Go Down, Moses and *Tenda dos Milagres*:

Toward a Theory of Astonishment in New World Writing

Narratives of the encounter with the Encounter take place, as one might expect, in the most unexpected of places: after all, such is the story of the Encounter itself. These narratives' chief quality—their irruption into and disruption of dominant narratives (those of texts proper and of the larger social and political contexts which inform texts)—ensure their effect of surprise when they appear. Or, if you wish, their subversive quality: such narratives, after all, given certain traditional assumptions we have of texts as ordered, structured objects, are not "supposed" to happen. The appearance of miscegenation in dominant narratives, through its interruptions, irruptions, and disruptions, foregrounds within those narratives far more than the immediate question of a person's racial identity, important though that is. As I argue in the previous chapter, that appearance creates a space, which I am calling the New World, within those dominant narratives.

But in order to arrive at a more thorough discussion of that space, we should first look at some texts in which such spaces appear. I wish to begin this chapter, then, by examining at some length excerpts from two texts in which, I argue, the narrative of the encounter with the Encounter occurs: U.S. novelist William Faulkner's novel *Go Down, Moses* (1942), with particular attention to one of its sections, "Delta Autumn;" and Brazilian novelist Jorge Amado's *Tenda dos Milagres* (1969; English translation: *Tent of Miracles*, 1971). On one level, both these novels are themselves about books. One of those books, the volumes of the McCaslin plantation ledgers in *Go Down, Moses*, insists that it keep being read by people who no longer feel obliged to read it. The other is the several books on Bahian culture written by *Tenda dos Milagres*' protagonist, Pedro Archanjo, that insist on being written. These texts-within-texts allow miscegenation to enter into the narratives that contain them and raise the questions I have just alluded to. But what I find most interesting is that

the books these books are about actually comprise, in a manner of speaking, separate volumes of a much larger Book, a Book which, I hope to show in the chapters following this one, serves as a kind of cultural genealogy of the inhabitants of this New World space. I also want to examine the notion here that while the creation of textual spaces within dominant narratives certainly has value, its cultural expression cannot take root in this place if it does not have physical space in which to do so. Thus, as regards that latter matter, I hope to show that, despite its title's evocation of the spiritual so closely associated with the Abolitionist movement, in *Go Down, Moses* we see only the barest glimpses of that physical space within its landscapes not controlled by whites, such bare glimpses, in fact, that they feel like little more than rumors or, at best, dim possibilities. We should not wonder, then, that some of its black characters feel compelled to leave the place that its white characters think of as home. *Tenda dos Milagres*' world, however, is the inverse of all of this. In Amado's novel, the Brazilian analog of *Go Down, Moses*' dominant narrative poses a threat to Archanjo's world and its inhabitants, to be sure, but that narrative has been marginalized (though Brazil's commercial and cultural elites co-opt Archanjo's work for their own purposes). In each case, the cultural origins of these books of a Book have left their marks in the very soil of this place, if only we knew that they are what we are seeing as we look. They could not have been written anywhere else but in this place called the New World.

I

Go Down, Moses, the book in which "Delta Autumn" appears, is not a conventional novel. Faulkner himself insisted that it was a novel[1], and few people would argue otherwise. But as its

[1] When Random House wanted to re-issue the novel in 1949, it sent Faulkner a copy of the dust jacket, on which was printed *"Go Down, Moses" and Other Stories.* He wrote his representative, Robert K. Haas, "[N]obody but Random House seemed to labor under the impression that GO DOWN, MOSES should be titled 'and other stories.' . . . I say, reprint it,

readers know, this text does not correspond to our traditional notions of what a novel "should" look like. All of its sections concern themselves in some way with the convoluted genealogy of the McCaslin family, though one section, "Pantaloon in Black," appears to bear at best a tangential relationship to the others. In terms of chronology its sections, when read in order, move from 1859 to the 1940s, then back to the 1880s, and then ahead again to the 1940s. One of its sections, "The Old People," narrates action contained within (but not itself narrated in) the span of time covered by the novel's centerpiece, "The Bear." The fact that most of the novel's sections had previously appeared as stories and can, indeed, stand alone as stories further confounds the matter of this text's genre. Yet textual evidence shows Faulkner worked hard while producing *Go Down, Moses* to shape these stories into pieces of a larger narrative.[2] Given this book's structural strangeness, even its indeterminate nature, when compared to the vast majority of novels, and given its primary focus on the genealogy of the McCaslins, what might its underlying structure be?

James A. Snead suggests that *Go Down, Moses*' ordering structure is in fact the activity of miscegenation. Given the fact that a predominant theme in the novel is miscegenation, Snead observes, its structure appropriately confounds traditional distinctions between stories and novels, and so is itself miscegenated. If narrative is a site of authority and rule because of its ordered nature, then a structure which disrupts conventional notions of narrative implicitly calls into question other such rules of ordering. Therefore, Snead concludes, "[t]he prose of *Go Down, Moses* is in the truest sense a 'dialogue,' not an authoritarian 'telling.'"[3] Not merely the contents of these multiple texts

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call it simply GO DOWN, MOSES, which was the way I sent it to you 8 years ago." (*Selected Letters of William Faulkner*, ed. Joseph Blotner (Vintage, 1978), 284-285.)

[2] See James Early, *The Making of* Go Down, Moses (Southern Methodist UP, 1972).

[3] *Figures of Division: William Faulkner's Major Novels* (Methuen, 1986), 206. As something of a confirmation of Snead's argument, Stephen Railton, in online materials for *Go Down, Moses* for his class on Faulkner at the University of Virginia, shows that each story, in the achronological order they appear in the novel, reveals the generations of the McCaslin

but the book's entire structure, in particular its disordered chronology, becomes dialogic in quality. Its frame is that it has no true frame in terms of a traditional linear plot. As a result, the blocks of ostensibly self-contained text comprising the novel spill over the bounds of their respective sections and into other sections. Thus, for example, in the course of discussing "Delta Autumn," I will often have to refer to the section preceding it, "The Bear," as well as other sections from throughout the novel.

In the climactic moment from "Delta Autumn," we can see how the revelation of a character's miscegenated nature entangles (or, more accurately, re-entangles) Ike McCaslin, the narrative's protagonist, with his family's past, a past which he long ago assumed, and wanted to believe, he had put behind him. For that matter, he seems to have come to believe that past had become arrested in time once he had chosen to relinquish his inheritance of his grandfather's plantation. Horrified by miscegenation[4] and approaching the end of his life, we find Ike in the midst

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genealogy in, more or less, chronological order. ("McCaslin Genealogies," *ENAM 3420: Faulkner*, people.virginia.edu/~sfr/FAULKNER/09gdmgen.html. Accessed 13 Feb. 2016.)

Along these same lines, Carol Clancy Harter, when describing the structure of the novel, uses the verb *amalgamates*, a verb that, prior to the mid-19th century in the United States, described racial commingling: "[A] close scrutiny of the two independent versions of ["Delta Autumn"] offers insight into the creative processes which are operative in the formulation of a novel that amalgamates and synthesizes raw materials of previously-published stories" ("The Winter of Ike McCaslin: Revisions and Irony in Faulkner's 'Delta Autumn'" [*Journal of Modern Literature* vol. 1, no. 2, 1970-1971], 210-211).

[4] In part 4 of "The Bear," then-sixteen-year-old Ike learns by reading the commissary ledgers of the McCaslin plantation (the book that *Go Down, Moses* is in part about) that his grandfather Lucius Quintus Carothers McCaslin had not only fathered a daughter by one of his slaves, he had also fathered a son by that same daughter. Hence Ike's long association of miscegenation with incest—and, hence, the chief reason for his relinquishment of the land which was once the plantation. One can of course instantly see the irony of finding someone as horrified by miscegenation as Ike is in the center of a text whose very structure is miscegenated.

At least in Mississippi, the association of miscegenation with incest also has legal precedent. Vernon Lane Watson, in his book *The Negro in Mississippi, 1865-1890*, notes that an 1876 state law declared interracial marriage "to be 'incestuous [sic] and void,' and the parties participating were made subject to the penalties for incest. These included a maximum of ten years in prison" (in Arthur F. Kinney, ed., *Critical Essays on William Faulkner: The McCaslin Family* (G. K. Hall & Co., 1990), 75). From our own perspective, such a law may seem like an absurd excess, given its ostensible motive of maintaining strict social and racial segregation between whites and blacks. In reality, however, interracial mixing during antebellum times had been a common-enough practice, with the offspring's parentage not always known, much less acknowledged, that whites and blacks who looked for romantic partners across the color lines indeed did run a small risk of marrying a not-so-distant relative, up to and including half-sisters and half-brothers.

of a conversation with a woman who has come to Ike's hunting camp looking for Ike's nephew, Roth Edmonds, her lover and the father of the child she carries with her:

> "But I got a job teaching school here in Aluschaskuna, because my aunt was a widow, with a big family, taking in washing to sup—"
>
> Took in what?" he said. "Took in washing?" He sprang, still seated even, flinging himself backward onto one arm, awry-haired, glaring. Now he understood what it was she had brought into the tent with her, what old Isham had already told him by sending the youth to bring her in to him—the pale lips, the skin pallid and dead-looking yet not yet ill, the dark and tragic and foreknowing eyes. *Maybe in a thousand or two thousand years in America*, he thought. *But not now! Not now!* He cried, not loud, in a voice of amazement, pity, and outrage: "You're a nigger!"
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> "Yes," she said. James Beauchamp—you called him Tennie's Jim though he had a name—was my grandfather. I said you were Uncle Ike."
>
> [. . . .]
>
> He didn't grasp [her hand], he merely touched it—the gnarled, bloodless, bone-light bone-dry old man's fingers touching for a second the smooth young flesh where the strong old blood ran after its long lost journey back to home. "Tennie's Jim," he said. "Tennie's Jim."[5]

Of all the characters in "Delta Autumn," Ike historically has received the most attention from critics. One should expect this: after all, well over half of the pages in *Go Down, Moses*—"The

[5] William Faulkner, *Go Down, Moses* (Vintage International, 1990), 343-44; 345. Subsequent references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

Old People," "The Bear," and "Delta Autumn"—are given over to the direct telling of his life. But the other stories are "about" Ike as well, in that they provide a narrative context for Ike and his actions. For example, the first paragraph of "Was," which opens the novel and which "Delta Autumn" will repeat almost verbatim, adopts the tone of an epitaph for Ike, even though he has not yet been born: "Isaac McCaslin, 'Uncle Ike,' past seventy and nearer to eighty than he ever corroborated anymore, a widower now and uncle to half a county and father to no one" (3). By the time of "Was," set in 1859, Ike's grandfather had long ago committed (in the 1830s) and then recorded in the plantation ledger the crucial acts that lead Ike to relinquish his inheritance and which we read with him (in 1883) in "The Bear." (If one wants to think about this novel in terms of its structure, already we can see here the beginnings of not so much a linear narrative as a collage of events revealed to Ike and inform his actions.[6]) But the spectacle of Ike's father and uncle chasing their enslaved half-brother about the countryside, the central action of "Was," suggests that McCaslins will be chasing McCaslins for some time to come: witness "Delta Autumn," set some ninety years later. Meanwhile, the other sections in the book concern the McCaslins' extended family, black and white, of relatives and tenants. Little wonder, then, that Ike, the most prominent McCaslin in *Go Down, Moses*, receives the critical attention he does.

For purposes of this chapter, however, I want to open this reading of "Delta Autumn" with a discussion of Roth's lover. For some time now, I have been puzzled that this woman, the dominant figure in what Eric Sundquist rightly calls "the most powerful [moment] in Faulkner's

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[6] We see something of this collage-like effect even in how the novel's narrator describes Ike's relationship to his cousin Carothers "Cass" McCaslin in "The Old People": ". . . grandson of [Ike's] father's sister, sixteen years his senior and, since both he and McCaslin were only children and the boy's father had been nearing seventy when he was born, more his brother than his cousin and more his father than either—"(158). Although the narrator does not speak in strictly biological terms, such a passage matters, appearing as it does in a novel one of whose major themes is genealogy, not to mention a kind of baroque excessiveness of kinship: as we have already seen, Ike in "Delta Autumn" has become an uncle twice over, to the woman and to the child she has brought with her.

fiction,"[7] until relatively recently usually receives at best cursory mention in most critical commentary on "Delta Autumn." The patriarch of Faulkner criticism, Cleanth Brooks, in his seminal critical text *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*, sees the woman as condemning Ike's relinquishment of the land as "a dodging of responsibility" that ends up spoiling Roth.[8] Aside from noting her bitterness, however, Brooks has nothing at all to say regarding what the woman says about her reasons for pursuing a relationship with Roth, however brief or ill-fated. As far as Brooks seems to be concerned, the woman matters only to the extent that she introduces us to a competing opinion regarding Ike's character and the consequences of his long-ago choices. Walter Brylowski speaks much more directly regarding the woman's speech than does Brooks; again, though, he seems to be listening not to her but, rather, to her through Ike's responses to her: "As Ike listens to [the woman's story] there is a quality, a factor, of the story that he cannot quite grasp and which causes something akin to panic in him[.]"[9] Lee Jenkins gives perhaps an even stranger reading of the woman: at times she seems to disappear from his commentary altogether, an odd move for someone writing a book called *Faulkner and Black-White Relations*. For example, consider the following passage:

> He gives to the woman, as the child's inheritance, the one thing he has to give that signifies the truth of his life as he has tried to live it—the hunting horn, symbol of brotherhood and spiritual solvency. She accepts it; and perhaps it is the thing, the gesture, that she has come to receive from him in the first place, not really in hope of

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[7] *Faulkner: The House Divided* (The Johns Hopkins UP, 1983), 158-159.

[8] *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country* (Yale UP, 1966), 272-273.

[9] Walter Brylowski, *Faulkner's Olympian Laugh: Myth in the Novels* (Wayne State UP, 1968), 163.

> expectation of its occurrence, but simply in the recognition of the possibilities of the goodness that Ike had said exist in "men everywhere, at all times."[10]

Leaving aside the fact that "she had come to receive" a "gesture" not from Ike but from Roth, by the end of this passage, in which he seems unconsciously to adopt the cadences of Faulkner's diction, Jenkins apparently intends to suggest that Ike and the woman are really kindred spirits of a sort, or that she really has not come to see if Roth has changed his mind about marriage but, instead, converse with Ike.[11]

However, a reading of the passage to which Jenkins refers would suggest otherwise, given the rather distracted quality of the woman's response to the gift of the horn, as well as what Ike says immediately after she "accepts" it:

> "The horn!" he said harshly. "The horn." [. . .]
>
> "What?" she said.
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> "It's his. Take it."
>
> "Oh," she said. "Yes. Thank you."
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> "Yes," he said, harshly, rapidly, but not so harsh now and soon not harsh at all but just rapid, urgent, until he knew that his voice was running away from him and he had neither intended it nor could stop it: "That's right. Go back North. Marry: a man in your own race. [. . .]" (346)

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[10] *Faulkner and Black-White Relations: A Psychoanalytical Approach* (Columbia UP, 1981), 243. Subsequent passages will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[11] Dirk Kuyk, Jr. similarly argues that the woman has really come to meet Ike rather than Roth but is, in my judgment, closer to the mark when he writes that she "has the autonomy that has earned her the right to say that she and only she could have made Roth a man. She [. . .] stands above the dread of her heritage and, as her ignoring the money suggests, of mankind's guilt of the sin of possession" (*Threads Cable-Strong: William Faulkner's* Go Down, Moses [Bucknell UP, 1983], 162-163).

But we can find an even earlier moment in "Delta Autumn" in which Ike clearly does not understand the woman:

> [E]ven after she had glanced at the front of [the envelope], he watched her hold it in the one free hand and tear the corner off with her teeth and manage to rip it open and tilt the neat sheaf of bound notes onto the blanket without even glancing at them and look into the empty envelope and take the edge between her teeth and tear it completely open before she crumpled and dropped it.
>
> "That's just money," she said.
>
> "What did you expect? What else did you expect? You have known him long enough or at least often enough to have got that child, and you dont know him any better that? [. . .] What do you want? What do you expect?"
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> "Yes." (341-342)

Critics informed by feminist reading strategies or by African-American literary theory do not always fare better than these other scholars, either. Minrose Gwin, one of Faulkner's very best readers, in an otherwise astute discussion of black women and the narrative spaces they create in *Go Down, Moses*, in my view badly misunderstands the woman, and does so not on her (the woman's) terms but, again, on terms recognizable as Ike's: "Despite her brave trespass into white man's space, it seems to me that the woman (I grow weary of calling her this) speaks from within a closed system of exchange, not so much because she is legally black (Roth does not seem to know this), but because, as a devalued woman (Ike's tone makes that much clear), she is entrapped by a masculinist

social order."[12] I must express surprise at Gwin's suggestion that Roth does not know his lover's race because, otherwise, the other hunters' earlier leering remarks about the "light-skinned" "doe" Roth had found on last year's hunt—remarks made in Roth's presence—would make no sense. They knew or suspected she was black; surely Roth did as well, or what would have been his motive to "Tell her No"? As for Gwin's claim that the woman finds herself entrapped in a masculinist social order, I would argue that this claim reads the woman in the same way that Ike understands her relationship with Roth, but—and the very fact of her remaining unnamed in the narrative hints at this—clearly is not how she understands herself.

All of these critics, except for Gwin, who seems to believe he understands her perfectly, agree that Ike has difficulty understanding the woman, but the source of (and, therefore, the blame for) his failure to comprehend her apparently lies with her and not with Ike. Jenkins makes the case most directly: "[Roth's lover] is in the grip of an emotion far more difficult to articulate," he notes, than is her version of her relationship with Roth (241). But I would like to suggest the possibility that in this scene the woman speaks perfectly clearly yet has trouble making herself understood because she speaks out of a space and experience entirely different from that which Ike and these critics occupy. Language itself has created this space; it has shaped her life away from the South and, certainly, during her brief sojourn in New Mexico with Roth. This language, moreover, creates a vacuum inside which Ike's language—and Roth's language before this encounter—dies.[13] Roth seems to recognize this quality in the woman when, as he leaves the envelope with Ike, he tells him, "There will be a message [note: not the expected *messenger*] here some time this morning, looking for

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[12] "Her Shape, His Hand: The Spaces of African American Women in *Go Down, Moses*," p. 90, in *New Essays on* Go Down, Moses, ed. Linda-Wagner-Martin (Cambridge UP, 1996). Subsequent passages will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[13] Carol Clancy Harter also reads this encounter as one of competing languages, but reads it less positively than I do: "Roth's mistress, Faulkner's quintessential Black, seeks her escape through the transcendent power of love and commitment, only to be thwarted like the others, by the sheer strength of the system she opposes" (221).

me. Maybe it wont come. If it does, give the messenger this and tell h—say I said No" (339). The woman's language has become incarnated for Roth, actively seeking out its recipient. In its face (the vacuum I spoke of), Roth can offer no resistance except his absence upon her arrival in the camp. He chooses to flee, just as Ike will later advise her to leave when she arrives ("That's right. Go back North.").

The narrator's physical description of the woman provides us with one overt sign of this vacuum. Her appearance confuses distinctions of gender, race, and age, making it difficult for Ike's (and our) attempts to abstract her and thus make assumptions about her. She becomes a presence, an essence of something we, along with Ike, cannot categorize in a conventional manner. She resists reading, in other words. Though from the first identified as female, the woman wears "a man's hat and a man's slicker and rubber boots" (340); though obviously a mother, her "tragic and foreknowing eyes" (344) gaze at Ike with a "grave, intent, speculative and detached fixity like a child" (342); her "face's dead and toneless pallor" looks to Ike "anything but dead, but young and incredibly and even ineradicably alive" (343); she sounds "almost like a Northerner" to Ike, but when she announces she is James Beauchamp's granddaughter she links herself inextricably with Ike and with the South through their shared, not-even-past tragedies of slavery and racial prejudice.

Perhaps the most striking sign of the woman's resistance to being read occurs, however, in the moment when she, by speaking, seems to reveal her race (not by announcing it but by mentioning her aunt's taking in laundry to earn money) and then almost immediately complicates that revelation. Her aunt's taking in of laundry, that simple piece of information, calls up in Ike's mind a complex of social codes which designate, among other things, the appropriate labors for women of each race. Thus, in that first moment, Ike feels he can say something certain about the woman when she places herself within a context which he "understands." Ike's and the woman's

languages seem to Ike to mesh like the teeth of gears, and his mind grinds into motion: "Now he understood what it was she had brought into the tent with her." He thus feels he can place her in the social category "nigger."[14] Yet even as Ike thinks he can do so, the woman's response effectively negates the meaning of the term as Ike intends it: "Yes. James Beauchamp [. . .] was my grandfather. I said you were Uncle Ike." Her aunt takes in laundry, but her uncle is the same man who is uncle to half a county and father to no one. She insists upon her kinship with him in the very moment Ike thrusts her away, and so resists an easy stereotyping into the very social category to which she appears to assent with her simple "Yes."[15]

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[14] In "Was" we find a similar construct—and similar confusion—when the narrator uses the word *nigger* to describe "that damn white half-McCaslin," Tomey's Turl (6). Tomey's Turl's arms, for example, are "supposed to be black but were not quite white" (28). Moreover, the text associates certain modes of behavior with the signifier *nigger*, but, as in the passage below, Tomey's Turl's deviations from expected norms cause the narrator to become mystified: "[B]eing a nigger, Tomey's Turl should have jumped down [from the mule he is riding] and run for it afoot as soon as he saw [Uncle Buck and Cass]. But he didn't; maybe Tomey's Turl had been running off from Uncle Buck for so long that he had even gotten used to running away like a white man would do it" (8-9).

Leaving aside for the moment the fact that, given his genealogy as revealed in "The Bear," Tomey's Turl is considerably more than a "half-McCaslin," it seems clear, both in "Was" and "Delta Autumn"—and certainly in other Faulkner texts such as *Light in August*—that *nigger* functions more as a signifier of social than of racial difference.

[15] Roth's lover is thus atypical of Faulkner's black characters, if Edouard Glissant's analysis of them in *Faulkner, Mississippi* accurately characterizes them. Glissant, summarizing Frederick Karl's understanding of the matter, asserts that Faulkner "pretends that what should have been realized [in the South] was a unique, Black-and-White race. It is clear that he did not use the term 'miscegenated.' The Black-and-White race resolves unbearable hates and absolves injustice, but preserves all absolutes. [* * *] The only way to live the inextricable while escaping damnation is to extract oneself from 'History,' to remain self-sufficient and petrify oneself, without hope and without illusion. That is what Faulknerian Negroes do" (*Faulkner, Mississippi* [U of Chicago P, 2000], 85; 92). A little later, Glissant will offer up Nancy Mannigoe of *Requiem for a Nun* as "a good example of what Faulkner would offer as a contrast to Blacks generally, in the name he has of his conception of them–seeing them in his works as keepers of the suffering, guardians of the temple of the unspeakable, but not as an oppressed population that has the simple right to rise up against oppression" (94).

If Glissant is right, then it becomes very tempting to read Ike McCaslin, given his words and actions directed at Roth's lover, as a solid candidate for a Faulkner character who most closely speaks for the author himself. This opinion, by the way, runs counter not just to most critical opinion on Ike but even to Faulkner's own understanding of him. And if *that* is true, then this scene in "Delta Autumn"–specifically, the woman's clear refusal both to extract herself from History (ironically, the very course of action Ike has chosen through his relinquishment of his claim to his grandfather's land) and to live without hope or illusion–acquires even more poignancy. She refuses to be a "keeper of the suffering." No wonder Ike (and many critics out there who think they are reading her but are, in fact, reading her through Ike's eyes) have trouble comprehending her.

But whereas Glissant argues that Faulkner cannot (or does not want to) conceive of African-Americans as "an oppressed population that has the simple right to rise up against oppression," I do not think the woman in "Delta Autumn" thinks of herself as a member of such a population, either. As we shall see later in this chapter, she wants no part of either role; to borrow Glissant's language, she may seek to resolve unbearable hates and absolve injustice, but she does not also preserve all absolutes. She instead creates another of her own making.

II

For the moment, I would like to leave off this discussion and turn now to Amado's novel, *Tenda dos Milagres*. This text has two narrative threads, which relate their respective events via a fragmented structure whose basic approach bears some resemblance to that of *Go Down, Moses*. One of those threads tells the story of the life and loves of Pedro Archanjo, a mulatto Bahian who by day serves as a runner for the faculty at the local medical school in turn-of-the-20th-century Bahia. However, Archanjo is also a folk artist, musician, and self-taught anthropologist who leads his neighborhood's candomblé dances and so is very much at the spiritual center of a community of blacks and mulattoes, encouraging them to observe and preserve the traditions of Bahia—its art, its dances, its rites and rituals—at a time when the government often violently suppressed Afro-Brazilian festivals and other celebrations because of their allegedly degenerate nature. Archanjo is also a writer, and it is as a writer that he is at his most subversive. The very existence of his books, despite their Bahian ethnographical and genealogical subject matter, plays against the dominant culture's assumption that, in essence, only white Brazilians write books. David T. Haberly notes that, as "white" an act as it is simply to read in Brazil, to write and publish there "is an act even more refined, even more aristocratic, even more whitening than the consumption of literature."[16] Archanjo's works thus serve to begin to deconstruct Brazilian society simply by virtue of his having written them, never mind his books' actual contents, precisely because they "darken" "white" Brazil through his engagement in an activity that implicitly signifies the writer's membership in the cultural elite of Brazil. That same cultural elite is the focus of the other series of chapters. That series, some of it narrated by a minor poet named Fausto Pena who has been hired to research Archanjo's life,

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[16] *Three sad races: Racial identity and national consciousness in Brazilian literature* (Cambridge UP, 1983), 5. To give some idea of the exclusivity of Brazilian book-buying public at one time, Haberly notes that the biggest-selling book ever published in Brazil, Amado's *Tereza Batista, Cansada de Guerra* (*Tereza Batista: Home from the Wars*) sold 250,000 copies when published in 1972: a number that represents approximately .3% of the country's total population.

and some of it told by an omniscient narrator, tells of the government's planning and eventual emasculating of a celebration in honor of the 100th anniversary of Archanjo's birth. The emasculation occurs chiefly for political reasons: at the same time as the centennial, Brazil is negotiating a trade agreement with South Africa, and the Brazilian government does not want to offend the representatives of that government by celebrating in too grand a manner the life of a documenter and celebrant of Brazil's miscegenated heritage, especially via study seminars such as "Brazilian Racial Democracy and Apartheid: Affirmation and Negation of Humanism."[17] Archanjo's four books, which document either directly or implicitly African culture's pervasiveness in Bahia, subvert official, white Brazil by demonstrating that a "white Brazilian" is in essence an oxymoron. Indeed, as a character tells Pedro at one point, "How many times do I have to tell you that when you talk about white blood in Bahia it's just like talking about white sugar from our mills: all of it's brown" (287). Yet this second series of chapters in *Tenda dos Milagres* serves as a reminder of the unease with which official Brazil engages with this knowledge.[18]

But though *Tenda dos Milagres* bears those narrative structural similarities to *Go Down, Moses*, it also bears other features far more adventurous. We find disrupted even those portions of the novel that we would ordinarily consider more or less perfunctory—its title page, dedications, and epigraphs—as if to compel the reader to consider what it must have felt like for Archanjo's immediate readers to have encountered these irruptions of mulatto culture into the domain of white

[17] Jorge Amado, *Tenda dos Milagres* (*Tent of Miracles*, trans. Barbara Shelby) (1971; Avon, 1988), 130. Subsequent references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[18] See the introduction to Haberly, *Three Sad Races*, especially 7-8.

Brazil. A rather lengthy discussion of this material follows, but I hope to convey something of the reader's experience when encountering it.[19]

After a traditional title and publication page, we find a dedication page where, among the names listed, we find Emanoel Araújo (b. 1940), a prominent Bahian artist in part responsible for legitimizing the artistic traditions of that region throughout the rest of Brazil. He also, perhaps coincidentally, shares his surname with that of Nilo d'Ávila Argolo de Araújo, a virulent racist who is Pedro Archanjo's intellectual adversary in *Tenda dos Milagres*, about whom we will say more later. For now, however, we can say that one character in the novel notes in a couple of instances that Argolo, with good reason, never seems to talk about the Araújo side of his family. (In keeping with Amado's creating a sense of verisimilitude for his narratives, the artist Araújo himself indirectly appears in the novel itself via an engraving of his purchased by the publisher who will pay Fausto Pena for the essay he will write on Archanjo (347). After that page appear three epigraphs. Two of the epigraphs, which frame the third, concern the work of the colonial Brazilian poet Gregório de Matos (1636-1696), who wrote such caustic satires and critiques of all classes and institutions of Brazil that much of his work would not be published until the 19th century. The first is a rather innocuous quote from one of Matos' works that also could serve as a summation of *Tenda dos Milagres* itself: "Thus thou art, Bahia,/and such the things that happen in thy streets" (n.p.). The second, also seemingly innocuous, quotes the pioneering Afro-Brazilian historiographer Manuel Raimundo Querino (1851-1923) from his essay titled "The black settler's contribution to Brazilian civilization" (Portuguese title: "O colono prêto como fator da civilização brasileira" [1918]); it reads,

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[19] Many of the devices mentioned in next two paragraphs recur in Amado's novels, in keeping with his rather disingenuous description of himself as "more of a journalist than a novelist" who "simply transfer[s] the reality of [Bahian people's] lives to a literary plane and recreate[s] the ambience of Bahia, and that is all" (Daphne Patai, *Myth and Ideology in Contemporary Brazilian Fiction* [Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 1983], 112). Patai's discussion of Amado's narrative techniques in *Teresa Batista cansada de guerra* (112-119) will be recognizable to readers of *Tenda dos Milagres*. See also Bobby J. Chamberlain's discussion of Amado's narrative methods in *Jorge Amado* (Twayne, 1990. Twayne's World Author Series: Latin American Literature), 74-77. Subsequent passages from this source will be cited parenthetically in the text.

"Brazil has two real claims to greatness: the richness of its soil and the sharp wit of its mestizos" (n.p.). This is, of course, Amado's novel's great theme, and a cursory reading of Querino's biography and his work's importance to subsequent Afro-Brazilian historiography shows clearly that Amado closely modeled Pedro Archanjo after him. Querino's work did much to counter the then-prevailing argument in Brazil at the turn of the 20th century that African culture had little influence in that country and, at worst, posed a risk to the social and racial health of the nation. Querino gave Brazil's African and mestizo peoples and cultures a voice in their struggle to gain legal and cultural legitimacy in the eyes of the government and the cultural elite.[20] That said, Amado personally had a complicated response to Querino's career and once commented on comparisons between Querino and Archanjo by saying, "Querino moved upward[;] Pedro Archanjo moved forward" (qtd. in Chamberlain 77), by which Amado means that in his opinion Querino worked harder on self-advancement than on the advancement of his people.[21]

Perhaps Amado's judgment of Querino explains the placement of the third epigraph, a comment by James Amado (no relation to Jorge that I am able to determine), the editor of a 1968 edition of Matos' complete works. In it, James Amado expresses the fear that this edition will serve to whitewash Matos' life as well as his work: "All the propaganda machinery of the schools and government agencies will be used to implant this false image in the minds of children and adults alike, with the same efficiency in selling half truth that is used to sell any other commodity" (n.p.). As I have already mentioned in this chapter, this same fate awaits Archanjo and his work as

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[20] See "Manuel Raimundo Querino: The First Afro-Brazilian Historian" (*A.A.B.C.: An African-Brazilian Connection*. brazilmusic.com. n.d. brazilianmusic.com/aabc/quer.html. 15 Mar. 2016) and Sabrina Gledhill's blog, *Manuel Raimundo Querino (1851-1923)* (www.manuelquerino.com/ 15 Mar. 2016.)

[21] Sabrina Gledhill suggests in a response to a query of mine that Amado's characterization may not be entirely fair: "Actually, Querino was very outspoken, especially in his defense of Africans and their descendants, and made enemies in the course of his career. He also made many friends, as the prominent figures who attended and spoke at his funeral made abundantly clear" ("Re: Dissertation Defense," *Manuel Raimundo Querino (1851-1923)*, 15 Mar. 2016, www.manuelquerino.com/2014/03/dissertation-defense.html?showComment=1458058617822#c8117197793898329952, 15 Mar. 2016).

representatives of government and business make plans to pay tribute to his legacy on the occasion of his centenary. (In the novel, the movement to celebrate the centenary of Archanjo's birth begins when a renowned anthropologist from Columbia University arrives in Brazil in search of biographical material on Archanjo to use as an introduction to an English translation of his books; academic and government types, few of whom had ever even heard of Archanjo before, suddenly decide that his work might be worth investigating further if someone from the United States knows about it and is interested in it; that leads to the discovery that the 100th anniversary of Archanjo's birth is approaching; and that leads to the planned celebrations.) Perhaps, just as James Amado fears the publication of Matos' complete works will "resemble Gregório de Matos but will be far more genteel and handsome" (n.p.), Jorge Amado regards Querino's undeniably important work as an advocate for Bahian culture as ironically having made it susceptible to bowdlerization to suit the ends of the cultural and commercial powerbrokers in Rio and São Paulo.[22]

One last page of epigraphs awaits the reader: a description of Pedro Archanjo from a police report; and a quote from the 20th-century Brazilian artist Carybé (actual name, Héctor Julio Páride Bernabó (1911-1997)): "A *iaba*'s a she-devil without a tail" (n.p.). Then appears another title page, and after it comes an introduction that establishes for the reader the world within which Archanjo moves and which he will come to document. This whole dizzying array of extra title pages and false and true texts, confounding our preconceptions about what the beginnings of novels should look like but also preparing us for the novel we are about to read, is, as I said earlier, a variation on *Go Down, Moses*' structure's disruption of our expectations of novelistic conventions. *Tenda dos Milagres*'

[22] In "Hybridity vs. Pluralism: Culture, Race, and Aesthetics in Jorge Amado," Nelson H. Vieira argues forcefully that Amado's fictions, far from applauding official Brazil's self-promotion as a mixed-race paradise, actually seek to expose that myth: "[A] homogeneous ideology can occur when the State promotes the myth of racial democracy while irresponsibly neglecting the individual rights of its pluralistic citizenry. This line of thinking neither reflects Amado's vision nor his depiction of *mestiçagem*. In fact, he challenges the practice of cultural homogeneity" (in Keith H. Brower, Earl E. Fitz, and Enrique Martínez-Vidal, eds., *Jorge Amado: New Critical Essays* [Routledge, 2001], 232).

disruptions pervade even the very conventions of publication—they miscegenate the container for this/these narrative(s) about a miscegenated culture and its documenter. [23]

In the scene that follows, Archanjo, who, like Ike, also approaches the end of his life (in fact, he has just had a mild heart attack), has a surprise meeting with a young woman on a street in Salvador, a city in Bahia:

> His worn eyes gazed at the dark-haired girl who was holding him. He knew that beauty; it was familiar to him. Ah! She couldn't be anyone but Rosa's granddaughter! That sweetness, that allure, that eagerness, that charm, that extreme beauty—he knew it all.
>
> "Are you Rosa's granddaughter? Miminha's girl?" His voice was infinitely tired, but happy.
>
> "How did you know?"
>
> So like her and so different. How many kinds of blood had gone into the mixture to make her perfection? That long silky hair, that fine skin, those blue eyes, and the dense mystery of her firm, slender body.
>
> "I was a friend of your grandmother, I went to your mother's wedding. What's your name?

[23] Vieira observes, "[*Tenda dos Milagres*'] constant shifts in narrative perspective not only effect a hybrid discourse but also undermine the dominant discourse of the power elites" (247). This of course echoes Snead's observations regarding *Go Down, Moses*' miscegenated structure. *Tenda dos Milagres*' opening also closely resembles the opening pages of U.S. novelist Ishmael Reed's 1972 novel *Mumbo Jumbo*: not only does that novel insert its first chapter between its two title pages, it also contains a five-page "Partial Bibliography." It is also a novel whose subject, perhaps coincidentally and perhaps not, is the practice and spread of a religion practiced by people of African descent and the threat that religion poses to white culture. In the case of Reed's novel, this religion is called Jes Grew, a voodoo-like polytheistic religion practiced by Southern blacks and spread primarily through jazz from New Orleans northward. I will have more to say about this novel in chapter 5 of this study.

"Rosa, the same as hers. Rosa Alcântara Lavigne."

. . . . The girl somehow understood that the stumbling, probably sick old man in the wrinkled jacket and patched trousers, with holes in his shoes and a leaky heart, was close to her, probably a near relation. She had never been told very much about her grandmother's family. The lost thread, the silent mystery, the family of Oxalá.

"Goodbye, my dear. Seeing you was just like seeing Rosa again."

Suddenly, impelled by she knew not what strange power or sentiment, she girl took the dark, poor hand in hers and kissed it. Then she ran back toward the merry band of students and they went off singing down the shadowy street. (379-381)

I find striking the close correspondences between these passages of encounter from two texts which otherwise differ greatly in terms of their apparent stances relative to miscegenation. For Ike, miscegenation appears to belong to the realm of the uncanny, Freud's term for those repressed images that conjure up fears of castration in the subject. In the case of *Tenda dos Milagres*, however, Pedro Archanjo sees in Rosa a page of the most infamous book he had written, and the book around which much of the action of the novel revolves, *Notes on Miscegenation in the Families of Bahia*. Rosa, for Pedro, embodies a cultural consummation devoutly to be wished—and celebrated. [24]

[24] As I mentioned earlier, Archanjo's intellectual adversary in *Tenda dos Milagres* is Nilo d'Ávila Argolo de Araújo, a professor of the School of Medicine where Pedro works as a runner, who has staked his academic reputation on arguing that Africans and mulattoes are degenerate peoples. In each of their encounters, Archanjo is by far the more gentlemanly and, what is more, gets the better of Argolo intellectually. The final blow occurs when, as I will discuss later, Pedro reveals via the dedication page of *Notes on Miscegenation in the Families of Bahia* that he and Argolo are in fact distant cousins. In *Go Down, Moses*, Ike's segregationism arises specifically from having learned of his grandfather's outrages rather than from an overt belief that blacks are racially inferior. At worst, we could argue that Ike takes a rather paternalistic view of blacks. Argolo's vehement racism, however, is rooted in a fusion of Postitivism (still a predominant school of thought in Brazil at the turn of the 20th century) and Spenglerian thought, not to mention epidemiological studies performed at the School of Medicine in Bahia near the turn of the 20th century which determined that diseases and criminality were most prevalent among mixed-race peoples and people of African descent. (For the intellectual

Even given Archanjo's role as a subversive within the Bahian academic world, however, the meeting with Rosa still comes as a surprise to him, as even miraculous. Her appearance is, for Archanjo, every bit as unanticipated as that of Roth's lover for Ike in "Delta Autumn." But more than the quality of unexpectedness in the existence of these two women, we also find here something of the same indeterminacy in their respective descriptions: Roth's lover's body and clothing, as we have noted, blur distinctions of gender, age and race; Rosa's dark hair and blue eyes likewise confound our expectations.

Up until the fairly recent past, many studies beginning, as this one does, by noting the close correspondences between Faulkner's and a Latin American writer's respective texts, would stop at this point and then begin to list the Faulkner texts that other writer had read and, in the end, conclude that Faulkner had indeed influenced the Latin American writer: something more like a geometry proof than literary criticism. That sort of criticism has historically tended to annoy and even offend some Latin American writers. For example, Colombian novelist Gabriel García Márquez once made the mistake, as he later came to see it, of having mentioned in an interview that he had read and admired Faulkner at about the time he (García Márquez) was beginning to write his first novels and stories. At some point during the flood of articles written during the 1970s which compared Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County to his Macondo, with many of those articles citing that same interview, García Márquez came to see that, in his words, "my problem was not imitating Faulkner, but destroying him. His influenced had me screwed."[25]

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background informing Argolo's thinking, see Lilia Moritz Schwarcz, *The Spectacle of the Races: Scientists, Institutions, and the Race Question in Brazil, 1870-1930* [trans Leland Guyer; Hill & Wang, 1999], 234-296.) Even so, these men's respective senses of shock, upon learning that despite their actions and hopes and scholarly arguments that racial and cultural miscegenation has continued, arise from that same realization that the morally/academically unconscionable has occurred.

[25] Gabriel García Márquez and Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza, *El olor de la guayaba* (Editorial Oveja Negra, 1982), 50.

However, far from denying the correspondences between Faulkner's and Amado's respective works that I have so far listed, I wish to insist upon them. (I should note here, by the way, that I do not know whether Amado had read *Go Down, Moses*.) But even as I do so, I would like to suggest something else as well: that we find these correspondences not so much because Faulkner happened to have been on someone's reading list, but because Faulkner is trying to write a version of a story which, at moments such as the ones I have transcribed above, is essentially the same story, the same Book, if you will, that Faulkner, Amado, García Márquez and, potentially, all writers in the Americas have available to them as a subject to write. This story, moreover, predates those writers' own century. As we saw in the previous chapter, that story began at the moment Columbus tried and failed to make what he observed in this hemisphere square with what he knew and believed to be true of the world as imagined by Europeans. Over the centuries of colonial rule and the wars for independence and beyond, it took shape as a narrative that partook and partakes of yet is distinct from the discrete histories and cultures of indigenous, European, and African peoples.

Examples of these correspondences between and among New World writers are plentiful. To cite only one example, Brazilian novelist José de Alencar (1829-77), responding to accusations that his novel *O Guanari* (*The Guanari Indian*, 1857) essentially borrowed the plot of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), said, "Brazil, like the United States, has . . . a period of conquest in which the invading race destroys the indigenous race. This struggle creates analogous situations, owing to the similarity of the natives. . . . But this convergence derives from history; it is predestined, and is not the result of imitation" (qtd. in Haberly 44). Alencar does not say that history repeats itself; rather, this hemisphere's history consists of episodes over time written asynchronistically over time, thus creating anachronisms that render useless traditional notions of

history—and, by extension, literary history.[26] In the case of the present texts, we can imagine the ledgers Ike reads in the McCaslin plantation commissary, the ledgers which record and reveal the "record . . . not alone of his own flesh and blood but of all his people, not only the whites but the black one, too" (259), as a sort of Southern United States edition of Pedro Archanjo's *Notes on Miscegenation in the Families of Bahia*. The *Notes*, much like the McCaslin ledgers, records genealogies "based on irrefutable proof from the trunk to the twigs; whites, blacks, and Indians, colonists, slaves, and freedmen, soldiers and men of letters, priests and witch doctors, the good old Brazilian mixture" (339). It is a work, moreover, that Archanjo dedicates to a vehement racist and enemy of miscegenation, Nilo Argolo: a man who, Archanjo's research reveals, is Archanjo's distant cousin. We, as readers in these moments, join Ike in his reluctant reading and Pedro in his exuberant writing. In the moment of their (and our) reading and writing, they, and we, encounter the Encounter.[27]

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[26] An article I consider one of the first written on the subject of New World literature (because it was written before the field even existed as an established area of study) is Arnold Chapman's "Pampas and Big Woods: Heroic Initiation in Güiraldes and Faulkner" (*Comparative Literature* vol. 11, no. 1, Winter 1959, 61-77). The article, a study of Faulkner's "The Bear" and Argentinian novelist Ricardo Güiraldes' novel *Don Segundo Sombra* (1926), is no mere comparison piece because Güiraldes died (in 1927) without ever having heard of Faulkner, who was first mentioned in a Spanish-language journal only in 1933 and would not be published in Spain or Latin America until some years later. Chapman's article concludes this way:

> What our authors are telling us is the story of the sensitive European in the Western Hemisphere. His mind buzzing with bright dreams, prejudiced in favor of Utopia, seeing El Dorados and Big Rock Candy Mountains, he imagined he was fortune's minion and, a short while afterwards, in the hushed forests or under the great sky, he thought he had found freedom. [. . .] He imagined he had become the equal of a flower, a tree, or a mountain. But the conditions of this kind of freedom are fragile as a frontier. The pressure of civilization crushed the dream, killed the bear, sent Don Segundo away into the dusk, and left the young culture heroes still seeking liberty. [. . .] Güiraldes and Faulkner are linked by a common comprehension of the phenomenon America. (76-77)

[27] Similarly, in George Washington Cable's *The Grandissimes* (1880), we find a passage in which Joseph Frowenfeld, a recent arrival to New Orleans still growing acclimated to its Creole society, takes up a figurative reading "of this newly found book, the Community of New Orleans. True, he knew he should find it a difficult task–not only that much of it was in a strange tongue, but that it was a volume whose displaced leaves would have to be lifted tenderly, blown free of much dust, re-arranged, some torn fragments laid together again with much painstaking, and even the purport of some pages guessed out" (Penguin, 1988. 103).

Scenes such as these frequently occur in novels from throughout the Americas. While the title of Roberto González Echevarría's *Myth and Archive: A Theory of Latin American Literature* makes clear his book's regional focus, archive scenes occur in U.S. literature with enough frequency that González Echevarría's book could, with a bit of tinkering, serve as a useful way of thinking about the origins of the literature of this country as well. However, whereas

Mexican writer Carlos Fuentes suggests that Latin American writers so often cite Faulkner as an influence because "only Faulkner . . . offers [to Latin Americans] an image common to the United States and Latin America."[28] For Fuentes, that image is one of defeat: the sense of the tragic that has its source in the common heritage of the southern United States and Latin America as economically-underdeveloped, conquered and/or colonized lands that struggle with issues of race.[29] But beginning in this chapter and throughout the rest of this study, I wish to describe and explore the shared moment which arises out of the truths of lives encountered in the McCaslin ledgers and Archanjo's book—a moment, moreover, arising in part out of that same sense of the tragic Fuentes identifies: a moment that I will be calling Astonishment.

III

González Echevarría's book argues that the literature of the Americas has its origins in the imaginative rewriting of colonial-era records and histories of the region and therefore is an early version of (to appropriate a title) the empire writing back, in the case of narratives of miscegenation the Books in question either contain or cause a resistance to comprehending them even as they seek to serve as recordings, however oblique, of the facts of miscegenation. Silviano Santiago describes that dynamic in this way:

> In the new, indefatigable movement of opposition, of racial contamination, of sabotaging the cultural and social values imposed by the conquerors, a wider transformation operates on the surface, but nevertheless corrects the two principle systems that contributed to the spreading of Western culture among us: namely, the linguistic code and the religious code. These rubrics lose their sense of purity and are gradually enriched by new acquisitions, minute metamorphoses, and uncanny corruptions that transform the integrity of the Holy Book, the European Dictionary, and its Grammar. Hybridism reigns. ("Latin American Discourse: The Space In-Between," 30)

As I will argue in chapter 4, we will see this same simultaneous affirmation and deconstruction of social codes with regard to the depictions of ethnic types in colonial Mexican *casta* paintings.

[28] *Casa con dos puertas* (Joaquín Mortiz, 1970), 66 (my translation).

[29] For a reframing of that common heritage in terms that are postcolonialist but from a South American rather than a European perspective, see Hosam Aboul-Ela, *Other South: Faulkner, Coloniality, and the Mariátegui Tradition* (U of Pittsburgh P, 2007). In "The Ideology of Faulkner's Form," Aboul-Ela argues, following an interpretation of history propounded by Peruvian intellectual José Carlos Mariátegui (1894-1930) that history consists of "stages that are not entirely linear in their development," that "Euro-American colonialism does not result from natural and organic laws of cause and effect or from the grand design of a powerful and knowing prime mover. Rather, historical trajectories are multiple and must be seen from multiple points of view" (135). Thus, Aboul-Ela argues, Faulkner's novels' fractured chronologies have less to do with Modernist aesthetic experiment than they do with the writer's attempts to convey his characters' lives from various points of view.

Magic, *dream*, *illusion*, *amazement*: over the past half a millennium, writers and scholars have often employed these words and others like them to describe the lands of this hemisphere. Such language, for them, suggests a quality of felt or experienced unreality that, paradoxically, is part of the reality of this space. These words appear in texts produced in this hemisphere from the time of Columbus to the present, and not just those produced by Europeans.[30] Indeed, as we noted in the previous chapter, in the latter half of the 20th century a literary style in part pioneered by Alejo Carpentier, *lo real maravilloso* or "magic realism," appeared in Latin America, a style which plays on the implications of that perceived unreality-in-reality; the Neobaroque's aesthetics of excess and decenteredness also seek to capture some sense of this hemisphere's otherworldliness.

My term Astonishment arises out of those same engagements with the space of this hemisphere. I found this term (but not quite its meaning) in César Fernández Moreno's introduction to an anthology of essays entitled *Latin America in its Literature*. Fernández Moreno defines *astonishment* as "the first emotional response which flooded the hearts of the discoverers and conquerors when they confronted the object of their discovery and conquest."[31] Other writers have also named the emotion which accompanies this same moment. For example, Stephen Greenblatt, in his book *Marvelous Possessions*, names it "wonder."[32] Fernández Moreno would argue, as indeed Greenblatt does in his book, on behalf of the genuineness of that "first emotional reaction," a moment that occurs when "the discoverers and conquerors" step out of the subsequent, troubling roles History has since assigned to them and become, if only for a moment, marveling human beings

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[30] See Alessandra Russo, *The Untranslatable Image: A Mestizo History of the Arts in New Spain, 1500-1600* (U of Texas P, 2014).

[31] "Introduction," *Latin America in its Literature* (Holmes and Meier, 1980), 13. Fernández Moreno uses a lower-case *a* when discussing astonishment. For my part, I will use an upper-case *A* when referring to "my" Astonishment as a way to both suggest a connection between his and my terms and to distinguish between them.

[32] Stephen Greenblatt, *Marvelous Possessions: The Wonder of the New World* (U of Chicago P, 1991), 14.

conscious only of the fact of their marveling.[33] However, I wish to describe an Astonishment that has as its source a different context. Fernández Moreno's astonishment and Greenblatt's wonder arise, as each says, from the initial interaction of discoverers and conquerors, landscape, and indigenous people (and, later, peoples of African descent) before they slip into the more familiar roles history has assigned to them. The Astonishment I wish to describe here does not in any way arise from such a relationship but, rather, is an unarticulateable wonder experienced when characters within a narrative, the reader, and even at times the author encounter a space within which that conqueror/conquered dichotomy no longer signifies.

I should add here before going on that I do not intend for my discussion of Astonishment to in any way mitigate or counter the much more familiar (and certainly more commented-upon) construction of the miscegenous relationship in the history and literature of the Americas: the rape scene comprised of the white plantation owner or conquistador and the black or indigenous woman. This very real and painful image haunts to this day the collective unconscious of, especially, Latin Americans, Caribbean peoples, and U.S. citizens of African descent. Yet, in parallel with this five-

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[33] Many, of course, would disagree with such a reading. José Promis, for example, contends that the *cronistas* (a term commonly used to denote those who first wrote about the Americas), familiar with the then-popular tales of fantastic lands and peoples, write of the Americas as they do as a sort of conditioned response arising from that particular Iberian literary tradition. Thus, the *crónicas* are themselves literary. More importantly, though, since the *cronistas* write out of that tradition, the resulting textualization of the Americas has the effect of effacing its otherness, of making familiar the unfamiliar by reshaping the unfamiliar into familiar form (see *The Identity of Hispanoamerica: An Interpretation of Colonial Literature* [The U of Arizona P, 1991], especially 1-40). Still, Promis would agree with me when I say that according to his argument, the *cronistas'* borrowing their ostensibly non-fictional narratives' language from the genre of the fabulous causes them to persist in the same errors that we saw Columbus, De Las Casas, and Martyr make, in Chapter One, in their respective writings about the lands and peoples of this hemisphere as they attempted to perceive this place and its peoples through a European lens.

Somewhat differently from Promis, Amy G. Remensnyder, drawing attention to the Spaniards' experiences during the *Reconquista* of the Iberian Peninsula from the Moors, notes the *cronistas*' borrowing "from the lexicon of paganism ('temples') [and] the vocabulary of Islam[, often calling] the Maya and Nahua structures 'mosques'" as they attempted to convey the experience of encountering these civilizations for the first time. She thus strikes a middle ground between Fernández Moreno and Promis, phrasing the matter this way: "If a Maya town glimpsed from afar conjured up visions of Muslim Cairo, Mesoamerican places of cult could be made to fit, however awkwardly, into that familiar vocabulary evoking both civilization and difference" (*La Conquistadora: The Virgin Mary at War and Peace in the Old and New Worlds* [Oxford UP, 2014], 239).

centuries-long socio-historical reality, we can also find in the Americas an almost-as-long contemporaneous tradition of Astonishment that, as I have mentioned, occurs outside the context of conqueror and conquered, of oppressor and oppressed. Because it occurs outside that context, this Astonishment works as a creative force in narrative, even, as in the case of "Delta Autumn," in narratives whose protagonists or narrators do not condone miscegenation. Fernández Moreno's astonishment and Greenblatt's wonder, as I have noted, signal the beginnings of the history of the Americas as a site of (geographically-speaking, of course) East-West cultural interchange. Thus, we can locate such moments squarely within history itself. But while the European encounter with that physical space known as the Americas and its peoples serves as the catalyst for astonishment and wonder, the Astonishment we will be discussing here reveals glimpses of the New World—not the New World of Peter Martyr's coinage but, as I described it in the previous chapter, a Keplerian, Baroque space, the grand second opportunity on earth denied the Buendía family in García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, within which its inhabitants work out for themselves the meaning of who they are through cultural expression. It is a space outside of history or, better put, a space from which its occupants articulate a response to history.

It should come as no surprise, then, that when protagonists, narrators, and readers encounter the space created by Astonishment in narrative—this space of the New World—we find them all employing the rhetorics of the equally-important New World themes of Utopia and Apocalypse. While Utopia is a hope held out for the Americas ever since the Encounter (indeed, Thomas More sets *Utopia* (1516) on an island in the Caribbean off the coast of South America), that hope also becomes our hemisphere's curse; as we saw Carlos Fuentes note in Chapter One of this study, we are "condemned to Utopia by the Old World." I want to make clear, though, that the utopian rhetoric engendered by Astonishment does not originate in the Old World. Europeans saw the Americas as Utopia or Columbus's posited Eden, but for Europeans alone. They extended that

hoped-for second opportunity on earth neither to indigenous peoples nor those of African descent, nor even entirely, in colonial New Spain, to people born in this hemisphere of Spanish-born parents. Meanwhile, the state and Church have never exactly encouraged miscegenation in this hemisphere, even though in Latin America the Church saw it as a tool of conversion (if also regulated by both the Church and colonial administrators). Rather, its far more familiar legacy is that it has been the target of legislation or social ostracizing or lynch mobs throughout the hemisphere. Yet, even given this five-centuries-long history, we shall see later in this chapter and again elsewhere that this commingling of races and cultures that occurs in New World texts—not their separation—engenders relationships based not on the manipulation of power but on love and mutual respect, relationships that ignore but do not efface difference. The glimpse of that possibility engenders utopian rhetoric when one encounters the space of Astonishment. This utopia, then, differs greatly from that imagined by Europeans for the Americas. The New World utopias we shall consider in this study will bear little if any resemblance to the Old World's versions of those idealized spaces.

That lack of resemblance gives rise to apocalyptic rhetoric as the protagonist and narrator and reader collectively grapple with Astonishment.[34] I wish to preserve *apocalypse*'s two meanings here—its biblical meaning of "revelation" and its more secular associations with utter, total destruction.[35] Especially in the case of texts from the United States and Brazil (though one can find

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[34] According to Peter Rupert, utopian literature affect its readers, as they compare that fictional construct with their own world, in somewhat the same way the encounter with apocalypse does:

> [U]topias attempt to produce a disturbing and startling effect: they invite us to entertain social alternatives, to open ourselves to other possibilities, to make the process of reading an occasion for discovery about the social world in which we live. Seen in this way, reading utopias can be an activating experience, an experience that undermines our social beliefs, modifies our social values, changes us. (*Reader in a Strange Land: The Activity of Reading Literary Utopias* [U of Georgia P, 1986], xi.)

I would add to this that, in moments of Astonishment, this activating experience occurs as well among characters within the text.

[35] See Lois Parkinson Zamora, *Writing the Apocalypse: Historical Vision in Contemporary U.S. and Latin American Fiction* (Cambridge UP, 1989), 10-19, for a discussion of apocalypse generally, as well as a brief history of apocalypse as a theme in the cultural life of the Americas.

traces of this in texts from other countries as well), the appearance of mulattoes in these texts tends to generate apocalyptic rhetoric which functions in both areas of meaning simultaneously: on the one hand, a character (or, in some instances, the narrator or the reader) sees the person of mixed race as a harbinger of things to come in the world; on the other, the mixed-race person's presence wrecks (because it denies and defies) the old order of the world.

Here is an example of what I mean. Of all the nations of this hemisphere, the United States and Brazil have in common the most similar historical patterns of race relations. Brazil had a *de facto* slave trade until 1853, and slavery there was not abolished until 1888; indeed, after the end of the U.S. Civil War, up to 20,000 Southerners, who came to be known as Confederados, emigrated from the U.S. to Brazil to resume their lives as farmers who relied on slave labor to produce their crops. In Brazil, stratification along racial lines, reinforced by the influences of social Darwinism and Positivism in the latter half of the 19th century, persists to this day. In both nations, centuries of slavery, segregation, and discrimination had relegated blacks to the position of non-citizens, so thoroughly accounted for that they disappeared. They became invisible, named into non-existence. Meanwhile, though legally persons of mixed race were categorized as blacks, the social reality was that racially-segregated communities made few allowances for the manifestations of blurred racial distinctions. Simply put, they had not imagined mulattoes. In a society of either/or, mulattoes were neither and both simultaneously. Ironically, they become the Other within the very societies that, by not having imagined them, produces them.[36] Earlier in this chapter, I have already mentioned signs of otherness in the women in the excerpts from "Delta Autumn" and *Tenda dos Milagres*; in the passage from Amado's novel that follows, we see that Rosa remains just as indeterminate for the

[36] This hemisphere's French and Spanish colonies by contrast, attempted to make their mixed-race populations more visible by creating nomenclatures and, in New Spain and Peru, visual depictions of these populations. We will explore these in further detail in Chapter 4.

novel's putative author of the passages about Archanjo, Fausto Pena, who has been hired by the anthropologist from Columbia University to gather more information on Archanjo:

> I was never able to find out [. . .] whether the Negress Rosa de Oxalá was the same person as the mulatto Risoleta, whose ancestor came from Mali, or as Dorotéia, the woman who had a pact with the devil. There were those who thought she was personified in Rosenda Batista dos Reis from Muritiba, while others attributed her story to the comely Sabina dos Anjos, "loveliest of all the angels," in the gallant words of Master Archanjo. Confound her, I said to myself, was she only one woman or several? I gave up trying to find out, and I'm sure no one else knows any more than I do. (10)

The woman Pena speaks of, like the unnamed woman in "Delta Autumn," remains finally unnamable even for someone interested in her origins. In the silence of that unnamed-ness, of the unspoken nominative, we find again the encounter with the Encounter, this meeting with past meetings and comminglings that have become so numerous as to lose their significance and their names in this moment of meeting.[37] What causes Astonishment, then, is not the fact of those comminglings but the revelation of the existence of the progeny of those comminglings.

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[37] Roth obviously knows the name of his lover; yet, curiously, a sort of anonymity exists even between themselves (the woman tells Ike that Roth's "money came to the bank in Vicksburg in my name but coming from nobody as we had agreed" (342), and neither she nor Ike ever says Roth's name); Ike and the reader, of course, never learn the woman's name. But "Delta Autumn"'s odd triangle—the woman, Roth, and Ike (Walter Taylor muses that "[b]lundering Roth had stumbled on the woman Ike should have had" [*Faulkner's Search for a South* (U of Illinois P, 1983), 133])—results precisely because the dynamic of anonymity between these distant kinspeople/lovers creates the space that permits its construction.

Roth's lover knows the ability of names to grant control to those who wield them; she rejects the McCaslin name for her grandfather, "Tennie's Jim," in favor of the name he chose for himself, James Beauchamp. Possibly, she withholds her own name from Ike so as to remain forever outside his control, to free herself of the McCaslin legacy in a way that Ike, through his relinquishment of his grandfather's inheritance, ironically never could. Just as the woman's great-uncle Lucas Beauchamp had changed his name from "Lucius" ("Old Carothers"' name, thus eliminating Ike's need to enter his name in the McCaslin ledgers (269), the woman's remaining anonymous to Ike means that she, too, remains free of the ledgers and all for which they stand. Indeed, speculates the narrator of "The Fire and the Hearth," this seems also to have been the case with James:

IV

Astonishment occurs when those who experience it either cannot or will not recognize the spaces within which those comminglings occur. In this regard, then, *Go Down, Moses* is an especially striking case in point. At the time he wrote it, this novel was Faulkner's most sustained exploration of not just black-white relations but of black lives themselves: the interiority and agency of black people. Even so, this novel, despite its title's appropriation of an Abolitionist hymn's title, ultimately concerns itself more with whites' attempts to come to terms with the legacy of slavery in the post-bellum South, due in large measure to the fact that Ike's deliberations regarding the legacy of his grandfather's plantation dominate the novel. This is not to say that those blacks whom we encounter in the novel are not also coming to terms with that legacy; it is to say that whites in the novel often misunderstand the glimpses of the spaces of black lives we do have, existing as those spaces do on the periphery of the narrative's concerns. ("They will endure," Ike says of black people [286] in a statement that manages to be simultaneously honorific and dismissive.) Nevertheless, they are present, as are other spaces that resist any attempt to read them.[38] As for the spaces of *Tenda dos Milagres*, we will see that they are, in essence, those of *Go Down, Moses* but turned inside-out.

> James, the eldest, ran away before he came of age and didn't stop until he had crossed the Ohio River and they never heard from or of him again at all–that is, that his white kindred ever knew. It was though he had not only (as his sister was later to do) put running water between himself and the land of his grandmother's betrayal and his father's nameless birth, but he had interposed latitude and geography too, shaking from his feet forever the very dust of the land where his white ancestor could acknowledge or repudiate him from one day to another, according to his whim, but where he dared not even repudiate the white ancestor save when it met the white man's humor of the moment. (102)

[38] These spaces seem to exist because of textual decisions Faulkner made as he worked to turn these once-discrete stories into a thematically-coherent novel. In making Roth's lover James Beauchamp's granddaughter, Faulkner also felt compelled to add material (in particular, the long fourth section of "The Bear" that itself created spaces of Black lives whose existence Faulkner (both as writer and as white man) acknowledges but knows enough to know that he does not fully understand them. See Appendix II: "It's our grief": Faulkner's Treatment of African-American Narrative Spaces in *Go Down, Moses.*

Strangely, much as he loves the wilderness, the South is not a place for Ike. That is, the South—its history and people and culture—is a kind of palimpsest laid over the wilderness, but Ike feels no deep sense of emotional attachment to the South, seeing it only as an accursed place to which he has relinquished any claim and to which he will bequeath no progeny. So, he lays claim to the woods by refusing to own any of the South:

> [I]t was his land, although he had never owned a foot of it. He had never wanted to, not even after he saw plain its ultimate doom, watching it retreat year by year before the onslaught of axe and saw and log-lines and then dynamite and tractor plows, because it belonged to no man. It belonged to all; they had only to use it well, humbly and with pride. Then suddenly he knew why he had never wanted to own any of it, arrest at least that much of what people called progress, measure his longevity at least against that much of its ultimate fate. It was because there was just exactly enough of it. He seemed to see the two of them–himself and the wilderness–as coevals, [. . .] the two spans running out together, not toward oblivion, nothingness, but into a dimension free of both time and space[.] ("Delta Autumn," 337)

That last phrase, "free of both space and time," is crucial to our understanding Ike's detachment from the South as a place. From Ike's perspective in *Go Down, Moses* the land never becomes, or even remains, anything, it never seems to produce anything except when logged or converted to farmland, and those activities are what doom it. The land called "the South" serves as a kind of stage for the working out of God's will through history, but Ike wants no part of the South. For him, the McCaslin plantation ledgers symbolize the South: they contain the record of his grandfather's outrages; and Ike had already come to believe as a young man that they "would be

after [he became an old man] fixed immutably, finished, unalterable, harmless" (256). In reality, however, even before Ike thinks this during his conversation with his kinsman McCaslin in the lengthy section IV of "The Bear," the ledgers had already grown in length, and would continue to do so. McCaslin himself, and then Roth when the land passes to him, have recorded and will record the crops produced and supplies bought. The ledgers become, the narrator of "The Bear" tells us,

> the continuation of that record which two hundred years had not been enough to complete and another hundred would not be enough to discharge; that chronicle which was a whole land in miniature, which multiplied and compounded was the entire South, twenty-three years after surrender and twenty-four from emancipation—that slow trickle of molasses and meal and meat, of shoes and straw hats and overalls, of plowlines and collars and heel-bolts and buckheads and clevises, which returned each fall as cotton—the two threads frail as truth and impalpable as equators yet cable-strong to bind for life them who made the cotton to the land their sweat fell on[.] (280-281)

More figuratively speaking, the ledgers have grown in another way as well: James Beauchamp, after he ran north, married and became a father and then a grandfather, as we learn via Roth's lover in "Delta Autumn." Ike, however, wants only to hunt the land's gradually-disappearing wild places for as long as he is able; he has never had any interest in seeking to preserve any of those spaces for anyone else after he dies. Ike seems not, or perhaps does not want, to conceive of the South as a space in which people live and to which they form an emotional attachment and out of which cultural expression emerges—even if (perhaps especially if) those attachments and expressions emerge from the accursedness which Ike seeks to escape.

McCaslin, however, has a perspective on the South in "The Bear" no more sentimental than Ike's is. If anything, McCaslin is much bitterer than Ike is because he cannot imagine himself as ever being able to separate himself from the land. If we can say that the narrator of the above passage from "The Bear" speaks for McCaslin, then the ledgers' ongoing record-keeping of supplies bought and crops made that "bind for life them who made the cotton the land their sweat fell on" falls perfectly in line with McCaslin's deeply-felt sense of bondage to both the land and the black people who live on it:

> 'And it took Him a bear and an old man and four years just for you [to free yourself]. And it took you fourteen years to reach that point and about that many, maybe more, for Old Ben, and more than seventy for Sam Fathers. And you are just one. How long, then? How long?' and he
>
> 'It will be long. I have never said otherwise. But it will be all right because they will endure--' and McCaslin
>
> 'And anyway, you will be free.—No, not now nor ever, we from them nor they from us.['] (286)

In Ike, then, we find a man who believes that, by refusing to accept the inheritance of his grandfather's plantation, he has freed himself from bondage to the South's legacy of slavery and its accompanying moral outrages. (As if slavery itself were not outrage enough.) For his part, McCaslin cannot believe, much less imagine, that he and his descendants and all Southerners will ever be free of that legacy. But neither man addresses the question of black people's stakes, if any, in that place called the South. I do not believe that they avoid that question due to callousness or animus or even to indifference toward black people. It simply never occurs to them to think about what they might think about these matters. Thus, in those moments when Ike and other whites do directly

encounter moments in which black characters have in various literal and figurative ways marked out space for themselves in the world described by *Go Down, Moses*, they (the white characters) find themselves taken aback, Astonished, unable to comprehend or even imagine what they have found. As we look for and consider these moments, we come to realize that, in this novel, black people do not lay claim to the land by means of titles or deeds. Rather, we find them culturally repurposing the land allotted to them so that it becomes expressive of a black aesthetic which can also serve as demarcations of spaces that also exclude whites. In a few other instances, such as those which Ike encounters in his role as distributor of the legacy to his grandfather's black descendants, we see black people engaging in acts of self-reimagining that seem to be beyond Ike's (and the novel's narrators') ability to describe them.

In "The Fire and the Hearth," we learn in passing that Lucas Beauchamp's farming methods irritate Roth; by insisting that he work his land in the same way Roth's father and grandfather had (using mules instead of tractors), it is as though Lucas seeks to maintain a culture and not merely produce a crop.[39] But we see black people working the land in other ways as well. Curiously, for example, the narrator does not describe the front yards of Faulkner's white characters' houses as characters approach them, but in "The Fire and the Hearth" the omniscient narrator twice describes the front yard of Lucas and Molly Beauchamp's house, once from Lucas's perspective and once from Roth's. The description from Lucas's perspective is the fuller one; given its context—Molly has spent most of her days for a whole year at Zach Edmonds' house, serving as wetnurse to both Zach's infant son Roth and her own son, Henry, and almost certainly, Lucas suspects, also serving as

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[39] This and the next few paragraphs are indebted to Minrose Gwin's Bakhtinian/feminist reading strategy in her essay "Her Space, His Hand: The Spaces of African American Women in *Go Down, Moses*," specifically to her use of Toni Morrison's discussion of "bound blackness" in *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*. Following Morrison's lead, Gwin looks for "the relations between material, cultural, and narrative space as they are occupied by African American women in the novel," whether "their stories push at the boundaries created by the white male characters whose narrative spaces exceed theirs and whose stories may appear to confine theirs to the space of objectification." "In short," she succinctly puts it, "where are these stories *located* in *Go Down, Moses*? And what do they mean?" (75, author's italics)

Zach's bed companion—we can see that for Lucas the yard's maintaining matters for more than aesthetic reasons. It also serves as an outward sign of others' respect for his position as husband to Molly:

> He entered the gate in the paling fence which he had built himself when old Cass gave them the house, as he had hauled and laid the field stone path across the grassless yard which his wife used to sweep every morning with a broom of bound willow twigs, sweeping the clean dust into curving intricate patterns among the flower-beds outlined with broken brick and bottles and shards of china and colored glass. She had returned from time to time during the spring to work the flower-beds so that they bloomed as usual–the hardy, blatant blooms loved of her and his race: prince's feather and sunflower, canna and hollyhock–but until today the paths among them had not been swept since last year. *Yes*, he thought. *I got to kill him or I got to leave here*. (48; italics are the author's)

A similar moment—and one that moves us closer to the cultural space of *Tenda dos Milagres*—appears in that section of *Go Down, Moses* whose connection to the rest of its sections many readers have difficulty seeing, "Pantaloon in Black." Though Rider and his recently-deceased wife, Mannie, rent a house on Roth's land, its narrative is not about the McCaslins, black or white. Instead, it depicts the cultural space and, later, the emotional space of black people. Early in the story, we see a description of the graveyard where Rider buries Mannie. It is an indeterminate space that blurs the boundaries between the living and the dead, and between Christianity and folk tradition. These blurred boundaries make this space difficult to read for our narrator, who has permission to observe but cannot serve as an informed guide, because the boundary between blacks and whites remains intact. Thus, our narrator can only show us, but he cannot tell: "[T]he grave,

save for its rawness, resembled any other marked off without order about the barren plot by shards of pottery and broken bottles and old brick and other objects insignificant to sight but actually of a profound meaning and fatal to touch, which no white man could have read" (131-132). That last phrase seems to anticipate the white sheriff's incomprehension of Rider's violent and murderous actions the day after he buries his wife. Immediately after the funeral, as Rider's aunt and fellow mill-workers try to persuade him not to go back home just yet, they do so, as the narrator explains (here, he *can* inform us), "[E]verybody knew it—the dead who either will not or cannot quit the earth yet although the flesh they once lived in has been returned to it, let the preachers tell and reiterate and affirm how they left it not only without regret but with joy, mounting toward glory: 'You dont wants ter go back dar. She be wawkin yit.'" (132). Here we catch a glimpse of the sort of religious syncretism which the reader sees in *Tenda dos Milagres*' numerous descriptions of the rites and rituals of candomblé.

However, we also find moments in which black characters in various ways seek to remove themselves from the Southern narrative as embodied by the McCaslin ledgers and, in so doing, write their own lives. These moments leave Ike, in literal and figurative senses, at a loss for words. As just one example, when Lucas Beauchamp turns twenty-one and Ike gives him his share of the McCaslin bequest of money, Ike does not enter this exchange, for this curious reason (italics in the original):

> there was no need: not *Lucius Quintus* @c @c @c, but *Lucas Quintus*, not refusing to be called Lucius, because he simply eliminated that word from the name; not denying, declining the name itself, because he used three quarters of it; but simply taking the name and changing, altering it, making it no longer the white man's but his own, by himself composed, himself selfprogenitive and nominate, by himself

ancestored, as, for all the old ledgers recorded to the contrary, old Carothers himself was

and that was all[.] (269)

Ike doesn't enter Lucas' claiming of his financial legacy because Lucas has deracinated himself of his grandfather's name and/but then re-planted himself in the soil of the McCaslin land and (much to Roth's frustration) will work it as he sees fit. Lucas is his own man in more ways than one: by farming as he does and by changing his name, he relinquishes the McCaslin legacy, just as his brother James had done when he chose to run north on the eve of his own twenty-first birthday rather than accept the money bequeathed to him, and just as Ike has done in his own way.

Without any question, however, in *Go Down, Moses*, Ike encounters the most radical instances of Beauchamps seeking to free themselves of the McCaslin legacy in James Beauchamp's act of running North before he turns twenty-one, "shaking from his feet forever the very dust of the land where his white ancestor could acknowledge or repudiate him from one day to another, according to his whim" (102), Fonsiba's marrying and moving to Arkansas with a black man whom the white McCaslins had never seen or even heard of before, and the figurative return of James Beauchamp in the form of his granddaughter, Roth's lover, in "Delta Autumn." Each engages in his or her own way in what Natalie Melas calls a "de-territorialization of language," a resistance to language's power to fix and determine meanings which can put at disadvantage those not in control of determining those meanings and thus subjugated to them.[40] But of these three, Roth's lover takes the most

[40] *All the Difference in the World: Postcoloniality and the Ends of Comparison* (Stanford UP, 2007), 79. All subsequent references will be cited parenthetically in the text. We can easily see similarities between the notion of de-territorialization and Santiago's theory of the *entre-lugar*, discussed in the previous chapter.

audacious actions. Ike may not fully comprehend James' and Fonsiba's respective actions,[41] but at least they occur within the same grid of options that overlay his mapping out—which is to say his understanding—of the South. Roth's lover, however, uses a grid which corresponds at most tangentially to Ike's: she returns from Indianapolis rather than stays gone; like her grandfather James, she does not want the money Roth has left for her; and most audaciously of all, she understands her falling in love with her kinsman not as a perpetuation of or revenge for Old Carothers' outrages but as not even related to that legacy. Perhaps, then, we can see more clearly the geographical significance of New Mexico as the place the woman and Roth choose for their six-week sojourn; it is a place that is neither "South" nor "North" but a place that, in Ike's reckoning, does not even appear on his grid of options. It is a space that is completely Other.

In "Delta Autumn," the woman tells Ike very little about the short time she and Roth had actually been together: "Just that week here last fall, and then in January he sent for me and we went West, to New Mexico. We were there six weeks, where I could at least sleep in the same apartment where I cooked for him and looked after his clothes--" (341); and also where she and Roth conceived their child. Even so, New Mexico becomes for them a place, however fleetingly for the woman and perhaps, for a little while, for Roth as well,[42] in a way that the South cannot be for Ike

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[41] Gwin gives a powerful and persuasive reading of Ike's encounter with Fonsiba at her Arkansas farm with her new husband, as related in "The Bear," that is analogous to Melas' idea of de-territorialization. Gwin notes that in that scene, Fonsiba is for Ike "only a body" and so is stunned not just into silence but into fleeing: "There is another story here, another space opening with Fonsiba's assertion, 'I'm free' (268). Ike, and Faulkner, rapidly retreat from that story. After Fonsiba utters those two words, which would seem to be but the beginning of her Africanist narrative, the next sentence in the text is a description of the town near Fonsiba and her husband's cabin[. . . .] Ike rapidly retreats from Fonsiba's space [and] re-enters the space of the ledger, the world of commerce in which debts of all kinds can be paid in money" (88).

[42] I find it exceedingly difficult to determine just how Roth's brief sojourn with the woman in New Mexico has affected him, but I believe we should invest some time to do what we can along those lines. While in rejecting the woman and their child Roth rejects both marriage and fatherhood, I do not think we can conclude that he has done so with a completely-clear conscience; in "Delta Autumn" he obviously directs his anger at himself and the code to which he finds himself beholden more than it is directed at anyone else. Meanwhile, Roth figures prominently in *Go Down, Moses*' second section, "The Fire and the Hearth," set either one or two years after "Delta Autumn," but neither he nor its narrator makes even the barest mention of his affair with the woman, much less any regrets he may have regarding her or his not being a presence in his child's life. That said, however, I believe I detect some passages in "The Fire and the

and, of course, could not be for the woman and Roth. In stark contrast to the heavily-timbered wilderness that Ike loves to hunt, New Mexico connotes images of open spaces uncluttered by structures or rigid social orders, spaces within which one can write one's own rules. The place carries with it another resonance as well, as a creolized space: its population, then and now, is predominantly Hispanic-American—a mestizo people. Roth and the woman's choosing to sojourn in New Mexico tacitly acknowledges that their relationship has little chance of flourishing in Mississippi. But what is most remarkable about their stay there is not so much the choice itself (its necessity seems indisputable, given the life the woman wants to share with Roth) but the sort of life they seem to have led once they arrived there: it is remarkable in its very ordinariness, an ordinariness upon which the woman insists, a life of "at least." With Roth she had wanted, and perhaps enjoyed at times, not a life of magic or fantasy or even perfection, but a life in which she "could at least sleep in the same apartment" with him and cook and tend to his laundry. She insists on having a life with him untainted by the past and its taboos.[43] In Ike's imagining, the woods' tracklessness and tracelessness make them as chaste as he is ("uncle to half a county and father to no

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Hearth" in which Roth's thought and language seem to have been shaped by his affair. As just one example, in the passage from "The Fire and the Hearth" quoted in n. 31 above, Roth uses the name "James" when referring to the man known by Ike and his father and uncle as "Tennie's Jim." Perhaps it is only coincidence that this same man is the grandfather of the woman who had been his lover in "Delta Autumn"; the woman tells Ike that she had never revealed to Roth that they are related, and we certainly have no reason to doubt the truth of this. Perhaps, though, Roth sees some sort of parallel between his lover's resolve and James's rejection of his inheritance from his grandfather's estate, and thus he chooses to acknowledge the dignity of each by using James's given name. For a fuller discussion of this matter, see my posts at *Domestic Issue*: "What does Roth know, and when does he know it: Chronology and Names in 'The Fire and the Hearth' and 'Delta Autumn'" (23 Dec. 2015, johnbuaas.com/2015/12/23/what-does-roth-know-and-when-does-he-know-it-chronology-and-names-in-the-fire-and-the-hearth-and-delta-autumn/) and "What does Roth know, and when does he know it? Some further thoughts" (9 Jan. 2016, johnbuaas.com/2016/01/09/what-does-roth-know-and-when-does-he-know-it-some-further-thoughts/).

[43] Earlier, I noted that Glissant argues that Faulkner "pretends that what should have been realized there was a unique, Black-and-White race. It is clear that he did not use the term 'miscegenated.' The Black-and-White race resolves unbearable hates and absolves injustice, but preserves all absolutes" (85). Roth's lover–not just a mulatto (what Glissant, characterizing what he takes to be Faulkner's opinion of them, calls a "genetic and cultural Snopes" (60)) but also, as she reveals, the granddaughter of the son that Ike's grandfather had fathered by his own daughter–clearly is more admirable than the parasitic Snopes clan. Yet neither is she a stoic like Lucas Beauchamp or Sam Fathers, content to sit in silent judgment on the doings of white folks. She wants, as she says, only "Yes" from Roth–only affirmation of the love she feels for him–but gets only money and a "No" from him. She leaves, her dignity intact, for somewhere–a place, even if she only returns to Indianapolis as she says she will, that Ike (and perhaps even Faulkner, if Glissant is right) cannot even conceive of. I will further develop that last parenthetical remark later in this chapter.

one"). New Mexico, for Roth and his lover, can no longer be trackless or traceless, as Ike characterizes the woods, but neither can it be tainted by the old sins of the South that Ike has hidden himself from.

Given the combination of the briefest of sketches the woman provides us in "Delta Autumn" and Ike's lack of curiosity regarding that place, I do not want to do more than note this: based on what the woman does share of her and Roth's short stay in New Mexico, as well as its existence as a miscegenated space, we can think of New Mexico as analogous to Pedro Archanjo's world as presented in *Tenda dos Milagres*, in that those spaces could not be more different from Ike's, or his kinsman McCaslin's, respective Souths. For that matter, Pedro Archanjo himself could not be characterized more differently from Ike. If Faulkner's novel in part explores the theme of sexual excess and transgression, Amado's novel frankly celebrates the life force, Archanjo's own practicing of it in particular. In this passage, occurring just after word of his death has circulated through his neighborhood, a woman named Rosália, with whom Archanjo had once had a brief romance and who was now collecting money for his funeral, overhears two men (and perhaps the ghost of Pedro himself as well) reminisce about him, and we learn he is far more than a mere uncle to half a county:

> "I knew one of his sons, worked with him down on the docks until he ran away to sea."
>
> "But Pedro never married . . ."
>
> "Well, he made upward of twenty children anyway, he was a studhorse if ever there was one."
>
> The speaker laughed loudly and his companion joined in. Yes, Pedro Archanjo had always come out on top. But where did that other, louder laughter

> come from, Rosália? Only twenty? Come on now, add a few more sons, *camarado*, don't be bashful; that was a powerful tool I had, you know; it broke in virgins, it seduced married women, it was God's gift to whores–what with one thing and another, and one woman and another, Pedro Archanjo helped populate the world, *meu bom*. (44)

Every bit as prodigious as Archanjo was in life, so also is Bahia as a cultural space. Whereas *Go Down, Moses* would not be a novel to turn to if one were in search of knowledge of Southern folkways, the first pages of *Tenda dos Milagres*' opening chapter immediately immerse the reader in the cultural materials of Bahia–indeed, very much in keeping with the epigraph by Manuel Querino, those materials seem to emerge from Brazil's rich soil, then worked by its sharp-witted mestizos into the shapes of musical instruments (italics in the original):

> *In the neighborhood of Pelourinho in the heart of Bahia, the whole world teaches and learns. [. . .] [F]rom the working of metal and wood, the blending of medicines from herbs and roots, and the cadence of quick-blooded rhythms, is created a fresh, original image of novel colors and sounds.*
>
> *Listen to the wood and leather drums, the twanging bow, the beaded gourds and rattles, the tambourines and coconuts, the metal bells and gongs,* atabaque, berimbau, ganzá, adufe, caxixí, agogô: *musical instruments of the poor, rich in melody and rhythm. Music and dance were born on the common man's campus.* (1)

Indeed, as one reads *Tenda dos Milagres*' opening seven pages, and as the rest of the novel seems to confirm, it is as though cultural production *is* the Bahian economy. Of its main characters, only Archanjo himself has a job not directly connected in some way to music-making, dancing, or storytelling. Even so, his long-time job as a runner for the faculty of the School of Medicine gives

him access to sympathetic members and the resources of an officially-sanctioned intellectual community that inculcate in him a scholarly attitude toward his ethnographic work that it would have otherwise lacked. But we find that same School of Medicine placed on the margin of the novel's introduction, being mentioned only in the final paragraph, and find its work dismissed as being of little value in comparison to the culturally-lush world of Pelourinho; at the school, students "learn other cures for illness and other ways to care for the sick," as well as "how to spout sonnets, and theories of dubious value" (7). Just as black space in *Go Down, Moses* is present in the world of the novel but pushed to the periphery of its narratives, here in *Tenda dos Milagres* we see the inverse: white space remains, at least initially, on the periphery of its narrative threads.

This is not to say, however, that that white space poses no threat to Pelourinho. A change in political leadership in the region leads to numerous violent police raids on *candomblé* rites. At one point, Archanjo's nemesis at the School of Medicine, Nilo Argolo, publishes a leaflet that proposes a series of laws insisting on strict segregation by removing blacks and mixed-race people to "specific sections of Amazônia, Mato Grasso, and Goiás," forbidding marriage between the races, and instituting a strict one-drop rule (334-345). Argolo's rationale for this proposed legislation rests on one of those theories of dubious value I referred to just above: "The superiority of the Aryan race. The inferiority of all the others, particularly the Negro race, which was still in a primitive, subhuman state. [. . . T]he mestizos, being so lazy and treacherous, were good for nothing. They were a blot on the Brazilian landscape, they eroded the character of its people, they were a stumbling block to any serious effort in the way of progress, or 'progressiveness'" (333-334). (As we will see in chapter 5 of this study, Argolo's dystopic vision for Brazil's non-white population happens to be the precise inverse of Mexican writer José Vasconcelos' *raza cósmica*, a melding into one of the world's four major races which he envisioned being located in the jungles of the Amazon.) When Archanjo reads Argolo's leaflet, this prompts him to finish and rush to press his *Notes on Miscegenation among the*

Families of Bahia, in which, as I mentioned earlier, he reveals his and Argolo's distant kinship. For most white ruling-class Brazilians, still intellectually heavily indebted to Positivism, Bahia's mixed ethnicities and cultures, if allowed to become accepted, let alone celebrated, portended nothing less than the loss of whatever chance Brazil might have to take its place among the civilized nations of the world.

Resistance to Archanjo's world, even if of a friendly sort, comes even from his closest friend on the faculty of the School of Medicine, Fraga Neto. Neto had begun attending the dances and rites out of curiosity, and one night over drinks he asks Pedro how, as an amateur scientist, he can continue to participate in *candomblé*: "[I]t's all very primitive. Superstitious barbarism, fetishism, barely the initial stage of civilization. How can you do it?" (329) After telling Neto that he is "just as much a materialist as you are" (330), Archanjo says that while he has lost his belief in the supernatural, he insists on participating in the rituals that invoke those spirits because, in essence, they are not above or beyond the material but deeply embedded in the world—that is, the culture—of Bahia:

> "Everything in Bahia is a mixture, Professor. The churchyard of Jesus Christ, the Terreiro of Oxalá. Terreiro de Jesus. I'm a mixture of men and races; I'm a mulatto, a Brazilian. Tomorrow things will be the way you say and hope they will, I'm sure of that; humanity is marching forward. When that day comes, everything will be a part of the total mixture, and what today is a mystery that poor folks have to fight for—meetings of Negroes and Mestizos, forbidden music, illegal dances, *candomblé*, samba, and *capoeira*—why all of that will be the treasured joy of the Brazilian people." (332)

Removed from its context of turn-of-the-20th-century Brazil, Archanjo's vision of the future can sound to us like an example of the romanticizing of Bahia (and, by extension, present-day

Brazil's officially-promoted vision of itself as a society that has transcended traditional notions of race) that some readers accuse Amado of doing. Indeed, we can say that Archanjo clearly wants this new world he describes to come to pass; for him this would be a utopia. If we remember this scene's context, however, Archanjo here describes a Brazil that is already the worst nightmare of official, white Brazil. It would be an apocalyptic moment for them, a complete disrupture of their nation as hope for it to become: a Brazil as racially-pure and as influenced by European art and culture as it can possibly be. This passage, then, serves as an example in miniature of the pressure that heterotopic spaces can exert on other, more familiar rhetorical spaces.

V

In the following passage from "Delta Autumn," the woman has just finished telling Ike about her sojourn with Roth in New Mexico, to which Ike responds,

> "But not marriage," he said. "Not marriage. He didn't promise you that. Dont lie to me. He didn't have to."
>
> "No. He didn't have to. I didn't ask him to. I knew what I was doing. I knew that to begin with, long before honor I imagine he called it told him the time had come to tell me in so many words what his code I imagine he would call it would forbid him forever to do." (341-342)

Roth cannot bring himself to live such a life, and the woman recognizes this. Nor can Ike, Roth's teacher of the "honor" and "code" to which the woman so scornfully refers, imagine such a life, especially once he realizes the woman is black. He sees the tryst between her and Roth as little more than statutory rape; he transfigures it into yet another enactment of the South's old tragedy

between white men and black women. Now that Roth has indeed spoken the final word on his relationship with the woman ("Tell her I said No," he had told Ike before leaving that morning [339]), Ike falls back on the comfortable (because familiar) assumptions of his and his people's past and assumes the woman will want to know how to obtain retribution: "Marry a black man. You are young, handsome, almost white; you could find a black man who would see in you what it was you saw in him, who would ask nothing of you and expect less and get even less than that, if it's revenge you want. Then you will forget all this, forget it ever happened, that he ever existed—". The woman fills her parting words not with anger for Roth but with pity for Ike: "Old man, . . . have you lived so long and forgotten so much that you dont remember anything you ever knew or felt or even heard about love?" (346) But the woman has also no doubt spoken something like these same words to her absent lover, and in recognizing this near-certainty we see this woman's existence and her capacity for love reveal themselves as bearing the potential for utopia in some other place, or in some future Mississippi.[44] If the payment of debts owed for past wrongs—something both Ike and Roth insist upon—only repeats those wrongs by continuing to acknowledging them,[45] the woman's act must be all the more incomprehensible to the two men in its denial of the validity of retribution and repayment. The woman's baby's mixed-race status in this instance offers no opportunity for conscience-stricken whites to atone for past wrongs. Instead, her act bears no guilt and so cannot thrive in a guilt-ridden world. Her act, in other words, does not signify a move toward Utopia in that Utopia is unachievable, that Utopia becomes, literally, No-place, but in that it exists in reference

[44] Much in this scene also argues in favor of a utopian reading of the meeting between Ike and the woman. Indeed, a colleague of mine has suggested that we can think of the child Roth and the woman have conceived as an ironic fulfillment of Ike's desire to heal the divisions between the while and black sides of his family (Conversation with Ellen Chauvin, June 1992). Also, we have already noted Walter Taylor's comment that this woman was the wife that Ike should have had. If read each of these remarks in the context of the other, we could easily say that the child the woman carries is indeed the son Ike has wanted to "save and free . . . and, saving and freeing . . ., lost" ("Delta Autumn," 335). That Ike seems not even to recognize this irony, much less acknowledge and embrace it, serves only to deepen the sadness of the moment.

[45] See Wesley Morris with Barbara Alverson Morris, *Reading Faulkner* (U of Wisconsin P, 1989), 124.

to no other place, at least not a place that Ike can imagine. The woman, by going to New Mexico to live with Roth, acknowledges what Ike, with his annual pursuit of the ever-retreating wilderness he knew as a youth, refuses to acknowledge: One cannot get There from Here. One must begin There.

Beginning There seems to be beyond Faulkner's ability (or, perhaps, his desire) to imagine such a thing as well. Earlier in this chapter I noted Edouard Glissant's contention in his book *Faulkner, Mississippi* that Faulkner could not conceive of a mixed-race people in the South's present but, instead, a "Black-and-White race [that] resolves unbearable hates and absolves injustice, but preserves all absolutes." He goes on to argue that Faulkner has no interest in depicting alternate universes or even alternate Souths but only his own, as he sees and comprehends it (85). I would argue, though, that what we see happening in "Delta Autumn" instead shows that Faulkner cannot quite see, or does not want to contemplate, those alternate spaces opening up in his narratives, perhaps due to some extent to his apparent understanding of mulattos as a kind of "genetic and cultural Snopes" (60). Clearly, as we shall soon see, Ike does not want to contemplate such a thing. However, even though Faulkner cannot see these alternate Souths, we readers can see glimpses of them along with Roth's lover.

In order to begin There, the woman realizes, she must try to neutralize Roth's language in some way so as to create a space within which that old language no longer resonates. She accomplishes this by not listening to him: "I wasn't even listening to him anymore by then because by that time it had been a long time since he had had anything else to tell me for me to have to hear. By then I wasn't even listening enough to ask him to please stop talking. I was listening to myself" (358-359). In *Tenda dos Milagres* we find this same canceling out of language, with the result that we see a more fully realized Utopia than in "Delta Autumn." Even so, its ultimate success depends on the fact that it must end. Early in Amado's novel, Pedro Archanjo meets and falls in love with a

woman named Kirsi, who is, according to the text, "a Swedish girl who was really Finnish" (80). Neither speaks the language of the other: a crucial point, for in this space of no-language Pedro and Kirsi of necessity find a new language, a language which they but no one else could comprehend.

That new language consists of "laughter and gestures" which they understand "easily enough" (90) to allow them to become lovers. In the following scene in Pedro's bedroom, note when Pedro understands and, perhaps more importantly, does not understand Kirsi:

> Kirsi paused before the *pejí* [altar] and then pointed through the window at the freighter anchored beyond the fort. A thread of smoke was coming out of the smokestack. "My ship," she said in her tongue, and he understood and looked at his watch: it was exactly noon; they could hear the ringing of the bells. At the sound she shed her clothes, naturally and simply, with no shame or exhibitionism but only a smile and a word in Finnish—a vow? a proverb? who could say? The bells were still ringing and they were together; the afternoon sailed west and they didn't know it. (91)

Pedro understands Kirsi when her language attaches to the world, to the previously-known. Thus he understands "My ship," not only in its obvious, concrete sense but also in terms of its more abstract associations with distance and departure. When Kirsi suggests, through the gesture of disrobing and the Finnish word she speaks, that she and Pedro become lovers, however, her language becomes unintelligible. They now occupy a new space, a space that had not existed in relation to any space they had previously occupied.

From this new space, however, Pedro can articulate all sorts of desires that in past contexts he could never have imagined, much less spoken. In this passage, now Kirsi does not understand: "'Gringa,' he said, 'let's make a mulatto together, you and I. If it's a man-child he'll be the smartest

and bravest man that ever was. He'll be king of Scandinavia or president of Brazil. But oh, if it's a girl, there'll be none to match her for beauty and grace'" (91-92). By the time we next see Pedro and Kirsi, a few months have passed, and both fully inhabit this strange new space, so much so that we have difficulty making exact sense of what occurs within that space, even though we have been present from its very inception. On the day Kirsi leaves Pedro and Bahia, she, pregnant with their son, says enigmatically in her broken Portuguese, "Everything good lasts only so long, and it has to end when the time comes if we want it to last forever" (115). On the night of her departure, Pedro looks out over the ocean, dreaming of "cold Suomi [and] a bronze child made of sun and snow [who] will play King of Sweden, holding in his right hand the *paxorô* [staff] of an African god" (121).

The dynamics of this space which Pedro inhabits and which Roth's lover wishes to inhabit, a space which corresponds little if at all to our own and which seem to operate according to rules known only to those within it, is heterotopic in nature. In the previous chapter, I discussed the appearance of the heterotopic space of the New World as Columbus, Peter Martyr, and others attempted (and failed) to make sense of these lands within a European framing of them; how, for their part, the Europeans' arrival forced indigenous peoples to reconceptualize their lands; and, as they arrived, how people of African and Asian descent would also add their voices and images to a collective imagining and articulating of this new space. Here, I want to return to Foucault to begin a discussion about what happens to language when it encounters a heterotopic space, and what language within such a space might look like.

In his introduction to *The Order of Things* (1970) Foucault discusses heterotopias in precisely those terms:

> *Heterotopias* are disturbing, probably because they secretly undermine language, because they make it impossible to name this *and* that, because they shatter or tangle

> common names, because they destroy 'syntax' in advance, and not only the syntax with which we construct sentences but also the less apparent syntax which causes words and things (next to and also opposite each other) to 'hold together'. This is why utopias permit fables and discourse: they run with the very grain of language and are part of the fundamental dimension of the *fabula*; heterotopias (such as those to be found so often in Borges) desiccate speech, stop words in their tracks, contest the very possibility of grammar at its source; they dissolve our myths and sterilize the lyricism of our sentences.[46]

Foucault's description here of heterotopias' ability to "stop words in their tracks" implicitly grants to them, as Natalie Melas observes, a more genuinely spatial aspect than the more metaphorical quality they have in "Of Other Spaces." In a reading of a scene between Marlow and a woman in Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim*, Melas examines the woman's resistance to what Melas calls the "territorializing capacity of language":

> [The girl's speech to Marlow does not] leave signification open in a loose relativism[.] In fact, the girl's most serious challenge to Marlow's attempt to ground the community of "us" in an abstract notion takes the form of a de-territorialization. In her appeal to Marlow, she counters his notion of the disembodied homeland with her own version of the imperial nation; a version that presents a competing meaning to Marlow's[.] (79)

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[46] *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences* (1970; Vintage, 1973) xviii; italics are the author's. Subsequent quotes will be cited parenthetically in the text. As I mentioned in the previous chapter, Foucault tells us in the opening sentence (xv) of his preface to *The Order of Things* that it was inspired in part by his reading of "a passage in Borges." Though Foucault does not name it, that story is "The Analytical Language of John Wilkins," whose thesis is, "[O]bviously there is no classification of the universe that is not arbitrary and conjectural. The reason is very simple: we do not know what the universe is" (in *Other Inquisitions: 1937-1952* [trans. Ruth L. C. Simms; U of Texas P, 1964], 104).

We see this same de-terriitorialization happening in "Delta Autumn" with Roth's lover's dismissive talk of Roth's "honor I imagine he would call it" and—even more powerfully—her saying "I said you were Uncle Ike" (with its emphasis on her kinship with him) in response to Ike's realizing that she is "a nigger" (his declaration of their racial difference). We also see this same de-territorialization in Pedro and Kirsi's language of laughter and gestures in *Tenda do Milagres*, and we will encounter it again in the following chapter as we examine Cabeza de Vaca's desire in the *Naufragios* for what I will call "*a* language." In each of these instances, language marks out a space not occupied and/or unaccounted for by competing hegemons (in the case of Cabeza de Vaca, those hegemons include indigenous peoples as well as "Christians"). But whereas in *Lord Jim* Melas sees the girl's speech as oppositional to Marlow's rhetoric, what is going on in the spaces I will be discussing does not oppose those other rhetorics so much as say, in effect, that they do not serve to signify what occurs in these New World spaces.

That which Roth's lover wishes for herself and her son, and Pedro's vision of his son "a bronze child made of sun and snow" in Finland, are no mere fantasies but versions of a new world order: versions of an as-yet unknown New World distinct from other worlds. Having said that, however, I must also add that, like José de Jesús Cuevas' likening Mexican history to an Aztec obsidian mirror, that New World also reflects back to us what we think we know of the world we inhabit, but does so in ways both familiar and strange. For those of us looking on from outside this space, the implications for our world, the space we inhabit, are grim: we no longer see ourselves, nor do we see even a recognizable Old World utopia. We are left with something "other." Faulkner appears not to see, or does not want to see, the alternate South proposed/embodied by Roth's lover; this fact serves as a reminder that truly heterotopic spaces cannot by definition be fully rendered, even by the writer whose texts create their spaces. "Delta Autumn"'s–and *Go Down, Moses*'–power (for this reader, at least) derives in large measure from precisely Faulkner's not being entirely in

control of all that material's plausible meanings. Meanwhile, Amado's *Tenda dos Milagres* affords us a fuller, and certainly more fully embraced, version of this New World via that thread of the novel that follows Pedro's adventures, but its other thread makes clear that, even so, we have only a glimpse of it. Thus, as Roth's lover contemplates what she and Roth had briefly had in New Mexico and Pedro imagines his son practicing Santeria in Scandinavia, we have little choice but to join, respectively, Ike and the pro-Aryans in considering the end of History: Apocalypse.

V

Before these particular versions of the New World can come to pass, it seems obvious, something like the effacing of old orders must occur. We can find in both "Delta Autumn" and *Tenda dos milagres* very similar passages in which the protagonists entertain truly cosmic visions of a future that necessarily precludes the destruction of the present. As we can see in these passages, though each of the characters occupies very different positions relative to miscegenation, each uses surprisingly similar language to articulate his vision.

In "Delta Autumn," after the woman leaves him alone in his tent, Ike begins trembling and thinks, not "This South" but

> This Delta. *This land which man has deswamped and denuded and derivered in two generations so that white men can own plantations and commute every night to Memphis and black men can own plantations and ride in jim crow cars to Chicago to live in millionaires' mansions on Lakeshore Drive, where white men rent farms and live like niggers and niggers crop on shares and live like animals, where cotton is planted and grows man-tall in the very cracks of the sidewalks, and usury and mortgage and bankruptcy and measureless wealth, Chinese and African and Aryan and Jew,*

> *all breed and spawn together until no man has time to say which one is which nor cares.*[47]. . . No wonder the ruined woods I used to know don't cry for retribution! he thought: The people who have destroyed it will accomplish its revenge. (347)

Given the hunters' earlier talk of Nazis in the story, Ike's reference to Aryans, with that term's connotations of racial purity and superiority (thanks to Hitler), cannot be accidental. Nor are the references to Hitler in the following scene from *Tenda dos Milagres*, set at almost the same time as "Delta Autumn." In this scene, which takes place in a bar just after Pedro has seen Rosa, the men there have been arguing about the consequences of a Nazi victory for most Brazilians; they are terrified that such a victory would mean enslavement or death for them. A blacksmith among them becomes angry: "Not even God who made us all can kill everyone at once. He kills people one by one, and the more he kills the more people are gonna be born and grow up and go on being born and growing up and mixing, and no son-of-a-bitch is gonna stop 'em!" Pedro concurs: "[T]hey'll keep on being born and growing up and mixing, and no one can do a thing about it. You're right, *camarado*, you've hit the nail on the head. Nobody can kill us off, ever. Nobody, *meu bom*" (382-383). It seems fitting that after Pedro says this and goes home, he will suffer another heart attack and die. Having seen in Rosa the fruits of his championing of miscegenation and then declaring its resiliency to the men in the bar, he can now rest.

What space does History have in these passages? In each, we find an accompanying toughness in the language which moves the words spoken from the realm of the prophetic into that

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[47] In this excerpt from Cuban poet Nicolás Guillén's poem "West Indies, Ltd." (1934), we can see a striking similarity to Ike's vision. Note especially here the speaker's linking of miscegenation with financial transactions, as Ike does. Mississippi's cotton plantations and Cuba's sugarcane plantations differ only in terms of their geography and products:

> Here are whites and blacks and Chinese and mulattoes.
> Of course, we're talking about cheap colors,
> since through deals and contracts
> the shades have run together and there is no stable tone.
> He who thinks anything else, let him take one step forward and speak.
>
> (in Benítez-Rojo, *The Repeating Island*, 128)

of the near-certain. That toughness often reveals itself in other New World texts, as, indeed, it does in these excerpts, as violence, which itself creates in its witnesses the desire to translate that experience into language that they can imagine but which does not yet exist. In the following chapter, we will examine various texts from throughout the New World that both recognize the need for and seek to shape a language that more accurately conveys the experience of living in this place.