



Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin System

Intertextuality and Other Analogues in J. M. Coetzee's *Slow Man*

Author(s): C. KENNETH PELLOW

Source: *Contemporary Literature*, Vol. 50, No. 3 (FALL 2009), pp. 528-552

Published by: University of Wisconsin Press

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/40664362>

Accessed: 28-06-2016 06:02 UTC

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at

<http://about.jstor.org/terms>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin System, University of Wisconsin Press are collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Contemporary Literature*

C. KENNETH PELLOW

Intertextuality and Other Analogues
in J. M. Coetzee's *Slow Man*

J. M. Coetzee's 2005 novel, *Slow Man*, is a work that brings together virtually all of the themes and, especially, the methods at the heart of a very successful career. A reader can get to the essence of the novel's most salient ideas, upon realizing that its methodology is no mere decoration but thematically functional. Among the typical characteristics of Coetzee's work that one finds here are questions of "authorship," more than one existential dilemma, "autrebiography" (in one of Coetzee's own literary terms), several doublings (of characters within this novel and of these characters with some in his other works), much use of fabulism, more than one level of reality, and, most pertinently for this essay, considerable and functional use of derivation, allusion, and other analogues. It is hardly the first time that Coetzee's work has been highly intertextual and intratextual, but the theme that such tactics serve varies slightly here. Coetzee is a philosophical writer and one interested in people's religious positions. As James Wood puts it, "Coetzee has always been an intensely metaphysical novelist, and in recent years the religious coloration of his metaphysics has become more pronounced" (143). Characters are consoled, confused, and/or tormented by theological concerns in *Foe*, *Age of Iron*, *Elizabeth Costello*, and elsewhere in the Coetzee canon. In *Slow Man*, however, theology and psychology are inseparably merged, to the point that the reader cannot readily distinguish the one from the other—nor can the characters. Additionally, *Slow Man* repeats, and extends, a device that Coetzee has used, notably in *Foe* and

Disgrace, of misdirecting readers—this time until the final three pages or so—in the not unimportant matter of just whose story this is, and whose pain or joy should most command our attention.

A large portion of *Slow Man* is given to examinations of “self”: the eponymous protagonist, Paul Rayment, sometimes inspects his own self, albeit cautiously; Elizabeth Costello, returned from Coetzee’s preceding novel, attempts to establish a self for Rayment but also tries to refine her own by comparison to his; and perhaps Coetzee further develops his own.¹ In this regard, *Slow Man* is almost a continuation of Coetzee’s “*autrebiography*” project in the *Scenes from Provincial Life* series, especially part 2 of that project, *Youth* (2002). The search for self also allows him to display Rayment’s existential anxieties. This title character convinces himself that he wants psychological freedom but is not altogether content when he seems to have it; he resists being “governed” by dogmas, religious or social, but is uneasy when confronted by their absence. The existentialist self that he seems, in a willy-nilly way, to be forming clashes with the essentialist self that Costello fancies she has already formed. Not least, Coetzee uses both of his main characters, Rayment and Costello, to demonstrate the constant threat of loneliness, particularly to people who perceive themselves as becoming “aged.”

As is usual with Coetzee, there is the realistic attentiveness to detail, aural and visual; the faithfulness to actuality and concern with ethical issues; and the presentation of important and credible psychological issues. Yet the novel is highly metafictional; it appears to have been “written” by one of its main characters. *Slow Man* is much more imaginative than pragmatically documentable—as witness the “presence” in it of the novelist who was the main character in Coetzee’s previous novel. Its events, and sometimes its characters, are not always “real” in any verifiable way, although its themes may be those of a realist, one who is fond of Fyodor Dostoevsky, Thomas Hardy, and Joseph Conrad. And it is consistently fabulistic: each of the main characters has a “story” regarding what is “really” happening, and those stories are in almost constant conflict, not

1. David Lodge’s review of *Elizabeth Costello* began thus: “This novel (as one must call it for want of a better word). . . .” That logic will obtain here.

only from one character to the next, but sometimes even when they are one character's version(s). Ultimately, theme is enhanced by this mixing of methods.

Coetzee practically redefines "intertextuality," and *Slow Man* is no less intertextual than his other novels, as well as being highly intratextual.² It is enriched, thematically and aesthetically, by numerous functional allusions to the works of others, and by repetition from Coetzee's own work. Character interrelationships implicit in other works are foregrounded here. For example, in *Foe*, a female character goes in search of an author, the reverse of Elizabeth Costello's quest in *Slow Man*, a novelist in search of a character. Susan Barton, having lived for over a year as a castaway on an island with a man named Cruso and his manservant, Friday, gets to England and seeks out "Mr. Foe" to write her story, for while she possesses the "truth" of it, she has "not . . . the substance" (51). While she resides in his house, a young woman comes in search of her. This "mad girl" claims to be Susan's long-lost daughter, but Susan is convinced that the girl has been magically, mysteriously created by Foe: "Your father is a man named Daniel Foe. . . . [and] he is the author of the story" of the girl's putative father (91). Eventually, Susan Barton makes the logical link to this possibility, as she demands to know of Foe, if he can thus create other people in her life, "then who am I and who indeed are you?" (133). Foe has thought about this, and he has an answer:

Let us confront our worst fear, which is that we have all of us been called into the world from a different order (which we have now forgotten) by a conjurer unknown to us. . . . Then I ask nevertheless: Have we thereby lost our freedom? Are you, for one, any less mistress of your life? Do we of necessity become puppets in a story whose end is invisible to us, and towards which we are marched like condemned felons?

(135)

Foe's philosophical outlook serves as a useful preface to *Slow Man*, which raises the same questions, albeit perhaps with different (implied) answers.

2. "Intertextuality" is Julia Kristeva's coinage: "every text is absorption and transformation of another text" (qtd. in Plottel and Charney xi).

Some similar connections are seen in *Age of Iron*. There, the female protagonist writes the story of all that has happened to her since the recent day when she learned that she has cancer, it has apparently metastasized, and her days are numbered. The narrative is addressed to her only child, an adult daughter living in America, to whom it may or may not be delivered following the narrator's death. The other person most discussed in her narrative is a male alcoholic drifter named Vercueil, whom she first feeds, then clothes, and eventually takes into her home. The process undergoes a double reversal by Coetzee. In *Foe*, an uninvited female visits the home of a male author; in *Age of Iron*, an unwelcome male visits the female who is "writing" the story; in *Slow Man*, the pattern is reversed again as the female writer is the intruder. On the evening when she first finds Vercueil, the unnamed protagonist, a former professor, apparently of classics, reads *What Men Live By*, Leo Tolstoy's story of the shoemaker visited by an angel, and she thereafter imagines that Vercueil may be her "angel" (14, 168). More to the point, she informs her daughter of what other function he serves: "Why do I write about him? Because he is and is not I" (9). Twice she insists that she "did not choose him" but the other way around (12, 71). Still, she fantasizes, perhaps foolishly, that the two of them "could set up house . . . after a fashion . . . for this last little while" (85). The interplay between choosing and being chosen will be even more prominent in *Slow Man*.

It would be awkward for the woman in *Age of Iron* ever to divulge her name, since she is writing this narrative solely for her daughter's eyes. Once, however, we see her put her initials on a note that she leaves for her servant, Florence. The initials are "EC" (41).

While Coetzee's previous work resonates in *Slow Man*, allusions to the works of others are ubiquitous and appropriate, as Paul Rayment is a man who likes to reinforce thought by analogy, and, of course, Elizabeth Costello is a novelist by profession, and her own work is highly allusive and often derivative. One way, therefore, to approach the themes in *Slow Man* is to examine some of its analogues.

Among the allusions especially relevant in *Slow Man* are references to Conrad, to *Heart of Darkness* and especially to "The Secret Sharer." There is also some drawing upon Conrad's habit of mind in regard to his own characters, particularly his favorite, Charles Marlow. In the "author's note" that Conrad wrote for a 1921 edition

of *Youth*, he spoke of his “friendship” (x) with Marlow, a “gentleman” with whom Conrad’s “relations [had] grown very intimate in the course of years” (ix). He describes how they first met and how they would frequently consult together in “great comfort and harmony” (x). It is clear that Conrad was able to think of Marlow as a fellow human being, not just a name on sheets of paper. Coetzee’s affinity with Conrad is documented partly in his use of *Youth* as the title of the second installment of his *Scenes from Provincial Life* memoir, as well as in a similar use of characters. One of Conrad’s most striking pronouncements on fiction—striking at the time—was in a 1907 letter in which he insisted that a novelist is “only writing about himself. Every novel contains an element of autobiography” (*Heart* 235). Coetzee not only would agree with this claim but goes further. In the first interview with David Attwell in *Doubling the Point*, Coetzee flatly contends that “all writing is autobiography” (17). In the last such interview, he repeats: “All autobiography is storytelling, all writing is autobiography” (391). One would like to ask, of course, whether that includes or exempts that which is “*autre*biography.”

In the 1920s, Mikhail Bakhtin began writing of the ways in which Dostoevsky’s characters are separated out from the philosophies and opinions of their author.³ By then James Joyce was busily attempting to “refine” the author “out of existence,” as his Stephen Dedalus says narrative literature must do (*Portrait* 215). Postmodern writers have gone on from the starts furnished by Dostoevsky, Joyce, and others to attempt to create characters who genuinely possess “independence,” even though logic suggests to the writer and

3. See especially chapters 1 and 2 of Bakhtin’s *Problems of Dostoevsky’s Poetics*. See also Coetzee’s review of *The Miraculous Years*, the fourth volume of Joseph Frank’s biography of Dostoevsky: “A fully dialogical novel is one in which there is no dominating, central authorial consciousness, and therefore no claim to truth or authority, only competing voices and discourses” (“Dostoevsky” 123). Also related to this point, and thus relevant to *Slow Man* (as well as, obviously, to *Foe*) is Coetzee’s essay on Daniel Defoe, originally the introduction to the 1999 Oxford World’s Classics edition of *Robinson Crusoe*. There, Coetzee is intrigued by the Defoe who is “an impersonator, a ventriloquist, even a forger,” who specialized in doing “more or less literal imitation of the kind of recital his hero or heroine would have given had he or she really existed. It is fake autobiography” (“Daniel Defoe” 19). One wants also to keep in mind that Coetzee has reconstructed part of Dostoevsky’s life in *The Master of Petersburg*.

to all of us that that will be impossible. This granting of putative freedom is one of the paradoxical phenomena central to *Slow Man*. Like the characters in this novel, and in many a contemporary novel, we all, in our personal, private lives want freedom—except when we don't.

Paul Rayment is approximately sixty years of age when, in the novel's opening scene, he is hit by a car while riding his bicycle through the streets of Adelaide and is badly injured.⁴ Born in France, but a longtime citizen of Australia, Rayment has been a photographer and once ran his own studio, although he says of himself that he "was never . . . an artist of the camera" but "more of a technician" (175). He presently owns a valuable collection of historical photographs. The worst consequence of the accident, physically, is his loss of a leg just above the knee. The rest of the novel deals with his attempt to come to grips with his newly altered and (in his view) diminished condition. Or it may be that it deals with his *refusal* to adjust: one of the early signs that denial may triumph is Rayment's obstinate rejection of a prosthesis. Crutches, he feels, are more "real," less "fake," than an artificial leg would be, and presenting an appearance of authenticity seems always important to him. After some early nursing care failures, a Croatian-born woman, Marijana Jokić, is assigned as his daily caregiver. Rayment falls in love with her—or maybe he falls in love with being so adequately, responsibly, unsentimentally cared for. When he learns that Marijana's teenaged son, Drago, wants a career that requires higher education, and that the Jokić family may not be capable of providing it, he insists that he will fund Drago's education as a favor to the family; mainly, of course, it is a favor to Marijana, as the reader realizes more immediately than Paul does. When there is, apparently, temporary friction in the Jokić family, Drago comes to live for a time in Rayment's apartment.

Meanwhile, in the midst of some of Paul Rayment's darkest moments, when he fears that he has alienated all of Marijana's family with his financial offers, when he is not at all sure that any rewarding life remains for him, and when he is most painfully regretting never having become a father, there comes to him an

4. According to Sarah Emily Miano, reviewing *Slow Man* in London's *Sunday Times*, Coetzee "is rumoured to be a regular cyclist in Adelaide."

unexpected and unannounced (and not particularly welcome) visitor, Elizabeth Costello. Even if the reader does not know that Coetzee's last novel before this one was titled *Elizabeth Costello*, and that in that novel she was a prominent Australian novelist, one is soon made aware of her identity and her role. Before she has been in Rayment's home five minutes, and as though it will help introduce herself to him, she "seats herself . . . , squares her shoulders, and begins to recite. 'The blow catches him from the right, sharp and surprising and painful, like a bolt of electricity, lifting him up off the bicycle. Relax! he tells himself as he tumbles through the air, and so forth'" (81). The reader does not have to be hyperalert to recognize these lines; with a single substitution ("tumbles" for "falls"), this duplicates the opening of the novel. Although Paul Rayment could hardly be expected to recognize the lines, he is continually given clues to the "real" identity of Mrs. Costello. Once, for instance, when she appears to know his thoughts, he observes to himself, "It is as if she were reading his diary" (97).⁵ In the first days of her visit, he sees her "absorbed in a hefty typescript, which she seems to be annotating" (88). Rayment comes to the conclusion that this famous writer (after the first few minutes, he realizes that he should have recognized the name) is gathering data on his life so that she can put him into her next novel. Coetzee has taken care to ensure that we know better; she is quite apparently writing this novel. We shall return later to some of the ramifications of her presence in "her own" novel. For now, we want to observe that she seems to perceive herself at an impasse regarding Rayment, whose inability to commit himself to a course of action, in regard either to his physical rehabilitation or his emotional attachment to his adopted "family," infuriates and frustrates her.

Rayment comes, in his own good time, to a moment of crisis. His philanthropic endeavors for the Jokić family, somewhat self-serving as they are, are still in an uncertain mode, perhaps acceptable to the family or perhaps not (unsurprisingly, Marijana's husband, Miroslav, is troubled by jealousy), when one of his favorite historical photographs in his "legacy" collection turns up missing. Interestingly,

5. The sentence is representative of the "limited" point of view in this novel, virtually everything coming to us via Rayment's perceptions.

it is Costello who prompts him to check the collection to see if all the pictures are present. In place of the missing one, there is an altered version; it is clear to Rayment that Drago has made the alteration and presumably taken, lost, or destroyed the original. When he goes to the Jokić home, accompanied by Elizabeth, to confront and/or resolve the issue, he is astounded to find that Drago, with some help from his father, has reconstructed Paul's bicycle as a recumbent bike, one that he will be able to operate even if he does not get equipped with a prosthesis. The novel ends shortly thereafter, with Rayment still wavering between choices as to whether he will or will not give the new bicycle a try. What is clear, however, is that he is on better terms with the Jokić family and that he rejects an offer from Elizabeth Costello for them to live together.

There is often something very scary about being a character in a postmodern novel, and certainly that is true for someone like Paul Rayment, who, since his severe accident (the novel, remember, begins with the accident, so we never get to encounter the physically intact Paul Rayment), frets a great deal about whether he is at all in control of his own life and, if he is not, who is. The presence in his life of Elizabeth Costello naturally exacerbates that worry. Well after he has espied that "hefty typescript" that she jots upon, he finds her notebook while she is out. Of course he reads parts of it, until he comes to a passage that begins, "*Keening over the body... Davening... Rocking stiffly back and forth at the bedside, her hands over her ears, her eyes wide open, unblinking, as though afraid she might miss the moment when... the soul will leave the body*" and so on in a similar vein. Paul puts the notebook down. "If he reads back far enough, it will no doubt become clearer who the grieving woman is, whose the corpse... He is not sure he wants to know more" (121). Of course he does not. Even given what he perceives Costello to be, let alone what we do, it is quite likely that the death she is anticipating is his. That someone—or some "thing," some entity—might know his future, might indeed hold his fate in her/his hands is terrifying. But there once again is the existential dilemma epitomized. Granted, not many human beings worry about being characters in a novel, but a great many apparently hope and/or fear that they have been "authored." Paul Rayment is one of many contemporary characters who reflect that view: My fate may not be in my control; worse, it may be almost totally within my

control. In or out of a novel, one can as well resent being “authored” as regret not having been. His discovery of the notebook, even after it is clear that the entries are sheerly speculative and tentative, enrages Paul as much, apparently, as it frightens him. It is a threat to his control of his own life. Nor does it console him to realize that the entry into his life of the young man who drove his automobile into the bicycle is no more fantastic (we might say, no more postmodern) than the arrival of Elizabeth Costello: “One chugs along . . . for a certain length of time; then the angel of death arrives in the person of Wayne Blight or someone like him” (122). He is right, of course; that constant possibility is no different from the plight of all of us. While few of us have encountered an Elizabeth Costello, any life might be intruded upon by the likes of a Wayne Blight, sans the obviously symbolic name.

Before Costello has been in his flat and in his life for very long, Rayment becomes aware that she is an unusual person, to say the least. She is obtrusive, domineering, and hectoring, although capable at times of being a helpful confidante, even a compassionate one—all in all, not unlike a parent or a deity. In perceiving this likeness, the reader realizes what Rayment does not: that her relationship to him may be that of creator to thing created. We realize this almost at once by her quoting earlier portions of the novel, but her role gets both intensified and muddled as we move along. She seems to know many things that no person could possibly know about Rayment’s life and about other people connected with his life. She not only gives him historical information on the Jokić family but knows everything that Miroslav Jokić has ever done for a living. At one point, she informs Paul that Marijana has left home and moved in with a sister-in-law, Lidija Karadžić, and that “Lidie and Marijana do not get on, have never got on” (135). Later in the novel, however, it is not clear whether Marijana has ever left home, even briefly. Moreover, Elizabeth Costello has never set eyes upon the sister-in-law, and Miroslav avers unequivocally that he has never met Mrs. Costello (145).

Details such as these make the precise function (and capabilities) of Costello rather uncertain—almost as much to the reader as to Paul Rayment. She seems to change her mind often regarding what she knows, she is sometimes disingenuous about what she knows, and she not infrequently denies knowing what it seems she

certainly ought to know, all of which would make her a fairly typical novelist, if not a typical god. For instance, shortly after arriving in Rayment's life, she urges him to recall a woman he saw in an elevator the last time he visited the hospital. The reader also recalls the scene, partly because we were told then that she was a blind woman, but also because this was "the first woman to provoke his sexual interest since the accident" (36). Now, some weeks later, Costello reminds him: "She made an impression on you. Even I could see that" (96). She then goes on to give him a remarkably elaborate profile of that woman, named Marianna, including very intimate details ("she is full of unhappy lust," for example [96]). Yet a few days later, after Costello has arranged a tryst with Marianna for Paul, she claims to "have no idea where she lives" (115).

One of Coetzee's most delightfully ambivalent moments—in a very crowded field—occurs in this context. During their brief tryst, Rayment says to the (supposedly?) blind Marianna: "Mrs. Costello does not know everything. She cannot know what I do not know." Marianna's cryptic response is merely, "Yes" (106). Rayment does not pursue the point.

While Costello is mysterious on many points, she is most enigmatic on this matter of just what she does and does not "know." When Rayment speaks of having returned to France once after he had first left, she expresses surprise: "You went back to France—I forgot about that. One day you must tell me more about that period of your life" (192). He is, in turn, surprised as well: "I thought you knew everything about me." But she insists: "It is news to me, Paul, I promise you. You came to me with no history attached" (195). How genuine her insistence is, on this or on any other point, is always a matter of doubt.⁶ For instance, she insists to Rayment that hers is at least as tough a life as his own: "Do you think I find this existence any less hard than you? Do you think I want to sleep outdoors, under a bush in the park, among the winos, and do my ablutions in the River Torrens?" (203) The very next time he sees her, she comes to his flat and has a bad cough. "You must

6. A meaningful disagreement between them is on the pronunciation of Paul's name. To Costello, it is, as she says, "Rayment, rhyming with payment"; but his reply is "Rhyming with *vraiment*" (192).

have picked it up under the bushes," he says sympathetically, and she "looks back uncomprehendingly." When he reminds her of what she'd said earlier, she responds, "Ah, yes" (226). She would, no doubt, if Paul pushed her on the point, claim a sort of poetic license; she had done the like, in fact, when she first made the "hard existence" claim, and a skeptical Rayment scoffed: "You are making up stories. You are a prosperous professional woman. . . , there is no need for you to sleep under bushes." She then allowed, "That may be so, Paul. I may be exaggerating a little, but it is an apt story, apt to my condition" (203). Yet she cheats on "factual" details—or attempts to. When Rayment has asked her to leave his apartment, she objects that she does not know "what will become" of her, "with the rain pelting down and the dark coming fast and all." Immediately, the narrative voice (partly, as noted previously, Rayment's voice) tells us: "There is no rain, no dark. It is a pleasant afternoon, warm and still" (130). Several inferences are possible from this exchange, all of which stress ambivalence of one kind or another. Costello may just be a liar (there is other evidence to suggest this), she may still be revising this novel even as we are reading it, she may be mistaken (another example of her ineptness as a deity), or she and Rayment may at this point both be playing the "godgame"—competing divinities, as it were.⁷

Much of the foregoing suggests to us that Costello's presence in Rayment's life is part of Coetzee's version of a novelist's initiating the godgame—whether that novelist be Coetzee or Costello. Any form of "god" in this novel is a psychological presence (assuming that deities are ever any other kind of presence), as Rayment is not a

7. There are some connections, as we shall see, between *Slow Man* and John Fowles's *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, in which a "character" appears who seems to be the novel's author, and in which—as in *Mantissa* and (especially) *The Magus*—the characters participate in what Fowles calls "the godgame." *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is set in 1867 England, and Fowles, or *someone* speaking as the author, acknowledges that he attempts to maintain the role of God required of a Victorian novelist—and fails because his characters disobey him. This constitutes one form of the godgame, but the term also describes people's attempts to pontificate, to judge, and, most of all, to make others' decisions for them. It may be a nod in the direction of Fowles, it may be Coetzee's own drawing upon a reader's triskaidekaphobia, or it may be sheer happenstance, but Costello enters the novel in Coetzee's thirteenth chapter, the same number in which Fowles's voice first "intrudes" upon *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

true believer. He regards, or disregards, "God" in much the same manner as he does society, tradition, communal mores, and friendships. These are entities that he imagines he can well do without; yet they are entities to which he continually returns. To him, such supportive constructs are in much the same status as a prosthesis: there is an element of help, even of necessity to them, but they appear to be a barrier to genuineness, to authenticity. And as we have seen, Rayment values authenticity as he does independence.

Almost from the moment when Costello enters his life, Rayment, in his mind, makes metaphorical and exclamatory associations between her and God. Within a week or so of her arrival, he wonders about her: "God knows what Elizabeth Costello really wants, for him or for herself. . . . God knows to what theory of life or love she really holds; God knows what will happen next" (112). With the aid of such incantations, he comes near discerning her intentions regarding him, as he accuses her of exploitation: "You treat everyone like a puppet. You make up stories and bully us into playing them out for you" (117). In addition to his having hit upon William Makepeace Thackeray's famous metaphor for such exploiting (and for the Victorian novelist's version of the godgame), and to his repeating a term of Mr. Foe's, Rayment may have stumbled upon a larger truth, one that Costello warned him about earlier. When he asked if he was "to infer" that she had "come knocking on my door in order to study me so that you can use me in a book," Elizabeth replied with a smile, "Would that it were so simple, Mr. Rayment" (88). The possibility of the larger truth begins to dawn on him after he has read the notebook entry in which she seems to be planning *his* future. "It is as he feared: she knows everything, every jot and tittle. . . . All the time he thought he was his own master he has been in a cage like a rat. . . . with the infernal woman. . . . recording his progress" (122). But in this epiphany, he still sees her as someone interfering in his life and attempting to influence its outcome(s). A more stunning possibility follows: "Or is it worse than that, incomparably worse, so much worse that the mind threatens to buckle?" More frightening than Costello's being a meddler and a recorder is the possibility that she represents somebody or something that determines his life, a recognition that seems to Rayment a "Copernican moment" (122).

Now more than previously, Rayment, not surprisingly, fears and resents Costello's efforts to take an active part in his affairs. And even his resentment is couched in theological terms. "What is going on between myself and Drago's family," he insists, "is none of your business. . . . Can I not persuade you to leave us alone to work out our own salvation in our own way?" (141). At the same time, however, the prospect of divine intervention is one that he finds "irresistibly fetching," for God, even "if he does not exist, at least fills what would otherwise be a vast, all-devouring hole" (187). What "he does not know" throughout is whether God, "the God with whose love for Marijana he compares his own," is "an interested or a disinterested God" (146). It is never clear which he would prefer. Once again, Rayment's situation is analogous to—but a reversal of—Susan Barton's in *Foe*. Near the end of that novel, she has yet one more conversation with "Mr. Foe" on the subject of "freedom," at a time when she has begun to think him capable of anything, and to believe therefore that he could of course write her story if he but chose to do so. To herself she admits: "I had thought him dilatory. But might the truth not be instead that he had laboured all these months to move a rock so heavy no man alive could budge it . . . ?" (151). Embedded here is a paradox with which, a couple of generations ago, high school catechism students (perhaps they do it still?) used to challenge the priest: "Father, if God can do *anything*, can He make a rock so heavy He can't lift it?"

Rayment is divided between seeing Elizabeth Costello as a controlling, godlike figure and as merely a busybody. Either way, she is an annoyance to him. Even as he speaks of a "disinterested God" and of his personal effort toward "salvation," the theological and the psychological are getting mixed again. He wants Costello to leave him alone so that he can pursue, in his own slow way, some relationship with Marijana Jokić, even though he is not at all sure what he wants that relationship to be. Although it is clear to the reader that it is mainly a physical attraction, Rayment wants it to have a spiritual acceptability. Consequently, even though he is offended by the ways in which Costello plays God in his life, he remains blithely unaware of how much he plays the godgame himself. Or perhaps he vaguely realizes that he does so and then resents Costello more for being better at it than he is. In any case, he does

play God to Marijana and her family, especially in regard to Drago. When he first extends to Marijana his offer to help Drago go to the school of his choice, he thinks of that help in typical religious language. Over her whole family “he wants to extend the shield of his benevolent protection” (77). He does not much analyze his own motives; the closest he comes is to insist to himself that it is because “he loves Marijana . . . with a pure and benevolent heart, as God must love her” (144). In this mood, he frames in his mind a letter to her: “I offer to take care of you, or at least to relieve you of some of your burden. I offer to do so because in my heart, in my core, I care for you” (165). The language is that of many a hymn or homily, especially those that emphasize how God will “relieve you of . . . your burden.” When finally, in person, he most strenuously pleads his case with her to accept his help, he phrases the plea in, again, stock religious language and casts himself in his most theological role. He hopes, he tells Marijana, that there is a place in her life and her family’s for “a godfather.” Then, just in case she is not “familiar with the concept,” he explains:

The godfather is the man who stands by the side of the father at the baptismal font, or hovers over his head, giving his blessing to the child and swearing his lifelong support. As the priest in the ritual of baptism is the personification of the Son and intercessor, and the father is of course the Father, so the godfather is the personification of the Holy Ghost. At least that is how I conceive of it.

(224)

Part of the difficulty that Rayment has in dealing with Elizabeth Costello is that she is fairly consistently—as consistently as she is anything—essentialist. We see this in almost every argument they have, but when rereading the novel rather than looking into it for the first time, we see that this particular competition has been there from the very opening, from those lines that Costello recites shortly after entering Rayment’s apartment. The novel’s first chapter, less than a page and a half, contains only the collision that knocks Rayment from his bicycle and maims him. By the end of the second chapter’s first page, he is in a hospital. In rereading, we recognize some degree of disconnect between these first pages and those that follow. Not only is everything clearly tangible in the first pages (“The blow catches him from the right, sharp and surprising and

painful”), but it is all highly certain: “he hears rather than feels the impact of his skull on the bitumen”; “he goes absent. Once, briefly, he comes back” (1), and so on. There is no second-guessing what has happened, nor room for doubt of its consequences. However, once the setting is in the hospital, our focus (if that’s at all the right word) is on the mental aspect of Rayment that will become most familiar to us. All is now told in vivid but imprecise metaphors (“He awakes in a cocoon of dead air” [3]) or in questions rather than statements: “‘What is this?’ he mouths or perhaps even shouts, meaning *What is this that is being done to me?* or *What is this place where I find myself?* or even *What is this fate that has befallen me?*” (4). Beyond the mystery of the answers to these conundrums, even the questions—and, indeed, their very mode of expression—are not clear. Confusion reigns: “the papers [that Paul must fill out] prove surprisingly difficult” (8). And in addition to the uncertain language of the narration, there is a shift in Rayment’s wonderings, from what has happened to him (4), to “Who did this to me?” (11), to “Whom is he going to blame?” (15), by which point insecurity threatens to become paranoia.

Through all of this, there is—at least upon second or subsequent reading—an awakening on the reader’s part: we are not remaining within the same consciousness throughout these early stages. In retrospect, it seems likely that we began our venture in the mind of Costello, then slipped into the thoughts of Rayment. Further evidence of this interpretation can be found in Rayment’s first hallucinatory moments. Recovering from so traumatic an episode, and having had a shot of morphine, he struggles to the surface of consciousness, imagining that he sees “a message is being typed on a rose-pink screen.” At first it sends “Q-W-E-R-T-Y,” the top line of letters on a keyboard. But in the midst of random texting, he reads, “F-R-I-V-O-L” (3). Now we are embarked upon the typical Coetzee outing, for in the “Circe” episode of *Ulysses*, Bloom invites (or imagines inviting?) Mrs. Breen (“Josie Powell that was”) to dance, with the words, “A little frivol, shall we, if you are so inclined?” (444) This is rather esoteric stuff, not likely to be known to the intelligent but not extremely literate Paul Rayment, but much more likely to be in the vocabulary of the Australian novelist who is also the author of *The House on Eccles Street*, a novel about Leopold and Molly Bloom. It is a fitting start to Coetzee’s novel, in which method will be so much a part of meaning.

In addition to its being divided in its perspectives, the opening of the novel is so unusually, and realistically, full of action that one perhaps does not pause to absorb symbolic meaning. Yet the reader must not forget its rather blatant presence. A man named "Paul" is, in a modern way, unhorsed in that initial scene and physically incapacitated by the catastrophe. True, he is not blinded (or not literally, although there is a striking scene in which Costello convinces him to be blindfolded while trysting with the blind woman, Marianna), but he is altered in a manner calculated to make him more reflective upon his life. Late in the novel, he responds to Costello's challenge that "surely" he must find a "lesson" in his "calamitous fall"—"one to which [even he] cannot be blind and deaf." His response is in the form of a question: "Are you trying to tell me that God had some plan in mind when he struck me down on Magill Road and turned me into a hobbler?" (198). The gist of Costello's answer to his question is, "When I came knocking at your door, it was . . . to find out what happens when a man of sixty engages his heart unsuitably" (198–99). He asked about God's plan; he is answered with Costello's plan.

Although Elizabeth will frequently insist that she has no control over Paul's actions, there are numerous contradictions to the claim. Very near the conclusion, as she perhaps begins to grow desperate, she threatens him. If he "hold[s] to" his "present dilatory course," then she will show him what she is "capable of" (236). Once again, a connection is made to *Foe*. The repetition of Susan Barton's unusual adjective seems beyond coincidence. At the end of this scene, while Costello naps, Rayment finds, for the second time, one of her "notebook" entries. This one is no less frightening to him than the previous, since it is clear that she is now planning his near future: "After the meal they play a game of cards. Use the game to bring out their differences . . . PR tries to use the game to make friends with Blanka . . .," and so forth (238). He cannot evade the fact that this entry is about himself, so he worries about what else she is "plotting." His status now is most odd: "The scribbler sleeps, the character prowls around looking for things to occupy himself with. A joke, but for the fact that there is no one around to catch it." Surely part of the "joke" is that his connection to Elizabeth Costello is now that of Alice's to the Red

King.⁸ Yet the reader shortly discovers that all the “plotting” was for naught, as the planned card game never takes place. Whether or not she represents some divine agency, Costello is more whimsical than she is reliably consistent.

Coetzee’s use of literary allusions is habitual. Among those he has acknowledged is the correspondence between his protagonist in *The Life and Times of Michael K* and Franz Kafka’s Joseph K. in *The Trial*.⁹ Elizabeth Costello too is in the habit of drawing examples and parallels from literary sources. In the novel in which she is the title character, the first page informs us that her reputation is mainly based upon *The House on Eccles Street*.¹⁰ And in that first chapter of *Elizabeth Costello*, she journeys to an American college to receive an award, delivers a talk there on “realism,” and uses as her main focus in the talk Kafka’s ape from “A Report to an Academy.” The last time we see her in that book, she is mentally quoting Yeats and Keats, while fantasizing an encounter with Kafka’s famous gate and gatekeeper. As intertextuality helps to construct a character in *Elizabeth Costello*, so does it in *Slow Man*.

As I suggested above, one of the works that anyone might well recall, and frequently, while reading *Slow Man* is Conrad’s “double” story, “The Secret Sharer.” Paul Rayment has an uninvited visitor, just as the ship captain does in Conrad’s tale, who will come to “share” his life, although Rayment’s hosting of his guest is less voluntary. There are excellent reasons why Conrad’s unnamed captain should not keep Leggatt (let alone conceal him) on his ship: the latter is, after all, a fugitive from justice on his own ship. But the cap-

8. In *Through the Looking-Glass*, chapter 4, Tweedledee and Tweedledum attempt to convince Alice that her only existence is as “a sort of thing” in the Red King’s dream, and Tweedledum warns her, “If that there King was to wake . . . you’d go out—bang!—just like a candle!” (189). Fowles uses this passage as the epigraph to chapter 55 of *The French Lieutenant’s Woman*, in which someone who seems to be the author makes another appearance.

9. See *Doubling the Point*, especially 197–200, where Coetzee discusses some Kafka connections.

10. Rayment, thumbing through *The House on Eccles Street* in a public library, where he has gone to do research on Costello, thinks: “What’s wrong with her? Can she not make up characters of her own?” (119). The reference is to Costello’s having pilfered characters and settings from James Joyce (also a notorious pilferer), but clearly the joke is as much on Coetzee, for borrowing from himself, as on Rayment.

tain is moved to sympathy for the young sailor, presumably by a perceived similarity of Leggatt to himself. In Coetzee's story, there is hardly the physical resemblance that sometimes seems essential to Conrad's, yet there are likenesses. Rayment and Costello both fear being (or becoming) "old"; each is virtually without family (though both have been previously married, she twice), and each is in search of "family"; both fear loneliness; and both think in analogies, although hers are of course much likelier to be literary analogues.

Conrad's captain refers at least fourteen times to "my double," with or without modifiers ("my secret double," for example), and also to "my other self," "my secret self," and "my second self." Three other times he metaphorically speaks of Leggatt as "myself" (for instance, he has a "sense of whispering to myself" [97]). He repeats the story's title in seeing the fugitive sailor as the "secret sharer of my cabin" (99), "the secret sharer of my cabin and of my thoughts" (113), and the "secret sharer of my life" (96). Yet throughout the story, it is clear to the captain and to the reader that the "doubling" and the "sharing" is more a matter of similar situations than of literal resemblance, more psychological than physical, for at another point he observes, "He was not a bit like me, really" (91). Moreover, he stresses the necessity of keeping this other self private. There are numerous references to "my double *down there* in my cabin" (101; emphasis added), to "keeping my second self invisible" (97), and to the necessity of getting "my double back into the recessed part" (96). Clearly, Leggatt's importance to the captain is that of a representation of his unconscious being, of something that he is or could become psychologically. (There are several expressions of the captain's fear of "madness.") The doubleness that matters is the estrangement of each character from his ship and from his shipmates, and potentially from any coherent sense of "self."

Coetzee's novel makes a similar use of doubleness, but at one moment in *Slow Man*, the "Secret Sharer" allusion is more prominent than ever. Days after Elizabeth Costello's arrival, Marijana Jokić returns to work at Rayment's flat. While she is changing sheets, Rayment watches her with a strongly renewed passion. "Then the bathroom door opens and the Costello woman, wearing his dressing gown and slippers, makes her entry on the scene" (93). One recalls that Leggatt wears the captain's "sleeping suit" (88) and once hides from

the captain's steward by squatting "down in the bath" (106). The parallel soon grows even more prominent. "Minutes later," Mrs. Costello leaves; from a window, Rayment watches her walk toward the river. "She is wearing a straw hat he recognises as his own, one he has not worn for years. Where did she find it?" (93) The connection to Conrad's story is irresistible, as Conrad's captain, at the final parting of Leggatt from the ship, presses his own "floppy hat" upon his young double's head (110). It is done out of "sudden pity for his mere flesh," but it also helps save the ship, as the hat comes off in the water and serves as a guiding buoy for the captain to navigate by (113).

For the reader who is acquainted with this much-anthologized story of Conrad's, the development of one of Coetzee's main themes is enhanced by the parallel, namely that of an individual struggling to form a "self" that is his own and at the same time locating that self partly by comparison and contrast with nearby selves that are both similar and different. For Paul Rayment, this is a thornier predicament than for most, because he feels that his personality, spirit, ego, or what-have-you must, at his somewhat advanced age, be generated anew. Elizabeth Costello, of course, serves as both an inducement to this regeneration and a barrier to it—at least in Rayment's perception.

By far the most fruitful allusion in *Slow Man* is one that Elizabeth Costello is not quite able—typically?—to recall. More confused and lost than normally, Rayment has not been able to establish a stable relationship with any of the Jokić family; he fears that he has alienated Marijana, he has just had an unsatisfactory meeting with Miroslav, and he suddenly cannot find Drago. In desperation, and because she always seems to know so much about the family, he seeks out Costello and "finds her by the riverside, sitting on a bench, clustered around by ducks that she seems to be feeding" (151). There follows one of their longest conversations, in some ways one of the most revealing, in which she urges him to make some decisions regarding who and what he means to be, to become "a fuller person . . . larger and more expansive" (158). Above all, she urges him to follow through on his "thoughts and feelings." "Follow them through," she says, "and you will grow with them. What was it that the American poet fellow said? There weaves always a fictive covering from something to something. My memory is going" (158).

The “American poet fellow” is, of course, Wallace Stevens, and the work that Costello struggles to remember is “Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction.” Certainly Stevens’s most ambitious work and probably his most important, “Notes” makes almost precisely the effort that Costello wants from Rayment. Stevens’s speaker urges a young man (“ephebe”) consciously to form a self, to become “major man”; this requires the “supreme fiction,” the use of poetic imagination to construct various pairings of oneself, “parallels that meet if only in / The meeting of their shadows” (section 10, lines 30–31). The individual who wishes to be what some existentialists call “authenticated” ought, in Stevens’s vision, to construct selves and counter-selves (like Yeats’s masks?), in order to isolate the most satisfactory version of self. Even though Stevens sets his ephebe in quest of a singularly “poetic” self, “Notes” is a nearly perfect choice for Coetzee—and for Costello. It is one of the modernistic works most appealing to many postmodernist critics.¹¹ Stevens does lots of fragmenting, he is almost constantly experimental (especially in “Notes”), and his work is always seriously reflective. The trial to which he submits his ephebe is not far from what Coetzee does himself in his *autrebiography*, and it results in something that Paul Rayment occasionally comes near doing, but mostly—contrary especially to the advice of Elizabeth Costello—works against doing. We are told that Rayment “has never been at ease with mirrors. Long ago he draped a cloth over the mirror in the bathroom and taught himself to shave blind.” While staying with him, “the Costello woman” takes down the drape; “[w]hen she left he at once put it back” (163). The reason he puts up such a cover is not just that he does not want to see how much age is changing him (though that too, apparently), but that “the twin imprisoned behind the glass he finds above all boring” (164). Consequently, Costello’s beseeching him to follow Stevens’s directions toward the “supreme fiction” is apt.

Among the numerous dialectical encounters—or “marriages,” in the Blakean sense—in “Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction” are those

11. See Axelrod and Deese, Bloom (especially 2003), and Boroff, all of which deal enthusiastically with “Notes.” An oblique relationship to Coetzee’s novel lies in Stevens’s title for his first section, “It Must Be Abstract,” combined with the fact that so much of what follows is not.

between lovers, or potential lovers, and those otherwise partnered, such as winter and spring, sun and rain, the sparrow and the “crackled blade,” and any would-be major man and his interior paramour. One might see a similar “marriage” between Rayment and Costello. These confrontations reach their dramatic and thematic high point with the dialogue between Ozymandias and “the bride,” Nanzia Nunzio (the latter Italian for “messenger”), a passage that as Harold Bloom has pointed out focuses upon the “changing creatures” seen throughout “Notes” and their “will to change” ([2003] 77)—which focus is also prominent throughout *Slow Man*. It appears that the investigative man will always have such an “other self” as in these pairs, and necessarily so if he is to be “major man.” Thus Nanzia Nunzio presents herself as “the woman stripped more nakedly / Than nakedness” and urges Ozymandias to “Speak to me that, which spoken, will array me / In its own only precious ornament. / . . . Clothe me entire in the final filament”; but Ozymandias’s only response (in the segment that Elizabeth Costello struggles to recall) is “the spouse, the bride / Is never naked. A fictive covering / Weaves always glistening from the heart and mind” (section 8, lines 10–11, 13–16, 19–21).¹²

The passage is, in any of several ways, central to “Notes” and, indeed, to much of Stevens’s work. Not only is such “fictive covering” a necessity to “major man,” but so is the changing thereof. The poem, too, as Bloom observes, “must change,” since it is “itself a fictive covering” (77). The pairing of Ozymandias and Nanzia Nunzio is one of the most functional “marriages” in the poem and leads the poet toward his confronting of the world around him, a confrontation that Stevens makes necessary for authentication. In short, the poet, as was more or less promised to us from the earliest stages of “Notes,” aids us in learning to “be.”

When we finally part company with Paul Rayment, it is not the least bit clear whether he will or will not begin his bicycling life—or any other portion of his life—*anew*. When he is presented with the remake by Drago and Miroslav of his old, crashed bike into a “new” recumbent model, he first endures a “blush of shame” and, in that

12. The clothing metaphors that Stevens uses here lend yet another meaning to the name of Paul Rayment (*raiment*).

mood, declares of the bike, "It's magnificent" (254). Yet in his mind he has, as usual, severe reservations: "he dislikes recumbents instinctively, as he dislikes prostheses, as he dislikes all fakes" (255). Adopting *that* mood, he convinces himself that "Of course he will never put it to use"; it would look like "a perambulator with a grizzled old baby in it, out for a ride," and he would be embarrassed (256). But once Marijana has told him that she thinks he ought to try it, he consents: "Well, then . . . I'll give it a whirl" (257).

It is not perfectly clear that Rayment means it this time, either, or if he is not once more fabricating a future. Yet he does, in the ensuing, closing scene, imply to Elizabeth Costello that he means to ride it, for when she asks if there might be "space for a passenger," he responds: "Space for a child behind the rider, yes. But not for another grown-up" (262). And in what *might* be a new spirit of resolve, of desire for autonomy, his final action is to bid Elizabeth good-bye. Now it is she who is uncertain, "smiling," but with "trembling" lips (263).

In the midst of other psychological complications, it is Coetzee's metafictional trick, his post-Pirandello-ish trick, of including the "author" as a character that gives the novel much of its thematic clout. All of the theological considerations create in Rayment a huge uncertainty, as he hopes to be the "free agent" that he once claims to be (105), even as he fears that his fate may be predetermined. While that is very nearly the universal human condition, the difficulty in Rayment's case is exacerbated by the salient fact of Elizabeth Costello's being an author. Rayment may well be a sluggard in the hands of an angry novelist—and she is growing angrier. That she has godlike capabilities, at least in relationship to him, is underscored by her suggestion, while inviting him to live with her in Melbourne, that her "house . . . has many mansions" (234). The quotation is from John 14:2, but it is also from earlier Coetzee. As Susan Barton has begun to believe that her author/acquaintance may stand in relation to her as a god, she tells the "mad girl" that "In Mr. Foe's house there are many mansions" (*Foe* 77). Although human beings generally choose their divine figures of worship for stability and consistency, deities—and not just the ancient Greek ones—often prove to be inconsistent, fickle, even whimsical creatures. Thus the God of Genesis creates human beings in the second chapter, has

grown angry and/or disappointed with them by the third, and has completely changed his mind about them by the sixth. "It repented Him" that he had created them at all, so he destroys everyone except Noah's family and starts over again. A somewhat mercurial fellow, to be sure. Still, it may be a worse fate to be a literary creation. Charles Dickens was ostensibly fond of Pip but allowed him to become an unhappy snob; Tolstoy did not restrain Anna from diving under that train; worse, Shakespeare seems to have forgotten about Lear's Fool, abandoning him out on that heath. Not surprisingly, then, Rayment is still struggling at the novel's conclusion to establish a comfortable state of freedom that is of his own making. And in Coetzee's final turn of the screw, it is the "novelist" in this instance who is abandoned.

Only at this point, the ending, do we realize that all along, despite the title, this has been Costello's novel in more than one sense. She has been protagonist as well as storyteller, somewhat like both Susan Barton in *Foe* and the "EC" of *Age of Iron*, with the large and paradoxical difference that Costello has sometimes fancied herself in charge. Now we realize that she has mistaken her own condition for Rayment's. In the realization quoted earlier that she has (presumably) given Rayment, that he all along "has been in a cage like a rat" (122), she has failed to recognize her own predicament. Throughout, this has been a novel notably short on anything like pathos, as Rayment, often stoic, sometimes bathetic, evokes but little emotion in us—or in himself. Now, in these final pages, comes the story's most (perhaps first) genuinely touching moment. As is the case for some of Coetzee's other female characters, this entire venture has been much more nearly tragic for Costello than for Rayment. She not only needed to turn out another novel (at least that has been accomplished), but she needed to exert control, not just over another's life, but, more significantly, and as part of the same process, over her own. Not least of all, she needed an escape from the loneliness of her old age.¹³ That goal is the one least fulfilled, as the companion she had hoped for rejects her. Also revised now is her former question: "But what am I going to do without you?" Rayment's answer is,

13. In *Slow Man*, published in 2005, Elizabeth Costello is seventy-two years old. In the "present time" of *Age of Iron* (1990), "EC" is seventy. Coetzee was born in 1940.

"That is up to you," and he kisses her goodbye (263). Thus we have come back, circuitously and ironically, to Conrad and the preface to *Youth* in which he says, fondly, of Marlow, "as we part at the end of a tale I am never sure that it may not be for the last time" (x). As Costello departs from Rayment at the end of his tale, it may very well be "for the last time."

University of Colorado at Colorado Springs

WORKS CITED

- Axelrod, Steven Gould, and Helen Deese, eds. *Critical Essays on Wallace Stevens*. Boston: Hall, 1988.
- Bakhtin, Mikhail. *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics*. 1929. Ed. and trans. Caryl Emerson. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1984.
- Bloom, Harold, ed. *Wallace Stevens*. Bloom's Major Poets. Broomall, PA: Chelsea, 2003.
- , ed. *Wallace Stevens*. Modern Critical Views. New York: Chelsea, 1985.
- . *Wallace Stevens: The Poems of Our Climate*. Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 1977.
- Boroff, Marie, ed. *Wallace Stevens: A Collection of Critical Essays*. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1963.
- Carroll, Lewis. *The Annotated Alice: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass*. 1897. Ed. Martin Gardner. New York: Norton, 2000.
- Coetzee, J. M. *Age of Iron*. New York: Random, 1990.
- . "Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*." 1999. *Stranger Shores*. New York: Penguin, 2002. 17–22.
- . *Disgrace*. New York: Viking, 1999.
- . "Dostoevsky, *The Miraculous Years*." 1995. *Stranger Shores*. New York: Penguin, 2002. 114–26.
- . *Doubling the Point*. Ed. David Attwell. Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP, 1992.
- . *Elizabeth Costello*. London: Penguin, 2003.
- . *Foe*. 1986. New York: Viking-Penguin, 1987.
- . *Slow Man*. New York: Viking-Penguin, 2005.
- . *Youth*. Scenes from Provincial Life II. London: Penguin, 2002.
- Conrad, Joseph. *Heart of Darkness*. 1899. Ed. Robert Kimbrough. Norton Critical ed. New York: Norton, 1988.
- . "The Secret Sharer." 1899. *The Secret Sharer and Other Stories*. New York: Dover, 1993. 83–113.
- . *Youth and Two Other Stories*. 1921. New York: Doubleday, 1929.
- Fowles, John. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. London: Penguin, 1969.

- Joyce, James. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. 1914. Ed. Seamus Deane. New York: Penguin, 1992.
- . *Ulysses*. 1922. New York: Vintage-Random, 1961.
- Lodge, David. "Disturbing the Peace." Rev. of *Elizabeth Costello*, by J. M. Coetzee. *New York Review of Books* 20 Nov. 2003: 6–11.
- Miano, Sarah Emily. Review of *Slow Man*, by J. M. Coetzee. *Times* [London] 3 Sept. 2005. Web. 11 Nov. 2009.
- Plottel, Jeanine Parisier, and Hanna Charney, eds. *Intertextuality: New Perspectives in Criticism*. Vol. 2. New York: New York Literary Forum, 1978.
- Stevens, Wallace. "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction." *Collected Poetry and Prose*. New York: Literary Classics of the U.S., 1997. 329–52.
- Tolstoy, Leo. *What Men Live By*. Mount Vernon, NY: Peter Pauper, 1954.
- Wood, James. "Squall Lines." Rev. of *Diary of a Bad Year*, by J. M. Coetzee. *New Yorker* 24–31 Dec. 2007: 140–43.