Melancholia’s Dog

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represents what must remain unrepresentable: not only would in reality what she depicts be too atrocious for images, but animals, of course, cannot represent, as Pit does, what happens to them. Coe signals toward this inaccessibility. Her subject matter eclipses its own representation, which is paradoxically why she takes recourse to extreme anthropomorphization and to an exaggerated style bordering on caricature. Hers, then, is a drawing about limits—how animal suffering marks the boundary to human comprehension, representation, and capacity for empathy. Her grand accomplishment, however, is to take us to these limits.

Intimacy

The June 19–26, 2000, issue of the New Yorker published a poem by Margaret Kemp Ross entitled “I Married My Dog.” It whimsically and briefly recites the incidence of a conventional wedding (“I was simply beautiful / and my dog looked nice, too”), mundane nuptials (“We put on our nightgowns and fell asleep”), and a typical morning after. The bride arises first, so as to greet her “husband” when he comes down. But when she says good morning, “he didn’t notice. / He just lay on the floor, eating.” She combats her fleeting disappointment by wedding her cat, whose sex remains queerly unspecified as would befit a socially eccentric alliance. Left implied is what prompted the woman to marry her dog in the first place—a desire for contentment, domesticity, and closeness. In his accompanying illustration William Steig depicts wife and cat curled up together on the couch, smiling.

However humorous and sweet, “I Married My Dog” hints at a profound aspect of human need. Because the speaker of the poem can never have enough physical warmth and comfort, she wants more than one pet, in other words, more than a husband. And what she really wants is acknowledgment from her dog, usually by nature so attentive, in which he suddenly falters. For, in general, the dog promises not just physical intimacy but the sense that one is recognized in one’s very being: one becomes close to oneself or collectively calm in the canine presence. Perhaps this tranquility—this peaceful state of integration and reparation—is what defines intimacy and trust, and perhaps it can be best attained not with another human being but with one’s pet.
Roslavyn Drexler paints a much more satirical view of marriage in The Cosmopolitan Girl. Published in 1974, this riotous, picaresque novel tells of the narrator’s unusual dog Pablo who has the gift of human speech. It begins startlingly: “Pablo has confessed his love for me. I was stunned. I knew that he was fond of me, the way her licked my hand and slept at the foot of the bed barely moving so as not to disturb me. But a declaration of love!” (13) As Pablo never escapes his doggy nature (licking in this example), Drexler can humorously cut from the ridiculous anthropomorphizing of this talking animal to reminders of his instinctive canine habits. For instance, when Pablo and Helen marry and he is instructed to kiss the bride, first he sniffs under her dress and then slobbers over her face. More cynically than Kemp Ross, Drexler parodies the tedium of wedding rituals. For instance, Helen muses: “Instead of going to a pet store for Pablo’s wedding gifts I wandered around town picking up things he might never use. I wasn’t sure whether or not to satisfy his fantasy that he is a man. For instance, what would he do with a Hermes tie? Drag it across the floor? And that language record for his trip to France . . . he barely speaks his own language” (173). When a female friend tries to warn her of getting hitched to a lazy, unemployed slob and that they will have battles over such trivialities as “hair on the floor and in the bath” (177), Helen replies: “I am getting married to Pablo because I truly love him and because we have formed an alliance against those of you who think you know the way things should be.” (174) She continues, taking a swipe against the messiness of sex: “Living with Pablo will be the ultimate in gracious sexual living . . . I won’t have to use the Pill . . . no diaphragm, gel, foam, or abstinence” (174).

To reframe marriage and sex in terms of one’s dog, as Kemp Ross and Drexler do, is to insist on the appropriateness of one’s passion for a dog, even to the extent of challenging normative assumptions about the appropriate marital-sexual relationship. They delight in silliness and satire as if to divert attention away from the seriousness of their provocation. Dog and woman indeed form “an alliance against those of you who think you know the way things should be.” These two works raise the questions of how intimacy with pets is different and special, and why this desire would be so strong as to carry erotic overtones. If romantic attraction is expressed as fascination with a mysterious someone of the opposite sex, Kemp Ross and Drexler seem to ask, why cannot this someone be of an opposite species? Thus, mimicking conventional romance, Helen proposes that she and Pablo should “know everything about each other. . . . Here we are, just the two of us . . . let’s open our hearts to each other” (48). In this passage The Cosmopolitan Girl parrots and parodies norms in courtship, sex, and marriage. By contrast, the speaker in “I Married My Dog” truly desires such marital intimacy, but redefines it as bypassing sex for the comforting domesticity of nightgowns and for the other sensuality of lying together with her dog in bed. Whereas Drexler teases the prudish reader with bestiality, Kemp Ross reclaims pet intimacy from the label of perverse sexuality. Not without a certain feminist verve, both pieces reassert where intimacy for women can be found. They define the natural not as something normative, average, and socially prescriptive but as an ideal of harmony.

For many people, desire for closeness to a pet needs to be repudiated because it implies insufficiencies on one’s own part, such as a maladjustment to social norms, as if the pet were a second-class replacement for human companionship or kinship and not something wholly different. Petting might even vaguely be seen as a meager substitute for more proper physical intimacy (between humans). In either case, one refuses to contemplate that the animal would complete oneself, for to do so would admit to weakness. In the chapter, “Unconditional Lovers” in her book Dog Love, Marjorie Garber discusses this gesture of condescension or pity with which “compensation” through the dog is regarded. She writes: “The point is perhaps not to argue about whether dog love is a substitute for human love, but rather to detach the notion of ‘substitute’ from its presumed inferiority to a ‘real thing.’ Don’t all loves function, in a sense, with a chain of substitutions? . . . To distinguish between primary and substitutive loves is to understand little about the complexity of human emotions” (135).1

But could one, in fact, as Rosalyn Drexler and Margaret Kemp Ross do, invert the accepted hierarchy of affections? Dog love has the potential to question the regulating strictures and categories by which we define sexuality, eroticism, and love, though not in the sense that it offers different forms of genital stimulation, indeed quite the opposite.2 Dog love corroborates Lacan’s famous dictum: “Quand on aime, il ne s’agit pas de sexe” (when one loves, it is not a question of sex [27]), whether “sex” be interpreted here as intercourse or as the sex of the person one loves. Those who have an ardor for dogs know that such passion is unavailable and inaccessible elsewhere: it opens up the subject in unique ways that, precisely because independent of gender and sexuality, are liberating. Moreover the relation to the dog cannot be restricted to the singular role of guardian, lover, companion, or child but incorporates all of those modalities and shifts among them.

In the course of this chapter I want to discuss several works by women writers who, like Kemp Ross, Drexler, and Garber, broach the complex
topic of intimacy with dogs. These are writers who refuse to categorize the female-canine experience conventionally, as being either sentimental or, quite the opposite, sexually illicit. But they do discover a different passion, intensity, and tactile knowledge. Above all, these writers learn that, by virtue of its close companionship, the dog offers nearness to their very selves, a certain calmness or equilibrium, or what Elizabeth von Arnim characterizes with the French word recueillement—a kind of gathering together of oneself in a peaceful, contemplative mode. Although many of these works ostensibly recall the life of a dog, they actually recollect the scattered self, a task that is accomplished through the process of writing about daily interactions with the dog. They record a lived togetherness that, although often experienced in solitude, alleviates loneliness. In this relation of trust, acceptance, and calm security, doubt and uncertainties about the self become less pressing. Moreover, by remembering seemingly insignificant moments of tenderness and mutual devotion these women authors engage in the representation of affect, affect being the qualitative expression of emotional energy, the subjective response or translation of experience. It is through the therapeutic reminorizing or revivification of affect—in other words, the exteriorization and embodiment of subjective, lived emotion—that the self becomes signified.

I want to postulate that such recueillement, or recovery of a collected self, serves in healing melancholia and shame, both variations of self-deprecation. Combating the threat of depression, the pet helps the female character restore a lost subjectivity and combat a sense of inauthenticity. As the Chinese-American author Betty Lim King muses in Girl on a Leash: The Healing Power of Dogs: A Memoir (1998): “Dogs trigger memories whose meanings I could not apprehend at the time. Remembrance of pets past and present brings clarity and wholeness to the bits and pieces that make up the collage of a bewildering life.” (3). The peaceful presence of the dog reknits the self that had previously disintegrated in melancholia or, in Lim King’s case, through the experience of exile. These authors, then, narrate the ongoing process of coming to oneself, not so much through friendship or chumminess with the dog as through a private, deep-seated familiarity, co-situatedness, or what I like to call intimacy. Synonyms for intimate include not only “close” and “dear” but also “innermost” and “intrinsic.” Intimacy allows the bond with the animal to be affirmed and, as such, it renews one’s sense of inner strength, as opposed to the melancholic disavowal of the object and shame at feeling this identification. This self-exploration entails the opening up of oneself to life with a wholly different species—hence the object is recognized as separate from oneself. Yet there is also the discovery, through the mutual closeness, that this other, foreign, often abject being can be part of oneself. Instead of this part being suppressed and denied, as in melancholia, it is acknowledged and articulated in writing. The female protagonist or speaker can explore the recesses of a personal longing that somehow resonates with the creaturely needs of her dog. Paradoxically then, the dog—a being often denied its own subjectivity—here grants subjectivity.

In reflecting on the difficulties in divulging his “private life,” Roland Barthes juxtaposes two ways in which the term can be misconstrued. For the right (the “bourgeois, petit bourgeois: institutions, laws, press”), “it is the sexual private life which exposes most.” Here the assumption is that the word “intimacy” is to be equated with genital acts. But for the left, the sexual exposition transgresses nothing: here ‘private life’ is trivial actions. . . . I am less exposed in declaring a perversion than in uttering a taste: passion, friendship, tenderness, sentimentality, delight in writing then become . . . unspeakable terms” (Roland Barthes 82–83). Here the danger in divulging an intimate life is that it will be associated with feeling and emotion, which contain “the traces of bourgeois ideology confessed by the subject.” Yet, Barthes openly admits, this is what “you would like to be able to say immediately (without mediation).” He implies that such directness also risks inauthenticity.

These dual dilemmas—either the shame in voicing the inappropriate or the difficulty in making one’s language apt—are compounded when the “private life” involves closeness to a pet. The photographer Robert Adams, in his introduction to his beautiful collection of pictures of a West Highland terrier in her backyard, addresses the liability of intimacy: “We want of course to avoid sentimentality. . . . In theory the word refers to unlearned emotion, emotion disproportionate to the facts.” Yet he also acknowledges that “we need a different measure, one by which even small lives and modest safe havens are recognized as important” (6). Endearment to the pet will perhaps always be susceptible to the charge of sentimentality, but disparagement over this “unspeakable” attachment is especially a risk women artists face. Those discussed in the following pages truly seek, in Adams’s terms, “a different measure” and are aware of the formidable task of redefining intimacy to include the pet.

Such a defense and reclaiming of emotion find precedence in feminist responses to animal rights theory. In the 1990s Josephine Donovan and Carol Adams mounted a challenge to Peter Singer and Tom Regan not only for eliding the differences between animals and humans and hence
treating them as equal autonomous agents (instead of seeing animals as in need of protection). Donovan and Adams also charged them of devaluing and denying the role of feelings as central to an ethical theory. They recognized that there is an emotional basis for many human decisions and that sympathy, which plays an important role in recognizing animal suffering, cannot be discounted as being irrational. Donovan urges: "[Sympathy] involves an exercise of the moral imagination, an intense attentiveness to another's reality, which requires strong powers of observation and concentration, as well as faculties of evaluation and judgment. It is a matter of trying to fairly see another's world, to understand what another's experience is. It is a cognitive as well as emotional exercise" (152). These writers also countered that many responses to animal suffering are particularized and situational, not always universalizable, as Regan's and Singer's tenets were. Hence they accepted that the near and local might be privileged over the distant, opening the door to acknowledging the role that pet-keeping has in concretizing the animal other.

My attempt to recuperate "Intimacy" as a productive category does more than echo the valorization of emotion by feminist animal advocates. The word also resonates with the phrase "attentive love" that Donovan and Linda Vance have borrowed from Simone Weil, Iris Murdoch, and Sara Ruddick. These writers characterize "attentive love" as a way of looking that acknowledges affliction in the individual other and responds to it. Donovan quotes Murdoch: "The direction of attention is . . . outward, away from self which reduces all to a false unity, toward the great surprising variety of the world, and the ability to see direct attention is love" (163). Sara Ruddick, whose Maternal Thinking: Towards a Politics of Peace has influenced the feminist animal caring ethics, writes that "attention lets difference emerge without searching for comforting commonalities, dwells upon the other, and lets others be" (122). The authors and photographers discussed in the following pages are, in all their closeness to dogs, eminently mindful of the distinctiveness of the other species, an alertness, even vigilance, that permits them to avoid the pitfalls of sentimentality. It is paradoxically the foreignness of the dog's being that grants intimacy with them its power.

This respect for the dog in turn gives rise to another reversal, whereby the conventional oppositions and strictly policed boundaries between human/animal, cultivated/ignorant, tame/wild, and self/other are called into question. Writers such as Elizabeth von Arnim, Natalie Kusz, Pamela Stewart, and Rhoda Lerman acknowledge that the dog's own "attentive love" can be exemplarily courteous, accommodating, and gracious. To rephrase, in these authors it is not the human being (traditionally male) who is the paragon of virtue or stable referent against which the animal is measured and deemed, inevitably, to fall short, but the contrary. With the animal now the one bestowing care, the meaning of "animal caring ethics" is given a new twist.

Elizabeth von Arnim

According to Greek mythology, the gods took pity on Orion when they banished him from the earth and exiled him to the skies. Recognizing his need, they gave him the gift of the dog Sirius, who, also a star, follows his master as he moves through the firmament. This narrative of banishment and loneliness is notably different from another narrative of journey and hardship—that of coming of age. Stories and movies that tell the adventure of a young boy and his dog always involve a socialization process for the boy, often signifying the boy's maturation through the perils the dog encounters; the dog thus functions as his surrogate. Such is the case with the famous film classic and model for subsequent remakes, Lassie Come Home (1943). Exiled from the boy she loves, Lassie spends much of the movie enduring cold, hunger, and injury in trying to return to him. Lassie finally makes it back to her young master (Roddy McDowall) and, in the reconciliation of class differences, brings him together with the little rich girl (Elizabeth Taylor). In watching the film, the young male spectator can identify with the dog, who serves to initiate him into life's hardships, more so than sole identification with the helpless stay-at-home male protagonist could accomplish.

The narrative of women and dogs differs starkly from this juvenile male narrative of maturation, for it is centered not on trials and tribulations but on a kind of inner seclusion and exile. Retreat from the world, not struggle with it, typifies these stories of recueillement. Like Orion, the woman has the company of her dog in solitude. Elizabeth von Arnim (author of several novels, including Elizabeth and Her German Garden [1898] and The Enchanted April [1922]) narrates her own life of exile in All the Dogs of My Life (1936). Significant, though, she counters geographical displacement with the emotional security offered by her dogs. First, she marries into Pomeranian nobility and lives on her husband's estate in this remote eastern part of Germany. Once widowed, she moves to England and subsequently to Switzerland and Provence. Marking the circumstances in her life are her succession of
dogs; indeed, she measures the important stations in her life not by place of residence, marriages, the birth of her children, or political upheavals but by the character of the dogs she owned.

Solitude and retreat figure as important resources for “Elizabeth” as she was known to her reading public: “Moments of wonder and blessing. And I who had been afraid I might be lonely? Lonely? It was here, in the first complete solitude I had ever known, that I began to suspect that what is called loneliness is what I love best” (84). Unaccompanied walks with her dogs provide her with a simple contentment: “These very things, just sun on my face, the feel of spring round the corner, and nobody anywhere in sight except a dog, are still enough to fill me with utter happiness. How convenient. And how cheap” (27). Part of her joy comes from her being utterly alone: “How beautiful this security seemed to me, this enchanting security of knowing oneself unnoticed and unseen!” Solitude—in other words, the quiet composure of oneself in the sole presence of dogs—is thus set in direct opposition with loneliness: “I for one am unable to imagine how anybody who lives with an intelligent and devoted dog can ever be lonely” (81). Conceivably, it is the dog’s own sense of place in the world—something that Elizabeth lacked in being so often uprooted—that lends her the sense of rest and belonging.

“I recommend those persons of either sex, but chiefly, it would seem, of mine, whose courage is inclined to fail them if they are long alone, . . . who are full of affection and have nothing to fasten it on to, . . . I would recommend all such to go, say, to Harrods, and buy a dog” (86). Because such a passage would seem to suggest that dogs compensate for the absence of human companionship, it is important to stress that solitude is something the author, with a succession of children, friends, suitors, and spouses in her household, consciously seeks. Although she often fails and, for instance, finds herself remarried and living apart from her dogs, she tries to resist adaptation to early twentieth-century social norms. Salome for her lies outside gender strictures in the enjoyment of her widowhood, solitary walks, and writing, all inseparable from the presence of a dog. She recognizes “that need for something more than human beings can give, that longing through greater loyalty, deeper devotion, which finds its comfort in dogs” (5). Indicating how unconventional this desire for the nonhuman can be, she tells of a misunderstanding between herself and her husband when she voices her sense of amputation and desire to be “complete”: “And he was, I am afraid, very much disappointed, in spite of there already being five children, when I explained that all I wanted was a dog” (48). The fact that the relationship with a dog is here juxtaposed with procreation suggests that it is desexualized in the sense that it releases Annim from the male-female binary. In being with the pet, such divisions dissolve, leaving room for a different kind of tactile and emotional intensity.

The integrity of being for which Elizabeth von Arnim so deeply longs and that she finds beautifully granted in the company of dogs is what she calls recollection. “In this condition, then, of enraptured recollection, of fusion with I don’t know what of universal and eternal, I spent each night before going to bed” (85). Such recollection occurs at a time of quietude and meditation: the recentering and yet opening up to the “universal” transpires in the calm and shelter that the canine presence bestows. The dog may not “outweigh the sorrows” but it does encourage the writer “back to something almost like contentment” (147). Lest recollection be conceived as narcissistic self-absorption, Elizabeth here—with indicates that, rather than become preoccupied with worries and grief, she steps outside this solipsism. Her solitude and concentration are only possible with a being that is likewise apart, equally in its own world.

The temporal factor Elizabeth von Arnim here broaches is important: the soothing ritual of being with her dogs “each night” before going to bed evokes the “eternal,” aids her in recovering a calm, composed self unafraid of loneliness, and restores a sense of purity. The significance of repetition for the paradisiacal state in which canine and human can inhabit together is heralded in one of the more eloquent tributes to the dog, Milan Kundera’s The Unbearable Lightness of Being (1982). Significantly, it is the female character, Tereza, to whom it is given to ponder most deeply the relationship to the dog, named Karenin. As the novel depicts her worried but unwavering love for her philandering husband, it comes as a surprise at the end to read: “The love that tied her to Karenin was better than the love between her and Tomas. Better, not bigger. . . . The love of man and woman is a priori inferior to that which can exist (at least in the best instances) in the love between man and dog, that oddity of human history probably unplanned by the Creator” (297). Kundera pursues the allusion to the biblical Creation story: “No one can give anyone else the gift of the idyll; only an animal can do so, because only animals were not expelled from Paradise. The love between dog and man is idyllic. It knows no conflicts, no hair-raising scenes; it knows no development. Karenin surrounded Tereza and Tomas with a life based on repetition, and he expected the same from them. Human time does not turn in a circle; it runs ahead in a straight line. That is why man cannot be happy; happiness is the longing for repetition” (298). It is the same “life based on repetition” that offers
movement and emotion. Pamela Stewart stresses the significance of such confirmation, especially to counteract the judging, arrogant gaze of others, in her poem “Newfoundland-Praise.” It begins: “On days I don’t feel pretty I go downstairs / and watch my dog stretch and yawn awake. / Molly doesn’t care how my lank, electric hair / sticks to my mouth, how my eyelids swell / from bad dreams.” At the start of the poem, then, the speaker is presented as self-deprecatingly interiorizing the critical gaze of others. Perhaps it even haunts her dreams. After innocently describing Molly’s daily pastimes, the poem returns at the close to the speaker’s sense of vulnerability: “Molly uncoils my vanities and fear so I / feel almost safe.” The single word “almost” betrays the dimensions of her fear and insecurity. But the final word “safe” emphasizes how effectively the immense dog shelters her from anxiety and bestows her with praise. The speaker can make emotional contact with another being who does not violate or distort her sense of integrity.

Stewart and Kundera implicitly compare the canine with the male gaze. The dog is therewith not a convenient substitute for a male partner but quite the opposite—a compassionate antidote to the shame suffered in a male-dominated world. The turn-of-the-century New Orleans photographer Ernest J. Bellocq demonstrated the ability of the pet dog to counteract the male gaze in three of his amazing photographs of Storyville prostitutes. Nan Goldin wrote that the collection contained “among the most profound and beautiful portraits of prostitutes ever taken” (89). And no less a stellar figure than Susan Sontag has opined that Bellocq’s “pictures are unforgettable . . . how touching, good, mature, and respectful” (7–8). Conceivably, the woman posing for the pornographic camera would best exemplify the objectification of the female body; for in pornography, she is purchased and owned. Though it is a far cry to compare pets to women in this respect, they too are kept for the purpose of pleasure; moreover, the term “pet” when used for females, suggests a relationship, however affectionate, of dominance and ownership. Bellocq ingeniously reverses these terms by photographing his sitters in relaxed settings with their dogs, offering a different definition of intimacy than one suggesting sexuality. Although none of his thirty-three extent pictures depict women engaged in sexual acts, some do depict them naked or semi-dressed in arousing poses (though both Goldin and Sontag deem none of them salacious). The photos with the dogs are markedly different, however; they impart a sense of the women’s everyday lives, the truly intimate side of which involves closeness to their pets. Perhaps the voyeuristic interest in the household lives of prostitutes could have been used to pornographic

E. J. Bellocq

Stephen Webb also postulates that “petting can overcome the arrogant eye” (63). Women’s literature on dogs frequently juxtaposes the human with the canine gaze. The confirming, benevolent gaze of the dog disempowers the arrogant male eye that traditionally inspects and judges women. Kundera, for instance, writes in reference to Karenin’s gaze that “Teresa knew that no one ever again would look at her like that,” implying that her husband never would (300). Sharpening her own powers of observation in response to the dog’s keenness, Elizabeth von Arnim notices: “Rarely did he take his beautiful, kind eyes off me. When he went to sleep, and was obliged to shut them, he still had the thought of me vivid in his heart, for at my faintest small movement he instantly opened them, and looked at me inquiringly, as if asking whether there was anything I wanted and he could do” (203).

For Elizabeth von Arnim, the dog’s “attentive love” constantly notices her presence. To put it another way, it confirms her being in her slightest
purpose, but the natural, open affection these women hold for their dogs establishes a different relationship to the viewer.

In one photo, a woman smiles at ease into the camera as she holds a French bulldog on her lap. Her candor suggests one does not have to pose awkwardly if one is close to one’s pet. The heat of a Louisiana summer has left her clad for comfort solely in a cotton chemise and bloomers, while she sits outdoors in a cobbledstone courtyard. She has neatly placed a white cloth on her lap so that the dog doesn’t dirty her clothes. The undergarments and the small detail of the cloth are thus used not to erotic purpose but to show particularities from her daily life. How quickly this scenario can change is illustrated in another photo of the same woman: although in the same chair, backdrop, and clothing, she is now asked to pose erotically, with the chemise pulled off her shoulders to reveal her cleavage. The camera comes inadequately close to her naked skin. Her arms are tightly pressed to her body and she looks aside unsmilingly. The difference betrays her reluctance and shame at being so used, and even suggests that this photo was taken after the one with her dog, suddenly breaking the rapport Bellacq was first able to establish with her.

When the woman poses with her dog, one senses that her companion, positioned as it is between herself and Bellacq / the viewer, offers protection and deflects the intrusive gaze. A portrait of another prostitute is similarly composed: it too shows the woman clad in lace undergarments and clutching a dog in her lap. This time, though, the terrier half covers her face, literally blocking the gaze (fig. 12). As the woman sits diagonally with her leg crossed and her bare arm covering her chest in order to hold the dog, she seems further to restrict the viewer’s access to her body. As a result, she and the dog form a closely knit group. Mary Elizabeth Howie comments insightfully: “While this image clearly does not traffic in pornographic eroticism, it is imbued with an eroticism all its own. Physical intimacy is expressed in the tactile communication between the woman and the dog, as well as in the way that she hides behind him, while he simultaneously seems to gain courage from his position on her lap. Their behavior toward each other in the photograph suggests a much more truly intimate relationship than the uncomfortably faked sexuality in the explicit stereoscopic images” (36).

In contrast to the portraits with dogs, when Bellacq requests the women pose erotically, they assume a cool distance from their artificial stance: they resist the prying gaze that would demand intimate reveal-
source of strength. The dog allows its owner to reverse the dynamics of the voyeuristic, shaming gaze.

Virginia Woolf

To remain within the theoretically rich framework of the visual field but to complicate the terms of debate, a number of questions remain to be posed: When the canine gaze is a confirming one, does not a danger lie in that it can serve to mirror one’s own desires? If it authenticates one’s being, is one not indulging in egocentric specularity? Most often the trope of the mirror betrays a narcissistic seeing oneself in an idealized other; this other serves solely as a mirror of whom one longs to be. When applied to canine-human interaction, specularity raises the question as to whether all one’s interactions with the speechless pet involve mirroring. Could the dog not represent the holistic, natural, and integrated other, qualities with which one wants to identify? Does not one always project desires onto it, given that it cannot respond back? This projection can run the gamut from imagining that one knows what a dog is thinking to bolstering one’s self-image as one walks down the street with an accessory (whether it be a chihuahua in a leotard or an elegant saluki). The dog becomes a prosthesis or prop to the amputated self. The question of whether and how one can escape specularity is of particular import for women, given their conventional association with narcissism. Where, then, do the distinctions lie between a bad narcissistic self-absorption in relation to a pet and a healthy attempt to collect one’s scattered self in its presence? And in the latter case, is the dog merely instrumentalized as a therapeutic aide, its own needs and separateness not acknowledged?

Natalie Kusz is one writer who complicates the mechanisms of specularity, at the same time that she uses the dog as intimate mirror to her self. "Retired Greyhound, II" appeared in Unleashed: Poems by Writers’ Dogs, a collection that takes as its conceit what the dog would say if gifted with speech. Although, as earlier intimated, the assumption that one can know the other’s mind is a hazardous one (making a number of the poems in this collection irrele), Kusz realizes the delicacy of her task. The poem is divided into two stanzas that recollect past trauma, first for the greyhound and then for its owner. It begins “Leaning into you now, my dark head / seeking your hand” (106). Touch (the leaning, the hand) plays an important role, substituting for vision, for the greyhound’s natural instinct to hunt by sight had been earlier abused for racetrack

profit. Its current owner has actual scars around her eyes from a dog-mauling as a child. Perception must therefore come not from empirical vision but through memory and physical contact. Touching allows the subject to extend her body into the dog’s fur, causing a feeling of expansion of the self. The warm contact, the gentle flow between bodies that occurs in petting helps to explain the comfort and reinforcing of self that the dog brings—and that the human bestows in return. Kusz’s poem concludes: “We can lean / in and perceive ourselves, you and I; the astonishing exceptions among our kinds” (106). Significantly, this recognition that comes from the intimacy of physical closeness bypasses the scopic regime, so often associated with narcissistic self-absorption and self-projection.

In the canon of literature on dogs and women no piece is as famous as Virginia Woolf’s Flush, a re-creation of the life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning through the eyes of her King Charles Spaniel. Although mirroring is an important conceit in this novel, Woolf uses it to raise questions regarding the sentimentality latent in identification. Coyly, she toys with mirroring for humorous effect: “Heavy curls hung down on either side of Miss Barrett’s face; large bright eyes shone out; a large mouth smiled. Heavy ears hung down on either side of Flush’s face; his eyes, too, were large and bright; his mouth was wide. There was a likeness between them” (22–23). However paradoxically, at the same time that Woolf ironizes the mirroring, she expresses great sympathy for the desire between woman and dog for a symbiotic relation. Over the weeks Flush becomes complainant out of the “bond, an uncomfortable yet thrilling tightness” (35) that joins him to Miss Barrett. In words repeated both at the start and finish of the novel, the two are: “Broken asunder, yet made in the same mould... each completed what was dormant in the other” (23, 161). One of the great accomplishments of this novel is that it sensitively balances pet affection with a subtle ironization of it.

The likeness between Flush and her owner bespeaks their affinity for each other and comes to represent their closeness, but, as if to avoid any Victorian sentimentality that such an attachment might evoke, Woolf also “breaks them asunder”: “As they gazed at each other each felt: Here am I—and then each felt: But how different!... Between them lay the widest gulf that can separate one being from another” (23). Even the hyperbole that Woolf uses (“the widest gulf”) delicately makes fun of the intensity of the relationship between woman and dog. Woolf disturbs any cloying projection onto the beast by having Miss Barrett be aware of its potential error: moreover, not only does the owner doubt specularity,
the dog does as well. In fact, Woolf’s humorous insight into Flush’s mind demonstrates that she self-reflexively mocks her own attempts at projection into canine consciousness. Furthermore, she ridicules the seriousness of the biographical genre by dedicating it to a dog.38

As the above passage suggests, Woolf balances her irony with an appreciation for the sincere longing to bridge the gulf that exists between species. Underscoring the impossibility of perfect mirroring, Woolf later writes: “There were vast gaps in their understanding. At times they would lie and stare at each other in blank bewilderment” (36) and “the fact was they could not communicate with words, and it was a fact that led undoubtedly to much misunderstanding. Yet did it not lead also to a peculiar intimacy?” (37). Woolf here raises the brilliant paradox that estrangement can also lead to intuitive comprehension—to intimacy. Perhaps intimacy, then, cannot arise in a specular relation (or only deceptively so) but solely once differences are appreciated. Thus, when in The Unbearable Lightness of Being Tereza calls the love between her and Karenin “completely selfless,” it is precisely because she recognizes their differences and resists projection: “Tereza did not want anything of Karenin; she did not ever ask him to love her back. Nor had she ever asked herself the questions that plague human couples: Does he love me? Does he love anyone more than me? Does he love me more than I love him? Tereza accepted Karenin for what he was; she did not try to make him over in her image” (297).

The symbiotic relationship between Flush and Miss Barrett calls for further nuancing in terms of how women’s economic and emotional status are represented via the dog.39 The pet dog marks the space of interiority, whether this be construed as the sick room to which his invalid owner was confined or Miss Barrett’s own emotive realm. Confined within her quarters, he becomes preoccupied with gauging and responding to the slightest shifts in her feelings. As Elizabeth Barrett Browning herself wrote: “This dog watched beside a bed / Day and night uneasy, / Watched within a curtained room / Where no sunbeam brake the gloom / Round the sick and dreary” (347). The spaniel “shar[ed] in the shadow” that she inhabited. Flush’s monitored life thus symbolizes that of a female shut-in; the dog comes to stand for the realm of the Victorian woman’s sheltered introspection.

Cultural histories of the dog link the rise of pet fancy to the development of the bourgeois class and its self-definition. Harriet Ritvo has analyzed, for instance, how Victorian bourgeois class consciousness—its setting itself apart from both decadent aristocracy and the dirty lower classes—informs such phenomena as rabies paranoia and purebred dog shows,30 Victorian art, moreover, with its renowned animal portraitists, such as Edwin Landseer, Horatio Henry Coudery, and John Sargent Noble, testifies to the sentimentalization and anthropomorphization of the pet. A cultural studies approach, however, that exposes the specular construction and bolstering of bourgeois subjectivity via the pet dog loses sight of what intimacy accomplishes for the invalid Miss Barrett. It may be that she led a sheltered life whose only protest was to develop undiagnosable bodily illness and to cultivate a life of the imagination in her poetry. But to speak solely of societal restrictions on women as the cause of her physical impairment and its various compensations (which include her closeness to her pet) is to ignore Elizabeth Barrett’s own agency in combating these restrictions and hence to belittle how she attempts to heal her frail psyche through writing about her pet.

Here Virginia Woolf’s half-ironic (though benevolent) portrayal of the poetess is less telling than the latter’s own words. In registering Flush’s devotion, the nineteenth-century writer is able to give voice to her own suffering and how it is overcome. She recollects and records her own bodily affect—tears and sighs—to which only the dog is privy and which is hidden from the male-dominated household (which Woolf does depict). As hysterical somatic symptom, the tears are not ascribed a cause: they only mark an unretrievable traumatic source. Barrett’s poems dedicated to Flush, though, depict how the dog’s love conquers these tears: “And if one or two quick tears / Dropped upon his glossy ears / Or a sigh came double, / Up he sprang...” (348). “To Flush, My Dog” then closes with the words: “With a love that answers thine, / Loving fellow-creature” (348). Elizabeth Barrett overcomes her sense of isolation in response to Flush’s love. One could read this act of reciprocity or mirroring as an instance of anthropomorphism: the dog is granted a Victorian sensibility. But, more appreciatively, one could notice that Barrett, participating in the burgeoning discussions on animal rights and protection, raises the dog to the status of a “fellow-creature.”31 This elevation occurs more in humble recognition than in the sentimentalization of the dog’s devotion.

Rhoda Lerman

In a deservedly renowned phrase, Gertrude Stein pithily wrote: “I am I because my little dog knows me” (What Are Master-pieces 71).32 This statement could be taken as an example both of sentimentalization and narcissistic mirroring: because my dog confirms me, I love the little pet.
But such a misreading would ignore the profound yet simple manner in which Stein deconstructs Cartesian self-reflection: the ego is not the source of reflection and reason but is insignificant until it is posited by the other, in this case a mere dog. Moreover, the dog's knowing is somehow more intuitive about myself than I could ever be. I should like to continue to analyze how women writing on dogs take very seriously the charge that, in their intimacy with dogs, they are solely involved in narcissistic self-indulgence and self-mirroring. To be sure, the trope of the mirror, while evoking reciprocity and mutuality, can mean over-identification and self-projection. But, as Stephen H. Webb would say, the dog represents an excess, or as it were, what lies outside the mirror: "The dog is always more than we know, extending beyond our knowledge and calling on us to match his or her excess with acts of generosity of our own." (102). Indeed, the presence of this other species disrupts solipsism. In other words, the way in which the dog facilitates the regaining of a lost subjectivity lies less in the dog's empathetic qualities that reconﬁrm or mirror the self. It is more likely the case that the rebuilding of a sense of self-integrity arises with respect for the otherness of the dog—and, as Gertrude Stein intimates, the dog's acknowledgment of our own apartness and uniqueness.

The psychoanalyst Jessica Benjamin explores such paradoxes arising from the workings of intersubjectivity. In response to Lacanian and Kleinian psychoanalytic theories of identiﬁcation, Benjamin conceptualizes a model for relating to others that is wary of melancholic incorporation and repudiation. She asks whether a subject can "relate to the other without assimilating the other to the self through identiﬁcation" (94). For this to occur, she maintains, there must be a relationship of two subjectivities. The other is respected as irreducible to one's own ego and recognized, not repudiated; for its difference. Benjamin emphasizes "the intersubjective relationship in which one goes beyond identiﬁcation to appreciate the other subject as a being outside the self" (xii). Recognition involves a different kind of identiﬁcation that "can become not a collapse of differentiation, but a basis for understanding the position of the other" (28). "In the intersubjective conception of recognition, two active subjects may exchange, may alternate in expressing and receiving, co-creating a mutuality that allows for and presumes separateness. The arena for this catching and throwing is the intermediate in-between space, the dialogue" (29). Clearly, intersubjective communication plays an important role for Benjamin: "Speech no longer ﬁgures as the activity of a subject empowered to speak, but as a possibility given by the relationship with a recognizing other" (28). Although she does not address the companion animal, Benjamin's position carries profound implications once applied to it. If the human subject ceases to abrogate to itself the sole empowerment to communicate, then the opening up of a "relationship with a recognizing other" (i.e., the animal) becomes possible. An interpersonal space is created once the animal, acknowledged as a separate subject, looks back and addresses itself to the human subject. Once such overlapping terrain is established, one not only needs the possibility of error in communication but deferentially accepts it.

The autobiographical novel by contemporary award-winning author Rhoda Lerman, In the Company of Newfies: A Shared Life (1996), sensitively explores the creation of Benjaminian intersubjective space between herself and her dogs, whereby the author learns to listen attentively to how her dogs are communicating with her. What is so remarkable about this story is that Lerman is vigilantly aware of the gulf that separates her from the dogs; hence she is resistant to projection and reﬂects on it. Yet in this recognition and respect for difference she discovers a space for mutuality and shared sensibilities. Thus, rather than seeing the dog as an Other and imposing her language on it, Lerman attempts to understand the language of the dog and to communicate with it in terms of its own language; the Newfoundlands, in turn, accommodate themselves gracefully to human rules of behavior. If Jessica Benjamin stresses how difﬁcult it is to develop and maintain a space for intersubjectivity, then one can better appreciate what a mammoth task Lerman undertakes in articulating a space between species who do not share the same codes of communication.

Reciprocity and hence the potential for intimacy are broached at the opening of In the Company of Newfies: "In the company of Newfoundlands, nothing is hidden. I slip the halter of what I've become. They slip the halter of what they've been, and we live together, passionately, changed. . . . This is a book about . . . communion, commitment, and intimacy" (1). Much of the strength and authority of Lerman's writing comes from the intensity of such words as intimacy that rarely are applied to dogs. She addresses the impasse in conveying her fervor to others. For instance, when the vet asks if she would prefer to leave the room during whelping, she reﬂects: "There was no way to explain to him that we are intimate; that we have done everything together. That we have pierced each other's worlds. That I am—what?—her other half. She is not only dog and I am not only human!" (7). The closeness to her dogs means that "nothing is hidden in the company of Newfies. I can have no secrets" (10). Like Derrida (though here figuratively speaking), she stands naked before the attentive gaze of her pets. But, because she
explore the intersubjective space of mutuality, unlike for Derrida the gaze of the pet is not completely enigmatic; for Lerman is keenly heedful of what the dogs are attempting to signify to her. Intimacy is not solely the result of standing naked before the pet; it is dependent on reciprocity and a kind of intercorporeality. Thus the fact that she cannot have any secrets from her dogs means that she, in turn, is intimately familiar with their very bodies. As a conformation judge examines one of her bitches, she thinks to herself in words of a true lover: “I know every bone and muscle, every curl of hair, ears, nipples, tail, toes. I have felt, touched, stroked every bit of her” (151).

Paradoxically—and to follow Jessica Benjamin—what allows for such intimacy is the respect Lerman has for the different, “parallel universe of animals” (18). To the dogs, ours is an “alien universe, their unknown” (54). Out of deference Lerman reads them very carefully. Indeed, in her anxiety over the growth of her puppies, she realizes the danger of over-interpreting: “Knowing so little, I watch for too much” (21). The strangeness and fragility of the newborns place them beyond meaning and represent the enigma of their entire race. For Lerman, the intense, maternal love she has for the puppies makes her keenly aware of her lack of comprehension and the futility of being able to assist a dying one.

Yet, ever cognizant of the silence between them, Lerman listens more intently: “It isn’t easy to let her lick my face, but it is her language and I must listen or she will stop speaking to me. Because I’ve learned to listen, my Newfies have continued to speak . . . [and] have patiently insisted that I listen” (7). Lerman realizes that however much she is attentive, they examine her more earnestly than she them. Thus, each time Lerman records her listening, she discovers the dogs’ own attempt to heed her needs. An extraordinary record of mutuality and interchange—based on this acknowledgment of separateness—arises as a result. She circumspectly answers Stephen H. Webb’s penetrating question: “Can the closeness of dogs enable us to see their very otherness? Can their similarity shed light on difference? Can dogs be both our ‘best friends’ and an intrusion of something persistently other, demanding respect and attention on their own terms? Are they more than what we need from them?” (6).

Lerman recognizes the dogs as subjects in and unto themselves. They are “utterly and completely, fastidiously conscious of themselves” (113). Yet they are also that to one another and their humans. One of her bitches is “courteous, considerate, thoughtful, a Ginger Rogers to my Fred Astaire, firmly attached but never in the way, reflecting my steps” (140). The way the dog tries to advance out of itself and into the human world offers a model for how to create the intermediate space of dialog that Jessica Benjamin articulates. Lerman’s dog Molly works “toward becoming a different sort of dog in that endless, uneasy shift and struggle between dog and human” (74). In its adaptability, the dog exemplarily tries to understand the position of the other. Indeed, the Newfoundlands “work to be human, to be other than what they are, something other than dog” (2). For instance, one day Lerman sees her Celeste “pick up a bright pink leash and walk around the driveway with it in her mouth, head held high, making believe she was on lead. And then I understood why she grabs me, grabs the hem of my jacket, the cuff of my sleeve, the string on my boot. She creates a tether between us, holding me so I don’t stay from her. Now I put her on lead for no practical reason at all. She holds the leash in her mouth so we are holding each other. . . . The leash is both faith and connection” (130–31). For Lerman to appreciate Celeste’s attempt at connection does not mean she collapses the distinctions between human and dog, as so many stories or cartoons do that facilely put words into a dog’s mouth; rather, Lerman notices how arduous the dog’s efforts are to create and sustain this tie. Correspondingly, her dogs encourage her to “work to be other than what I am. We stretch our limits and change our lives” (2). In this exchange and modest recognition of dependency, the woman is tethered to the dog and not, as customarily, the other way around (140).

This reciprocity allows Lerman to grow emotionally in unexpected ways. She speaks of living passionately and escaping into an animal self (35) as she sits in the whelping box and Molly licks her as if she is one of her puppies. It is a moment full of mutual trust, where Lerman is not afraid of developing identification with her dog’s universe. As later the puppies burrow against her own breasts, “for a brief moment I am their animal and nothing, no one, else. It is an ecstasy, a stepping out of my world into theirs” (63). Rather than repudiate these creaturely, abject impulses, Lerman has the faith to explore them. The dogs are responding to something latent and archaic inside of her and unearthing it, although she is at pains to name it: “What instinct, what old connection, exists in us that so responds to them?” (96), she asks. She never presents her interactions as risking the dissolution of the boundaries to her self; instead she stretches these boundaries. It is this very in-between space that marks the true site of intimacy. Such shared emotion and interconnectedness are perhaps best captured when Lerman describes parting from one of her dogs: she weeps for the dog’s confusion and loneliness but then realizes that, reciprocally, she is weeping for her
own loneliness at leaving him (119). She realizes the fragility of an unclosed self as well as the imposibility of incorporating otherwise.

Karen Duve and Rebecca Brown

Stories of the cohabitation of women and dogs do not have to follow the autobiographical, realist genre; they may also explore the realm of the fantastic. Such is the case in Karen Duve’s short story “Besuch vom Hund” (Visit from the dog [1999]) and Rebecca Brown’s novel Dogs: A Modern Bestiary (1998). In both works the dog is not an affectionate, sensitive companion but transmogrifies into a mythical, independently minded beast endowed with human characteristics. These dogs do not guarantee self-identity; they shatter it and, in the process, destroy the casual interhuman relations of the female narrator. In each story, the dog, appearing suddenly, seems to represent the surfaceing of unconscious drives and thus announces a special kind of intimacy or avenue of exploring oneself. As animals they embody an enigmatic difference from the rational mind, which could represent the mystery of both the human unconscious and the canine world. Whereas the narratives discussed above establish an egalitarian relationship with the dog, here the work relinquishes control to the canines. But they all can be deemed feminist in their critique of the presumption that human beings should exert dominion over the animal kingdom: In these two stories the tables are turned.

In the curious, surrealist “Besuch vom Hund” a stray collie appears on the doorstep of the narrator just as she is preparing to go out to a party with a “nice, very good-looking guy.” The dog tries to get her attention with such cocky remarks as “I’m not really a dog. I am an emaciated wolf and howl at night on the city ramparts” (47). Finally, he says to her that he has chosen her because she is a poet, who is “the sound of our silent cries... the truth of our worst dreams” (49). When the woman’s date for the evening arrives (accompanied by another couple) and comments that she doesn’t look properly dressed to go, she retorts that maybe she has something better to do. When he asks her who she thinks she is with such a remark, she answers by echoing the collie: “I am an emaciated wolf...” and “I am the sound of your silent cries.” Not surprisingly, she finds herself alone with the collie for the evening—and the two go to the corner Esso gas station to buy something to eat. Liberated, the narrator does not have to rely on looking her best for a supposedly “nice man”; nor does she have to stomach his snide comments. Instead, identification with the lone, stinking, and shivering collie empowers her to find her unique voice. Paradoxically, the talking dog endows her, the poet, with language.

The narrator of “Besuch vom Hund” takes this bizarre collie as her mirror; she mimics it. Yet the story complicates specularity precisely by reversing the pattern of mimicry. In the conventional talking-dog story, human speech is given to the dog, but here the human borrows back the words of the dog. Nor does this story illustrate the typical scenario where the author projects thoughts onto the dog and vocalizes them. Confounding the vector of the human projecting itself into the animal’s mind, the collie projects himself into another creature, a wolf, and claims he’s not a dog. Moreover, his outlandish propositions defy interpretation, so that they seem to represent the very impasse of communication between species, even though he speaks German. When the narrator begins mimicking his language, she in turn becomes incomprehensible to her visitors. In criticizing the banality of everyday language (what is a “nice guy”? Duve seems to suggest that liberation comes from abandoning conventional human discourse. It is not that humanity defines and confirms itself by setting itself off from the speechless beast; this would be the othering that occurs in specularity. Instead, Duve fantasizes what it would mean to try to appropriate another species’ mode of communication and, in so doing, to discover a different voice for oneself.

The remarkable novel The Dogs: A Modern Bestiary by American lesbian writer Rebecca Brown begins with a strange, terrifying, black dog appearing one night in her apartment. The commanding creature watches every inch of her, but the first-person narrator doesn’t know what the dog wants of her (6, also 139). The dog comes to stay and lead a life so intimately bound with the narrator’s that she writes, “She lived inside my life” (7), “I loved the way she looked the way I felt” (11), and “I’d close my eyes and know what she desired” (16). They curl around each other in bed to fit together (144). The narrator adores her animal beauty. As in any love affair, the narrator learns to accept the manners of her companion and adapts herself to them. Household dogs indeed regulate our daily routines, intuit our feelings, anticipate our moves, even take over our furniture, but Brown uses these ordinary occurrences to turn them into a nightmarish relation where the dog disciplines the human, reversing dominant/submissive roles. Miss Dog and her numerous offspring creep not only into the narrator’s life but into her very brain: “But I couldn’t hide myself when they moved in. They numbered every hair of me, each gasp of fear, each clench of want, each shrug of hope that
ever spasmed through me. They tapped my phone, my brain, my heart. I swear it’s true, they monitor my dreams” (66). In this intimate relation, they know more about the narrator than the latter knows about herself (74).

Hence *The Dogs* transforms the daily, near-and-dear closeness we have with pets into their manifesting an inner, untold part of our selves. It is not unusual to confide in our dogs, while knowing that they cannot understand every word we say. So, too, the narrator whispers her secrets to Miss Dog (10), but as the dog must be hidden away from a landlord that prohibits pets, their alliance represents true secrecy itself. The narrator in fact lives alone so that no one would embarrassingly see how she truly is (66). Their relationship adopts a queer dimension, insofar as it is closeted and unfit for public view. Apart from the echo of the word in the title, there is no indication of sexual bestiality in the novel. Yet from the start the dog sleeps with the woman, and the bed becomes the site of both closeness and torture. Like Kafka’s “The Metamorphosis,” where Gregor bestirs to find himself transformed into a giant bug, the bed seems to symbolize the locus where unconscious drives arise. But Brown’s tale is, in Kafka’s words, “no dream” from which one awakes; that is to say, there is no outside perspective on which to anchor a psychoanalytic “interpretation of dreams.” And, as in Kafka, the first-person narrator offers no interpretation of what is occurring. She is as close to the dogs as to the events transpiring, maintaining no analytical distance to them. The problem thus arises as to how to pinpoint the precise nature of the unvoiced suppressed self into which the dogs tap.

As mentioned previously, projection of human emotions onto dogs is an everyday occurrence. But Brown literalizes such projection, insofar as the dogs eventually metamorphose into monsters who dress up, perform, and otherwise act as humans. Dogs can break our hearts, but when Brown writes, “I always feel them tearing out my heart” (62), she is referring to how they lunge and literally rip her open. They even offer the heart to her as a delicacy to eat. Tropes of introjection (as here in food), even more than projection, dominate the narrative. Something has been entombed secretly, which is to say, metodically within the narrator that the dogs unearth. In the end, they dig up the bones of a child whom the narrator restores to life and to whom she then listens (“She pulled my face toward her face and put her mouth against my ear and told me the unspeakable” [65]). But earlier in the narrative, the mouth tries unsuccessfully to utter something that comes from within: “Something catches in my throat. I try to cough it up. It’s stuck” (53).

She arrives home to aid in the whelping of Miss Dog’s puppies but then this “something” pushes up out of her mouth—a paw. Elsewhere in the story she tries to speak but her “mouth is dry” (62) or she takes “one huge and final gulp to seal the place down deep inside my throat that keeps me in and keeps the world out” (119). What could she be trying to verbalize?

Medieval bestiaries served as compendiums of actual and mythological creatures (making no distinction between them), listing their physiological, medicinal, and symbolic attributes and including didactic fables. Many animals were bizarre or demonstrated unusual behavior chosen to depict a Christian moral allegory. Alluding to such moral instruction the chapter titles of Brown’s novel read: “dog: in which is illustrated Immanence” or “bone: in which is illustrated Constancy.” The allegorization is opaque, however, for how the chapters illustrate the various virtues they announce can only be conjectured. Brown thus works at the margins of representation. Like Dürer and Kafka her story invites an allegorical decoding at the same time it resolutely wards it off. Most perplexing is how to determine what the dogs themselves signify. It would be too simple to postulate that they point to a dark side to the narrator’s psyche. Instead of a referential equivalent, their staging of scenarios (dressing up in her clothes to parody her or performing a dominatrix number) suggests a sheer representational quality. They serve as a screen whose function it is precisely not to point at something behind it but to block meaning. If they point to a trauma in the narrator’s childhood past (such as her being abused), it is only indirectly by the fact that the narrator is forced into reenacting a sadomasochistic relationship. As mythological creatures who only in name resemble actual dogs, they offer the sheer fantasy of a referent.

Rather than surmising that the dogs represent a buried, inner part of the narrator, one could acknowledge their allegorical indirectness by pointing to their estimacy: they seem to function as an interior exterior, which is embodied precisely in their external, shamming gaze on the narrator, who is the object of stigma. The dogs, in other words, occupy the position of a constitutive outside. From the start the narrator is engaged in deadpan self-deprecation. She is self-mockingly aware of her poor quarters and her dull appearance. She repeatedly experiences mortification from her bumbling and is not particularly noticed by others. In her social invisibility she resembles the dogs, whom no one sees except herself, as in the episode, full of black humor, when they enter the supermarket. Maladroit and isolated, the narrator therefore needs the gaze of others and unconsciously desires to provoke it, even if solely in the
that occurs. That is, when the trope of performance arises in the novel, it is to suggest that something beyond the performance is being evoked. The purpose of a splitting and an externalized gaze would conceivably be to recognize something hidden, except that, since the scenario is repeated, it signals that the subject fails to see. The dogs are the exteriorization of this pure, unapprehending, inscrutable gaze. Again, they do not represent a secret part of the self but something relentlessly foreign to the self that commands it. In the episode entitled "rood" the dogs take the heart out of the woman in order to show it to her and get her to eat it. They must, however, slam the tray against her face before she takes it. Something thus resists being recognized, it being in the nature of the Freudian unconscious to remain inaccessible. Symptoms of previous trauma recur insistently, but they do so in the displaced fantasies that block its painful remembering, all while suggesting something behind the screen.

Dogs cannot communicate in human language. Their inconstant otherness commands respect and resists co-option to human demand. As the narrator humbly recognizes, she "can't speak their tongue" (77). Embodying this otherness, Rebecca Brown's cruel dogs cannot recall the narrator's past for her. However much they restage sadomasochistic scenes with her, they cannot tell her where their significance lies. At most, the dogs let her go and signal her, by their digging, where to search for the lost child in her. In the final chapter, after the dogs unearth the bones of a deceased girl, the narrator shoos them away and resurrects her, that is, the narrator's own memories: "I saw inside what covers me, I see inside the skin: I see the child swimming whole" (166). As even this closure resists naming what the precise nature of the trauma was, the story remains in its abstract mode, hesitant to specify what the allegorical referent is. Throughout, The Dogs remains a novel true to the enigma of this other species, embodied above all in its inimitability and supremacy.

What is emotionally unsettling yet beautiful about Rebecca Brown's novel is that, in spite of the sadistic roles the dogs assume, a searing intimacy binds the woman to them. Brown terrifyingly brings shame and intimacy into proximity with each other. The legendary faithfulness of the species here results in the closest of bonds: the dog "never growled about me kicking or sweating up the sheets or the shouts I made when I bolted awake from a nightmare. She remained, despite her constancy, my truest friend. She was my only comfort. She met my every single need that she had made in me" (20). Later the puppies are described as "loyal, patient, prescient . . . sent to teach" (108). However indirect,
link exists between their virtues and the chapter titles that point to the moral element of the story, which is to say, the way in which the chapters illustrate charity, perspicacity, obedience, solace, and so on. Moreover, the appreciation for the dogs is not restricted to such virtues but extends to their physical beauty. Even while an acquiescing victim of the dogs, the narrator cherishes their loveliness, elegance, even stylish glamour. Their intimacy is paradoxically best expressed when, after the narrator strikes out at the unsuspecting puppies with a hammer, bruising but not, as intended, killing them, they look back with “blaming, knowing, begging eyes” (142). Gazing into her, they relentlessly and patiently forgive her. The same puppies then sleep around her “warm as milk” (143). Conceivably, it is forgiveness that allows the narrator to be reconciled with her past in the end. Thus, however cruel the dogs appear, at every stage they are a reminder to the narrator of an intimate warmth, and hence they lead her back to her intrinsic self.

Cultural theorist Yi-Fu Tuan in *Dominance and Affection: The Making of Pets* asserts that affection, whether it be toward pets, children, or women, conceals its true motives—dominance, superiority, condescension, indulgence, patronage, and paternalism. Most cultural theorists and historians on pet keeping come to similar conclusions (for example, Marc Shell, Harriet Ritvo, and Kathleen Ket). Rebecca Brown cleary reverses this position, as well as debunks the commonplace that intimacy with dogs equates with sentimentality. Power and authority here lie with the dogs, and not without a modicum of veracity, for the household dog dictates how our lives are to be regulated around its bodily needs and schedules. It always asserts its own independence and will. Moreover, if for Tuan domination invariably underlies affection, for Brown, despite the domination of one party, a powerful affective, intimate bond ties them together. The other women writers discussed in this chapter also relinquish dominance in order to explore and heal their own weaknesses. In other words, they resist repudiating affection, in a serious indictment of what Steve Baker calls the “fear of the familiar” among (male) postmodern artists and critics. These women writers suggest that it is imperative to think through what is at stake in intimacy, affection, care, and the healing of trauma and, thus, come to terms with the abjection with which both women and dogs are frequently regarded.

In conclusion, a note on melancholia. Whether it be Brown, Kus, Stewart, Lim, Barrett, or Bellocq, the representation of women involves a story not of loss but of recuperation, hence an acknowledgment of previous damage or deprivation. These artists give voice to abjection and, through the aid of intimacy with the dog, come to terms with it. They thus surmount the melancholic repudiation of loss. In this dialog with melancholia, the works discussed in this chapter link up to Dürer’s *Melencolia I* and form a tradition together with Lucian Freud’s *Double Portrait*, for they are all about being alone with one’s dog. A colleague of mine told me how his thirteen-year-old daughter will say she needs to be alone and then takes her golden retriever for a walk. Meditation and recollection occur together in the calm intimacy with the dog, a comforting solitude that requires few words if any. And one final element sets these representations of women and dogs apart from the psychoanalytic description of melancholia. In the wake of Freud, melancholia is equated with the refusal to acknowledge otherness, insofar as the lost object is introjected into the self. As Freud says, the shadow of the object falls on the subject (10:435). The remarkable quality of the works discussed here is that they are vigilantly mindful of the problems of projection and incorporation. Because these artists explore the divisions between human and beast, they recognize that they are cause for respect—not for the denigration or shamming of the animal or for the equally disturbing projection of sentimental human emotion onto the pet.
perversity, for Jeff Noon’s shape-shifters celebrate a Deleuzean nomadism and becoming-animal.

Other novels that contain mutant or cybertext dogs are Mikhail Bulgakov’s The Heart of a Dog (1925), Clifford Simak’s City (1952), Ray Bradbury’s Fahrenheit 451 (1953), Richard Adams’s The Plague Dogs (1978), Dean Koontz’s Watchers (1987), and Bruce Sterling’s Holy Fire (1996).

7. Rego notes: “When pastel you don’t have the brush between you and the surface. Your hand is making the picture. It’s almost like being a sculptor. You are actually making the person. It’s very tactile . . . and there’s a lot of physical strength involved because it’s overworked, masses and masses of layers changed all the time. It takes a lot of strength. But it’s wonderful to do, to rub your hand over” (quoted in McEwen 215).

8. The woman becoming dog similarly expresses a visceral self-abandon in Djuna Barnes’s novel Nightwood (1936). At the close, Robin, who has left Nora, her devout lover, returns to a decaying chapel on the latter’s property. When Nora’s dog, suspicious of an intruder, runs into the church, Robin goes down on all fours and challenges the beast. “The veins stood out in her neck, under her ears, swelled in her arms, and wide and throbbing rose up on her fingers as she moved forward. . . . Then she began to bark also, crawling after him—barking in a fit of laughter, obscene and touching” (169–70). Robin’s becoming-dog resonates on multiple levels. Her ferociousness betokens the animality and instinctiveness of her inarticulate desires, yet also confirms the wayward innocence and unrelentlessness of her remorseless deserting of husband, son, and lover in order to pursue her nocturnal adventures. In adopting the pose of another creature, she demonstrates her denaturedness as a human being. Yet in returning close to Nora she also, despite her wild abandon, suggests an unvoiceable loyalty. Nora herself is doggedly devoted to Robin and embodies the degradation of loyal, spurned love. That Robin’s encounter with the dog and with the animal in herself occurs in a church also marks the profanity and yet intensity bordering on spirituality that characterizes Nora’s and Robin’s lesbian relation.

9. Ruth Rosengarten offers a reading of the series that focuses on abandonment rather than abandon. Basing her reading primarily on Bad Dog, she writes that the series “evokes the rush and humiliation, the poignant combination of eroticism and violence that happen within conditions of great intimacy; the expectation, the vertigo, the abdication of self that are at the heart of the lover’s affliction. . . . And love’s object, an implicit though physically absent male, remains insists in these works” (88).

10. Two Girls and a Dog possibly alludes to Watteau’s Fête in a Park (circa 1718), where two girls are playing with a dog on a leash, tugging at it. On the other side of the painting, three women sit with men, attracting their attention. Like Watteau, Rego points to the connection between dogs and lovers, or sex and control.

11. Jack Katz writes: “When there is a moment of revelation to others, the ashamed person often cannot or will not lift his or her head to perceive the others’ regard, and so he or she maintains a phantasmic sense of the others’ whose knowledge brings shame. In these cases, it is not actually seeing others seeing oneself that brings shame, since one may never quite catch their gaze. What brings shame is tainting toward oneself what one presumes is the view that others would have were they to look” (234).

12. Other animals in Animal Portraits include sheep, mice, pigs, rabbits, frogs, vipers, cats, and roosters.

13. Compare the shame of the dog-human hybrid in Jean Dutourd’s novel A Dog’s Head (1951).


15. With reference to Sartre, Beth Bjorkland analyzes the workings of le regard in this story.

16. Locating Ulrich Seidel on the broader spectrum of postmodern art, one can say that the visceral, the abject, or the Lacanian Real (think of David Lynch or Damien Hirst) can never be as wholly unmediated as its artists pretend it to be or want it to appear.

CHAPTER THREE

1. Compare Donna Haraway’s proclamation: “I resist being called the ‘moom’ to my dogs because I fear infantilization of the adult canines and misidentification of the important fact that I wanted dogs, not babies. My multispecies family is not about surrogacy and substitutes; we are trying to live other tropes, other metaphasms. We need other nouns and pronouns for the kin genres of companion species, just as we did (and still do) for the spectrum of genders” (86).

2. On the topic of bestiality, see Mids Dekkers.

3. Dekkers notes: “Compared with reality, in which it is virtually always men who actually copulate with animals, in art the roles are completely reversed. Since most artists over the centuries have been men, the reason for this role-reversal is obvious, because it corresponds with male fantasies. . . . [A] man identifies with the active party: the animal” (154–55).

4. My approach sets itself apart from Gerhard Neumann’s claim that the dog frequently symbolizes a “Mit-sich-Eigeneins in der unverwandelbaren Treue zu sich selbst” (108). He gives as examples of how the dog functions as guarantor of human identity the self-portraits of artists with their dogs (Hogarth, Courbet, Dali) or the dog in family portraits. As to the dogs who accompany women in paintings (Fragonard, Boucher), they serve as substitutes for the male, voyeuristic gaze. Without denying these art-historical traditions, I call into question that the dog merely indexically references fidelity to oneself, i.e., that authenticity is necessarily phantasmic and certified by recourse to “nature.” In the following works by women, I claim
that authenticity is an achievement attained through intersubjective communication with the dog.
5. See the section "Denying Animal Subjectivity" in Brian Luke.
7. Among the essays in Adams and Donovan's collection is Marian Scholtzmeier's, "Animals in Women's Fiction." She concludes that "seeking community with animals, these stories [by women authors] create whole worlds in defiance of obdurate conceptions of reality" (256).
8. For a fine article on the television series, see Jenkins.
9. The recent film *Because of Winn-Dixie* (2005), about a girl and the dog who adopts her, reverses this trend of focus on the juvenile male protagonist.
10. Might this definition of "repetition" counter its association with trauma and anxiety in Freud's psychoanalytic notion of the "repetition compulsion"? I thank the anonymous reader from the University of Chicago Press for this insight.
11. See Carol Adams's chapter "Examining the Arrogant Eye" in *Neither Man nor Beast*.
12. A former Guggenheim fellow, Pamela Stewart has written numerous books of poetry and has published in several national magazines and anthologies.
13. The third photo depicts one of the prostitutes, again in her undergarments, but this time in black shoes and stockings, posing on an ironing board set up outdoors. Lying on her stomach, she pulls a white toy dog up onto her hind legs. The dog is delighted at the attention and both appear engrossed in each other in a scene of domestic merriment.
14. Howie intriguingly compares Bellocco's photographs of prostitutes in the company of dogs with other early pornographic shots where the woman poses with the dog close to her genitals: in the latter, the relationship between woman and dog appears strained and uncomfortable for both (32–34). On the art historical tradition of associating the courtesan with the dog, see both Posner and Thompson.
15. When Sontag writes, "How touching, good natured, and respectful these pictures are" (6), or Goldin, "With the woman's obvious trust, warmth, and ease, these pictures transcend the normal customer-to-prostitute relationship" (91), I think they mistake the ease that comes from cool self-distanciation for naturalness. As Howie and I indicate, one needs to differentiate between photos.
16. Joseph Sandler notes that, in psychoanalytic terms, the phenomenon of some people resembling their dogs is most likely to be the consequence of narcissistic object choice (1103).
17. Natalie Kuuz is the author of the memoir *Road Song*, published by Farrar Straus and Giroux, which has been released in British, German, and Chinese editions. She teaches at Eastern Washington University and was previously the director of creative writing at Harvard University.
19. On the woman's position (mirrored in the dog) in a patriarchal society, see the chapter "Flush's Journey from Imprisonment to Freedom" in Squire.
20. See also Kathleen Keye on nineteenth-century French pet fancy.
21. For documentation on the Victorians' championing of animal rights, see Rod Frecce, *Ave for the Tiger, Love for the Lamb*.
22. Gertrude Stein also wrote a novel *Ida* (1941) about a woman and her succession of dogs, one of whom was named "Love." Stein tells of how Ida and her dog would hold hands together.
23. Derrida responds to Descartes' "Cogito ergo sum" similarly to Stein: "The animal looks at us, and we are naked before it. Thinking perhaps begins there" ("The Animal" 397).
24. Taking Benjamin's notion of intersubjectivity as a model for human-canine interaction goes beyond seeing the dog solely as a transitional object—to use Winnicott's term—that substitutively prepares one for interhuman relations. Winnicott refers to dolls and stuffed animals as instruments the child uses to substitute for human interactions; in playing with the toy, the child works through imaginary and emotional human situations. Marjorie Garber deploys the notion of transitional objects to refer to the dog as a "fantasy companion" (131). But to speak of the dog as a preparatory device for social adjustment, however apt when parents deliberate whether to acquire a pet for their children, is to infantilize human-canine connections.
25. Lerman's novels include *Animal Acts* (1994) and *God's Ear* (1989). She has also rewritten her 1979 novel *Eleanor* for the stage and television with Jean Stapleton playing Eleanor Roosevelt.
26. Similarly, in Ingeborg Bachmann's tale "Das Gebell" ([The barking [1972]]) an old woman starts imagining she hears dogs barking. They represent the unvoiced anger she harbors toward her callous son.
27. Similarly, "The dogs sit on my face and eat my brains" (75).
28. This fear mimics an attitude in scientific research. According to a CNN.com article on "Many Scientists Unwilling to Study Dogs" (November 21, 2002), "There are more studies on the call of the red winged blackbird than on what different dog barks mean. And there's more data on the head movements of some lizards than on what a dog's tail wagging means. This dearth of details on humans' most loyal companion might have something to do with scientists distancing themselves from anything that goes beyond cold, hard facts, said zoologist Patricia McConnell. 'Science has always been uncomfortable with emotions, so there's a real bias against studying domestic animals,' said McConnell."
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29. Although I have here concentrated on works by and about women, the implications for the representation of men and dogs are considerable. For instance, the realist tradition of black-and-white photography of the dog is replete with examples both of tough working- or lower-class men softened by the presence of the dog (Richard Billingham, Shelby Lee Adams) and of noble nudes with dogs (from the late nineteenth-century Wilhelm von Gloeden to Sally Mann). André Kertész’s 1928 “Marché aux animaux” and Danny Lyon’s 1967 “Knoxville TN” each depict a boy looking wanly while guarding a puppy as if clutching to the last vestiges of innocence. Roland Barthes wrote of Kertész’s picture: “That lower-class boy who holds a newborn puppy against his cheek ... looks into the lens with his sad, jealous, fearful eyes: what pitiable, lacerating pensiveness! In fact, he is looking at nothing; he retains within himself his love and his fear” (Camera Lucida 113). Contemporary Japanese photographer Yasushi Kanazawa has a collection entitled Tom and His Dog Banzai (1998) that ironically juxtaposes macho, tattooed Tom with his fat little terrier. The Spanish photographer Baylón included among his many shots of street dogs, one of a homeless man and his dog sleeping on the cement (“Terres con amo” [1987]). Similarly, the homeless American writer Lars Eighner has written movingly yet nonsentimentally on caring for his dog Libeth during times in which he could not extend this care to himself.

CHAPTER FOUR

1. As we shall also later see in the works by Michael Field, Marie Bonaparte, and Colette Audry.

2. Freud speaks of the melancholic’s “open wound” (10:43).

3. For a reading of Topsy as an allegory of the relations between Bonaparte and Sigmund and Anna Freud, see Reiser. She suggests that “Topsy may well have served as a way simultaneously to avoid and to express (indirectly) thoughts and concerns that all three shared. Freud wrote to Jones in May 1938, just as the translation was finished that ‘between beloved friends much should be obvious and remain unexpressed’” (685). Reiser also addresses Bonaparte’s relationship to her own father, as does, more extensively, Thompson.

4. On dogs as envoys to the afterlife, see the powerfully haunting story of a bed-ridden boy, his dog, and a revenant in Ray Bradbury’s short story, “The Frenzy” (1947).

5. All excerpts, citing poem number and/or title, are from the Chadwyck-Healey English Poetry Full-Text Database.

6. Note, also, the fourth poem that begins, “O Dionysus, at thy feet,” as if conjoining Christ and Dionysus as the “tragic god”: “Receive him, tragic god of tendrilled fire—/ Our sweetest . . . / Leave us not lonely!” Whyn Chow was buried on 1 February 1906 under an altar to Dionysus in the garden.

7. In contrast, there are isolated moments of profound, inconsolable bereavement, as in poem 26: “Thou art in a little grave, deep, deep, / Scooped in my heart.” Edith wrote the day Whyn died: “Today I have had the worst loss of my life—yes, worse than that of beloved Mother or the tragic father” (Field, Music and Silence 173).

8. Compare René Girard:

One of the brothers kills the other, and the murderer is the one who does not have the violence-outlet of animal sacrifice at his disposal. This difference between sacrificial and nonsacrificial cults determines, in effect, God’s judgement in favor of Abel. To say that God accedes to Abel’s sacrificial offerings but rejects the offerings of Cain is simply another way of saying—from the viewpoint of the divinity—that Cain is a murderer, whereas his brother is not. . . . According to Modern tradition, God delivered to Abraham the ram previously sacrificed by Abel. This ram was to take the place of Abraham’s son Isaac; having already saved one human life, the same animal would now save another. (4)

9. In the interview “Eating Well,” Derrick address this “sacrificial structure” underlying discourses about the animal, stating that “the ‘symbolic’ is very difficult, truly impossible to delimit in this case, hence the enormity of the task, its essential excessiveness, a certain unclassifiability or the monstrosity of that for which we have to answer here, or before which (whom?) we have to answer” (112). He then goes on to acknowledge the need to “sacrifice sacrifice” (113). Compare Stephen Webb: “The pet relationship is the opposite of scapegoating... Pet gives us a sacrifice that is antitechnical, based on a surplus of emotions and affection in which we give up something for the other in order to let the other become more than it otherwise would be rather than asking the other to give up its life so that we can benefit from it. What pets are for is, decisively, the end of the reign of animal sacrifice—the sacrifice of sacrifice” (154). Drawing out the implications of Christ’s own sacrifice to end all sacrifices he cites Carol Adams: “A Christology of vegetarianism would affirm that no more crucifications are necessary” (161). Webb further argues regarding a vegetarian eucharist: “To eat in memory of the sacrificed Jesus is to acknowledge our role in inflicting pain on others, while it is also to state our intentions not to participate in such cruelty in the future” (163).

10. Although we see the mothers of Ramiro, Octavio, and Susana, there is no mention of the fathers. Similarly, Valeria requests that Daniel not contact her father in Spain, who would only say she brought her misfortune on herself. And, of course, El Chivo is the absent father of Mara, who takes him for dead. The absence of good internal objects from the family, to speak with Melanie Klein, results in the projection of hated outward, onto the dog.

11. One may debate whether dogs can sense, as Lurie says, that their time has come. But why could they not? In visiting abattoirs for her work Dead
Meat, Sue Coe repeatedly observed the horror and fear of animals watching as, in front of them, their fellows are stunned and have their throats slit.

12. Wurmsen differentiates between shame as stemming from the violation of self and guilt from the violation of others (17). See Lewis’s helpful table on the differences between guilt and shame (113).

13. See also Elizabeth Costello’s words in The Lives of Animals: “To be alive is to be a living soul. An animal—and we are all animals—is an embodied soul” (33).

14. See Joseph de Maistre: “The innocent can pay for the guilt... a less valuable life can be offered and accepted for another” (358).

15. In The Lives of Animals, Elizabeth Costello compares the killing of animals in the meat industry to Treblinka.

16. See Derrida: “I situate disavowal at the heart of all these discourses on the animal” (“And Say the Animal” 128).

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