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Series Editors
Michael Holquist
Yale University
Warren Motte
University of Colorado at Boulder
Gerald Prince
University of Pennsylvania
Patricia Meyer Spacks
University of Virginia

PALIMPSESTS

Literature in the Second Degree

Gérard Genette

Translated by Channa Newman & Claude Doubinsky

Foreword by Gerald Prince

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The subject of this study is what I once called, for lack of a better term, *paratextuality.* I have since thought better of it—or perhaps worse (that remains to be seen)—and have used "paratextuality" to designate something altogether different. It has become clear that this entire imprudent project must be taken up anew.

Let us resume then. The subject of poetics, as I was saying more or less, is not the text considered in its singularity (that is more appropriately the task of criticism), but rather the architext or, if one prefers, the architextuality of the text (much as one would speak of "the literariness of literature"). By architextuality I mean the entire set of general or transcendent categories—types of discourse, modes of enunciation, literary genres—from which emerges each singular text. Today I prefer to say, more sweepingly, that the subject of poetics is *transtextuality,* or the textual transcendence of the text, which I have already defined roughly as "all that sets the text in a relationship, whether obvious or concealed, with other texts." Transtextuality then goes beyond, and at the same time subsumes, architextuality, along with some other types of transtextual relationships. Only one of these will be of direct concern to us here, although I must first list them all, if for no other reason than to chart and clear the field, and to draw a (new) list, which in turn may well prove to be neither exhaustive nor definitive. The trouble with "research" is that by dint of searching one often discovers . . . what one did not seek to find.

At the time of writing (13 October 1981), I am inclined to recognize five types of transtextual relationships. I shall list them more or less in the order of increasing abstraction, implication, and comprehensiveness. The first type was explored some years ago by Julia Kristeva, under the name of *intertextuality,* and that term obviously provides us with our terminological paradigm. For my part I define it, no doubt in a more restrictive sense, as a relationship of copresence between two texts or among several texts; that...
is to say, eidetically and typically as the actual presence of one text within another. In its most explicit and literal form, it is the traditional practice of quoting (with quotation marks, with or without specific references).\(^4\) In another less explicit and canonical form, it is the practice of plagiarism (in Lautréamont, for instance), which is an undeclared but still literal borrowing. Again, in still less explicit and less literal guise, it is the practice of allusion: that is, an enunciation whose full meaning presupposes the perception of a relationship between it and another text, to which it necessarily refers by some inflections that would otherwise remain unintelligible. Thus, when Mme des Loges challenges Vincent Voiture at a game of proverbs with “Celui-ci ne vaut rien, percez-nous-en d’un autre” {This one is worth nothing, broach us another}, the verb percer (for proposer) is justified and understood only through the fact that Voiture was the son of a wine merchant.\(^5\) In a more academic vein, when Nicholas Boileau writes to Louis XIV

\[
\text{Au récit que pour toi je suis prêt d’entreprendre,}
\]
\[
\text{Je crois voir les rochers accourir pour m’entendre}
\]
\[
\{\text{As I make ready to tell this tale to you,}
\]
\[
\text{Methinks I see rocks come rushing to hear me,}\}

these mobile and attentive rocks will probably seem absurd to those unfamiliar with the legends of Orpheus and Amphion.\(^6\) This implicit (sometimes entirely hypothetical) presence of the intertext has been for the past few years the chosen field of study of Michael Riffaterre. His definition of intertextuality is, in principle, much broader than mine is here, and it seems to extend to everything that I call transtextuality. “The intertext,” writes Riffaterre, for example, “is the perception, by the reader, of the relationship between a work and others that have either preceded or followed it.” Riffaterre goes as far as equating intertextuality (as I do transtextuality) with literariness itself: “Intertextuality is . . . the mechanism specific to literary reading. It alone, in fact, produces meaning, while linear reading, common to literary and nonliterary texts, produces only meaning.”\(^7\) Riffaterre’s broad definition, however, is accompanied by a de facto restriction, because the relationships he examines always concern semantic-semantic microstructures, observed at the level of a sentence, a fragment, or a short, generally poetic, text. The intertextual “trace” according to Riffaterre is therefore more akin (like the allusion) to the limited figure (to the pictorial detail) than to the work considered as a structural whole. This total field of relevant relationships is what I plan to examine here. Harold Bloom’s inquiry into the mechanism of influence, although conducted from an entirely different perspective, engages the same type of interference, which is more intertextual than hypertextual.\(^8\)

The second type is the generally less explicit and more distant relationship that binds the text properly speaking, taken within the totality of the literary work, to what can be called its paratext: a title, a subtitle, intertitles; prefaces, postfaces, notices, forewords, etc.; marginal, infrapaginal, terminal notes; epigraphs; illustrations; blurbs, book covers, dust jackets, and many other kinds of secondary signals, whether allographic or autographic.\(^9\) These provide the text with a (variable) setting and sometimes a commentary, official or not, which even the purists among readers, those least inclined to external erudition, cannot always disregard as easily as they would like and as they claim to do.\(^\ast\) If we do not wish to embark here upon a study of this range of relationships. We shall nevertheless encounter it on numerous occasions, for this is probably one of the privileged fields of operation of the pragmatic dimension of the work—i.e., of its impact upon the reader—more particularly, the field of what is now often called, thanks to Philippe Lejeune’s studies on autobiography, the generic contract (or pact).\(^10\) I shall simply recall as an example (in anticipation of a chapter to come) the case of James Joyce’s \textit{Ulysses}. We know that at the time of its prepublication in installment form, this novel was provided with chapter headings evoking the relationship of each of its chapters to an episode from the \textit{Odyssey}: “Sirens,” “Nausicaa,” “Penelope,” etc. When it appeared as a volume, Joyce removed those headings, even though they carried “capital” meaning. Are these subtitles—which, though eliminated, were not forgotten by the critics—a part of the text of \textit{Ulysses} or not? This perplexing question, which I dedicate to the proponents of the closure of the text, is typically of a paratextual nature. In this respect, the “foretext” of the various rough drafts, outlines, and projects of a work can also function as a paratext. For example, the final meeting of Lucien and Mme de Chasteleur is not strictly speaking in the text of \textit{Lucien Leuwen}; it is only attested by a plan for a conclusion, abandoned with the rest of the manuscript by Stendhal. Should we take that into account in our appreciation of the story and of the personality of the characters? And speaking more radically still, should we read a posthumous text in which there is no indication of whether, or how, the author, had he lived, would have published it? One
work may also occasionally form the paratext of another: upon seeing on
the last page of Jean Giono’s Bonheur fou (1937) that the return of Angelo
to Pauline is compromised, should or should not the reader remember
Mort d’un personnage (1947), where one encounters Pauline’s and Angelo’s
son and grandson? Knowledge of this detail eliminates in advance that
knowing uncertainty. Paratextuality, as one can see, is first and foremost a
treasure trove of questions without answers.

The third type of textual transcendence, which I call metametextuality is the
relationship most often labeled “commentary.” It unites a given text to
another, of which it speaks without necessarily citing it (without summon­
ing it), in fact sometimes even without naming it. Thus does Hegel, in The
Phenomenology of the Mind, allusively and almost silently evoke Denis Diderot’s
Neveu de Rameau. This is the critical relationship par excellence. Extensive
studies (meta-metatexts) of certain critical metatexts have naturally been
conducted, but I am not sure that the very fact and status of the metatextual
relationship have yet been considered with all the attention they deserve.

That may be about to change. The fifth type (yes, I know), the most abstract and most implicit of all, is
called simply “architectextuality,” as defined above. It involves a relationship that is completely
silent, articulated at most only by a paratextual mention, which can be titular
(as in Poems, Essays, The Romance of the Rose, etc.) or most often subtitular
(as when the indication A Novel, or A Story, or Poems is appended to the title
on the cover), but which remains in any case of a purely taxonomic nature.
When this relationship is unarticulated, it may be because of a refusal to
underscore the obvious or, conversely, an intent to reject or elude any kind
of classification. In all cases, however, the text itself is not supposed to
know, and consequently not meant to declare, its generic quality; the novel
does not identify itself explicitly as a novel, nor the poem as a poem. Even
less—since genre is only one aspect of the architectext—does verse declare
itself as verse, prose as prose, narrative as narrative, etc. One might even
say that determining the generic status of the text is not the business of
the text but that of the reader, or the critic, or the public. Those may well
choose to reject the status claimed for the text by the paratext; thus, it is
frequently argued that a given “tragedy” by Pierre Corneille is not a true
tragedy, or that The Romance of the Rose is not a romance. But the fact that this
relationship should be implicit and open to discussion (e.g., to which genre
does The Divine Comedy belong?), or subject to historical fluctuations (long
narrative poems such as epics are hardly perceived today as pertaining to
“poetry,” whose definition has been progressively narrowed down to that
of lyrical poetry), in no way diminishes its significance; generic perception
is known to guide and determine to a considerable degree the readers’
expectations, and thus their reception of the work.

I have deliberately postponed the mention of the fourth type of trans­
textuality because it, and it alone, will be of direct concern to us here. It is
therefore this fourth type that I now rebaptize hypertextuality. By hypertextu­
ality I mean any relationship uniting a text B (which I shall call the hypotext) to
an earlier text A (I shall, of course, call it the hypertext), upon which it is
grafted in a manner that is not that of commentary. The use of the
metaphoric “grafted” and of the negative determination underscores the
provisional status of this definition. To view things differently, let us posit
the general notion of a text in the second degree (for such a transitory use, I
shall forgo the attempt to find a prefix that would simultaneously subsume
the hypertextual and the meta-): i.e., a text derived from another preexistent text.

This derivation can be of a descriptive or intellectual kind, where a metatext
(for example, a given page from Aristotle’s Poetics) “speaks” about a second
text (e.g., Oedipus Rex). It may yet be of another kind such as text B not speaking
of text A at all but being unable to exist, as such, without A, from which
it originates through a process I shall provisionally call transformation, and
which it consequently evokes more or less perceptibly without necessarily
speaking of it or citing it. The Aeneid and Ulysses are no doubt, to varying
degrees and certainly on different grounds, two hypertexts (among others)
of the same hypotext: the Odyssey, of course. These examples demonstrate
that the hypertext is more frequently considered a “properly literary” work
than is the metatext—one simple reason being that having generally derived
from a work of fiction (narrative or dramatic), it remains a work of fiction,
and as such it falls automatically, in the eyes of the public, into the field of
literature. This status, however, is not essential to it, and we shall probably
find some exceptions to the rule.

I have chosen these two examples for yet another, more peremptory
reason. If a common feature of the Aeneid and Ulysses is that they do
not derive from the Odyssey as a given page of the Poetics derives from
Oedipus Rex (i.e., by commenting on it) but by a transformative process,
what distinguishes these two works from each other is the fact that the
transformation is of a different type in each case. The transformation that
leads from the Odyssey to Ulysses can be described (very roughly) as a simple
or direct transformation, one which consists in transposing the action of
the Odyssey to twentieth-century Dublin. The transformation that leads from the same Odyssey to the Aeneid is more complex and indirect. Despite appearances (and the greater historical proximity), this transformation is less direct because Virgil does not transpose the action of the Odyssey from Ogygia to Carthage and from Ithaca to Latium. Instead, he tells an entirely different story: the adventures of Aeneas, not those of Ulysses. He does so by drawing inspiration from the generic—i.e., at once formal and thematic—model established by Homer in the Odyssey (and in fact also in the Iliad): that is, following the hallowed formula, by imitating Homer. Imitation, too, is no doubt a transformation, but one that involves a more complex process: it requires, to put it in roughshod manner, a previously constituted model of generic competence (let us call it an epic model) drawn from that singular performance that is known as the Odyssey (and perhaps a few others), one that is capable of generating an indefinite number of mimetic performances. This model, then, introduces between the imitated text and the imitative one a supplementary stage and a mediation that are not to be found in the simple or direct type of transformation. In order to transform a text, a simple and mechanical gesture might suffice (an extreme example would consist in tearing off a few pages—a case of reductive transformation). But in order to imitate a text, it is inevitably necessary to acquire at least a partial mastery of it, a mastery of that specific quality which one has chosen to imitate. It goes without saying, for example, that Virgil leaves out of his mimetic gesture what in Homer's work is inseparable from the Greek language.

It could quite properly be objected that my second example is no more complex than the first, and that in order to have their respective works conform to the Odyssey, Joyce and Virgil each simply retain from that work different characteristic features. Joyce extracts from it a pattern of actions and relationships, which he treats altogether in a different style. Virgil appropriates a certain style, which he applies to a different action. To put it more bluntly, Joyce tells the story of Ulysses in a manner other than Homer's, and Virgil tells the story of Aeneas in the manner of Homer—a pair of symmetrical and inverse transformations. This schematic opposition—saying the same thing differently / saying another thing similarly—is serviceable enough here (though it does scant justice to the partial analogy between the actions of Ulysses and Aeneas), and we shall find it useful on many other occasions. But we shall also see that it is not universally pertinent and, especially, that it obscures the difference in the level of complexity that separates these two types of operation.

In order to express this difference better, I must—paradoxically—draw upon some more elementary examples. Let us take a minimal literary (or paraliterary) text such as the proverb Le temps est un grand maître {Time is a great master}. To transform it, I need only modify in whichever way any one of its components. If, by eliminating one letter, I write Le temps est un grand maître, then the “correct” text is transformed, in a purely formal manner, into a text that is “incorrect” (spelling error). If, by substituting one letter for another, I write, as does Balzac in the words of Mistigris, Le temps est un grand maître {Time is a great faster (maître = lean)}, this substitution of a letter produces a word substitution and creates a new meaning—and so forth. But to imitate this proverb is an entirely different matter; it presupposes that I should identify in this statement a certain manner (that of a proverb) with such characteristics as brevity, peremptory affirmation, and metaphority, and then express in this manner (in this style) another idea, whether commonly held or not—for example, that one needs time for everything, whence the new proverb Paris n'a pas été bâti en un jour {Paris was not built in one day}. I hope it can now be seen with greater clarity why and in what way this second operation is more complex and more mediate than the first one. I have to rest my case for the time being, since I cannot here further pursue the analysis of these processes. We shall encounter them again in due course.

What I call hypertext, then, is any text derived from a previous text either through simple transformation, which I shall simply call from now on transformation, or through indirect transformation, which I shall label imitation. Before we embark upon a closer examination of these, two clarifications or warnings are probably in order.

First of all, one must not view the five types of transtextuality as separate and absolute categories without any reciprocal contact or overlapping. On the contrary, their relationships to one another are numerous and often crucial. For example, generic architextuality is, historically, almost always constituted by way of imitation (Virgil imitates Homer, Mateo Aleman's Guzman imitates the anonymous Lazarillo), hence by way of hypertextuality.
short forms such as titles and slogans (I shall return to these), and despite some popular vestiges of the travesty. When these forms are reintroduced into the semantic field by an effort either of critical inquiry or of historical revival, a more comprehensive picture emerges which regroups under the term \textit{parody} the three forms whose function is satirical (strict parody, travesty, caricatural imitation), leaving pure \textit{pastiche} alone in its category, understood \textit{a contrario} as an imitation without satirical function. Thus it is readily said that Proust's pastiches are pure, and those by Paul Reboux and Charles Muller are parodies, or parodic pastiches.

This commonly accepted distribution responds, consciously or unconsciously, to a functional criterion, since \textit{parody} inevitably connotes satire and irony, and \textit{pastiche}, by contrast, appears as a more neutral and a more technical term. This distribution can be crudely charted.\(^6\)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>function</th>
<th>satirical: “parodies”</th>
<th>non-satirical</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>genre</td>
<td>parody proper</td>
<td>travesty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>satirical pastiche</td>
<td>pastiche</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

7

To conclude this attempt at what Paul Valéry called “the clearing up of the verbal situation,” it would perhaps be of use to define precisely one last time, and to settle as plainly as possible, the terminological debate that concerns us here, which we should not allow to encumber us any further.

The word \textit{parody} is currently the site of a rather onerous confusion, because it is called upon to designate at times playful distortion, at times the burlesque transposition of a text, and on other occasions the satirical imitation of a style. The main reason for this confusion is obviously the functional convergence of the three formulas, each of which produces a comic effect, generally at the expense of the text or style being “parodied.” This is so in strict parody because its letter is playfully applied to an object that distorts and debases it; in the travesty because its content is degraded through a system of downgrading transformations, both stylistic and thematic; and in the satirical pastiche because its manner is ridiculed via a process of exaggerations and stylistic magnifications. This functional convergence, however, obscures a much more significant structural difference between the transtextual modes: strict parody and travesty proceed through a transformation of the text, and satirical pastiche (like every \textit{pastiche}) through an imitation of style. Since the term \textit{parody} is, in the current terminological system, implicitly and therefore confusingly invested with two structurally discordant meanings, it would be useful perhaps to reform the entire system.

I propose therefore to (re)baptize as \textit{parody} the distortion of a text by means of a minimal transformation of the \textit{Chapelin décoiffé} type; \textit{travesty} will designate the stylistic transformation whose function is to debase, \textit{à la Virgile travesti} ; \textit{caricature} (but no longer, as previously, \textit{parody}) will designate the satirical pastiche, of which Paul Reboux and Charles Muller's anthology \textit{À la manière de...} offers canonical examples and of which the mock-heroic pastiche is merely a variety; and \textit{pastiche} plain and simple would refer to the imitation of a style without any satirical intent, a type illustrated by at least some pages of Proust's “L'Affaire Lemoine.” And finally, I adopt the general term \textit{transformation} to subsume the first two genres, which differ primarily in the degree of distortion inflicted upon the hypotext, and the term \textit{imitation} to subsume the two last genres, which differ only in their function and the degree of their stylistic aggravation. Hence a new distribution, one that is no longer functional but rather structural, since its criterion for separating and grouping the genres is the type of relationship (transformation or imitation) that they create between the hypertext and its hypotext.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>relation</th>
<th>transformation</th>
<th>imitation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>genres</td>
<td>parody</td>
<td>travesty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>caricature</td>
<td>pastiche</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

One chart can thus recapitulate the opposition between the two forms of divisions, which evidently still share the objects to be distributed: namely the four canonical hypertextual genres.
In proposing this taxonomic and terminological reform, I hold no real hopes for its future. Experience has repeatedly shown that if there is nothing easier than to introduce a neologism into common practice, there is nothing more difficult than to extirpate from it a set term or acceptation, an ingrown habit. I am therefore claiming not to censure the abuse of the word parody (since, in effect, this is what we are dealing with) but only to point it out and—because it is impossible to clear up this lexical area effectively—at least provide its users with a conceptual tool enabling them to check and focus with greater swiftness and accuracy what it is they are (probably) thinking about when they (haphazardly) utter the word parody.

Neither do I claim to substitute the structural criterion entirely for the functional one. I simply mean to bring it out into the open, if only to make room, for example, for a form of hypertextuality whose literary significance cannot be reduced to that of the pastiche or of canonical parody, and which I shall for now call serious parody. The yoking here of these two terms—which in ordinary usage would form an oxymoron—is deliberate, intended to indicate that certain generic formulas cannot be accounted for within a purely functional definition. If one were to define parody solely by its burlesque function, one would leave out such works as Laforgue’s Hamlet, Jean Giraudoux’s Electre, Thomas Mann’s Doctor Faustus, Joyce’s Ulysses, Michel Tournier’s Friday—all of which are linked to their text of reference by the same type of relationship (all other things being equal) that exists between Virgile travesti and the Aeneid. Functional differences notwithstanding, we have here, if not an identity, then a continuity of process which must be acknowledged and which (as stated above) proscribes reliance on canonical formulas alone.

But, as the reader has probably noted already, the “structural” division that I propose retains a common trait with the traditional categorization:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>current (functional) distribution</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>function</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>satirical (“parody”)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>non-satirical (“pastiche”)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>genre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>parody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>travesty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caricature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pastiche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>relation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>transformation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>imitation</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In each major relational category there is a distinction between parody and travesty on the one hand, and between caricature and pastiche on the other. The latter distinction is based quite clearly upon a functional criterion, which is always the opposition between satirical and nonsatirical. The former may be motivated by a purely formal criterion, which is the difference between a semantic transformation (parody) and a stylistic transposition (travesty); but it also includes a functional aspect, since travesty is undeniably more satirical or more aggressive vis-à-vis its hypotext than is parody. Parody does not actually subject the hypotext to a degrading stylistic treatment but only takes it as a model or template for the construction of a new text which, once produced, is no longer concerned with the model. My classification, then, is structural only as regards the distinction between major types of hypertextual relationships, and it becomes functional once more as regards the distinction between concrete practices. It would therefore be better to make this duality official, and to render it in a chart with two headings, one structural and the other functional, in a manner somewhat akin to Aristotle’s (implicit) chart of genres, with its modal and thematic headings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>relation</th>
<th>function</th>
<th>non-satirical</th>
<th>satirical</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>transformation</td>
<td>PARODY</td>
<td>TRAVESTY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>imitation</td>
<td>PASTICHE</td>
<td>CARICATURE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If the functional classification must be adopted or retrieved, however, even partially, then it seems to me that a correction is in order. The distinction between the satirical and the nonsatirical is obviously too pat, for there are no doubt several ways of not being satirical, and frequent exposure to hypertextual practices shows that in this field one must distinguish at least two kinds. One (to which belong the practices of the pastiche and parody) aims at a sort of pure amusement or pleasing exercise with no aggressive or mocking intention; I shall label it the ludic mode of the hypertext. But there is still another practice, to which I have just alluded by citing as an example Thomas Mann’s Doctor Faustus, which we must now name (for lack of a better technical term) its serious mode. This third functional category
obviously forces us to extend our chart on the right to make room for a third column, one for serious transformations and imitations. These two vast categories have never been considered in themselves, and as a result they have no name. I therefore propose the neutral and extensive term transposition to designate serious transformations. For serious imitations we may borrow from ancient usage a term that is more or less synonymous with pastiche or with apocrypha but is also more neutral than its competitors. That term is forgery. Now we have an even more complete and temporarily more definitive diagram, which could at least serve as a map for the exploration of the territory of hypertextual practices.4

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>relation</th>
<th>mood</th>
<th>playful</th>
<th>satirical</th>
<th>serious</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>transformation</td>
<td>PARODY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>TRANSPOSITION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Chape!ain décöffti)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Doctor Faustus)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>imiation</td>
<td>PASTICHE</td>
<td>CARICATURE</td>
<td>FORGERY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(&quot;L’Affaire Lemoine&quot;)</td>
<td>(À la mani ère de . . .)</td>
<td>(Posthomerica)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In order to illustrate the six major categories I have indicated in parentheses, as an example, the title of a work representative of each category. The choices are inevitably arbitrary and even unfair, since specific works are always, and happily so, much more complex than the species to which they are affixed.5

What follows is, in a sense, a long commentary on this chart, a commentary whose primary effect will be, I hope, not to justify the chart but rather to blur, dissolve, and eventually erase it. Before I begin this follow-up, I must also briefly discuss two aspects of the chart. I have replaced function with mood, finding it more flexible and less brutal. Still, it would be rather naive to imagine that it is possible to draw a clear boundary between these great diatheses in the sociopsychological operation of the hypertext. I have therefore used dotted vertical lines to account for the possible nuances between pastiche and caricature, travesty and transposition, and so on. Furthermore, there is an insuperable difficulty inherent in the diagrammatic representation: it suggests that the satirical occupies a fundamentally intermediate position separating inevitably and as if naturally, the playful from the serious. This certainly is not the case, and many works in fact straddle the boundary between the serious and the playful, a boundary impossible to illustrate here. (One need only think of Giraudoux, for an example). But reversing the columns of the satirical and the playful would result in the opposite kind of misrepresentation. One should rather imagine a circular system similar to the one planned by Goethe for his Dichtarten, where each mood would have a point of contact with the two others, but in this case the crossing with the category of relationships becomes in turn impossible to chart in the two-dimensional space of the Gutenberg galaxy. Besides, I do not doubt that the tripartition of the moods would be too crude (a bit like the separation of the three “fundamental” colors, blue, yellow, and red), and one could easily refine it by introducing three more gradations into the spectrum. Between the playful and the satirical, I would readily place the ironic; that is often the mood of Thomas Mann’s hypertexts, such as Doctor Faustus, Lotte in Weimar, and above all Joseph and His Brothers. Between the satirical and the serious divisions, I see the polemical; that is the spirit in which Miguel de Unamuno transposes Don Quixote in his violently anti-Cervantian book The Life of Don Quixote, and that is also the spirit of Henry Fielding’s anti-Pamela, which he titles Shamela. Between the playful and the serious I would add the humorous; this, as I have already said, is the dominant mood of some of Giraudoux’s transpositions, such as Efpènors. (But Thomas Mann oscillates too constantly between irony and humor: hence a new gradation, a new blurring, for so it goes with great literary works.) Thus we would tentatively come up with a kind of rose window.
In the previous chart, however, I consider the distinction between the two types of relationships (imitation and transformation) as much more clear-cut; hence the unbroken boundary line separating them. Needless to say, this in no way excludes the possibility of mixed practices. The same hypertext may simultaneously transform a hypotext and imitate another. Travesty certainly consists of transforming a noble text by imitating, to that effect, the lax style of another text, namely vulgar speech. (One may even at once transform and imitate the same text; it is a borderline case with which we shall deal in due course.) But, as Blaise Pascal more or less put it, that Archimedes should have been both a prince and a geometarctian is no reason to confuse nobility with geometry. Or, to belabor the obvious in the manner of M. de La Palice, a prerequisite to doing two things at the same time is that the two things not be the same.

The announced elaboration will consist, therefore, in examining more closely each one of the squares of our chart, in refining the discriminations, and in illustrating them with the help of selected examples. These will be chosen for either their paradigmatic or, conversely, their paradoxical and exceptional character, or simply for their own interest, in full knowledge that the latter may encourage annoying digressions or welcome diversions. Here again, then, we shall have a more or less regulated alternation between criticism and poetics. In terms of the checkerboard (one should perhaps say hopscotch) drawn by our chart, we shall proceed roughly as follows. First we shall finish off the partially explored square of classical and modern parody (chapters 8 to 11), and move on to travesty in its burlesque and modern forms (chapters 12 and 13). Pastiche and caricature—forms that are often hard to distinguish—will occupy us in chapters 14 to 26, along with two complex practices that include pretty much all of these at once: mixed parody and the antinovel. Then we will look at some typical performances of forgery and, more specifically, of continuation (chapters 27 to 39). Finally (40 to 80), we shall discuss the practice of transposition, by far the richest in technical operations and in literary applications. Then it will be time to conclude and to put away our tools, for nights are chilly in this season.

For the reasons cited above, and with the one noted exception of Chapelain décomité, literary parody gravitates to short texts (and, it goes without saying, to texts that are sufficiently well known for the effect to be noticeable). Madière's anthology contains, among many others, two parodies of “La Cigale et la Fourmi” (“The Grasshopper and the Ant”), a privileged target, since it is most readily recognized. Here is Charles-Auguste La Fare’s version, “On a Mistress Abandoned by M. de Langeron”:

La cigale ayant baisé
Tout l’été
Se trouva bien désolée
Quand Langeron l’eût quittée:
Pas le moindre pauvre amant
Pour soulager son tourment.
Elle alla crier famine
Chez la Grignan sa voisine...
spirituelle what he never did elsewhere, namely mimic himself”—Combat, 26 May); Jean Cocteau (“Is this text authentic? is it apocryphal? As far as I am concerned, it is laborious and soulless”); one G.A. in the daily Franc-Tireur of 26 May (“La Chasse spirituelle may be by Rimbaud, but it is not good Rimbaud. It lacks the breathing, the inspiration, the dazzling image. . . . It is a studious pastiche, or bad Rimbaud”); Jean Paulhan (“The work is inconsistent, the metaphors are bombastic and garish, the ideas banal. Not a single image that has not already been used in the Saison or in Illuminations. This is modern poetry as country hicks imagine it to be”—Combat, 26 May); Luc Estang (“A caricatured and derivative Rimbaud”—I a Croix, 29-30 May). André Maurois may have condensed that opinion most convincingly: “My impression is that this is too much like Rimbaud to be by Rimbaud. We encounter again all the expressions we know, lifted from previous writings, and truly, a man does not repeat himself in this fashion” (Tribune de Paris, 21 May). With the passage of time, and given the inevitable absence of any evidence, this opinion has come to be accepted as fact.3 No one, to my knowledge, believes any longer in the authenticity of La Chasse spirituelle, and the “version” given by its probable authors has finally won the day—but, as we have seen, not without damaging their reputation as writers and the primary goal of their operation. They had written La Chasse to prove that they were capable of writing like Rimbaud; the final verdict, however, is that they must indeed have written it, because what they wrote was absolutely unworthy of Rimbaud.4

This confusing to-and-fro illustrates, it seems to me, the ambiguity of that work’s hypertextual status: Akakia and Bataille only wrote—and presumably intended to write—a pastiche of Rimbaud. As such, their text is neither better nor worse than many others, among them the eighteen texts published by Morrissette in the appendix of his study. {Genette quotes a representative passage from La Chasse spirituelle; see the Appendix.}

But as it happens—and this is how the two pasticheurs were caught in their own trap—their pastiche was at first presented as an authentic text; that was enough to alter its readers’ expectations and to subvert the criteria for its appreciation. With the possible exception of a mimetic genius—and in my view Proust is the only one who comes close—the reader’s expectations for a successful pastiche are a far cry from those brought to the reading of an authentic text, or a text presented as such: i.e., an apocryphal one. We have seen that the very essence of pastiche implies a stylistic saturation that is considered not only acceptable but desirable, since it constitutes the primary source of the pleasure provided in the playful mode, and of critical merit in the satirical mode. This saturation, very much in evidence in La Chasse spirituelle, is precisely what is held as evidence against its authenticity: “Too much like Rimbaud to be by Rimbaud.” This (accurate) criticism by Maurois is, so to speak, the rule of the pastiche and a forton of caricature, and I imagine that Maurois would have willingly applied an analogous formula to his Châte de Chelsea: too much like Proust to be by Proust. Saturation identifies the pastiche and caricature as such-and carries with it an inevitable dose of vulgarization, since it is always vulgar to “overdo it.” Saturation thus gives away the apocryphal text as such: i.e., as a failed apocryphal attempt. The misadventure of La Chasse spirituelle illustrates the difference and gauges the distance between the pastiche, however successful, and true forgery—i.e., a perfect imitation—which, by its very definition, and as Plato already noted, cannot in any way be distinguished from its model. The true pasticheur wants to be recognized—and appreciated—as such. The author of an apocryphal text does not. His goal is to disappear. This is no doubt a more difficult undertaking, but it is also an entirely different matter. Akakia and Bataille wanted to have their cake and eat it too (or rather, do both in succession, but with the same text): hence their failure.

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Contrary to what is true of painting, the “literary fake” (the apocryphal text that La Chasse spirituelle intended to be, and was—for forty-eight hours) is assuredly not the principal mode of expression of serious imitation. That mode of expression is much rather to be sought in the practice that the Middle Ages (which did not invent it) called continuation.

With greater rigor than common usage demands, D’Alembert’s Dictionnaire des synonymes invites us to distinguish between the continuation and a similar practice called la suite, the sequel: “One may write a continuation of someone else’s work and the sequel to one’s own.” Waucher, Menessier, Gerbert, and others offer continuations of Chrétien de Troyes’s Perceval, but Corneille himself writes La Suite du Menteur.

This genetic difference (a sequel is autographic, a continuation allo-

connection between a thing and that which precedes it. But sequel is more general, since it does not indicate whether that to which a sequel is given be completed or not, whereas continuation asserts positively that the thing had been left at a point of incompleteness.” When a work is left unfinished by reason of the death of its author or some other cause of final abandonment, continuation consists in finishing the work in the author’s stead, and can only be the work of another. The sequel performs an entirely different function, which in general consists in exploiting the success of a work that in its own time was often considered complete, and in setting it into motion again with new episodes: thus the Suite du Menteur, or (minus the name) the second part of Robinson Crusoe or of Don Quixote, or the Mariage de Figaro and La Mère coupable, or Alexandre Dumas’s Vingt ans après and Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, etc. These are no longer completions but prolongations, and if one wished at this point to improve on traditional terminology, the most judicious course would no doubt be to rename completion what Littré calls “continuation,” and prolongation what he names “sequel” (which does not necessarily imply an ending). We shall see, however, that theoretical distinctions are often at odds with the facts: one cannot complete without first continuing, and by prolonging a work one often ends up completing it.

The practice of continuation has often been resorted to in order to complete an interrupted text, whether literary or musical, by giving it an ending that conforms as closely as possible to the author’s attested intentions: thus did Balthazar Baro proceed for L’Astree and Franz Xaver Süssmayr for Mozart’s Requiem. Such posthumous completions are considered as fakes or apocryphal works only when they are falsely attributed to the dead or defaulting author—and when the fraud happens to be found out. But fraud or no fraud, the textual structure is obviously the same: an author (or several), capable of imitating as faithfully as possible the style of the unfinished text, puts that stylistic competence to use in a very specific textual performance. Continuation is not like other imitations, since it must abide by a certain number of additional constraints: first, naturally—given that any satirical caricature is prohibited—imitation here must be absolutely faithful and serious, which rarely happens in usual pastiche. But above all, the hypertext must constantly remain continuous with its hypertext, which it must merely bring to its prescribed or appropriate conclusion while observing the congruity of places, chronological sequence, character consistency, etc. The “continuator” works under the constant supervision of a kind of internalized script girl, who sees to the unity of the whole and the invisibility of the seams.

Continuation is thus a more restricted imitation than the autonomous apocryphal text; to be more specific, it is an imitation with a partially prescribed subject. But this restriction can vary greatly, depending on whether or not the dead or defaulting author has left indications—and how many—as to the sequel he intended to give his work, or wanted given to it. What is in question is not so much the degree of freedom, and therefore of inventiveness, to be granted to his continuator; I am thinking of the position of the complementary text itself, which is at times limited to continuing an interrupted text, and at times compelled in addition to carry out the stated intentions that accompany the incomplete text (unless the continuator chooses not to heed them, or only so far as he pleases), such as instructions leading to a compulsory denouement, which must be prepared for; often, also, a general outline that must be followed and executed; or perhaps more often still a few scattered, partially developed sketches that must be worked into the continuation. Those are specific connections that the reader, most of the time, is no longer in a position to appreciate, for continuators of yore were not concerned with displaying their devices or acknowledging their debt, and they destroyed the projects that had more or less directly inspired them. Conversely, the respect for unfinished works that has been growing since the nineteenth century most often prohibits any attempt at continuation.

I mentioned almost at random those two canonical examples of posthumous continuation: that of L’Astree by Baro and that of the Requiem by Süssmayr. It so happens that both offer a good notion of the complexity of this kind of paratextual situation.

Concerning the Requiem, Mozart is believed to have been able to compose fully only the first two numbers (Requiem and Kyrie), and Süssmayr had to orchestrate the middle sections according to drafts left by Mozart that are at least partially known to us. As for the last three numbers (if we discount the final repeat of the Requiem), they are generally taken to be the work of Süssmayr alone (I am referring to the Sanctus, the Benedictus, and the Agnus Dei), although he consistently denied having invented any of it—which places this portion of his work in the category of apocryphal continuations. But what prevents musicologists from giving credence to his denials is not the intrinsic quality of these three pieces, which are in no way
unworthy of the Requiem, but merely the absence of any sketches for them in Mozart's hand. If pastiche it be, it is successful, unless one ascribes to Süssmayer a devious scheme that involved pilfering some of the drafts and then destroying them, precisely in order to cast doubts on his own denials and thus lead musicologists astray. Whatever the case may be, doubts linger on, much to the credit, deserved or not, of the faithful disciple.

As for *L'Astrée*—for which there was not merely one continuator but at least two—here is Maurice Magendie's succinct account:

When Honoré d'Urfé died, in 1625, he left a fourth part, which was, it seems, entirely written out, and which his secretary Baro published in 1627. If Baro is to be believed, he limited himself to correcting the typographical errors; but we do not know his actual role, since we are in ignorance as to the state of d'Urfé's manuscript at the time of his death: was it completely finished, revised, ready to go to press, or was it only a more or less advanced draft? This little problem will no doubt remain forever unsolved. D'Urfé was barely dead when, under a license granted on 10 July 1625, one Borstel de Gaubertin published a fifth and a sixth part of *L'Astrée*. Baro, insisting that he was the sole trustee of the author's true intentions, protested the publication, which he denounced as counterfeit; but it was not until 1627 that he himself could come up with the conclusion to the novel, which he called the "true sequel," and which he claimed to have based on d'Urfé's genuine rough drafts. Baro carried the plot to its conclusion, while Gaubertin did not complete his work; Baro's book is laden with a tangle of puerile supernatural effects, Gaubertin's is more human and plausible; Baro faithfully reproduces d'Urfé's procedures, Gaubertin shows more independence. What is certain is that since the seventeenth century, only Baro's sequel has been accepted by the editors of the complete *L'Astrée*; but it is highly likely that Gaubertin did have access to d'Urfé's papers. Where is the truth in this imbroglio? Yet another mystery which most likely will never be cleared up.1

But since Baro's and Gaubertin's continuations have practically nothing in common, it must follow that the same "genuine rough drafts" authorized two different completions. In fact, since Gaubertin's continuation is itself unfinished (planning to complete a work apparently is no guarantee of immortality), it is Baro's ending that has taken hold. Its chief aim was to provide a satisfying denouement: an end to the war, with Adamas deciding to bring matters to a head; he induces Astree to conjure up the presence of Celadon, whom she believes to be dead. Celadon appears at her call. Astree, frightened by what she had once granted to Celadon-Alexis, rebuffs him and orders him to die. Each of the two lovers comes to the Fountain of Love's Truth to reveal that truth by allowing themselves to be devoured by the lions. The lions spare the perfect lovers, and the god Love marries them. This brings universal joy—and a rather crafty solution to the problem of the denouement: how to untangle the knots tied by d'Urfé (Astree's injunction, Celadon's disguise). The first obstacle is lifted by a stratagem, the second by a *deus ex machina* who commands and thereby absolves.

The fourth part of *L'Astrée* is thus a good example of a self-confessed or nonapocryphal continuation, one that we acknowledge (without certainty) as faithful to the author's intent. Another case is that of apocryphal continuations, which are falsely attributed to the defaulting author, fraudulently published under his name, and—all notions of a possible conspiracy being excluded—entirely invented by their real author.3 Such is the case of the various continuations of Marivaux's novels.

One common point that binds the Marivaux continuations is that they are not posthumous, and that they take to their end (more or less) narratives that had been abandoned, for reasons unknown to us, by an author in full possession of his creative powers and in a position to judge, and thus to approve or censure, those (more or less) apocryphal continuations. In fact, it seems that Marivaux condescended to express his opinion only on the subject of the *Suite de Marianne*, acknowledged (though not officially signed) by Mme Riccoboni—and thus, in this specific instance, not apocryphal. According to one contributor to the *Bibliotheque des romans*, "the manuscript was first presented to M. de Marivaux, and the writer herself took it to him. The Academician was quite surprised to see himself so well imitated; he expressed his wonder in very flattering terms, and highly approved of such a piquant piece going into print. He promised to keep it a secret, and did so keep it for some time."

When he gave up his novel after the eleventh part in March 1742, Marivaux had apparently conveyed no indication to anyone as to a possible
By a curious coincidence, the myth of the origin of Troy—monarchical at first—survives also, very subliminally, in the symbol of the French Republic: Marianne is wearing a Phrygian bonnet. This headgear, worn in classical antiquity by the Phrygians—distant descendants, if any remain, of Homer’s Trojans—and later by emancipated slaves, became the emblem of liberty under the French Revolution, then, metonymically, the emblem of the Republic and, finally, of the French nation. A most indirect association, but one that can be read as a very muted echo of an irreplaceable mythical filiation, as if the “victorious West” continued to expiate its victory and to identify symbolically with its first victims: Aux captifs, aux vaincus! . . . à bien d’autres encore! [[I am thinking of] the captive, the vanquished . . . and many others more!].

The Romance of the Rose offers the rare example (and I have explained why), though one not to be ruled out in principle, of an official continuation that is emancipated from any stylistic mimeticism, indeed from any ideological faithfulness. The facts are as follows: sometime around 1230, Guillaume de Lorris’s death interrupted at line 4058 the allegorical narrative of the trials and tribulations of the Lover as he quests for the Rose of whom he is enamored. His enemies Danger, Shame, and Fear have imprisoned his indispensable ally Fair Welcoming in a tower, and the hero remains alone and desperate. We know that the author’s intention was to have Fair Welcoming delivered from prison and to allow Lover, finally, to pick the Rose. As it stands, and despite its incompleteness, the poem enjoyed great success for about forty years. Beneath the narrative fiction it offered, as is known, a kind of breviary for courtly love, a chivalric Art of Loving. Around 1275, Jean de Meun undertook to finish the poem. Thus was born the second Romance of the Rose, whose official purpose and general structure are typically those of a continuation. The seam between the two is marked with maximal reverence and probity:

Parfit, ainsi comme je treuve
Et ici commence son œuvre.

{In this place Guillaume de Lorris
Passed away, and no longer sang
But more than forty years later
Master Jean de Meun completed
This romance, as I discover
And here begins his work.}

The expected denouement is scrupulously carried out: Frankness and Pity deliver Fair Welcoming; the hero picks the Rose; and his dream—for it was a dream—ends there. But so does the faithfulness of the continuator, for between the respectful transition and this fitting conclusion are interposed nearly 18,000 octosyllabic lines whose style and didactic content are very foreign to those of the model—and sometimes at the opposite extreme, since Jean de Meun’s philosophy, marked as it is by a return to the sources of ancient naturalism, in many respects takes a stand that is hostile to the ideal of courtly love, and he is not afraid to express a wholly bourgeois distrust and disdain of the eternal feminine. If one keeps in mind the enormous quantitative disproportion between the unfinished work and its continuation, the latter appears more like a flagrant act of misappropriation, indeed a betrayal, even though there is no evidence pointing to a deliberate and fully conscious intention on the part of Jean de Meun. Imagine Voltaire—I am exaggerating deliberately—taking it upon himself to finish Pascal’s Pensées by appending his Dictionnaire philosophique.

The case of the continuations of Perceval is more subtly paradoxical—among the three or four texts thus baptized, at any rate, this is true of that of the Mons manuscript, which best answers the definition of the genre and even constitutes its French prototype, if one excludes the completion of Lancelot by Geoffroy de Lagny, but according to Chrétien de Troyes’s own instructions. Chrétien had abandoned his hero just after his meeting with the wise man who revealed to him the nature of his sin and left him to his penitence and communion. The continuator sends him back on the road and, after sundry episodes, brings him back to the Fisher King’s castle where he had earlier seen the procession of the Grail without daring to inquire about its significance (more precisely, why does the lance ooze blood? and not
linked to the search for a secret, a search magnified by the commentators with the term quest, which was obviously absent in Chrétien and here is quite improper. It was only in the anonymous Lancelot en prose (thirteenth century) that the Grail itself (and not the truth about the Grail) was to become the object of the quest. The nature of the dazzling Grail and of the bleeding sword becomes then in the continuation what it was not at all in Chrétien: a riddle to be solved, a mystery to be penetrated.

That constituted the first decisive intervention by the anonymous continuator. The second almost inevitably followed from the first; it was the answer given to that enigma, which everyone knows today: the bleeding lance is that with which Longinus the Roman pierced Jesus' side, and the Grail is the vessel wherein the holy blood was collected; the two objects are thus linked to the Passion of Christ and to the sacrament of the Eucharist. Chrétien had been compelled, perhaps by weariness, to abandon his Conte du Graal himself to dispel that ambiguity in the most orthodox fashion, and without any flaw. He had confirmed to him by the hideous damsel before King Arthur's court and again by the aforementioned wise man in the last pages. I say, the very fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating fact of asking the question was the gesture expected of him, the liberating
The sequel, as we have seen, differs from a continuation in that it continues a work not in order to bring it to a close but, on the contrary, in order to take it beyond what was initially considered to be its ending. The motive is generally a desire to capitalize on a first or even a second success (Alexandre Dumas’s *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* prolongs *Vingt ans après*, just as *Vingt ans après* prolongs *Les Trois Mousquetaires*), and it is entirely natural that an author should wish to profit from such a windfall; the case of the second part of *Robinson Crusoe* is a perfect, and perfectly clear, example of this. For Cervantes, who announced as early as the last lines of the first part of *Don Quixote* a future narrative of his hero’s “third adventure,” the situation is more complex: we can consider that the second part gives the adventure a necessary completion and that it is therefore, properly speaking, neither a continuation (since the author himself wrote it) nor a sequel (since it finishes a story that was explicitly interrupted and suspended). Or else, this might be an instance of what I had in mind in the case of Marivaux under the heading of self-written continuations. But I must add that Cervantes, who was in no hurry to keep the promise he made in 1605 and apparently content to get to work writing the *Novelas Ejemplares* (*Exemplary Novels*), found himself impelled to complete it by the unexpected publication in 1614 of an entirely allographic and improper continuation, improper because it was written during the author’s lifetime and in open competition with him: this was the *Segundo Tomo* signed by the unidentifiable Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda. Thus the publication in 1615 of the authentic second part. But if we add that Cervantes was to die in April 1616, we must perhaps conclude that we owe the continuation written by Cervantes himself to the counterfeit one by Avellaneda. This latter is, certainly, as is so often the case with ordinary continuations, more an imitation than a continuation: the intimidated (if impudent) author of the pastiche believes himself obligated to dip his pen constantly into his victim’s inkwell (where else could he dip it?) and to repeat ad nauseam his manner and his methods. *Don Quixote*, first cured, then goaded back into nonsense by Sancho, continues to add indefinitely to the list of his follies and misadventures. Cervantes, on the other hand, and he alone, could give to his second part that transcendent liberty which is the hallmark of his sequel. All other things being equal, the *Segundo Tomo* is to the first *Quixote* what the *Posthumera* is to the *Iliad*, an endlessly repetitive prolongation, whereas the authentic second part is like an *Odyssey*, with that privilege of genius: an unpredictable continuation.

But I digress, having encountered this hapax, a self-written continuation.1 I was about to speak of the opposite occurrence: despite D’Alembert’s opinion, there is no law that a sequel should be necessarily self-written. The second *Lazarillo*, the second *Guzman* of Sayavedra, the *Segundo Tomo* of Avellaneda are certainly sequels as much as they are continuations, given their commercial motive as well as their repetitive content. And in our own time, shrewd inheritors have been known to produce interminable sequels to adventures that were terminated over and over again.2

Except for the ending, which is changed indefinitely so as not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, the allographic sequel can be considered a continuation. The autographic sequel, to take things in their strict sense, escapes our consideration here because it does not proceed by imitation—or, more exactly, not any more than the second part of a novel such as *The Red and the Black* proceeds by imitating the first part, the second chapter by imitating the first, the second sentence by imitating the first, etc. (etc?). An author who prolongs his work doubtless does imitate himself in a certain way, unless he transcends himself, betrays himself, or collapses, but all that has little to do with hypertextuality.

Nevertheless, the sequel, and the innumerable forms of narrative integration that can be attached to it (local cycles of the Walter Scott or James Fenimore Cooper type, from which derive, with a greater concern for totalization, Balzac’s *Human Comedy* or, in more concerted form, Zola’s Rougon-Macquart novels and the diverse sagas which, from Galsworthy and to Mazo de la Roche, derive from them, or the more rigorously consecutive *romans fleuves* of the type of Thibault, *Hommes de bonne volonté*, or *Chronique des Pasquier*) raise issues that cannot really be solved by referring to the “immanence” of the text. There are in these cases several texts that refer in some way to one another—several texts, even if signed by the same name. This “autotextuality” or “intratextuality,” is a specific form of transtextuality, which ought perhaps to be considered in itself—but no hurry.

If the continuation is in principle an allographic completion and the sequel an autographic prolongation, the epilogue has as its canonic function the brief exposition of a (stable) situation subsequent to the denouement, from which it results: for example, the two heroes are reunited after several years,
and they tenderly and peacefully gaze at their numerous offspring. “That,” Hegel says, more or less, “is very prosaic and not at all romantic.” But this judgment implies an extreme definition of romance, specific to the Romantic era. In a more classical age, leaning more toward the sentimental and the moralistic, the happy and enlightened epilogue could be one of the privileged moments of gratification for the reader: see, for example, those of Tom Jones or War and Peace.5

Of course, these autographic epilogues are not precisely hyper textual, but an allographic epilogue, if such exists, is a variant of continuation. In its way, “La Fin de Robinson Crusoe” by Michel Tournier is a good illustration of this notion.6 It is an allographic epilogue to Robinson’s island adventure. This brief narrative begins just about at the point where Daniel Defoe’s first part ends: Robinson comes back to England at the end of twenty-two years and gets married. After having committed all sorts of misdeeds around the area, Friday disappears; he has no doubt gone back to their island, Robinson supposes. Robinson’s wife dies, and he leaves for the Caribbean Sea, from which he returns after several years—without having found his island, whose geographic location he nevertheless knew quite well. He wallows and wonders at this stupefying disappearance. An old helmsman finally gives him the key to the mystery: his island has not disappeared at all, and he must have passed by it twenty times without recognizing it. It has quite simply changed, just as he has, and no doubt it didn’t recognize him either. Robinson’s expression is suddenly sad and haggard. This anti-epilogue teaches us the impossibility of every epilogue, autographic or allographic: you cannot ever visit the same island twice (or the same woman, for sure); it/she is no longer itself/herself; you are no longer you.

“In September 1816, Charlotte Kestner, née Buff, a rather mature and plumpish matron, afflicted with a not too noticeable trembling of the head, stopped at the Elephant Hotel in Weimar. The innkeeper identified her as soon as she had filled out the required police form: in this old lady with blue eyes—not dark ones (but like everyone in Weimar he knew what poetic license is), he had before him, forty-four years later, the Lotte of Werther.”7

In principle, Thomas Mann’s Lotte in Weimar is not a continuation of The Sorrows of Young Werther but rather the fictitious epilogue of another adventure, a real one, more banal and less romantic: the aborted idyll at Wetzlar between the young Goethe and Charlotte Buff. Here we have a case, then, as in Léon Daudet’s Le Voyage de Shakespeare, Jean Giono’s Pour saluer Melville, or Hermann Broch’s The Death of Virgil, of a biographical fiction, a novel grafted onto the life of a historical figure who happens to be a writer.

In fact, the situation is more complex, because between the idyll at Wetzlar and the visit to Weimar is interposed the text of Werther, without which Frau Kestner’s voyage would not have the same meaning, or the same resonance. For everyone in Weimar—except for Goethe himself, who had wanted for a long time to forget not only the episode but also, and even more so, the “pathological” work it had inspired—the blue-eyed visitor is indeed the Lotte of Werther, and neither of the two principals involved can do anything to change that. For the witnesses, therefore, the relationship is established not between the Charlotte of 1816 and that of 1772, whom they could not have known at all, but between the visitor and her faraway romantic replica, Charlotte of the dark eyes. The same is true for the reader, and symmetrically the comparison goes from the majestic counselor of state to the pale melancholy hero dressed in blue with a yellow vest. Inevitably also, we feel the contrast between the desperate suicide of the second and the serene and prosperous old age of the first. “I survived my Werther,” wrote (the real) Goethe in 1803. This survival is indeed what is here questioned, and silently indicted, without any evil intention on anyone’s part. One does not survive suicide, real or fictive, with impunity, and this situation necessarily tinges with irony every manifestation of the glorious genius’s existence and reinstates in Frau Kestner’s favor the equilibrium that had been compromised by her ill-advised action. Faced with Charlotte, Goethe is more ridiculous for his good health than Charlotte for having come to Weimar under a pretext, and even for appearing in a white dress that is missing one famous pink ribbon. This psychological relationship can be translated into textual terms: Frau Kestner is also for us “the Lotte of Werther,” but the respectable counselor can in no case be Werther. Between them stands no longer, as before, a fiancé but the hero of a novel: that is, the novel itself, to which, paradoxically or not, she has remained truer than he. A text, a fiction, separates them, and it is the equivocal status of that separation—of that distance—which makes Lotte in Weimar an ironic epilogue to Werther, an epilogue that may serve perhaps as a supplement: something like “The Prosperity of Old Werther.”
the Greek ruffian Ajax and Demokos; bearing with Ajax’s slap in the face; persuading Ulysses to take Helen back and to renounce a profitable war. Hector wins each one of those tests, but he feels that “with each victory the prize escapes [him].” Even his allies—whether out of anguish (Andromache, Hecuba), clear-sightedness (Ulysses), or divination (Helen and, of course, Cassandra)—remain unconvinced by his endeavors to ward off a war that is inscribed within the will of the gods (Helen, Ulysses says, is a “hostage of fate”) and within the very elements: “You’re already living in the light of the Greek war.” Ulysses, though without illusions, is leaving; war is receding but, says he, “I can’t shake off the feeling that the road from here to my ship is a long way.” Still 460 steps to go in a countdown that is interrupted by the slightest incidents. Then comes the truly tragic peripeteia: Ajax drunkenly attempts to assault Andromache. Hector lifts his javelin. Cassandra succeeds in dragging Ajax away. Enter Demokos, who has just learned of Helen’s restitution and calls for war. He must be stopped; Hector slays him. All is saved. But Demokos, dying, cries out that Ajax the Greek has killed him. “The curtain, which had begun to fall, is lifted little by little.” The Trojan crowd pounces upon Ajax: the irremediable incident has occurred; all is lost. The gates of war are open, and the curtain falls on Cassandra’s famous line: “The Trojan poet is dead. And now the Grecian poet will have his word.”

This tragic reversal, superbly symbolized by the curtain’s hesitation, is clearly yet another case of self-defeating anticipation: it is by slaying Demokos to prevent him from provoking war that Hector provides him with the very means of triggering it. Hector’s saving gesture has turned into a fateful gesture. The tragic trap, the “infernal machine,” has once again done its job; the gods are satisfied.

But Cassandra’s final line deserves particular notice, for it underscores the hypertextual character of the play and, more specifically, of the fate within it that is toying with men. What does that fate actually consist in? That is not merely the vaguely fabulous or mythical privilege of very ancient texts, beyond definition. That is lost. The gates of war are open, and the curtain falls on Cassandra’s famous line: “The Trojan poet is dead. And now the Grecian poet will have his word.”

Whatever the (highly variable) degree of their emancipation or their complexity, all the hypertexts discussed so far have presented themselves to us as transformations and/or imitations of previous works (whether singular or multiple) that were known to us, with which they could be compared so as to assess their difference and the nature of the hypertextual relation. But there are works that we know or suspect to be hypertextual whose hypotext is missing, temporarily or not. “Plagiarism,” as Giraudoux again put it in Siegfried, “is the basis of all literatures except the first, which happens naturally—says (narrates) that the Trojan War did take place. Fate, as everyone knows, is what is written. Written where? In heaven, no doubt, behind Olympus, on the Great Scroll of Jacques le Fataliste’s captain. But more simply in the first (?) text that told this story, or rather, its sequel and outcome. Thanks to Homer, and to him alone, we know that Hector will fail and die. Giraudoux’s text does not have much leeway: it offers a kind of spacious variation in the form of a prelude, which plays with its prescribed end as the mouse, perhaps, thinks it is playing with the cat. It can invent all kinds of delays and false exits, and does so, but it cannot emancipate itself to the point of evading the deadline and would not even think of trying. Quite the opposite is true: the name of the game is to make it more cruel, and to introduce fate—death—where it was least expected, using the very means suggested by the belief that one could escape it. The sole purpose of that whole sequence of endeavors and illusions was finally to let “the Greek poet speak.” Fate is the work of the Greek poet; fate is the hypotext, and it all seems as if Giraudoux, unlike thousands of his predecessors, had intended to write not a hypertextual tragedy (they nearly always are), but a tragedy whose tragic effect was organically linked with its hypertextuality, just as the comic effects of Virgile travesti and La Belle Hélène were essentially linked to their own hypertextuality. But we already know how unstable those effects can be. La Belle Hélène also leads up to a disaster—the same one, of course. No one ever thinks of it. All it takes is for someone to do so.
During one of his numerous leaves of absence in Paris, in 1833, the French consul [Stendhal] in Civitavecchia receives from one of his friends, Mme Jules Gaulthier, the manuscript of a novel she had written: Le Lieutenant. Back at his consulate, he reads the manuscript and on 4 May 1834 he mails a rather severe critique of it to its author. The style is too emphatic: “I have cruelly scrawled all over it.” There are too many superlatives; he advises her to diet upon Mérimée “to cure you of the provincial bombast.” The psychology is too descriptive, insufficiently acted out: “Never write Olivier’s burning passion for Hélène. The poor novelist must endeavor to make burning passion credible, but never name it: that goes against modesty.” The denouement is trite: “I have suggested another denouement on the manuscript.” The characters are too often designated by their first names: “Leuven or the student driven out of the École Polytechnique, I would adopt that title.” Stendhal carried the emendation no further at the time, but he added: “I am all enthralled by the Lieutenant, which I have just finished. But how can I return this manuscript to you? I shall have to await an opportunity, etc.” Whether or not it was returned, the manuscript has vanished, together with the cruel scrawlings of its corrector. It is still being sought, but at the present time we are missing what we must take to be the first version of Lucien Leuven, which was not yet—scrawlings excepted—by Stendhal’s hand. What followed has come down to us through the drafts of Leuven, which show that Stendhal set to work on the morrow of that letter, without any further reference to the Lieutenant, and with a much more ambitious outline, only the first part of which (Leuven in Nancy) must have overlapped with Mme Gaulthier’s novel. The fact most probably remains that like Armance, The Red and the Black, and The Charterhouse of Parma, Leuven was born (if I may be forgiven an all too obvious analogy) in the manner of pearls that can take shape only around a foreign body. The first move was that of correction: a pen-in-hand reading, erasures, marginal notes. If Mme Gaulthier’s novel is the first version, the second consists in those corrections, which vanished with it, and which may have already contained, with the “other denouement,” the denouement of Leuven: the heroine is exulted, the two lovers unite. Even Leuven’s name seems to come from Mme Gauthier, since Stendhal suggested it to her as a title after taxing her with an excessive use of the first name, which no doubt was not yet Lucien but Olivier. The first draft of Leuven, as we know it, is only the third.

Here, then, is a genesis sorely deprived of its starting point. We know that Leuven owes to Le Lieutenant its first part, located in Nancy, but we do not know to what extent. From the wording of the letter of 4 May one could easily infer that the model provided the historical circumstances (a student of the Ecole Polytechnique expelled after a demonstration in 1832 or 1834) and the social setting (provincial garrison life). There is no indication of the part played by the love plot, nor do we know whether Stendhal had to alter it a little, a lot, or not at all to retrieve the emotional pattern, so utterly, so typically Merimee, which he had sketched out ten years earlier in Racine et Shakespeare: “That is how a young man, whom the gods have graced with a delicate soul, should he chance to be made sublieutenant and to be dumped with his garrison in the company of certain women, would believe in good faith, seeing his comrades’ success and the nature of their pleasures, that he is insensitive to love. One day, at last, chance has it that he is introduced to a simple, natural, honest woman, worthy of love, and he discovers himself to have a heart.”

The hypertextual effect here takes on a somewhat subdued but—paradoxically—all the more vivid form. I am fully aware that most readers could not care less, or would miss that effect out of simple ignorance of the fact, which bothers only specialists (and not even them: they often excel only at raising pointless questions), or amateurs of literary eutatology. But for the latter, it may be surmised that the ever possible unearthing of Mme Gaulthier’s manuscript would put an end to most of their concerns: they would know at last what that Lieutenant looked like, as well as the detail of what Stendhal held against it and, in the aftermath, the treatment that he subjected it to when writing his own Leuven. The hypertextual relation would be fixed, and thus neutralized, and every reader could at every page measure the distance and define the transformation. As things stand, we are reduced to conjectures: i.e., to questions. Each sentence of the first part of Leuven can conceal a trap: might it not be the pure, unadulterated text of Mme Gauthier herself?—I cannot for one moment believe it. But why not impure? And to what degree? The curious (and ever frustrated) readers find themselves in the position of a paleographer who already knows that his text conceals another but does not yet know which one. This is the most irritating palimpsest of all, which reduces me to hunches and to questionings. What, in Leuven, belongs to continuation, what to transformation? As a continuation, how faithful is it stylistically? (Hardly faithful at all, no doubt: Gauthier improved by a “Mérimée diet”? As a transformation, how much belongs to style (see above), how much to the handling of time, mood, voice, actions, motives? Which values have been
added, which deleted? Faced with a riddle that is insoluble (unqualifiable), I note that the “analytic method” suggested here results only in raising more unanswerable questions. Those are no doubt the most interesting, but I marvel at the fact that no amateur of literary hoaxes has yet come up with the idea of filling that gap and publishing that retrieved Lieutenant, complete with critical apparatus. Here the sophisticated imagination that is the pride (or shame) of our times might find a playground almost as rich as that of hypertextuality itself: the field of fictional hypotexts, or pseudohypotexts. Which Borges, which Calvino still to come will give us at last the first saga, the unknown source of the Iliad, the autograph manuscript of Chateaubriand’s Mémoires d’outre-tombe?

Every object can be transformed, every manner imitated, and no art can by nature escape those two modes of derivation that define hypertextuality in literature and more generally define all second-degree artistic practices, or hyperartistic practices. For reasons yet to be discussed, I do not believe that we can legitimately extend the notion of the text, and thus of the hypertext, to all arts. After this longish survey of literary hypertextuality, I am not about to embark upon yet another survey of hyperartistic practices—which would be much longer and would, among other things, exceed my competence. But it seems useful to me to cast a brief glance at the subject, cautiously restricting it to painting and music, with a view to bringing to light, as we go along, some similarities or correspondences that reveal the transartistic character of derivational practices, but also a few disparities that point out the irreducible specificity, in this respect at least, of every art.

Pictorial transformation is as old as painting itself, but our contemporary culture, more than any other, has undoubtedly developed through its playful-satiric potential the pictorial equivalents of parody and travesty. Disfiguring the portrait of the Mona Lisa in one way or another is a fairly common exercise, which received its credentials from Marcel Duchamp in 1919, when he exhibited his famous LHOOQ—a bewhiskered Gioconda. Within the Dadaist-Surrealist context, the mustache irresistibly brings to mind another prima donna and suggests a contamination recently effected by Philippe Halsman: Mona Dali, a Mona Lisa who has Dali’s face and is shown fingering a fitting quantity of green banknotes. True to his aesthetics of repetition, Andy Warhol proposed Thirty Is Better Than One: thirty little copies of the Mona Lisa juxtaposed on one canvas. A more elaborate advertisement for a packet of ten flashbulbs (instead of five) shows nine failed takes of a pseudo-Mona, followed by the “good” picture—or that of Leonardo, at all events. The caption: “Now you have twice as many chances of getting her right.” Another commercial shows Mona sporting stereophonic headphones, with a caption that she answers implicitly: “Ever wonder why she’s smiling?” Another pictorial celebrity, Jan van Eyck’s portrait Arnolfini and His Bride, was subjected to an unexpected and thus effective minimal variation by Robert Colescott: the young lady turned out to be “colored,” as they used to say. And in Peter Saul’s Liddul Gurnica, the central bull’s head was displaced by that of Picasso himself.

Those partial transformations can fairly be said to answer the playful mode of parody. But the specifically pictorial practice of the replica (an artist’s or a workshop’s copy) almost always entails an element of transformation that can be assigned neither to play nor, obviously, to satire but rather, I imagine, to the quite serious purpose of individualizing each replica by some variant. See, among others, Chardin’s two Bénédicte, in the Louvre and the Hermitage.

The equivalent of travesty would be—in a manner both more massive and more subtle—the complete redoing of a painting whose subject and structural elements would be preserved but executed in a different pictorial style. Mel Ramos has turned himself into a specialist of such stylistic transformations by redoing in pop style Ingres’s Odalisque, Manet’s Olympia, and Velázquez’s Venus. The stylistic characteristics of the resulting works quite naturally prompt one to view them as playful or satirical transformations, but the transforming gesture itself is not tied up with a specific mode, in painting any more than in literature. And it is evidently in his personal mode, whose ostentatious playfulness often conceals a fiercely serious pursuit, that Picasso has so often paraphrased in his own idiolect classical works such as Ingres’s Bain turc (1907), Delacroix’s Femmes d’Alger (1955), Velázquez’s Meninas (1956), and the Déjeuner sur l’herbe (1961) by Manet, who in his own time...
into account a fact that has already been pointed out, the existence of the 
apo, a practice specific to the visual arts, which is, as it were, the direct
imitation of a work, i.e., its reproduction pure and simple, either by the
same artist or his workshop (replica), or by another artist who engages
in imitation for technical training purposes or for any other purposes,
including fraudulent ones. There is no equivalent for this practice in
literature or music, because it would have no aesthetic value: to copy a
literary or musical text is in no way a significant token of authorship or
musicianship but a mere copyist’s task. On the other hand, producing a
good painting or sculpture in the manner of a master requires a technical
competence that is, in principle, equal to the model’s.

But painting is also familiar with indirect imitation, which is in all arts
characteristic of the pastiche—the imitation of a master’s manner in a
new performance, one that is original and unlisted in his catalogue. In all
ages, this type of competence has been directed toward the production of
fraudulent apocrypha, or fakes, best exemplified by Van Meegeren’s pseudo-
Vermeers. But a skilled imitator may just as easily, and more honestly, sign
his own name to canvases painted “in the manner of” a famous artist,
thus providing the exact equivalent of the self-confessed literary pastiche.
Jean-Jacques Montfort thus produces perfectly lawful imitations of Dufy,
Picasso, Dali, and others; his paintings are not different from classical
fakes except in openly declaring themselves to be imitations. Moreover,
imitation here, as in literature or music, plays a positive part in the painter’s
apprenticeship: Goya started out by imitating Velázquez, and Picasso by
imitating Lautrec, just as Mallarmé more or less consciously tried his hand
at Baudelaire’s expense, or Wagner at Meyerbeer’s—and a few others’.

In music, the range of transformational possibilities is probably broader
than in painting, broader than in literature certainly, given the complexity
of musical discourse, which, unlike the literary text, is unhampered by the
strict “linearity” of the verbal signifier. Even a single and isolated sound
is defined by four parameters at least (pitch, intensity, duration, timbre),
each of which can be modified separately by means of transposition,
dynamic reinforcement or weakening, a lengthening or abridgment of the
sound production, a change of timbre. A melody, or linear succession
of single sounds, can be subjected to as many elementary alterations in
its entirety or in each of its constituent parts. In addition, it lends itself
more complex transformations: inversions of intervals, retrogressive
movements, combinations of the two, changes of rhythm and/or tempo,
and all the potential combinations of those various options. The harmonic
or contrapuntal superimposition of several melodic lines multiplies this
already considerable array of possibilities. Finally, song may append to the
musical discourse an additional track—“words”—that brings along its own
transformational potential: different words on the same tune, a different
tune for the same words, etc. This mind-boggling transformational capacity
is the very soul of musical composition, and not merely in its “classical”
state, since the same principles are known to operate in jazz, for instance,
or in serial music. What in literature still passes for a somewhat marginal
diversion is almost universally considered as the basic principle of the
musical “development”: i.e., of musical discourse.

Studying the operative modes of transformation in music would thus be
tantamount to describing exhaustively the forms of that discourse. I shall
content myself with mentioning a few markers. Parody in the classical sense,
or the alteration of only the verbal register of a melody: Bach, as we know,
made use in his church cantatas of arias first composed for secular cantatas.
Transcription, or the purely instrumental type of transformation, with its
two antithetical varieties: reduction (from the orchestral version to one for a
particular instrument, generally the piano; Liszt is known to have effected
an impressive number of piano reductions upon orchestral scores, such as
Beethoven’s or Berlioz’s symphonies) and orchestration (from the piano to
the orchestra, as Ravel proceeded with Mussorgsky’s Pictures at an Exhibition,
or his own Ma mère l’oye, not to mention the numberless reorchestrations
or modifications of the instrumental distribution; Mahler, for instance,
reorchestrated Schumann’s symphonies, and Rimsky-Korsakoff did the
same for many of Mussorgsky’s works). But this procedure, and the obverse
one of a “return” to the original score, has been the daily fare of musical
interpretation for over a century. Orchestration and reorchestration lend
themselves to more thorough rewriting, closer to what is called elsewhere
an arrangement: e.g., Stravinsky’s treatment in his Pulcinella of a few themes
borrowed from Pergolesi, among others. I can do no better here than quote
Stravinsky himself:

I began by composing on the Pergolesi manuscripts themselves, as
though I were correcting an old work of my own. I began without
preconceptions or aesthetic attitudes, and I could not have predicted
anything about the result. I knew that I could not produce a “forgery”
Finally, contemporary composers such as André Boucourechliev (Ombres) and Mauricio Kagel (Ludwig van) have pushed the technique of manipulation to extremes that are beyond my descriptive powers but whose procedures and spirit seem to me fairly close to the spirit and procedures of the Oulipo in literature. This should not be taken to mean that the classical ages knew nothing of the role of humor in musical composition. Mozart's Musical joke {Ein musikalischer Spass}, a well-known example, plays on pointedly "false" notes, and in these winks at his audience he is never far removed from some of Haydn's serious works. Mozart's first "pastiche concertos" are in truth centones (additive contaminations) of movements from fashionable sonatas, and the synthetic contamination of the quodlibet—consisting in combining two heterogeneous themes into one improvised counterpoint—was much practiced in Bach's time, and by Bach himself. Diabelli variation 20 (Allegro molto alla "Notte e giorno faticar" da Mozart) again resorts to a kind of contamination, which takes advantage of the similarity between the first bars of the Diabelli waltz and Leporello's aria.

To all these specifically textual possibilities of transformation must be added those connected with interpretation. It goes without saying that two interpreters or groups of interpreters, even playing on the same instrument, never give identical performances of the same score, and here again the transformational capacity is multiplied by a virtually infinite factor; concert or record lovers know this only too well (for their pleasure and at their expense). And this capacity, in turn, can be channeled into the playful or the satiric mode: think of the burlesque performances of the Hoffnung Festival, or of Cathy Berberian's recital, where she interpreted the same song (by John Lennon, if I am not mistaken) in the manner of several other singers, among them Elizabeth Schwarzkopf—in truth an easy prey to caricature.7

In the manner of . . . This phrase introduces the chapter—an inexhaustible one as well—of imitation in music.8 The same multiplicity of parameters makes things as complex, in principle, as in transformation: one can mimic an author or a genre by separately imitating the melodic or structural patterns, the harmony, the instrumentation, etc. But that virtual diversity is probably less systematically, or less analytically, exploited, and stylistic imitation is generally as synthetic here as in literature or painting.

When dealing with continuation, I alluded to a few serious examples of musical imitation, but what we are facing here once again is a type of complexity that is specific to music: when working on the Requiem or
on Turandot, Süssmayr and Alfano could refer to Mozart's and Puccini's drafts, and they could use them with greater freedom than can a literary continuator (Alfano went so far as to take up themes from acts 1 and 2 and make judicious use of them in the love duet in act 3). Cerha's contribution to act 5 of Lulu is said to have been limited to the instrumentation of a score that had already been wholly written out. But continuation is not the only serious function of musical imitation; as in literature or painting, youthful imitation is entirely serious, and some pastiches function like "homages": Bizet's Symphony in C and Prokofiev's Classical Symphony pay homage to classical style; Debussy's Hommage à Rameau and Ravel's Tombeau de Couperin honor Rameau and Couperin (but here imitation is freer and more emancipated from its models). A real or imaginary local style can also be the object of such homage, as again in Debussy and Ravel's "Spanish" works, or in the Chinese local color of Turandot, the Japanese in Madame Butterfly, the "Egyptian" in Aida, etc. Pastiche in the playful-satiric mode can be found in Ravel mimicking Chabrier and Borodin, or in Casella mimicking Ravel, or in the ironic reworkings of ancient forms or of forms alien to the imitator's own aesthetics. Such is evidently the case for the coloratura soprano's singing exercise in act 1 of Béatrice et Bénédict, where Berlioz is having fun with a traditional form that he exorcises elsewhere; or for the aria in a similar vein sung by Zerbinetta in Ariane auf Naxos, or for the Italian tenor aria in the Rosenkavalier, a hommage-cum-challenge to the rival, Puccini, who came up with an excellent pastiche of himself in Lauretta's aria in Gianni Schicchi; I would venture to say the same for Nanetta's aria in the last act of Falstaff. In both those cases the effect of caricature is linked to the jarring presence of a serious aria in a comical context. Self-caricature is not absent either from Rameau's Platée, where burlesque words make fun of a serious score. That contrast between music and words is one of the most efficient tricks of musical caricature (it is the very soul of some of the numbers in La Belle Hélène) and thus also of self-caricature, the most extreme instance of which may be Rossini's "Duet for Cats": a typically Rossinian aria sung on "words" reduced to a variety of caterwaulings. Here again, music is privileged to work with a double register that literature could not even dream of.

Closer to us, the genre of the parodic song, favored by some comedians, essentially consists in changing the lyrics while keeping the tune (or even the orchestral track) of a popular song. Not long ago, Jacques Brel's Valse à mille temps {The thousand-beat waltz} was turned by Jean Poiret into La Valse à mille francs {The thousand-franc cow}; more recently still, Francis Cabrel's sentimental "Je l'aime à mourir" {I love her so much I could die} gave the imitator Patrick Sébastien the opportunity of coining "Je l'aime à courir" {I love her so much I want to run}, a title that clearly reveals the song's mood. But with this third track (the voice), we have a third type of performance that is rather akin to pastiche: the imitation (timbre, delivery, singing style) of the singer-author himself. The complexity of such a "minor" example sets off by contrast the relatively restricted range of the literary medium. One could debate at length the parallelism between musical performance and the reading of texts; I shall abstain from such an argument. But it should at least be remembered that interpretation, as the word indicates, introduces a mediator between the work and the listener (in all cases, at least, where the listener and the interpreter are not one and the same—but are they ever?), a mediator whose function may be diversely described and appraised, but who at any rate must be acknowledged to have no existence in literature. Or, rather, to have had no existence since the disappearance of public readings, except in the theater, where the part played by performance (in the English sense of performing art) is indeed more significant (voice, delivery, acting, production, setting, costumes, etc.) than it is in pure music—opera being evidently enough the combination and synthesis of all those elements, and thus on the face of it the most complex of all arts.

Derivational practices can thus be seen to be in no way the privilege only of literature but to apply also to music and the visual arts, for what is true of painting is true to a large extent of sculpture and architecture—architectural pastiche is a well-known feature of the cityscape. These practices apply, however, in modes that are specific in every case; it would be rash to attempt to fit them into the grid of the categories of literary hypertextuality. The materials and techniques that are open to transformation and imitation are not the same; there are differences, sometimes of a fundamental nature, in the modes of existence and reception, in the ontological status of the works (consider, for example, the capital part played in musical discourse by repetition, for which there is no equivalent in painting, and almost none in literature, at least before Robbe-Grillet; or consider the simple fact that literature is the only art that partakes of, or benefits from, the plurality of languages), and meaning comes about differently too. There is nothing in music that corresponds to the semantic transformations of the type found
in Tournier's *Friday*, nothing in literature that corresponds to so elementary and efficient an operation as a simple melodic line's shift from a major to a minor key. When pointing out or recalling the universal character of hyperartistic practices, my aim is in no way to extrapolate to all the arts the results—if any—of an inquiry into hypertextuality. Rather, I envision a series of specific inquiries concerning each type of art, where possible parallelisms and convergences should in no case be postulated beforehand but observed after the fact. I may therefore have been too incautious in all I have said or suggested above in this respect—although the fundamental distinction between transformational and imitative practices still seems to me to be of universal relevance.

That distinction may well become irrelevant, however, in the particular case of a practice that has already been pointed out as specific to the visual arts: the copy. Reproduction may on the face of it appear to be but an extreme form of imitation and unconnected to transformation. Not so: the operation of the copy has nothing in common with the art of pastiche; it does not entail a previously acquired competence in an idiolect, to be applied to a new performance, even though it might at times benefit from such a competence. A copyist of the *View of Delft* starts out not necessarily, as Van Meegeren did, with a general knowledge of Vermeer's art but with a perception of that particular painting in its singularity. His aim is to reproduce its appearance as faithfully as possible and by means that may differ considerably from those used by its author. He is concerned only with the *View of Delft*, and his approach is paradoxically closer to a transformation than imitation: like transformation, a copy is interested only in its particular object, and rather than viewing it as an absolute pastiche, it would be more accurate to define it as a *null transformation*. And since no copy, of course, is ever perfect, it should be defined as a *minimal transformation*, here giving the adjective its strongest (possible) meaning—not of a very minimal transformation but of a transformation as minimal as is humanly possible. The copy thus offers that paradox of an effect of (maximal) imitation obtained through an effort at (minimal) transformation. This apparent convergence may in fact confirm the antithetical character of the two practices, since the positive extreme of one merges with the negative extreme of the other.

A symmetrical countercheck would have to be devised: that of a minimal imitation, about which one would have to ask whether it would be tantamount to a maximal transformation. One would have to imagine a pastiche of Vermeer so bad (as pastiche) that it would not remotely resemble any of Vermeer's paintings; nothing then would prevent one from considering it a maximal transformation of the *View of Delft*, or of any other Vermeer. Let us choose Guevara as an example: should you strain for a moment to view it as a pastiche of Vermeer, you would quite reasonably have to define it as a minimal pastiche (a failed one, if you will, but I prefer to retain a notion I find critically more stimulating, that of a *deliberately failed* pastiche); should you decide, through a no less meritorious effort, to perceive it as a transformation of the *View of Delft*, you would have to describe it symmetrically as a maximal transformation.

I hope I have not lost the reader thus far. One of the advantages of this countercheck is that unlike the case of the copy, it can be transposed to literature. Pierre Menard's *Don Quixote* is not a copy of Cervantes, as we know, but rather a minimal transformation, or a maximal imitation, produced by the canonical means of pastiche: the acquiring of a perfect competence through absolute identification ("to be Miguel de Cervantes"). But the weakness of that performance is that it is imaginary and, as Borges himself says, impossible. Minimal pastiche, on the other hand, fills our real libraries; it suffices to label it as such. Borges, desirous of "packing the most peaceful books with adventures," proposed to attribute the *Imitation of Christ* to Céline or Joyce. This type of attribution meets with formidable philological obstacles and with the ill will of historians. It seems to me more economical and more efficient, because less "falsifiable," to consider ever so briefly *Ulysses* or Louis-Ferdinand Céline's *Mort à crédit*, for instance, as two maximal transformations of the *Imitation of Christ*, or as two minimal pastiches of Thomas à Kempis's style. Such a relation might well be as relevant as the more accepted one (we know why) between *Ulysses* and the *Odyssey*, of which Borges wisely writes somewhere that it may not deserve all the fuss that is made over it. And if some unpublished letter of Joyce's were one day to show up that would confirm that hypothesis (suffice it meanwhile that none is extant to disprove it), the Joyce critics would simply have a new—and fresher—morsel on their plate, which they would have to gulp down in one way or another. At any rate, a glimpse may be had of the potential field thus opening up for literary studies (publish or perish): Beckett's *Molloy* as a (minimal) pastiche of Corneille, Robbe-Grillet's *La Jalousie* as a (maximal) transformation of the *Song of Roland*—in every case, a comparative study follows. Coming down to earth, or thereabouts, I shall recall footnote 17 of Jacques Derrida's *Pharmacie de Platon*, where he was
discreetly indicating—to the yokels' stupefaction and acute discomfort—that the bulk of that essay was "in itself nothing but a reading of *Finnegans Wake," as was clear enough from the start." It is my turn now to confess what many a reader may have guessed long ago: that the present book—not *Finnegans Wake* but that which thou, indefatigable Reader, art supposedly holding in hand—is nothing other than the faithful transcription of a no less faithful nightmare, stemming from a hasty and, I fear, sketchy reading, in the dubious light of a few pages by Borges, of I know not what Dictionary of Works from All Times and All Countries.

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The corpus mentioned above is as good as another (which may not be saying very much for it), but it can in no way claim to be exhaustive: this survey of the various types of hypertexts evidently owes much to the vagaries of my personal readings, and even more to a network of preferences that I would be in the worst position to judge.1 It seems to me, however, that the taxonomic principle that has guided our inquiry will have served to avoid most serious gaps (those most damaging from a theoretical viewpoint), thanks to what I should like to call the heuristic virtue of the empty square. I am referring not only to the six squares of the initial tables but to a few other more localized combinations; some of their virtualities may well appear to be devoid of any actuality, but they are an incitement to inquisitiveness. This inquisitiveness will eventually come across some attested practice that would otherwise have escaped it, or some plausible hypothesis that requires only a little patience or leisure to be verified as well, by virtue of Buffon's munificent axiom "All that can be, is"—or will be one day, without any doubt. History has many faults, but it knows how to wait.

As to the general principle of that distribution, I have nothing more to add except to affirm once again the relevance of the distinction between the two fundamental types of hypertextual derivation: transformation and imitation. At the end (for me) of this inquiry, I am no more inclined to confuse them than at the outset, and I find no trace of evidence suggesting the existence of one or more additional types that might elude that simple opposition. I have sometimes wondered whether the relationship between the "definitive" text of a work and what is today appropriately termed the "foretext" might not pertain to another type of hypertextuality, or even of transtextuality in general.2 All things considered, I do not believe so; the few glimpses we have had of the genetic relationship show that it constantly proceeds from self-transformation through amplification, reduction, or substitution. However inexhaustible its field of study and however complex its operations, it is indeed but a particular case (yet another ocean in our pond . . . ) of hypertextuality as defined here: every successive state of a written text functions like a hypertext in relation to the state that precedes it and like a hypotext in relation to the one that follows. From the very first sketch to the final emendation, the genesis of a text remains a matter of auto-hypertextuality.3

On the other hand, the discrimination among modes—abundantly illustrated by the detail of our inquiry—is of a very relative character. It probably requires no further comment. I should merely like to suggest a possible distinction, within the serious mode, between two types of functions, one of which is of a practical or, if you will, a sociocultural order. That function is, of course, dominant in practices such as the descriptive summary, translation, prosification; it is still largely prevalent in the digest, in the various forms of transmodalization (e.g., theatrical or film adaptations), and in most sequels and continuations. It responds to a social demand and legitimately endeavors to draw a profit from the service it renders: hence its frequently commercial ("bread-and-butter," as they called it in the old days) aspect. It is often more akin, as Thorstein Veblen might have put it, to a drudgery than to an exploit. The other function of the serious mode, more nobly aesthetic, is its specifically creative function, whereby a writer leans on one or more preceding works to construct that which will give expression to his thought or his artistic sensibility. Such is evidently the main feature of most augmentations, of some ("unfaithful") continuations, and of thematic transpositions. I have deliberately formalized the survey of this field as much as possible, although it resists formalization more than others, in an attempt to "reduce" to a few "principles" or simple operations a kind of material whose treatment—under the auspices of "thematology" or *Stoffgeschichte*—often suffers from an overly empirical approach and maybe a touch of laziness of mind.

I must have stated somewhere—a needle in this haystack—that hypertextuality is a transgeneric practice that includes a few so-called "minor" genres—parody, travesty, pastiche, digest, etc.—and runs across all the others. The question may arise, from the "retrospective" vantage point that
is (generously) conceded to (provisional) conclusions, whether hypertextuality could not after all be classified according to its potential affinities, or compatibilities, with certain genres. It may no doubt be safely suggested—for practical reasons already noted—that it is more massively prevalent in the dramatic world (“onstage”) than in the narrative world. For another equally obvious reason, it can also be stated that it is least found in genres that are most closely linked to a social or personal referentiality: history (although historians are used to “transforming” many documents), memoirs, autobiography, the journal, the realistic novel, lyrical poetry. But this evidence must not be made too much of; all those genres are strongly coded ones and pervasively bear the imprint of generic imitation—sometimes as pervasively as, say, pure novelistic fiction. Suffice it to mention, as regards lyrical poetry, for instance, the persistence for over two centuries of distinctive thematic conventions such as Petrarchism. The same might be said of Romanticism and its aftermath.

The most relevant classifying criterion is probably less generic than historical. The survey developed here has presented things in a synchronic and transtextual manner but also disclosed a few evolutionary traits, instances of mutations, of appearances and disappearances, of historically privileged modes of expression. Here and there, according to times and places, a few lights gleam or vanish or flicker, at times significantly. History, then, emerges where it was not expected. Parody, for instance, belongs to all times, but travesty seems to have waited until the seventeenth century to make its appearance. Caricature apparently preceded pastiche but was not established as a professional genre until the end of the nineteenth century. The anti-novel began with Quixote. The continuation is a practice more ancient and classical than modern. Transposition, and perhaps hypertextuality in general, corresponds more to an aesthetic at once classical and modern, with a relative eclipse (in France, at any rate) during the Romantic and realistic first half of the nineteenth century. But there are vestigial traces of the eighteenth-century turn of mind in authors such as Charles Nodier, Jules Janin, Prosper Mérimée, Stendhal, and often even in Balzac, and we have seen the reappearance in the second half of the nineteenth century of an attitude of cultural banter that is still not extinct today. I have had occasion to point out, in my discussion of John Barth’s work, that hypertextuality is obviously one of the features that enable a certain modernity, or postmodernity, to turn its back on the age of Romantic-realistic seriousness and revive a premodern tradition: Torniamo...
autonomous. But at the same time, no one can claim to have exhausted its function without having perceived and enjoyed it as an imitation of Flaubert's style. Quite evidently there are various degrees in that ambiguity: "Ulysses" can be read more easily without references to the "Odyssey" than can a pastiche without referring to its model, and there is room between those two poles for every possible gradation; hypertextuality is more or less mandatory, more or less optional according to each hypertext. But the fact remains that it cannot be overlooked without voiding the hypertext of a significant dimension, and we have often seen that authors went to great trouble—at the very least by means of paratextual clues—to guard against such loss of meaning or of aesthetic value. "The entire beauty of this play," Boileau said of Chapelain décaiffe, "consists in its relation to that other one (Le Cid)." "The entire beauty" may be overstating things a little in many cases—but in part, at least, the beauty of the hypertext always does consist in such a relation, which it legitimately wishes to be apparent.

The hypertext thus always stands to gain by having its hypertextual status perceived—even when that gain is assessed in negative terms, as can happen to certain quantities. One person's "beauty" may be another's "ugliness," but this feature is at least not to be disregarded. All that may now remain for me to do, by way of a conclusion, is to describe and to justify in extremita my "object choice," the type of merit (of "beauty") I see in hypertextual ambiguity, without denying that in so doing I shall have to engage in wholly subjective valuations.

Hypertextuality, in its own way, pertains to tinkering. This term (in French, bricolage) generally carries derogatory connotations but has been given some credentials by Claude Lévi-Strauss's analyses. I shall not dwell on the matter. Let me simply say that the art of "making new things out of old" has the merit, at least, of generating more complex and more savory objects than those that are "made on purpose"; a new function is superimposed upon and interwoven with an older structure, and the dissonance between these two concurrent elements imparts its flavor to the resulting whole. Visitors to San Francisco's old cannery, to the College of Humanites at Aarhus, or to the Théâtre de la Criée in Marseilles must have had that experience, to their own pleasure or displeasure, and everyone knows at least what Picasso could do with a bicycle's saddle and handlebars.

That duplicity of the object, in the sphere of textual relations, can be represented by the old analogy of the palimpsest: on the same parchment, one text can become superimposed upon another, which it does not quite conceal but allows to show through. It has been aptly said that pastiche and parody "designate literature as a palimpsest." This must be understood to apply more generally to every hypertext, as Borges made clear concerning the relation between the text and its foretexts. The hypertext invites us to engage in a relational reading, the flavor of which, however perverse, may well be condensed in an adjective recently coined by Philippe Lejeune: a palimpsestuous reading. To put it differently, just for the fun of switching perversities, one who really loves texts must wish from time to time to love (at least) two together.

That relational reading (reading two or more texts in relation to each other) may be an opportunity to engage in what I shall term, with an outmoded phrase, an open structuralism. Indeed, two kinds of structuralism coexist, one of which is concerned with the closure of the text and with deciphering its inner structures: such is, for example, the structuralism of Jakobson and Lévi-Strauss's famous analysis of Baudelaire's "Les Chats." The other kind may be exemplified by Barthes's Mythologies, which demonstrates how a text (a myth) can, with a little help, "read another." That reference, perhaps an impudent one, requires neither elaboration nor comment.

But the pleasure of the hypertext is also a game. The porosity of partitions between genres is chiefly due to the contagious potential of the playful mode in this particular aspect of literary production. One could even go so far as to say that every form of hypertextuality entails some kind of game, inherent in the very practice of reusing existing structures; at bottom, whatever its urgency, tinkering is always a game, at least to the extent that it processes a (hypo)text for purposes foreign to its initial program is likewise way of playing with it, of having fun with it and making fun of it. Thus the manifest lucidity of parody or pastiche, for instance, contaminates the operations of travesty, caricature, forgery, transposition, even though the status of these practices is in principle less purely playful than theirs, and this contamination accounts for much of their merit. Gradations are evidently to be observed here too, and works such as those of Racine, Goethe, O'Neill, Anouilh, Sartre, and Tournier do not elicit the same degree of playfulness as those of Cervantes, Giraudoux, Thomas Mann, and Calvino. Some hypertexts are lighter than others, and I need not specify which ones, on the whole, I prefer. Nor should I venture to state that preference if I
did not vaguely surmise it to relate to the essence or, as the neoclassics used to say, the "perfection" of the genre. This is not to say that ludicity is here being held forth as an absolute value (even in my own eyes); texts that are "purely playful" in their purpose are not always the most captivating or even the most amusing. Premeditated and organized games (those that are played with a deliberate "purpose") sometimes induce a deadly boredom, and the best jokes are often unintentional. The hypertext at its best is an indeterminate compound, unpredictable in its specifics, of seriousness and playfulness (lucidity and ludicity), of intellectual achievement and entertainment. This, of course, is called humor, as I have already pointed out, but the term should not be used indiscriminately; it inevitably kills what it pins down. Official humor is a contradiction in terms.

One would have to be deaf not to anticipate that this apology, however qualified, for literature in the second degree is bound to arouse the objection that this "bookish" literature, which leans on other books, is the means whereby—or the place where—contact is lost with "true" reality, the reality that is not to be found in books. The answer is a simple one: as we have already had occasion to find out, one does not preclude the other; Andromache and Doctor Faustus are not further removed from reality than Lost Illusions or Madame Bovary. But humankind, which is ever discovering new meaning, cannot always invent new forms; it must at times be content to invest old forms with new meanings. "The quantity of fables and metaphors of which the human imagination is capable is limited, but that small number of inventions can be all things to all people, like the Apostle." But those must be attended to, and the specific merit of hypertextuality is that it constantly launches ancient works into new circuits of meaning. Memory, they say, is "revolutionary"—provided, no doubt, that it is impregnated, made fruitful, and not reduced to commemorating. "Literature is not exhaustible for the sufficient and simple reason that no single book is." That single book must not only be reread; it must be rewritten, even if à la Pierre Menard-literally. Thus does Borges's utopia come to be accomplished, the utopia of a Literature in a perpetual state of transfusion, a transtextual perfusion, constantly present to itself in its totality and as a Totality all of whose authors are but one and all its books one vast, one infinite Book. Hypertextuality is only one name for that ceaseless circulation of texts without which literature would not be worth one hour of exertion. And when I say one hour...