* shows us only several of the nightmares mentioned throughout the film (and only Heather's). Yet, the feature implies that they all dream about Freddy trying to get into the real world – a collective nightmare catalysed and written down by Wes, who thus fulfils Robin Wood's dictum about horror films being 'our collective nightmares' (Wood, p. 117). The bed is thus not only the place where nightmares are experienced but also where the stuff that horror films are made of originates. Eventually, that script turns into reality as John Saxon suddenly assumes the role of Nancy's father, which he played in the *Nightmare 1*, and leaves Heather Langenkamp no other choice than to play her own role, that of Nancy, and to face Freddy once again (01:23).

Although they all deal with the same horrors surrounding sleep and nightmares, neither the original *Nightmare* nor any of the sequels in between, stresses the motif of the bed as much as *New Nightmare* does. We frequently see the characters in their beds, whose function as a gate into Freddy's world is now emphasized and made more explicit. While in *Nightmare 1*, Nancy enters various basements to access Freddy's realm, in *New Nightmare*, the way there is almost always through beds, preferably those her son Dylan sleeps in.

Furthermore, this film introduces a new kind of dream-connected dread: sleepwalking. A motive very popular in gothic novels and Romantic narratives, it is represented here as dangerous and uncanny. It is Heather's son Dylan whose eerie somnambulistic experiences culminate in his crossing a heavily trafficked motorway in his sleep (01:21-01:22). Sometimes, the boy seems to be possessed by Krueger in his sleepwalking episodes, when he speaks with a deep and husky voice (01:10) or attaches kitchen knives to his fingers in imitation of Freddy's glove, with which he attacks his mother (00:50). He even watches *Nightmare 1* while sleepwalking, which is broadcast on a television set come to life, turning itself on without being plugged in (00:37-00:39, 01:25). In his essay 'Nightmare and the Horror Film: The Symbolic Biology of Fantastic Beings,' Noël Carroll argues that horror films 'may release some part of the tensions that would otherwise erupt in nightmares' and thus fulfil a valve function that prevents psychological tensions.[17] Carroll thus provides another link between the bed as the place of nightmares and horror film, introducing the idea that both might perform a similar function for the human psyche, whereas watching horror films might prevent one from having nightmares. Thus, it might be argued, it is a mistake of Heather's to not let her son watch *Nightmare 1*, which might have catalysed his fears before they turned into nightmares. By suppressing her past, she, moreover repeats the behaviour of Nancy's parents in *Nightmare 1*, who are reluctant to tell their children about their murderous raid on Krueger, even when Nancy asks about him and names him as her friends' murderer (00:44-00:45). Starring in Nightmare 1, thus appears as a kind of trauma of Heather's (also following her in the shape of the stalker who pretends to be Freddy) which she strives to conceal from her son but indirectly traumatises him through her silence instead – just as the parents in *Nightmare 1* let their children come to harm by not telling them about Krueger.

Dylan also screams and seems to have fits in his sleep, apparently resulting from terrible nightmares in which he is chased by Freddy. In 00:21 he repeatedly says 'Never sleep again,' the last line of the characteristic nursery rhyme established in the first *Nightmare* and recurring as a signifier of Freddy Krueger's presence throughout the series. Moreover, Dylan also – typically for a somnambulist – apparently gets frightened or in some way shocked when he is awoken from his sleepwalking by his mother and starts screaming each time this happens (00:38, 00:51). During the telephone scene, a homage to the famous scene from Nightmare 1, the child even seems to be mysteriously connected to the telephone out of which Freddy's tongue emerges, when the same vesicating saliva emerges from his mouth and from the telephone at the same time. Even before that, the technical medium merges with a spiritualistic one when Dylan writes the words 'answer the phone,' puzzled together from single letters Heather received from her terrorizing stalker, right before the phone rings. When she picks it up, Heather finds that it is Freddy – or her stalker pretending to be him, if he indeed exists – on the phone. Here, telephone and child turn into spiritualistic media, the former establishing contact to another world instead of another phone set, and the latter mimicking the phone's supernatural behaviour by spitting

Freddy-saliva (in the place of ectoplasm), which has supposedly emerged from this very other world that was contacted by the phone. The uncanny state of somnambulism, which is of course linked to sleep, is thus staged in its most eerie and shocking way, presenting the boy mysteriously connected to the supernatural force, the realm of the dead and displaying a behaviour which is dangerous for him as well as for others.

However important technical media such as the telephone and the television set might be in serving Freddy's entry into the 'real' world, Dylan's bed figures more prominently in this regard. In the very first sequence, apparently a remake of *Nightmare 1* is being shot on a film set (the scene replays exactly the beginning of *Nightmare 1*: Freddy manufacturing his murder weapon), when a special effect, a mechanical Freddy claw, goes wild and starts attacking the crew. Dylan runs off and sits on a prop bed, only then to immediately disappear from it when his mother's view on him is blocked (00:04). Similar to *Nightmare 1*, these events are subsequently revealed as taking place in a nightmare of Heather Langenkamp's when we see her awakening from it. Moreover, we are immediately placed in her and her husband's as well as their son's beds, where all of them wake up during an earthquake and his parents then rush over to Dylan to shield him with their bodies (00:05). Thus, already in the very beginning, the bed is introduced as a central motif as well as a place in which the film's action is set, at the same time being marked as uncanny: it is where you wake up from nightmares only to find yourself and/or your loved ones in danger.

In contrast, we see the bed represented as a place of familial togetherness, in another scene, when Heather Langenkamp reads a fairy tale – the Grimm brothers' *Hansel and Gretel*, which will be referenced several times throughout the picture – to Dylan in his bed, accompanied by another optical medium which, unlike the television set, receives a positive connotation: a magic lantern displaying rotating, colourful dinosaurs (00:24-00:25). The fairy tale's brutality and the mother's resulting reluctance to finish its reading, point to inappropriate bedtime stories leaving children scared and unable to go to sleep, and quickly overshadow the intimate familial situation. Dylan eventually reveals to his mother that 'the mean old man with the claws' tries to come out of his bed and that his plush dinosaur, Rex, 'keeps him down there,' in his function of Dylan's 'guard' (00:26-00:27). It thus becomes explicit that the bed again figures as a direct gate into another world, into Freddy Krueger's world of nightmares, who, as it turns out, and as Wes Craven himself explains (00:59-00:61), never was merely a fictive character but is an archetype of evil itself that can be temporarily captured if shaped into various fictive incorporations such as Freddy Krueger or the wicked witch from the Grimm brothers' fairy tales. As Joseph Maddrey pointed out, 'fictional films, *New Nightmare* suggests, allow us to cope with the existence of such monsters.'[18] It is this primal fear turned into an archetype that is strongly linked to the bed in *New Nightmare*; the evil monster hiding under the bed, or emerging from it, cutting through Heather's bed sheet (00:49), or crawling out of a hole which appears in Dylan's bed after his mother has left the room. In another scene, the archetypal Freddy literally comes out of the closet and subsequently lands on Heather Langenkamp's bed to wrestle with her (00:65), reminding us of his dubious sexual connotation established in *Nightmare 1* and preserved throughout the series.

The bed thus turns into a place of horror; Dylan's bed in the hospital appears as a trap, when he is first encased inside a latticed bedstead, and later under an oxygen tent, literally wrapped in plastic. It is a recurring theme in

the *Nightmare* series that Freddy-fearing children do their best to stay awake as long as possible, while adults sabotage their efforts. Occasionally, parents even facilitate their children's death by secretly administering sleeping pills (for instance, Kristen's mother gets her killed by this procedure in *A Nightmare on Elm Street 4 – The Dream Master*[19]). In contrast, in *New Nightmare*, it is Heather Langenkamp/Nancy – the exceptional mother who knows what kind of evil is after her child – who keeps drinking coffee (as opposed to the alcohol Nancy's mother is constantly drinking in *Nightmare 1*, which has a sleep-inducing instead of a stimulating effect) and at some point strives to keep her son awake, while the nurses in the hospital endanger Dylan by trying to put him to sleep at all costs. However, considering that sleep is potentially deadly in a world inhabited by Krueger, the hospital bed quickly loses its comforting function as a space where one can recover and get well again and is further charged with negative connotations.

Down the Rabbit Hole

During her husband's funeral in *New Nightmare*, Heather apparently passes out and experiences a dream/vision in which the casket falls open due to an earthquake taking place (or possibly being part of Heather's subjective experience as well) and she sees Dylan being dragged into a hole in the casket by Freddy. When she jumps after him and gets him out, her husband's corpse suddenly comes to life and – as an agent of Freddy's – tells her to stay with him, i.e. to die (00:36-00:38). Here, the entrance to Freddy's realm leads past the place of the dead father's eternal sleep (which is what Freddy always aims to give to his victims) and apparently into the earth below. As mentioned above, children's literature, especially fairy tales are referenced in *New Nightmare*, for instance in the scene after Dylan's disappearance when his mother discovers that he, re-enacting *Hansel and Gretel*, left her a trail to follow – one of sleeping pills instead of bread crumbs (01:26-01:28). After swallowing these, Heather discovers a tunnel in Dylan's bed, under the covers, similar to the one in her husband's casket. She climbs inside it and soon finds herself sliding and then falling until she lands inside a water basin (01:29). Moreover, Heather's journey through the hole in the bed to a fantastic as well as eerie land is reminiscent of another piece of children's literature, Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*:

> In another moment down went Alice after it [the rabbit], never once considering how in the world she was to get out again. The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well. [20]

Like Carroll's Alice, Heather climbs into a bed, here figuring as an equivalent to the rabbit hole which then turns out to contain a long tunnel. Furthermore, she, too, has to digest something to get into the right condition for that journey, just as Alice often eats or drinks something in Wonderland in order to change her size, for instance when she eats a cake to become smaller and subsequently find herself in the pool of tears, similar to Heather's rough landing in a pool of water. Lewis Carroll's Wonderland as well as its inhabitants often appear rather nightmarish, disconcerting and uncanny – a quality which is stressed in several of its adaptations, for instance in Jan Švankmajer's *Alice*, and others.[21] Finally, at the end of the narrative, we see Alice wake up, without her explicitly having falling asleep in the beginning. It is only this later event that reveals her

adventures in Wonderland to have been a dream – a narrative device which is often applied in the *Nightmare* series as well, and which causes the ontological uncertainty it confronts us with:

> 'He's dreaming now,' said Tweedledee: 'and what do you think he's dreaming about?'
>
> Alice said 'Nobody can guess that.'
>
> 'Why, about YOU!' Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly.
>
> 'And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?'
>
> 'Where I am now, of course,' said Alice.
>
> 'Not you!' Tweedledee retorted contemptuously.
>
> 'You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream!'
>
> 'If that there King was to wake,' added Tweedledum, 'you'd go out – bang! – just like a candle!'[22]

In this essay, I have shown how the bed is given a new interpretation in Wes Craven's horror films, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, and *New Nightmare*, where it is detached from positive connotations as a place of repose and safety and charged with images of horror and violence. As the entry point into the realm of dreams, or in this case, nightmares, it is connected to a mortal danger for its occupants, who are chased and killed in their nightmares by Fred Krueger. Moreover, he can even use the bed to exit the world of dreams and enter reality, while at the same time, the dreamers can learn to willingly enter his world (and even to bring him out of it). The bed thus also turns into the starting point of an adventure, during which the dreamers can defeat the killer, or possibly turn into his victims. While the idea of the bed functioning as a gateway into Krueger's land of horrors is only hinted at in *Nightmare 1*, *New Nightmare* elaborates on it, literally revealing a tunnel under the bedcovers, thus in a way aligning *Nightmare* with *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. In the *Nightmare* series, dream and reality are often difficult or impossible to tell apart – for the viewers as well as for the characters inside the diegesis. The films thus hint at a problem philosophy has been linking to dreaming for centuries – the difficulty to distinguish the two states of existence and to decide which of the two is 'real,' or perhaps 'more real' than the other. In the *Nightmare* series, this border is often blurred as the teenagers' nightmares often appear to be no less 'real' than their waking existence, sometimes the former are even more exciting and adventurous than the latter (especially in the sequels). *New Nightmare* in particular reflects on the production of horror films themselves, as it, first, revolves around characters involved in film production and, second, depicts horror plots as (at least sometimes) originating from nightmares.

References / Notes

1   Dir. by Wes Craven, New Line Cinema (1984)

2   Dir. by Tobe Hooper, Vortex (1974)

3   Dir. by John Carpenter, Compass International Pictures and Falcon International Productions (1978)

4   Dir. by Sean S. Cunningham, Paramount Pictures et al., (1980)

5   Dir. by Wes Craven, New Line Cinema (1994)

6   Dir. by Ronny Yu, New Line Cinema et al. (2003)

7   Dir. by Samuel Bayer, New Line Cinema et al. (2010)

8   Isabel Cristina Pinedo, 'Postmodern Elements of the Contemporary Horror Film,' in: *The Horror Film*, ed. by Stephen Prince (New Brunswick: Rutgers, 2004), 85–117 (pp. 90-91).

9   Especially striking is the circumstance that from *A Nightmare on Elm Street 4 – The Dream Master* (dir. by Renny Harlin, New Line Cinema, 1988) on, Freddy Krueger turns into a blabbing, tough-talking trickster.

10   In *Gestörter Film. Wes Craven's A Nightmare on Elm Street* (Darmstadt: Büchner, 2012).

11   The Elm Street references the great US trauma of the 60s: President John F. Kennedy being assassinated on Elm Street in Dallas, Texas on November 22nd 1963.

12   The Final Girl, a concept elaborated by Carol J. Clover, is the last survivor in the slasher genre, usually a sexually inactive, somewhat masculinized girl who fights the killer with resourceful wit, not being afraid to use violence against him. See for instance Carol J. Clover,' Her Body Himself. Gender in the Slasher Film,' *Representations* 20 (1987), 187–228.

13   Original title: *Nosferatu, eine Symphonie des Grauens*, dir. by F. W. Murnau, Jofa-Atelier Berlin-Johannisthal and Prana-Film GmbH (1922)

14   Robin Wood, 'An Introduction to the American Horror Film,' in: *Planks of Reason. Essays on the Horror Film*, ed. by. Barry Keith Grant and Christopher Sharrett (Lanham et al.: Scarecrow Press, 2004), 107-141 (p. 117).

15   Dir. by Tobe Hooper, MGM et al. (1982)

16   Dir. by Chuck Russell, New Line Cinema (1987)

17   Noël Carroll, 'Nightmare and the Horror Film: The Symbolic Biology of Fantastic Beings,' in: *Film Quarterly* 34/3 (1981), 16-25, p. 24.

18   Joseph Maddrey, *Nightmares in Red, White and Blue. The Evolution of the American Horror Film.* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co., 2005), p. 85.

19   Dir. by Renny Harlin, New Line Cinema (1988)

20   Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (London: Penguin, 1994), p. 12.

21   Original title: *Něco z Alenky*, dir. by Jan Švankmajer, Channel Four Films et al. (1988)

22   Lewis Carroll, 'Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There,' in *The Annotated Alice*, ed. by Martin Gardner (London: Penguin, 2001), 133-288 (pp. 197-198).

'THEN DRAW THE CURTAINES AGAINE': THE STRANGE CASE OF GOOD DUKE HUMPHREY (OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY VI, PART TWO)

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ABSTRACT

The image of a sleeping character on stage had a special dramatic significance for mediaeval and early-modern playwrights and audiences, often playing a crucial rôle in the dramaturgical plane of the play in question. William Shakespeare seems to have been particularly fond of this trope, having used it numerous times throughout his dramatic career. The present paper discusses the very first instance of the topos in Shakespeare's canon – the murder of Duke Humphrey in his bed in 2 Henry VI. Special attention is paid to two distinct versions of the scene (Quarto and Folio), whose relationship has not been unanimously agreed upon by literary criticism. The author argues that, while the Quarto version seems to be the original work of early Shakespeare, the Folio variant is dramatically superior and more consistent with the use of the topos in Shakespeare's later – and more mature – works.

When, at the beginning of the last scene of *Othello*, the eponymous protagonist, with a lamp in his hand, approaches the bed in his own bedroom and draws back its curtain, he stays petrified for a moment and the dramatic action of the play temporarily ceases. He had expected – even desired – to find what he has just found, yet the view fills him with almost sacred awe and makes him once more question the intention with which he came. The flow of dramatic time has, as it were, stopped, and the audience is left to observe how Othello, having exchanged rage for scopophilic lust, observes his wife (and victim-to-be), Desdemona. The inner dilemma which Othello has to resolve within the limited space of twenty-two lines of his soliloquy (and Desdemona's sleep) is no less grave than the dilemma pervading the entire plot of the play: the way from 'Yet I'll not shed her blood' (V.2.3) to 'Yet she must die' (V.2.6) is just as arduous as the way from the affectionate 'Excellent wretch' (III.3.91) to the hateful 'lewd minx' (III.3.478), as he calls Desdemona at various stages of the 'temptation scene,' the longest scene of the piece.[1] The beginning of the bedroom scene, therefore, becomes a means of re-enacting the whole conflict of the play before it can finally be resolved. When Othello finally announces that

'She wakes' (v.3.22) and is forced to make the decision, the almost unbearable suspense is relieved by a long-protracted crime, followed by an immediate punishment. The scene of Othello standing, as if forever, over the bed with his sleeping potential victim is arguably one of the most delicately powerful dramatic situations in Shakespeare's entire canon.

The power of the image of a sleeping character on stage has been repeatedly acknowledged.[2] David Bevington has traced the origins of the effective use of the topos in Western dramatic genres to mediaeval religious plays, with the twelfth-century dramatizations of the dream of the Three Magi (based on Matthew 2. 12) being one of the earliest instances (see Bevington, pp. 54–56).[3] Shakespeare favoured this device, having deployed it numerous times throughout his dramatic career. Othello's observing the beauty of his sleeping wife, whom he is about to strangle to death (Othello, V.2); Giacomo's nocturnal venture in the bedroom of Imogen, whom the former seeks to incriminate in the eyes of her husband, Posthumus (*Cymbeline*, II.2); the murder of Old Hamlet in his sleep, re-enacted before King Claudius as an accusation of his crime (*Hamlet*, III.2); the represented angelic dream of the wronged Queen Katherine (or rather the Princess Dowager at that point) on her deathbed (*Henry VIII*, IV.2); the final misunderstanding between King Henry IV and Prince Henry, caused by the Prince's wrong evaluation of the nature of his father's sleep (*2 Henry IV*, IV.3); and the procession of eleven ghosts, who pass their judgements upon the sleeping King Richard III and the Earl of Richmond before the decisive Battle of Bosworth Field (*Richard III*, V.5), are just a few examples. Moreover, in the early 1600s, there was a wave of Jacobean plays containing dramaturgically important scenes with a sleeper at their centre, including Barnabe Barnes's *The Devil's Charter* (1607), Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy* (1608–11), *The Valiant Welshman* (before 1615) of dubious authorship, and the Beaumont and Fletcher apocrypha *The Faithful Friends* (between 1604 and 1626). Interestingly enough, all these plays are, in one way or another, connected with the King's Men, Shakespeare's theatrical company.[4]

Perhaps the most intriguing example of a Shakespearian sleeper is, however, the original. It is to be found in what is most probably Shakespeare's earliest history (if not his earliest play at all), *Henry VI, Part Two*, and its merit lies not only in its capacity to foreshadow the employment of one of the playwright's favourite tropes in his later works, but also (as shall become obvious from the following discussion) to give us a valuable insight into the development of early Elizabethan staging practices and the manner in which this development was reflected by the dramatic texts of the period.

The play which modern audiences know simply as *Henry VI, Part Two* (or *2 Henry VI* for short) was first published anonymously by the London stationer Thomas Millington in 1594 as *The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne.* The opulent title, which foregrounded the most popular events of the plot and served mainly as an advertisement for the potential buyers of the printed book, remained unchanged for the second edition of the piece, published by Millington in 1600. In 1619, the play was printed once again (by Thomas Pavier), this time in a volume together with *Henry VI, Part Three* (the First Octavo published by Millington in 1595), under the general title, *The Whole Contention*

betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. In this third edition, which for the first time bore Shakespeare's name as the author, the text also had its own separate title *The first part of the Contention of the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humfrey.* Finally, in 1623, the play was printed in the so-called First Folio of Shakespeare as *The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Hvmfrey.*

Of all the plot details mentioned in the sometimes more, sometimes less descriptive titles, only one survived the play's almost thirty-year-long publication history: the death of Humphrey of Lancaster, the first Duke of Gloucester. Since the story of Humphrey's downfall and its consequences transcends the space of just one play, marking a turning point of the entire historical tetralogy, it is only logical that this episode is especially foregrounded on the work's title-pages as the principal attraction. How the event itself was staged, and whether the play's original audiences were given an opportunity to witness it at all (like in the cases of Othello and others), however, remains uncertain.

The Quarto[5] gives us a broad image of what the death scene was perhaps originally supposed to look like by means of a short stage direction at the beginning of Scene 10: 'Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discouered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.' The situation then continues in a short dialogue between the Duke of Suffolk and the murderers:

> *Suffolk.* How now sirs, what haue you dispatch him?
>
> *One.* I my lord, hees dead I warrant you.
>
> *Suffolke.* Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,
>
> That when the King comes, he may perceiue
>
> No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.
>
> *2.* All things is handsome now my Lord.
>
> *Suffolke.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,
>
> And you shall haue your firme reward anon.
>
> *Exet* murtherers.[6]

The parallel scene in F1 (traditionally numbered as III.2) gives a somewhat different account of the same event. The Duke's death takes place off stage and the audience only learns about the crime from the subsequent dialogue:

> *Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.*

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know

    We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?

    Didst euer heare a man so penitent?   *Enter Suffolke.*

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,

    I will reward you for this venturous deed:

    The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

    Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,

    According as I gaue direction?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone.   *Exeunt.*[7]

Although both versions agree in the main point – that is, that the Duke was smothered in his sleep in his own bed, in a manner not so dissimilar from Desdemona's fate – the difference between both the spoken and unspoken material of the two readings is simply too big to be overlooked or explained away as a corruption in the transmission of the text, especially if it points at a different scenic solution in each case. The question of the relationship between the two variants of this early sleeping scene in Shakespeare's dramatic canon and their (in)authenticity is therefore crucial not only for our understanding of the function of the motif in this specific play, but also in the context of its employment in Shakespeare's later dramatic works. For this reason, before passing any judgement upon the scene and its connection with similar dramatic situations in other plays, we should first attempt to reconstruct its original form.

At first, the problem does not seem to have a clear solution. In spite of the fact that the permissive stage direction of the Folio 'Enter two or three' could indicate an authorial concept, while the Quarto's unambiguous 'two men lying on his brest' might represent a stage text, it would be too bold to draw from this any conclusions concerning the genesis and stage history of both variants. Arthur Freeman expressed the opinion that the Folio text is a later revision written for a theatre which lacked a discovery-space, since the stage during Scenes 10 and 11 of the Quarto is horizontally divided by a curtain, whereas the parallel III.2 and III.3 of F1 are clearly intended for a homogenous playing space.[8] This would mean that Shakespeare might have been the author of both versions, or, at least, the Quarto one, which would then have a primacy in terms of composition over the Folio text. Claire Saunders, on the other hand, suggests that the Quarto version of the scene is only a popular adaptation of the originally intended staging (which is preserved by the Folio text), drawing upon successful murder scenes in such plays as Christopher Marlowe's *Edward II* (c. 1592) and the anonymous *Thomas of Woodstock* (early-1590s) to increase the appeal of the production with the audience.[9] This assertion suggests that the Quarto goes against the original authorial plan and raises the question of its authorship, whereas the authenticity of the Folio text is corroborated.

The lack of a critical consensus concerning the character and origin of the two variants can be seen in the execution of the situation (that is, whether Duke Humphrey is present in his bed on the stage or not) in modern editions, which is not standardised and varies according to the choice of each individual editor. There had long been a tendency to consider the Folio version as the sole reading for modern editions. H. C. Hart's first Arden edition of *2 Henry VI* (1909), for instance, lets the murder happen off stage and only contains the Folio variant of the dialogue, introduced by the stage direction 'A room of state. Enter certain Murderers, hastily.' John Dover Wilson was the first to take the Quarto text into consideration for his Cambridge Shakespeare edition (1952). His reading preserves the Folio scenography and dialogue between the murderers and Suffolk, but at the same time makes use of the Quarto's curtains, creating an unseen bedroom, possibly with the mimorum aedes at the back of the stage in mind: 'A room of state, with curtains at the back concealing a room beyond. Enter certain Murderers, hastily, from behind the curtains.' Although Michael Hattaway's *New Cambridge Shakespeare* edition of the play (1991) does not adopt this solution and reprints the original Folio stage direction, Dover Wilson's decision opened a question as to whether the Quarto and Folio texts do not in fact represent – in an incomplete or corrupted form – one common version of the scene which would contain material from both readings. This possibility is further explored in the influential second edition of the *Oxford Shakespeare* (1986),[10] which uses the textual portion of the First Folio, to which it prefixes the murder of Duke Humphrey in the audience's view as suggested by the Quarto.

Probably the most coherent theory explaining the discrepancy between the two ways of staging the scene is offered by the theatre historian Milan Lukeš in his study of Shakespeare's 'bad quartos.' Similarly to Freeman, Lukeš notes that the Quarto version of the play calls for a horizontal division of the playing space in Scenes 10 (the death of the Duke of Gloucester) and 11 (the death of Cardinal Beaufort), but also for a vertical division in Scene 4, showing Duchess Eleanor conjuring spirits in order to learn about the future of the King and lords from his circle. Whereas, in the Folio text, Eleanor in this scene enters in the course of the action 'aloft' (*Comedies, Histories and Tragedies*, sig. M5r), in the Quarto version, she enters the main stage with the rest of the characters at the beginning of the scene, only to climb a moment later on 'the Tower' from where she will watch the ceremony (*The First Part of the Contention*, sig. B4v). According to Lukeš, 'the Tower' in the Quarto refers to the name of the stage property, a scenic structure (a mansion) with a small interior inside, separated from the main stage by a curtain. When 'active,' the mansion typically served as a prison cell (i.e., the Tower of London – hence the name) or a bedroom and thus allowed heterogeneous, simultaneous action on the stage, whereas, when 'inactive' (with the curtain drawn), it was used as the upper staging plane.[11] This supposition is indirectly supported by Alan C. Dessen and Leslie Thomson, in *A Dictionary of Stage Directions in English Drama, 1580–1642*, which explains that the term 'Tower' was, apart from its fictional meaning, 'used occasionally to designate the platform above the main level of the stage.'[12] Lukeš argues that similar discovery-spaces were a usual staging practice in earlier phases of early-modern English drama (as another example, he mentions Henslowe's 'the sittie of Rome' from the March 1598 inventory of the properties of the Admiral's Men; see Lukeš, p. 65)[13] and that the technical designation of the property penetrated the theatrical text in a similar manner to the way in which real names of minor actors used to find their way into lists of fictitious *dramatis personae.*[14]

Besides this purely technical rôle of the mansion, the structure also used to have a highly symbolical value, to which early-modern audiences were sensitive: since the King's throne traditionally used to be situated above the main level of the stage, it is, Lukeš argues, possible that it was placed on the top of the Tower, meaning the mansion. The ending of the *Henry VI* trilogy would therefore show the coronation of Edward IV immediately above the place where King Henry VI was murdered in the previous scene (*3 Henry VI* V.6 and V.7).[15] Although Lukeš admits that this possibility is only hypothetical, he maintains that this scenographic practice would have been in accordance with the fundamentals of Elizabethan staging.[16]

If *The First Part of the Contention* really makes systematic use of a mansion, as Lukeš argues, the realisation of Scene 10 of the play would be as follows: 1) the curtains are closed and the playing space is homogenous; 2) the curtains are drawn apart, the function of the mansion is activated and the stage is horizontally divided into Duke Humphrey's bedroom and an undefined adjoining room (possibly a common room or a hallway); 3) the murder takes place in the bedroom, followed by a conversation between the murderers and Suffolk; 4) the curtains are closed again, the bedroom is deactivated, the murderers exit and Suffolk remains on the again undivided platform, waiting for the arrival of the King and others.

A significant aspect of this form of staging is the direct visual connection of the Duke of Gloucester's murder and the death of Cardinal Beaufort in the following scene, which is clearly presented as a punishment for (among other sins) Humphrey's assassination. The Cardinal's agony would have been shown in the same 'bedroom' with the same bed – the stage direction reads: 'Enter King and *Salsbury*, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde' (*The First part of the Contention*, sig. F1ᵛ [original italics]). This strengthens the link between two events of the plot: the cause and the consequence, or, in other words, the crime and the punishment. We can therefore observe a form of dramatic irony similar to the kind mentioned by Lukeš when he talks about changing places above and below, realised by means of similar scenographic devices.

Probably in the mid- or late-1590s, however, the use of mansions on the stage was abandoned and, with their disappearance, plays used horizontal and vertical divisions of the playing space less often. According to Richard Hosley's statistics, all of Shakespeare's plays that require the upper plane more than once were written by 1595 (perhaps with the exception of *King John*, which might have been composed slightly later) and, interestingly enough, all that require it more than twice are somehow historically connected with Pembroke's or Strange's Men[17] While staging on the upper playing space was still possible (simply making use of either one of the galleries or the balcony over the main platform), the inner playing space posed a problem which had to be solved by more radical retouches if the theatrical text was to be produced under new staging conditions.[18] This explains why, in the conjuring scene of the Folio version of *2 Henry VI*, Duchess Eleanor enters the stage later and directly above, since climbing on the gallery would require too much playing time. It is also the reason why the iconic representation of Duke Humphrey's bedroom in III.2, present on the stage simultaneously with another room of the same house, was in F1 replaced by an indexical representation of the chamber by a bed which, when the fictional place changed, had to be put forth and back.[19]

Whereas we might, at the moment, tentatively conclude that the Quarto staging looks distinctively older than the Folio version and that there is no reason to doubt Shakespeare's authorship (or, to be safe, the authorship of the author, or one of the authors, of the whole of the original text), the case of the authorial origins of the revised version is slightly more complicated.

The opening stage direction of Scene 25 of the Octavo of *3 Henry VI* (showing the murder of King Henry VI by Richard of Gloucester) – a text staged around the same time as the Quarto of *2 Henry VI* – reads: 'Enter *Gloster* to king *Henry* in the Tower.'[20] From the content of the scene, it is clear that Henry is in his prison cell, where he is approached by Richard, so we might expect staging similar in form to Duke Humphrey's bedroom in the previous play (with the bed, of course, replaced in this case). When discharging the discontinued scenography, the Folio version of the play, however, replaced the stage direction with the rather bizarre '*Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles*' (*Comedies, Histories and Tragedies*, sig. Q4ʳ [original italics]). The correct meaning of 'the Tower' (the prison cell in the Tower or some other small interior) was obviously, in the revision process, replaced by the wrong of the two possibilities in this context – that is, the upper plane of the stage, whatever it might now be with the absence of the mansion. Since it is hardly conceivable that the original author would make such an obvious mistake, the question arises as to whether the dramatist had any word in the final shape of the play and to what extent we can, having previously established the authenticity of the Quarto reading, rely upon the Folio variant of the murder scene in *2 Henry VI* at all. In order to try and answer this question, we therefore have to examine both versions of the dialogue between the murderers and the Duke of Suffolk as well.

Moving from the unspoken portion of the situation to the spoken one, we immediately note several interesting differences between the two versions of Duke Humphrey's murder. In the Quarto reading, the conversation following the murder is shorter than the Folio equivalent by almost a half (the textual ratio Q:F is 8:14 lines). The murderers' share in the exchange is, in Q, limited to a frugal announcement of Duke Humphrey's death, which, after Suffolk's instruction to tidy the bed with the corpse, is followed by an equally brief answer that the command has been executed. Although the scenic direction is missing, we might assume from the context and from the fact that the conversation is taking place over the Duke of Gloucester's dead body that the tidying of the bed by one of the murderers happens in the audience's view as well. The rôle of the assassins is therefore purely instrumental, adding little to the atmosphere of the scene.

In the Folio text, although the murderers' rôle still remains a minor one, several notable details are added. First of all, the second murderer shows regret – a topos to which Shakespeare returned several times in his later works: when Othello realises that he was tricked by Iago into killing an innocent, he desperately cries out, 'O cursèd, cursèd slave! / Whip me, ye devils, / From the possession of this heavenly sight' (V.2.283–85); when, in *Richard III*, the hired murderers assassinate the Duke of Clarence, sleeping in the Tower, one of the cut-throats immediately starts regretting what has just been done: 'A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched! / How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands / Of this most grievous, guilty murder done' (I.4.266–68); when, in the same play, Tyrrell gives the audience a detailed account of the murder of the little princes in their beds, he says about

the murderers that, 'Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,' they 'Melted with tenderness and mild compassion, / Wept like two children in their [*i.e.*, the princes'] deaths' sad story' (iv.3.6–8); when, in *Macbeth*, the play's eponymous protagonist murders the sleeping King Duncan, he is so shattered by the deed that he refuses to return to the place to kill the King's companions as well, claiming that 'I am afraid to think what I have done, / Look on't again I dare not' (II.2.49f). The Folio's emotional response of one of Suffolk's murderers to the crime thus, on the one hand, gives some insight into the man's mind and moves him slightly from a mere structural device to a real character, but, more importantly, also informs the audience how terrible the sight must have been to disturb a professional killer. From the Duke of Suffolk's question 'Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well, / According as I gaue direction?' and the first murderer's prompt answer ''Tis, my good Lord' it is obvious that the murder took place off stage and what the audience is getting is a verbal tableau of the situation which the spectators have not had the opportunity to see for themselves.[21] In this respect, the additional information about the emotional impact, which the scene is supposed to evoke, becomes highly significant.

Secondly, the same murderer feels the need to mention that, when dying, Duke Humphrey was more penitent than any man he had ever seen. Again, we might find numerous explicit affirmations of the sleeping victims' piousness and innocence in later Shakespeare plays; here, however, the remark is primarily important in the context of the later death of the Cardinal. At the end of the scene with Humphrey's murder (staged or reported), a messenger enters to inform the Queen that 'Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death. / For suddenly a grievous sickness took him' (III.2.373f), adding that he is in agony, 'Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth. / Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost / Were by his side' (ll. 376–78). When, in the following scene, the King attends his deathbed, he comments upon the Cardinal's state: 'what a sign it is of evil life / Where death's approach is seen so terrible' (III.3.5f). Then the Cardinal has another fit, thinking that he is speaking to Death about the Duke:

> *Cardinal Beaufort.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
>   Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
>   Can I make men live, whe'er they will or no?
>   O, torture me no more – I will confess.
>   Alive again? Then show me where he is.
>   I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
>   He hath no eyes! The dust hath blinded them.
>   Comb down his hair – look, look: it stands upright,
>   Like lime twigs set to catch my wingèd soul.
>   Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
>   Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
>   (III.3.8–18)

Having heard this, the King addresses the Cardinal, asking him 'Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st of heavenly bliss, / Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope' (ll. 27f). Beaufort, however, dies without making a sign. Herbert Geisen stresses that the Cardinal's mode of dying and his failure to ask God for forgiveness underline the work of conscience, which in his case, however, does not awake repentance but rather the desperation of the guilty person and serves the purposes of divine retribution.[22] Beaufort's last moments summarise his past evil deeds and confirm his severance from God, upon which the Earl of Warwick's judgment follows: 'So bad a death argues a monstrous life' (l. 30).

Instead of the rather crude visual attempt to connect the two events by staging them in the same bed, as seen in the Quarto, the Folio text uses a different dramaturgical strategy. Partly by means of a verbal description, partly by means of actual scenic presentation, the Folio juxtaposes two very different deaths of characters who are presented, not only as arch-enemies from the very first scene of the first part of the trilogy,[23] but also representatives of two opposite political camps. Duke Humphrey had always been loyal to the King and had several times proved his virtuousness, whereas Cardinal Beaufort, one of the chief machinators against the King's authority, had betrayed the fundamentals of his post. Although the first of the deaths is not directly staged in F1, its circumstances and the impression conveyed by one of the murderers' words are powerful enough to prompt the theatre attendees to create a mental image of a peacefully sleeping figure, oblivious to any danger, being approached by a pair of cut-throats and, despite the reluctance of at least one of them, subsequently smothered. Moreover, unlike the Quarto version, F1 offers a posthumous image of the Duke of Gloucester as a pure character, making the commons' riot at the end of the scene – provoked by the good duke's death – more understandable. In contrast, the Cardinal's waking nightmares – at first only reported, but shortly after shown on the stage – clearly bear witness to his crimes and are presented as a rightful punishment. Since both events are introduced within a short period of playing time, it seems dramatically more sensitive to stage only the second one, especially when the Cardinal's death marks the climactic scene at the end of the third act, dividing the play into two distinct movements.[24]

From the present analysis, we might draw several conclusions. First, both versions of Duke Humphrey's murder can be considered as authentic, in the sense that neither of them contradicts the author's dramaturgical plan, being a hasty, occasional or popular revision. The Quarto represents an older form of the scene, making use of a scenographic device which became obsolete in the mid-1590s and abandoned by Elizabethan playwrights. When adapting the play for new staging conditions, the dramatist, however, decided not only to discard the old scenography, but also add an emotional element to the dramatic situation, which provokes a strong response on the part of the audience and which became the focus of Shakespeare's later works. In this respect, we might consider the Folio reading as dramatically superior, written by a more mature hand, with a clear dramaturgical plan in mind. In the light of the revised version's use of motifs and techniques which are consistent with later plays by Shakespeare, we might also be reasonably sure that, unlike the revision of the staging of King Henry VI's death in the third part of the trilogy, the later version of Duke Humphrey's murder was most probably begotten by the original play's author himself.

References / Notes

1   If not indicated otherwise, references to Shakespeare's plays are drawn from *The Oxford Shakespeare*, 2nd ed., gen. ed. Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006).

2   David Bevington, 'Asleep Onstage,' in *From Page to Performance: Essays in Early English Drama*, ed. by John A. Alford (East Lansing, MI: Michigan State University Press, 1995), pp. 51–83; and David Roberts, 'Sleeping Beauties: Shakespeare, Sleep and the Stage,' *The Cambridge Quarterly*, 35 (2006), 231–54.

3   The literary tradition of the trope is, however, much older. Episodes similar to that in Othello can be found in the Old Testament (I Samuel 26), Ovid (Metamorphoses X, 'Myrrha and Cinyras'), Apuleius (Asinus Aureus V, 'Cupid and Psyche') or, in English literature, Sir Philip Sidney (Arcadia IV, 'Pyrocles and Philoclea').

4   As the title-page of the 1607 Quarto (London: G. E. for John Wright) suggests, *The Devil's Charter* was performed before King James by the King's Men earlier that year; John Fletcher was one of the King's Men's principal playwrights, taking over Shakespeare's position after the latter's retirement around 1612; *The Valiant Welshman* has been attributed to the King's Men's actor Robert Armin (c. 1563–1615).

5   Since all three quartos depend upon each other, presenting more or less the same text, I will be referring to all of them collectively as "the Quarto", using Q1 for quotations.

6   William Shakespeare, *The First Part of the Contention Betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* (London: Thomas Creed for Thomas Millington, 1594), sig. E2r (original italics).

7   William Shakespeare, *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies*, ed. by John Heminge and Henry Condell (London: Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623), sig. N3r (original italics).

8   Arthur Freeman, 'Notes on the Text of "2 Henry VI", and the "Upstart Crow",' *Notes and Queries*, 15 (1968), 128–30 (p. 129).

9   Claire Saunders, '"Dead in His Bed": Shakespeare's Staging of the Death of the Duke of Gloucester in 2 Henry VI,' *The Review of English Studies* (New Series), 36 (1985), 19–34 (p. 25).

10   The play was edited by William Montgomery.

11   Milan Lukeš, 'První díl sporu dvou slavných rodů a Pravdivá tragédie Richarda, vévody z Yorku (1594 a 1595),' in *Základy shakespearovské dramaturgie* (Prague: Charles University, 1985), pp. 57–74 (especially pp. 63–68).

12   'Tower,' in *A Dictionary of Stage Directions in English Drama*, 1580–1642, by Alan C. Dessen and Leslie Thomson (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), p. 235.

13   Philip Henslowe, *Henslowe Papers, Being Documents Supplementary to Henslowe's Diary*, ed. by Walter W. Gregg (London: A. H. Bullen, 1907), p. 116.

14   For example Sander, Bevis and Holland in *The First Part of the Contention*; see Lukeš, pp. 59–61. The mention of 'the Tower' in the dialogue of the play might, however, have been intentional as well. In his

study of the authorship question of Mucedorus, Pavel Drábek refers to the mechanicals of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, who, upon entering the dark forest to rehearse their play for the Duke of Athens, remark that 'This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house' (III.1.3f), ironically exploiting the symbolic character of the Elizabethan stage. Drábek comments that 'Elizabethan anti-illusionist theatre – and especially Shakespeare's – was capable of profiting from its seeming imperfections' (Pavel Drábek, 'Shakespeare's Influence on Mucedorus,' in *Shakespeare and His Collaborators over the Centuries*, ed. by Pavel Drábek, Klára Kolinská and Matthew Nicholls [Newcastle: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2008], 45–53 [p. 49]).

15   An echo of this motif, which Lukeš does not mention, can be found in the sequel play, *Richard III*, in which King Richard would ascend the throne ('Thus high by thy [i.e., Buckingham's] advice / And thy assistance is King Richard seated,' IV.2.4f) located on the top of the prison cell where he had his brother previously murdered (in I.4).

16   Lukeš, pp. 68–69: 'A part of this tragigrotesque royal game is the exchange of places above and below – quite literal in scenic terms – as a symbol of rise and fall, pride and ambition, and humility and humiliation, which Elizabethan theatre adopted and developed from the mediaeval contrast between platea and locus, having lent it new secular and historical contents, without, however, distracting from its universally understood language. Shakespeare, too, was an heir to this traditional, naïve and elementary symbolism – it was conveyed to him by his immediate predecessors who used to enjoy toying with it more than he did.' (Translation from the Czech, mine.)

17   Richard Hosley, 'Shakespeare's Use of a Gallery Over the Stage,' *Shakespeare Survey*, 10 (1957), 77–89 (pp. 77–78). It should be noted here that Hosley only examines the Folio versions of the texts.

18   The epilogue of *Henry V* indicates that the *Henry VI* trilogy was a staple part of the Chamberlain's Men's repertoire after 1594.

19   I am using the terms 'icon' and 'index' here as two kinds of sign as defined by Charles S. Peirce in his late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century works, that is, the sign physically resembling the object for which it stands (in our case, a room is represented by a structure resembling one) and the sign having a factual connection to the represented object (in our case, a bed stands for an entire bedroom) respectively.

20   William Shakespeare, *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of Good King Henrie the Sixt* (London: P. S. for Thomas Millingson, 1595), sig. E5v (original italics).

21   This observation, of course, dismisses any attempt to combine the two staging forms and gives a negative answer to the question of whether the Quarto and the Folio represent one scenic execution of the situation. We might see that creating a small verbal image of a situation which originally used to be present on the stage, but was later eliminated in the revision, was a common practice. Whereas in Scene V.4 of the standard text of *Richard III*, Richmond directly addresses Sir William Brandon on the stage, informing him that 'you shall bear my standard' (l. 4), in Q1, which tries to reduce the number of extras in the scene, the direct order is replaced by the King's question 'Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall

beare my standerd' (William Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third* [London: Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, 1597], sig. L2v), making a verbal substitution for the now extrascenic reality.

22   Herbert Geisen, *Die Dimension des Metaphysischen in Shakespeares Historien* (Frankfurt am Main: Studienreihe Humanitas Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft, 1974), pp. 36–37: '[B]esonders sein qualvoller Tod und seine Unfähigkeit, Gott um Gnade zu bitten, [unterstreichen] das unbeeinflußbare Wirken des Gewissens, das hier allerdings nich die Reue, sondern die Verzweiflung des Schuldigen weckt und im Dienste der divine retribution steht' (original italics).

23   There is no critical consensus as to the order in which the *Henry VI* plays were actually written. The position of the present author is that 2 and 3 *Henry VI* preceded 1 *Henry VI* and the focus on the enmity between Humphrey and Beaufort in 1 *Henry VI* is there primarily to place the play's events in the context of the then already existing duology 2 and 3 *Henry VI* and to contribute to the unity of the three stories.

24   Emrys Jones questions the traditional division between the third and fourth acts of *2 Henry VI,* asserting that Suffolk's death in IV.1 is one of the immediate consequences of Duke Humphrey's murder (see Emrys Jones, *Scenic Form in Shakespeare* [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971], p. 75) and therefore should finish the third act. Although this argument is not without merit, it is obvious that, between III.3 and IV.1 of the play, a considerable dramatic time passes, which might serve as a good occasion for an interval. Moreover, the Duke of Somerset, whose head appears together with Suffolk's in Duke Humphrey's dream of I.2, is killed as late as V.2 and his head shown in I.1 of *3 Henry VI*, although his death, too, could be regarded as a consequence of Humphrey's political and physical liquidation.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS: 'LAMINATION' AND SOPHIE CALLE'S THE SLEEPERS

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Erkan Ali recently gained his PhD at Lancaster University. His interests are in visual culture, social theory, written and visual forms of representation, semiotics, but especially the role of photography in sociology. Drawing primarily on the work of Roland Barthes, Erkan's PhD thesis was concerned with developing a new concept for thinking sociologically about the relationships that can exist between texts and photographs in works of social science, art, photojournalism and documentary. He calls this concept 'lamination.' The main point of the concept is to argue that texts and photographs are mutually-dependent in the work they do in conveying sociological narratives, rather than arguing for the dominance of either text or image in the relationship.
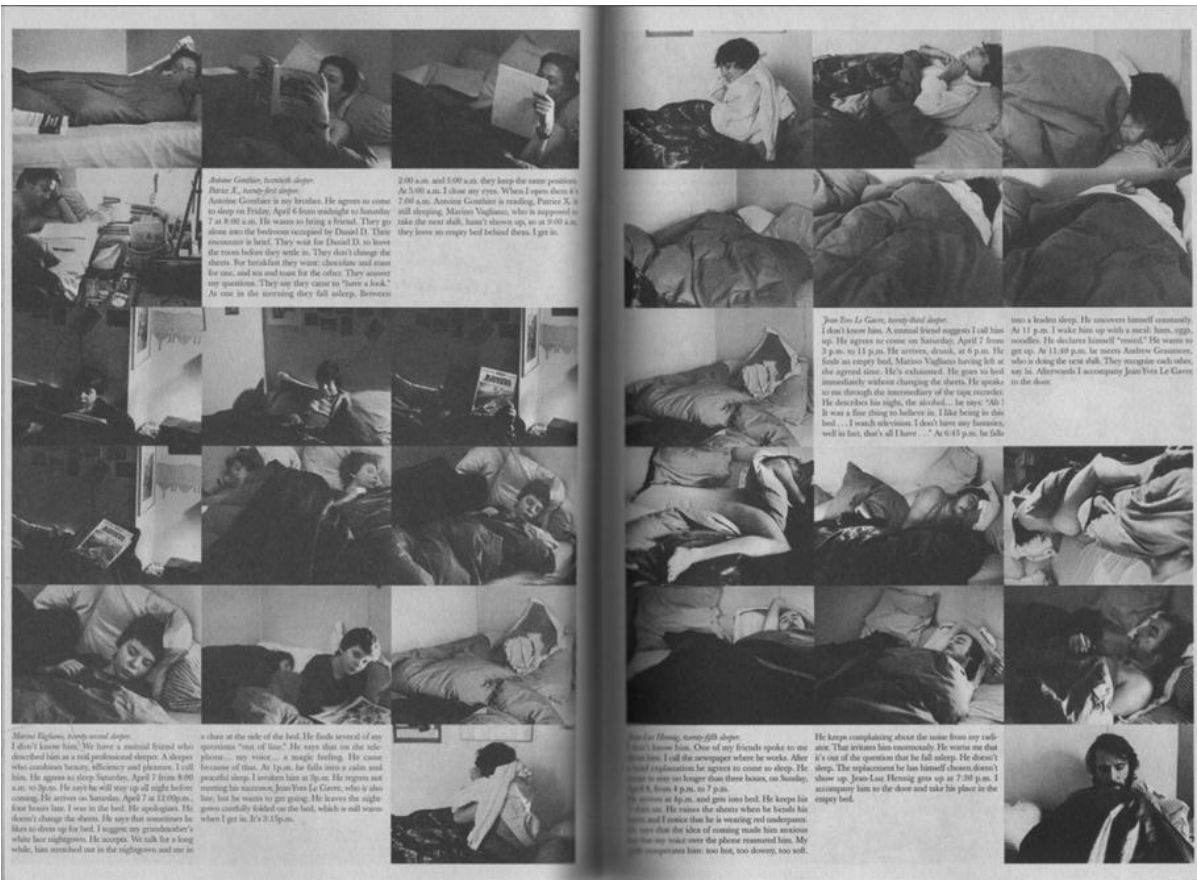
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ABSTRACT

Over more than three decades, the French conceptual artist Sophie Calle has earned a global reputation for projects that play with, and comment on, the bizarreness of the everyday and the social via the use of photographic images and texts. Throughout her career, Calle has conducted a number of bed-and-sleep-themed projects. But this paper discusses her first project, The Sleepers (1979), in which she invited twenty-eight people to sleep in her bed in continuous eight-hour stints over a nine-day time frame. Calle always plays a central role in her projects, and not merely as the photographer and the writer. There is an autobiographical dimension to her oeuvre as a whole; and the texts and the photographs, in combination, tell the stories of her many escapades. Calle's use of photographs in combination with text has been analysed in various ways. But this paper will discuss this trait of Calle's work with reference to a concept that I call 'lamination' because, essentially, 'lamination' refers to how texts and photographs become fused or unified, producing a range of meanings that relate particularly to the effects of association and narrative-building, which are two important aspects of Calle's work.

Figure 1

Figure 2

[Image sequences reproduced by kind permission of Xavier Barral and Sophie Calle]

Sophie Calle has built a unique career as a conceptual artist using a combination of texts and photographs in a range of projects. This mode of expression via texts and photographs is undoubtedly the most obvious and telling feature of Calle's oeuvre; and it is well known that the collaborations between these two media forms are crucial in conveying the meanings of her projects to the reader or viewer.[1] In what follows, I will also address this crucial facet of Calle's work. However, in an attempt at some kind of theoretical originality, I will not discuss it simply in the context of art or aesthetics. Rather, focusing on the sociological relevance of Calle's use of texts and photographs, I shall invoke them in the context of a concept that I call 'lamination.'

Calle's work is ideal subject matter for a discussion and analysis of what I mean by lamination because lamination is a metaphor of construction involving the fusion and collaboration of textual and photographic data in the production of works, which lend themselves to sociological analysis on account of their anthropological or ethnographic relevance. I argue that lamination produces various meanings, which are dependent on the specificity of the texts and images at hand, and which relate to such themes as *materiality*, *narrative*, *association* and *memory*.[2] Specifically, I will discuss how each of these themes is refracted through Calle's 1979 work *The Sleepers*, her first artistic project,[3] in which she invited twenty-eight people to sleep in her bed in continuous eight-hour 'shifts' over nine days (between April 1st and April 9th of 1979).[4] In so doing, I will refer not only to the sociological relevance of issues concerning perceptions of public and private spaces, but also spaces that exist between texts and photographs as media forms; how these are exploited for effect by Calle; how these spaces are overcome (or not); and what this means from a semiological and sociological point of view. That is, I shall read *The Sleepers* as an example of lamination.

The Sleepers and the Blurring of Boundaries

Sophie Calle is well known for her unique brand of 'socially engaged' projects,[5] regularly involving strangers and members of the public, often unwittingly, in her work. Her oeuvre, as a whole, can be understood as a series of games in and through which she conducts bizarre and interesting social experiments, all of which involve a dialogue between texts and images (of various kinds, but especially photographic images), and all of which involve Calle herself as a main character. In all of her projects Calle plays with social and spatial boundaries; and the role played by the texts and the photographs contributes to this effect.

In the case of *The Sleepers,* as we shall see, the boundaries are numerous; and they are made blurry purely by the strangeness of the concept that lies behind the project. Calle introduces the project with a textual introduction (she always provides an enticing little synopsis in this way): 'I asked people to give me a few hours of their sleep. To come sleep in my bed. To let themselves be looked at and photographed…' (1996, p. 21). On numerous levels, the crucial blurry boundary to be identified is therefore between the *public* and the *private*. Calle's own bed(room) was the physical setting for the game itself; and its photographic and textual representation in/as an art exhibit and a book renders it a public spectacle. However, the state of sleep is perhaps our most intimate and private of inner, personal spaces. Despite her efforts, neither Calle nor her readers can gain access to this from the sleepers' point of view. Then there is also the peculiarity and awkwardness implied in Calle's request itself. From the point of view of the participants, it should be said that

sleep can be difficult in the presence of others; and the state of sleep or unconsciousness can also render us more vulnerable to physical attack or infringement, although we are not necessarily completely de-sensitised to the external world when we are asleep.[6] Taken as a whole, these factors clearly indicate that issues of *trust* were essential to the success of this project,[7] and particularly in the case of those who participated as strangers.[8] Characteristic of Calle's other works, what we find in *The Sleepers* are issues of *accessibility* and *inaccessibility*, as well as *visibility* and *invisibility*. It is this set of features that begins to make *The Sleepers* interesting from a sociological point of view.

The main point behind Calle's project, as she explains, was to monitor and record her bedroom as 'a constantly occupied space for eight days' (Calle, 1996, p. 21). However, as Guralnik notes, often in Calle's works there is also an 'attempt to represent what is absent.'[9] And this is a crucial observation because, for me, it captures the essence of something else that Calle attempted to achieve with *The Sleepers* – namely an (a)social experiment. Again, I return to Calle's opening line from the project because it sums up Guralnik's point so neatly and efficiently: 'I asked people to give me a few hours of their *sleep*' (1996, p. 21, emphasis added). To be clear, when we ask for another person's time, we are making a request which, to a greater or lesser extent, acknowledges time as perhaps the most precious of all commodities; and asking for another's time usually also hints at the *shared* nature of a particular social exchange, whether formal or informal, with mutual benefits. But cleverly, Calle's use of the word 'sleep' – as opposed to 'time' – indicates the largely one-sided nature of the (a)social situation in her experiment. Essentially, it is therefore an *absence of sociality* that is represented in *The Sleepers*, via the blankness of sleep and the one-way direction in which it is represented. Aside from her own occasional shift in the bed, the passage of time really only exists as a conscious experience for Calle; her subjects, oblivious to the world if they do sleep, do not experience the events consciously. Socially speaking, theirs is a kind of dead time.

This is what Calle was seeking with this project: access to the non-social side of people's lives, without compromising the intimacy (the mutuality of physical presences) which is imperative if the motif of social suspension is to be applicable (because, after all, cameras do not necessarily need a constant human presence in order to function). The state of sleep is perhaps the only one that can permit this unique relationship of absence and presence in the same moment. Indeed, social interaction with each participant was of course necessary in the initiation of this game; but just like the minds and the bodies of Calle's subjects, in Calle's game social structures and interactions go to sleep for a given period of time, allowing her exclusive access to her subjects from a position that they themselves can never really experience. Interestingly, the unilateral nature of Calle's experience here is, to some extent, mirrored in the practice of photography itself. According to Sontag, '[t]o photograph people is to violate them, by seeing them as they never see themselves, by having knowledge of them they can never have; it turns people into objects that can be symbolically possessed.'[10]

Calle regularly plays with the dynamics of visibility and the different subject positions involved in these. For instance, voyeurism is often mentioned as a crucial theme in Calle's projects.[11] However, Calle's game in *The Sleepers* implies a quite different relationship between the observer and the observed, namely one of surveillance. To be part of this little game is an act of faith; it is to trust implicitly and to hand complete control

of the situation over to Calle. Simply to allow oneself to be watched in this way is an expression of trust. Calle therefore imposes, crosses and blurs social and personal boundaries in this project; as she monitors and records her subjects, Calle's position as watcher is a privileged one, which is reminiscent of the 'panoptic gaze' described by Foucault in *Discipline and Punish*. In Foucault's words, Calle's are the 'eyes that must see without being seen.'[12] And the presence and use of the camera is directly relevant to this also because, firstly, photographs have an assumed *evidentiary power*; secondly because the camera is a device that records *realistic images* that would (visually) give away the identities of Calle's participants;[13] and lastly because the photographer is free to make selections. This final point seems particularly relevant. As Sontag (1979: 4) puts it, '[t]o photograph is to appropriate the thing photographed. It means putting oneself into a certain relation to the world that feels like knowledge – and, therefore, like power.' Indeed, it has been said that, typically in her projects, Calle 'chooses to become involved in a random situation, but from the moment of entry she controls the situation with obsessive manipulation and reports about it in a systematic, calculated manner and in a cool, aloof style.' (Guralnik, p. 216). *The Sleepers* epitomises this description of Calle's method.

Controversy

In playing with boundaries in such ways, Calle has sometimes courted controversy with her projects. Perhaps the most famous example is *The Address Book* (2003 [1983]), in which Calle tells of how, one summer's day, she found an address book on the 'rue des Martyrs' in Paris.[14] Despite noticing that, sensibly, the owner ('Pierre D.') had written 'his name, last name, address and phone number' on the 'first page' (Calle, 1996, p. 110), Calle elected not to contact him directly, but to photocopy the book before sending it back to him and then proceeding to work her way gradually towards an understanding of him by contacting his friends and acquaintances and building-up a composite picture of him based on their descriptions of his physical and personal characteristics. The technical term for this use of texts in building a kind of image (or the use of one artistic medium to produce another) is 'ekphrasis,'[15] and it is another example of how Calle plays with text, image and *imag*ination in the conceptualisation and materialisation of her work. Calle arranged meetings with many of the individuals listed in the book, only revealing the name of its owner during the meetings themselves.

Eventually, over the course of a month, she serialised 'an alternative portrait' of Pierre in the French newspaper *Libération* along with photographs of the informants, or of the places where the meetings took place.[16] Discovering this on his return from a trip after filming wildlife in Norway, Pierre was furious. He published a nude photograph of Calle and threatened to sue her if she continued to invade his privacy by 'reproducing the *Libération* pieces in book form' (Saint, p. 126). *The Address Book* epitomises the mischievous nature of Calle's work as she regularly flirts with controversy, pushing or obscuring the boundaries of social (and sometimes legal) acceptability. Texts and photographs are always fully integrated into this. As media forms, texts and photographs are powerful records and testimonies; in a word, both have *evidentiary* value or potential, and they are used by Calle as central components in order to exploit the situation at hand. Despite the measure of anonymity initially afforded to him, Pierre D.'s objections were clearly based on the power and potential of photographs and texts to represent and misrepresent events and individuals, especially in a public context such

as that of a national newspaper. Regardless of the accuracy or inaccuracy of her alternative portrait of him, Pierre regarded Calle's prying into his life as an invasion of his privacy. This is how Calle's use of texts and images can be said to sometimes raise ethical questions.

Standard Commentaries

To paraphrase Walter Benjamin on the art of critique, in order to know what one can write in relation to 'a subject' of interest one has to know what has already been written because such knowledge is not only a way of 'informing oneself,' but also, more practically, of enabling the possibility of making an original contribution to the particular set of discourses at hand.[17] This is a guiding principle for my discussion of Calle's work, with which a number of themes are often associated.

Firstly, Calle's work often blurs the boundaries between the *public* and the *private*. For example, according to Vest Hansen, 'Calle operates as a catalyst for 'ordinary people's' autobiographical stories to represent and question public places and private spaces.' Secondly, it is often pointed out that Calle blurs the distinction between *art* and *documentary*. Garnett notes that, although Calle 'doesn't paint or draw or sculpt, and she doesn't exactly make things or make things up,' her 'images tend to be documentary style photographs, and the text is narrative, explanatory and personal, even when it is about someone else.' Lastly, it is also well known that in Calle's life and work, *fact* and *fiction* have become intertwined. As a result of their romantic involvement, for instance, Calle collaborated with the writer Paul Auster on numerous projects and she was the inspiration for a character, 'Maria,' that Auster developed in his novel *Leviathan* (1992).[18] 'After reading the novel,' Duguid notes, 'Calle decided to try and become the character, to recreate the parts of Maria that Auster had made up.'[19]

As we have seen, and as we shall see further, reflections on the use of texts and photographs form part of these standard commentaries on Calle. Using these media forms, Calle's works are essentially investigations into the social world and the reality of the lives that comprise it; this gives her work a sociological dimension, taking it beyond the realms of art. I am also addressing this range of themes associated with Calle's work, but I am doing so in the context of lamination.

Texts and Photographs: Lamination

The title of my PhD thesis is *Lamination: re-thinking collaborations of photographs and texts*. The concept of 'lamination' is inspired by an observation by the French cultural critic Roland Barthes on the construction of the paper photograph as a 'laminated object whose two leaves cannot be separated without destroying them both.'[20] Barthes' main concern in making this observation, though, is not the photograph itself but the referent or image *inside* it – this is the photograph's *essence*, its *meaning*, because in *Camera Lucida* Barthes is concerned not with semiotic interpretations of photographs via textual explanations and interceptions, but with the significance of the sheer *presences* within them. According to Rancière, *Camera Lucida* therefore represents a radical break from Barthes' earlier preoccupation with a cautious, semiological critique of photographic images as 'mythological' objects.[21] That is, in this case, as objects whose meanings are culturally-specific, but whose communicable potential (via the realism of their image) allows them to be paraded as self-explanatory

documents. In abandoning this strict critical approach to photographic images, Barthes is embracing the idea that the referent in a photograph is a direct link to the past, a visual trace of a subject or object 'that has been' (Barthes, p. 80). For Barthes, the photograph, unlike text or language, is a medium that is capable of carrying its referent within itself. In Barthes' later writings on photography, the referent therefore *becomes the essence* of the photograph's communicability as conventional language becomes redundant. This represents a complete about-turn in Barthes' reflections on photography.

In *Camera Lucida*, then, Barthes is making an ontological claim: if we damage the photograph we damage the image and its realism, and we thereby destroy the photograph's essence or meaning. On another level of abstraction, I am arguing that texts and photographs can also 'laminate' each other. They become fused; they collaborate to produce a single piece of work or artefact; they are mutually supporting; they become associated with each other; and, as with construction of the paper photograph, they can also trap meanings between them (like insects in amber). These are the basic premises of lamination as I am defining it. It is intended as a sociological concept for understanding and analysing the constructions, associations and meanings produced by photo-text amalgams. With lamination I am reinstating the significance of text in order to reconceptualise the effects that it can have on the use of photographic images in various contexts. Put simply, I am therefore using Barthes' supposedly post-semiotic perspective on photography to re-establish a semiotic relationship between photographs and texts because, as a metaphor of construction, lamination works as an overall system or meta-narrative for understanding associations between the two media and the effects that such associations are capable of producing.

To be clear, I identify a number of processes or stages involved in lamination. These are: *exemplary* lamination, *substantive* lamination, *de-lamination*, *re-lamination*, *mis-lamination*, *ironic* lamination and *meta-lamination*. Lamination refers to any construction in which text(s) and photograph(s) are combined; exemplary lamination refers to efficient and precise uses of texts and photos, usually involving one photograph and a caption; substantive lamination refers to extended and multi-layered combinations in which meanings, as they build, become more complex and manifold; de-lamination refers to the destruction of meaning that occurs when photos and texts are separated, torn from one another for the use of either in a new context; re-lamination refers to the reintroduction of texts and photographs in new configurations and contexts; mis-lamination refers to the gaps that can exist between texts and images and to those situations where textual descriptions and visual appearances are incompatible; ironic lamination refers to the versatility of both writing and photographs as media forms with multiple meanings and their use in combination to exploit this versatility. Finally, meta-lamination describes a kind of master lamination, an over-arching text or narrative, which is used to compress and make transparent a number of perspectives under a single perspective. This paper is therefore a meta-lamination of Calle's work.

'The Sleepers' as a Lamination

In published versions of *The Sleepers*, the photo-text sequences usually consist of brief and efficient written descriptions followed by a number of photographs depicting the participants in Calle's game at various stages

during their shifts – sometimes apparently in deep sleep, sometimes wide awake and bored, while at other times apparently addressing the camera directly and interacting with Calle (see figures 1 and 2 above). Importantly, as Macel points out, Calle regularly 'adopts the style of the "report" – complete with facts, precise times, and so on – to be written up.' (p. 21) In *The Sleepers*, examples of this are plentiful as Calle gives details relating to the activities of the participants: 'They fall asleep at 1 a.m.' (1996, p. 39);[22] and also to her own activities as she directs proceedings: 'I photograph her often during the night. She changes position but doesn't open her eyes. At 9 I awaken her while taking a picture' (1996, p. 32).[23] This matter-of-fact style hints at the importance of surveillance in Calle's work; it relates to the sense of control that she typically wants to have over her subjects. Despite the absurdity of the circumstances, it is not the remarkable or the spectacular that is being monitored here, but the ordinary. Each report begins with the sleeper's number in the sequence; and we are almost always given an indication as to Calle's familiarity with the individual(s) depicted: 'I know her'; 'I don't know him'; 'he's my brother'; 'she's my mother.'

Although the text does not correspond directly with specific photographs to offer a blow-by-blow account of each moment, it is still true to say that without the text, the photographs would make very little sense. This is why I invoke lamination and the effects (or meanings) it is capable of producing. The essential and initial effect is *association* as photos and texts are brought into relations of juxtaposition, creating a productive tension. Another effect of lamination is *narrative*, which, in successful cases, builds gradually as the texts and the photographs enter into dialogue with each other. Accordingly, in *The Sleepers*, we have a situation in which both media collaborate with each other, lending to and borrowing from one another, offering their unique effects and compensating for the limitations of each. The text establishes and explains the game, and helps to carry the narrative forward; for their part, the photographs give the reader a visual insight into the events. The result is a sequential narrative, a substantive lamination. A final effect of lamination is *memory*; a record is a kind of memory, often a physical kind, which attests – or claims to attest – to the actuality of some or other event. Despite this, importantly, it should be noted that 'truth' is not necessarily an effect of lamination. Lamination is mainly concerned with meaning-making, how it is produced, how it is built, conveyed, altered, interpreted, and preserved; it is not concerned with 'the truth' of things per se. And yet, the use of photographs in Calle's work acts as a particularly powerful and persuasive form of 'evidence,' corroborating the report-like script. This is a process about which I shall say more below.

Given Calle's aim to maintain her bedroom as an occupied space over a given period of time, she had each of her guests formally 'receive' the succeeding guests at the change of each shift. This is recorded photographically as we see new and old guests greeting each other by shaking hands and often conversing. For its part, the text announces the arrival and the departure of the guests in each case. Analysing the sequences, we find ourselves oscillating between the texts and photographs in order to keep track of who the sleeper is, what their number is in the sequence, whether they fell asleep or not, what time they fell asleep and for how long, how they behaved while asleep or awake, and so on. With her textual reports, Calle provides details on all of these points.

 The textual descriptions and photographic evidence therefore become part of a continuous chain of representation (orderly and from left to right and top-down, just like the structure of written forms of Western

language systems), thereby mimicking and mirroring the connected temporal chain of events between April 1st and April 9th of 1979. This is a crucial effect of Calle's lamination. The images are dependent on the text to produce the order. How the two are arranged is an important part of the construction; it is not simply the content of the text and photos that matters. What we find in *The Sleepers*, then, is an example of what I call 'substantive lamination.' In substantive lamination, what we have is a complex layering of information as multiple photographs and texts combine to produce a narrative or a sequence. Indeed, it has been said of other exhibitions by Calle that they 'call for a linear reading.'[24] Order and sequence are always part of the presentation. The act of recording that is a crucial aspect for Calle. The little details and occurrences are important in as much as, in photographic and textual form, they refer to events that took place between the dates and times that are specified. According to Bois, 'Calle's work is not concerning remembrance but contingency.'[25] Yet there *is* an aspect of memory involved in this contingency, in this relationship between text and photograph. In *The Sleepers*, the photographic evidence and the textual data are records; and the associations between them have the effect of holding those eight days of history firmly in place, to testify that Calle's bedroom was indeed occupied during the whole of that time.

This is how Calle's *The Sleepers* is laminated. The narrative builds as the textual intervention at the start of each new visual sequence acts like the passing of a baton in a relay race, as the succeeding sleepers meet the preceding ones; and we are given the precise dates and times for each shift and each change of shift. But the content of the text is also important, as Calle uses it, often comically, in order to divulge little pieces of information about the participants in the game, perhaps giving us clues as to their individual psychologies and expectations; and we are able to infer connections between the photographs and the texts based on these descriptions of events. For example, Calle explains that when she asked Frabrice Luchini, the fifteenth sleeper, 'what he thinks he's doing in my bed he answers: "Sex"' (Calle, 2003, p. 149). Accordingly, there are numerous images of Fabrice lying on his side and gazing into the camera, apparently suggestively. Fabrice's immediate successor, 'Patrick X.,' the sixteenth sleeper, tells Calle that 'he came because he thought there would be an orgy,' though he also reveals that he 'isn't sorry about the way things turned out' (Calle, 2003, p. 150). Such issues as gender and sexuality therefore also become important and interesting themes in Calle's project, even if they were not part of her original agenda or design.

In addition to the intimacy of the situation, the centrality of the bed as a theme in this project perhaps makes it almost inevitable that sex is invoked as a corollary. Discussing his first encounter with Calle's work by way of an exhibition of *The Sleepers* 'at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris,' Mordechai Omer notes that his immediate 'associations led' him 'to artists like Picasso and Magritte, who also dealt with sleeping people, with sleep itself and with the way people who are awake react to it.'[26] The link made with Magritte emphasises his juxtaposition of (divergent) images and words in the series of paintings he called *La Clef des Songes* (*The Key of Dreams*)[27] Omer notes that, often in the examples of Picasso's art, the gaze is male, and it is directed towards a female who is sleeping. Again, issues of (heterosexual) male power and visibility are invoked here. The female body, incapacitated and exposed, is at the mercy of the male gaze. Magritte, of course, belonged to the Surrealist movement; and in Surrealist art, sex and eroticism were almost always present themes, albeit usually in more

subliminal forms. In *The Sleepers* it is a woman's gaze that is in control, often presiding over a male sleeper. In *The Sleepers* we therefore find elements of Calle's customary playfulness and mischievousness, in this case as she turns the tables to distort classic gendered themes in artistic representations. Indeed, a strong feminist agenda has been cited as an important theme in Calle's work. (Chadwick, p. 111)

This blurring and crossing of boundaries are general themes which therefore extend to the act and the means of representation, and not just to the specificity of the game itself. These are important points from the perspective of lamination. Calle uses texts and photographs in her unique brand of conceptual art in order to emphasise the characteristics of each medium, usually as evidentiary materials and narrative tools at the same time. In Calle's works, the factual and the fictional merge and fuse, just like the text and the photographs. Macel defines Calle's work as a series of 'innovative criss-crossings of factual narratives with fictional overtones, accompanied by photographic images.' (p. 21)

Both writing and photography can hold claims to truth, just as they can both deceive. But a crucial point about the concept of lamination is to emphasise not that texts are necessarily more reliable or truthful than photographs or vice-versa, but that, as media forms, they *function differently*. Indeed, it is precisely these very differences that encourage their strategic juxtapositions. Discussing Calle's deployment of each medium, Macel captures the sentiment: 'In most instances, text is associated with image, in a kind of dialectic about issues to do with the visible and the expressible (in words) – the sayable, otherwise put.'(p. 21) Therefore, Macel adds, 'Sophie Calle works in the interstitial gap between photography and the imaginativeness of writing, where the imaginary triumphs.' (p. 22) Again, this dialectics is precisely relevant to lamination. Lamination is a sort of dialectics, a quiet sort that is only noticeable when it is exposed by the critic or analyst. This relates to the earlier comments concerning the productive tension that exists between texts and photographs as distinct yet compatible media forms. The text and the photographs tend to borrow from each other; they each have certain strengths and weaknesses, but they nip and tuck to produce a narrative; and the narrative that is produced benefits from the influence of each. Calle recognises the importance of both. She writes: 'In my work, it is the text that has counted most. And yet the image was the start of everything' (Calle, 2011). Calle's first forays into art, through her photography, have set in train not only a unique and remarkable style but a whole set of discourses as well. In relaying this interpretation of *The Sleepers*, this 'meta-lamination,' I am helping to convey its message at the same time as I am adding new layers to it. I am thereby discussing *The Sleepers* as a lamination at the same time as I am incorporating it into a new lamination. This goes some way towards explaining the dialectical function of lamination as a continuous process.

Calle's work is so rich, varied and smart, that it has been referred to not just in the context of writing or art or photography,[28] but in a number of other ways too: in the context of 'ethnography,'[29] or a 'sociology' of sorts (Bois, p. 31) and even acting or 'performance' art (Calle, 2011). However, the suggestion that Calle is a kind of sociologist is particularly intriguing. As Garnett points out, Calle has an 'obsession with the sheer strangeness of life.' This is true, but it needs to be made clear that her obsession is with what is local, with that which is right under our noses, but goes generally unnoticed (like the purloined letter in Poe's short story); her observations are often intended to point out that life itself – encompassing our social rules and customs – is the very thing

that is peculiar; the social world is, by definition, strange, *especially* when it is most familiar. Putting the absence of theory to one side, this is where Calle shares an affinity with the sociologist because, to invoke Mills, the art of good sociology demands a particularly fertile, inquisitive and perceptive 'imagination' for the extraction of the remarkable and the wonderful from the ordinariness of the everyday world that surrounds us.[30] And like a visual ethnographer, Calle records and conveys her observations through photographic evidence and a written account. The title of one of Calle's published collections, *True Stories* (1996), is apparently a clever pun that, as we have seen, captures an important sentiment relating to her style of lamination, which is that stories can contain truth and that there is no reason why truth itself cannot take the form of a narrative; in fact, it routinely does. In Calle's many projects, the 'truth' of the photographic image confirms the truth of the stories that might otherwise be made-up, as stories often are.

Traditionally, sociology has tended to be ambivalent about the 'truth' of still images in data.[31] While this still remains the case, in more recent decades, interest in photography has been rejuvenated in visual sociology and ethnography.[32] The photograph therefore remains an enduring object of sociological critique while becoming an increasingly legitimate source of information for the sociologist. For these reasons, the sociologist takes a certain cautious approach to the use of photographs; and a textual accompaniment to the image is almost always present for the purposes of clarity and explanation. Nevertheless, as with visual sociology, Calle's use of photography and text together is intended to strengthen her observations. The claim and impact of her work is not sociological but artistic. And yet she addresses many of the issues that we find in sociology: the everyday, routine, bodily, material life – everyone sleeps almost every day. There is also the division between the public and the private, which is a common theme in sociology. The games that Calle creates regularly toy with this set of themes and via the concept of lamination I have tried to show that her deployment of texts and photographs is also part and parcel of a style that makes her work relevant to sociological analysis and interpretation. However we wish to define them, then, her projects are, in the end, laminations.

Conclusion

Barthes' observation on the construction of the paper photograph as a laminated object whose construction and maintenance is vital to the meaning it holds is central to the metaphor of lamination, which I have discussed as a conceptual tool for the extraction of sociologically-relevant information from works which lend themselves to such an analysis. (Barthes, p. 6) I have discussed the works of Sophie Calle – and particularly *The Sleepers* – as examples of what I mean by lamination. Between the sheets or layers of text(s) and photograph(s), meanings are captured and held. I have tried to demonstrate that this as an effect of lamination, of the association of texts and images in juxtaposition. But the fusion of text and image also allows for the integration of these two different yet compatible media forms in the production of narratives as both text and photograph complement each other to exploit and overcome the spaces and gaps that exist between them.

And in discussing Calle's *The Sleepers* in such ways I have also been engaged in lamination in its various guises. I have de-laminated aspects of Calle's work – textual and photographic – and have re-laminated them here to form this new commentary, a new construction, a meta-lamination. By doing this, my intention has been to

build an argument in order to demonstrate the sociological significance of Calle's work by drawing on the numerous themes that are often invoked in relation to it: the social games she engages in, the ethnographic nature of her work, the blurring of various boundaries, the controversy and, of course, the texts and the photographs. Using examples of both texts and photographs, I have compressed and made transparent each of these themes under this new construction, which is, in itself, an example of lamination.

References / Notes

1   Christine Macel, 'The Author Issue in the Work of Sophie Calle' in *M'AS-TU VUE? Did you see me?* Sophie Calle. (Munich, New York, Paris, London: Prestel, 2003). See also: Sophie Calle, 'I asked for the moon and I got it,' *The Guardian*, Sunday 9 January (2011).

2   A versatile metaphor, lamination lends itself to each of these themes in physical, conceptual and visual ways. Laminates are material goods, they have substance: I refer to books and articles as laminates. Laminates are constructions, involving layering (just as narratives are constructions that involve layers and layering). Lastly, the meanings created by (or between) the layers can be stubborn and lasting, especially conceptually, and this point links to association and memory.

3   As Macel points out, *The Sleepers* was in fact Calle's second project, coming after *Suite Vénitienne*, which is wrongly dated as being produced in 1980. Macel writes: 'in the case of *Suite Vénitienne* (1980), where she shadowed a certain Henri B. from Paris to Venice, she had no option but to post-date the work as a safeguard against being taken to court by him. *The Suite* is thus regarded as her second work, when in fact it was her first, predating *The Sleepers*, produced in 1979, by a few months' (2003, p. 25).

4   Sophie, Calle [1979], 'The Sleepers' in *True Stories*, Sophie Calle, The Helena Rubenstein Pavilion for Contemporary Art: Tel Aviv Art Museum (1996), pp. 20-49; Sophie, Calle [1983] 'The Address Book' in *M'AS-TU VUE? Did you see me?* (Munich, New York, Paris, London: Prestel, 2003); Sophie Calle [1979], 'The Sleepers' in *M'AS-TU VUE? Did you see me?*

5   Malene Vest Hansen, 'Public Places-Private Spaces: Conceptualism, Feminism and Public Art: Notes on Sophie Calle's The Detachment.' *KONSTHISTORISK TIDSKRIFT*, 1: 4 (2002), p. 199.

6   For example, when we enter a space in which another person is sleeping, the person might sense our presence and will stir or move or perhaps even speak, emphasising the thin line that divides the states of sleep and wakefulness. This kind of effect is hinted at by Freud, on dreaming, in his discussions of 'external stimuli.' See: Sigmund Freud [1913], *The Interpretation of Dreams*, trans. by A.A. Brill. (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1948), p. 217. He also notes that 'actual sensations experienced during sleep may constitute part of the dream-material.' (p. 314)

7   The element of trust is emphasised best in the case of 'the fourteenth sleeper' in Calle's game, the girl from the baby-sitting agency, 'Kid Service,' for whom Calle had paid '54.50 francs' for three hours (Calle, 1996, p. 36). Calle writes: 'She introduces herself. I ask her to sleep for me. She's worried. She fears I'm a

homosexual and that I'm going to attack her. She decides to stay; nevertheless the idea of going to bed repels her…She says she's tired but that it's out of the question that she go to sleep' (p. 36).

8   Of course, this applies both ways as Calle invited strangers into her home and bedroom. However, allowing oneself to fall asleep in the presence of a stranger is a particularly trusting gesture. Incidentally, some of the participants were friends of Calle's, or family members; the twentieth sleeper was her brother, and another of the sleepers was Calle's mother, who in fact became a regular participant in her subsequent art projects.

9   Hehama Guralnik, 'Sophie Calle: True Stories' in *True Stories*, Sophie Calle (The Helena Rubenstein Pavilion for Contemporary Art: Tel Aviv Art Museum, 1996) pp. 209-218 (p. 210)

10 Susan Sontag, *On Photography*. (London: Penguin Books, 1979), p. 14.

11 See Daisy Garnett, 'In bed with Sophie Calle: The artist's parody of Brigitte Bardot in 'Days lived under the Sign of B, C and W.'' *The Daily Telegraph: Appointment with an artwork*, 15 August (2005).

12 Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: the birth of the prison*. (London: Penguin Books, 1975), p. 171.

13 Names are also given in the text. Although we can never be certain if these are genuine, there is no suggestion that they are false. Sometimes Calle will provide a first and second name for her participants. But on other occasions – perhaps by request – she is more discreet, referring to a participant by using a first name and an initial for the surname, such as 'Daniel D.' or 'Patrick X.' (Calle, 2003, pp. 148-149).

14 Whitney Chadwick, 'Three artists/Three women: Orlan, Annette Messager and Sophie Calle,' *Contemporary French Studies and Francophone Studies*, 4:1 (2000), 111-118. (p. 113).

15 W. J. T. Mitchell, 'There Are No Visual Media,' *Journal of Visual Culture,* 4:2 (2005), 257-266 (p. 263).

16 Nigel Saint, 'Space and Absence in Sophie Calle's Suite Vénitienne and Disparations,' *L'Esprite Créateur,* 51: 1 (2011), 125-138. (p. 126)

17 Walter Benjamin, 'Notes (III)' in *Walter Benjamin: Selected Writings*, Vol. 2 Part I, 1927-1930, trans. by Rodney Livingstone, ed. by Michael Jennings with Marcus Bullock, Howard Eiland and Gary Smith. Cambridge, Mass: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1999), p. 285.

18 Nicola Homer, 'Sophie Calle: Talking to Strangers,' *Studio International*, 23 November (2009). Available from: <http://www.studiointernational.com/index.php/sophie-calle-talking-to-strangers> [Accessed 18/05/13].

19 Hannah Duguid, 'Up close and (too) personal: A Sophie Calle retrospective,' *The Independent* (Monday, 26 October, 2009). Available from: http://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/art/features/up-close-and-too-personal-retrospective-1809346.html [Accessed: 10/01/2013].

20   Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: reflections on photography*, trans. by Richard Howard. (New York: Hill and Wang, 2000), p. 6.

21   Jacques Rancière, *The Future of the Image*, trans. by Gregory Elliot. (London: Verso, 2007), pp. 10-11.

22   This is in reference to the twenty-six and twenty-seventh sleepers (respectively, Roland Topor and Frédérique Charbonneau) who shared the same shift.

23   This is in reference to Jennie Michelet, the thirteenth sleeper.

24   Sophie Berrebi, 'Sophie Calle,' *Frieze Magazine*, Issue 44 (1999).

25   Yve-Alain Bois, '"The Paper Tigress"' in *M'AS-TU VUE? Did you see me?* p. 30.

26   Mordechai Omer, 'I Sleep, But My Heart Waketh' in *True Stories*, pp. 220-222. (p. 222)

27   I would refer to such mutually-repellent image-text juxtapositions as 'mis-laminations' because there is a mismatch between the two. Interestingly, Freud (*The Interpretation of Dreams,* p. 47) discussed how, with or without images, textual characters and words can also appear in dreams as 'hypnogogic hallucinations'; hypnogogic hallucinations are described as 'those very vivid and changeable pictures which with many people occur constantly during the period of falling asleep, and which may linger for a while even after the eyes have been opened.'

28   For writing, see Macel (2003); For art, see James Campbell, 'Sophie Calle,' *Border Crossings*, 27: 4 (2008).

29   Michael Sheringham, 'Checking Out: The Investigation of the Everyday in Sophie Calle's L'Hôtel,' *Contemporary French and Francophone Studies*, 10:4 (2006), 415-424, (p.420).

30   C. Wright Mills, The Sociological Imagination. (London: The Oxford University Press, 1959)

31   Mike Ball and Smith, Greg, *Analyzing Visual Data*. (Newbury Park, CA.:Sage, 1992)

32   See: Howard S. Becker, 'Visual Sociology, Documentary and Photojournalism: it's (almost) always a matter of context' in John Prosser (ed.) *Image-based Research*. (London: Routledge, 1998) and Douglas Harper, *Visual Sociology: an introduction*. (London: Routledge, 2010).

SCENES FROM A BEDROOM: SITUATING BRITISH INDEPENDENT MUSIC, 1979-1995

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ABSTRACT

This article deals with the real and symbolic centrality of the bedroom in the development of independent music in the UK (1979-1995). Drawing from Bachelard's *Poetics of Space* (1958), Bollnow's *Human Spaces* (1953) and also cultural and music theorists such as Susan Stewart and Wendy Fonarow, I argue that the bedroom can be read as (1) a space of creation, (2) a place of mediation and self-mediation and (3) a political space. The bedroom is notably, but not exclusively, examined in the songs of The Smiths and the later 'bedroom pop' movement (as embodied by Sarah Records).

This article aims to situate British independent music, showing that it is not primarily or initially a genre or a sound, but should rather be defined in its relationship to a lived, everyday environment. The article especially focuses on the material culture of the bedroom (with analyses of the radio and the mixtape), and its dissemination beyond the bedroom. The bedroom is seen as both fragment and miniature of the world; as a transitive, and potentially subversive space, which proves instrumental in the making and establishing of independent music.

> *'Oh the alcoholic afternoons*
> *when we sat in your room*
> *they meant more to me than any*
> *than any living thing on earth*
> *they had more worth*
> *than any living thing on earth'*[1]

There is a famous series of pictures of Ian McCulloch, the singer of Echo & the Bunnymen, allegedly sitting on his bedroom floor. The pictures were taken in the 1980s. The young man is surrounded with familiar objects; a record-player, vinyl records and flowers are scattered around him. Behind him there is a small black cat, staring indifferently. The pictures, often reproduced in music magazines, resonate with a famous photographic portrait of Morrissey. The Smiths' singer is lying on the floor, amidst a disordered collection of Oscar Wilde

books. His body is covered in blades of grass. Morrissey's photograph was taken by Peter Ashworth, and was published for the first time in the popular music magazine *Smash Hits* (June 21-July 4, 1984). The photographs described above construct the domestic space as the quiet, remote realm of the post-punk musician (I use the term 'post-punk' in a broad, chronological sense, to refer to music made after 1979; the date of the establishment of the independent distribution network). The photographs help us visualise and consider the centrality of objects and collections in the experience and consumption of music – the bedroom, which is mainly shown as the realm of passive accumulation, may also become the realm of experience. It may be argued that the place where belongings are collected is simultaneously a place of self-collection. As a matter of fact, the bedroom acts as a literal image, or representation, of interiority, which the photographic process reveals and durably sustains. But it is possible that these promotional photographs also indicate and capture something external to their subject. They may act as instantaneous mirrors, sending the music fans a partial reflection of themselves. Incidentally, these pictures, torn from the pages of music magazines, may ultimately adorn the walls of countless adolescents' rooms. Were not The Smiths 'a dream waiting to come true in a hundred thousand bedsits?'[2]

I will argue that the birth and development of independent music is inexorably bound with the domestic realm. Until 1979, bedrooms were rather uncanny homes for popular music icons, who were more readily represented on stage or on the road. But post-punk musicians, as embodied by Echo & the Bunnymen or The Smiths, express a specific 'independent' sensibility. Fonarow, in *Empire of Dirt – The Aesthetics and Rituals of British Indie Music*, has collated a solid study of the 'indie' or 'independent' sensibility in music. She especially connects it with an ethos of self-reliance ('do-it-yourself'), defiance against mainstream pop (and trends), and a general introversion and secretiveness.[3] Though such an undertaking has necessarily required a level of generalisation and stereotyping, Fonarow's research has unquestionably shown that spatial (and notably domestic) roots cannot be underestimated in the making of the independent sensibility and ideology. Indeed, it is argued that 'independent music' did not describe primarily (as it does now) a genre of music but rather its means of production and of distribution (through self-releases, independent releases and the independent distribution network)[4], that is to say its relationship to specific spaces and environments.

The bedroom is incidentally a central image both symbolically (as a recurrent theme, for example in lyrics) and in material practice (as a space of creation and recording). In the late 1970s, affordable home-recording technologies were introduced (these include portable studios, synthesisers, drum machines).[5] Many independent record labels were created and run from a domestic space, such as Tony Wilson's Factory Records (which was first run from 86 Palatine Road in Manchester), Alan McGee's Creation Records (London), Matt Haynes and Clare Wadd's Sarah Records (Bristol) – and numerous others. Fanzines – such as Kevin Pearce's *Hungry Beat*, Matt Haynes' *Are you scared to get happy?*, Dave Haslam's *Debris* - were similarly made in a bedroom or a bedsit, often single-handedly. The bedroom is also, significantly, the 'primal scene of consumption' of music[6] and music paraphernalia (in the form of music magazines and fanzines). In the context of this article, the bedroom will be examined as the first axiom of independence or autonomy. It follows that the

bedroom will be considered, in turn, as a space of creation, a space of mediation, and a place of resistance – that is, as a necessary and transitory antechamber to the outside world.

Such an approach is mainly influenced by the works of Bachelard and its followers, most notably Bollnow and Stewart.[7] Bachelard was the first to recognise fully and systematically the importance of matter and space in the structuring of identity, and their influence on creative practice.[8] He showed how the materiality of the world is but the means into a spiritual and creative understanding of the world. Trained as a scientist, he conscientiously analysed the geography of houses and their 'dream potentialities.' In the *Poetics of Space* (1958), he excavated their layers, their corners, attics, garrets and wardrobes. Bollnow, building on this model, further explored the territory of human spaces.[9] He wrote extensively about beds, doors, windows and locks, defining these often overlooked, commonplace artefacts of everyday life as essential in producing the concept of the self. Every time, the particular material properties of lived spaces anticipate a specific way of relating to and *inhabiting* them. It seems particularly appropriate to explore the bedroom as both a real, experienced space and a spiritual or mythical space, which leads to a specific type of creation and consumption.

The bedroom as a space of creation

The bedroom, which was one of the main loci of consumption of music (as it sheltered the record-player and the radio), also became a privileged locus of creation of music in the late 1970s. In 1979, it became possible to make multi-track recordings at home. The Tascam Portastudio four-track recorder became the basis for the home studio. In 1982, Yamaha produced the DX7, the first cheap synthesiser. The musician was able to work in a much smaller place and also create a somehow smaller or more minimal sound. (for instance, one may think of electro-pop, with its sparse notes, and its thin sonic texture, which seems as much the result of spatial and technological restrictions as of a premeditated stylistic austerity)[10] In 1983, Martin Newell's *In the Golden Autumn* was recorded on tape and duplicated at home; the cassette tapes were then sent to pen-pals across the UK.[11] Matt Johnson (The The) notes that the post-punk sound is characterised by its iconoclasm and diversity, for everyone was virtually able to record from home.[12] The Smiths formed in May 1982, after Johnny Marr (then Maher) knocked at 384 King's Road, Stretford, where the young Morrissey lived with his family. (Carman, p. 39) Marr carried with him a demo tape, and the two young men purportedly sealed their alliance in a bedroom. The room can be thought of as a primary place of inspiration and creation – it is the hidden, solitary space where songs are conceived and crafted. For to create, said Bachelard, means to be isolated; the musician, as Virginia Woolf's female writer, needs a room of one's own. Isolation however is only valid and relevant to the extent that it allows for the self to focus and to develop within a given spatiotemporal framework. Yet the bedroom also presupposes or requires the outside world. As Bachelard notes,

> La vie renfermée et la vie exubérante sont l'une et l'autre deux nécessités psychiques. Mais avant d'être des formules abstraites, il faut que ce soient des réalités psychologiques avec un cadre, avec un décor. Pour ces deux vies, il faut la maison et les champs.

[*Inner life and exuberant life are both psychical necessities. But before they become abstract propositions, they have to be psychological realities grounded in a frame and a décor. To be able to live these two lives, one needs the house and the fields.*][13]

As Morrissey said in an interview to the *Sunday Times* (08/01/1984),'If you're going to produce something of value, you have to think about what you're doing [...] and I gained a lot from being isolated.' That is to say that the bedroom offers only a temporary separation from the world, a separation which is a means of creating rather than an end in itself. The Smiths, signed on the Rough Trade label (based in London), have perhaps best embodied the tension between introversion and the desire to encounter the world, between the wish to be hidden and the wish to be exposed, between passivity and activity, secrecy and exuberance. Morrissey's songs are consistently riddled with houses and rooms; suffocated spaces of adolescent longing (one can think for instance of 'These Things Take Time,' 'Reel Around the Fountain' or 'Girl Afraid,' the lyrics of which deal with sexual frustration, disappointment and fear of love).

The bedroom is a sheltered and enclosed space. Such a space consistently contradicted the rhetorics of pop music as a public, crowded reality (typified by the 'open' spaces of the venue, the road, the stadium). In the 1980s, independent music directly opposed chart pop (embodied by the New Romantics), characterised by glittery, smooth, synthetic and shimmering productions and gimmicks. Whilst chart pop eagerly embraced hedonism, dance, spectacle, and the culture of the body, independent music would rely on introspection, the mind and 'meaning.' (Reynolds, p. 14, Fonarow, p. 72) Independent music became a more visible and measurable reality when Iain McNay (founder of Cherry Red Records) imagined the alternative charts in December 1979. The alternative charts became effective in 1980 and existed for almost a decade. Any record which was not produced on a major record label could qualify for them. The charts were printed in the weekly Record Business (a professional reference for record shops), and later in *Sounds* and, by the late 1980s, in the *Melody Maker*.[14]

The independent charts consolidated and encouraged the growth of independent record labels. They also gave them an existence and a reality which expanded much beyond the house or the local scene. Along with the radio and specific disc-jockeys (John Peel on BBC Radio 1, Mark Radcliffe's *Transmission* on Manchester-based Piccadilly Radio), they helped blur the line between the self-contained, domestic realm and the broader world of music. In 1989, the two founding members of the Scottish band BMX Bandits, Duglas T. Stewart and Norman Blake (later to form Teenage Fanclub), earnestly planned 'a tour of people's living rooms, bedrooms and kitchens all over the country.'[15] They quietly subverted the traditional idea of touring, neglecting music venues and preferring domestic, intimate environments – thus offering an original middle point between the house and the world.

The bedroom, when it remains unconnected to the world or unmediated, is a profoundly selfish, agoraphobic (and possibly sterile) reality. Phil Wilson from the June Brides encouraged his fans to bury themselves in the bedroom: 'run away from the people and hide in your room,'[16] yet, the June Brides, like The Smiths and other independent musicians, have experienced the world in its fullness. The bedroom is the space of contemplation

and imagination, but perhaps it is as much the place of imagination as it is the place which is transcended and mediated, therefore remediated, by the imagination. The end of isolation, which in its way is a form of total independence, is always already contained within the purpose of isolation itself. Indeed, it might be argued that creation is an isolated yet non-autonomous process, as it relies heavily on the internalised knowledge and use of a language (one 'writes' music), that is of otherness. What has been created in the solitude of the bedroom is not created from *nowhere*. The attachment to a symbolic, even mediated, other or outside is apparently inescapable. Furthermore, at a simpler level, it can be said that a creative work is also inevitably informed and influenced by a broader socio-cultural framework.[17] For example, Morrissey's lyrics consistently borrow from British literary and audio-visual culture (such as the literature of the Angry Young Men and kitchen sink dramas). In 'Real Around the Fountain,' Morrissey infamously sings 'I dreamt about you last night / and I fell out of bed twice,' a line he directly borrowed from the film adaptation of *A Taste of Honey* by Shelagh Delaney.[18]

The bedroom as a place of mediation and self-mediation

The bedroom is transcended through the means which mediate it. The radio and the material artefact (such as record, tape, fanzine or magazine) respectively allow for the individual to connect his or her inner self to the outside world and the other. Attfield, in her analysis of the material culture of the everyday, remarks that:

> The dwelling place and its periphery anchors the individual and acts as a sort of lodestone in providing a point of departure and a point of return. Its physical form and contents offer one of the richest sources for the study of material culture as a mediating agency […].[19]

For instance, the radio is simultaneously domestic, personal, intimate and external. It is essentially a means of transmission, a point of exchange and encounter between two separate realms. Programmes such as the Peel Sessions (which had been broadcast since 1967 on Radio 1), can be seen as the porous point between the house and the world. They were broadcast late at night, and listened to from a constellation of bedrooms across the UK (John Peel, in the late 1980s, had a regular audience of about 250,000 listeners).[20] They helped in fostering connectivity between individual listeners, and allowed for the music of young musicians to be disseminated and to find audiences. Not only does the radio belong to the bedroom, it also belongs to the night. It has a double intimacy to it. However, it might also be said that every record (either heard on the radio or owned in a tangible form), every magazine, is a fragment of the outside world; such a fragment may be appropriated, yet it ceaselessly carries with it its own otherness and exoticism.

If the bedroom comes before the world, it is also that which presupposes the outside, or external, world. Music, in order to be heard, needs to travel and be disseminated, either through an official distribution network (provided by the Cartel) or a more private one (swap, penpal). The secretive songs of The Smiths were paradoxically broadcast nationally through the radio. The Smiths themselves would exist in the world and perform on stages. Furthermore, artefacts produced in one bedroom (I am thinking of mixtapes) were meant to resonate in another person's room. Objects can be seen as the link or the passage between two domestic realms. They are the point of connection between the self and the other. And the materiality of the tape ultimately materialises and embodies evanescent or ungraspable feelings. Music is where there is no body; still

music can be fixed on an object and thus given a materiality. As a matter of fact, the recording, where voices are separated from their original bodies, always already retains the memory of an original body. Simon Frith underlines that '[W]e assign [recorded voices to] bodies, we imagine their physical production,'[21] but the record is both a testimony of bodies and the liquidation of presence, it irremediably hovers between reality and illusion (or fiction).

Amidst recorded objects, the mixtape is certainly the most personal of all. It is home-made and retains with it the domestic space. The art of the mixtape shares interesting similarities with the art of letter-writing. Kafka, in his *Letters to Milena* – the woman he fell helplessly in love with through correspondence – identifies the dangerous joys of a life lived in letters.[22] He says of letters that they lock both the expeditor and the receiver in a circle; they lead both the sender and the receiver to live in the artifice, or phantasm, of the words and objects they exchange. In other words, for Kafka, the letters to Milena completely replace the young woman. They become more essential than her physical presence. That is to say that the body of the lover takes shape, and is fetishized, in the letter. The collection of letters forms at once the tangible reality and territory of Kafka's love. It can even be said that objects *realise* feelings, and depersonalise them at the same time. They give love a paradoxical foundation and monument. I believe that mixtapes operate a function similar to letters. They allow for the individual to fixate or petrify feelings, through a carefully composed track list. In her fictionalised autobiography about growing up in the 1980s, Lavinia Greenlaw states 'I listened and, not able to manage my own feelings, had the feelings of the songs.'[23] But mixtapes also presuppose the receiver and listener, who alone can 'perform' or decode the mixtape: 'The greatest act of love was to make a tape for someone. It was the only way we could share music and it was also a way of advertising yourself. Selection, order, the lettering you used for the tracklist, how much technical detail you went into […] these choices were as codified as a Victorian bouquet.' (ibid, p. 160)

The bedroom (locus of feelings) is reified and miniaturised in the form of the letter or the tape. It travels. It redeploys itself later, somewhere else. What has been crafted and felt in one environment can be superimposed onto another environment. The dialectic between the miniature and the gigantic has been explored at length by Bachelard, and later revived by Susan Stewart. Both authors argue that the microcosm is both a fragment of and a reduced version of the world. In other words, this suggests that the microcosm of the bedroom is already a representation and embodiment of the world, albeit miniaturised. Furthermore the bedroom itself can be reduced and fragmented into still smaller parts. The bedroom can be internalised or *incorporated*, and command a structure of feeling and thinking. Kafka, in one of the posthumously-published fragments of the *Blue Octavo Notebooks,* writes that each man carries within him a bedroom, which is a manner of shell, internalised and made invisible.[24] The bedroom is as much a material space as an inner space of the mind. It is a physical and psychic reality.

The enclosed, claustrophobic rooms depicted by The Smiths can also describe a certain frame of mind. For to live in the bedroom is to live inwardly, close to oneself. It is to live shyly, absorbed or perhaps ceaselessly resorbed in daydreams. In other words, the bedroom is an ideal bedroom as well – its reality is primarily that of the mind, of the imagination. The poetics of space, to use Bachelard's expression, inexorably corresponds to the

phantasm of space. The bed is (both symbolically and effectively) the place of life and death; it is a primitive and crucial place of experience, as Bollnow explains: 'The course of every day (in the normal state of affairs) begins in bed and also ends in bed. So it is in the bed that the circle closes, the circle of the day as well as that of life. Here, in the deepest sense, we find rest.' (Bollnow, p. 156) Yet, the bed is also the place where one may, unable to find rest, lose oneself in endless existential angst: 'And when I'm lying in my bed / I think about life / And I think about death / And neither one particularly appeals to me.'[25] The persona of the singer, locked in his sleepless nights, is indifferent to everything. Suspended between day and night, light and darkness, he also hovers between life and death in a state of absolute, disheartened indecision. The bed becomes a zone of neutrality, where no decision is to be made, no comfort to be found. The insomnia felt at night is the exact counterpart of the uneasy indifference experienced during the day. Consciousness has not yet dissolved into dreaming and passivity. The bed is an extension and reminder of feelings. The bed which appears in song is an ideal or symbolic bed: the idea of the bed. It becomes obvious that the bed is never purely material but belongs to what Novalis called the 'dream of things' or the imagination, the abstraction, of the material.

The bedroom as political space

A second wave of independent music, born in the late 1980s (after The Smiths had dissolved in 1987), has appropriated the legacy of The Smiths by incorporating the theme and sound of domestic life into their songs.[26] Morrissey, whose influences were principally literary, had already integrated the kitchensink sensibility into his song writing. The Bristol-based labels Sarah Records (1987-1995), Subway Organization (1985-1989), and Tea Time Records (1988-1991), took the domestic themes further. These record-labels almost entirely relied on home-recording technologies. In a 1987 issue of his fanzine *Are You Scared to Get Happy?*, Matt Haynes (co-founder of Sarah Records) succinctly writes that one needs '1 Portastudio, 1TDK C60, 1 Glasgow bedroom'[27] in order to make an album. Sarah Records as well as myriad other micro-independent record labels[28] were non-profit labels which were originally started as fanzines, and progressively set to release flexi-discs and records (mostly 7-inch records), first relying on a network of supportive penpals in order to disseminate the music. The music released by these labels has been coined 'twee pop' or 'bedroom pop' by the contemporary music press. It was essentially listened to at home and primarily dealt with intimate, and introverted, feelings and secrets. The Field Mice were the most successful band on the Sarah label. Characterised by minimal arrangements and sung in thin, almost weak voices, their songs resemble diary entries. The song 'Couldn't Feel Safer,' in contrast with The Smiths' song discussed earlier, explicitly associates the bed with complete protection and self-abandon. ('In this dark room, in this bed / When you hold me like this / You're so secure / […] Right now I fear nothing / I couldn't feel safer')[29]

Bedroom pop is irremediably marked and fashioned by the rhetorics and aesthetics of childhood. (Reynolds) In the late 1980s, the cult of childhood was as much a cult of unbridled idleness as it was a reaction to Thatcherism, as Bob Stanley (Saint Etienne) retrospectively observed: 'The mid-eighties were the peak of Thatcher's Britain. The 100% consumerist society she envisaged was only a reality for the chosen few: most were on the receiving end of the decline of heavy industry. No jobs, no cash, no choice but to do everything yourself within your means.'[30] Children, as they do not work and do not have children, are not engaged in any

productive or socio-economically 'useful' activity. They are presumably incapable of any contract. Home-made recordings (along with fanzines) are bound to enter an alternative and non-traceable economy, often a gift or swap economy, as they have no strict exchange value. Writing about American fanzine-writers from the 1990s, Duncombe suggests that '[w]ithdrawal from economic, social and political production makes sense as a (partially unconscious) strategy of resistance in our (post)modern world.'[31] Sarah Records' co-founder Matt Haynes, in a naïve yet revealing political declaration, considered 7-inch records (which were very affordable) to embody socialism, whilst 12-inch records were capitalism. The child is a metaphor for the economic marginal. It is also a routinely *acted* and *lived* metaphor for indie pop's artists and audiences (which very often coincide). Cernes Cannings (a London promoter) humorously reports that the first time he saw the Pastels' frontman, 'he was upstairs at Rough Trade with Joe Foster, and he was playing with an Action Man toy on a parachute. He was wearing an anorak and he looked about 13. I thought he was Joe Foster's son.'[32] The realm of the bedroom can be that of resistance, albeit a cowardly, at times almost passive and inevitably childish, resistance.

Conclusion: *Back to the old house*

In this article I have discussed the centrality and cruciality of the bedroom in the establishment of independent music. The bedroom has been explored as a multi-layered reality, simultaneously symbolic – the place of creation, inspiration and imagination – and real, as the home-studio defines and privileges a certain type of creative practice. The bedroom can also be seen as the place of an indefatigable, persisting childhood. It follows that the bedroom is first and foremost a place of irrevocable transition, which is bound to be outgrown and possibly mourned. As Tolstoy nostalgically wrote in his memoirs, upon leaving his childhood room: 'It was difficult for me to separate myself from my accustomed life (accustomed for an eternity). I was sad… less because I had to separate myself from people […] than from my little bed, with its curtain, its pillows, and I was anxious about the new life I was entering.'[33]

In the post-punk years, the bedroom – for all its remoteness – may be perceived as a site of critical resistance, not the least because a bedroom is a shelter from the high street or the mainstream (where the myth of the extraverted, public rock star dominates) but because bedrooms may have allowed a challenging of Thatcher's version of capitalism, as they led to different, more meaningful, forms of consumptive and creative practices (swap, gift economy). The bedroom proved a necessary former and formative environment for the development of independent music. It provided it with a primitive ground and primal metaphor or centre – an original image to be durably incorporated into 'indie' aesthetics and ideology.

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THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE REALMS IN THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY: A PARAMETER OF WOOD AND FABRIC

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ABSTRACT

This article is an exploration of the bed in the Britain during the seventeenth-century. Through a study of different types of bed and a close analysis of court records, this paper concludes that the bed served as a space of privacy and isolation, in busy, public domestic spheres. The bed was a haven of love, comfort and warmth, but the privacy of wood and fabric also created opportunities for abuse and criminality, which will be demonstrated in the second half of this paper.

This is an exploration of the bed in Britain during the seventeenth-century. The bed existed in varying forms and in different degrees of quality but the desire to have use of a bed was universally felt, and one can cautiously assert that most people had access to a bed of sorts.[1] In England, couples bedded down in great inherited poster beds, drawing the curtains shut around them. Servants folded out their collapsible beds and made the hearth-stone their chamber, while in rural corners of Wales and Scotland, people climbed up ladders into cupboard beds, or makeshift loft-spaces. In the winter months, a yeoman's family, along with pet cat and dog, climbed into their oak framed bed together, heaping fabrics on top, from around the house. In a lodging house, two strangers shuffled nearer, in the pursuit of warmth. In a cellar apartment, an old widow crawled under her fabrics, to sleep alone. Thus, bed-time was both more communal and individualistic than we now know it to be, as the number and nature of bedfellows was dictated by circumstance and environment. Despite the individualistic quality of households, the bed served a common set of practical functions: a place of rest, of shelter, of reflection and of sexual intercourse. In addition, the bed performed essential social and emotional functions: the curtains and woodwork were a domestic parameter; between a busy, public household, and the bed, a space of privacy, rest and relative isolation.

Perhaps the most reminiscent type of bed from this period is the poster bed, and it is with this which we begin.[2] These were formed of a typically oak structure, with a wooden or fabric canopy, supported by either two or four posts.[3] A bed with just two posts could be fixed to a wall or supported by a back panel. This was the case for the largest surviving bed of the period, the Great Bed of Ware. This was supported by a large, decorative inlaid bedstead, and was probably commissioned by an inn owner in Ware, who wanted to attract guests with

the opportunity to stay in the widest bed in England.[4] The bed measures 326cm in width: a current super king size bed in the UK is around 200cm. Poster beds were hung with curtains, between the posts and/or back panel, creating an insular space. The quality of the fabric depended on the wealth of the owner, but as few beds survive with materials, it is difficult to suggest exactly how these fabrics appeared, and how they varied. Lady Ann Fanshaw recorded that one house which she and her husband occupied was 'richly furnished, both my husband's quarter and mine, the worst bed and chamber of my apartment being furnished with damask, in which my chambermaid lay.'[5] Damask was a fabric of the wealthy, and one can presume that bed curtains varied in quality the further down the social ladder one went, although precious materials were inherited through even poor families. The bedding was secured within the oak frame: mattresses could be stuffed with down, (such as the Great Bed of Ware), or with whatever materials were to hand, such as hay, leaves and the like.[6] The stuffing was held in place by a fabric cover, referred to as the 'tick.' On a poster bed, this mattress was usually secured by ropes underneath, which provided tension, and was more comfortable to sleep upon than a solid surface. This also allowed the bedding to breathe.

There were relatively few poster beds (probably not even one hundred) in 1600 but they had become more common by the start of the seventeenth-century. (Worsely, p. 8) The canopy and curtains kept in warmth, provided a limited degree of privacy, and kept out falling straw and other unwanted bodies from floors or rafters above. The 'walls' of the bed may have also regulated unwanted smells from other parts of the household. The afore-mentioned Lady Ann Fanshaw left us a glimpse into the private sphere of her bed, during one of her minor arguments with her husband: 'So we went to bed, I cried and he went to sleep. Next morning early as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly, and went to court.'[7] While Lady Ann's words may resonate as a recognisable domestic falling-out, they also demonstrate how the curtains provided an intimate space for husband and wife, and insulated their argument from the eyes of servants and others. Perhaps Richard Fanshawe (her husband) drew the curtains to keep the heat within, and perhaps he drew them to contain Lady Ann's ill humour.[8]

 The intimate space which beds provided was one reason why people recorded how they enjoyed simply being within their beds. When Dorothy Osborne (who would become Lady Temple) wrote a letter to the diplomat, William Temple (an educated politician, whom she would go on to marry after a long engagement), she said 'SIR,–I am so great a lover of my bed myself that I can easily apprehend the trouble of rising at four o'clock these cold mornings [to get the post and her letters]. In earnest, I am troubled that you should be put to it, and have chid the carrier for coming out so soon.'[9] For others, the enclosed space was an area of calm reflection: in Lucy Hutchinson's memoir to her husband, she described how he was troubled, with an 'anxiety of mind [that] affected him so, that it sent him to his bed that aftenoone, which indeed he tooke to entertaine his thoughts alone that night, and having fortified himselfe with resolution, he gate [got] up.'[10] For John Hutchinson, the bed was a place of reflection, where he went to seek quiet isolation.

Some scholars have suggested that even the poor spent large amounts of money on beds, and the cupboard bed was likely to have been popular choice for poorer people.[11] These were beds which were built into wooden

panelling, with a cupboard door or fabric across the entrance. Cupboard beds (also known as box beds) were common in many areas of the British Isles, including northern England, Wales and areas of Scotland. By the nineteenth-century, the box bed had acquired a rural association, surviving in traditional farm dwellings. They had also acquired an association with poverty and wilderness, such as Emily Brontë's portrayal of a cupboard bed as the space of refuge for Cathy and Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* (1847). In the seventeenth-century, these were associated with relative poverty, rather than a clear urban rural divide.[12] They were warmer than flat or fold-out beds without a canopy, which may be why they were popular in Scotland and Wales. In the Shetland Isles, box beds were traditionally made from washed up timber, as few trees grew in the harsh terrain.[13] These cupboards beds provided a similar insular space to the poster beds, but they were clearly different in appearance and in grandeur.

Unfortunately, very few of these box beds remain from the seventeenth-century, but there are slightly later survivors. For example, Llanon Cottage Museum in Cardiganshire, houses a surviving box bed.[14] This bed is referred to as a wainscot, perhaps because of their similarity to the familiar geometric oak wall panelling which was relatively common in the early modern era (or maybe because these beds were made from recycled wainscot in the eighteenth and nineteenth-centuries).[15] The blurring of bed and of wainscot panelling was evident in the seventeenth-century, as wainscot was used in beds and in matching panelling, and this can make it difficult to determine whether an author was describing a cupboard or a tester bed.[16] This particular cottage also houses later examples of other types of bed which reflect a typical poor household. One is a truckle bed: this was a small flat bed which was stored underneath a larger bed during the day, and then could be used by the children at night, while the parents slept within the box bed. The cottage also housed a cradle with hooded end for a baby and an adapted poster bed with sawn off posts, which allowed the bed to fit under the eaves in a loft-space. This typical eighteenth-century two-bedroom house bears strong resemblance to a house, and the beds within it, which Lady Ann Fanshaw described during the English Civil War. She recorded her disdain at being forced to stay in a less affluent household than her own: 'I went immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better: and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up.' (Fanshawe, p. 40) She also reveals the layout of a small household: two lower rooms (or partitions, so once one large room which had been divided, and we can assume the same for the loft-space). In this type of layout one can distinguish how each room was a through-route of sorts, and the limited degree of privacy experienced by the dwelling family.

The final type of bed, which could be either a tester or box, was the travelling bed. These beds were used by a wealthier type of person, as only they could afford to transport such a heavy and cumbersome pieces of furniture. Stockport Heritage Service owns a travelling box bed, from approximately 1600. This bed was made with a set of stairs (in order to climb into the bed), with two locking wig boxes (again, indicating a relative degree of wealth) and two carved depictions of a husband and wife, complete with initials, fixed to the front of the bed. The panels indicate that this was made to commemorate a wedding and probably given as a gift to the husband and wife. The travelling bed ensured a certain level of quality, as not all inn beds were as grand as the aforementioned Great Bed of Ware. Inn beds could also harbour parasites and disease: the diarist, John Evelyn

used another person's bed when travelling, without changing the sheets because he was 'heavy with pain and drowsiness.' The next day, he wrote; 'I shortly after paid dearly for my impatience, falling sick of the smallpox.' (Evelyn, p. 234) Having a travelling bed reduced the risk of disease and other infections, because it allowed the owner to regulate who slept in it.[17] The couple could sleep in relative safety, with a guarantee of quality.

To conclude this section, the bed offered a private space, within a dwelling house. Chambers served as hallways or 'through-routes' for servants or others who called the house their home. Beds were frequently positioned beside hearths; often as there was limited space and for greater warmth. If a house had just one hearth, then this would have made it a busy area. The cupboard and tester bed therefore served a critical function: they provided a small, intimate and enclosed space for the occupants, in a world where privacy remained a luxury. (Hudson, p. 140) Even among the wealthy, servants needed to enter bedrooms to light and clean fireplaces, and to access other areas of the house.

The word 'bed' had numerous meanings in the seventeenth-century. 'Bed' often followed a person through their life, marking critical stages. To be brought to bed of a child referred to a woman giving birth; this meant that the bed was associated with life's beginnings.[18] Childbirth also had the strange effect of enforcing privacy upon the bedroom by excluding men, but forcing more women than usual into the chamber to assist in the birth. 'Bed' was also inextricably linked with marriage: it formed part of the legal definition; an agreement of shared bed and board. 'Bed' was a social metaphor to describe marriage more generally: if a husband or wife committed adultery they were said to have 'defiled' the other's bed and to 'kick' a husband or wife out of bed was to deny them sexual intercourse, and perhaps to segregate, or even end, the marriage as a whole.[19] This close connection with marriage also connected 'bed' to sexual intercourse. 'Bed' was used to describe sexual intercourse and 'bed' could describe a person's virginity or virtue. Bed was therefore a word associated not only with marriage, but with sexual experiences and a person's sexual character. The final association was as a space which a person went to when they were sick: when an affliction made someone too ill to stand, they could be 'brought to' or 'of bed' or 'took to bed.'[20] If sickness ultimately took the person's life, then bed was also an ancient word used for 'grave.'[21] The deathbed, like childbirth, pushed more people into the bed chamber. The historian, Lucinda Becker noted that; 'for dying men and women alike, the deathbed would have been a busy place, a semi-public event being orchestrated from within the more usually semi-private domestic setting.'[22] 'Bed' was closely related with critical stages in the human life-cycle, moments which were religious and supernatural, and where the boundaries of public and private were tested. This was a space of emotional polarisations: of love, but also of hate, of joy and despair, of compassion and cruelty, and, of boredom and zeal. It was a space of actual boundaries, between public and private, but also between metaphorical borders: sickness and health, and life and death.

The latter half of this article focuses on the negative associations of the bed. This was a space which was considered to be sacred and one where people allowed themselves to be at their most vulnerable. People were generally without weapons to defend themselves, they were dressed in private garments (if not naked) and were in that most helpless and blind state of being; sleep. In 2005, Roger Ekrich published *At Day's Close*, where he claimed night-time remained a superstitious and other-worldly episode of day, retaining its own unique

customs, rituals and interactions throughout the period.[23] This was followed by Craig Koslofky's book, in which he claimed nocturnalisation was an early modern phenomenon: where new public spheres 'challenged the invisible world of ghosts and witches.'[24] Both arguments have validity. However, the bed was considered a supernatural, ritualistic and revered space. Diarists recorded strange and disturbing dreams, which given the relative wealth of the writers, usually took place within their oak-framed beds.[25] Coupled with this, Lucinda Becker noted that when a person was on their deathbed, it was not uncommon for those present (usually women) to claim to see ghosts in the chamber and around the bed. (Becker, p. 33) Even if there were challenges to the supernatural aspect of the bed space and of night, as noted by Koslofky, these frightening associations continued to linger in the mind-set of people. When criminals invaded the bed space, vulnerable people were thrown into complete terror, as the oak walls and damask curtains became a space which concealed crimes, and prevented escape. By using records from the Old Bailey in London, we are able to understand how people reacted when this happened.

Burglary was one means by which a criminal could violate the bed space, intruding into a private sphere, dragging a barbaric, criminal and public element into the domestic refuge. Amanda Vickery has noted that there was a recognised cultural distinction between 'robberies' which took place during the day and 'burglaries' which happened at night. The definition of burglary was also to do with forcibly breaking into a private sphere (and a privately owned one).[26] So the definition was to do with the hour of the day, the 'breaking in' and the intrusion of a dwelling, where people were residing. The perpetrators were considered to be of a more vile and immoral character than their counterparts who stole from market stalls, and the punishment for burglary was often death, rather than branding or whipping.[27] To assault the owners of the house, who had been sleeping in their beds, clearly took the magnitude of stealing one step further.[28] For example, on 29 April 1674, one Thomas Mullinex, with a group of unnamed men, broke into the home of a Walter Carey.[29] Walter and his wife were sleeping in their bed, when Mulllinex 'claping a Pistol to his [Walter's] breast as he lay in his bed… forced him to lie still, and caused his Lady to rise to shew the rest of his Comrades where her mony lay, with the manner of their taking.' The thieves made off with the money, although they were later apprehended. This type of invasive criminality violated the domestic tranquillity of the bed space. In Middlesex, Mrs Haris was burgled in 1679: 'between one and two in the morning where in the company of three more entering, surprised the Woman and Children in her bed, and roaled them up in the Bed-cloaths, till some of them [the thieves] ransacked the Houses… who approaching her bed side with dark Lanthorn [lanter] and two strings, bound her Hand and Foot.'[30] The binding of the widow's hands and feet, beside her young children, transformed the family sphere into a terrifying, sinister place. A second court document, pertaining to the same crime, described how the criminals had secured the family by 'almost smothering her and her children with the Bed-clothes.'[31] This alerts us to a particular fear which was reserved purely for the bed: smothering or suffocation. Bed-clothes and fabrics were intimate objects, intended to bring warmth, comfort and relaxation. To use them as potential murder weapons was to invert their purpose. Both of these crimes were doubtlessly terrifying experiences: the intrusion of the bed space by a thief, particularly when the occupants were in the bed, was deemed much worse than stealing from an empty bed (which harsh sentences attest to).

Rape was a horrific invasion of the comforting functions of the bed space, although the act did not have to take place within the bed to produce the same terrifying, damaging and horrific experience for a victim. In fact, a woman who claimed to be raped in a bed, particularly if it was by her husband, was more unlikely to win her case, than a woman who was raped elsewhere. The jury asked; why had a woman gone into a chamber with a man? Why had she clambered into a cupboard bed without being a willing partner? When one word was against another, the man's voice was likely to win, except when there was overwhelming evidence. In 1680, one 'priest of the prison house' was brought before the courts for 'the spoiling of a girl of nine years.'[32] After sexually abusing the child, the priest, who was named Dowdel 'threw her upon his Bed (having made his Door fast with a Stick) fell upon her, pull'd up her Coats; and hurt her with something, insomuch that she cryed out; but he stopt her mouth with the Bed-cloaths.' During the court case it emerged that Dowdel had abused the girl several times within his bed chamber. As with the cases of burglaries, bed clothes were used to silence the victim. Dowdel's sentence was not recorded in the document. Similarly, a Turk named Mustapha Pochowachett, was brought before the court for buggery with a boy of about fourteen. The two shared a bed (as master and apprentice, which was not unusual) and one night the Turk forced himself upon the young boy as they lay in bed: 'upon which the Boy cried out, to prevent which he [Pochowachett] stopt his Mouth with the Pillow.[33] Pochowachett was found guilty of buggery (with or without consent) and sentenced to death.

Silencing the victim with bed clothes may have prevented immediate discovery, but it was important in terms of consent too. If a rape victim did not cry out from the bed, then consent was called into question.[34] Therefore the bed clothes or pillows could be instrumental in rape cases. For example, in 1677, a 'lusty man' was brought before the court for the rape of a 'certain woman.' She described how he 'sudden flung her on the bed, and there by violence against her consent had his will of her.'[35] The woman's word was called into question when she failed to explain why she did not cry out, and the man was found not guilty. On another occasion, a young female servant, named Sarah Paine, claimed that her mistress's son, William Woodbridge 'crept through a Hole that had been formerly made in the Wall, and surprising her in Bed, by Violence obtained his Will on her; She being asked, Why she did not cry out? replyed, That he stopt her mouth, and threatned to knock her Brains out if she did.'[36]

Those types of murder which occurred within beds typically reflect a deliberate abuse of domestic power relations. The clearest examples of this are cases of infanticide. The mother's bed was frequently the area in which murder took place, or where the body was concealed. In 1677, one woman was 'delivered of a Bastard-childe, made shift, by her wickedness, to deprive the poor Infant of that life she had contributed to by her wantonness. She pretended it came by its untimely end, by falling from her body on the floor whilst she unhumanely went from the bed towards the door; but she concealing it above a week under her Pillow.'[37] Infanticide within the bed and the hiding of the body within the bedding were rare occurrences but not unheard of. In 1687, one Margaret Dine committed the same crime: 'Condemned for murthering her Bastard-Childe, which she most unnaturally kill'd and hid in her bed for some days.'[38] In 1677, another unnamed woman 'did at last take out of the Bed a cold naked dead Child, which had, as appeared, been wrapt up in a Cloth, and seemed to have [dead] been a day or two.'[39] One final example tells the same story, this time of a

mother named Margaret Adams: '… and rising early next morning went about her [the mother, Margaret] occasions, leaving the Child dead in the bed with her Mistresses Daughter, it being conjectured that she had smothered it with the Bed-cloaths, the which the Girl waking found, and called out, saying, there was a Child in the bed.'[40] Once again, the bed clothes and pillow appear instrumental in the deaths: objects which were intended to protect and comfort became tools of murder in the hands of a mother. Furthermore, the bed was used as a private, even secret, space to give birth in. In desperate and unforgiving circumstances, these women may have then committed murder. I say 'may' have, as the courts were particularly unforgiving of mothers who were found with new-born dead children: all of the women mentioned were sentenced to death. Perhaps the mothers used the bed-clothes or pillows to suffocate their new-borns, or perhaps they simply left the infants alone in the beds: their cries smothered by linens. The private dimensions of the bed, which were sealed with wood and fabrics, allowed for murder, as well as comfort and love.

Infanticide was not the only form of murder to take place in beds. In 1686, Ann Hollis was brought before the courts for killing a young apprentice girl in her care.[41] Elizabeth Preswick was just fourteen years old and probably suffered from tuberculosis. After one particularly harsh whipping with a rod of birch, Elizabeth never fully recovered and died, about a month later: 'she [Ann Hollis] upon the day aforesaid, caused her [Elizabeth] to go up Stairs, and two other Girls about the same Age, to hold her cross the Bed, while she Whipp'd her upon the Back, Belly, Shoulders, and Legs, insomuch, that she languished till the 6th. of May and died.' Elizabeth's punishment had been orchestrated in order to correct her inadequacies as an apprentice, and the court ruled that Ann Hollis was not to blame for the girl's death. The point of relevance for this article lies in Ann Hollis's decision to take the girl up stairs and into a chamber, to whip her upon a bed. The whipping would presumably have been a messy affair, with blood flicking onto bed-clothes, curtains and other linen. Despite this, the decision to perform it on the bed was a deliberate one. Perhaps this related to Elizabeth's specific faults, which were not alluded to in the record.[42] Or perhaps, the chamber provided Ann with a space to whip the girl, away from any passing observers or lodgers. Ann needed a private space because her conduct was not acceptable: Elizabeth was a sickly girl and not only did Ann whip her, she whipped her numerous times all over her body, as the girl was held down by others.[43] Bed-clothes may have provided the ideal tool to silence the girl's screams and the bed space provided Ann with a means to punish her servants without anyone who may have reported her seeing and hearing. The only witnesses were her servants, who evidently had cause to fear their mistress.

Surprisingly, the Old Bailey has few accounts of domestic abuse and/or murder between husbands and wives, within beds. One published report (perhaps a little sensationalised) from Yorkshire, recounts a story of an abused wife who used the marital bed as the setting for her revenge against her husband, John Stone.[44] John Stone had murdered his niece and her husband as they lay in bed. The following day, his wife tried to discuss the matter when Stone struck her several times (and at this point, she may have realised that her husband was likely to have been the one who had murdered her niece and her husband). The following night, after her husband had gone to sleep, she killed herself, beside him in the bed. In the morning; 'when he awakening and going to put his hands over his Wife, felt her all wet, and suddenly snatcht his hand back again; and seeing it to be bloud, soon found that his Wife to be dead at his side; and then like one stricken with fear; he knew not at

present what to do with himself.' (*sad and bloody newes*, pp. 7-8) John Stone then went to the barn and hanged himself.

Not all murders which took place within beds were so strongly related to the abuse of domestic power relations. Some were burglaries which went wrong; others were the inevitable consequences of living with lodgers who were strangers, and even sharing a bed with them, if the cold weather made it necessary. One widow named Elizabeth Fairbank met a gruesome end in her bed. Elizabeth was described as living in a cellar, and therefore in relative poverty, but she did own several objects of value, including rings and plates. Her body was discovered by the lodger who lived in the room above: '[she was] found dead, with her Legs tyed, hanging down on the side of the Bed, the other part of her Body on the Bed, her Neck was broke, and she was bruised in several Places a bloody Handkerchief found near her supposed to have been thrust into her Mouth, and so forcibly that two of her Teeth were struck in with it, which is thought might occasion the Blood.'[45] The widow's bed provided the setting for the murder, which no one was aware of, until a neighbour found Elizabeth a few days later. The murder was charged to one John Wise, who presumably robbed the widow for her things of value, but offered no explanation as to the barbaric nature of the murder on her bed. The decision to kill her on the bed may reflect a sadistic abuse of gender control and the fear of rape, or, as a poor widow, the bed may have been the only immoveable item of furniture by which John Wise could restrain Elizabeth, within her home.

This final barbaric act draws this section on the criminality and invasion of the bed to a close. In nearly all of the cases which have been examined, the private dimensions of the bed allowed the invasions and inversions to take place with greater ease: either because of the enclosed walls, which prevented others seeing, the bed-clothes which smothered and prevented others from hearing, or because of the vulnerable, defenceless state of the occupants. These were not common occurrences, even within London, but they do illuminate what happened when the safest of domestic places was thrown into disorder. In examining the bed, we can better understand the dynamics of the early-modern household, as a busy multifunctional area of many different people; and we can better understand the bed as an enclosed area of safety and privacy. However, the through-routes and multi-person nature of households also created opportunity for crime, and as the bed was that private haven, it is unsurprising that criminals, who needed relative privacy to perpetrate their crimes, used the space.

The bed and the themes of this paper have coincided with a significant movement in academia, toward a new approach and understanding of the domestic sphere. The domestic sphere has been transformed from a textually-based flat subject, to one which in recent years, has become a materially constructed space.[46] It is now viewed as an area with walls and fabrics, all of which were constructed with meaning and intent. Consequently, the history of a material object, located within the domestic sphere, is part of current scholarly debate. Despite the bed providing the setting for some of the most extraordinary and moving episodes of early modern life, it has not been the focus of study. Lawrence Wright noted that there is a gap in scholarly discourse; 'about eight hours in every day.'[47]

The bed was not the only space within the home to witness privacy: couples squabbled by the hearth and window too, and other areas played host to intimacy and domestic activity. However, the home was, in many respects, a much more public place than we now associate it as being. The bedroom in particular, did not exist. The through-flow of people, as well as the general layout of houses, required a specific type of bed, which could provide a private space. The curtains and woodwork were a parameter between this busy domestic space, and one of privacy, rest and relative isolation. There are other objects from the domestic sphere which were created to serve public and private functions, but perhaps none so effectively, or spatially poignantly, as the bed. When criminals forced abuse and violence into that space, the parameters enclosed around the victim, and prevented immediate discovery. Furthermore, when that criminality was brought before the court, the public was imposed upon the private, as the bed became a space on trial. While these court records have allowed us to analyse crimes of the bed, they are records of an area which had been inverted from its intended functions. The bed was intended to be a haven for the individual and for the collective, but this was only afforded by relative privacy, and privacy, in turn, fashioned opportunities for abuse.

References / Notes

1   Lucy Worsely, *If Walls could Talk: An Intimate History of the Home* (London: Faber and Faber 2012), pp.3-5.

2   Poster beds were also known as 'tester' beds. Tester referred to the canopy of the bed.

3   Other examples of wood include bog-oak (the Inlaid Chamber at Sizergh Castle, Cumbria) and lignum vitae (George Fox's travelling bed, made in Barbados, and currently housed in Swarthmore Hall). As the century went on, mahogany and maple were imported in large quantities, and furniture (including beds) began to be made from these more malleable woods.

4   The Great Bed of Ware is currently housed by the Victoria and Albert Museum in London (Museum no. W.47-1931). William Shakespeare was one of many writers who gave special mention to the bed; 'as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England.' (William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*: Act three, scene two). See also Franc C. Chalfant (ed.), *Ben Johnson's London; A Jacobean Place name Dictionary* (University of Georgia Press, 1978), p. 192.

5   Lady Ann Fanshawe and Herbert Fanshawe (ed.), *The Memoirs of Lady Ann Fanshawe* (London: John Bodley, 1907), p. 128

6   In 1610, a German traveller, named Lewis Frederick noted that the bed was a 'swans down bed, eight-feet wide.' (William Brenchley Rye (ed.), *England as seen by Foreigners in the Fays of Elizabeth and James the First* (London: J. R. Smith, 1865), p.62). John Evelyn, *The Diary of John Evelyn* (London: Walter Dunne, 1901), p.234; 'In this wretched place, I lay on a bed stuffed with leaves, which made such a crackling and so prick my skin through the tick that I could not sleep.'

7   Hudson, Roger (ed.) *The Grand Quarrel: Women's Memoirs of the English Civil War* (Gloucestershire: The Folio Society, 2003), p. 157.

8   For another example of the dynamics of the bed's curtains see: Anon., *A curtain-conference, being a discourse betwixt (the late Lord Lambert, now) Iohn Lambert Esq; and his Lady, as they lay a bed together one night at their house at Wimbleton. Related by the Lady Lambert to Tom Trim, her gentleman usher,*

(one well acquainted with all her secrets) and now by him printed for publick satisfaction (London: W.L., 1660).

9   Dorothy Osborne and Kenneth Parker (ed.), *Dorothy Osborne: Letters to Sir William Temple, 1652-1665: Observations on Love, Literature, Politics and Religion, with an Introduction and Notes* (Aldershot: Ashgate, 2002). Letter Six.

10   Lucy Hutchinson*, Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson* (1906), p. 77.

11   Victor Chinnery*, Oak Furniture: The British Tradition* (Antique Collector's Club, reprint 2013). See also: John Friske and Lisa Freeman, *Living with Oak: Seventeenth-Century English Furniture* (Northamptonshire: Belmont Press, 1999). Linda J. Hall and N. W. Alcock, *Fixtures and Fittings in Dated Houses, 1567-1763* (Council for British Archaeology, 1994). Annie Carlano and Bobbie Sumberg, *Sleeping Around: The Bed from Antiquity to Now* (Washington: University of Washington Press, 2006). Worsely, *If Walls could Talk*, p. 8. Relatively poor people still owned beds and that bed was often the only (or most valuable) piece of furniture which they recorded in their wills and in court records (see reference forty-three).

12   Box beds on the continent could be far more luxurious: examples from Brittany and the Netherlands are decorated with intricate carving and paintwork.

13   The Shetland Crofthouse Museum at Voe houses a reconstructed example of an ancient box bed.

14   Llanon Cottage Museum, Coliseum, Terrace Road, Aberystwyth. St. Fagons (The National History Museum) in Snowdonia, contains a similar cottage and set of beds. Ty Mawr Wybrnant in Conwy, Wales houses an eighteenth-century box bed. A final example, of a box bed can be found in Snowhill Manor, Gloucestershire.

15   Wainscot is a specific type of oak which was imported from the continent.

16   Old Bailey Proceedings (www.oldbaileyonline.org version 6.0,13 February 2013), Ordinary of Newgate's Account, 9 May 1679 (t16790430-3). Original spellings have been adhered to.

17   Stockport Heritage Service, (Flemish, 1600) (STOPM: 1998.1069).

18   For further reading: Hilary Marland, *The Art of Midwifery: Early Modern Midwives in Europe* (London: Routledge, 1994). Jacques Gelis*, History of Childbirth: Fertility, Pregnancy and Birth in Early Modern Europe* (Staford: Polity Press, 1996). Doreen Evenden, *The Midwives of Seventeenth-Century London* (Cambridge: CUP, 2006).

19   Anon., *The Pleasures of Matrimony, Intermix'd with a Variety of Merry and Delightful Stories* (London: R/H Rodes, 1695), p. 121.

20   Elias Ashmole and R.T. Gunther (ed.), *The Diary and Will of Elias Ashmole* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1927), p. 15.

21   David Lindsay, *Funerals of a Right Reuerend Father in God Patrick Forbes of Corse, Bishop of Aberdfne* (1631), p. 80.

22   Lucinda M. Becker, *Death and the Early-Modern Englishwoman* (Hampshire: Ashgate, 2003), p. 30.

23   Roger Ekrich, *At Day's Close: A History of Night-Time* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 2005).

24   Craig Koslofky, *Evening's Empire: A History of the Night in Early-Modern Europe* (Cambridge University Press, 2011), p. 3.

25   Samuel Sewall, *The Diary of Samuel Sewall, Vol. 1.*, (Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society, 1878), pp. 11, 396, 399.

26   For example, William Lambarde, *Eirenarcha: or the office of the Justices of Peace* (London: 1588), pp. 261-3. William Lambarde was a lawyer. His first definition of burglary was 'at night only' (as opposed to robbery at day). Second, that burglary may be committed simply by breaking in, though nothing may be taken. He then went onto describe that the definition had lately changed and that the place which was broken into must be a dwelling-house, and that a person should be within the house at the time of the burglary. This clearly caused confusion, as Lambarde then went onto describe barns which were adjoined to dwelling houses etc.

27   Amanda Vickery, Guest Lecture, 'Burglary and the Englishman's Castle,' Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences at Lancaster University, Lancaster, 03 November 2011. Further reading, see: J. A. Sharpe, *Crime in Early Modern England: 1550-1750* (London: Longman, 1998).

28   Published criminal cases on this matter also include: Anonymous, *Bloody news from Southwark: or, A perfect relation how the master of the Ship-Inne neer Deadman-place, was found barbarously kill'd upon his bed, on Tuesday the 15th of this instant February* (London: D. M., 1676).

29   OBP, April 1674, Thomas Mullinex, (f16740429-1).

30   OBP, January 1679, Thomas Gold (OA16790121).

31   OBP, January 1670, Thomas Gold (t16800115-1).

32   Anon., *A Full and True Relation of two very remarkable Tryals at the Quarter-Sessions of the Peace for the City and Liberty of Westminster held in the great hall, on Monday the third of October, and ending the eleventh of the same* (Westminster, 1680), p. 3. A prison priest was one who preached within prisons. Another example: OBP, December 1685, (t16851209-28.)

33   OBP, May 1694, (t16940524-20).

34   The reason behind stating 'her' aversion is that homosexual sex was recorded as diabolical regardless of whether there was consent.

35   OBP, September 1677, (t16770906-3).

36   OBP, December 1681, (t16811207-1).

37   OBP, April 1677, (t16770425-3). For further reading on gender and crime, see: Garthine Walker, *Crime, Gender and Social Order in Early Modern England* (CUP, 2008). Malcom Gaskill, *Crime and Mentalities in Early Modern England* (CUP, 2000). Jacqueline Eales, *Women In Early Modern England, 1500-1700*, (UCL, 1998). J.I. Kermode and Garthine Walker (eds.), *Women, Crime and the Courts in Early Modern England* (UCL, 1994). Deborah A. Symonds, *Weep Not for Me: Women, Ballads, and Infanticide in Early Modern Scotland* (Pennsylvania State University Press, 1998).

38   OBP, May 1687, Margaret Dine, (t16770425-6).

39   OBP, June 1677, (t16770601-6).

40   OBP, Margaret Adams, December 1680, (t16801208-2).

41   OBP, May 1686, Ann Hollis, (t16860520-2.)

42   By this, I mean Elizabeth may have not performed a task properly in the bedroom (such as making the bed) and this could be why the punishment was carried out there.

43   For a further example see Anon., *The Bloody papist, or, A true relation of the horrid and barbarous murder committed by one Ro Sherburn of Kyme in Lincolnshire (a notorious papist) upon his wife whom in an inhumane manner he murder'd in her bed, for which he is now a prisoner in Lincoln-Gaol* (London: George Larkin, 1683). Ro Sherburn was able to either strangle or smother his wife, surprising her as she slept. The crime was not discovered until the next day, when neighbours were concerned that they 'did not see the doors open'd... and found her thus murder'd in her bed, and he lying upon another.'

44   Anon., *Sad and bloody newes from Yorkshire being a True relation of a most strange barbarous and cruel murther committed near Ferry Brigs* (London: W. Edwards, 1663).

45   OBP, October 1684, John Wise, (t16841008-19). See also the murder of two women, both names Mary Hunt: OBP, February 1685, Thomas Fallofield (t16850225-18).

46   Lucy Worsely, *If Walls could Talk: An Intimate History of the Home* (London: Faber and Faber 2012). Amanda Vickery, *Behind Closed Doors: At Home in Georgian England* (Yale University Press: 2010).

47   Lawrence Wright, *Warm and Snug: The History of the Bed* (Sutton: The History Press Ltd, 2004), p. vii.

CRITICAL
JOUISSANCE: JOURNEYS BEYOND THE BED WITH HÉLÈNE CIXOUS

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ABSTRACT

This article will propose that the symbol of the bed plays a central role in the writing of Hélène Cixous, from her earliest works onwards. Over the course of her continually evolving oeuvre, however, the associations which this object carries vary considerably. Each of the texts discussed in this article presents a different view of what the bed symbolises. Whereas her first essays link the bed with sleep, silence, passivity, and death; her later writing focuses on the bed as a scene of rebirth. The diverse representations of the bed in Cixous' work raise several questions. How does this transition from death to rebirth take place? Why does this transition happen? And what does it suggest about the larger conceptual shifts taking place within her work? It is the aim of this article to answer such questions by discussing a selection of texts that depict the bed in contrasting ways, including her celebrated essay 'Sorties,' 'The Laugh of the Medusa,' 'Coming to Writing,' and 'The School of Dreams.' By reflecting on Cixous' often conflicting representations of this object, this article will consider how the ambivalent symbolism of the bed may be seen to offer valuable insights into the wider evolution of Cixous' oeuvre.

This article will propose that the symbol of the bed has played a central role in the writing of Hélène Cixous, from her earliest works onwards. Over the course of her continually evolving oeuvre, however, the associations which this object carries seem to vary considerably. Each of the texts which I will discuss in this article presents a different view of what the bed can be seen to symbolise. Whereas her early works link the bed with sleep, silence, passivity, and death; her later writing focuses on the bed as a scene of rebirth. This object becomes closely connected with dreaming in Cixous' writing, which represents for her an act of liberation, exploration, and discovery. As a symbol of the world of dreams, the bed is thus transformed into a place where the desires, voices, and creative forces of the unconscious can be expressed.

The diverse symbolism of the bed in Cixous' work raises several questions. How does this transition from death to rebirth, from repression to liberation, from silence to self-expression take place? Why does this transition

happen? Furthermore, what does this suggest about the larger conceptual evolution that has taken place within her work over the years? It is the aim of this article to answer these questions by discussing a selection of texts which depict the bed in contrasting ways, such as her celebrated essay 'Sorties,' 'The Laugh of the Medusa,' 'Coming to Writing,' and 'The School of Dreams.' Despite the fact that this object reappears throughout these texts, its presence has been little discussed if not entirely overlooked by most existing scholarship on Cixous.[1] By reflecting more closely on her representation of this object, I will argue that the ambivalent symbolism of the bed may be seen to offer valuable insights into the wider evolution of Cixous' oeuvre.

In 'Sorties' – an essay which caused a storm in the world of French literary theory and revolutionised the study of women's writing – Cixous launches a direct attack on the myths of femininity which have pervaded western culture. Within the narrative traditions that serve as the foundations for this culture, Cixous argues that 'woman is always associated with passivity.'[2] 'Either a woman is passive or she does not exist,' she continues (p. 64). 'What is left of her is unthinkable, unthought' (p. 64). Integral to her critique of such narratives are the fairy tales that frequently represent women as occupying bed-ridden positions. The horizontality of women in these tales is fundamentally linked, Cixous suggests, to the myth which depicts femininity as the epitome of passivity, silence, and helplessness.

A prime example is the tale of 'Sleeping Beauty,' in which a woman falls under a spell that puts her to sleep for a thousand years and can only be broken by the kiss of a prince. Such a fairy tale exemplifies a stereotypically phallocentric representation of male desire which expresses itself through the power to arouse and awaken. The narrative of this tale places the man in an active position which grants him the ability to exercise this power. In order for him to do this successfully, however, the only position which the woman can occupy in the narrative is one of passivity in which she must obediently reflect, follow, and fulfil the call of male desire. Her awakening does not realise her existence as a woman in her own right, but rather as the universal phantasy of a woman whose existence is only validated by her ability to remain desirable. This concept of feminine desirability is one which depends on her not having the power to assert her own desire. As Cixous describes: 'She sleeps, she is intact, eternal, absolutely powerless' (p. 66). Female desire is not allowed to play an active role nor even to be expressed openly. The woman's allure – and thus her value – depends on her remaining passive, silent, and horizontal, Cixous argues.

The predicament of the woman who must supress her own desire in order to remain desirable is not confined to the fairy tales of past societies. The myth of feminine desirability which such tales re-inscribe may be seen as having a continuing influence on the way in which femininity is conceptualised in contemporary culture. In response to the fate of the female protagonist in 'Sleeping Beauty' and also 'Snow White,' Cixous insists that:

> One cannot say of the following history "it's just a story." It's a tale still true today. Most women who have awakened remember having slept, *having been put to sleep. Once upon a time … once … and once again.* Beauties slept in their woods, waiting for princes to come and wake them up. In their beds, in their glass coffins, in their childhood forests like dead women. Beautiful, but passive; hence desirable: all mystery emanates from them (p. 66).

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What Cixous calls for in 'Sorties' is an awakening to the detrimental effects of these narratives, for women as well as for men. To continue to play along with the roles of princess and prince confines the sexes within a repressive system in which masculine desire can only be expressed by asserting itself over the feminine. If we overlook the pervasive influence of such fairy tales within our literary and cultural history, this essay warns, we run the risk of letting their seductive but dangerous fantasies turn into an inescapable reality.[3]

The message which 'Sorties' seems to convey is that we – and women in particular – should "Beware of the Bed". As a symbolic object, the bed bears a special significance within Cixous' argument, as it is the journey 'from bed to bed' that maps the 'history' of women's lives throughout the centuries of western civilisation (p. 66). 'Bride bed, child bed, bed of death,' Cixous states, 'thus woman's trajectory is traced as she inscribes herself from bed to bed' (p. 66). This 'trajectory' provides a crucial example of Cixous' use of the bed as a symbol of the repression of women (p. 66). Cixous' depiction of their bed-ridden predicament lifts the lid of a Pandora's Box full of potentially incendiary questions. Is this predicament the result of the tyranny of man's desire? Or of woman's inability to challenge this tyranny? Is it a result of man's manipulation of the myth of femininity? Or of woman's complicity with this myth? 'Sorties' is an essay which delights in confronting such difficult issues directly, without the slightest hint of shying away from provocative – or even invective – rhetorical tactics. Though this essay leaves several of the questions it raises unresolved, Cixous' impassioned *tour de force* of feminist polemic does provide a powerfully unequivocal point of view on what women must do to escape a life of confinement to the bedroom. In order to write, to live, and to learn how to love herself, woman must wake up, rise up, and leave her bed behind.

In 'The Laugh of the Medusa' Cixous continues her critique of the repression of the feminine in literature and culture from a slightly different yet no less incisive perspective. As a condensed version of 'Sorties,' this essay interrogates the way in which we use language as a symbolic system of opposites that insists on the division of the sexes. From the oppositional couple of man/woman stems a countless number of other binary dichotomies: vertical/horizontal, active/passive, day/night, sun/moon, awake/asleep, light/dark etc. The point that Cixous is trying to make here is that the feminine has traditionally been associated with the latter half of these dichotomies, in other words, the inferior side.

In 'The Laugh of the Medusa' Cixous takes particular issue with the association of femininity with darkness and focuses on deconstructing the conceptual connection between the two. The association of what is woman – and more specifically what is understood to be her sexuality – with what is dark is seen as problematic by Cixous for several reasons. Whilst this association allows for a certain kind of mystique which may be considered by some to be an asset, it also has serious consequences for the way in which the sexuality of woman can be inscribed in language. Cixous' deconstruction of the supposed darkness of femininity considers its origins in the classical myth of the Medusa, which in turn had a profound influence on Freud's psychoanalytic theories of female sexuality.[4] The image of the Medusa – lurking in the shadows with her face obscured by a swarming mass of phallic-like snakes for hair – represents for Freud the monstrous mystery of the female sex. The shadows in which this monster dwells are described by Freud as the 'dark continent' of female sexuality; an unexplorable realm which his illuminating methods of psychoanalysis found impossible to fully penetrate.[5]

Despite the fact that Freud admitted defeat in his attempts to understand the inner secrets of the female sexual psyche, he did nevertheless succeed in exposing the origins of the conceptual association between femininity and darkness which had endured for centuries and remained deeply ingrained in the collective consciousness of society. It is this association, argues Cixous, that is responsible for 'the repression that has kept [women] in the "dark" – that dark which people have been trying to make [women] accept as their attribute.'[6] The consequence of this association which we see re-inscribed in Freudian psychoanalytic discourse is that women are led to believe that they should regard their sexuality with a sense of fear. As Cixous describes: 'Your continent is dark. Dark is dangerous. You can't see anything in the dark, you're afraid. Don't move, you might fall. Most of all: don't go into the forest. And so we have internalized this horror of the dark' (p. 2041).

The echo of the forbidden forests of fairy tales within Cixous' words here also resonates with the fear of a wild and sinister landscape that lies outside the laws of civilised society. Freud's theory of female sexuality suggests that this landscape is one which dwells within the dark recesses of every woman, and that this darkness conceals not only what is undesirable but also monstrous, dangerous, and deadly. The 'phantasm of woman as a "dark continent"' has effectively obscured any attempt to allow female sexuality to be represented in a different light, claims Cixous (p. 2041). Women have been taught to 'censor' whatever desires inexplicably escape from the impenetrable depths of their unconscious (p. 2043). The central impetus of Cixous' argument in 'The Laugh of the Medusa' is therefore to prove conversely that the "dark continent" which women have come to represent is '*neither dark nor unexplorable'* (Cixous' italics): 'It is still unexplored only because we've been made to believe that it was too dark to be explorable' (pp. 2041, 2048).

What consequences does this argument therefore have for the symbolism of the bed within Cixous' work? 'The Laugh of the Medusa' suggests that although the bed may at first seem to represent a symbol of woman's repression, the relationship between femininity, sexuality, and the unconscious calls for further exploration. May the bed be seen instead as a place where such an exploration could take place? Could the bed in fact come to represent the playground for the creative voices of the unconscious, rather than the scene of their silencing? Both of these suggestions are ones which arise from the essay's discussion of the darkness that seems to surround the issue of the female sexuality. Rather than calling for women to leave their beds behind, 'The Laugh of the Medusa' contrastingly sends a message that suggests it is essential for us to reconsider what takes place within our beds at night in order to uncover what lies behind the veil of the sleeping mind. In this essay, Cixous represents the unconscious as a 'limitless country' which we can only access by journeying into the darkness that we have been forbidden to enter (p. 2043). As the second half of this article aims to demonstrate, the bed has a vital role to play within the journey of discovery that Cixous encourages her readers to take.

In 'Coming to Writing,' Cixous explains why the bed must be the starting point for this journey. The essay exemplifies the turn in Cixous' perspective from her focus on the negative associations of sleeping towards an interest in the positive associations of dreaming. Whereas her earlier essays tended to link sleeping with death, Cixous now starts to consider the power of dreaming as a mode of rebirth. In contrast to 'Sorties' in which she calls for women to wake up to the dangers of sleeping through their lives in silence, Cixous now encourages women to sleep in order to dream, as it is only through dreaming that the silenced desires of the unconscious

can be released. As contradictory as this may seem, 'Coming to Writing' provides a cogent argument for the importance of dreams as a significant source of inspiration for Cixous as a writer of what she calls *écriture féminine*; a style of expression which brings the desires, sensations, and rhythms of the body into language. In this essay she describes *écriture féminine* through the acts of 'writing, dreaming, delivering; being my own daughter of every day.'[7] By practicing these 'acts of birth every day,' Cixous suggests that it is possible for us to gain access to an endless wellspring of creativity within our own bodies (p. 6). It is significant to note here that the essay's original French title – '*La venue à l'écriture*' – can also be translated as 'Her Birth in Writing.'[8]

The journeys which we make when dreaming are ones which lead us towards the route to rebirth, a notion which Cixous conceptualises in 'Coming to Writing' as the most profound experience of awakening. This awakening involves the liberation of the libidinal forces of the unconscious, enabling our bodily desires to be given voice to in language. Dreaming may therefore be seen as a creative practice of particular relevance to women, whose sexual desires – as Cixous argues in 'The Laugh of the Medusa' – have been subject to repression, forbidden expression, and kept shrouded in darkness. As a highly transgressive activity, Cixous suggests that dreaming will allow woman to awaken her innermost desires, and by giving expression to them, she will revolutionise the way in which her body is represented within the symbolic order of language. As Cixous describes in 'Coming to Writing':

> from dream to dream you wake up more and more conscious, more and more woman. The more you let yourself dream, the more you let yourself be worked through, the more you let yourself be disturbed, pursued, threatened, loved, the more you write, the more you escape the censor, the more the woman in you is affirmed, discovered, and invented (p. 55).

The idea of dreaming as a way of escaping censorship is one which also resonates with 'The Laugh of the Medusa,' in which Cixous proposes that the constraints of a phallocentric society have prevented woman's writing by censoring her body, her breath, and thus her voice as well. Once women have learned how to harness the power of dreams, however, their unconscious will become an irrepressible source of inspiration from which *écriture féminine* will freely flow.

Cixous also returns to the imagery of the forest in 'Coming to Writing,' which appears in her earlier work as a conflation of the notions of darkness, danger, and monstrosity. In this essay, however, Cixous depicts the forest as a magical realm of travel and discovery. She urges women to explore the forests they have been forbidden from entering by participating in the exploratory practice of dreaming. Cixous extols the unique ability that dreams have to transport us beyond boundaries, into new territories, and thus deeper into ourselves. The process of self-exploration, Cixous claims, will enable women to learn to listen to their inner voices, impulses, and desires. This process is portrayed by Cixous as one which involves developing a relationship with one's dreams as one would with a lover. She describes her relationship with her own dreams in the most intimate and sensual terms, suggesting an exuberant lack of inhibition in her nightly explorations:

> They lead you into their gardens, they invite you into their forests, they make you explore their regions, they inaugurate their continents. Close your eyes and love them: you are at home in

their lands, they visit you and you visit them, their sexes lavish their secrets on you. What you didn't know they teach you, and you teach them what you learn from them. If you love them, each woman adds herself to you, and you become morewoman [sic] (p. 55).

As this passage suggests, the joys of travelling are as central to Cixous' practice of dreaming as they are also to her practice of writing. The pleasure involved in all three indissociable acts is encapsulated by Cixous in the chiasmatic aphorism for which 'Coming to Writing' is famed: 'Write, dream, enjoy, be dreamed, enjoyed, written' (p. 56). This essay demonstrates that writing for Cixous starts with embarking on a journey; a journey which begins in the bed, travels through the body, and voyages on into the infinite expanses of the landscape of the unconscious that lie within. 'Worldwide my unconscious, worldwide my body,' she writes (p. 56). The bed can thus be seen to act as the gateway to 'the voyage, the voyager' and 'the body of travel' (p. 56). Does this suggest that the bed as a symbolic object now occupies a new position of significance within Cixous' work? If so, how does Cixous continue to use the image of the bed to illustrate the creative processes involved in her writing? More importantly, what does her changing representation of this symbolic object say about the shifting concerns of her work from 'Sorties' onwards?

Before attempting to answer these questions, I would like to consider one final text which is also notable for its use of the image of the bed. 'The School of Dreams' in Cixous' collection *Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing* elaborates in many ways her earlier attempts to liberate the creative forces of the unconscious. Dreaming – as a way of crossing boundaries and escaping constraints – continues to play a central role in her effort to reconceptualise creativity, sexuality, and the representation of the body in writing. Although 'The School of Dreams' is not as explicitly concerned with the practice of *écriture féminine* as the three essays discussed previously, it does nevertheless continue to reflect on why Cixous' nocturnal adventures remain an important source of inspiration in her work. 'Dreams teach us'; she states here, 'They teach us how to write.'[9] In this collection she depicts her 'ladder of writing' as having three rungs which one descends rather than ascends, with each rung representing a different aspect of the creative process. 'The first moment in writing is the School of the Dead,' 'the second moment of writing is the School of Dreams,' and the third moment 'is the School of Roots.'[10] This description of her creative process suggests that dreams are a vital element in Cixous' work because they provide the transitional middle step which allows her to travel from the first to the last rung on the 'ladder of writing.'

'The School of Dreams' is an essay which carries a particular significance in relation to the discussion of the symbolism of the bed because it illustrates how this object continues to acquire new meanings within Cixous' work. She suggests in this text that although her nocturnal travels begin in the bed, dreaming must also involve journeying below and beyond it. In the section of the essay entitled 'The School of Dreams is Located Under the Bed,' Cixous explains why this is necessary by drawing once more on the recurring motifs of fairy tales and forests (p. 63). However, unlike 'Sleeping Beauty' and 'Snow White,' the tale which Cixous focuses on here provides a positive example of woman's self-expression rather than a negative example of her repression. Known as 'The Twelve Dancing Princesses' or 'The Worn-Out Dancing Shoes,' Cixous recounts the basic narrative characteristics of this story:

> I have a faint recollection from an apparently naïve *Grimm's Tale* of a king whose daughters were ruining him. He kept them carefully locked in, as is proper, and didn't know why each day they needed to change their shoes. The daughters mysteriously wore out their shoes. Up until the day the king planted a spy to throw light on this matter. At nightfall the daughters pulled the bed aside, lifted up the trap door, climbed down the ladder beneath the palace, and went out into the forest and danced all night (pp. 63-64).

Along with the imagery of the bed, the forest, and the darkness of the night, this tale includes several other elements which are of interest to Cixous; walking, dancing, travelling, and taking pleasure in the transgressive act of expressing bodily desire. The story of the princesses who are not only unafraid to enter the forest at night but also revel in the delight of doing what is forbidden represents 'the perfect metaphor for the School of Dreams' according to Cixous (p. 64). This is because it combines all the elements that are necessary for journeying into the unconscious: 'Walking, dancing, pleasure,' and in particular 'sexual pleasure' – or to use the French term that encapsulates so poetically the essence of Cixous' argument – '*jouissance*' (p. 64). The parallels between this fairy tale and Cixous' creative process are clear. As she states in 'The School of Dreams,' both writing and dreaming involve 'traversing the forest, journeying through the world' (p. 64). One must travel into the darkness 'using all available means of transport,' including one's 'own body' (p. 64).

Yet what does the bed signify in this parable for the pursuit of bodily pleasure? What are the symbolic connotations of the princesses' displacement of the bed? From calling for the need for women to be awoken from their silent slumbers to suggesting that they should instead be encouraged to delve deeper into the nocturnal world of their dreams, Cixous seems to be proposing yet another message in this essay. Rather than assuming that dreaming is an act which takes place exclusively within the bed, Cixous implies that in order to travel towards the depths of the unconscious one must descend below the bed as well. The story of the princesses who escape through the trap door in their bedroom floor serves to illustrate this notion of descent as a journey towards enlightenment which must take place within the darkness of the night. Cixous describes this journey most lucidly in the passage below:

> In order to go to the School of Dreams, something must be displaced, starting with the bed [...] One must go on foot, with the body, one has to go away, leave the self. How far must one not arrive in order to write, how far must one wander and wear out and have pleasure? One must walk as far as the night. One's own night. Walking through the self towards the dark (p. 65).

As this passage demonstrates, what began as an inward journey of self-discovery has now turned into a journey that departs from the self and travels beyond it. What began as a cry for her readers to rise up from the bed has now turned into a call for them to descend below it. How is it possible to make sense of such a significant shift in Cixous' use of the image of this object within her work?

I would propose that the ambivalent symbolism of the bed may ultimately be understood as an indication of Cixous' change in focus from specific issues relating to the repression of female sexuality towards more universal questions about the expression of the body in the writing process. There is also a marked difference

in the tone of her early argumentative texts, as exemplified most powerfully by 'Sorties' and 'The Laugh of the Medusa,' when compared to the more reflective and discursive style of *Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing*. Furthermore, it is significant to note that the 'The School of Dreams,' unlike the first three essays analysed in this article, does not assume that the majority of its readers will be women. Dreams are, after all, a phenomenon which occurs in the beds of both men and women alike. Indeed, it is whilst dreaming that we encounter the rare opportunity to experiment with the bodies, sexualities, and identities that define our existence in our waking lives. Perhaps the most persuasive way to account for the differing representations of the bed in Cixous' writing would therefore be to see this symbolic object as the locus of an incessant process of experimentation in which our understanding of sexuality, creativity, and the act of writing itself is continually being challenged.

References / Notes

1   One notable study of the bed in Cixous' writing does exist, yet it focuses on her fictional work *The Third Body* rather than on her essays. See: Marilyn Manners, 'The Vagaries of Flight in Hélène Cixous' *Le Troisième Coprs*,' *French Forum*, 23.1 (1998), 101-14.

2   Hélène Cixous, 'Sorties: Out and Out: Attacks/Ways Out/Forays,' in *The Newly Born Woman*, trans. by Betsy Wing (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1986), p. 64.

3   For a discussion of myth and fairy tale in Cixous' fictions as well as in her essays see: Susan Sellers, *Myth and Fairy Tale in Contemporary Women's Fiction* (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2001).

4   Sigmund Freud, 'Medusa's Head,' in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, ed. and trans. by James Strachey in collaboration with Anna Freud, 24 vols. (London: The Hogarth Press, 1955), XXI (1940), pp. 273-74.

5   Sigmund Freud, 'The Question of Lay Analysis,' in *The Standard Edition*, XX (1926), p. 212. A fuller analysis of the figure of Medusa within feminist critiques of psychoanalysis can be found in: Vanda Zajko and Miriam Leonard, eds., *Laughing with Medusa: Classical Myth and Feminist Thought* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006).

6   Hélène Cixous, 'The Laugh of the Medusa,' in *The Norton Anthology of Criticism and Theory*, ed. by Vincent B. Leitch and others, trans. by Keith Cohen and Paula Cohen (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2001), p. 2040.

7   Hélène Cixous, 'Coming to Writing,' in *Coming to Writing and Other Essays*, ed. by Deborah Jenson, trans. by Sarah Cornell and others (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1991), p. 6.

8   Ian Blyth with Susan Sellers, *Hélène Cixous: Live Theory* (London: Continuum, 2004), p. 12.

9   Hélène Cixous, 'The School of Dreams,' in *Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing*, trans. by Sarah Cornell and Susan Sellers (New York: Columbia University Press, 1993), p. 79.

10   Hélène Cixous, 'The School of the Dead,' in *Three Steps*, p. 7.

Professor Terry Eagleton: *The Event of Literature*

Review of Terry Eagleton's lectures and seminars, at Lancaster University, 2013.

Nour Dakkak, Lancaster University

Captivating and manipulative are the words to describe the two remarkable open seminars for MA students and faculty members delivered by Terry Eagleton, the distinguished Professor of English Literature at Lancaster University. The seminars included interesting discussions of literary figures and cultural theory; a great way to begin Lent Term at Lancaster.

The first seminar was dedicated to Oscar Wilde and his *doubleness.* Eagleton led a journey of discovery through the life and works of Wilde with a glimpse of the duality in his identity and approach to life. His *doubleness*, Eagleton clarifies, is derived from the fact that he was a member of the Anglo-Irish community in England, who were an insecure class of people who have never revealed their real identity to others. Such internal duality, Eagleton claims, is a major producer of great art. He explains this concept more deeply with the effect of modernism in mind, and its association with other Irish writers like Samuel Beckett and James Joyce.

The *doubleness* in Oscar Wilde does not only lie in his name and his origins, but also in his gender, his works, and his class. As an Irish modernist artist, Eagleton demonstrates, Wilde, like other Irish artists, used his instability and duality for his advantage, to produce great art. The discussion then progresses to understand art and life in Wilde's point of view and the importance of originality to him. He believes that art, and everything else should be seen as a subject matter by itself. Wilde insists that everything in life should be done for its own sake. For instance, he does not see sexuality as means of reproduction. However, he seeks it for delight and self-fulfilment. Utility is a term Wilde does not believe in. Things in life should be appreciated for their own sake.

The other lecture, *Sacrifice and Subversion*, paves the way for Terry Eagleton's coming book, *Politics of Sacrifice*, in which he explains the meaning of forgiveness in theological and cultural context by referring to sacrifice, death, love, feelings, eventually exploring it in the light of Henry James's novel, *The Wings of the Dove*. The lecture starts by defining sacrifice and differentiating between both its archaic meaning and the way the modern world views it as a kind of deprivation. Eagleton claims that the highest sacrifice that can be given is the one that involves giving up the body, and that entails being a martyr. In order to be martyr, for Eagleton, life must be so precious. He draws a distinction between martyrs and those whose life does not really matter and explains how the act of giving up their body would be considered a suicide. The discussion turns afterwards into more philosophical terms which emphasize the connections between love, death, and giving. Eagleton draws a parallel between love and death seeing that both expressions involve giving. The body in both cases is given away, but in death, it also means 'yielding the source of giving.' Many philosophers, Eagleton claims, do

not see that there is a connection between living and death. 'Life is a rehearsal to death' when you are giving yourself away before dying. Life is loaded with richness for those who are able to give, but absolutely terrifying for those who are not. This argument was supported by the Christian teachings about poverty. Not being loaded with materialistic baggage makes people let go of things easier, be able to sacrifice, and accept dying and giving.

The discussion swells to include another important aspect, forgiveness and its ambiguous meaning. Eagleton describes forgiveness as a kind of sacrifice, because it includes giving something very pleasurable, revenge. It is also seen as a way of breaking the endless circle of retribution. Forgiveness, Eagleton explains, does not mean that you forget or behave like you have forgotten. Confronting the past is vital to move forward in life.

Eagleton ends his discussion by emphasizing that forgiveness does not mean feeling good about the offender. It is an act that has nothing to do with feeling. Just like love, as Wittgenstein suggests, is not a feeling. Love is not about loving friends, it is about loving strangers. 'It is a state of create in action, that something comes out of nothing, like God's creation, it is a gift not a necessity.'

Interview with Terry Eagleton

Rachel Holland and Chloe Buckley, Lancaster University

Terry Eagleton is Distinguished Professor of English Literature at Lancaster, and on his Lent Term visit he agreed to give an interview to The Luminary. Rachel Holland and Chloe Buckley posed questions based on issues raised by his most recent book, *The Event of Literature*, published this year by Yale University Press. In *The Event of Literature* Eagleton attempts to develop a theory that can account for what we mean when we discuss texts in terms of them being literary – a question that, for him, was left unsatisfactorily resolved with the decline of 'high' theory in the late 1980s. Eagleton suggests that the literary work operates in a paradoxical space between 'structure' and 'event,' wherein the structure is fixed and unchangeable, yet also dynamic in the sense that it must constantly respond to the challenges it creates for itself during the dialectical process in which it shapes an ever-present external reality for its own purposes. It is in the unpredictability, both of this process and the fluctuations in reader response, that the 'event' of literature consists.

RH: Your most recent book – The Event of Literature – is something of a return to a kind of 'pure' theory that might not be recognizable to many postgraduate researchers today. How would you respond to the suggestion that this change in direction involves a kind of de-politicizing of criticism? What prompted your return to the big questions of theory?

TE: I've written somewhere that the history of theory goes hand in hand with the period when the left was briefly on the ascendency, so that in that whole period theory and politics were closely related. In that sense I don't see a return to theory as depoliticizing, although it's true that the questions I'm asking in the book, 'what is literature?' and so on, are not directly political, that's for sure. I'm not asking particularly about the political effects or implications of literature, but I do think that theory itself, and an ability to think theoretically and generally abstractly, is actually quite important for radical politics. The political right on the whole is somewhat

uneasy with abstract thought; it prefers something that's a little closer to the bone. I think that there's a danger that thinking in that way might be on the wane and that certain political advantages of thinking in that way will also slip by too. On the other hand, I take the point that what happened after the epoch of high theory, things like postcolonialism and postmodernism and so on, actually was in a certain sense a coming closer to the ground, to concrete issues, and that's fine; but I do think that in some way that needs to be combined with a theoretical perspective, and the danger is that that might be lost.

CB: Do you feel, then, that meta-critical, high theory has fallen out of fashion in the academy? If so, do you have any thoughts on why this is the case?

TE: I think the answer is yes, but why is trickier, and not immediately obvious. I remember in Oxford, when I was a member of the English Faculty, we had a big fight to get a theory paper on the syllabus. And we did, and it was riding high, and all the bright kids were taking it. And then there came a point, suddenly, when they weren't taking it any more. I think that had some connection with the political downturn, in however indirect a way. By the 1990s with the advent of a strong postmodernist current and so on, theory was no longer so sexy – it was certainly no longer so glamorous. Maybe it was partly, as theory itself argues, that things began to get stale and they needed to be estranged again, so maybe theory itself suffered that kind of fate. But I suppose also the return to a general political climate of conservative pragmatism obviously militated against theory quite a lot, and was partly responsible for it. It's not as though I'm hoping for an enormous theory revival, you know that my book will spearhead a global 'theory among the masses,' but I do think that a lot of questions were left unresolved as theory began to wane, so I've in a sense tried to raise them again, that's partly what I'm doing.

RH: For many your work is still associated with a particular political project. Do you think that the events of the past few years, including those in the Middle East, and the occupy movement in Wall Street and other Western cities, are part of an increased political mobilisation, but possibly of a different kind?

TE: I've argued before elsewhere that just at the moment when grand narratives were off the agenda, suddenly a couple of aircraft slammed into the world trade centre and an enormous grand narrative opened again that we're still living in the middle of: the whole radical Islamic project. Hard on the heels of that, of course, came an almighty crisis of capitalism, and, as I've said before, suddenly a few years ago capitalists were using the word 'capitalism,' which is not allowed, you know, you don't do that. So, in a certain sense they reinstated some of these issues that they had previously swept under the carpet. They were now asking anxious questions about the nature of the system, because, again as I've said before, one of the effects of a crisis is to render the system perceptible as a system, which is not good for a system – it denaturalizes it in a sense. On the other hand, out of that, as you say, have come new kinds of movements all the way from Occupy to the Arab Spring, so it just reminds you of how very rash and dangerous it is to say that the left is dead and defeated. In my view, socialism is such a brilliant idea that it would be very hard for it to be quashed altogether; whatever setbacks it's endured, whatever monstrous defamations it's suffered, I do think that there are certain impulses towards justice and community which are perennial. And they do, as you suggest, take different forms.

On the other hand, I think you would be madly triumphalist – I don't *know* anybody on the left who holds this view that what we're seeing is a massive resurgence of the left. The problem is not that, it's really that a crisis is always an opportunity for the left, but the forces that produced this particular crisis of the system were also the forces that rolled the left back in the years before. The result of that is that when the crisis finally arrived the left was on the back foot, and it was the same system that had done these two things. One obviously doesn't want to have any kind of victorious feeling here at all, but it's useful to have a reminder that issues that we've been plugging on about are suddenly back on the agenda and visible, whatever happens about them.

CB: Do you think that's reflected in the literary production of the past, say five years? Do you think we're getting literary texts that are interrogating rather than accepting those narratives?

TE: Possibly. Yeah… maybe. Although it seems to me that literature in this country at least is in the stranglehold of a kind of metropolitan literati (at least if you're thinking of someone like Amis who's a very typical example of that) whose reactions to the world trade centre event and Islamic radicalism are really quite disgraceful, and I had a rather famous spat with him as you may know. He's never apologized for the disgraceful remarks he made about ordinary Muslims – saying they should be hounded and harassed – he's never apologized for that, he said it was made in the spur of the moment, fair enough it was, but he should apologize. I think that the reaction of the, as it were, official literary world has been pretty poor. The official literary world is no more enamoured of the far left than it is of the far right, and therefore it's always rather boringly predictable in its responses to these things. So if I think of the Ian McEwans and the David Lodges of this world I'm not particularly cheered. I also wrote a piece a few years ago in the *Guardian* I think, saying how striking it was that so little theatre had actually engaged with some of these issues.

RH: I wonder if what we're seeing more of is voices from minorities speaking about these issues, rather than the established literary tradition?

TE: Yes, I think so. I think that's probably more the case.

CB: I wonder as well if it's to do with the way literary production can now happen. For example there's the fact that people can now self publish through new media in ways that can bypass the literary establishment – and perhaps that means those voices are more diffuse.

TE: Yes, technology changes. Don't forget you're talking to someone who's never used the internet [laughs]. But at the same time technologically it's changed, but ideologically it may remain within the same ambit. The two things don't necessarily go together.

RH: What do you think criticism's role is, if any, in responding to social and economic events?

TE: Well, criticism is all part of the crisis really isn't it? First of all, taking criticism in a rather wider sense than simply literary criticism, but instead as *critique*, we're living at a momentous point in the development of the West where a long tradition of universities as centres of critique is almost coming to an end, and that is a dramatic event. A cataclysmic event. I was in South Korea not long ago and I was being shown around what was

proudly presented to me as the biggest and finest university in South Asia I think, by the Vice Chancellor who was pointing to his various pet projects and buildings and so on, and I said 'what kind of critical studies are you involved in?' and he looked at me as though I had said 'do you do PhDs in lap dancing?' or something – he had no conception of what I was talking about. That really is a dramatic moment, isn't it, in that at least for all their remoteness and ineffectualness, universities traditionally provided a centre of critical studies. If that's now being managerialized out of existence, then there is a real problem about criticism in the wider sense. In the narrower sense of literary criticism, I think that's in trouble too, I mean partly, as I've argued elsewhere, habits of close analysis have suffered from the kind of technological culture we live in. Language itself has suffered – do you know my favourite example of Steve Jobs's last words? Hamlet's dying words of course were 'Absent thee from felicity awhile, /And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, / To tell my story ,' Steve Jobs's last words were 'Oh wow. Oh wow. Oh wow.' This master of communication, you know. Something's gone wrong. It's not just with criticism, it's not just with literature, those things are dependent on a broader linguistic context, and obviously a visual or technological culture will take its toll eventually. So in terms of the general shift we've been discussing, it wasn't only a shift from theory to other cultural trends, to a certain extent it was a shift from criticism as understood in a certain way, a certain focussed analysis,

CB: Close reading, those types of skills?

TE: Yes, I think it was a shift away from that as well.

CB: This links to our next question really, we wanted to ask you about a comment you made in the Guardian a few years ago now about the 'death of universities as the centres of critique.' From your answer, then, it seems that you do feel that the humanities are still struggling within the academy to have their vital role recognised.

TE: Yes. I wouldn't be too defeatist about it, I wouldn't say that we should give up or that we have been defeated, but it's an eleventh hour situation. It's the old point that anything which to some extent exists for its own sake, for its own delight, its own enjoyment, is a scandal to a utilitarian society that can see nothing valuable in anything that doesn't have an immediate function or end. So it's a very old story, really.

RH: I was wondering how significant you find it in this context that Grayling, Dawkins, and the rest have developed what is essentially a privatized 'New college of the Humanities' in this country?

TE: Oh yes. The Guardian asked me to write against that, which I did. I then had a radio programme that I was on with Grayling, and I kept trying to raise the question of his new college and he kept avoiding it. I really wondered, given the enormous backlash, whether he would actually go ahead, but he has hasn't he? Grayling is officially a liberal – he's not a militant right-wing ideologue; he just doesn't understand these issues. He's just very privileged. He just thinks 'oh, what a good idea it would be to get all these posh people together in a college,' and the economics of it or the social implications or the egalitarian implications are not things that will occur to a man like him, I think.

RH: Might it be relevant to this discussion to consider the fact that scientific discourse plays a relatively central role in their humanities syllabus?

TE: Yes, that's the old two cultures debate isn't it, which again is quite ancient. But there's a difference between humanities students being introduced to the sciences, and vice versa, as happens in the best of American education (you know, if you're a physicist you might take, or have to take, a great books course or something of the kind), and what you might call a scientization of the humanities, which is a different matter and an attempt to introduce certain rather positivist techniques or methods, all of which of course now is flourishing at the level of the research exercise and assessment and so on. Classic reification – everything has to be quantifiable and measurable; I'm sure they put one's books on the scales.

CB: Thinking in terms, then, of these key ideas and key words – impact being one that springs to mind – and the idea of assessing the excellence of research that universities are now ultimately concerned with, how hopeful are you that the humanities can survive in their current form?

TE: I think they're in real peril. I think they're really besieged. And it's an international story: everywhere I go in the world it's the same case. Even people in South Africa talk about the 'Thatcherization' of the university – it's a bit archaic, but I really do think it's a very serious point in that sense. I just had to make my own impact statement, in which I was asked what sort of social good my work does. I said I go around the country warning people about the perils of bankers and capitalism, and that this is a very socially responsible thing to do. They'll probably cut it all out, but it was worth a try. I suppose it's been part of a certain humanistic belief that the humanities are interesting in respect of impact, because they do have definite influences and effects, sometimes massively so, but not in the kind of way that the technologists of the soul or the bureaucrats would imagine. In other words they have a particular model of what an effect is, which is pretty mechanistic and pretty reductive. And we're not arguing that we're gloriously without effect, but just that you can't measure those kinds of effects.

RH: So if we could return, for our final question, to *The Event of Literature*, in which you state that 'One of the paradoxes of the literary work is that it is "structure" in the sense of being unalterable and self-complete, yet "event" in the sense that this self-completion is perpetually in motion, realised as it is only in the act of reading.' Does criticism rely, in order to possess any 'critical' (and thus political) power on some concept of eventhood?

TE: There may well be a sense in which eventhood defeats a certain critical authority, because it can't be predicted can it. That's maybe one reason why criticism is not really worried by structural matters because there's a certain stability in those which allows *it* a certain analytic role and a certain authority in carrying out that analysis. Whereas if it is true that in a certain way literary works are much more unstable than that, one thing that calls into question is the authority of criticism, because there's something slippery about events in that sense, in contrast with structures which are much more objectifiable. So I think there's something creative and fruitful in developing that eventfulness of the text, which somebody needs to do beyond my book, which may have interestingly unsettling implications. I was, incidentally, delighted to see that *The Event of Literature* was panned in the review in the *TLS*, was it last week? I would have been furious if it hadn't because, even though I occasionally am allowed to review for the *TLS*, the *TLS* has hatcheted every book I've ever published since the age of 25, and this is such a marvellously consistent record (you can dine out on it) it would just

absolutely send them into total chagrin if they blemished it. There are people who one hardly ever hears of otherwise who they kind of roll out – some aged Tory somewhere down in Cheltenham, you know – who they roll out simply to axe a book of mine, and then they go back in the cupboard and close the door.

RH: So you should start to worry about your work the day you get a good review in the *TLS*?

TE: Well, as they say, if they cheer you what are you doing wrong? [laughs] 'Blessed are ye when men revile ye.'