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A Vertigo of Displacement: An Introduction to the Sartrean Spectacle of *L'Idiot de la famille*

“One of my friends said the other day that ‘The new cogito is ‘They’ve been talking about me in the newspapers, therefore I am.’”

— Michel Contat interviewing Jean-Paul Sartre¹

Two major (i.e., newsworthy) events happened for France in mid-April, 1980. Immediately, these events battled for attention, for space, in a contest that most frequently took the media form of “preempting.” On the one hand, the event of “high intellectual import” — the death of Jean-Paul Sartre, the passing of an era, the closing of a system, even perhaps of a way of life for French culture. Instantly, this became a *media* event — revival of plays, endless testimonies and in-the-street interviews (for example, a policeman interviewed in front of the Centre Pompidou, “[His death] is a sort of liberation for me. Now I’ll no longer have to see his ugly face on television”).² And yet, as important in terms of media attention — even more so for much of the popular press — was the birth of twins for Denise Fabre, *speakerine* on French television. The *speakerine* is an enduring oddity of the French sexual division of labor — a woman chosen for poise and stereotypic beauty and whose function is to appear before the start of the evening shows, breathlessly extoll the virtues of these shows, and then efface herself through a silent immobility that dissolves into the spectacle of the evening’s entertainments. While the television channel authorities seem, à la Busby Berkeley, to regard the women as anonymous, interchangeable figures, audiences pick out certain *speakerines* and elevate them to celebrity status. Denise Fabre, in particular, became a favored subject of articles and interviews, and her pregnancy and then the excitement of twins simply gave the media more to work with. Endlessly, there was discussion of the happy mother, the choice of the children’s names, their weight, etc., etc.

For the most part, “Fabre” and “Sartre” existed as two separate events, objects of a kind of pluralist code-switching that seemed to

revel in the endless variety of worldly experience. But the weekly satire magazine, *Charlie Hebdo*, one of France's equivalents to *National Lampoon*, was different. With Sartre dead too late in the week to be immediately picked up by the weeklies, one had to wait almost a week and a half for *Charlie Hebdo's* appearance, knowing full well that it would do something irreverent. What the magazine came up with was all too symptomatic of its skewed humor: on the top of the cover, a title reads, "Sartre is dead but Denise Fabre has twins" and below, there is a drawing of the mother with her two children, each of whom has only one gigantic eye, each eye moreover looking in the reverse direction of the other. Virtually avoiding Sartre as "thinker," eschewing the famous picture of a heroic and questing Sartre walking across a desert that dotted the cover of so many other journals of the moment, *Charlie Hebdo* reduced Sartre to nothing more than his eye malady — to his image, his look, an awkward and crooked look. This image became an excessive motif throughout the issue; for example, two full pages of imagined journal covers spoke of "The truth about Sartre: he could simultaneously look at his hat and his shoes" or announced "Yes!! Sartre changed civilisation" with the image showing an endless field of what appear to be Foucault look-alikes who are all cross-eyed or wall-eyed.

All this might seem a mere triviality, an epiphenomenal irrelevance at best or an inexcusable lapse into bad taste at worst. But, in another way, *Charlie Hebdo's* jest-ure may have been one of the few perceptive ones. As French television preempted regular programming to give the spectacle of Raymond Aron arguing that Sartre had done nothing right since the 1930's and André Glucksmann appropriating Sartre for the camp of the New Philosophers, perhaps *Charlie Hebdo* had caught something central to an understanding of Sartre and, indeed, to a potential understanding of any leading intellectual in the twentieth century: namely, the need to understand the ways in which it is not merely a tradition of thought that produces the intellectual but, rather, a whole complex of forces, including especially the force of public images, of media promotion, of the constitution of the intellectual as an element in a social spectacle. Not so different from Einstein's brain as analyzed in *Mythologies* by Roland Barthes,³ Sartre seems to exist primarily as "Sartre," an image in precisely the sense that Sartre himself stakes out (although in an admittedly apolitical way) in *L'Imagination* and *L'Imaginaire*: an imaginary construction or projection that seeks to transcend what it views as the brutal and brutish reductions of a contingent and menacing materiality. The intellectual as imagistic construct becomes a site or sight for all sorts of cultural investments, the constitution of a particular *picture* of knowledge.

What would it mean to study the intellectual as an element of and in “the Society of the Spectacle?”⁴ It seems that we have rarely asked such a question. Instead, following a culture that believes that “to see” and “to know” are equivalent terms, we erect and assume an epistemological faith in a realism based on the grasping clarity of sharp sight. Analysis in such an epistemology becomes a probing look that perceptively sees through superficial distortions to reach a truth that is stable, in place: a move from *eidolon* to *ideal*. To cite an almost random example, we have Michel Foucault — now our stereotype for the intellectual who (in *Discipline and Punish*) most grasps the ties of sight (or surveillance) and power — declaring that, “All of this [the functioning of discourse] has to be brought together and made *visible* by the historian. And in my view, this task consists rather in making all these discourses *visible* in their strategic connections than in constituting them as unities”⁵ From the announcement of the intellectual’s privileged escape from Plato’s cave to Marx’s inversion of the camera obscura of ideology and so on, we continue to live out an epistemology of seeing. And yet what critics like Debord suggest is that escape or inversion may all too often be mythic fantasies, novelistic fictions by which we image or imagine a radical freedom for knowledge that the social field doesn’t allow knowledge actually or ultimately to possess. Indeed, the Society of the Spectacle is a world in which images have so blurred our notions of illusion and reality that we can no longer assume the binary opposition of such terms; illusion becomes our reality. Even the critique of reification, with its assumption of a reality prior to or behind reification’s process, becomes potentially one more alibi of power, an assumption that what the critic or analyst says must be the correct *view* or *insight* as against the common world of common blindness. In the Society of the Spectacle, we move beyond mediation to what we might call media-tion, the living out of images created in media and circulated to such a degree that they become social determinants. The “relative autonomy” of culture and signification ceases to be a structural *effect* of a base that is determinate in “the last instance” and becomes instead a momentary determination itself, an interaction of base and superstructure to such a degree that it becomes impossible to say which is which.

In a world of images, what function does an intellectual perform? The question is already symptomatic in the ambiguity of *perform*. On the one hand, does the intellectual really *do* something — that is, engage in that kind of effective transforming of reality that we can call *praxis* and that Sartre himself defines as follows: “Every *praxis* contains several moments. Action partially negates what *is* (the practical field offers itself as a situation *to be changed*) for the benefit of what *is*

not (an end to be reached . . .)?"⁶ Or, on the other hand, does the intellectual simply perform a play, act out a script whose imaginariness is its only reality?

It is no doubt not coincidental that much of our vocabulary of "direct action" is also our vocabulary for theater, that unreal place where every activity takes on a double status, like the actor playing Hamlet who pops up again and again in Sartre's *L'Idiot de la famille* as an example of a case where we don't know what precisely we are watching or applauding (the actor, a great role or some blend of the two?). Similarly, a "role" is, on the one hand, a mark of a "functional responsibility" (thus, we talk of the government's "role" in such things as the economy) but, on the other hand, a role is the assumption of a false identity, the playing out of a part. Similarly, to perform is to do but also not to do (so, for example, to perform a murder on stage is not always to kill actually — which is why so many detective writers, Ngaio Marsh especially, have used stage settings as the place for real murder). What is an *actor*? Why indeed does the word *theater* itself — which etymologically goes back to a notion of *contemplation* and safe *observation*, the separation of spectacle and spectator and of role and reality — become a word to describe the active clash of veritably deadly forces, as when we refer, for example, to such notions as a "European Theater of War?" It seems only another appropriate sign of such reversals that film studies especially has come to use as an active verb a word that originates from the passive reception of images: to spectate.

To be sure, there have been intellectual attempts to disavow such a takeover by the image and by theatricality of the form of everyday life. Most of these attempts take the form of an asserted faith in realism, in the reversion to a notion of a world that simply is. To cite only one example, Austin and Searle's creation of a speech-act theory of language — which talks about such forms as the aptly named *performative* utterance — can only imagine language as an *action* by disavowing its possibilities as game, play, sham, pose, or theater. The types of language "performance" that Searle and Austin exclude from attention as "infelicitous" include language used in theater, in fiction, and in the role-playing of everyday life. What the speech-act theorists may miss, as Derrida and Jonathan Culler especially have pointed out, is the possibility that speech today is never univocal, teleologically oriented toward a single end but, rather, always polyvalent, polysemic — a performance as well as performative. Austin and Searle banish one form of linguistic performance to erect another as the site of linguistic realism. It seems ironically appropriate, then, that in the society of the spectacle, at least one film — the 40's musical, *You'll Never Get Rich* — bases its happy ending on a direct inversion of one

of Austin's central examples of infelicitous communication — the case of a wedding where not all participants are making "serious" claims: unable to convince Rita Hayworth to marry him, Fred Astaire hires a real preacher to perform the on-stage wedding in the play that Hayworth and Astaire are performing in, and so force the unwitting Hayworth to be married to him.

Are the only alternatives for the intellectual that of a naive realism (for example, Gadamer's invocations of common sense as one source of historical knowing) or a begrudging acceptance of one's own spectacle? It is such a question that I want to begin — but only begin — to raise by examining the case of Sartre and, most specifically, his *L'Idiot de la famille*. The emphasis of *L'Idiot* — especially in volumes 1 and 3 — on the ways that individuals take place as the virtual result of a society's emplacement or what Sartre calls the "programmation" of them makes such an analysis doubly appropriate, since Sartre's sense here that we are what our situation allows us to be is a potentially forceful challenge to any notion of "freedom," of precisely that sort of radical freedom that Sartre's earlier work so imagined as the power of the writer. Within the society of the spectacle, I thus want to raise the question of freedom and necessity in and from a book that is about freedom and necessity.

Curiously, despite his erection into a publicly known figure, Sartre has not been the object of any extended study that would treat him as a cultural image or, even, as a cultural performer.⁷ Perhaps the closest thing to an exception is the short, enticing suggestion, made by Fredric Jameson in a review of *The Family Idiot*, that we might use Sartre as a critic of *consumer society*:

[I]t should not be thought that the nihilism of the imaginary, as it is elaborately anatomized in *The Family Idiot* is a mere 19th-century curiosity or a local feature of some specifically French middle-class culture; nor is it a private obsession of Jean-Paul Sartre himself. Turning things into images, abolishing the real world, grasping the world as little more than a text or sign-system — this is notoriously the very logic of our own consumer society, the society of the image or the media event (. . .) This is the sense in which *The Family Idiot* — at first glance so cumbersome and forbidding a project — may well speak with terrifying immediacy to Americans in the 1980's.⁸

Overwhelmingly, most writers have treated Sartre as one of the last of the classic realists, a believer in the possibility of knowledge's non-alterity or non-difference from itself. More specifically, Sartre has rarely been treated as a participant in what a cliché now sums up as the "linguistic turn" in philosophy. In this view, Sartre would have no theory or sense of language as signifying practice, no notion of the

ways “direct” action is doubled, mediated, differed and deferred, deviated by representations. For example, in an essay on the linguistic turn, Martin Jay disposes of Sartre in one sentence: “In France, linguistic philosophy has generally meant something different than in England or Germany. Here the turn came a generation later than in England. After the waning of existentialism, which at least in its Sartrean form paid little attention to language, French culture discovered the revolution in linguistics begun by Ferdinand de Saussure.”⁹ In probably only two ways have Sartre critics allowed for the possibility of a spectacle of linguistic forms and representations in Sartre. On the one hand, they search for a hierarchical binary opposition in Sartre’s work; that is, they allow that Sartre had a notion of verbal theatricality but that he rigidly banished this verbliness to a low-point in the epistemological hierarchy (and, to be sure, some of Sartre’s pronouncements encourage this perspective). Representation becomes the same as illusion which becomes the same as that “bad faith” against which Sartre (at least in this reading of him) invoked the good faith of a totalizing, fully transparent and meaningful epistemology. On the other hand, a deconstructionist like Dominick LaCapra will argue that *language* is the veritable unconscious of Sartre’s philosophy, a vibrant force that Sartre tries to banish but that comes back as a disturbing, mocking return of the repressed.¹⁰ LaCapra will then suggest that one read Sartre for the momentary hesitations, the little instances and insistences in which a language of intended transparency ends up demonstrating its own opacity or plurality. Yet in the same way as deconstruction is able to promote itself as classicism’s difference only by constructing a reified image of classicism and so can find subversions only at the margins of the dominant system, we might argue that LaCapra is able to see Sartre’s engagement with language as marginal to the intended center of his work only because LaCapra has already reified that center as being centrally anti-linguistic.

To be sure, there is a quite strong realist side in Sartre. This seems to emerge most intensely in the *Critique of Dialectical Reason* where the progressive-regressive method allows the materialist anthropologist the hope of a transparent view of social relations. Language here is most frequently a solely negative force, one that blocks the coming to open reciprocity of social beings: Sartre literally equates language and the practico-inerte, that force of alienation in which the human subject’s past constructions are passed down to others as a burdensome, deadening weight. In LaCapra’s words, “*La Critique* (. . .) begins with individuals confronting nature or matter, and it has only a purely negative comprehension of institutions, which appear only late in the text under the guise of what occurs with the ‘fall’ from the spontaneous

group-in-fusion into renewed forms of alienation. Hence the praxis of the individual is not perceived as internally 'altered' from the very 'beginning' of anything recognizable as human praxis — and in ways that need not be purely negative — by institutional and linguistic processes not freely and fully possessed by the individual."¹¹ More generally, we might suggest at least two ways in which realism can manifest itself in Sartre's work — what we might provisionally refer to as the *analytico-referential* and *hermeneutic* modes of epistemology.¹²

Analytico-referentiality here is a positive knowledge of the most classic sort: a Cartesian-inspired epistemology that understands objects of knowledge to be fixed, univocal unities of meaning; that takes form to be a mere contingency effacing itself in the expression of a signified; and that assumes subjects to be masterful graspers of reality's essential and inevitably unambiguous truths. In contrast, hermeneutics, as most represented by Gadamer, sees cognition as a mutual interaction of subject and object in which mastery gives way to reciprocal transformation. Such an approach might seem anti-realist in its conception of the unfixed and unfixable nature of the original object of knowledge, but Gadamerian epistemology draws back from relativism: individual horizons of knowledge are always partial but, through a "fusion of horizons," subject and object meet in the clarity of an expansive but ultimately positive knowledge.

Sartre, we can suggest, is analytico-referential in those moments when he tries to take a coldly rational, fixed view on the objects of his world. Here he reproduces a whole masculine complex that conceives of scientific knowledge as a masterful knowledge and that questions a world without ever seeing itself in question: not surprisingly, this masculinist epistemology most shows up when Sartre discusses femininity or those forces that he associates with femininity-passivity, viscosity, homosexuality.¹³ It also manifests itself in blanket condemnations of figures or forces that Sartre expels from himself with so much repulsion that one can wonder if they are not in some way Sartre's Other or self-threatening reflection of himself. It is as reified analysis that some scholars have condemned Sartrean biography, with its ostensible ensnaring of the biographical object within the rigid limits of a seemingly *a priori* judgemental position. For example, Douglas Collins reads Sartre's *Baudelaire* as a purely analytico-referential study of the most scientifically and epistemologically conservative sort: "[Sartre]'s sovereign dissections, especially in *Baudelaire*, admit no remainder, pretend to dissipate all shadows, fix existence spatially, in short see death in life. The vital movement of existence is sacrificed to a knowledge of it . . . His search for truth is insufficiently detached from the forms of hegemony."¹⁴

Collins' approach is a hermeneutic one; he would like Sartre to substitute for a deadening and reifying scientism a more open fairness, a dialogism in which Sartre tells the life of his biographical characters without distorting the vital richness of those lives. Yet Collins' distinction between "knowledge" and "vital movement" is an obvious mythological or fictional move; hermeneutics shares with analytico-referentiality more of a faith in the positive grasping of truth than it might admit. For Sartre, hermeneutic understanding shows up most as *empathy*, the sense that to understand, one must share. Beneath the specific factors of individuality, there is an essentially human core that unites all figures in a potentially unlimited transparency and reciprocity. What one dislikes on an analytico-referential level will vanish and turn into the likeable by a leap toward the abstract on the hermeneutic level: for example, Sartre says of Flaubert in an interview, "I have often been against Flaubert in the past; this has disappeared bit by bit. Today, I tell myself that I wouldn't want to have dinner with him because he must be really boring, but I see him as a man."¹⁵

The limitations of a hermeneutic method are many. Most obviously, empathy can be as enslaving of the Other as any other method (a lesson that Foucault's analyses of modern "liberalisms" have well suggested). Like analytico-referentiality, hermeneutic empathy doesn't preclude judgements; it may even make the worst of judgements seem a fair and just assessment. Not accidentally, the biography that Sartre sees as most inspired by a philosophy of empathy — namely, *L'Idiot de la famille* — has been a constant target of attack by traditional humanists who see the study as a violation of Flaubert's vital richness. For Harry Levin, for example, *L'Idiot de la famille* is nothing short of an irresponsible "hatchet-job," "an assault on nothing less than literature itself."¹⁶ In noting such critiques, I don't mean to suggest that Sartre necessarily should have been more respectful. Rather, it is to suggest the complications of any position that sees its goal as one of knowing a prior reality, whether through an ostensibly neutral science or through an ostensibly open and empathetic understanding.

In contrast to the epistemological project, I would suggest that we might read much of Sartre's work as an attempt to go beyond both the analytico-referential and hermeneutic perspectives and their notion of the intellectual as a figure who knows or understands a past. Increasingly, we can treat Sartre's work as a politics that fictions a past in order to encourage a particular future from the point of a specific present.

Thus, on the one hand, Sartre directs extended criticism against analytic science as an ideology of reified semiotics: for example, the

critique of analysis (as opposed to progressive synthesis) and of a dialectics of nature in the *Critique of Dialectical Reason*, and the running attack on nineteenth century science as incarnated by Doctor Flaubert in *L'Idiot de la famille*. Against what I would suggest is in Sartre a virtually Bakhtinian carnivalesque attitude, where the pulsions of the body and its inversions of propriety are sources of a ribald contestatory power, the body for Dr. Flaubert is the scientifically fixed body of the dissecting room, cut open not even to lead to new knowledge but to confirm the clichés of an already held medical knowledge. Moreover, the dissected body becomes for young Gustave a force of the practico-inerte, one more form of a repetition (in this case an obsession with a non-regenerative death) that Flaubert is compelled to repeat.

Such a critique of a univocally functional science reaches its extreme in Sartre's *Plaidoyer pour les intellectuels* where Sartre distinguishes between the technician — a figure who uses social knowledge in the service of society — and the intellectual, said to be that figure who instills an irreducible duality into the heart of a monologic dominance. Significantly rejecting the distinction in *Qu'est-ce que la littérature?* between poetry and prose and the identification there of prose as the realist form of engagement, *Plaidoyer* suggests that linguistic engagement is not a function of realism but, quite the contrary, of its irreducibility to mimesis: "Here we can understand why the writer is the specialist of ordinary language — that is, of that language that contains the greatest amount of *dis-information*. First of all, words are double-faced just like *being-in-the-world*. . . . The goal of the writer is not at all to suppress this paradoxical situation but to exploit it to the maximum and to make his *being-in-language* the expression of his *being-in-the-world*" (pp. 105, 108). Significantly, one of Sartre's targets in *Plaidoyer* will be *naturalism* which he will read as a literary equivalent of analytic science and against which he will find a double-language in such figures as Kafka, Aragon, Proust, Robbe-Grillet, etc.

Likewise, Sartre will come to see *empathy* as a questionable form of intellectual pursuit. Indeed, we might well read Sartre's "autobiography," *Les Mots*, as nothing less than a horrifying vast spectacle in which empathy becomes the central strategy of an awesome familial power. In the world of his childhood as Sartre presents it, the problem is not at all that, à la Flaubert, the adults approach the child through the cold calculations of a scientific reason. Or that, as Sartre suggests for Flaubert, many of the child's problems come from a lack of motherly love. Quite the contrary, *Les Mots* suggests a world whose dangers lie in too much caring, in an endless solicitude that cushions one from contingent reality and that is no less scrutinizing than the

antiseptic scientific gaze. Little Jean-Paul Sartre is the object of a continual look; his every action is on display. He is forced to be a role-player in order to match society's image of him; one danger of empathy turns out to be the threat of vituperative fury with which it castigates its object in those moments where the object doesn't live up to expectations.

What option, then, is open to the intellectual to go beyond science and understanding? Sartre's work suggests a series of interlocking possibilities. On the one hand, there is the temptation of deliberate break-down, a staging of knowledge's inability to be knowledgeable. The text of knowledge comes to be filled with a willed silence, a sense that anything that anyone says runs the danger of recuperation within dominant epistemology: "If writing consists of *communicating*, the literary object appears as that communication *beyond language* through the non-signifying silence that is closed off by words even though it was created by them" (*Plaidoyer*, p. 94). It is strange to think of someone like Sartre, who spends so much time writing words, making a reference to the positive virtue of silence, and yet Sartre's writing does stage a kind of trailing off of language, exemplified perhaps by the many texts that lack their promised sequel. Similarly, Sartre's novel, *La Nausée*, doesn't merely talk about the knower's inability to know his chosen object of study (Roquentin's failed biography of the Marquis de Rollebon); but, in its very form and structure, it *performs* that inability. From the beginning of the novel, where "The Editors" claim to present objectively Roquentin's journal but intrude constantly to make judgements about it, to the end of the novel, where the novelistic writing unravels the content with its theme of esthetic transcendence, *La Nausée* displays the break-down of classic narrativity and that narrativity's enacting of what Frank Kermode has called "The Sense of an Ending."¹⁷ Thus, the "ending" of *La Nausée* is a false closure; it can be read as a deconstruction of the common interpretation which presents it as an ode to the saving grace of the aesthetic dimension. In listening to what he refers to as a jazz song sung by a black singer, Roquentin seems to take inspiration for his own project of making a non-contingent work of art. Yet nothing is that simple. First, as Dominick LaCapra has pointed out, there is a central irony in the notion of the music's inspiration since Roquentin is simply wrong about its source: the song is not by a black singer, but by a white imitator, Sophie Tucker. Thus, the aesthetic object is already an act in and of bad faith, one more example of dominant power's appropriating and covering up alternate culture. Roquentin's supposed break into freedom is actually a further inscription into the spirals of mass culture with its copies of copies. Similarly, the very fact

that the song is a song on a jukebox is a reminder of the necessary trailing off of aesthetic salvation: just as the song must come to an end, salvation is not a permanent solution but at best only a temporary solution. All this leads to a highly arbitrary salvation; Roquentin is saved suddenly two pages from the book's end in a paroxysm of awareness so apocalyptic that it can appear to be a parody of the happy ending (just as Sartre's reading of the ways that Flaubert's fits and fall save him from his father's world can seem a parody of the *Bildungsroman's* narrative of the artist's vocation, a narrative not far from the Hollywood version of art as in *Night and Day* where Cole Porter, played by Cary Grant, discovers the title song while absent-mindedly tinkering on a piano during a convalescence).

If the intellectual can't really capture the meaning of history, nor accept its pompous but theatrical rituals, nor leave it through an act of transcendental imagination, then one strategy perhaps is that of *parody*, to outplay hegemony by exaggerating it. And, I would suggest, it is possible to read Sartre's career as nothing so much as a vast parody of knowledge, a carnival in which high and low, self and other, serious and absurd intermingle and render laughable all pretensions to classic forms of cognition. Indeed, to some degree *Charlie Hebdo* may have been fundamentally repeating the Sartrean strategy: if as Sartre argues in *L'Idiot de la famille*, Flaubert's fit is in some way not originally physiological but rather the embodiment of an intentional act, could not the ocular maladies that Sartre faced, and that ultimately rendered this vociferous reader and writer blind, be read as a *significant!* outcome of the career, a kind of incredible bad joke of the most fitting sort? In the most awful way (and I don't at all mean to suggest that any of this was intentional) there is something laughable, when one knows the end of the story, in Sartre's declarations that, after abandoning *L'Idiot* in 1955, he went back to it because, "Sometime after, I said to myself that I couldn't continue abandoning my work in the middle of the journey (. . .) and that one day I had to finish something in my life" (Sur *L'Idiot*," p. 92).

As Paul de Man has suggested that blindness and insight blur, I would suggest that Sartre's work stages the failure of traditional knowledge but, in so doing, can make of failure a positive virtue. Or, to put it precisely, Sartre's writing creates a vertiginous excess that can throw the reader out of standard procedures of reading into an estranged and estranging non-place marked by instability. In this respect, it is possible to read *L'Idiot de la famille* as the ultimate Sartrean bad joke. In it, the conventional procedures of scholarly analysis are violated, exceeded, rewritten, made strange. For the reader caught by conventional procedures, the study will most

probably be frustrating or inane. Thus, a Marxist like Ron Aronson can come to sound like a classicist like Harry Levin in the desire for a book that respects the old proprieties of literary criticism:

It was not only that the book was so often chaotic and contorted, verbose and undisciplined Free of Sartre's usual moralism, the book was also unmotivated by any need to reach the real world. Much more than the *Critique*, it reads like the endless monologue of a patient in psychoanalysis, replete with false starts and blind alleys, self-absorbed and wholly uncontrolled, and unremitting in its demands on its audience. *L'Idiot de la famille* violated the elementary rules of human communication which Sartre had laid down in *Qu'est-ce que la littérature?* Self-indulgent and tedious, it lacked all respect for its readers.¹⁸

But, then, in a kind of second twist or what Sartre himself calls a *tourniquet* (represented by the idea of "winner loses" and "loser wins"), those scholars who would try to defend Sartre on classical grounds are forced to construct a *L'Idiot* that seems like a parodic version of Sartre's text. Thus, for Douglas Collins, for example,

Although it is true that the book's length is greater than its insights would seem to warrant, and Sartre is incontinently repetitious, overkill-ing with examples and laboring his points, the length serves an *expres-sive* purpose. The prodigious size of the work is a function of its meaning, a servant of the epistemology that is its pulse, a product of a fusion of form and ethos. Sartre's purpose is to communicate an immediate and oppressive sense of the presence of Flaubert. He wants the reader to be swallowed up by this book, to taste the exact flavor of his subject's grim experience, to live within the text until it disappears and he is confronted with the essence of Flaubert. The singularity of the existence of the Other must be lived as well as thought. (*Sartre as Biographer*, p. 175; my emphasis)

Collins' desire to see *L'Idiot de la famille* as a work of empathetic realism is a joke of a potentially disturbing sort as his classical desire for an organic unity of the book forces him to ignore the many digressions (and not just "incontinent repetitions") of the text: for example, the discussions of the phenomenology of laughter, the functions of schooling in the capitalist state, the situation of writers, the origin of middle class resentment, the serialized nature of reading, etc. Indeed, the very notion that *L'Idiot de la famille* is a work of biography and that the subject is Flaubert might well be the first set-up in Sartre's intricate joke. In a number of ways, *L'Idiot de la famille* refuses the genre of traditional biography. If, as Collins says on the first page of his book, "biography is a fallen genre," *L'Idiot* doesn't so much raise that genre up as, at the very least, remake it or, at the very most, explode it. Significantly, Sartre brought the book out in Gallimard's "Bibliothèque de *philosophie*" series, thus raising fundamental questions of

genre: how is biography philosophic, why should a philosopher (and a materialist one at that) engage in literary criticism of a solitary writer? Equally significant perhaps, the standard bibliography of secondary writings on Sartre lists *L'Idiot de la famille* as literary criticism, and not philosophy. The study exists between genres, taking no simple form.

One of the central strategies, worked through at a number of levels, is that of the displacing detour, the regression to a point that one regresses from. The process starts in the Preface which, in its first two sentences, refers the reader to *Search for a Method* to which *L'Idiot* is supposed to be the sequel. However, this hierarchy would necessitate the stability of *Search for a Method* as an originary and graspable point of reference. And yet, the second line of the Preface to *Search for a Method* and *Critique of Dialectical Reason* argues that "logically, the second [the *Critique*] must precede the first for which it attempts to constitute its critical foundations." Furthermore, the Preface of *L'Idiot* also defers to Flaubert's work and especially to his Correspondence, thus again sending the reader elsewhere. Indeed, as a number of scholars have argued, Sartre's study has as an implicit inter-text previous debates and discussions of Flaubert. Sartre even declared that he undertook the study because the standard biographies already existed and he could assume knowledge of them.

Once the book gets started, the regressive side of the progressive-regressive method takes the form of a seemingly endless journey into pre-history; we don't so much move toward *Madame Bovary* as away from it. Just as *Les Mots*, a professed autobiography, began not with Sartre but with a long and complicated genealogy, so too *L'Idiot de la famille* multiplies the determinations for Flaubert by expanding the sweep of the past (so that in a kind of parody of the thorough researcher, Sartre even reads the university thesis of Doctor Flaubert to pinpoint the Doctor's particular brand of analytic science).

One of the most prevalent forms of displacement will be Sartre's reliance (with simultaneous modification) on pre-existing models of cultural interpretation. That is, despite early existentialism's odes to absolute freedom and forms of "bracketing out," Sartre now seems aware that there is overwhelmingly the possibility in the society of the spectacle that all forms of freedom have actually been somewhere written down, filmed, televised, planned, projected or rehearsed. Starting anew turns out to be a replaying of the already scripted. There are no primal, innocent beginnings: every gesture is inscribed within a socially defined field of possibilities. In some cases, even for the later Sartre, the weight of culture is essentially negative; for example, in the *Critique of Dialectical Reason*, the Hit Parade serves as a metaphor for

the fragmentation and serialization of the modern socius. And yet, the past is equally the continued availability of the lessons of Marx; Sartre begins by going to another figure.

At least three complicated strategies interact within the strategy of displacement. First, the immediate “reality” of the subject at hand reveals its contingency and its incompleteness as truth: for example, in *Les Mots* the truth of reciprocity is to be found by the story Sartre tells of a visit to the cinema where the turning on of the lights in the auditorium revealed to him a world of democratic social interaction. Likewise, in *L'Idiot de la famille*, Flaubert's life seems to be one that can be discovered only by leaving the life for allegory, metaphor, fictionality, and the replaying of a whole panoply of established genres: the *Bildungsroman*, the scholarly treatise, and especially the pop version of Freudian psychology as the narrative of a life as projective teleology. Sartre claims to give us the living reality of Flaubert but Flaubert turns out to be only one text among others. And yet, in the second *tournoiement*, we can begin to wonder if these references out of the “primary” text to some other text or texts are really references to a more stable point of knowledge. Certainly, the fact that the knowledge of social equality comes to Sartre in a movie-theatre — that great site of alterity and escape from one's self — would suggest that Sartre might understand the point of reference as a myth or a fiction; indeed, Sartre's visit to the cinema is treated as a transient, contingent event, not a point one could build a stable vision of an open society upon (and indeed, Sartre's mother must take him in secret to the cinema since movie-going opposes the masculine realm of the grand-father). Similarly, the use of Freud in *Les Mots* and the biographies only makes of Freudianism a stable point of reference in the most parodic way (especially if we remember that early Sartre denied the unconscious). For example, we might note a dissonance between cure and process in Sartre's approach; that is, very early on in the “Freudian” studies, Sartre announces the wound or issue that pushes the biographical subject into a particular path, but far from ending the analysis, this discovery of the primary wound becomes simply the source for more and interminable analysis. The Freudian model seems to explain things too efficiently and then not efficiently at all.

Another way to get at the strangeness of *L'Idiot de la famille* would be to look at its beginning and ending or, rather, its non-beginning and non-ending. The preface, for example, would seem to take its place with all those prefaces of the modern age — most especially, Hegel's preface to the *Phenomenology* — that perform the basic contradictoriness of trying to preface a work of knowledge: what can one say that the whole work itself doesn't already do? In many ways, *L'Idiot's*

Preface is a parody cliché: a two page attempt to justify a 2,800 page work, it alternates between an excessive summary of the whole project that can seem to render the remaining pages superfluous, and a declaration that we can only come to have sense at the end of a long and arduous journey. The Preface is deliberately coy: "What do we know, for example, about Gustave Flaubert?" Can we imagine that Sartre really began *L'Idiot* by looking around for any example at all? Significantly, even Sartre's reasons for the choice of Flaubert are not so clear-cut. For example, Sartre declares that "[Flaubert] is objectified in his books. Anyone will tell you, 'Gustave Flaubert — he's the author of *Madame Bovary*.'" But coming from the author of *Plaidoyer pour les intellectuels* and its complicated notion of the writer's status as singular-universal, such a statement can seem a gigantic mocking of an expressive theory of literary production; indeed, *L'Idiot de la famille* so rarely talks about *Madame Bovary* that Flaubert comes to seem the author of everything but that novel. Significantly, while Sartre announces that three reasons govern the choice of Flaubert as subject of the study, he coyly introduces a fourth — "I would add that Flaubert, creator of the 'modern' novel, stands at the crossroads of all our literary problems today" — which in many ways calls into question the transparency theory of his middle two reasons.

If the opening of *L'Idiot* is problematic, so is its ending. Quite simply, it doesn't have one. Strangely, for a philosopher so evidently confident in the end of pre-history, in the notion of a projective teleology and optimistic about a moment when full and pure knowledge would be available to everyone, Sartre seems forced endlessly to defer such a moment. Almost all of Sartre's works lack their announced sequels: *Being and Nothingness*, *Les Mots*, *Les Chemins de la liberté*, *The Critique of Dialectical Reason*, and *L'Idiot de la famille*. As an additional twist or *tournequet*, we now discover that in almost every case, an extended rough draft for the sequel exists; the sequels seem to have been abandoned not far from an imagined point of closure and secure totalization, as if totalization were that door that tempts but that one never finally goes through in *Huis clos*.

Perhaps the most intriguing strategy that Sartre suggests is one that shows how knowledge is always run through and even constituted by an essential fictionality. On the one hand, Sartre declares that knowledge *is* to be had, that as the preface claims, "[I]rreducibility is only apparent, and . . . each piece of data set in its place becomes a portion of the whole, which is constantly being created, and by the same token reveals its profound homogeneity with all the other parts that make up the whole." And yet, the course of the study will suggest that the intellectual's materials are neither stable bits of data nor stable

methods synthesizable into stable wholes; rather, the intellectual and the knowledge that s/he produces actually produce each other in a mounting spiral (a keyword of the study) that is a difference from, and not an expression of, the original premises. Thus, in an (in)famous moment, Sartre suddenly stops his reconstruction of a life and declares, "I admit it; this is all a fable" (V. 1, p. 139). Such a declaration, which has numerous echoes in other parts of the text, also has its echoes in many other of Sartre's analyses of a past: "What I have just written about [his relation to other writers] is false. True. Neither true nor false like everything that one writes about the mad and about people" (*Les Mots*). "The child is playing in the kitchen. . . . A voice announces publicly, 'You are a thief.' He is ten years old It happened like this or otherwise It's of little importance" (*Saint Genet*). Significantly, as LaCapra notes, this declaration in *Saint Genet* is almost a literal replay of a late moment in *La Nausée*: Roquentin imagines the jazz musician composing the juke box song and then admits, "It happened like that or otherwise, but it's of little importance."

What such moments can suggest is the transforming of positive science into ultimate fictions — knowledge as an example of what Freud called "deferred action," an event in the present rewriting the sense of a past or, even, at the extreme, constituting the past. Like Freud's psychoanalytic narratives in which, as Jonathan Culler especially has suggested, discourse retrospectively creates the impression of a prior reality, *L'Idiot de la famille* doesn't so much give us Flaubert as create a character incidentally named "Flaubert." It is especially intriguing in this respect to read *L'Idiot de la famille*, as I did, before reading the standard accounts of Flaubert's life; in a spectacular reversal, Sartre's book makes the standard texts appear to be quaint fictions, inheritors of a particular myth of the well-constructed life.

All this emphasis on parody and fictionality may make *L'Idiot de la famille* seem the least materialist of books, a great refusal of history and its potential changeability. After all, hasn't E.P. Thompson announced a project for the materialist historian: "[T]his relation [of the real and knowledge of the real] may take place not *on any terms which thought prescribes* but in ways which are determined by the properties of the real object: the properties of reality determine both the appropriate procedures of thought (that is, their 'adequacy' or 'inadequacy') and its product?"¹⁹

And yet, I would argue that *L'Idiot de la famille* might well aid in a modernist reconstruction of materialist thought.²⁰ The study's parody is not a free-floating game but a force that is linked to a positive content. In other words, it may be possible to forge a link between the

play with prior systems of knowledge in *L'Idiot de la famille* and the materialist studies the book provides of authorship and literary production, taking play and materialist study to be forms of performance and argument both. This implies most immediately that we cease to think of materialism as either analytico-referential or hermeneutic — that is, as starting as a reflex-action applied to a constituted or to-be-constituted reality. Rather, in the terms of Frank Lentricchia's recent discussion in *Criticism and Social Change*, we might understand materialism as a rhetorical practice, uninterested in that kind of retrospective verification which is the model for classical science; rather, if verification is to be had, it will have to be pro-spective, a verification through writing's effects: "It is not a question of whether there is a teleology in history — a question for metaphysicians and some Marxists — but a question of forging the rhetorical conditions for change, a question of forging (. . .) a teleological rhetoric, of creating, through the mediations of such discourse, a collective will for change, for moving history in the direction of our desire."²¹ In this sense, what Sartre gives us is not *the* explanation of literary production in Flaubert's moment but a possible explanation whose validity exists only when we choose it to exist. The assurance with which Sartre presents his materialist analysis may then not be the assurance that he has found an adequation of knowledge and a prior real, but a very different kind of assurance: namely, that one has found a form in which materialist analysis appears as a coherent and possible explanation. In this respect, the tightness of the materialist analysis — the insistent surety of its terms (practico-inerte, interiority of exteriority, *rareté*, etc.) — turns *L'Idiot de la famille* into that kind of necessary and non-contingent form that Sartre earlier called for in fiction. *L'Idiot de la famille* may seem an expanding spiral of ever increasing bits but the whole story depends on the necessity of each bit: for example, if we can't believe that analytic science isn't reifying, we can't believe a necessary step in the constitution of Flaubert and the whole pattern falls apart. But this is to suggest that the totalization occurs not on the level of content — the life of Flaubert — but on the level of form and intertextuality — Sartre's writing of a life of "Flaubert" through the modelling of materialism. The materialist analysis becomes part of formal necessity.

But it also becomes necessary, then, to read *L'Idiot de la famille* not as a biography of the past but as a bio-graphy — a writing of lives in the present. The text becomes an open-ended allegory for the present. Most immediately, even though he denied that he was like Flaubert, much of Sartre's own life seems a mimetic replay of the one he gives to Flaubert — or in a reversal of chronology, Flaubert becomes a regres-

sive parody of Sartre: two neurotic men in confused relationships with strong women, trying to use writing as a way to solve problems and create places for themselves. Marcel Eck has pointed out other similarities: a recurrence of significant illnesses, a strong dislike for aging and the destruction of physical beauty, a common desire to attack bourgeois ways of life, an equivalent underpinning and undermining of love by sadomasochism.²² While we might not go so far as to argue that Sartre is rewriting *Les Mots* as *L'Idiot de la famille*, we might suggest that what Sartre's various lives give us is the historical possibility for an historical typology of the intellectual (and, perhaps, of the non-intellectual). If, in the words of *Search For a Method*, "Valéry is a petit-bourgeois intellectual . . . but not every petit-bourgeois intellectual is Valéry," the comprehensive grid-lock structure of *L'Idiot de la famille* would allow us to generate a possible story for each petit-bourgeois (and beyond); vary one element (for example, imagine a Doctor Flaubert whose place was secure in the space of the nineteenth century) and you come up with another social possibility. Indeed, the extended studies in *L'Idiot de la famille* of Alfred le Poittevin and Leconte de Lisle virtually picture them as Flauberts-minus-one-factor: Le Poittevin lacks the financial insecurity that makes Flaubert a *worker* of writing, while Leconte de Lisle lacks the animosity and constitution that make Flaubert a misanthrope of writing. Each figure is the controlled rewriting or transformation of the other. The situation that Sartre constitutes for each figure may have its specific form but it also has a reiterable applicability to newly written situations; thus, we might use *L'Idiot de la famille* to picture *our* moment in terms of an ideological force of familialism, middle-class *ressentiment*, the ambivalence of the functionary, the disenfranchisement and celebritization of the writer and the intellectual. For example, the discussion in Volume 2 of a school rebellion followed by a sell-out on the part of the older generation seems uncannily to parallel May '68: "The strikers, as a consequence of their pledge [*serment*], deliberately broke through all barriers and immediately installed themselves from the first moment on the side of the intolerable: a plot tending not to 'gravely compromise' the established order but to radically destroy it to the profit of a spectacular disorder, a prelude to an unknown and scary order; a premeditated mutiny; a bursting refusal of obedience; attacks; vandalism; and bombardment. . ." (Volume 2, p. 1336). In Sartre's study history repeats itself and demands further writing.

In a review of Hayden White's *Metahistory*, Fredric Jameson suggests that typology is of value for materialist criticism only if the typology includes a theory of historical emergence — that is, a theory of the reasons why certain combinations exist and others remain only

logical and not historical possibilities: "What is missing is that mechanism of historical selection . . . to which it falls, out of the complete range of purely *logical* possibilities, to reject those which cannot come into being in that determinant historical conjuncture . . . [T]he missing mechanism is an essential one, for it alone provides the conceptual link between a purely logical play of variable and resultant forms, and the concrete historical situation in which those possibilities flourish or find themselves excluded from the outset."²³ In *L'Idiot de la famille*, it is a materialist blend of sociology and psychoanalysis that provides the requisite link (which significantly, Jameson refers to as "conceptual" rather than "real" or whatever). This is perhaps most explicit in the case of Sartre's reading of literary creation. On the one hand, the book attacks the notion that creation equals genius, a non-analyzable, quasi-mystical welling up of talent (one signpost of this view in modern France might be Raymond Picard's (in)famous attack on Barthes' *Sur Racine*). Against this, Sartre declares in *Saint Genet* that, "Genius is not a gift but the way out that one invents in desperate cases." and *L'Idiot de la famille* goes even further in rewriting genius as simply one more adaptive gesture. For Sartre, every human action produces something; it is the specific nature of a specific historical culture to value some productions over others. Thus, one role of the third volume of *L'Idiot de la famille* will be Sartre's writing of nineteenth century France as an arena that finally greeted Flaubert because his subjective neurosis matched the age's objective neurosis; Sartre here argues that an age decides its geniuses or, more precisely, even decides to adhere to a concept of genius.

On the other hand, Sartre seems to attack the ways that French criticism in the modern moment also begins to valorize the microscopic and the singular and to build a theory of literary production on that. A keyword of this valorization will be *desire*, this term encapsulating a politics of decentered bodies — desire as a localization of force in a language of the body against social order, against dominant rationality. In post-Lacanian psychoanalysis, for example, the emphasis on Law as symbolisation can imply a state (no matter if unreachable) outside the Symbolic — the primacy, the primality of an originary desire that pushes the human subject past sociality toward death. For Deleuze, for example, the body becomes the site of a radical physicality, the flesh literally as non-social or un-social discourse. For Kristeva, against social language, the body is posed as a different, fundamental relation to drives.

But if we follow Foucault's suggestion that there is never sex but only sexuality, a particular *historical* production of the body, we have to ask in what social context the Kristevan or Deleuzian sort of dis-

course can be enunciated. For example, the decentering of human subjectivity to a radical unconscious can reinvest the subject in a whole mythology of (dare we say) existential interiority — the notion of the individual as a monadic primal force attuned to its own body rhythm as against the ostensibly external impositions of culture.

Against this, Sartre's notion of the practices of both mind *and* body as reexteriorisations of internalized sociality provides a criticism that precisely situates desire and suggests how it is constituted with ties to specific ideologies and institutions. For example, Sartre's description in Volume 2 of "Le Garçon," a fantasy being created and performed by Flaubert and his schoolmates, sounds initially to be not far from Kristeva's invocations of a pre-Symbolic babble: "Violent and yet accepted gestures and cries are born outwards, gusts of wind, crashing bursts of a thunderous weight, swallowed up by him, stormy, torn from him to shoot outward, inhuman or rather dehumanizing cries, convulsions, wild sweeps of the arms" (Volume 2, p. 1231). And yet, for Sartre, such physicality is a production, an internalisation and reexteriorisation of a precise situation. Not accidentally, Sartre follows this evidently phenomenological description with a history of the Garçon's production as emergent spectacle opposed to the unaware spectacle of the staid, middle class world. Sartre, in other words, allows the rewriting of the pre-Symbolic as a symbolic response to the Symbolic.

At one point in the interview, "Sur *L'Idiot de la famille*," Sartre declares that he is "not presenting the constitution of the individual as specific to Flaubert; in fact [*en vérité*], it's about us all In other words, it would be necessary to do for everyone — including very active people — the work that I did on Flaubert" (p. 100). This echo of Warhol's image of a spectacle society in which everyone is famous for five minutes might seem the most frightening of serializations: the prospect of a Borgesian world of isolated individuals all giving up parts of their lives fictionally to write the lives of others. And yet I think the suggestion can work in a very different direction. We don't need to write other 2,800 page books; Sartre, I contend, has done that for us, clearing the air of older modes of knowledge, old modes of being an intellectual. He avoids the metaphysician's question of what is real and concentrates instead on suggesting ways to forge (to use Lentricchia's polyvalent term) a new situation. In the interview Sartre also suggests that a non-complicitous thought would differ from a complicitous and immediate look only through "the critical work on oneself that one can engage in all life long, through a *praxis*." In the complications of this position — a complicity that edges into non-complicity (and vice-versa) — Sartre suggests the weight of our imme-

diacy, of its withering looks, but he may also begin to theorize a possibility of a different position, a different playing out of the spectacle of knowledge.

NOTES

1. Jean-Paul Sartre, "Autoportrait à soixante-dix ans," *Situations, X* (Paris: Gallimard, 1976), p. 159.
2. *Libération*, No. 1923 (April 17, 1980), p. 21.
3. Roland Barthes, *Mythologies* (Paris: Seuil, 1957), pp. 91-3.
4. A term from Guy Debord, *La Société du spectacle* (Paris: Editions Champs Libre, 1971).
5. Michel Foucault, *Power/Knowledge*, ed. Colin Gordon (New York: Pantheon Books, 1980), p. 38; my emphasis.
6. Sartre, *Plaidoyer pour les intellectuels* (Paris: Gallimard, 1972), p. 14. We might note though that the world of what Daniel Boorstin has termed the "pseudo-event" has even made "to do" an imagistic, non-active verb, as when tourists talk of "doing France" (or wherever).
7. But for an important analysis of the "performance" of the modern French intellectual, see Régis Debray, *Teachers, Writers, Celebrities*, trans. David Macey (London and New York: Verso Books, 1981).
8. Fredric Jameson, "Sartre in Search of Flaubert," *The New York Times Book Review* (December 27, 1981), p. 18.
9. Martin Jay, "Should Intellectual History Take a Linguistic Turn: Reflections on the Habermas-Gadamer Debate" in Dominick LaCapra and Steve L. Kaplan, eds., *Modern European Intellectual History: Reappraisals and New Perspectives* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1982), p. 88.
10. Dominick LaCapra, *A Preface to Sartre* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1978)
11. LaCapra, "Sartre and the Question of Biography," *Rereading Intellectual History: Texts, Contexts, Language* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1983), p. 225.
12. This distinction was most immediately suggested to me by William W. Stowe in his "From Semiotics to Hermeneutics: Modes of Detection in Doyle and Chandler" in Glenn W. Most and Stowe, eds., *The Poetics of Murder: Detective Fiction and Literary Theory* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1983), pp. 366-383. But since many contemporary semiologies are far from scientific or scientific (for example, Peircean semiotics), I have substituted for the ambiguous term "semiotics," the term "analytico-referential" which Timothy Reiss uses in *The Discourse of Modernism* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1982) to suggest the positive mapping nature of a dominant phase of modern discourse.
13. This aspect of Sartre is well discussed in John Halpern, *Critical Fictions: the Literary Criticism of Jean-Paul Sartre* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1976); and unpublished essays by Anthony Rizzuto (Department of French, S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook).
14. Douglas Collins, *Sartre as Biographer* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1980), p. 200.
15. Sartre, "Sur *L'Idiot de la famille*," *Situations, X*, p. 102.
16. Harry Levin, "A Literary Enormity," *Journal of the History of Ideas* (October-December, 1972), p. 649.
17. Frank Kermode, *The Sense of an Ending: Studies in the Theory of Fiction* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1966). In *A Preface to Sartre*, LaCapra makes some highly insightful application of Kermode to the whole of Sartre's project.
18. Ron Aronson, *Jean-Paul Sartre: Philosophy in the World* (New York: Verso Books, 1980), p. 335.
19. E. P. Thompson, *The Poverty of Theory and Other Essays* (London: The Merlin Press, 1978), p. 209.
20. I say *materialist* and not Marxist for reasons similar to those that make writers like Stanley Aronowitz speak of a "Crisis in Historical Materialism." This crisis revolves around the reifying pressures of an economist Marxism that misses the materiality of culture, sexual difference, desire, language, and the symbolic and imagistic aspects of meaning-production.

21. Frank Lentricchia, *Criticism and Social Change* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 37.
22. Marcel Eck, "L'Idiot de la famille I. 'La Psychanalyse de Flaubert selon Sartre,'" *Nouvelle presse médicale*, 1, No. 10 (March 4, 1972), p. 685.
23. Fredric Jameson, "Figural Relativism, or the Poetics of Historiography," *Diacritics*, 6, No. 1 (Spring, 1976), p. 6.