terms of his moral significance, the poet reflects, and follows at a distance, what his community really achieves through its work. Hence the moral view of the artist is invariably that he ought to assist the work of his society by framing workable hypotheses, imitating human action and thought in such a way as to suggest realizable modes of both.» In *Anatomy of Criticism* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1957), p. 113.

[26] For a discussion of the concept of a return to a state of bliss or pardise in theological writing and for Origen's part in that tradition, see Gerhart B. Ladner, *The Idea of Reform* (New York: Harper and Row, 1967), pp. 63-82, especially pp. 71-75.

[27] For a general discussion of the extent of changes made in the original text upon its translation into Spanish see *Obras completas*, ed. Ana María Rambaldo (Madrid: Espasa-Calpe, 1978), I, pp. xxviii-xxxi. For a more specific and in-depth look at the question see Juan Carlos Temprano, *Metas y móviles en la poesía pastoril de Juan del Encina* (Oviedo: University of Oviedo, 1975), and James A. Anderson, *Encina and Virgil* (University, Miss.: Romance Monographs, 1974), although Anderson deals only with numbers 1, 2, and 4.

[28] In The *Eclogues of Virgil*, ed. A.J. Boyle (Melbourne: The Hawthorn Press, 1976), p. 56, vv. 5-10. All subsequent references are to this edition.

[29] Ibid., p. 23.

[30] In the series *Incunables poéticos castellanos* (1953), which reproduces the 1485 incunable edition.

[31] Ed. Julio Rodríguez-Puértolas, in *Fray Iñigo de Mendoza y sus «Coplas de Vita Christi»* (Madrid: Gredos, 1968), str. 183, p. 400.

[32] «*Esclamacion e querella de la gouernacion,*» vv. 9-12, in *Cancionero de Gomez Manrique*, ed. A. Paz y Meliá (Madrid: Pérez Dubrull, 1885), I, p. 188.

[33] *Aspectos del vivir hispánico* (Madrid: Alianza, 1970), p. 23. Castro also cites, in this regard, Galíndez de Carvajal's *Anales del reinado de los Reyes Católicos* which chronicles what, for its author, is a return to an age of justice under the Catholic monarchs: «Entendieron en extirpar los tiranos, que había muchos por el reino, multiplicados con la falta de justicia de los años passados, y tenían opresa y agraviada la pobre gente,» in BAE, LXX, 535a.

[34] *Divina retribución, sobre la caída de España en tiempo del noble Rey Don Juan el Primero (Madrid: Sociedad de Bibliófilos Españoles, 1879), p. 73. See also pp. 69-70.*

[35] *Crónica de los Reyes Católicos,* ed. J. de M. Carriazo (Madrid: *RFE,* Anejo VIII, 1927), p. 6. Similarly, in a letter to the monarchs dated May 22, 1485, on the occasion of their having captured Ronda from the Moors, Valera reminds Fernando that it is his destiny to bring the peace of the Catholic religion to the world. In *Epistolas* (Madrid: Sociedad de Bibliófilos Españoles, 1978), p. 86.

BEYOND HISTORY AND MYTH THE CARNIVAL IN CARPENTIER'S *CONCIERTO BARROCO*

Structurally as well as in terms of its significance within the narrative, the Venetian carnival episode is at the center of Carpentier's *Concierto barroco*. In this episode Vivaldi meets Filomeno's Mexican master and is inspired by the story of Montezuma, and during this hallucinatory night Filomeno conducts his compelling baroque concert in the halls of the Ospedale della Pietá. The lingering traces of carnival's timeless revelry infect the participants of the early morning breakfast in the cemetery and serve as a conduit linking Vivaldi and Stravinsky, Filomeno and Louis Armstrong. For Carpentier, whose privileging of history has always been uneasily conjoined to a recognition of the power of indigenous myth, the European carnival setting offers new possibilities for melding these incompatible modes of structuring reality into a single vision.

On a first reading, the symbolic representatives of History and Myth seem astonishingly easy to identity. The Master, with his Spanish heritage, his European ties, his concern for logical reasoning, strict chronology, and verifiable fact appears to be almost a caricature representation of the demands of a Western historical sense. In the rationalistic model of history espoused by the Master, time is conceived of as a spatial continuum: «Prosigue tu historia en línea recta,» he warns his servant, «y no te metas en curvas ni transversales; que para sacar una verdad en limpio menester son muchas pruebas y repruebas.»[1] One moment follows another in an eternal succession; past and future frame the present in a delicate, but stable and orderly progression: a straight line with no curves, no disturbing cross-currents. Past prepares the way for present, and present lays the foundation for the future in a rigid, authoritarian order which is teleological in its general thrust and coherent in its metaphysics. The Master is unable to accept Vivaldi's rewriting of the Montezuma story, and sees the lavish opera not only as an abominable profanation of American history, but as a personal insult. Again, it is objectively verifiable fact that he insists upon: «'¡Falso, falso, falso; todo falso!' grita. . . . '¿Falso . . . que?'—pregunta, atónito, el músico.—'Todo. Ese final es una estupidez. La Historia. . .'» (p. 68). The Master carries the catchphrase «La Historia nos dice . . .» as a talisman to ward off incursions of a poetic or mythic nature; yet,

significantly in terms of the author's clear a-historical orientation, even the Master's furor is spent against the blank indifference of the opera composer to historical reality: «No me joda con la Historia en materia de teatro. Lo que cuenta aquí es la ilusión poética . . .» (p. 69).

All human relationships are predicated upon a parallel social mechanism, equally rigid, equally delicate. The death of his first body servant, Francisquillo, leaves the Master temporarily vulnerable, and this loss requires immediate replacement. The services rendered are of minor importance; the Master depends on the servant to provide a vital validation of his own brittle identity: «Y he aquí que el Amo se ve sin criado, como si un amo sin criado fuese amo de verdad. . . .» With the servant gone, the Master is lost; despite his mountains of silver he is once again reduced to the level of his picaresque ancestor who fled Spain «con una mano delante y otra atrás» (p. 19) to make his fortune in the New World.

While the Master insists upon the chronicles and the historical records as a basis from which to test reality, his servant is deeply imbued with a mythical or mythologized view of history. His authority is not to be found in the chronicles, but in a poetic variation on the chronicles (Silvestre de Balboa's *Espejo de paciencia*), and not yet in a verbatim rendering of the ode, but in an oral retelling subject to distortion and to the vagaries of memory. Filomeno's addiction to a mythologized oral tradition stands in strong contraposition to the historical rigidity of the Master, and Carpentier's well-known prejudice towards primitive culture facilitates the identification of Filomeno with the mythic elements of American culture.

In his insane cross-fertilizations of history and myth, Filomeno reveals the weakness of the Master's rigid mechanistic historical sense, and his implicit adherence to the principle of temporal flux poses a major threat to the petrified orders of the Mexican's spatialized model. The Master finds the more extravagant references in Filomeno's tale easy to dismiss as «cosa de excesiva imaginación por parte del poeta Balboa,» and in his arrogant superiority is even mildly amused that «un negrito de Regla fuese capaz de pronunciar tantos nombres venidos de paganismos remotos» (p. 24). Filomeno's view of the world includes relations that do not stop with an orderly progression from past to present and into the future; instead, relations cross boundaries, reinfect, revitalize, change the past. Time does not evolve in a spatialized succession, but exists in an eternal present of magic participation punctuated by anti-genealogical interruptions. Again, despite his contempt, the Mexican himself makes similar extravagant associations at the height of the carnival celebration, linking meditations in the cemetery to those of «un príncipe de Dinamarca aficionado a jugar con calaveras, a semejanza de los chamacos mexicanos en días de Fieles Difuntos» (p. 55). The Master, in his private musings and unguarded moments, is no more immune to mythic interconnections than his supposedly more historically naive servant.

Thus, there is something in the tone of Carpentier's work which defies facile identifications, and on a closer examination History and Myth begin to shift and glide into each other. The Master is distanced from the reader; he exists in the novel as a counterpoint to the more strikingly portrayed servant, and achieves the generality of myth through this careful depersonalization. This nameless Master is able to shift identites—he *becomes* Montezuma in the carnival—, while Filomeno, who cannot use a disguise, remains constantly and stubbornly individualized. Furthermore, if by ancestry Filomeno seems to embody an American myth, it is most certainly a transplanted (black) rather than an indigenous one, and by his very name he is linked to the same Greco-Roman roots of Western civilization that give rise to the historical perspectives of his Master. Philomena (or Philomela) was in Greek myth the unfortunate beauty who was raped, then had her tongue cut out by her brother-in-law, Tereus. In revenge she and her sister fed Tereus the body of his own son and the gods—here the stories differ—changed Philomena and her sister Procne into a nightingale and a swallow. Carpentier's Filomeno is both a chattering swallow in his efforts to retell a garbled history, and a passionate nightingale who coaxes enchanting music from the golden throat of his horn. And yet, he is neither. The name Philomena has had its mythic resonance worn off through over-use; the story of the nightingale/swallow has been a source of inspiration for great poets from Shakespeare to T.S. Eliot as well as a classical locus for much bad verse. It is a much used name, a second-hand name which has now descended to a character whose function is more in the tradition of the Spanish pícaro archetype than that of tragic pain and passion.

Filomeno's interest in the oral tradition is similarly adulterated by second-hand mythological references. Naively, he inserts mythic ornaments drawn from Balboa's ode into the texture of his tale, describing with all seriousness the «sátiros, faunos, silvanos, semicarpos, centauros, náyades, y hasta hamadríadas 'en naguas'» that formed an audience to the scene of his ancestor's triumph (p. 24). These «paganismos remotos» are brought to life and rejuvenated by Filomeno in the same manner that Vivaldi brings to life and rejuvenates the story of Montezuma in his opera, with a similar result. Vivaldi complains that «me voy cansando de asuntos manidos. ¡Cuántos Orfeos, cuántos Apolos, cuántas Ifigenias, Didos y Galateas! Habría que buscar asuntos nuevos. . .» (p. 50). Nevertheless, the composer's decision to abandon classical myth for the fresher possibilities of historical romance is, as Filomeno's earlier attempt at just such a genre would indicate, only a very limited success. Like Salvador Golomón, Montezuma is only partially realized as a new myth, and the incipient mythic potency of the story is sapped by the recycling, once again, of tired classical allusions. Thus Teutile, the fictional daughter of Vivaldi's Montezuma, expresses her desire to throw herself into the flames «tal Dido Abandonada» but is convinced that it would be more aesthetically pleasing to offer herself for sacrifice «cual nueva Ifigenia» instead (p. 66). The «hamadríadas 'en naguas'» would have applauded furiously.

Even those preliminary considerations point to the unsettling effect of an image system which is as changeable and as falsely symmetrical as the baroque concert itself. Any recognition of regularity proves to be a delusion. The characters, apparently so clearly identified, hide secret faces behind carnival masks of resemblances, masks which are not uncanny projections of some feared nightmare, but masks which are also real, also part of reality, a parallel reality. Carpentier shows scant respect for tales of the past whether they are cast in the form of «true» histories (the Master) or extravagant primitive or classic myth (Filomeno). Throughout this narrative, Carpentier intimates the existence of and the necessity for a carnivalesque redefinition of history and myth no longer seen in terms of a past available to periodic resurrection, but in terms of a timeless presence, a poetic history, a living myth. He combats the excess of rationalized history and the excess of tired, rationalized myth with a subtle evasion of time-ridden constraints in the evocation of the carnival spirit, in what Harold Bloom calls the «lying against time» without which «no mythology is possible.»[2]

The carnival, as Bakhtin finds in his *Rabelais and His World,* is both historically timely and outside of time: it «stands on the borderline between life and art,» between history and myth, between remembered past and eternal presence. It is a participatory feast which cannot be *seen* as a theatrical representation is seen, as an opera or a concert is seen, but only experienced in its absolute freedom from the quotidian restraints of hierarchy. «While the carnival lasts,» says Bakhtin, «there is no other life outside it.»[3] Classical myth cannot touch it; only living myth has the power and overdetermination of significance to encompass such a breach with rational historical perception. Fittingly (and paradoxically), in Carpentier's novel the boundaries of such a vast and shocking break with perceived reality are marked out by the very epitome of historical man's mechanistic sense of time. Thus, Chapter III ends with an evocation of the «ciclones que arrancarían las campanas de San Pedro, cada diez años, más o menos, como sucedía en La Habana con las iglesias de San Francisco y del Espíritu Santo» (p. 31). Likewise, when the cyclone of carnival has spent itself, leaving participants exhausted by their unaccustomed revelry, the return of a historicized existence is once again marked by reference to a clock: this time, «accionando sus martillos de bronce, daban la hora los 'mori' de la torre del Orologio» (p. 57). The bells of the Orologio resound throughout the remainder of the novel, marking the passage of time, giving evidence of historical conflicts, indicating the approach of death or death-in-life, and, inevitably, signalling the return of myth to fill the vacuum left the empty clamoring of our historical selves. «Man today,» says Neitzsche, «stripped of myth, stands famished among all his pasts and must dig frantically for roots. . . . What does our great historical hunger signify, our clutching about us of countless other cultures, our consuming desire for knowledge, if not the loss of myth, of a mythic home, the mythic womb?»[4]

In the desperate clutching at such mythic straws as are offered them in

the carnival, the great eighteenth century composers and the girls of the Ospedale della Pietá abandon their neo-classical concert to fall into the carnivalesque rhythms of Filomeno's Cuban ritual:

> Y haciendo ademán de matar la sierpe del cuadro con un enorme cuchillo de trinchar, gritó:
> —La culebra se murió,
> Ca-la-ba-són
> Son-són.
> Ca-la-ba-són,
> Son-són.
> —Kábala-sum-sum-sum—coreó Antonio Vivaldi. . . (p. 45).

Significantly, Filomeno's ritual is inspired by the drama of our original severance from mythic perfection and eternal life, the drama of the temptation of Eve by the serpent, a scene which gives vivid life to Nietzsche's assertion of our hopeless attraction to our lost, paradisiacal, mythic womb. Vivaldi, seizing on mythic reverberations associated with his own Christian tradition, swerves suggestively from Filomeno's «Ca-la-ba-són» to «Kábala-sum»; a purposefully erroneous reception of the black man's song which he interprets as a reference to the esoteric Kabbalah, the very science of reception. Vivaldi's mishearing of the refrain is doubly pointed since it refers the reader not only to the non-Christian elements of Christianity, but also to a theory which despises conventional history and regards, as Nietzsche likewise regarded, the historical categories of cause and effect as mere rhetorical devices.[5] It is clearly a baroque transformation of the primitive theme.

But Carpentier goes still further, since the significance of the phrase is not used up in its changing nature, but in its own self-destructiveness. Even in Vivaldi's slight transformation of the encantory refrain the reader is reminded of the overarching presence of system and its power to reassert its dominance. The Kabbalah, a systematic tradition, intrudes conspicuously in what Norman O. Brown calls the «interval of timeless formlessness»[6] where rules are abandoned and energies are directed against the concept of recognition either historical or a-historical. The reference to the Kabbalah and to the ecclesiastical habits that rule Vivaldi even in this surge of unconscious response add to the piquancy of the carnival flavor. The carnival is, and must be, a passing moment, which attains its timeless and formless characteristics only in contrast to the strict chronology and stable form of the surrounding periods. Eccentricities are permitted—but for the moment only. Vivaldi takes a proscribed doctrine and forges of it a forbidden self: «Kábala sum.» His inspired misinterpretation of the primitive ritual takes that ritual out of its unknown culture and inserts it into his culture, making of the song a baroque composition while at the same time signalling the end of the concert, the end of the carnival, the return of system.

Parallel transformations are taking place throughout the city on other levels: «Mudando la voz, las damas decentes se libraban de cuantas obscenidades y cochinas palabras se habían guardado en el alma durante meses, en tanto que los maricones . . . aflautaban el tono de proposiciones que no siempre caían en el vacío» (pp. 34-35). Dream structures take visible form, and the self-degradation of decent women and secret homosexuals to the forbidden lower stratum of genital urges is a lowering of self which is parody and more than parody. Decent women for a brief moment come down to earth, down to the fruitful Earth, to contact with the mythic womb-tomb of their darkest bodily urges. For them, as for the opera composer, this stolen moment has a special piquancy; they too must change their voice and their accustomed song to achieve such catharsis, and thus the immorality they parody reasserts the morality they live. This time outside both time and law reaffirms the power of timeliness and lawfulness.

Despite the omnipresent overarching system, marked by the reverberations of the «mori» of the Orologio, carnival not only parodies historical time, but is dissociative to it, and in the height of celebration not only history, but identity as well is lost. Under the carnival mask a weak individual identity is subsumed in the crowd, the particular one is merged in the many, differences are at one and the same time ignored and redefined. In the carnival, says Carpentier, «todo el mundo, entonces, cambió de cara» (p. 35), and the masquers become that which they represent in the same manner that, for a time and in this space, the Master *is* Montezuma and the girls of the Ospedale *are* the instruments they play. As with the people on the street outside, so too the young women, freed from the tyranny of the instrument which is now self, mill about and shift into incongruous combinations: «se formaron parejas de óboe con tromba, clarino con regale, cornetto con viola, flautino con chitarrone, mientras los violini piccoli alla francese se concertaban en cuadrilla con los trombones» (p. 47). For Bakhtin, the mask «is connected with the joy of change and reincarnation, with gay relativity and with the merry negation of uniformity and similarity.»[7] The unification of the mask provides a temporary bond, a mass identity «algo así como una sinfonía fantástica» (p. 47), but this identity proves illusory and with the morning light the gay relativity disintegrated into colorlessness which, even while unrecognized, signals the end of the interlude: «Seguía el holgorio . . . sin que las máscaras trasnochadas pensaran en refrescar sus disfraces que, en la creciente claridad, iban perdiendo la gracia y el brillo» (p. 49). The growing clarity of the new dawn recalls the masquers not only to the end of the magic interval of freedom from a socially fixed identity, but also indicates a return to the «clarity» of historical distinctions.

The system, then, is present even in the most dissociative and abandoned frenzies of the carnival, and it is clear that the carnival is, and must be, a passing moment. Nevertheless, just as the system infects the carnival, so too the reverberations of the carnival spirit echo through the novelistic

aftermath. The carnival serves as a necessary restorative, freeing humankind from that «excess of history» described by Nietzsche as an «enemy to the life of a time.»[8] It is this world of historical excess to which Carpentier introduces the reader in the first pages of the novel with the description of the silver-rich Mexican perverted from vital functions by a deadly superabundance of precious metal. The Master's morning ablutions testify to his failed attempt to maintain hierarchy and exercise control over his excessive possessions. As servants pack silver utensils in «las sordas penumbras de cajas de madera,» the Master

> . . . sólo hacía sonar la plata, de cuando en cuando, al orinar magistralmente, con chorro certero, abundoso y percutiente, en una bacinilla de plata, cuyo fondo se ornaba de un malicioso ojo de plata, pronto cegado por una espuma que de tanto reflejar la plata acababa por parecer plateada. . . .(p. 9).

The contrast of the dark boxes with the brightness of the silver, the silence of the wood with the sound of the silver, the «fuertes cerrojos» of the boxes, locked under the vigilant eye of the Master, with the «malicioso ojo» of the chamber pot of silver, all combine to emphasize the ritualistic nature of the morning ceremony. That malicious eye, which already hints at the rapidity with which an excess of history can be converted into its equally excessive opposite, is here blinded by the magisterial force of a ritual urination. The eye will return, however, malicious silver become lewd winks behind the non-reflective «brillo» of the carnival masks. In the carnival, such assertions of mastery are rejected out of hand, hierarchies are reversed, and the image of degradation (being urinated on) would be greeted with the same half-malicious acceptance that greets the emergence of closet homosexuals and smiles at the indecencies of decent women.

As with social hierarchies, so too with temporal ones; time, like social structure, can be reversed at will and the «trastrueque de apariencias» (p. 62) has a fitting analogue in the labyrinthine temporal twists of the farewell scene between Master and servant at the train station (itself a startling anachronism in this tale which began with an eighteenth century setting): «—'¡Adiós!' —'¿Hasta cuándo?' —'¿Hasta mañana?' —'O hasta ayer . . .'» (p. 80). This baroque text, typified by the scission between rational existence and carnival madness, between spatialized history and atemporal myth, is necessarily an ironic text, a possible/impossible text, always verging on its own destruction. It is «la más descoyuntada farándula que pudiera imaginarse» (p. 46), «una mermelada» (p. 54), an unstable configuration rather than a coherent form. Haendel, the master musician, is unable to comprehend the aesthetic of the baroque form, and grasps for the consolation of whatever formalist elements yet remain. Only Filomeno has the wit to recognize the rigor beneath the feigned disorder. Referring to the impromptu concert of the night before, a performance deplored by

Haendel, Filomeno is staunch in its defense: «Yo diría más bien que era como una *jam session*,» he tells the assembled composers, «con palabras que, por lo raras, parecían desvaríos de beodo» (p. 54). What Filomeno recognizes in the baroque concert of the carnival is the defeat of the magisterial order which proclaims one form, one voice, one time, one reality in favor of the linking together of an indefinite number of forms, voices, times, and realities in a single composition which stands outside the conventional definitions of order and chaos.

The carnival encounter between Vivaldi and the Master is, of course, the critical event which inspires the composer to write an opera about the Aztec king. Thus it is that the opera grows directly out of the carnival, and while it shares with the carnival the pagentry and the a-historical fantasy, it is a spectacle of a very different order. «Montezuma» is a drama enacted; the carnival is a drama lived in the fullest possible participatory mode. The spectator is not similarly caught up in the action of the operatic representation as the women of the Ospedale are caught up in the performance of the carnival evening concert. Instead, the opera goers are distanced from the drama on the stage; they risk becoming passive to the play which goes on before their eyes. Like the actors, who are distanced from the subject by the mediation of second-hand myth, the spectators are distanced from the actors by the conventions of the theater public.

The Master, a perfect theater goer and former Montezuma, is both detached from the action going on in front of him on the stage, and subliminally identified with it. His reactions indicate his ritual attachment to the representative forms, theatrical, social, and political. At times his identification seems complete: «—'¡Bravo! ¡Bravo! —clama el indiano—: ¡Así fue! ¡Así fue!' —'¿Estuvo usted en eso?'—pregunta Filomeno, socarrón. —'No estuve, pero digo que así fue y basta'. . .» (p. 66). Yet, these early signs of approval fade, his «bravos» soon change to cries of «falso» as the operatic version of the story diverges more and more openly from his own private historiography, and Carpentier makes us aware that these two Montezumas, Master and opera, are far from the only alternative views of the Aztec king. Is the Master's Montezuma any less fraudulent than the composer's? Hardly. The malicious silver eye seems to wink again as we recall the early pages of the novel where, in the enumeration of the Mexican's riches, the author gives a prominent place to another representation of Montezuma, the one which, presumably, the Master carries in his mind as the one true and faithful portrait: «Pero el cuadro de las grandezas estaba allá, en el salón de los bailes . . . donde historiábase, por obra de un pintor europeo que de paso hubiese estado en Coyoacán, el máximo acontecimiento de la historia del país. Allí, un Montezuma entre romano y azteca . . . aparecía sentado en un trono cuyo estilo era mixto de pontificio y michoacano. . . (p. 11). Clearly, the Mexican dressed as Montezuma is no more faithful to the historical figure than the Italian opera singer dressed now in quetzal feathers, now as a Spanish gentlemen, or the painted Montezuma whose facial contours take on the aspect of a Roman coin.

All of these Montezumas—painted, carnivalesque, operatic, and historical—are fraudulent representations, all are distanced, as Filomeno's ironic and sarcastic remarks remind us, from the twin baroque concerts of «el negrito Filomeno» (p. 79) and «el prodigioso Louis» (p. 82). The Master fades into nonexistence alongside the vitality of the servant, and it is Filomeno/Louis who sounds the call to Revolution, and with the golden music, not of a nightingale but of a trumpet, ushers in a new age. It is the age of the «*yos,* que somos muchos y seremos *mases* cada día» (p. 79), the «I's» who refuse to subordinate themselves to the hierarchical orders—be it in music or in society, the individuals who are not passive to the play of history, voicing their objections in the sterile repetition of tired formulae. They are the participants in the carnival who, when they go to the opera, carry with them the spontaneity of the carnival's orgiastic behavior. «Es que aquí,» complains Haendel, «nadie toma nada en serio,» and he watches bemused as the spectators eat, drink, play cards, and fornicate in the boxes (p. 37). Fraudulent history and tired myth are both rejected in this joyful outpouring of life, of a history lived fully in the present tense.

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NOTES

[1] Alejo Carpentier, *Concierto barroco* (México: Siglo veintiuno editores, 1974), p. 21. Further references will be contained within the text.

[2] Harold Bloom, *Agon: Towards a Theory of Revisionism* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1982), p. 67.

[3] Mikhail Bakhtin, *Rabelais and His World*, trans. Hélène Iswolsky (Cambridge, Mass.: M.I.T. Press, 1968), pp. 7-8.

[4] Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*, trans. Francis Golffing (New York: Doubleday, 1956), p. 137.

[5] cf. Harold Bloom, *Kabbalah and Criticism* (New York: Seabury Press, 1975), pp. 15, 25.

[6] Norman O. Brown, *Closing Time* (New York: Random House, 1973), p. 44.

[7] Bakhtin, p. 39.

[8] Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Use and Abuse of History*, trans. Adrian Collins (New York: Liberal Arts Press, 1957), p. 28.