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# Disruptive Participants: Observations of Works by Sukenick and Sorrentino

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During the 1960's a curious apparent transformation seemed to be taking place in American prose writing. Critics were lamenting the demise of the American novel as it had existed in the basically realistic tradition of Fitzgerald and Hemingway:

> In the years since the end of World War II the novel in America has been: nihilistic, existential, apocalyptic, psychological; it has withdrawn from social considerations; it has been radical and conservative. In form it has been loosely picaresque, it has returned to its beginnings in myth, it has been contrived with a cunningness of technique virtually decadent, it has been purely self-rfleexive and respondent to its own development. And the novel has died.[1]

It is of course a truism that the novel has been written off practically from the time it emerged as a genre, and recent developments would seem to point toward yet another shift in the way fiction is going to be written, with a new emphasis, to be sure, on the generic features of prose fiction.

Contemporaneous with this sense of crisis in the novel was the rise of a new prose form: journalism that appropriated techniques of other disciplines, mostly from literature, to come to terms with aspects of contemporary life for which traditional journalistic approaches were felt to be inadequate.[2] These New Journalists professed amazement at the apparent abandonment of so much that had been the subject-matter of prose fiction, but I think both recent fiction and recent journalism are part of the same process of rearranging the various modes of prose writing and their respective proximities to everyday life. As we shall see, the changes in both genres are parallel, both undertaking modifications that imply a greater consciousness of verbal

strategies, and both evolving towards a greater sense of participation on the part of the narrating observer in his text. Both Ronald Sukenick and Gilbert Sorrentino claim to be glad not to have to bother competing with other media in the story-telling business. They'd rather write real fiction.

New Journalism was created partly by established novelists who found the explosive changes in American society during the 1960's far richer in imaginativeness than anything they could get around to inventing and writing up as a "novel of manners". Also, the younger journalists who turned away from traditional objective reporting were perhaps the first generation of reporters exposed to a great deal of literature in the course of their college careers, and also the first generation exposed to the nearly systematic manipulation of what certain dominant institutions of American society wished people to accept as ordinary reality. In large measure this involved attempting to use the media to create a false objectivity, which of course often tended to emphasize the fact that things were going on that couldn't be explained in the same old ways. These were in fact perceived as possibly ideological, an objectivity perhaps in the service of tradition for its own sake. Some journalists took the same path in their genre as their fictionalist cousins did in theirs: concentrate on precision in writing and participate in the text as its creator. Ronald Sukenick could have been speaking of New Journalism as well as of fiction when he wrote: "We live in language, and only writers are free—only they know how to move into a more and more spacious syntax."[3]

Since the strategies employed by New Journalists to report on phenomena they felt could not be handled with the old objective modes have been taken up to meet the same sense of crisis facing the writers of contemporary fiction, perhaps it would provide an interesting perspective if we were to examine the work of some New Journalists. When such dissimilar genres as journalism and fiction rely on analogous solutions to their respective problems of an unresponsive objectivity and an unproductive subjectivity, in their changes they may be said

to have approached each other and brought about a greater awareness of the essential creativity of all writing.

Norman Mailer's *The Armies of the Night* is Mailer's reconstruction of his activities during a massive anti-war march on the Pentagon in 1967. With a twenty-year career as a novelist behind him, Mailer had little difficulty in reporting on an event he did not "cover" but rather participated in. True to the work's subtitle "History as Novel, the Novel as History", Mailer deliberately writes about what happened as if it were fiction, in the sense that he refers to himself in the third person, and engages in narrative asides to the reader, not only about the events going on, but also about the novellistic tradition he is using to relate them. Since Mailer is not writing a traditional novel, he is free to bear down on the events that befel him, letting them stand only for themselves. The traditional novel is obliged to use observed events "as constituents of a projected fictional world containing a private vision of reality."[4] The non-fiction novel employed by Mailer avoids the limitations inherent in the subjectivity of tradtional fiction. In describing how he is arrested trying to reach the Pentagon, Mailer uses the walls of the immense buiiding and the lines of soldiers and marshals defending it as a kind of leitmotiv, almost cinematically moving back and forth between Mailer looking at himself and what he himself sees:

> It was not much of a situation to study. The MPs stood in two widely spaced ranks.... They were out there waiting. Two moods confronted one another, two separate senses of a private silence.[5]

Mailer describes his feelings as he walks toward the soldiers as a curious detachment, as if indeed he were watching himself in a film where this action was taking place.[6]

After reaching the actual moment of his arrest, Mailer breaks the narrative to spend several pages in a long aside about a BBC cameraman who had been part of a crew doing a program on a police movie Mailer did, called *Beyond the Law*. The same crew is now covering the peace march and one of their cameramen films Mailer as he is

being led away by the US Marshal to be booked. The way Mailer introduces his aside is interesting, considering he is going to be talking about a TV crew, representatives of the one media form perhaps most responsible for changes in attitudes that made the traditional novel seem no longer quite sufficient:

> One of the oldest devices of the novelist—some would call it a vice—is to bring his narrative (after many an excursion) to a pitch of excitement where the reader no matter how cultivated is reduced to a beast who cah pant no faster than to ask, "And then what? Then what happens"? At which point the novelist, consummate cruel lover, introduces a digression, aware that delay at this point helps to deepen the addiction of his audience.
>
> This of course, was Victorian practice. Modern audiences, accustomed to superhighways, put aside their reading at the first annoyance and turn to the television set. So a modern novelist must apologize, even apologize profusely, for daring to leave his narrative, he must in fact absolve himself of the charge of employing a device, he must plead necessity (p. 191).

The ostensible point of relating Mailer's previous relationship with the BBC cameraman is merely to fill in the details of the rather undistinguished fact that Mailer was not only being arrested, he was also being filmed while being arrested, Mailer uses the aside for a flashback to give more information about himself, so to speak in the space of time between his arrest and his being jailed. This deepens our awareness of his possible motives for allowing himself to be arrested. It is a nice turn, to say one is going to use a transparently literary device, and an old-fashioned one at that, all of which implies that there is a greater literary device behind the aside, the assumption that this is in fact a piece of literature. It is that, to be sure, but it depends for its status as literature on the use of self conscious literary devices serving an essentially journalistic aim. Of course, Mailer would also probably say his arrest might not have been considered "real" if it had not been filmed for television.

One of the most impressive pieces of New Journalism, involving the day to day details of the war in Vietnam, perhaps the touchstone

in the conflict between "reality" and the attempts to accomodate it in traditional terms, is John Sack's *M*, an account of a group of American soldiers written by a journalist who lived with them from basic training through their tour in Vietnam. Sack wrote his account from the points of view of the men he lived with, and it is a tribute to his writing if one mentions that under the law he was obliged to track down all his still surviving "characters" and obtain each one's consent to the narration as it stood. His participation was written so honestly that neither the law nor the facts proved to be a hindrance.

Since so many of the reasons given for the presence of half a million American combattroops in Vietnam were largely due to a considerable number of received ideas about America's obligations to itself and the rest of the world, Sack's highly participatory style produces an ironic contrast between these prior ideas and the way things worked out for the men sent to Vietnam. To be sure, what is reported necessarily includes the men's own status as Americans not particularly opposed in principle to what their government is doing with them. The absence of an exterior authorial presence allows us to share in the testing of this lack of concern and the slow growth of awareness.

As was the case in Mailer's report of the march on the Pentagon, the refusal to assume an authoritarian stance in the narration implies the abandoning of employing details for textually prior symbolic intentions. Since the crisis of textual relations to reality involved an ideological willingness to presume a reality within which a text would be engendered, Sack's response makes a contribution to overcoming this problem, by creating a text whose realities would question the above assumption.

The following rather long citation should suffice to demonstrate the advantages of giving up authoritative objectivity. It concerns a Japanese-American soldier who had been in a group that found a dying seven-year-old Vietnamese girl after an earlier attack in which someone had thrown a grenade into a shelter from which voices were heard.

> Yoshioka had stood by the bunker watching the girl die. He felt no special affinity toward Asia's troubles, though he was Oriental and his mother had been at Hiroshima, but being an American he did like children—he turned away, his face waxily paralyzed. Life hadn't taught him to phrase his thoughts with any great felicity, and Yoshioka simply told himself his favorite vivid word and promised himself to think of other things. But that he couldn't do, for three Fridays later, jumping from a dusty Army truck, seeing a glistening wire between two bushes, declaring, quite phlegmatically, "There's a mine," a sergeant reaching his hand out to keep soldiers back, reaching his hand out, reaching his hand, reaching—three Fridays later in the black explosion Yoshioka was freakishly wounded the same way as that stasing child. The sergeant who touched the trip-wire was killed, the Negro who'd found the little girl was killed, M's old alligator trapper, Newman, was ripped in his arms and legs by the whistling pieces of steel and evacuated, and "Yokasoka's dead," the soldiers were saying that night at their rubber plantation, still not getting his name right, not knowing how Yoshioka lay in a Saigon hospital vegetally alive, huge Frankenstein stitches on his shaven head, his acne caked with blood, a hole in his throat to breathe through, bubbles between his lips, the soles of his feet a queer pale yellow, his head thrashing right and left as though to cry *no-no-no*, his hand slapping his thigh as though he'd heard some madcap story, a sheet around the bedframe to hold him in—a jar of clear liquid dripping into him, a brownish-yellow liquided ripping out, a PFC shooing the fiies away and sucking things out of him with a vacuum machine, a Navaho nurse pulling the sheet up over his legs for modesty's sake, a doctor leaning over him whispering, "Bob? You're in a hospital. You're going to be on your litter a while. You're going to be traveling some. First you'll be on a plane. . . ."

If New Journalism was invented to meet a crisis in journalism, to which it often responded by using fictional devices, then perhaps this response may be seen as part of a larger pattern of change, a move away from writing intended to provide an interpretation based on a firm pattern of reality:

> The nonfiction novelist's transaction with the surrounding world, colored as it is with his personal history and outlook, however,

> remains finally a local reaction and interpretation rather than a global totalization—he does not assemble his sensory impressions into a significant form in order to formulate a particular metaphysics or convey a single vision of reality as the fictive novelist does.[7]

I believe that, in their very emphasis on the fictiveness of what they write, contemporary novelists such as Sorrentino and Sukenick have managed to overcome the objection raised in the above quotation.

If we briefly retrace the evolution of novellistic forms in America since the modernist novels of the 1920's, keeping in mind the particularly strong realistic tradition in American fiction, we might say that writers like Fitzgerald or Hemingway could count on a still-viable social "order" of conduct and discourse that would serve as a backdrop in their works, even though these works might be highly critical of the conventions that provided them with an assumed social context.[8] Postwar writers could no longer count on such a definable social context. In the novels of the forties and fifties, those writers who continued to use relatively established fictional strategies began to come up against the problem of the absence of any coherent social pattern within which to place their fiction. Many of Bellow's heroes, for example, seem to have little recourse except to act out a highly self-conscious awareness of the emptiness of a situation in which one is left only with the idea of one's self that derived from a social background which was in fact restrictive of the self, but which was at least there. By the 1960's novelists were beginning to break down traditional forms, establishing an almost playful irony as the basis for providing a new framework for fiction, but without completely diong away with these forms. Concurrent with this movement, and something which formed a good part of the buzzing social confusion that so delighted the New Journalists, was a curious reversal in the "traditional" relationship between society and the alienated artistic individual. Up to the 1960's alienation had been a solitary thing, but it soon became seen as a more structural social problem. This had many good results, in that old problems could be seen in new lights, but it also led to

an almost frantic wave of acceptance of at least the jargon of modernist alienation by a significant portion of middle-class America, perhaps as a kind of verbal defense against the sense of too rapid and confusing change. This further undermined the traditional relationship between novelists and their creative environment. At the start of the 1960's Saul Bellow could go so far as to say, "The power of public life has become so vast and threatening that private life cannot maintain a pretence of its importance."[9] And, by 1967, one of the best novelists to come to the fore in the decade, John Barth, could write an essay in a major American magazine on the Literature of Exhaustion, practically writing off his own attempts to write serious contemporary fiction, and calling for "imitations of novels" as the best possible response to the "death of the novel" that his readings in literary criticism had convinced him was immanent.[10]

Barth himself developed a serious case of writer's block after his essay, and his subsequent fiction seemed to consist of poor works of exhaustion and better ones in more traditional forms.

One might be permitted the suspicion that there is rather too much activity in and around the novel to justify talking of its demise. Such speculation could be seen as a reaction to the shock of significant changes in the complex of relations between writing and its environment. Even our cursory examination of the rise of New Journalism and the brief discussion of the crisis in fiction may reveal two things —that both serious journalism and serious fiction are forced to look at just what it is that they should take seriously in an increasingly "media as message" environment, and that, since the realistic emphasis so long prevalent in American literature was now largely covered by a rebirth of reportage, American post-modernist fiction now had to face up to completing its deferred portion of the modernist revolution in poetry.

Things have not been made any easier by the fact that the publishing situation for fiction has changed to accomodate shifts in the reading market, so that experimentation is seen as simply un-

marketable in relation to more money-making texts. Also, American post-modernist fiction has taken on the completion of a revolution in attitudes towards prose writing at such a late date relative to the less realistic fictions of European modernism that the gambits employed fifty years ago, involving the use of conventional attitudes as part of the process of undermining them, simply will not work due to the lack of stable conventions. So, the writers who might be considered immediately prior to Sorrentino and Sukenick looked for a solution in incorporating this dilemma into the formal aspects of their works, moving "toward a mode of fiction that would make the novel a body of words *and no more*...."[11] Writers like Donald Barthelme, Robert Coover, and Rudolph Wurlitzer developed the self-refiexivity, the deliberate use of mythical or folkloristic conventions found in the themes of their immediate predecessors, Barth, Thomas Pynchon and John Gardner, for example, into a governing aesthetic in which conventional jargon and everyday situations are used in a highly self-conscious way, as the basis of obvious fictions which in their turn act out a (fictional) existence that "looks real." By deliberately fore-grounding the fictionality of their work, these writers can often successfully bridge the gap between the subjectivity of the writer's consciousness and the abstractness of society.

By acknowledging that all language is a system from which the writer cannot ultimately escape, Barthelme, for one, no longer has to play the role of a creative genius somehow imagining a real world. By adopting a view of fictional language that undercuts his own authority, the writer is free to *use* examples of self-reflective language taking itself seriously in the creation of a parodistic fiction designed to show just how fictional apparent reality can be. Barthelme's novel *Snow White*,[12] which brought about a near-revolution in the kind of fiction offered by the *New Yorker* magazine after they published it in 1965, is a reworking of the fairy tale with the princess depicted as an alienated young debutante unable to find her prince among all the "prince-figures" she sees, seven bourgeois dwarves the placidity of

whose lives is destroyed by the very language Snow White uses: they are told enough to make them aware that their lives are empty, but not enough to let them solve their problem in their own terms. Barthelme is self-reflectively using a situation of perverted self-consciousness which situation arises because the language intended to alleviate an isolating solipsism in fact ends up making it worse.

To return briefly to our earlier comparison with New Journalism: New Journalism flourished because both events and the individuals involved in them could no longer be explained journalistically from the outside and novellistically in the individual-centered modes of fiction dependent on one artist's imagination.[13] There was too great a gap between his subjectivity and the world it was supposed to reflect. Interestingly enough, when the new journalists came at this same situation, from the other side, it was to the technique of the highly subjective narrator that they often turned to destroy the tradition of journalistic objectivity, which in some situations was seen as just another ideology. Robert Scholes aptly refers to "hystorians," and what he says about reporting as fiction offers an apt link of Now Journalism and the fictions of Sorrentino and Sukenick:

> The hystorian operates differently from the orthodox journalist. Perhaps the credulous believe that a reporter reports facts and that newspapers print all of them that are fit to print. But actually newspapers print all of the "facts" that fit, period—that fit the journalistic conventions of what "a story" is (those tired formulas) and that fit the editorial policy of the paper. The hystorian fights this tendency toward formula with his own personality. He asserts the importance of *his* impressions and *his* vision of the world. He embraces the fictional element inevitable in any reporting and tries to imagine his way toward the truth.[14]

It is this emphasis on fictiveness, on the felt presence of the narrator in his situation that both draws these two movements together and also helps them overcome outmoded conventions.

Ronald Sukenick and Gilbert Sorrentino, the writers whose work I intend to discuss in detail, effect the heretofore most complete transformation of the novel. Briefly put, they may be said to both complete

the break with narration accomplished for poetry in the classic Modern period, and also put the "speaker" of a fiction in a position analgous to the reporter present in so much New Journalism. It is perhaps significant as well that both writers have intensively studied the two masters of American modernist poetry, Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams. In fact, Sorrentino was a well-established poet in his own right before he turned to writing fiction, while Sukenick published a significant work on Wallace Stevens after his graduate work and is married to a recognized poet, Lynn Sukenick.

Both writers are well aware of the criticisms leveled at writers of "meta-fiction" such as Barth, Barthelme, Coover, et al that their fictions are mere word-manipulations, the products of clever rather than perceptive imaginations, lacking in human dimension: "But some of the new fiction is really about fiction itself, paralyzed by self-consciousness, caught in an infinite regress of writing about writing. Thus, bereft of a full human subject, embroiled in problems of craft rather than art, it readily devolves into a parochial whine or ascends to a cerebral high, manipulating words and worlds with a meaningless impunity."[15] For all the self-reflection in these works, formally they still often betray their author's presence as an exterior motivation. What Sukenick and Sorrentino seem to have done is to make authorial presence into an active, dynamic formal element of the fictions they make up. As we shall see, this is no mere "dear reader" convention taken from the early days of the novel, but rather a basic operating principle designed to do away with the myth that fiction is an artefact crafted from without to look real within. While even John Barth's authorial intrusions seem to have the air of after the fact commentary on his text, these two writers intentionally make their presence felt as part of the process of what they are writing.

Ronald Sukenick's starting theoretical premise is that people are no longer willing to believe that a novel is not a fiction:

> One of the reasons people have lost faith in the novel is that they don't believe it tells the truth any more, which is another way of saying that they don't believe in the conventions of the

novel. They pick up a novel and they know it's make believe. So, who needs it—go listen to the television news, right? Or read a biography.[16]

However, in its reality as fiction, the novel possesses sufficient advantages for it not to have to compete on the same terrain as "factual" writing:

The great advantage of fiction over history, journalism, or any supposedly "factual" kind of writing is that it is an expressive medium. It transmits feeling, energy, excitement˙ Television can give us the news, fiction can best express our response to the news. No other medium—especially not film—can so well deal with our strongest and often most intimate responses to the large and small facts of our daily lives. No other medium, in other words, can so well keep track of the reality of our experience.[17]

In creating a response to the situation confronting novelists, Sukenick made use of his studies in the work of Wallace Stevens. The interplay of imagination and reality is perhaps the central theme of Stevens' poetry, and we can see the outlines of Sukenick's own fiction in such statements on Stevens as, "a fiction is not an ideological formulation of belief but a statement of a favorable rapport with reality."[18] The writer's imagination must not assume it has a separate status from what is outside it, one which allows an untrammelled freedom to create especially those fictions which supposedly imitate reality. The significant fact for a writer is the need to assume an interaction between the imagination and the world: "The mind orders reality not by imposing ideas on it but by discovering significant relations within it."[19]

One can see that, for Sukenick, the very possibility of an imaginative statement imples the dynamic participation of the poetic ego in the world and the world in the process of imagining fictions.

A few words about Sukenick's first novel *Up*, written in 1968, shortly after his thesis on Stevens, may show how thorough this interaction is for Sukenick. Sukenick writes "about" a young English teacher/novelist named Ronald Sukenick who is trying to find a way to adjust to his environment. This is not just a cute trick. Sukenick

is quite definite about how his work is not about himself:

> The use of the self in such books as Steve Katz's *Exaggerations of Peter Prince* and my own *Up* was quite contrary to the doctrine of self-expression. We were not writing autobiography or confession — we were at times using those forms as ways of incorporating our experience into fiction at the same level as any other data.[20]

The work is a veritable parade of literary styles, presented more or less to show that they are outdated, that it is not enough to redo what has been done; of stock fictional characters with whom young novelist Ronald interacts in just as unreal a fashion as professor Sukenick does with his real department chairman when he is fired from his job.

It is in what he teaches that the solution is found: art as the invention of reality, the fictional imagination that helps create our perceptions of the world. *Up* reveals itself as the story of its own creation, with Sukenick the writer throwing a party for his (real) friends and his wife after Sukenick the character works his way through to his understanding of what it means to be a writer.[21] Of course, the party is the "real" ending of the novel, and reinforces the sense of the whole thing as lying in its made-up quality. Sukenick has an interesting counter to the possible criticism that this is too self-reflective:

> If art is not reflection of reality then the last reflection to get rid of is self-reflection. The fate of Narcissus is to drown in contemplation of himself. The way out of the dilemma of Narcissus lies in the work of art as artifice. As artifice the work of art is a conscious tautology in which there is always an implicit (and sometimes explicit) reference to its own nature as artifact — self-reflexive, not self-reflective. It is not an imitation but a new thing in its own right, an invention. The very fact that it has validity only within its own terms is what cuts it off from the solipsism of Narcissus.[22]

Before going on to Sukenick's latest novel, *98.6*, I would like to discuss a story from his aptly titled collection, *The Death of the Novel and Other Stories*. Sukenick's "What's Your Story"[23] could be described as a parody of police novels and spy stories, except that it is written

to include the narrator, sitting at his desk writing, into the fiction to such an extent that, toward the end of the story, the remark "I sit at my desk making this up . . ." (p. 257) indicates that there is more than just parody here. We are involved in a scene of writing, and it is the desk at which the narrator writes that provides the focal point of the narrative.

The story is a kind of etude, with the narrator describing what he can see from the desk, remembering other desks he has written at. There is no distinction made between the woman who is leaving his apartment as he writes and the obvious stock characters, the gangster Ruby Geranium and his adversary/double Sergeant GunCanon. They are important not merely as perfectly drawn parodies of hardboiled characters, but also because they are in the scene and the narration is designed to figure out what to do with them. In an interview, Sukenick brought up the interesting combination of real desks and fictional characters in this story:

> They're all characters from old stories— . . . . In an odd way that's the most autobiographical story in the book. All the locations are real locations; all the desks are real desks; and I talk about how stories occur to me while I'm sitting at the desks and trying to reproduce how those old stories actually occurred to me . . . . See, what they are—they're characters from different old stories coming together in one story and saying "hello."[24]

The point of the story is the effective merging of sitting at the desk writing and having characters associated with other desks come up to one as one was writing at those desks. The focusing provided by the desk imagery, bringing together writing about what can be seen from the various desks with the characters associated with them, is reinforced by the formal device of having the corrections made in the narrative left in, with no distinction between the present writing and recalled scenes. Sukenick believes that this foregrounding of the sense of dealing with an act of writing, to the extent of even leaving in the changes in his own speech, is absolutely crucial for what he hopes to achieve in his fiction:

> If the writer is conceived, both by himself and by the reader, as "someone sitting there writing the page," illusionism becomes impossible and several advantages are gained. First, one comes closer to the truth of the situation. Second, for the writer, writing becomes continuous with the rest of his experience. Third, the writer is clearly at liberty to use whatever material comes into his head as he is writing, including the data of his own experience. Fourth, hebecomes, in Wordsworth's phrase, "a man speaking to men," and therefore continuous with their experience. Fifth, the reader is prevented from being hypnotized by the illusion of that make-believe so effective in the hands of nineteenth-century novelists but which by now has become a passive, escapist habit of response to a creative work—instead he is forced to recognize the reality of the reading situation as the writer points to the reality of the reading situation, and the work, instead of allowing him to escape the truth of his own life, keeps returning him to it but, one hopes, with his own imagination activated and revitalized.[25]

Finally, "What's Your Story" is a fable about the search for a possible form to express the imagination's interaction with reality: "Start with immediate situation. One scene after another, disparate, opaque, absolutely concrete. Later, a fable, a gloss, begins to develop, abstractions appear. End with illuminating formulation. Simple, direct utterance." (p. 255)

After *The Death of the Novel*, Sukenick published another novel, *Out*, with Sukenick himself the main character in a coast-to-coast oddyssey that impressed even New Journalist Tom Wolfe.[26] There is not space to go into detail, but it is worth noting that *Out's* inception owes at least something to Anais Nin's call for fiction that would be at least as modern as jazz, an art form Sukenick knows well, and also marks the beginning of Sukenick's interest in the anthropological tales of Carlos Castaneda, whom Sukenick met through Anais Nin.[27]

I would like to discuss Sukenick,s next novel, *98.6* at somewhat greater length, because it marks a change toward a more discursive mode and a greater use of myth and folklore to evoke Sukenick's sense of the catastrophic crisis of imagination in American society.

*98.6*, whose title comes from the temperature of a character appearing briefly at the very end of the novel's first section, is a three part "meditation," one might say incantation, reaching self-reflexively into dream and myth in what may be seen as an attempt to evoke liberating archetypal patterns without the debilitating effects of contact with the subjective self-conscious imagination.

Early modernist writers such as Kafka and Hesse used dream or musical structures in their fictions, but were still able to play these off against a fictional scene whose surface at least was basically mimetic. A post-modern writer like Sukenick must reverse the procedure.

The first section, entitled "Frankenstein," opens as a return from the ending of *Out*, where the narrator left the U.S. on a sea voyage. It is written as the journal of his experiences on his return, but in a form that combines a dream-like narration with verbatim newspaper reports of events that make it obvious that Frankenstein is to be understood as the contemporary United States.

This section opens with a message from Dr. Frankenstein that is to be read when the narrator "gets the message." This occurs, predictably enough for Sukenick's sense of the made-up, at the very end and reads: "Vex'd pig hymn waltz fuck bjorsq. Good luck. Dr. F."[28]

The "bjorsq" of the message is a recurring label for the nonsense from which things are engendered, but more in the sense of a hidden source that has to be explained in its own terms rather than something opposed to the "clarity" of everyday speech. It is a kind of innocent, extinct pre-reflexive language that must be recaptured, despite the fact that it is usually mistaken for mere regression. This dilemma will be taken up in the second section in relation to the "threat" posed by a prehuman creature called The Missing Lunk.

This section introduces the positive theme of The Ancien Caja, a possible redemptive creative source that emerges "from the nonsense of a dream," (p. 4) of butterflies, surfing, and a pair of linked images —the ocean and the human bloodstream. The following negative

images are also introduced: pyramid-like structures associated with the blood rituals of ancient Mayan and Aztec civilization, with the implication that such death-related buildings are more and more the usual design of American skyscrapers; the gratuitous violence of contemporary society, as illustrated by actual newspaper citations.

The second section, called "The Children of Frankenstein," finds the narrator part of a commune on the West Coast. It opens with the significant juxtaposition of a description of the surf hitting the shore and the remark that the people are able to hear the ocean but cannot see it. In the commune, people work at their crops, their crafts, or on the house they are building, called The Monster. The narrator, Ron, is busy writing a book:

> Ron is writing a book. He has a novel idea as a matter of fact it's an idea for a novel. His idea is to write a novel by recording whatever happens to their group so that they're all characters in his novel including himself. And his novel.... He feels that novels should be about real life so instead of making up some story he gets a cast of characters and invents a situation for them and he simply writes what happens. What an idea. Only now Ron feels he doesn't need to write the novel. What's happening is the novel. Bjorsq (p. 68).

Two further themes emerge. Firstly, the "blank space" that is the only immediate response to the "dream of Frankenstein" that dominates that country's children:

> It was the kind of trauma that can only happen when you wake up from a dream you think is the real thing and it happened wheu Frankenstein woke up from the dream of Frankenstein. And it's passed in the genes of the parents to the hearts of the children.... Give up and die. Emptiness is the best you can hope for. The pause between the beats the clean slate the blank space.
>
> The blank space. Where the terror is. And where dreams condense like clouds in an empty sky.

This passage is written as the members of thecommune are about to move into their dream house, the Monster, which will be destroyed by fire, leading to the disbanding of the commune. The second theme,

linked to the theme of the blank space as its positive counterpart, is the theme of the Missing Lunk. It is significant for Sukenick's aesthetic that Ron changes his name to Cloud after hearing this story:

> To the accompaniment of Gooseon the guitar Ron sings an interpretation of his song Famished crowbars rape the lute then they begin the ritual meal of venison stew baked squam wheat berry bread tomatoes cress and homemade peach ice-cream washed down with the sacral asparagus wine. And as they eat George begins to tell a story he knows from the local Indians some of them still live in the woods. It seems that in the time of the animals before men were created a god called Flows-with-the-streaming-clouds was lonely and wanted somebody to talk to. So he created animals who could talk and these animals were something like bears and something like men. They could talk but not through their mouths through their navels they used their mouths for other things like eating and fighting and reproduction. Also they couldn't talk about the kinds of things we talk about because their voices weren't connected with their brains they were connected with their bodies and instead of coming through the windpipe came through the intestines. So they could only talk about what they felt they couldn't talk about what they thought. It's not that they didn't have heads on their shoulders they did but they used them for other things besides thinking like seeing hearing smelling tasting and butting. What they didn't have was necks. But then they didn't need them because they didn't have any voice box. It's not as if they were stupid they weren't stupid just different. Now these Sasquatch as the Indians call them were very happy. Their words were growls squeaks farts gargles clicks and chuckles and they were always jabbering to one another. They were something like bears who have just learned how to play the piano. The only trouble was they couldn't learn how to talk to the gods and this made Flows-with-the-streaming-clouds very angry. So he sent the Condors after them and the Condors carried them off by their navels and shook them till their guts ripped and their heads were nearly torn from their bodies and when the Condors were through with them their voices came out their mouths and they were men. And that's why men have necks because after the Condors they needed something to keep their heads connected with their bodies. But though men were now able to learn the speech of the gods they always remembered the pain that gift

caused them and they weren't happy. And so it turned out that the gods didn't want to talk to them anyway because it was such a down. So Flows-with-the-streaming-clouds ended up as lonely as he was to begin with. And the Indians say there are still some Sasquatch left still hiding from the Condors and sometimes they come out at night but that they're very bitter after all that's happened. Anthropologists consider this a very old myth that may actually represent an unknown stage in the evolution from animal to human that's why they like to dig arouud here. Some inconceivably subhuman but superanimal species preceding Pithecanthropus Erectus that might in fact have lived at the same time as the Condors which are very ancient. Some species intelligent enough to be free but too dumb to be unhappy.
The Missing Lunk says Ron (pp. 96-97).

The butterflies reappear, forming a bridge to the third section, "Palestine," and further developing the theme of nonsense language and the Ancien Caja:

> The Monarchs are back. Every fall they float in and flutter to one clump of trees here an old Eucalyptus grove. They cover it with their stained glass and it looks like seething black and orange flames or disturbed their flight looks like falling leaves. Nobody knows why they come to this particular grove. Cloud thinks they come like pilgrims to Palestine to their source. The Ancient Caja. The Missing Lunk. Bjorsq (p. 113).

Sukenick has the commune break up after the Monster is destroyed in a fire. The children of Frankenstein carried too much of the dream of Frankenstein with them to go beyond blank spaces. The time just prior to and just after the fire—itself the last in a series of mysterious acts of destruction—reveals an interesting contrast between the conventional responses of the other members to the new internal and external pressures and Cloud's increasing reliance on Bjorsq, which will eventually carry him over to "Palestine." He comes to see it as the language of the Missing Lunk, defined as what people don't understand, but with which whoever speaks it can make himself perfectly understood by someone else who does. Of course it is too late for him in the commune, because Cloud still thinks the language people understand and this blocks complete access to the Ancien Caja.

"Palestine" is a ritual summing up and overcoming of the first two sections. The narrator is again a novelist and is meant to be related to the narrator in part two, as seen in the repetition of motifs from the earlier section, for example the following:

> Psychosynthesis of the opposite of psychoanalysis but apart from that Cloud refuses to define it. Cloud feels that life is a lot like a novel you have to make it up. That's the point of psychosynthesis in his opinion to pick up the pieces and make something of them. Psychosynthesis is based on The Mosaic Law. The Mosaic Law is the law of mosaics a way of dealing with parts in the absence of wholes (p. 122).
>
> I go to Israel where I am well received one because I have connections Sukenick was the name of an archaeologist who discovered the Dead Sea Scrolls his son is also an archaeologist a general an important minister two because this novel is based on the Mosaic Law the law of mosaics or how to deal with parts in the absence of wholes (p. 167).

The relevance of this sort of patterning to Sukenick's belief in the imagination's role in constructing reality should be plain by now.

The narrator visits the astronomer Yitzak Fawzi, who lives on a kibbutz called The Wave (the name of a boat destroyed in section two) where surfing is performed as a ritual. This entire section is written in a playful Bjorsq-like language with which Sukenick "draws the reader into his own pilgrimage to the Palestine of fictive power:"[29]

> The waves are the fingerprints of the spirit on the blank page of matter. In the principle the waves exist. The physicists tell us the waves are individuals not abstractions. The waves are continuous. They fill the gaps. They are the missing dimension. They are connected. Certain. Improbable. The waves are the improbabilities of the unknown that one perceives through intuition. Introspection. Empathy. A sense of beauty. Through imagination in other words. . . . The waves are the spirit. The matter does not exist. That is the matter. That we imagine that it does and don't imagine that it doesn't do you follow. As if it exists without us without the imagination that is the matter. A loss of imagination. And what is imagination but the waves of the spirit and what is the spirit. And how do we speak to it. And where is it found. And why do we come to the Holy Land. . . . One reason

we come to the Holy Land is that there is now reason to suspect it is the site of The Ancien Caja there is much still buried here finds that may change the whole concept of the past and of ourselves . . . and that is the reason for the submarine excavations off the coasts of Quintana Roo Bermuda in the Bahamas. At the same time working on the ancient Mayan inscriptions and codices. Secret code on the leopard's fur on the turtle's shell. The language that people don't understand. Keyhole into the. Butterflies. We come up out of a pyramid at Chichén. Jungle storm of yellow butterflies. A clearing off one edge of the site the yellow flutter thickens clots a grove of Eucalyptus the source of all yellow butterflies. According to one theory Sapiens and Neanderthal developed independently of one another Sapiens in Europe and Africa Neanderthal in East Asia the latter with a more advanced civilization before his extinction providing our ancestors with the impulse to higher cultural development a kind of missing link see J. E. Weckler *Scientific American* December 1957. It is improbable that some specimens of the Neanderthal type low skull jutting brow ridge broad noseh muzzle mout crossed the landbridge to Alaska thence down the west coast to escape the extinction of their Asian brothers. But not impossible. In the space between nothing is impossible. The gap. The blank space the clean slate. Where the terror is. And where dreams condense like clouds in an empty sky. Civilization comes down to a man staring at an empty page.[30]

Sukenick, in the "Palestine" section of *98.6*, comes close to writing a post-modernist sermon on the power of the imagination, perhaps not to change all the destruction into harmony, but at least to see again lost sources of imaginative creativity: "But partly by leading us into its re-imaginings or re-dreamings of the past, Sukenick's fiction increasingly *shows* us how to realize in our present that imagination *is* power.[31]

Gilbert Sorrentino, born in 1929 and thus three years older than his friend Ronald Sukenick, came to fiction as a veteran poet. Of his fictional works, I would like to discuss the short story "The Moon in its Flight" and the novel *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things*. Sorrentino has been influenced by William Carlos Williams and, like Sukenick, is a jazz aficionado. The influence of modern jazz is evident

in the structure of his novels, but also is used to evoke a particular time and place in its mood. Williams' influence is particularly evident in Sorrentino's love for the evocation of what is there around us, and his dislike of mimetic conventions that give a made-up world the air of being a real one, thus detracting from the reality literature should be a part of

> The novel must exist outside of the life it deals with; it is not an imitation. The novel is an invention, something that is made; it is not the expression of "self"; it does not mirror reality. If it is any good at all it mirrors the process of the real, but, being selective, makes a form that allows us to see these processes with clarity.[32]

Sorrentino's "The Moon in its Flight"[33] appears to be a short story about two people in America in 1948 and again about a decade later. However it is written with such an awareness that now is so different from then, an awareness derived from the self-conscious way the story is written, that any sense of facile nostalgia is completely undercut. But, as he undermines his own "story," we find that this heightened sense of difference results in a far more sharply focused act of fictive recreation:

> This was in 1948. A group of young people sitting on the darkened porch of a New Jersey summer cottage in a lake resort community. The host some Bernie wearing an Upsala College sweat shirt. The late june night so soft one can, in retrospect, forgive America for everything (p. 221).

Sorrentino combines a straight narrative with bits of information about the songs, clothing, and entertainment popular in 1948, along with asides that sometimes brutally show how futile it would be to write a love story set in 1948:

> In 1948, the whole world seemed beautiful to young people of a certain milieu, or let me say, possible. Yes, it seemed a possible world. This idea persisted until 1950, at which time it died, along with many of the young people who had held it. In Korea, the Chinese played "Scrapple from the Apple" over loudspeakers pointed at the American lines. That savage and virile alto blue-clear on the sub-zero night. This is, of sourse, old news (p. 222).

In meticulously controlled prose Sorrentino describes the end of a summer romance for a Young Jewish girl and a Catholic boy. The almost conventional narrative is at every turn forced back on itself, moving us from a traditional emphasis on plot line to a focus on the texture of the prose as writing. Sorrentino deploys asides that refer to what is happening as "that era," uses song titles so frequently that the "real action" is left ignored, and in general does everything possible to prevent the situation from developing according to conventional fictional strategies. It should be obvious that this story contains the seeds of a perfect *Goodbye, Columbus* with the roles reversed, but Sorrentino's point is that has already been written and won't work any more.

The emphasis on the fictive nature of this text is perhaps best shown in the narrator's direct appeals to the reader to "help" the young lovers:

> Isn't there anyone, any magazine writer or avant-garde filmmaker, any lover of life or dedicated optimist out there who will move them toward a cottage, already closed for the season, in whose split log exterior they will find an unlocked door . . . . ? This was in America, in 1948. Not even fake art or the wearisome tricks of movies can assist them (p. 226).

The story moves through two brief scenes of frustrated adolescence, using lists of place names and objects to bring out the separateness of the two worlds the two young people live in, culminating in a separation because he can't drive her father's car to Maryland, where marriage at 16 was legal. What is left unsaid, but brought out in sharp relief, is the lost poignancy of a time when teen-agers would get married in order to make love, and the pathos of not being able to because New York City did not allow drivers under eighteen.

The final scene is called a postscript:

> Now I come to the literary part of this story, and the reader may prefer to let it go and watch her profile against the slick tiles of the IRT stairwell, since she has gone out of the reality of narraitve, however splintered. This postscript offers something different, something finely artificial and discrete, one of the designer sweaters

> her father makes now, white and stylish as a sailor's summer bells. I grant you it will be unbelievable (p. 231).

It is a trick to get them together ten years later, at the old lake resort where they once fell in love, have them make love and part, most likely never to meet again. The story ends:

> You are perfectly justified in scoffing at the outrageous transparency of it if I tell you that his wife said that he was so pale that he looked as if he had seen a ghost, but that is, indeed, what she said. Art cannot rescue anybody from anything (p. 233).

This postscript ending was referred to as unbelievable, but of course it is the outline of a fair number of conventional stories, and it is only unbelievable if seen as a necessary follow-up to what happened in the earlier sections of the story. But, by exploiting an exhausted convention as precisely that, the author gives himself the option of reworking an old theme quite brilliantly. This may be illustrated by giving Sorrentino's comment on an incident in which the young man made a fiction out of his remembered love:

> This shabby use of a fragile occurrence was occasioned by the smell of honeysuckle and magnolia in the tobacco country outside Winston-Salem. It brought her to him so that he was posessed. He felt the magic key in his hand again. To master this overpowering wave of nostalgia he cheapened it. Certainly the reader will recall such shoddy incidents in his own life (p. 231).

Sorrentino is making a comment on "realistic" narration, while also foreshadowing the sense of failure when the two people finally get the empty cabin in which to make love, but ten years too late and in the "literary" part of a story.

This use of visible technique is possible and effective because of Sorrentino's concentration on his prose. His "unbelievable" postscript is a well-crafted piece of writing with great effectiveness because of Sorrentino's use of technique to develop themes. Since Sorrentino prefers making fictions to imitating reality, as a fiction, the unbelievable is valuable because it is *made* to be unbelievable. On that level, we can ultimately accept it.

Sorrentino's novel *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things* takes

its title from a quotation of Williams: "The wish would be to see not floating visions of unknown purport but the imaginative qualities of the actual things." Like Sukenick, Sorrentino believes that it is fiction, as a made-up product of the imagination's interaction with the world, that can best reveal that world as illuminated by the imagination. Sorrentino is a bit more concerned with the formal aspects of the language of fiction than is Sukenick--he ruthlessly yet almost joyfully uses the limits of fiction, its inability to "imitate" the world as the jumping-off point for a fiction whose significance can only be derived from its very fictiveness, acting as a part of the dynamic structure of a work:

> In this book, I'll muddle around, flashes, glints are what I want. It's when one is not staring that art works. In the middle of all the lists and facts, all the lies and borrowings, there will sometimes be a perfect revelation. These curious essences. The shape and weight of a sentence that lances you.[34]

It is therefore rather difficult to describe this novel, since by definition Sorrentino refuses the traditional storyteller,s role of creating conventional narrative. The novel is "about" New York in the nineteen-sixties, with a theme and variation structure using eight principal characters to provide different facets of this time and place. The author stoutly refuses to consider his work a novel, meaning a conventional novel. Instead of using prose to create a mimetic illusion, it seems as if he's using the mimetic to let the prose create itself. It is this concentration on the evocative power of fictive prose that keeps Sorrentino's critical tone and frequent acerbic asides on his own characters from degenerating into merely an occasion for him to vent his spleen on the New York intellectual scene. In his position as participating narrator in the text passing before our eyes, Sorrention's anger is directed at characters of his own invention. Thus, as a fictive stance, it attacks any art that takes itself seriously for reasons ultimately detrimental to itself.

All disruptive fiction is to some extent parasitic on fiction which went before it, and Sorrentino makes this an important theme of this

work, but in an extremely self-reflexive fashion. He is not so much interested in detracting from genuine literary acheivement as he is in excoriating a certain sentimental use of literature as part of the contemporary tendency to appropriate and conventionalize the labels of traditional artistic themes on the part of people who simply ought not to bother:

> A friend of mine, years ago, after a first trip to Mexico, was deeply impressed by the Mexican Indians. He had read *The Plumed Serpent* and tripped over it. What most struck him was the image, bright in his mind, of those Indians, squatting by the side of the road, impassive, "their eyes like black stone, onyx, sitting there as if waiting for death." In his speech, "death" came out "Death." Another friend, who was a Mexican, said they were waiting for the bus to come along and didn't feel like standing. So Lawrence and a dozen movies were shaken to their foundations (p. 37).

Sorrentino also tends to be rather abrupt about the figure of the alienated artist in a society where this is one among many well-padded poses:

> The support of third-rate artists should be left to those who can best support them—universities and foundations. It tends to prevent them from prostrating you with boredom as they go into their nobody-has-the-courage-to listen-to-me act. Everybody gets a piece of the action and art remains a game for the intelligent (p. 41)

Sorrentino even disrupts his own style, of course in order to make a point which may be seen as the central theme of the whole novel: to write fiction you have to write well. He at times includes lists in the book, which serve as a kind of background information on the particular character he is inventing things about at the time. After one such list he says:

> This list is a bore to read but was interesting enough to compile, based as it is on a hazy memory and on the imagination. You will see that what I am trying to of is set a tone so that the reader can determine the sort of home life from which Guy flung himself into booze and impotence. There are hundreds of things that might have served in the place of this arbitrary list of thirty. But one of the basic reasons for this list is to allow numbskull

> revierers to tell their readers that it is merely an avant-garde convention, employed since Joyce. Further, that the use of these lists is a method whereby the writer avoids the responsibility of narrative and plot. But this book has *both* narrative and plot. Subtly disguised, I grant you, but there. What they really loathe is prose (p. 69).

Since the setting of the book is literary, Sorrentino makes good use of the opportunity to criticize his own characters when they show a tendency to act in their "real life" like characters in merely entertaining fiction. A morning after breakfast of one character and her first lover ends as follows:

> In the morning, she made creamy scrambled eggs for him, with oregano and parsley, bright and beaming in her robe.... The whole thing has a different connotation than it has if, say, the girl gives one cup of coffee and a cigarette. What the curious connection between breakfast and virtue may be is a task for the sociologist (p. 98).

There are a few moments when Sorrentino as more serious than most of the time in his novel, and they usually concern the delicate interactions of art and life:

> Those eight brilliant poems I spoke of: I went back a few days ago to the magazine they appeared in and reread them. They are indeed brilliant. The last he composed. They were composed for a woman, but are for himself. The particular configuration made by his life and by hers prevented his possession of her and these poems so eased his anguish. This woman has never seen them, yet they had the ability to act as a charm, a talisman, whereby his desire for her was stilled (p. 151).

What Sorrentino's satire on the literary "scene" accomplishes, as does Sukenick in his study of commune life, is a renewal of perspective: the author's subjectivity, by becoming part of the technique of a highly relf-reflexive fiction, offers the possibility of mediating between constructed fabulation and a contrived objectivity. This new sense of the possibility of using fiction to stand inside society while still being able to criticize it from its own manifestations comes from the radical participation of both writers in the processes of their own fiction, as

reporters of the fictive imagination:

> It is the novel, of itself, that must have form, and if it be honestly made we find, not the meaning of life, but a revelation of its actuality. We are not told what to think, but are instead directed to an essence, the observation of which leads to the freeing of our own imagination and to our arrival at the only "truth" fiction possesses, The flash, the instant or cluster of menining must be extrapolated from "the pageless actual" and presented in its imaginative qualities. The achievement of this makes a novel which is art: the rest is pastime.[35]

## Notes

1. Marcus Klein, ed., *The American Novel Since World War II*, p. 9, quoted by John Hollowell, *Fact and Fiction* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1967), p. 9.
2. Hollowell, p. 10.
3. Ronald Sukenick, "Thirteen Digressions," *Partisan Review*, 43, No. 1 (1976), 101.
4. Mas'ud Zavarzadeh, *The Mythopoeic Reality*, (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1976), p. 21. Norman Mailer "A Confrotaition by the River,"
5. *The New Journalism*, Tom Wolfe and E. Johnson, eds (New York: Harper and Row, 1973), p. 189. Subsequent references in parentheses in the text.
6. John Sack, "From'M'," in Wolfe and Johnson, p. 300.
7. Zavarzadeh, p. 43.
8. Gerald Graff, "Babbitt at the Abyss: the Social Context of Modern American Fiction, "*TriQuarterly*, No. 33 (Spring 1975), p. 307.
9. Saul Bellow, "Some Notes on Recent American Fiction," in Malcolm Bradbury, ed., *The Novel Today* (Manchester: Manchester U. P., 1977), p. 67.
10. John Barth, "The Literature of Exhaustion," *Atlantic Monthly*, 220 (August 1967), p. 29.

11. Morris Dickstein, "Fiction Hot and Kool: Dilemmas of the Experimental Wtiter," *TriQuarterly*, No. 33 (Spring 1975), p. 259.
12. Donald Barthelme, *Snow White*. New York: Atheneum, 1967.
13. Hollowell, p. 13.
14. Robert Scholes, "Double Perspective on Hysteria," *Saturday Review*, 24 (August, 1968), p. 37.
15. Dickstein, p. 263.
16. Joe David Bellamy, "Imagination as Perception: An Interview with Ronald Sukenick," *Chicago Review*, 23 (Winter 1972), p. 60.
17. Ronald Sukenick, "Innovative Fiction, Innovative Criteria," *Fiction International*, Nos. 2-3 (Spring/Fall 1974), p. 133.
18. Ronald Sukenick, *Wallace Stevens*: *Musing the Obscure* (New York: New York University Pres, 1967), p. 3.
19. Sukenick, *Wallace Stevens*, p. 12.
20. Sukenick, "Thirteen Digressions," p. 95.
21. Jerome Klinlowitz, *Literary Disruptions* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1975), p. 121.
22. Sukenick, "Thirteen Digressions," p. 101.
23. Ronald Sukenick, "What's Your Story," in *Superfiction*, ed Joe David Bellamy, (New York: Random House, 1975), pp. 234-258. Subsequent references in parentheses in the text.
24. Bellamy, p. 71.
25. Sukenick, "Thirteen Digressions," p. 96.
26. Tom Wolfe, "Why They Aren't writing the Great American Novel Anymore," *Esquire*, 78 (December 1972), p. 272.
27. Daniel C. Noel, "Tales of Fictive Power: Dreaming and Imagination in Ronald Sukenick's Postmodern Fiction," *Boundary 2*, 5, No. 1 (Fall 1976), 121.
28. Ronald Sukenick, *98.6* (New York: Fiction Collective, 1975), p. 60. Subsequent references in parentheses in the text.
29. Noel, p. 129.
30. Sukenick, *98.6* pp. 170-171, in Noel, pp. 129-130.
31. Noel, p. 133.

32. Gilbert Sorrentino, "The Various Isolated," *New American Review*, 15 (1972), p. 196.
33. Gilbert Sorrentino, "The Moon in its Flight," in *Superfiction*, ed. Bellamy, op. cit., pp. 221-233. Subsequent references in parentheses in the text.
34. Gilbert Sorrentino, *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things* (New York: Pantheon, 1971), p. 34. Subsequent references in parentheses in the text.
35. Sorrentino, "The Various Isolated," p. 197.