



Title	現代アメリカ小説におけるナルシスの自己劇化 : 素描(英文)
Author(s)	宮下, 雅年
Citation	北海道教育大学紀要. 第一部. A, 人文科学編, 34(2): 37-45
Issue Date	1984-03
URL	http://s-ir.sap.hokkyodai.ac.jp/dspace/handle/123456789/4145
Rights	

The Narcissistic Self-Dramatization in Modern American Fiction : A Survey*

Masatoshi MIYASHITA

(4)

In the first part of this paper I gave an explanation of what I call self-dramatization, quoting Erving Goffman's interactionist sociology.¹ My argument is in part that when an individual appears before others, he formulates his own definition of the situation, that is, what the reality is here and now, and presents an idealized image of himself. At this stage he is not just an individual. Instead, he is transformed into a performer, while other people present before him are his audience. The projection of self-image by a performer is so essential that communication never starts without it. Self-dramatization is to choose one's own role at the beginning of an interaction. To put it another way, it is to adopt a mask or persona, as the case may be, in the movement of reciprocity.

The field in which we live, so it seems, has become increasingly attenuated. As it is emptied of its polysemy, consequently making no longer valid its cosmology, that is, the moral and epistemological possibilities it should offer, so the role-playing based on a definition of the situation will be reduced to a series of automatic gestures. The persona fails to "sound through" (L. *personāre*, to which the term is "generally thought to be related"²) and grows stiff. The dailiness of life, thus flattened out, ultimately leads to the negation of its rich and large repertoire. Peter L. Berger notes that "Its [Society's] institutions pattern our actions and even shape our expectations. They reward us to the extent that we stay within our assigned [socially predetermined] performances."³ On the one hand, the efficiency and utility which modern society has long pursued as its strategically immovable purposes can be achieved more or less. On the other hand, the vision of modern man given here is that of just being there, abstracted and cut off from his wholeness. A definite contribution made by Goffman and other sociologists is that they have called our attention to the way in which people perform daily even under the pressure of those unifying principles in modern society yet still go, no matter how little, beyond their forced, attenuated self-image.⁴ Is it possible at all that there should actually exist the nondramatized self, that is, the 'real' self without its mask or persona, separated from its whole body (not particularly limited to the senses) which basically presides over its definition of the situation in question? Of course, self-dramatization may sometimes imply deceit or hypocrisy. Yet, originally, far from being false, it is what enables us to set up sympathetic

responses in each other and to achieve close contacts. By assuming a self-dramatized image = persona, we are capable of tapping our burning passions and canalizing our choreographic clumsiness .

Still, the force which threatens to atrophy or rub thin our everyday world is overwhelming ; it will ride over things which stand in its way. Concerning postwar mass society Gerald Graff remarks :

Novels such as *The Counterfeiters* and *The Man Without Qualities* present a bourgeois society in disintegration, yet still solid, specific, and comprehensible enough to furnish the material of drama. In contrast, the type of society which has emerged since the end of World War II, for all the overpowering weight of its technology and its bureaucratic organization, is a more elusive and shadowy entity. It is a society where boredom is more conspicuous than poverty and exploitation, and where authority encourages hedonistic consumption and a flabby, end-of-ideology tolerance. Such a society does not present the type of sharp resistance requisite for individual self-definition.⁵

For the very reason, that is, for lack of "the type of sharp resistance requisite for individual self-definition," Julian and his mother both dramatized themselves anachronistically and narcissistically ; and so too did Annette. For that matter, it is true of American fiction in the late fifties and early sixties, as Graff states, summing up the arguments made by critics such as Irving Howe, Alfred Kazin and so on, that "Characters in fiction seemed either to inhabit a kind of narcissistic isolation (Holden Caulfield, the Invisible Man, Dangling Man), totally estranged from society, or they had to contrive artificially to stimulate situations of conflict and adventure that their society had failed to provide (Sal Paradise, Augie March, Henderson)." We saw in Annette the poverty of performance in marked contrast to the affluence of goods. The scenarios in which she appears are almost exhausted. She is depicted virtually as having only one type of performance left which suggests "the war of all against all." There is little or no possibility of forming a relationship "sounding through" performer and audience in her eagerness to gain the stability of her existence. They remain still isolated from each other. Furthermore, the reality of other people is somewhat arbitrarily distorted, if not denied, which is to say that the audience comes to be regarded as the extended self of the performer. This is the case of narcissism.

Innumerable examples of this narcissistic self-dramatization occur, as one might expect, in Carson McCullers' works. Take her first novel *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* for instance. (I would like simply, however, just to point to the aspect relating to our present discussion without elaborating on the whole more fully.) John Singer, a deaf-mute, unknowingly becomes the hub of the lives of the four main characters in the novel. Each of the four visits his room, holds a one-way conversation, and in the end makes of him "a sort of homemade God." Margaret B. McDowell states that "Singer inadvertently furthers their narcissism by providing with his eyes the mirror wherein they seem to see reflected what they themselves wish to see, irrespective of

whether he actually understands them.”⁶ Thus, Mick, a girl devoted in music, sees in Singer something which brings Mozart to mind. And Jake Blount, an itinerant Marxist agitator, feels as if he is understood completely by Singer. The four people, or, for that matter, almost anyone of the town each dramatizes himself narcissistically, creating in Singer his own illusory audience. Yet the condition is similar with Singer when viewed as performer, for he, in turn, feels one-way love for another deaf-mute Antonapoulos and when Antonapoulos dies, Singer commits suicide.

Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts* offers another striking example of this phenomenon. The protagonist is hired to give advice to the readers of a newspaper. He is called Miss Lonelyhearts in his column. His job is, after all, to increase the circulation and the whole staff think it a joke, and so does the columnist himself. But he soon becomes unable to enjoy the letters asking for his help, for he realizes that they are “inarticulate expressions of genuine suffering.” “For the first time in his life, he is forced to examine the values by which he lives.” The columnist thus finds himself to be “the victim of the joke and not its perpetrator.”⁷ The situation which Miss Lonelyhearts must tackle resembles, say, a frog which he tells us elsewhere that he accidentally stepped on years before, with its guts spilled. It is violently out of order. He tries to give shape to the chaos.

“Christ was the answer” (p. 3). But it seems more likely that he actually said “Jesus Christ !”, throwing up his hands. For example, Miss Lonelyhearts regards Father Zossimas's sermon on Love as “excellent advice” (p. 8) but he knows too well that he cannot follow it. For he thinks of “the Christ business” or self-centered religionism as “hysteria, a snake whose scales are tiny mirrors in which the dead world takes on a semblance of life” (p. 9). If that sort of self-dramatization, narcissistic as the “mirrors” suggest, were to be open to him, he could speak of Christ, keeping himself out of the danger of contamination, that is, without being involved in a profusion of suffering outside him. He realizes that “the Christ business” goes against the grain of his correspondents' suffering. Nevertheless he thinks that there is left no other recourse to fall back on except Christ in the world. “Christ was the answer,” none the less. Miss Lonelyhearts rejects the institutionalized Christ, a form of merchadised cant. as it were, and instead he dramatizes himself as his own brand of Christ. He becomes his own Christ, and “caught in his own mask — he married it.”⁸

Self-dramatization as his own Christ — this is quite difficult to sustain. He knows that he has given his readers “many stones” (p. 5) instead of bread. He is just offering clichés or trash. He writes “something something something something,” to quote Barthelme⁹ (whom we shall consider next), and finds it impossible to go on with it. Hence, his ineffective performance “on the stage of a crowded theater” in his dream, where, when “he tries to lead his audience in prayer,” he echoes Shrike, his blasphemous strain (p. 9). Thus, he suffers from “a Christ complex” (p. 13).

Miss Lonelyhearts thinks that “Men have always fought their misery with dreams” (p. 39). Today, the movies, magazines, newspapers, restaurants and all that cater to their crying need for dreams. But, unfortunately, dreams have been made “puerile” (p. 39) and “fakey” (p. 22). They are commercially trivialized. This must be the worst betrayal of all others. Yet at the

same time Miss Lonelyhearts acknowledges, to his regret, that his performance is only a short step to that condition. He, then, attributes his failure to “his lack of humility” and vows “to make a sincere attempt to be humble” (p. 39). His practice to be humble heightens the narcissistic element of his self-dramatization, for in effect he will not or cannot give heed any further to the movement of reciprocity in which we find him with others. Thus he can ignore Shrike’s taunts. Moreover it enables him to clasp the cripple Doyle’s hand “with all the love he could manage” (p. 47) self-complacently. In order to gain control over the deranged play which he has put on, so it seems to him, there is left no alternative but to get more and more involved in his own persona. Toward the end of the novel he changes into a rock, which is apparently a bold leap out of the stone-like, “trash” condition. Rock is traditionally an image of Saint Peter and Christ. But we know that everything remains pretty much the same. It is just that Miss Lonelyhearts perfectly ignores the discrepancy between his performance and audience. The rock is, then, found to be symbolic of his narcissistic self-dramatization. I. Malin notes that “He finds perfection in the complete absence of identity...He has become as abstract as the words he employs.”¹⁰ But it is not Miss Lonelyhearts but his audience who loses or blots out its distinct figure. Betty is now looked upon by him as a pretty dress, not a woman in the flesh. And at the crucial moment of Miss Lonelyhearts’ death, Doyle is merged with any letter-writer : Desperate, Broken-hearted, Sick-of-it-all, Disillusioned-with-tubercular-husband.

(5)

To take up Donald Barthelme’s case for discussion (only a few out of his more than one hundred fictions, though), he is considered for the most part as a collagist. In most of his fiction, disparate elements are wrenched free from habitual meaning and put together, to create, “in the best case,” a coherent order. This is the point of collage.¹¹ Seen in this way, it comes as no surprise that self-dramatization by Barthelme’s characters seems more often than not somewhat stilted and narcissistic. Citing the story “Porcupines at the University”¹² as a good example of the word-collage, Jerome Klinkowitz states that “All elements in his construction are true to their own roles. The Dean speaks in character, (“And now the purple dust of twilight time/Steals across the meadows of my heart,’ the Dean said”), and when confronted by the scout (“Porcupines !..Thousands and thousands of them. Three miles down the road and comin’ fast !”) reacts like Dean (“Maybe they won’t enroll”).”¹³ The state of his being “in character,” then, takes a step further and the Dean declares decidedly that he will “bust them [the porcupines, of course, but, in a way, blacks, radicals, and others in general simultaneously]” even “Single-handed. Ly.” As for the porcupine wrangler, he reminds us of another would-be cowboy, Joe Buck in *Midnight Cowboy*.¹⁴ Joe, obsessed with the old-fashioned American Dream, also leaves Texas for New York City to strike oil, looking out of the corner of his eyes at the signboard saying “IF YOU DONT HAVE AN OIL WELL GET ONE!” on his way. As we move on, Griswold, the wrangler and singer-songwriter, becomes

increasingly involved in his persona, infatuated with his illusory “fancy women” and “a sock 15 G’s a week.” Yet, the most revealing point of this story is that the undoubtedly Quixotic self-dramatizations on both sides do at one stage “sound through” each other and succeed in producing an unexpected dividend, Mr. Sonny Bono, who was “a grad student in comparative religion” and is now “a booker in Vegas.” Is it reckless to say that I see an exponent of postwar mass society in him, that is, “a more elusive and shadowy entity,” to use G. Graff’s phrase once again.

True communication, however, seldom takes place and Barthelme’s characters for the most part stay isolated from each other. At their most typical in his early works, Bloomsbury of “The Big Broadcast of 1938”¹⁵ talks day after day over the radio to his former wife, indulging in reminiscences of their good old married life. Yet, when she actually appears in his station, Bloomsbury cannot maintain his performance in her presence, and their interaction, getting increasingly “distracting,” collapses before long.

Consider, for example, “Florence Green Is 81.” Many people cannot help feeling at a loss in this “rambling assemblage of non sequiturs.”¹⁶ Still, it would be interesting for our purpose to read it as a tale of how we fall into narcissism in our self-dramatization. Seen in this way, the story provides us with its own schema. The quotations from “an article in *The Journal of Tension Reduction*” are, in effect, a microcosm of the story itself. One of them reads “One source of concern in the classic encounter between patient and psychoanalyst is the patient’s fear of boring the doctor.” Now “we have roles to play,” for the reader-audience is compared to the doctor, while the narrator-performer is viewed as “the nervous dreary patient” (p. 4). The audience, then, is idealized and glorified as an adept in the art of reading. “In such case,” the quotation goes on, “the patient sees the doctor as a highly sophisticated consumer of *outré* material, a connoisseur of exotic behavior. He therefore tends to propose himself as more colorful, more eccentric (or more ill) than he really is ; or he is witty, or he fantasticates” (p. 5). The audience hypertrophies to the degree that the performer is unable to keep sight of its tangible figure any longer. Hence comes the narcissistic self-dramatization. At the beginning it is put on primarily “for fear of boring you” and — to use the key word here — “ingratiatingly,” but, as it proceeds, almost the reverse becomes the case, the “you” in the flesh driven away. Eventually the narrator (presumably Baskerville) is pouring “eyewash” (p. 13), whether knowingly or unknowingly ; so too for anyone else at the dinner party including Florence Green. She announces that she wants to go somewhere where everything is different and her guests try to puzzle out the place. However, “she does not really want to go away,” if we trust the narrator. “She has in mind making herself more interesting. She is afraid of boring us. She is trying to establish her uniqueness” (p. 13). Her self-dramatization starts “ingratiatingly” and ends narcissistically, for, as it is revealed, “the old babe,” having in mind no specific place on the earth, “demands nothing less than total otherness” (p. 15). At best, somehow or other, she will be she alone knows where tomorrow.

Peterson, the protagonist of “A Shower of Gold,” the final fiction of *Come Back, Dr. Caligari*, is one of the most interesting and problematic characters of the collection. In this story, a TV program director, a barber, or, for that matter, almost everyone except Peterson,

spout pedantic, modern philosophy, parroting existential jargon. Words quickly proliferate and disseminate, which conversely drains off value and meaning. Characteristically, this is the result of what Dan in *Snow White* calls “the trash phenomenon.”¹⁷ Jack Hicks states concerning Miss Arbor’s explanation of the aim and format of her program that “whatever wisdom was once held in those hollowed phrases is gone, reducing them to the level of national cliché.” And he continues, “This is Barthelme’s own contemporary twist, to reveal meaninglessness and futility as terrible as ever, but comic and threatening by turn, never allowing the condition a straightforward solemnity that once so unsettled us.”¹⁸ Thus, after his “punishment” period, Peterson admits that “the world is absurd,” yet, at the same time, he realizes that “absurdity is itself absurd” (p. 181). He has observed the absurdity to be reified or institutionalized as a sort of merchadised cant. Peterson’s counterproposal against this wildly absurd world is, as L. Gordon rightly points out, that “one must ‘play’.”¹⁹ He says to the television audience :

Don’t be reconciled. Turn off your television sets,...cash in your life insurance, indulge in a mindless optimism. Visit girls at dusk. Play the guitar. How can you be alienated without first having been connected? Think back and remember how it was. (p. 183)

He demands something beyond the codified behavior forced, if unwittingly, by institutions, in other words, the easy-going acceptance of one’s role or self-image in the social context. Surely, “one must play” is the point of his statement. However, seen from the point of view like Huizinga’s, “play” has necessarily a dual sense — activity engaged for fun and drama. It is therefore quite important to see his statement not only as “strong opinions” but as performance. At bottom, it is a matter of creation.

As I said previously, self-dramatization, at its most essential, is far from deceptive and enables us to “sound through” each other. It would be easy to say without examining Peterson as a performer that “As an artist and a human, he is unable to live in the Kafkaesque world and chooses to live and create himself in self-defense, dwelling constantly in the present,”²⁰ or “Peterson affirms the human potential for greatness.”²¹ Look at his fantastic, tricky movement from camera to camera, following the red light. It tells us more than anything else about his firm resolution not to be made a laughingstock of any more, though it is, as such, very amusing. And in doing so, Peterson says, “My mother was a royal virgin, and my father a shower of gold. My childhood was pastoral and energetic and rich in experience which developed my character. As a young man I was noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form express and admirable, and in apprehension...” (ellipsis Barthelme’s) (p. 183). The assertion that his father is a shower of gold proclaims that if his father was Zeus he must be Perseus. And seen against the background of *Antony and Cleopatra* (II. 5/IV. 6), “a shower of gold” is the badly needed money for which Peterson agreed to appear on TV, and, possibly, a series of those wildly absurd events which in the end regenerate him. In any case a strain of looking backward to a nostalgic past, which we may notice in the title of this collection too, becomes

dominant with a quotation from *Hamlet* (II. 2). Can he jump across the tremendous gap between the good old days and the present age in one stride? The narrator stops the description of his performance too early, just saying that "Peterson went on and on." It is how he actually dramatizes himself before his audience that counts (at least for the present study), but not its summary or things like that. "In a sense he was not [lying]," the narrator says at the end. It may possibly imply that Peterson succeeded in "sounding through" his audience and vice versa. L. Gordon remarks that Peterson's self-dramatization here "lacks Barthelme's typical irony and is unusually lyrical,"²² and G. Graff states conversely that "language in which he does so is self-parodic."²³ So problematic is his performance. Yet, to say the least of it, it is reading too much into the passage to equate Peterson with either Sisyphos, "the Marivaudian being," or "the White Negro." Speaking of "the Marivaudian being," J. Hicks recognizes it at the center of Peterson as well as K. of "Robert Kennedy Saved From Drowning." As a matter of fact, is it appropriate even in the latter case?

What George Poulet calls the Marivaudian being is explained by K. in one section. It goes like this :

The Marivaudian being is, according to Poulet, a pastless futureless man, born anew at every instant....The Marivaudian being has in a sense no history. Nothing follows from what has gone before. He is constantly surprised. He cannot predict his own reaction to events. A condition of breathlessness and dazzlement surrounds him. In consequence he exists in a certain freshness...²⁴

At first glance the mode of being appears to "sum up his [K.'s] own significance."²⁵ Almost all the snapshots of his here displayed seemingly assert the fact that everything about K. "may be, on a given day, inexplicably reversed" (p. 42), which is to say that it is "up in the air" (p. 45). However, looking at him closely, we find that his mode of self-presentation is quite different from "the Marivaudian being" in nature. The latter, it is said, cannot predict his own reaction to events, and it is certainly similar with K. Indeed "everything changes suddenly" (p. 43), but it is just because "it's best to be sudden" (p. 50) in terms of politics and all that. At bottom, everything is reduced to a matter of technique. For that matter, his freshness is relevant neither to ontological nor epistemological possibilities. Instead it is sustained by changing "clothes frequently, especially shirts" (p. 45). He is a man who "retains his mask" (p. 53) even in the danger of being drowned. His mask, which J. Hicks would call Marivaudian, seldom serves to create new possibilities for acting toward others in the flesh. It is symbolic of rigidity and infertility. "Thank you." (p. 53) is all K. said to the person who saved his life. Thus, his self-dramatization is found to be rather Quixotic or narcissistic, far from being "Marivaudian."

Let us end with a funny story "I Bought a Little City."²⁶ The narrator, an incredible multimillionaire, says casually that "So I bought a little city (it was Galveston, Texas)" (p. 51). The story is as big as the Texan tales are commonly thought to be. Anyway he has now occupied a position of having the whole city at his disposal. He is, so to speak, a frontiersman

reborn in the present age, a direct descendant of the American Adam, just as Don Quixote was a reborn knight-errant. He could pursue his ideal, if there is anything that can be called ideal in him, uninhibitedly in the new promised land. The narrator thinks, walking on the waterfront, "A few apple trees here might be nice" (p. 51). His remark may sound abrupt but actually he is imitating or presenting himself as a Johnny Appleseed. Does he, then, have a dream dreamed by the pioneer-hero of peaceful oneness with nature? The answer is absolutely no. The narrator is surely a giant, but not like Paul Bunyan who also embodies the pioneer spirit. Instead he is a money giant whose philosophy is that money means power. He makes attempts solely to influence the inhabitants. The city is, thus, a stage on which he acts out his almightiness. For instance, he removed residents from a block and changed it into a park. He prepared a housing site for those whom he had "displaced," and partitioned it in imitation of "a jigsaw puzzle with a picture of the Mona Lisa on it" (p. 53). And he "shot six thousand dogs" (p. 54) (in imitation of Buffalo Bill?), then "wrote an editorial denouncing (himself) as the vilest creature" (p. 55) in imitation, once again, of Orson Wells in *Citizen Kane*. Etc., etc.

These highly narcissistic performances are curiously poor in substance despite their large scale. The narrator admonishes himself at every turn against being too imaginative, and this is what causes the hollowness characteristic of his performance. It is perhaps his *savoir-faire* to keep his imagination from running ahead. It is, in other words, a sort of protective mechanism against his miscast role-playings. He, in his own way, sticks to his 'authentic' selfhood. The therapeutic sensibility is caricatured in this way. Asking for control over his mind, he does not withdraw, say, to a retreat house. Instead he shuts himself up in his insipid, hollow world. Therefore, when he was rebuffed (most unexpectedly for him) by Sam Hong's wife, with whom he had happened to fall in love one-sidedly, the mechanism began to work very well immediately, and he sold the city back to the interests and moved to "Galena Park, Texas," to live "inconspicuously there" (p. 58). Communication never starts without one's self-dramatization. It may sometimes lead him to irredeemable narcissism, indeed. The protagonist of the story is so afraid of it, that is, adopting a new and different persona in the movement of an interaction, that he cannot make attempts to communicate with or "sound through" other people.

Notes

* This is continued from the note printed in *Gakuen Ronshu, the Journal of Hokkai-Gakuen University*, No. 43 (Jan. 1983).

¹ *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life* (New York : Anchor-Doubleday, 1959).

² "Person," *OED*, 1970 ed.

³ *Invitation to Sociology : A Humanistic Perspective* (Harmondsworth, 1966), p. 108.

⁴ Of course, there are recriminations against this kind of sociological approach. Alan Kennedy, for instance, raises a strong objection against Goffman especially in reference to his notion of the way in which self is related to society. So he writes : "For Goffman there is no room, no need, for a subjective self, since life is all the managing of impressions. Life in society is the art of the great con and the self is totally 'other-

directed': that is, the human units act, or behave, not with regard to truth or even sincerity but only in order to make a good presentation and to come off best in any social 'transaction'. Being a self is nothing more than playing at being a self. The concept of the self that emerges from sociological role analysis is inevitably that of the self which is 'nothing more' than the sum of the disparate role one is forced to play in society." (*The Protean Self : Dramatic Action in Contemporary Fiction*, New York : Columbia Univ. Press, 1974, p. 16.) A considerable effort will probably attend an attempt of self-dramaization, for the performer is not sure whether his performance will lead as he plans. In a way he takes a chance on it. Performance is of central interest to me in this sense, if it as such may be hackneyed. True, the effort on the part of a performer is irrelevant to Goffman's study, but it does not cancel out his helpfulness to the present discussion, because we, in a sense, start from where sociologists end.

⁵ *Literature Against Itself : Literary Ideas in Modern Society* (Chicago : Univ. of Chicago Press, 1979), p. 213.

⁶ *Carson McCullers*, TUSAS 354 (Boston : Twayne Publishers, 1980), p. 34.

⁷ *Miss Lonelyhearts & The Day of the Locust* (1933 ; rpt. New York : A New Direction Paperback, 1962). All subsequent page references are to this edition and are found in the text in parentheses.

⁸ Irving Malin, *Nathanael West's Novels* (Southern Illinois Univ. Press, 1972), p. 51.

⁹ Donald Barthelme, "And Now Let's Hear It for the Ed Sullivan Show !", in *Guilty Pleasure* (New York : Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1974), p. 107.

¹⁰ I. Malin, p. 63.

¹¹ "The point of collage" is, in Barthelme's own words, "that unlike things are stuck together to make, in the best case, a new reality. This new reality, in the best case, may be or imply a comment on the other reality from which it came, and may be also much else. It's an itself, if it's successful." (Jerome Klinkowitz, "Donald Barthelme (an interview)," in *The New Fiction : Interviews with Innovative American Writers*, ed. Joe David Bellamy, (Urbana : Univ. of Illinois Press, 1974), pp. 51–52.

¹² "Porcupines at the University," in *Amateurs* (New York : Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976), pp. 51–58.

¹³ *The Practice of Fiction in America : Writers from Hawthorne to the Present* (Ames : The Iowa State Univ. Press, 1980), p. 108.

¹⁴ John Schlesinger, dir., *Midnight Cowboy*, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight, United Artists, 1969.

¹⁵ "The Big Broadcast of 1938," in *Come Back, Dr. Caligari* (Boston : Little, Brown and Company, 1964). All subsequent page references are to this edition and are found in the text in parentheses.

¹⁶ Lois Gordon, *Donald Barthelme*, TUSAS 416 (Boston : Twayne Publishers, 1981), p. 36.

¹⁷ Donald Barthelme, *Snow White* (New York : Atheneum, 1967), p. 97.

¹⁸ *In the Singer's Temple : Prose Fictions of Barthelme, Gaines, Brautigan, Piercy, Kesey, and Kosinski* (Chapel Hill : Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1981), p. 29.

¹⁹ L. Gordon, p. 60.

²⁰ J. Hicks, p. 35.

²¹ L. Gordon, p. 60.

²² L. Gordon, p. 58.

²³ G. Graff, p. 237.

²⁴ Donald Barthelme, "Robert Kennedy Saved From Drowning," in *Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts* (1968 ; rpt. New York : Pocket Books, 1976), p. 52. All subsequent page references are to this edition and are found hereafter in the text in parentheses.

²⁵ J. Hicks, p. 36.

²⁶ "I Bought a Little City," in *Amateurs*.