

NOTES, DOCUMENTS, OPINION

The Cyclop's Eye

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... son visage convulse et blanc differait autant de son visage ordinaire que la mer quand, un matin de tempeste, on aperçoit, au lieu de la souriante surface habituelle, mille serpents d'eume et de have.

Marcel Proust, *Le Côté de Guermantes*

Watching the first scene in *King Lear unfold*, audiences may feel that too much has happened too hastily. In, as France neatly puts it, a mere "trice of time," a kingdom has shifted its boundaries, redrawn with a swift flourish, and love, too, has been transformed. What explains Lear's abrupt reversals, his sudden transformation in affection and purpose, the disproportionate strength of his reaction? When Kent attempts to point out his rashness, Lear replies, "Come not between the Dragon and his wrath." And then, as quickly as a flame guttering out, Cordelia has been disinherited and banished. Kent, too, has been banished. The kingdom's new borders have been redrawn with haste, with the apparent speed of an eagle's blink. Up-ended, all Lear's plans have vanished. All has been accomplished in a trice, almost too swiftly for reason to grasp. Lear knows himself to be a dragon, powerful, flame-breathing, easily provoked, mythological. Kent thinks that Lear's sudden rage is only "hideous rashness," even madness. Later, Regan thinks that his wrath towards Cordelia may be a consequence of age, but then concedes that he "hath ever but slenderly known himself." Goneril seems to agree, adding only that their father, even in his youth, has always been rash. Now, in his choleric years, he will only prove worse.

Shakespeare suggests two ways to read Lear's rashness. His response to his youngest daughter may be either fury (an amalgam of anger and madness) or else petulance. First, it is, as Kent seems to imply, "hideous," as monstrous as it is abrupt. Lear's response to Cordelia comes in a sudden burst of extreme

anger touched with momentary, nearly berserk, madness. Second, it is a habitual response, a product of a slender self-knowledge, but of knowledge still. Lear knows his entitlements and he knows his own wishes. He had counted upon Cordelia, thought to rest his life upon her love. He has understood love as a visible and emphatic demonstration. He has taken love to be of a piece with all royal pomp, an overt and heraldic display. In the second reading of the first scene, Lear is not rash, but practised. And then the second pathway forks opens. Lear may be self-deceiving, self-ignorant in effect, and long-practised in the arts of petulance. On the other hand, Lear may have a clear understanding of his power. He is a dragon who possesses the long memory, and self-certain expectation, of his species. Following either path, Lear is also a Cyclops. In wrath his sight has become constricted and his vision focuses with a fantastic, though self-convincing, intensity. His eyes are one Eye, flooded with outrage.

Outrage is the choreographed articulation of anger. You can see the mind working behind its expression. It is not like "mere" anger, whether prickly rage or hot fury: both spontaneous expressions of deeply-felt affect, sudden, explosive, at once reflexive and fierce. In outrage, the mind is more than incensed, more than fiercely wrathful; it is also far from being simply irritated, frustrated or pissed off. It is more like a many-layered judgment, a weighted, if not always a weighed, response. Outrage displays, ever so publically, your reaction to a breach of expectation, or a flagrant violation, from ignorance or malice, of your ideals.¹ Outrage constitutes a judgment upon a deliberate catastrophe, a planned abomination, but it may also be a public comment upon a transgression against your personal belief-system. Thus outrage is

1 Anger is normally taken to be a negative affect. Volume III of Silvan Tomkins' study of the affects carries the sub-tide, "The Negative Affects: Anger and Fear." Peter Segal's 2003 film, "Anger Management," works from the premise that anger is negative and must be controlled. Harris' study of anger in Classical literature considers the cultural imperatives for restraining anger. Rage is a cultural contaminant and an obstacle to the development of wisdom (or even the exercise of intelligence). Nonetheless, anger is often taken to have a positive dimension. Religious thinkers like to distinguish "righteous" anger from all other forms. A person consumed by a righteous anger will be responding to a hated event, action, statement or belief. Strong ideological positions often call upon followers and adherents to show anger. Patriotism and jingoism urge anger upon the war-going population. Outrage is so precisely cultivated, so mindfully theatrical, that it must arise, at least some of the time, from a private sense that it is called for and deserved. There are also recognizable cultural scripts that, given certain known provocations, call for anger in the form of outrage.

often linked in a dynamic with other affects, such as shame and guilt, that attack a person's sense of self-worth. Always vulnerable and often poised for counter-attack, selfhood will strike back at shame-dealing with anger, often theatrical outrage. When you express outrage, you will have reached out and grasped another person's intention. And, holding this alien intention steadily before the mind's-eye, you will have found it hurtful, dangerous or insulting: a desecration.

"That is outrageous!" He has set his face into a unyielding expression. Hard, flinty and vastly disapproving: "I am filled with outrage." Her voice may be harsh, raised in evident anger; it may be hushed, as if in sorrow. The deeply outraged person, lacking King Lear's immediate access to power, may keep silent, seeking revenge and distant pay-back. She may contemplate a book, an essay that will expose the malign intent, a legal case, an action, graffiti at the least. When he does erupt, you will hear much more than anger in his voice. Resentment, or a slow-bleeding grudge of remembered mistreatment, often plays an active role in outrage. Outrage also describes the level of anger that occurs between people who know each other too well: old friends, lovers, married couples, parents and children. An adult child may break out in exaggerated forms of anger, an almost mad acting out of pent-up fury, or else fall into a sullen absorption, deeply (but dangerously) rapt in passive aggressiveness, at some parental slight or misdeed the actual nub of which will lie in the memory of childhood's countless insults. The imagination of an injury — even something as oblique as an ethnic or religious slur, an insult to the outraged person's sense of collective identity — burns deeply, bursting to the surface once the opportunity presents itself, in the hot glow of theatrical outrage. This is the point that Joyce makes so sharply in the Cyclops chapter of *Ulysses*. The "Citi2en" sees the world entirely through the preconceptions and stereotypes of Irish nationalism and religious bigotry. His prejudices serially invoked, the Citizen treats the intrusive Bloom with contempt, then anger and lastly outrage. Bloom's apparent slur against his religion ("Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me" [280].) lights the fuse, no doubt short in the best of moments, to his final eruption. He throws a biscuit tin at Bloom with such force that, if the sun had not been "in his eyes," he might have killed him. He shouts at Bloom "like a stuck pig, as good as any bloody play in the Queen's royal theatre" (281).

I took my first instruction in outrage from a Spanish businessman who called himself Manolete. What charm could a businessman in his late thirties find in a diminutive? He was actually named Manolo, but he chose to be known as Manolete. He was nearly forty, perhaps on the very cusp, a

successful Euro-broker who sold steel, Swedish as often as Spanish, mostly to third-world countries who should have been making their own. Maria-Pilar told me that he affected the odd moniker because it made him sound like the famous matador. Living life as an unending *corrida*, he cast himself as the fighter who both provoked and mastered the bull's charge. Quick-tempered and arrogant, Manolo drove himself hard. He's so Spanish, Maria-Pilar would whisper when, with frightening insouciance, he would run a light or turn into traffic at full speed. We had driven down from Barcelona, Manolo's home base, with the idea of drinking in each of the many cabarets and honky-tonks that Benidorm offered. Maria-Pilar hoped to meet up with some fellow Argentinians there. Argentinians, she explained, liked to hang out with Brits and we would find them drinking together in the fish-and-chips pubs in Benidorm. It was late March, 1982.

Speeding along the port road in Javea, once a Roman seaport, then a small fishing village (but not yet today's Xabia), half-way between Benidorm and Valencia, Manolo drove as if he were still on the *autopista*. Actually, we were on a dead-end road, running beneath the cliff of a headland, ruined windmills marching along its crest, on one side and the fishing harbor on the other. We knew that it would come to an abrupt end in a couple of blocks when we reached a small beach and *El Tango*, a swish *cantina* where the international yachting types, who tied up in the shelter of the long breakwater, hung out. Manolo still sped, indifferent to reality, gunning his white Volvo honking the horn at every provocation. (Why a Volvo in 1980's Barcelona? It was the steel, Manolo would always respond with condescension and the intimation of secret knowledge. *Acero sueco*.) His girlfriend, an art student in Madrid named Tere, was shouting for him to slow down. *¡Cuidado, Manolete, mas despacio!* In the past two days this had become a routine. Tere would yell, Maria-Pilar and I would cringe in the back seat while Manolo, dominator of the *autopista*, Manolete, would grin and laugh, gunning ever forward, cocking a snook at the world's constraints. Then, in this small instant of bullying charge along the narrow road leading past Javea's port to a small beach, our little trip came to an end. *¡Oye!*" Tere screamed for the last time, *japaraté!* There was a sudden thud, and a long, high-pitched yelp. Manolo had run over a dog.

Had he tried to kill the dog? Tere later claimed that he had. Now she was screaming incoherently. Clutching each other, Maria-Pilar and I sat hunched in shocked silence. The dog, a short-haired mix of terrier and lab, was dragging itself to the side of the road by its front legs. Its back had been broken and its lower body and legs were twisted to its left side, away from its head. Its appearance was striking, almost as if two distinct animals had been badly

stitched together to make one. The dog was poking its head sharply up to its right, howling now in agonized long wails, its front legs scrabbling weakly for a purchase, while it dragged its lower body, contorted and useless, like an old bundle. The dog's eyes bulged with shock and pain. Manolo had jammed the car to a sudden stop, but only because Tere had screamed at him to do so.

Once outside the car, it became evident that there was nothing anyone could do for the dog. A small crowd of fishermen and workers from the fish market had begun to gather. Someone said that authorities should be called. To restore calm. To kill the dog. To finish its misery. Tere was screaming imprecations. Manolo looked baffled as if he could not imagine what all the fuss was about. How could an important businessman find himself caught in such a ridiculous local tumult? Over a stray dog? Tere was loudly correlating Manolo's speeding, his heedless destruction of the dog, all his vast arrogance, to his male stupidity, his lack of awareness, his presumption. The last seemed to be her chief point. Manolo presumed that he was more important, that what he did counted most, that his wealth tipped the balance, that he was superior. That he possessed impunity. *Impunidad*: that was the charge, long festering, now incandescent, so infuriating Tere. It's just money, she yelled while he stared back, silent and wounded, just your money. She repeatedly used the Spanish slang for money, *plata*, not *dinero*, the correct word. *Plata* is the word for silver, but it serves for all money in its debased uses. *Plata* wouldn't be a banker's term. Watching Tere tear strips off Manolo, her eyes glistening, her face flushed and nearly as disfigured as the dog's body, her mouth locked in a rictus of contempt, I could see that she was reacting to more than Manolo's careless driving, his indifference to the dog's pain. A history of personal resentment flooded her voice. How often had she been forced to accept, repressing or sublimating her anger, his arrogance, his sure conviction that his success in business, his money, even his male gender, placed him above others and granted him impunity in life's many accountings. How often had men, all men perhaps, afflicted her? Tere was more than angry. Outrage gnawed her alive.

Tere's eruption wasn't the first time that I had observed outrage. Still, in its unmistakable theatricality, her outburst marked a step in my education. She wasn't simply angry. We were not witnessing a spontaneous outpouring of wrath in response to an immediate cause, nor fury in Lear's manner (nothing mad about her reaction), but something more like a choreographed accusation built upon a much-documented case. It was a case that she must have rehearsed mentally, but had never yet tried publically. Her tongue as bitter as raw pith, she silenced the posturing Manolete utterly. I had never seen him

cowed before, but now, twitching in affront, he cast his eyes about, afraid to look Tere in hers, as if hoping that someone might defend him. Maria-Filar and I hung back from the crowd, sorry about the now-whimpering dog, its voice fading into death, but fascinated both by Tere's outburst and by Manolo's daunted, seemingly abashed, passivity.

A week later, Maria-Pilar and I were in Madrid. It was April 3rd, 1982. The Falklands War, *La Guerra de las Malvinas*, had begun. Argentinian troops were in Stanley and had occupied the island of South Georgia. I felt bemused at the unexpected absurdity that was taking place. Maria-Pilar fumed, denunciatory. An Argentinian by birth and education, she had suffered under the generals before emigrating to Canada. She had been detained and interrogated about her friends at university. Not quite disappeared, she had been released after several months. I had never known, nor dared to ask, what she had experienced, what evil hands had grasped her, what humiliations she had known. They must have been horrors. Now her feelings were all on the side of the Falkland Islanders. Oh, how I hope Prime Minister Thatcher takes those evil generals to task. Destroys their navy. Their *maldicho* army. She raged wildly, but consciously heightened and amplified her denunciations. There was an intricate history behind each curse. Slowly, I understood that it was not the Falkland Islands, a place she had scarcely thought about, whose inhabitants she did not know, whose green, rocky landscape she could not imagine, that had incited her rage. Nor yet was it the idea of an unprovoked invasion, this gross violation of the principle of self-determination inscribed in the United Nations' charter, that enraged her. It was her own experience, whatever dark acts had been inflicted upon her, that now threaded venom and hate through her feelings, that imposed a hidden choreography upon her words. In her outrage, clearly passionate and undeniable, Maria-Pilar performed a theatrical reprise of her own experience. Twice in a week I had witnessed histrionic outbursts of hoarded resentment. I had seen outrage enacted.

People often take indirect ways to demonstrate that they feel "outrage," or that they find certain acts or behaviours to be "outrageous." Unlike anger, rage or wrath, or fury (which suggests temporary madness, a quality of having gone berserk), outrage possesses a dimension of imaginative recreation. The past is never out of mind. Anger is mostly spontaneous, quick in expression, sudden in execution, even though it may call upon layers of past experience, previous angry moments that have conditioned your response to similar events. Rage may be either hot or "cold," but you will see the eye shift quickly in focus, a membrane descending over consciousness, picking out the target of its hate. Some people may have a long fuse, bursting out only after a few

minutes have passed, but then the moment of ignition itself, the fuse lit and smoldering, will have been quick. Fury, the kind of anger that seems initially to possess Joyce's Citizen, is extreme, mad in some sense, and frighteningly short-fused. An uncontrollable craziness takes over. Violence, even a berserk madness, engulfs the space between two people. Unlike the several kinds of anger, all of which erupt in response to overt situations, outrage seems to connect an immediate pretext to a distant cause.² An angry person often feels sorry, later apologizing for his shameful behaviour. He may even make a mental note that he must learn to control his anger, learn to be more measured in his response. An outraged person often feels something too strong for resolution, a grievance that will weigh upon him until the edge of doom.

When an outraged person asks forgiveness, or attempts to make amends, it will show that several complex transactions have taken place. A past history will have been forgiven, insults will have been re-interpreted and slights newly placed into another context as lapses of attention, woefully bad manners (to be corrected) or forgivable misreadings. Outrage is like moral anger: it lurks secretly, constitutes a judgment, and may find expression in deliberate, calculated counter-attack. An outraged person demonstrates anger, though (oblique and indirect) it may be embedded in an expression of contempt or horror. It will never strike an intelligent observer as entirely spontaneous. It may even seem like a considered judgment, an intellectually-driven reaction that has been lying in wait. Outrage may not even seem to be a direct reaction to an immediate situation. Calculated, a deliberate effort to summon old energies, outrage is an exercise in make-believe, a bit of role-playing in a theatre that, a pretext given, the offended person evokes.³

- 2 Historical anger is possible. You may grow angry over an historical injustice or the maltreatment of (even) an ancient people. No doubt, some (living) people are filled with rage over the fate of Carthage. I take such anger to be largely in the imagination drawing upon a personal archive of images. It may be less violent than in-the-world anger, and certainly there is no immediate stimulus for such anger, but it may be experienced as intensely real. I know of no experiments undertaken to distinguish actual-world anger from historical anger in terms of the wan, or attenuated, vividness of the effect. I only suppose that historical anger, taking place in the imagination, must be attenuated. Historical anger, if it truly exists, would be close to, if not identical with, literary depictions of anger.
- 3 How many kinds of anger are there? Is peevishness anger? How angry would be a simply petulant friend? Is your snarky colleague an angry person? Or is her snarkiness only a symptom of "real" anger waiting, only slightly hidden, to erupt? It may be only

King Lear shows the performative dimension of outrage. Note that it scarcely matters to this argument whether you think Lear is furious, as Kent does, or merely petulant, as Goneril and Regan do. Some critics, mostly English, have argued that Lear is "petulant." (This move supports an interpretive strategy that seeks to emphasize Cordelia's moral superiority.) Petulant or furious, Lear displays outrage. And outrage is theatrical, a closet drama featuring a painfully intimate performance. It builds upon anger, or at least the possibility of anger. However, no special quantity of anger is required for outrage to work. Petulance can lie at the root of outrage as easily as fury. What seems to matter most is Lear's certainty, even as he expresses rage, that

that you have witnessed evidence of her chronic mood, a disposition to snarl. Do the varied strategies of passive aggression constitute anger? The kinds of anger and the distinctions between them are multiplex. Reading literature helps make clear "how various the angry emotions are" (Harris 408). *King Lear* and Baron Charlus exemplify, lending body and shape, to emotions that, in your own life, might never be so clearly observed. An old joke highlights the problem. Two graduate students in Philosophy are drinking late into the night. An argument between them begins over the problem of anger. The first student, a Platonist, holds that Anger is a universal and the apparent variations are simply accidents. The second student, an Aristotelean (or perhaps a Nominalist), holds that there are many distinct kinds of anger, each with a specific definition. To demonstrate his point, he calls a number at random. (It is 2:00 A.M.) A sleepy voice answers the phone. "Hello," the second student asks, "may I speak to Mr. O'Shaughnessy?" No, the sleepy voice replies, wrong number, and hangs up. "That," the second student says is only annoyance. It's anger, but low-level and without thoughts of violence." Half an hour later, he calls the same number and asks, "Is Mr. O'Shaughnessy available?" The sleepy voice wakes up. No. Absolutely not. Wrong number. Put your glasses back on and look it up. Bang. "Now that," the Philosophy student says, "is rage. He's very angry, but still not thinking about violence." Then half an hour later, he calls the number back. "Hello," he inquires graciously "This is Patrick O'Shaughnessy here. Have there been any messages for me?" Now that, he explains to the Platonist, was Fury. The man on the other end of the line, nearly berserk with anger, had expressed himself with rage touched by momentary madness. If they were to meet him tomorrow and explain the nature of their experiment, then they would be able to witness Outrage. The joke suggests the range of anger's modalities, but it also hints at the rapid shifts in emphasis that are possible between them. Nonetheless, it is important to note that not everyone considers anger to possess so many distinct forms. Silvan S. Tomkins distinguishes only anger (the "innate" psycho-motor response) and rage (a more elaborated response). The apparent diversity of forms would be explained as functions of *magnification* (III 111 -2). Hence outrage, for Tomkins, is a highly magnified form of anger that may be identified by the absence of fear. "If anger, dissimell or disgust," he writes, "are magnified in outrage, the individual may become too insistent on punishing the other to become afraid of the other" (530).

he is a dragon. He constructs his court around him, pointing and commanding. He tears up one map, destroying one kingdom, and draws another, creating a new kingdom. His supporting cast is vigorously directed. Shakespeare's works are crowded with instances of theatrical outrage. Cassius' loathing for Caesar is calculated, of long standing, but meditated through Marcus Brutus's public reputation. Coriolanus feels outrage, not simply rage, though he does feel that as well. When he turns his back upon Rome, he knows both his own worth (that his fame "folds in / The Orb o' th' earth") and his list of grievances. Macbeth endures the tightening circle of his accusers' deliberate, long-building outrage at his regicide and tyranny. Iago and Othello engage in an labyrinthine dance of mutual outrage. Why does Lucrece kill herself? Anger at having been raped? Despair? Or outrage at her unwilling diminution, her fall from her own self-ideal? Dispositions and pretexts are everywhere. Outrage Is a quintessentially literary affect.

The mind at play (and *in* play) constitutes one of the recurring literary themes. A particularly vivid instance occurs in Proust's *Le Côté de Guermantes*. Young Marcel has gone to visit the Baron de Charlus whose acquaintance he has only recently made in Balbec. He finds the Baron regarding him with "*l'air de colere froide*" (536), the cause of which lies in a point of honour. Marcel, the Baron intimates, has spoken falsely about him. He accepts no denials and will not reveal the source of his information, or misinformation. (In fact, there may have been no provocation. The Baron's outrage may be *only* performative, either a test or else an imposition of will.) The conversation evolves through a series of calculated insults about Marcel's *bourgeois* (a epithet that the Baron hisses in "*un petit sifflement*") family and poor breeding. Charlus' face passes through a register of wrathful expressions in which variations of the one quoted for the epigraph to this essay dominate. When he resumes his expression of outrage after a brief mock respite, "*se crispaient le blêmes serpents écumeux de sa face, sa voix devenait tour a tour aigue et grave comme une tempête assourdissante et déchaînée.*" Finally, Marcel is driven into a corresponding paroxysm of exaggerated anger, in which he acts with both fury and discernment (carefully avoiding breaking any of the Baron's valuable porcelain), seizes the Baron's stylish new hat, flings it to the ground, tramples it and then begins ripping it entirely apart and tearing the crown into two parts. The sense of performance, one more calculated than the other perhaps, but both evolving and drawing upon past experience and a keen sense of selfhood, is very strong. Literary treatments of anger, in all its modes, are typically performative since (if for no other reason) actions are more easily described than affective mood.

Although human emotions may be spontaneous and even visceral, they can also find expression, with deliberation and enhanced by imagination, in compound versions of themselves. Measuring subject-object responses, in empirical and controlled experiments, explains many things about human affects, but not all. It does not show how the imagination invades response nor how a personal archive of images (an *imaginary*) will influence the construction of a response. Some affects, though they may resemble visceral responses, can only be adequately understood as compound. They draw upon imaginative resources and past experience. At one level the attributes of a visceral, spontaneous response may be in play, but at another level the imagination helps to construct the response. It looks spontaneous, but it isn't. Such compound affects may seem rare in actual life (or rare in most conditions and situations; clearly, some angry people, much as Baron Charlus does, do have the leisure to meditate their outrage), but they are common in literature. Compound affects, such as contempt or nostalgia as well as outrage, build upon a simple affect, such as anger, but also draw upon multiple layers of past experience. When you next reread Swift's *A Modest Proposal*, think about how much, in the way of injustice and arrogance, lies behind the proposal's immediate shock. Wouldn't it be a misreading only to claim that the proposer, or Swift himself, felt *merely* anger? Doesn't it seem more like a feeling, arisen from many experiences, long nurtured and intricate with bitter memories, that has more depth, more dimensions, than anger? *A Modest Proposal* one of the unavoidable texts of outrage. The very extremity of the proposal, far from modest, glows with the heat of a fierce rage that incorporates a long history of misdeeds, injustice and brutality. *A Modest Proposal* quakes with the intellectual grotesqueries of Menippean theatre. In Menippean discourse, exaggeration dominates representation, but it normally does so with deeply-ranging intelligence.⁴

4 Although Menippean writing is normally considered to be exclusively satire and, according to some arguments, only to be found in Classical texts, it should be called a *discourse*. It is a way of writing, and even of conducting an argument, in which the mode is not always satiric. There are many Menippean traits, catalogued by many scholars, and many Menippean texts (not solely in the Classical period). As a discourse, Menippean writing, imposing fragmentation and discontinuity, and inverting generic expectation, breaks up argument and all pretensions to coherence and unity. It is a way of writing that destabilizes, upsets and mocks. Menippean discourse, though mocking and carnivalesque, is not exclusively satiric. If it possesses any dominant trait, then it is probably alterity: it builds opposition into every account. For a discussion of

The distinction between the other types of anger and outrage can be seen embodied in the epithet, "outrageous." This indicates the external shape of a situation, often a very public one, but not a personal injury. A person with Punk accoutrements, or slogan-tattoos, may seem to be outrageous without saying a word, without even looking towards the person who makes the judgement. Calling someone's behaviour, or demeanor, "outrageous" invokes a heavy judgment, loaded with cultural implication. It is a bit like telling another person that he is, or has created, an abomination. Outrage introduces a moral category and attempts therein to capture the offense. Standing to one side, perhaps attempting to be neutral, you may see the outraged person's expression as excessive, a reaction out of proportion to its cause. A manner of dress, personal accoutrements, even piercings and tattoos, predilections and preferences, are matters of choice. They hardly seem greatly to threaten world-order and social cohesion. Yet there, in full view, outrage clamours: a public display of mindful anger, denunciations and loudly expressed fear for what will happen next. Theatre.

The distinction between a simple affect, such as irritation or rage, and its theatrical counterpart is not obvious, though it can be made clear.⁵ You may find it difficult to admit the degree of theatre or to agree that the vast difference I am arguing actually exists, but it seems evident (to me, at least) that the spontaneous expression of a psycho-visceral affect, beyond control and (like chyme convulsing up your throat) difficult to govern, plays out quite unlike complicated expressions of analogous psycho-intellectual affects, charged with their distinctive archeology: memory, citation and allusion. The emotions have identities in which cognitive elements play essential roles (Nussbaum 34). Thus the mind, Martha Nussbaum writes, possesses a "complex archaeology" in which emotions draw upon their peculiar histories and, in action, always re-enact (36). However, the personal archaeology of an affect is only part of its compound nature.

There are quite a few emotional responses that bubble over with compound intellectual elements, yet are evidently based upon, and are

Menippean discourse as a non-Classical (or more-than) phenomenon and an extensive bibliography, see Milowicki and Wilson.

5 Wilson discusses the theory of compound, or psycho-intellectual, affects at length in *The Hydra's Tale*. "Cognition," Tomkins writes, "is a major determinant of the scripts that define the world in which we live, and they are amalgams of inner and outer demands and challenges" (IV 5). A compound affect, whatever else, is an amalgam.

normally understood to be either the same as or else a variant of, a common affect. Romantic love builds upon, and incorporates, lust; odium, aversion; nostalgia, homesickness. When this happens, a strong affect provides the emotional basis for a much more complex affect that includes many intellectual levels as well as both memory (of events real or fabricated) and imagination. Fictional worldhood plays an important role in all psycho-intellectual affects. It is always possible to imagine a world better, more correct and certainly more heightened, more ideal, than the one you happen to inhabit. Nostalgia displays the mind's capacity to rebuild reality while drawing upon, though magnificently surmounting, a simple affect, homesickness. Vast Piranesi-like constructions arise to replace the lost object (or person); the simple heart-tugs of homesickness, now displaced, may seem altogether swallowed in the elaborations. In his 1998 *Hotel Bolivia*, Leo Spitzer describes the efforts of Jewish refugees to Bolivia to recreate their Austrian homeland, minus the pervasive Naziism, in the Andean Altiplano. The book's subtitle underscores the both the motivation (to have a refuge) and the driving force (the reconstructive power of memory) of the Jewish refugees' project. They imagined a fictional world, Austria without the Nazi ideology, and then worked to rebuild it in La Paz. The poignancy of Spitzer's memoir derives in part from the contrast between the vivid specificity of the situation, rebuilding a European Jewish community in Bolivia, and the universal recurrence of similar nostalgic projects. Aeneas recounts to Dido how he and his small navy had encountered a miniature Troy, rebuilt by Helenus and Andromache on the shores of Greece. He had rejected it as a destination for his followers because it was merely (in Dryden's phrase) "Troy's epitome." Aeneas had desired, and would continue to seek, the larger potential of an independent, and eventually imperial, nostalgia. Nostalgia is a particularly obsessive psycho-intellectual affect, but it is not essentially different from others. Outrage is far more elaborate in its manifestations, at once reconstructive and choreographed, than simple anger could ever be.

Imagined difference enters into all psycho-intellectual affects. Such affects are compounds of an immediate response, memory and the imagination. This distinction between an immediate visceral affect and its elaborated intellectual variant can be readily seen in the psychical distance between disgust and contempt. Disgust is an overpowering visceral affect. A person who experiences physical disgust at the sight and stench of rot and filth, at a putrid corpse or maggot-slithering excrement, will feel queasy, may experience gagging (the gorge rising) and, as a final step in a chain of symptoms, vomit. The entire sequence of visceral events, beginning with the

moment of queasiness in the stomach and ending with the violent expulsion of chyme and bile, is largely uncontrollable. Molecules of putrescine whiff-stinging your nostrils, try holding back vomit, or even mastering the urge to gag. Think of those contestants on the popular U. S. TV program *Fear Factor* who struggle, keeping the precise motivation of a \$50,000 prize uppermost in mind, to overcome their repugnance at the loathsome tasks they have been set: eating live insects, raw animal parts (pig uterus, say, or bison penis), or such exotic delights as *baluts*, nearly-hatched duck embryos. Fighting back the instinct to gag is never easy, and never pretty to watch.

The sight of a disgusting object prompting gagging and possibly vomiting gives rise to a definite expression. Psychologists identify a particular facial configuration that accompanies disgust. This "disgust face," although it admits a number of variations, involves crinkling the nose and pursing the mouth as if preparation for the act of vomiting. You may turn away from the foul object, cover your face and eyes, even extend your hand, palm outwards, but you will certainly crimp your nose backwards, causing a tightening of the nostrils and the folds of skin along the bridge. Your lips will purse, though they may also quiver and twist. That is the way disgust works. Different cultures, and different historical periods, may constitute disgust differently (food is the primary disgust object in the eighteenth-century, sexual practices in the nineteenth), but the "disgust face" remains constant. Your face contorts involuntarily just as your stomach heaves, not doubt against your wishes, and your gorge floods into vomit. One philosopher observes that, it may happen, the "depth of the body invades the face, darkening it with ambiguity and ardor" (Lingis 49). That puts the matter deftly: in experiencing disgust, and in many other affects, the body "invades" the face.

Contempt elaborates this visceral affect. The "disgust face" will still be present, even representations of gagging and the body's turning away in loathing (face averted; hand, palm out, thrust between the eyes and the object), but the person experiencing contempt will not vomit. A nineteenth century novel may use the word "disgust" repeatedly (46 times in the case of *Middleman!!*), but the reader will quickly note that no character vomits. It will be a moral judgment, but one that builds upon, and elaborates, visceral disgust. Contempt involves the mind: even as the nose crinkles and the mouth purses, the mind races with images of other places, other actions, the whole catalogue of insult and diminishment. The person held in contempt, perhaps openly and with blatant animosity, will be judged against the standards of a world she has ignored or rejected. Intellectual and deliberate, contempt is theatrical. Yet it seems easy to confuse contempt with its rude basis, disgust.

In his 1997 study of disgust, *The Anatomy of Disgust*, William Ian Miller systematically conflates the two. Contempt is disgust; disgust, contempt. There is no attention to the literary, fabulous even mythological, dimension common to all the psycho-intellectual affects, of contempt. (Contempt is god-like, superior, supra-existential and draws upon an archive of superior beings and moral heroes.) Conflating contempt and disgust poorly serves analysis.

Contempt points out a paradox inherent in all psycho-intellectual affects. It is not necessary to feel anything in order to act out the visceral affect. A person displaying contempt does not need to feel disgust, although she may do so and disgust may be an active element just as the person "filled with contempt" seems publically to proclaim. Still, and this points up the paradox: contempt can be wholly theatrical even while claiming to be visceral. Similarly, nostalgia can be enjoyed as a piece of retro theatre without the slightest ache of genuine homesickness. Longing can be pretended and complex reconstructions enthusiastically enjoyed for the pleasure of the moment or else for the inherent attractiveness of nostalgic play. It is very difficult, perhaps even impossible, to separate the pure theatre of expression in every psycho-intellectual affect from the visceral emotion that seems, and always pretends, to lie at its core. Outrage incorporates anger and displays itself as a variant of that affect, though always more elaborate and drawn-out. This is the case with the great outraged characters in literature: Medea, Lear, Coriolanus, Swift's Proposer, the Citizen, Baron Charlus. Such characters build upon their history and, what they believe to be, their knowledge. Shakespeare's characters, like Coriolanus, always know who they are, what they have done and suffered, and what they are owed. Their outrage seems so terrible because it is so deeply rooted.

Yet, outside of literature, minds are more difficult to know. Intentions, if they exist at all, come cloaked in the obscurities of indirection and dissembling. All the compound psycho-intellectual affects, though they always claim to *have* the simple visceral affect at their core, may be acted, a display without an affective foundation. Contempt seems an especially theatrical affect, often void of affective content other than aversion and hate, that functions like a visual rhetoric. Outrage, too, is both a compound psycho-intellectual affect, cantilevered forward from a visceral base to an intellectual display, often with the intensity of Menippean rejection and mockery, that enacts the shapes of an amplified rage around the offensive object. Like contempt, outrage can be empty of affective content, a visual rhetoric that serves as a tool for punishment and control. Unlike contempt, outrage is difficult to enact fully. The underlying visceral affect, anger, typically finds

expression in a contorted face and a distended the mouth, powerfully represented in Bernini's sculpture of a damned soul.⁶ In outrage, a person exposes his teeth, in imitation of an enraged animal, and screws her eyes into narrow slits. However, it is impossible for most people to pretend the suffusion of blood that turns the face deep, mottled red. Hence the face of rage, upon which outrage builds, usually can be pretended in only stylized forms. The teeth are exposed and the eyes slotted or, and this may be more likely, the expression of contempt, so easily made, substitutes for rage. Make-believe outrage turns upon the language of anger, denunciatory and hateful, but it also employs the disgust face, the visual rhetoric of contempt. The person expressing outrage may make use of a prop, a book (or hat) to be torn, a chair to be thrown, a table or wall to be kicked through or otherwise smashed.⁷ There may even be, as in Medea's case, beloved children to be killed. In its empty version, disassociated from visceral anger, outrage is extravagantly, often unbearably so, theatrical.

- 6 Bernini's *Anima Damnata* provides the jacket design for Harris' *Restraining Rage*. It is a bold move on the part of Harvard UP's designers. Torment may not be identical to rage, but the corresponding expression (teeth bared, eyes scrunched, brow furrowed) is close enough for the purpose. Most discussions of affects, whether spontaneous or make-believe, focus upon the important of the face or, in Erving Goffman's phrase, "facework" (13). Tomkins observes that the face is "the central site of the affect responses and their feedback" (III 10). Facework, largely a cultural determinant, may be highly codified; it may also be feigned.. On pretended, or make-believe, facework, see Wilson (96, 338 n.15).
- 7 In an informal essay, such as this one, there may be space to note the occasional odd coincidence. A few minutes after I had written the sentence above, I returned to Patrick O'Brian's *H.M.S. Surprise* where I immediately encountered this sentence describing a man's reaction to finding his mistress kissing another man: "...at the door, [he] snatched up a chair and beat it on the ground: he wrenched the back apart, flung it down, and ran out" (326). A duel (the cold, disciplined performance of outrage) follows. This scene further illustrates how outrage in literature works: choreographed, theatrical, supported by props. Taking further advantage of the liberty an informal essay gives its author, I also note the following anecdote (which sets against my own argument). At a an international conference at the University of Sydney, I insulted a well-known American scholar (without having intended to do so) by commenting on certain steps in the argument in his recently published book. He gazed upon me with murderous hatred, as if contemplating which death by torture might be most suitable, and *wept*, I took that as a sign of neurotic weakness, but later I came to understand that, as a move in his private choreography of outrage, tears were, for him, habitual props.

Learning to tell outrage, the enacted display of felt rage, from the mer 1 acted play of rage seems like one of the lessons that experience teach. Countless times in any institution, from universities to prisons, you may see a person acting outrage while experiencing only dislike, hatred or no more than resentment. You will be viewing a performance, a kind of visual rhetoric. When outrage is genuine, linking the immediate pretext to an archive of past experience and imagery, it can be extremely powerful. Witnessing Tere and Maria-Pilar enact their outrage, I had a deep, searching insight into their past experience and the reasons, which were not solely in the present moment, for their rage. Learning how to tell one expression of outrage from another, the weak from the strong, is a lesson that literature helps to teach. There are brilliant examples of outrage, as in Shakespeare, Joyce and Proust, in literature. They are more common, it might seem, than simple depictions of low-level anger, such as irritation and rage. (Literature, in this instance, reversing the actual world's proportions.) Even fury, with its always-striking overtones of madness (in characters as disparate as Herakles and Orlando) may not show up as often as outrage. It takes considerable performative skill to enact a compound affect, the demands of the imagination weighing upon the action, but that is precisely something that literature does well. In a world so torn apart by ideological and historical animosities, a world quite overcrowded with Cyclopean visions, it seems a lesson worth learning.

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