"Monk" Lewis's Journals and the Discipline of Discourse

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"... peculiar 'replication'—terrorizes authority with the *ruse* of recognition, its mimicry, its mockery."

(Homi Bhabha, "Signs Taken for Wonders")

One Sunday in 1816, after his first month's tenure at his inherited sugar plantation, Cornwall, forty–one–year–old "Monk" Lewis reflects in his journal on the dangers and discomforts entailed on a resident proprietor reliant on slave labor:

> Next to this vile trick of poisoning people (arising, doubtless, in great measure, from their total want of religion, and their ignorance of a future state ...), the greatest drawback upon one's comfort in a Jamaica existence seems to me to be the being obliged to live perpetually in public. Certainly, if a man was desirous of leading a life of vice *here*, he must set himself totally above shame, for he may depend upon every thing done by him being seen and known. The houses are absolutely transparent; the walls are nothing but windows—and all the doors stand wide open. No servants are in waiting to announce arrivals: visiters, negroes, dogs, cats, poultry, all walk in and out, and up and down your living-rooms, without the slightest ceremony. (149–50)

The architecture and mechanisms of this West Indian household are a throwback to an earlier domestic organization where one "lived perpetually in public," where a jumbled mix—pets and livestock, guests and family, masters and servants—belonged in the same space.[1] To be closeted implied being up to no good. Lewis describes an uncomfortable visibility inherent in an older system of shamelessly visible sovereignty, and the vice–ridden slavemaster with his whips, chains, and mistresses in bondage is one version of an old time sovereign, who lacks privacy (and would think it highly overrated if he had it), whose life may be

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plotted against in secret, and whose subjects bear the visible scars of power.

In his *Journal* Lewis represents his situation as geographically and temporally suspended between incompatible strategies of social control—in Foucauldian terms, *supplice* and *surveiller*. Lewis's slaves are victims of a sovereignty that can always reactivate power by resorting to public torture. In contrast, Lewis possesses a "modern 'soul,'" the self-regulating process of thought and behavior that emerges after the body is subjected to "punishment, supervision and constraint"; his "soul is the prison of [his] body" (Foucault, *Discipline* 29–30).[2] Confronted with modern institutionalized slavery, a system of production reliant on terror and mutilation, the disciplinary individual "is revolted at the sight or imagination of too much cruelty" and aggressively seeks to veil the explicitly visible "spectacle of the scaffold" with "a discourse of the heart," articulations of a "principle of moderation in punishment." Foucault exemplifies such discourse from Lacretelle: the author addresses "'God, who has imprinted in our hearts an aversion to pain for ourselves and for our fellow men,'" and then queries, "'are they then those same beings, who thou has created so weak and so sensible, who have invented such barbarous, so refined tortures?'" (*Discipline* 91). Lacretelle's rhetorical question is not one an old-fashioned sovereign can ask, but for the "modern 'soul'" torture, barbarous or refined, occupies a place outside legitimate power.

When a disciplinary code of dispersed power, which makes itself both invisible and enunciatively possible by virtue of its dispersion and invisibility, came to eclipse sovereign power, which functions by means of visibility and the "spectacle of the scaffold," sovereign power was no longer enunciatively possible. In the language of the "modern 'soul,'" which can be invented by the disciplinary individual at will, representations of *supplice* are *always* horror; they can never be representations of legitimate power because they too transparently reactivate power rather than reestablish justice. In the early nineteenth century, slavery was a morbid vestige of the "spectacle of the scaffold." Typically, the "modern 'soul'" ignores when possible, escapes when feasible, and recoils or shamelessly surrenders to vice when confronted, until a momentous event allows *supplice* to pass into the annals of history.

What follows is primarily a Foucauldian argument in that it documents a sudden shift in "penal style" (*Discipline* 7), and following

Foucault's rhetorical strategy, I have selected an anomalous subject, Monk Lewis, who is hardly typical of West Indian proprietors, at least as today's critical narratives would have them; he is too celibate, too quirky, too self–deprecating, too pleased with the notion of sovereignty and too uncomfortable with the mechanics of slavery to meet our expectations. Although Foucault's oeuvre is notorious for his stories, I do not go to it for history, but for an admittedly eurocentric revision of perspective. Inevitably, an eccentric eurocentric or euro–informed version of West Indian slavery is all we have; therefore, I find Foucault's insistence on rupture and localization useful in addressing what is ultimately irretrievable. The Panopticon, as a totalizing mechanism of control, has always been troublesome for literary critics, but the notions of being watched and watching over can be surprisingly fruitful in considering Lewis's *Journal*, where visibilities, perception, sensibility, sincerity, indelicacies, and disciplinary inspection tend to obliterate the particularities of slavery, replacing them with a new notion of happily and freely rendered labor, accompanied by very peculiar pathetic payoffs. Lewis journeys to his West Indian "cash cow" not merely to milk it, but to stroke it and be nuzzled by it in return. That Lewis's *Journal* is a remarkable document, I trust will become evident. My aim here is to explore, as honestly and generously as possible, the gap in "penal style" so obvious in the opening pages of *Discipline and Punish*, as one slavemaster attempts to negotiate and close it.[3]

It is useful to rehearse briefly the characteristics of the paradigmatic preemancipation planter to recognize how he differs from Lewis. Rose Price traveled to Jamaica in the 1790s to reorganize his family's sugar plantation. Dedicated to increasing profit, he opened new fields, imported more slaves from Africa, built a new road from Worthey Park to the coast, instituted advanced farming methods—manuring, rationing, industrializing—and intensified the labor in an already labor-intense enterprise. He increased the quality of his slaves' food, clothing, and medical care, but his "changes meant harder work for the slaves, closer supervision, and less free time." Over his three year residency, he fathered at least two "mustee" children, freed their quadroon mother, and returned to Britain more financially secure, where he married into aristocracy—a sixteen year old who bore him fourteen children before she died at forty–four. "Like most absentees he tried to turn his back on the

West Indies, sugar, and slavery" (Craton 268–71). Rose Price's behavior typifies the master class in a slave society as Orlando Patterson describes it: "[T]hey abandoned all claims to honor... dropped all pretensions to culture and civilization and simply indulged their appetites... [and/or they] pack[ed] up and fle[d] the degraded source of wealth," returned to England, proclaimed their honor, and had "it confirmed by the free population of the metropolis" (99–100). Price enjoyed what creature comforts the island afforded and then sailed to England to get on with his life. Lewis does not engage with such bifurcation.

Unwilling, or unable, to divorce his "Jamaica existence" from his English one as Price does, Lewis employs different strategies to separate his modern soul from the spectacle of the scaffold, some cunning and others as embarrassingly transparent as his house. The Foucauldian scaffold is replaced with different furniture of sovereignty, and his Sunday journal entry does not end with his commentary on the accessibility of his living quarters, but continues:

> Even the Temple of Cloacina (which, by the bye, is here very elegantly spoken of generally as "*The* Temple,") is much latticed and as pervious to the eye as any other part of my premises; and many a time has my delicacy has been put to the blush by the ill-timed civility of some old woman or other, who, wandering that way, and happening to cast her eye to the left, has stopped her course to curtsy very gravely, and pay me the passing compliment of an "Ah, massa! bless you massa! how day?" (150)

The public spectacle expressing sovereign power shifts to public spectacle of the sovereign doing quotidian duty. The passage moves from the danger of secretive plotting, to the "discomfort" of domesticity without privacy, to the bathetic embarrassment of the scatological. The sovereign discursively exposes himself "totally above shame" on *the throne* in "*The* Temple." In an outhouse on the outskirts of empire, he is at the epicenter, literally, of where "shit happens," but he introduces the anecdote with the "vile trick of poisoning people," an instance of the phrase's more common figurative meaning—a sudden, untoward, undeserved, though not necessarily inexplicable, change in fortune for the worse.

The "what happens" when "shit happens," according to Tom DiPiero, "has to be representable within the confines of the reigning symbolic order, and it has to be easily integrated into a dominant conception of the way things already are" (296–97). Despite the

embarrassment of being caught in the excremental act, Lewis is relieved of a heavy burden; he can ignore the "well known" fact that Africans believe "that there is a life beyond this world" (100), "that they ought [not] to be considered devoid of all natural religion" (344), and elide the public "ill–timed civility" with the secretive "vile trick" that could end his life painfully at any meal in this "absolutely transparent" household. Furthermore, he has erected a temple, a "'priestly' edifice atop . . . a *cloaca*" that will constantly "prod," as Kenneth Burke puts it, "towards illogicality in the development of awork written under such auspices." At the heart of the illogic is "the perpetuation of social injustice," in this case slavery, whereby traditions "function as the protectors of special privilege" and are "advocated" "as 'inevitable'" (325), the whole of which Lewis admits and regrets (402). But, there is a second illogic in this passage, attached to what Burke calls "the Beauty Clinic," those "stylistic subterfuges" that divert "tendencies towards bathos" and channel them so "that they bear the guise of pathos" (126, 341). Lewis's rhetoric develops in the opposite direction: from pathetic potential victim of poisoning to bathetic actual victim of an "ill–timed civility." His bourgeois mentality, his "delicacy," *is* an "ill–timed" or ill–placed "civility." The traditions, the *supplice*, inherent in slavery are not "representable within the confines of [his] reigning symbolic order," disciplinarity. Despite the ready–made vocabulary, "overseers" and "book–keepers," dismantling the scaffold at Cornwall does not result in the construction of the quintessential architecture of disciplinarity—the panopticon. Instead we find an intermediary structure, "'*The* Temple'" for reasons tightly bound to the peculiar pleasures of Lewis's "bourgeois sovereignty" (a Foucauldian oxymoron) and the impossibility of truth claims "under such auspices." As a slave-owner, he is a sovereign trapped in "latticed" space on the margins of empire, where his life depends on the goodwill of his human property, and his "delicacy," as a disciplinary subject, is repeatedly and intentionally "put to the blush."

At risk of pressing the scatological beyond the envelope of decency, I note that there was, historically, other fecal imagery associated with the new world colonies. From the beginning, they were characterized as a "receptacle" for "England's excrements" "evacuated" by "good Physick" (Purchas 19: 236). Henry Whistler in his 1654–55 journal identified Barbados as "the Dunghill wharone England

doth cast forth its rubdg: Rodgs and hors and such like people . . . " (146). Some fifty years later Ned Ward applied the same trope to Jamaica: "The Dunghill of the Universe . . . and a Close-stool for the Purges of our Prisons" (13). Throughout the first empire it is the colonialist, particularly the nongentried planter, who is identified with dung, as civilization's excrement. Abolitionist texts such as James Montgomery's *The West Indies* (1810) pitched on the figure to excoriate the white creole slaveowner: "The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span, / The bloated vampire of a living man; / His frame,—a fungus form, of dunghill birth, / That taints the air, and rots above the earth" (qtd. in Mackie 6). By the end of the eighteenth century, there is clearly a movement afoot to shift the referent to the colonized and in the process to redefine "race" from a verifiable family genealogy to a concept associated with indistinguishable masses indigenous to places outside Europe, a movement that would culminate a century later in programs of colonial hygiene.[4] But I want, provisionally at least, to bracket such issues of race and the prodigious body of scholarship that addresses the concept as it emerges from the Romantic "Beauty Clinic."[5] Instead I explore conditions of servitude, because that is oddly and paradoxically what Lewis does when he refers to his slaves as "my negroes." Bizarrely, slavery serves as the object of a "discourse of the heart" generated by "the sensibility of the reasonable man who makes the law" criminalizing acts he would not himself commit (Foucault, *Discipline* 91), the individual who ameliorates and regulates rather than tortures. With the abolition of the slave trade a fact, and the political movement to abolish the institution in full swing, Lewis carefully positions himself as both absentee and resident in an attempt to be absolved of any stigma associated with being either a colonial or a slaveowner, and there was considerable stigma attached to both. Thus poised, Lewis's text is a curious mixture of masking and pedagogy, transforming the terror of the institution into an absurd, ludic romance between master and slave that "has the ring of an amusing travesty concealing a universe in which enjoyment actually reigns in all its obscenity" (Zizek 40).[6]

By all accounts Lewis was a bore with a golden heart. Byron, whose couplet—"I would give many a sugar cane, / Mat. Lewis were alive again"—serves as the epigraph of the *Journal*, wrote after his friend's death, "Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore—

a damned bore. . . . But I liked Lewis; he was a jewel of a man, had he been better set;—I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*—for he was tedious as well as contradictory." John Hobhouse, who sported a reputation of having little patience with bores, thought Lewis "a man of principle and attached to truth, which he tells in as many tiresome details as any man living" (qtd. in Wilson 10). If the National Portrait Gallery's likeness is to be trusted, Lewis was an odd looking bore, resembling a diminutive Peter Lorre. On February 23, 1816, Appelles, a slave belonging to a neighboring Anglican minister and a "self–taught genius," produces his own portrait of Lewis. The representation was, apparently, considerably more hirsute than the subject; identifying that inconsistency Lewis claims, "[a]s to likeness, there was not even any attempt to take any," noting that the semi–circular, bushy eyebrows "made the eyes beneath them stare with an expression of utmost astonishment" (185). We can deduce that Nicholas Cameron and John Fuller, two of Lewis's slave carpenters, had framed, glazed, and presented the portrait of "Massa," and to them Lewis tells us "the charge of this inestimable treasure is to be entrusted," and "'when massa gone, [John Fuller] should talk to it every morning, all one as if massa still here.'" What the representation lacks in verisimilitude, it recoups in iconography; it is, according to John Fuller, "'all just de very same ting! just all as one!'" Appelles exaggerates the dimensions and qualities of the marks of Lewis's sovereignty—his chair, the blue of his coat, the brass of his buttons, the monocle the size of "a pewter plate," "a bunch of watch–seals larger than those with which Pope has decorated Belinda's great great grandsire"—and the artist depicts his subject's astonishment (186). This droll, indelicate moment is but one of hundreds in the *Journal* that evade classification, where truth claims and irony are "just all as one."

As a result, whatever Lewis was in person, his *Journal* is not boring, tiresome or tedious in its detail. Coleridge wrote:

> Lewis's *Jamaica Journal* is delightful; it is almost the only unaffected book of travels or touring I have read of late years. You have the man himself, and not an inconsiderable man,—certainly a much finer mind than I supposed before from the perusal of his romances, etc. (qtd. in Wilson 1)

Coleridge is wrong, of course; it is a highly affected book intended as an antidote to the virulence of both abolitionist and anti–abolitionist

rhetoric and designed for publication as early as March 1816. John Murray, the eventual publisher, showed no interest in the manuscript when the journal of the first voyage was submitted in 1817, but bought the rights from Lewis' brother-in-law in 1833, the year of emancipation (Irwin 130). Indeed, Lewis's *Journal* was not published until a specific historical event ruptured the unity of an ideology under stress. With slavery abolished, Lewis could be propelled to the position of exemplar of the savvy proprietor and sovereign protector of "negroes"—all parties now left to the vagaries of the market in free labor.[7] Something "perceptible and knowable" such as abolition had to happen before the text could be "easily integrated into a dominant conception of the way things already are" (DiPiero 296–97), that is, alienation of one's labor, not one's freedom, is the "natural" and legitimate human condition, and it is fundamental to disciplinary management. Within weeks of the *Journal*'s publication, Lewis was identified as an authority, an innovator of labor management to be emulated. "By his two visits he saved his properties!", writes R. R. Madden from Kingston in August 1834, and "well may his heirs be grateful to that memory as often as they recollect that the preservation of the properties which they inherit is due to the wisdom of the measures he pursued, during both his visits" (2: 25–26). The timing of the *Journal*'s publication is no anomaly. When slavery was no longer a legal reality in the Empire, there was a veritable explosion of publications dealing with travels to the British colonies and slavery.[8] Indeed an abridged edition (cutting the poetry) of Lewis's *Journal* was issued in 1845 and reprinted twice again during the century.

It was once fashionable to explain emancipation by alleging that institutionalized slavery was not profitable, but as David Eltis and others have pointed out, it was very profitable; emancipation was costly (5–7).[9] Ultimately, the decision to abolish, first the trade and then the institution, was strategic, not economic. Although Lewis rejects the feasibility of emancipation (402), the *Journal*, more than any other example from the period, articulates the hope for a smooth, humane transition from a slave system of *supplice* to one of discipline. Rather than using the language of scientific inquiry found in accounts by eighteenth-century proprietors (e.g., Edward Long, Bryan Edwards, and Thomas Jefferson), Lewis employs "a discourse of the heart," occasionally sentimental, frequently

parodic and mock–heroic, invariably selflessly generous and good–hearted.

Still, Lewis is very much aware of his sovereignty, the power and wealth at stake in a system that explicitly defines humans as property. Before he has glimpsed the island he writes (Dec. 30, 1815):

> I remember my good friend, Walter Scott, asserts, that at the death of a poet the groans and tears of his heroes and heroines swell the blast and increase the river: perhaps something of the same kind takes place at the arrival of a West India proprietor from Europe . . . the approach of the sovereign himself. (47)

The passage is rife with "beauty clinic" constructions of sovereign power alluding to no less than Sir Walter Scott. The weather is inclimate at his arrival, so Lewis projects that the "rain and wind proceed from the eyes and lungs of [his] agents and overseers" who have been wielding "despotic authority" but now "must evacuate the palace and resign the deputed scepter" (ibid.) The reversal this discourse finances is obvious: it is not the victims of "despotic authority" who groan and weep, but the "agents and overseers" of *supplice*. Throughout the *Journal*, Lewis presents himself as an enlightened, benevolent despot always on guard to rectify injustices perpetrated by deputies who have usurped power and exercised it cruelly. By establishing this position, the author can then shift the tears and groans back to their legitimate subjects, his slaves, but now they become expressions of joy at the presence of the "Massa," who basks in the pleasure of recording their quaintly ignorant and childish ways.

Significantly and in contrast to his imaginative vision of Jamaica, Lewis explicitly describes his first visual sighting in economic, bourgeois terms:

> The north side of the island is said to be extremely beautiful and romantic; but the south, which we coasted today, is low, barren, and without any recommendation whatever. . . . I can only look at Jamaica as one does a man who comes to pay money, and whom we are extremely well pleased to see, however little the fellow's appearance may be in his favour. (48)

These are two different kinds of social relations; in the former projection pleasure emerges from the breakdown in a hierarchy that offers the sovereign an immediate, or less mediated, relation to his subjects (his human things). The latter "real" experience is more

classically Marxist; pleasing social relationships exist between things and are mediated by money. But the tensions that exist between the vision of sovereignty and the disciplinary experience are far more complex and interesting once Lewis is ashore.

The proprietor's arrival at Cornwall during the holiday season is double cause for celebration, and "every thing that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters" to greet "'good Massa, come at last'" (60, 61):

> The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, the strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing . . . there was something in it by which I could not help being affected—perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my *slaves*. . . . (61–62)

However noisy, gay, wild, or strange, it is imperative to note his slaves' humanity; they are "human beings." The passage continues, not to qualify their humanity, as slaveowners typically did, but to dispute their conditions of servitude. They are not only better off than English laborers, another commonplace of anti-abolitionists, but we discover as the *Journal* develops that they *are better*—cleaner, less given to drunkenness, more generous and forgiving, and astonishingly, they are *happier* human beings. Slavery, Lewis opines, "in *their* case, is but another name for servitude." To his credit, however, Lewis pauses and retracts: "but still I had already experienced, in the morning, that Juliet was wrong in saying 'What's in a name?'" (62).

That morning, Lewis had mistaken Cubina, "a remarkably clean-looking negro" who figures prominently in the *Journal*, for a slave belonging to a local inn.

> [A]s I took no notice of him, he at length ventured to introduce himself by saying, "Massa not know me; *me your slave!*"—and really the sound made me feel a pang at heart. The lad appeared all gaiety and good humour . . . but the word "slave" seemed to imply that, although he did feel pleasure then in serving me, if he had detested me he must have served me still. I really felt quite humiliated at the moment, and was tempted to tell him, "Do not say that again; say that you are my negro, but do not call yourself my slave." (62)

His "pang at heart" and feeling of humiliation originate in the political relationship that Lewis would like to erase and refigure in racial terms: "'say that you are my negro, but do not call yourself my slave.'" This rhetorical strategy Lewis deploys with few exceptions

throughout the *Journal*. Slaves must not only endure torture, but also recognize the master's power to define the nature of their own subjectivity, accepting that their submissive position is essentially a biological determination, not a political one. Here we have the romantic beauty clinic at work sprucing up a slave so he appears "a remarkably clean-looking negro"; it is little wonder that Lewis retires with a headache (63), as he frequently does on such occasions.

Exposing this strategy—naturalizing by racializing what is clearly a politically constructed, economically motivated, system of domination—has rightly been a central project of recent criticism. However, such a focus tends to occlude the pathetic payoffs a disciplinary subject like Lewis seeks. Given the examples from the *Journal* thus far, it is difficult, if not impossible, to make a Hegelian argument; Lewis, the slavemaster, is not appetitive; he does not desire honor and recognition or escape from "the expanse of life" (114). Instead he wants to know what he cannot: "Massa not know me; *me your slave!*" Specifically, he wants to know that Cubina's "gaiety and good humour" signify genuine "pleasure" in serving. As Lewis makes explicit, the "word 'slave' seemed to imply that, although [Cubina] did feel pleasure then in serving me, if he had detested me he *must* have served me still" (emphasis added). For Lewis then, using "negro" in the place of "slave" is a ruse to elevate the human "thing" into the category of "human being" with its implied "natural" freedom so much a part of the political discourse of the Romantic era. Lewis wants to be assured that Cubina serves out of love, not necessity; short of emancipating slaves, which he cannot do, Lewis will discursively go to any "unheroic," "unbeautiful," farcical lengths or bathetic depths—sitting for a portrait, sitting on a toilet—for that peculiar pleasure.[10] Joan Dayan in "Romance and Race" articulates a basis for this phenomenon: "Out of the ground of bondage, the curse of slavery, and the fear of 'servile war' came a twisted sentimentality, a cruel analytic of 'love' in the New World: a conceit of counterfeit intimacy" (90). It is the counterfeit Lewis labors to root out of intimacy.

Lewis's personality, the sensibilities of a "damned bore," may have prevented him from fully believing the logic of a "cruel analytic" or a "twisted sentimentality" that marbles other texts of the period with obscene enjoyment.[11] First, it is one of fate's crushing ironies that there is nothing a "damned bore" likes better than

an appreciative audience, yet there is nothing more difficult for the bore to capture. At Cornwall the slavemaster literally owned the audience. It is not only possible, but likely, that a pleasant accommodation developed. "Indeed," Lewis writes, "'talking to massa' is a favourite amusement among negroes . . . they go away perfectly satisfied and 'tank mass for dis here great indulgence of talk'" (186–87, cf. 405). In a system underwritten by *supplice*, being bored to death does not apparently embody much terror. Second, while "damned bores" are singularly lacking in their ability to become wits, they, unlike boors, tend to be highly conscious of their failing and very sensitive to insincerity, generally being themselves sincere. The absolute transparency of Lewis's text and his rhetorical ploys are a product of a bore's desire to be sought out and loved.

Throughout early January Lewis is haunted by the suspicion that his slaves are insincere in their demonstrations of pleasure (61, 62) and are serving him "palaver" (77, 90). He notes that they are "excellent cajolers" and quotes Shakespeare: "'A little flattery does well sometimes!'" While he admits that their expression of glee at his presence may be "artifice," he concludes that "it would be against common sense and nature to suppose that my negroes do not feel kindly towards me" (120). But, he worries, "I am assured, that unless a negro has an interest in telling the truth, he always lies—in order to keep his tongue in practice"—and he admits that they are given to a "species of flattery" which he terms "*Congo-saw*"—a species of lie that is not meant to deceive, but to be ignored and accepted as figuratively or affectionately true (129).[12] He is likewise skeptical of Christian conversions, recognizing that slaves saw swearing on the Bible "as a piece of buckra [white] superstition" and would "'buss the book'" because "they believed that it would give them the power of humbugging the white people with perfect ease and convenience" (375, 374). One suspects that the power relations essential to slavery make sincerity impossible.

Lewis is keenly aware that everyone involved has a role in a scripted drama:

> [C]ertainly they at least play their part with such an air of truth, and warmth, and enthusiasm, that, after the cold hearts and repulsive manners of England . . . I find it quite impossible to resist the fascination of the conscious pleasure of pleasing; and my own heart, which I have so long been obliged to keep closed, seems to expand

itself in the sunshine of the kind looks and words which meet me at every turn, and seem to wait for mine as anxiously as if they were so many diamonds. (90)

Here slavery softens rather than hardens Pharaoh's heart. Here is a "counterfeit intimacy" that passes for a real, or nearly real, pathetic payoff. What Lewis finds irresistibly fascinating is his conscious pleasure in his slaves' apparently conscious pleasure in making him pleased. That they may be "play[ing] their part" in a staged production does not significantly diminish his enjoyment and may indeed enhance his fascination, particularly with his own expanding heart. Lewis is manipulating belief; it is not his slaves, but his emotions—the pleasurable sensation of his "expanding heart"—he seeks to control and enjoy.[13] Given the irony that lards the text, it is impossible to evaluate how much of the passage should pass as truth claims and how much is self–parody, and in the end that may be "just all as one."

To maximize his pleasure and promote the fiction that his slaves serve happily, if not freely, Lewis strives to replace a system of coercion, represented by the slave codes and reliance on the lash, with a disciplinary system that includes an increasingly sophisticated judicial apparatus and confinement as punishment. He uses his power to rid his plantations of the most overt instrument of sovereignty—"the execrable cart-whip" (119), the "detestable lash" (383). "Probably," he writes,

I should care less about this punishment, if I had not been living among those on whom it may be inflicted; but now, when I am accustomed to see every face that looks upon me, grinning from ear to ear with pleasure at my notice, and hear every voice cry "God bless you, massa," as I pass, one must be an absolute brute not to feel unwilling to leave them subject to the lash; besides, they are excellent cajolers, and lay it on with a trowel. (119–20)

In Lewis's logic, or illogic, if he bans the whip, the trowel with which they "lay it on," will likewise disappear, and he effects "a noticeable, significant change in the state of affairs" (DiPiero 296); *surveiller* suddenly replaces *supplice* as a labor management method.

By January 19, 1816, the whip is banished at Cornwall, and within three weeks Lewis is in Spanish Town meeting with the agent supervising Hordley, his plantation in St. Thomas–in–the–East, to impress upon him his "extreme anxiety for the abolition of the cart–whip" (162). In its place, Lewis institutes a number of

indulgences (a five day work week and three annual holidays in addition to Christmas holidays already in place), and he creates a series of regulations. In late spring of 1816 he reads to his slaves "a new code of laws . . . for the better security of the negroes" (238). He orders the construction of a new hospital, a medical facility comprised of a maternity ward and beds for victims of serious illness and injury. To discipline the shiftless, he converts the old hospital, which had been used as "a place of amusement by the lazy and lying," into a prison, where the doors are locked and the sexes segregated. Thus quarantine replaces the lash, and a physician diagnoses indolence, which by default becomes at least quasi–pathological. A "register of punishments" was to be kept and receipts issued to the victims; drivers were not to strike or punish without the trustee's authorization, and all punishments were to be deferred twenty–four hours from the time of infraction and in the interval the slave was to be confined. Finally, miscegenation between a white employee and "a woman known publicly to be living as the wife of one of my negroes" would not be tolerated and would result in "discharge" when complaint was made (238–39).

A few weeks into his second tenure (1818), Lewis is ready to declare his innovations a resounding success: "I think that I really may now venture to hope that my plans for the management of my estate have succeeded beyond even my most sanguine expectations" (339–40). He has maintained an open door policy and no slaves have come to complain. The lash has been employed "in a very few instances" and then only for "absolute *crimes*." Even "the sufferers themselves" deem the punishment just and "affect to be more satisfied and happy than all the rest, and now when I see a mouth grinning from ear to ear with a more than ordinary expansion of jaw . . . [I find] its proprietor is one of those who have been punished in my absence." Lewis's trustee admits "the negroes have been quiet and tractable" and "have done much more work than the negroes on an adjoining property" (340–42). To celebrate, Lewis announces a holiday to "distribute presents." And "wishing to connect" the new hospital for "lying–in women" and seriously ill or injured slaves "with pleasurable associations," he opens the not–quite–finished facility in conjunction with the gift–giving. He reports, "'Health to the new hospital, and shame to the old lazy house!' was drunk by the trustee, the doctoresses, the governors, &c., and received

by the whole congregation of negroes with loud cheering" (343), a bore's dream come true.

When he takes final leave of Jamaica in 1818, he is even more meticulous in his preparations for the "welfare and security" of "my negroes" during his absence. His attorney has drawn up

> a list of all such offenses as are most usually committed on plantations, to which proportionate punishments have been affixed by myself. From this code of internal regulations the overseer is not to be allowed to deviate, and the attorney has pledged himself in the most solemn manner to adhere strictly to the system laid down for him. By this scheme, the negroes will no longer be punished according to the momentary caprice of their superintendent. . . . (403)

Thus, this "code of internal regulations" conforms to the strictures of "the gentle way of punishment" Foucault outlines: "all arbitrariness ceases; the penalty does not depend on the caprice of the legislator, but on the nature of the thing" (*Discipline* 117). Lewis himself notes that without strict regulation, punishment for any specific criminal infraction varies according to the time of day, becoming more severe as the overseer became drunker as day approached dusk (404).

This sovereign was also faced with full docket in civil court. As early as January 16, 1816, Lewis noted that "my slaves"—and here to draw attention to the inconguity he is about to note they *are* "my slaves"—"are very rich (and their property is inviolable)" (110). In fact, Lewis tells us, unwarranted (or even warranted) searches of their homes drives slaves to suicide (385–86). When he is about to depart, he sets up chancery court where he settles property disputes that have festered for years. "It would have done the Lord Chancellor's heart good to see how many suits I determined in the course of a week, and with what expedition," he gloats (404). Then he chortles:

> [T]hey thanked me "for massa's goodness in giving them so long talk!" and went away to tell all the others "how just massa had been in taking away what they wanted to keep, or not giving them what they asked for." (405)

He closes with a snide comment to the effect that justice dispensed in the Motherland rarely is greeted with such approbation. The penultimate blow, however, astonishingly smites inheritance as a system that distributes wealth not only inequitably but unproductively! Because "the negroes were in the practice of bequeathing their

houses and grounds," some became rich "while others with large families were either inadequately provided for, or not provided for at all." Autocratically, Lewis makes public a "most strict Agrarian law" that assures that "no negro" has more than "one house, with a sufficient portion of ground for his family." Then in a final ludic proclamation, mimicking though not mocking the preceding seriousness, the sovereign mandates that the first four slave-owned pigs found running loose will be executed (405–06).

Clearly, Lewis's objective is to regulate his slaves' behavior by introducing disciplinary institutions—a hospital for the infirm; a prison for the indolent—and he offers anecdotal evidence to support his theory. On Feb. 12, 1818, Lewis locks up "that idle rogue Nato," who claims to be too ill to work in the cane fields, and keeps him incarcerated in the old hospital "for his lying and obstinacy" over the holiday at which the new hospital was opened and gifts distributed. On Tuesday the 16th, Nato "quitted the hospital, saluted on all sides by loud huzzas of congratulation of his amended health, and which followed him during his whole progress to the cane-piece" (346). A more serious incident occurs, while Lewis is away visiting his other plantation, Hordley. Toby refuses to load a cane cart, and the mill is shut down; he is given six lashes for his "act of downright rebellion," which Lewis says "he did not mind three straws." Lewis thinks "that Toby ought to be *made* to mind" and has him locked up over the Easter holidays. "Toby had not minded the lashes; but the loss of his amusement, and the disgrace of his exclusion from the fête operated on his mind so forcibly, that . . . [when free to go] he sat motionless, silent, and sulky" (382). But the real success of Lewis's gambit emerges when Toby, about to complain, "no sooner opened his lips than the whole hospital opened theirs to censure his folly"; humbled, "he confessed his fault with great penitence. . . . " Lewis concludes:

> I am more and more convinced every day, that the best and easiest mode of governing negroes (and governed by some mode or other they must be) is not by the detestable lash, but by confinement, solitary or otherwise; they cannot bear it, and the memory of it seems to make a lasting impression upon their minds; while the lash makes none but upon their skins, and lasts no longer than the mark. (383)

Such a "mark," of course, could scar for life and devalue expensive property as a black slave earlier notes (165; Feb. 6, 1816). More

importantly, the crack of the whip and the marks it leaves operate forcibly on Lewis's mind, interrupting the pleasures he is determined to extract from his sovereignty.

At this point we should begin to see what is happening, what can or cannot "be woven into the narrative fabric of how things seem to be in order to be considered ever to have happened at all" (DiPiero 297), what can and cannot be said to have happened. By maximizing the trappings of sovereign power and minimizing shows of force, Lewis attempts to establish that something like joyfully offered loving and loyal service exists. But his power has nothing to do with being a sovereign. As he is so painfully aware, and so transparently tries to disguise, he has no subjects, only property; he does not rule "negroes"; he owns slaves. The civilities, incivilities, and "ill–timed" civilities all serve to remind "Massa" of this relationship he would prefer to forget.

The fear of servile war haunts every text that addresses slavery, and Lewis's is no exception. In March 1816, Lewis is preoccupied with the threat. On the 15th Lewis writes that he is suspected of "'promoting disorder and confusion'" and "'infringing the established laws'" by being "over–indulgen[t]" and promoting "'dangerous doctrines'" (221–22). Lewis actually preens under the censure, calling it "the most flattering compliment that I ever received" and "much too high a compliment;—God grant that I may live to deserve it!" (223). Here he finds public confirmation of his distance from the common practices of an inhuman institution. The next day, however, Lewis is uneasy. A plot involving more than "a thousand" to murder all the whites in a neighboring parish "with all the usual accompanying ceremonies of drinking human blood, eating earth from graves, &c." is discovered (224–25), and Lewis follows the news of the ringleader, the "Eboe King," over the next two weeks—his arrest, trial, a song composed in his honor, his sentence to execution, his escape to a maroon community, his recapture at an obeah–man's house. With the Eboe King again confined, Lewis returns to the topic of the Assize courts' infringement of his sovereignty; there had been an attempt to have him charged with "over–indulgence to my own negroes!" (236).[14] Two days later (March 30), he presents his "new code of laws" for his attorney to implement; his ship bound for England weighs anchor on April first. Lewis barely escapes with his ideology in tact, and there is

a parallel text of threat, the repeated references to that "vile trick" and poison, threading throughout the *Journal* (Jan. 28, Feb. 20 & 25, Mar. 9 & 16, 1816; Feb. 2 & 25, Ap. 24, 1818).

The other major eruption of slavery *qua* slavery, and thus a visible challenge to his disciplinary methods, occurs in March 1818 when even the semblance of the journal form breaks down.[15] In a trip marked with accident and mishap, Lewis's three week journey to Hordley is another voyage to an even more marginal location in the Empire at the "furthest extremity of the island" (359). Actually Hordley is located in St. Thomas–in–the–East parish, a region ideal for cane fields, more densely populated and intensively cultivated than Westmoreland parish, Cornwall's location (Craton 12, map 5). Hordley is at an ideological, rather than geographical, "extremity"; "here," Lewis remarks, "I expected to find a perfect paradise, and I found a perfect hell" (365). There he finds systemic abuse—sovereign power not dispersed but delegated without principle, and beyond his ability to regulate: "I felt strongly tempted to set off as fast as I could, and leave all these black and white devils to tear one another to pieces" (366). His trustee's "indolence" proved more detrimental to the slaves than outright "tyranny" could have been, and Lewis flies into a passion: "I blazed up like a barrel of gunpowder . . . storming and swearing, banging all the doors . . . and doing my best to out–herod Herod" (371). He tries to set things to right, leaves the slaves with tears of gratitude "running down their cheeks," and notes upon his departure: "I can only console myself with thinking that the guilt is [the trustee's], not mine" (369–70).

However, given Lewis's emotional and ideological investment, rebellion at his model plantation, Cornwall, can only be figured as individual crime, generally perpetrated by males (Toby, Adam, and Hercules), or as indolence and running away, or most prominently, as ingratitude, which Lewis tells us "in negro dialect . . . is always called 'bad manners'" (140). One senses that the vocabulary, if not the ideology, has been appropriated by his slaves. Rebellion, when it is identified as such, is feminized. Thus, we have the narrative of a "petticoat rebellion" of Jan. 26, 1816. The female slaves strike, refusing even to gesture toward accomplishing their assigned task, and when a driver attempted to insist, "a little fierce young devil of a Miss Whaunica flew at his throat" (139). The following day the boiling house is again shut down and the driver brings "the most

obstinate and insolent of the women to be lectured," and they apologize for "bad manners" (140). Four days later "above twenty ladies" come in supplication to beg the sovereign not to leave Jamaica. Lewis raves about justice and equity for "good" slaves who must do not only their own tasks but those of "the idle negroes," "and every third word was the cart-whip, till I almost fancied myself the princess in the 'Fairy Tale,' who never opened her mouth but out came two toads and three couple of serpents" (153–54). Significantly, though clearly provoked, Lewis minimizes the real threat of rebellion and resulting economic loss by first feminizing it, and then casting it in literary discourse—it is a "petticoat rebellion" and the sovereign becomes a "princess in the 'Fairy Tale'" who spits toads and serpents. Furthermore, Lewis discharges the bookkeeper whose actions were the catalyst for the work stoppage. The bookkeeper, "who the negroes had conceived a spite against" (155), apparently had been interfering with a sugar pilfering blackmarket scam run by "Edward, the Eboe," Miss Whaunica's husband and a slave whom Lewis had been protecting from "the charge of theft and Obeahism" (140). Eboes, according to Bryan Edwards (1793), "are in fact more truly savage than any nation of the Gold Coast... accustomed to the shocking practice of feeding on human flesh" (qtd. in Abrahams and Szwed 71). Lewis is genuinely baffled by the ingratitude he terms "peculiar" (140). Thus, we have a complex network of illegality that runs the gamut from possible cannibalism to obeahism (crimes of violence), from a labor strike to organized theft (what Foucault terms "criminality of fraud" [*Discipline* 77]), all figured as "bad manners."

The real economic power the female slaves wield lies not in their productivity, but in their capacity for reproductivity. With the slave trade abolished, they are the only means of maintaining a slave labor force, and from the beginning Lewis frets over the slave population. The demographics are dismal; four neighboring estates "lie waste" "for want of hands to cultivate them" (95). Although "strongly tempted," Lewis cannot manumit a slave willing to buy his freedom, who argues he wants only the "name and honour of being free" and would remain a faithful servant. The slavemaster argues, "there would be no stopping" and it would be "at the expense of all my other slaves" (76–77); it would be unjust. For the transaction to occur Nicholas must purchase a substitute, which

he eventually procures in the closing pages (401). Death rates exceed birthrates throughout Lewis's tenure: "obstinate devils, they will die!" (388); "somehow or other the children do not come" (381). He compares his female slaves to "hens" who "can produce children at pleasure; and where they are barren, it is . . . because they do not like their situation" (82). Elsewhere Lewis is scrupulous about maintaining the integrity of his slaves' humanity, even the fiction of their freely offered loving service, but here "their situation" as livestock and his frustration is transparent: "nor are there above eight women upon the breeding list out of more than one hundred and fifty females" (381). Female perversity, not liking their situation, may account for low birthrates, and the "lying–in" hospital as well as other preferments are designed to remedy the "situation." Public christenings (122–23), the presentation of a "scarlet girdle with a silver medal" (125), and a special "piccanniny mothers" holiday (191) are obvious attempts to reward reproduction with both symbolic capital and hard cash.

Female revolt, in contrast to "petticoat rebellion," is ultimately an attack on the slave labor supply in its most threatening form, maternal negligence or infanticide. The threat is addressed in several ways: by denial (the mothers are "kind–hearted creatures, and particularly anxious to rear these children" [96]); by regulation (indulgences and special diet for pregnant women and nursing mothers); by naturalizing a woman's momentary "thoughtlessness" (97) and "carelessness" (327); by medical explanation (the climate, the precarious health of the infants and their susceptibility to tetanus) (321). A midwife tells Lewis, "'Oh, massa, till nine days over, we *no hope* of them'" (97). Lewis does not tell us that nine days is particularly significant for slave mothers, that they believed on the tenth day the human spirit entered the infant, thus, killing a younger sickly infant would be regarded as "abortion, not infanticide" (Craton 413, n.14). Significantly, the "scarlet girdle" (with its dollar and dispensation from punishment) was presented to mothers whose infants survived two weeks. Lewis claims that the notion was "completely fanciful and romantic," but his manager believes it will have practical effect (125–26). He does tell us that when he tries to limit the nursing period to fifteen months, "one of [the mothers], indeed, not scrupling to declare aloud, and with a peculiar emphasis and manner, [said] that if the child should be put into the weaning–

house against her will, the attorney would see it dead in less than a week" (332). The threat could not be more explicit, and the "detriment[al]" situation continues until he agrees to extend nursing benefits for two months after the baby is weaned. Lewis is quick to note the success of this plan, that the slave mothers "thanked him," (406) and then turns to the problem of stray pigs, which he describes in far greater detail (406–08).

The cause of infant mortality is most insidiously displaced onto the colonialist bookkeeper, from whom Lewis systematically and discursively attempts to distance not only himself, but also those slave mothers who are most eminently dangerous. In Jamaica's white planter society, bookkeepers occupied the lowest rung; they were typically "England's excrements," "needed by the plantocracy in general as voters and militiamen." Insisting on the privileges of their color and "nominal authority," they were characterized "by a restlessness which made them shift almost pathologically from estate to estate" (Craton 167). Perhaps because ridding himself of insubordinate, even homicidal, slaves is difficult, indeed nearly impossible (350–57), Lewis fires bookkeepers with abandon. At even a hint that his slaves are unhappy with their "situation," he immediately scapegoats some nameless white employee. This free population, like free mulattos (401–02), finances Lewis's ideological investment in a disciplinary construction, and it circumvents the "imagination of too much cruelty." Maternal infanticide is for him a "cruel analytic of love," an unthinkable, self-annihilating unreason that could end not just institutionalized slavery in a generation, but all of humankind. This shit *cannot* happen. To avoid confronting twisted sentiment, Lewis writes in the bizarre journal entry of April 9, 1818: "I am entitled to say, from my own knowledge (i.e., speaking *literally*, observe) that 'white book–keepers kick black women in the belly *from one end of Jamaica to the other*'" (389). The bookkeeper / colonialist becomes the figure who represents brutality outside a ritualized *supplice* and the antithesis of a nineteenth–century concept of civility that recognizes deference to women and children as the very mark of its code.

We can recognize how awkward and incongruous institutionalized slavery was to an apparatus of social control that relied on the fiction that the individual freely chose to be complicit in the system of domination. On April 22, 1818, some ten days prior to his final

departure from Cornwall, Lewis surmises that his slaves have "'une raison très particulière'... they never can manage to do anything *quite* as it should be done" (392). He offers as example Cubina, "far superior in intellect to most," who spent all his life around the stable but cannot "succeed in putting on a harness properly." In charge of putting out the cats at night, Cubina does not *quite* manage:

> For above a month Cubina and I had perpetual quarrels about the cats being shut into the gallery at nights, where they threw down plates, glasses, and crockery of all kinds, and made such a clatter that to get a wink of sleep was quite out of the question. Cubina, before he went to rest, hunted under all the beds and sofas, and laid about him with a long whip for half an hour together; but in half an hour after his departure the cats were at work again. He was then told, that although he had turned them out, he must certainly have left some window open: he promised to pay particular attention to this point, but that night the uproar was worse than ever; yet he protested that he had carefully turned out all the cats, locked all the doors, and shut all the windows. He was told, that if he had really turned out all the cats, the cats must have got in again, and therefore that he must have left some one window open at least. "No," he said, "he had not left one; but a pane in one of the windows had been broken two months before, and it was there that the cats got in whenever they pleased." (394)

Cubina and the other slaves represented in this entry's speculation on "natural psychology" aggressively practice "mimicry" that resorts to farce. Lewis's slaves are "*almost the same* [as ideal servants] *but not quite*."[16] Lewis confronts the disruption of his authority obliquely: "Yet he [Cubina] had continued to turn the cats out of the door with the greatest care, although he was perfectly conscious that they could always walk in again at the window in five minutes after" (394). The lattices, the broken panes, that are pervious to visibilities and cats, that make existence so public, make the private unknowable and enunciatively impossible because it is always penetrable. In other words, one cannot "know" one's slave, because a slave is by nature—that is essentially—a public, political creature. Ultimately, what one knows is only that one owns—an obscene, empty enjoyment. Thus, the sovereign's pleasure is dependent upon the constructions he makes and his capacity to derive pleasure from those constructions.[17]

What should be clear from the final entries in Lewis's *Journal* is that resistance to a disciplinary model is not essentially intellectual or postmodern; it is essentially bureaucratic. It does not cut red

tape, it finds a pleasure in producing it. The simplest of requests becomes a quagmire of missed meanings and misdemeanors and an ever–increasing mass of ever more detailed, specific instructions for new technologies devised to accomplish the simplest of tasks. By willfully misinterpreting Lewis's directions, his slaves appropriate the enunciatively possible and offer it an interpretation that maliciously inverts his intent while revealing the system of domination his discourse relies upon for its meaning. It is Lewis, as sovereign and disciplinary individual, who is forced to be complicit with an unstable power/knowledge nexus.[18] In justifying his ways, the ways of a slaveowner, he eschews accusing them of rebellion or even ingratitude, and opts for assuming a natural or biological explanation of the slaves' behavior: "there does seem to be a very great difference between the brain of a black person and a white one" (392). Despite their ineptitude at economic tasks designed for his benefit, they have twice the "gratitude, affection and good–will" of any "white person" Lewis expects to deal with (408). This closure clearly has an investment in the "discourse of the heart," which ultimately figures the hope of a new domination—economic, political, sexual, racial—in the language of "gratitude, affection and good–will."

Although it is articulated in "a discourse of the heart," a concept like gratitude is a product of the "beauty clinic" and emerges from the sovereign power to exact obligations through violence, through blood. At the same time, manifestations of that violence must be remote, horrors the individuals cannot imagine themselves inflicting or enduring.[19] Otherwise, the discursive shifts designed to veil omnipotence are transparent and have no essential meaning. But, the perverse nature of the slave refuses to recognize its delinquency, or embrace the "natural" law of self–interest played out in concepts of self–reliance and self–restraint, and worst of all persists in an "infantile" psychology, what O. Mannoni terms a "dependency complex," and rejects a thinly disguised contractual economy of "gifts" for "gratitude."[20] Given the gift of choice, the slave disobeys. Given the gift of liberty, the slave idles. Given the gift of language, the slave curses, or flatters, or apologizes for "bad manners." Foucault tells us that: "Rules are empty . . . impersonal and can be bent to any purpose. The successes of history belong to those who are capable of seizing these rules, to replace those who have used them, to disguise themselves so as to pervert them, invert their meaning,

and redirect them against those who had initially imposed them" ("Nietzsche" 151). But the enslaved are not alone in seizing the rules and creating their own conditions of servitude. Inverting the figure of the colonial dunghill and redirecting abolitionist discourse, Lewis writes, "a plantation possesses all the movement and interest of a farm, without its dung, and its stench, and its dirty accompaniments" (86). Given the opportunity to choose "to enter life anew as an English labourer or a Jamaica negro, [Lewis] should have no hesitation in preferring the latter" (101). Even the slaves' condition has a refining effect: "[I]nasmuch as they . . . affected to be nothing except that which they really were, they looked twenty time more like gentlemen than nine tenths of the bankers' clerks who swagger up and down Bond Street" (74). For Lewis, "what they really were" was "remarkably clean–looking," innocently boisterous, amusingly incompetent, and overflowing with "gratitude, affection and good will."[21] When abolition happened, the slave-master's opponents seized the *Journal* and converted Lewis from "a damned bore" to a "delightful" author, from reckless innovator of "dangerous doctrines" to exemplum for an industrious West Indian proprietor. We frequent our own beauty clinics and construct our own temples that prod toward illogic.[22] The pleasure of the "ill–timed civility" outweighs whatever "delicacy" puts us to "the blush."

NOTES

* Laura Berry, Joan Dayan, Jerry Hogle, Greg Kucich, the board of *Nineteenth–Century Contexts* and two insightful, anonymous readers have contributed immeasurably to the shape and focus of this essay; many thanks.

1. See Stone. Although "companionate marriage" is a concept under revision, this foundational study usefully outlines how expansive and public the early modern household was.

2. Here "soul" is not the same entity proposed by Christian theology, although I would argue that Protestant theories about individual salvation through faith rather than ritualized works clearly contributed to the development of practices—reading, record keeping, monitoring, attention

to minute deviation and error, discipline and appraisal—that produced "the modern 'soul.'"

3. Foucault begins the book with a description of the brutal execution of a would-be regicide (1757) and then suddenly shifts to itemizing a prison inmate's daily routine (3–7). Eighty years separate the two records Foucault quotes.

4. See Guillaumin, and Hudson, for historical constructions of race in the eighteenth century; see Anderson for the politics of colonial hygiene.

5. Richardson and Hofkosh are a bit sweeping in their assertion that the effect of "vast social and geopolitical developments upon Romantic-era British literature remains largely unanalyzed" (4). Beginning with Hegel's *Phenomenology*, volumes have been produced; the event that serves as the rhetorical hinge for Bhabha's cornerstone essay, "Signs Taken for Wonders," is squarely located in the "Romantic Era." In staking out their claims Richardson and Hofkosh note: "Precisely because the discourses of race and colonialism were still in the process of formation in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, anxieties are often more overt, contradictions and gaps more visible, and distinct tendencies and competing ideologies have a rougher edge" (4). Quite true. However, ill-honed edges produced in the Americas saddled with slavery were more jagged yet, and some of the sharpest and most useful colonial discourse theory treating the "Romantic Era" has emerged from Americanists. See, for example, Dayan. Stoler's argument is the most difficult to ignore in that it engages with Foucault's assertion that "'new concepts of race tended to obliterate the aristocratic particularities of blood, retaining only the controllable effects of sex. . . .'" But, in a beeline to make the astute point that "[w]ithin this new biopolitical regime, modern racism emerges out of the technologies of sex" (53), Stoler's ellipses occlude Foucault's main clause: "Sade carried the exhaustive analysis of sex over into the mechanism of the old power of sovereignty and endowed it with the ancient but fully maintained prestige of blood—. . ." (*History* 148–49). It is that "old power of sovereignty" entailed on the disciplinary individual I consider.

6. Here Zizek describes Marek Kaniewska's *Another Country*, a film where the terror of "putrefied hedonism" is geographically placed in an English public school of the 1930s, a location notorious for conserving nineteenth-century disciplinary practices. A slave-based economy such as existed in Jamaica in the early 1800s, which produced another well-documented form of "putrefied hedonism," conserved a pre-eighteenth-century power structure relying on torture. Although both film and

journal embody what Zizek identifies as "some insupportable, real, impossible kernel" (45), neither renders the moment of ideological conversion that serves as an escape from traumatic ideological rupture. Although Zizek and Foucault (and for that matter Bakhtin) approach the critique of ideology from diverse theoretical perspectives (Lacanian, Nietzschenan, Marxist), each hinges his argument on interpretations and critiques of the Hegelian process—what consciousness aspires to is dialectically opposed to what it achieves—a sort of historical intrigue, a "chain" practical joke, that theoretically stings only those who consider Pascal's wager and conceive of a teleology, the end of history in paradise or apocalypse. By and large, Lewis resists capitulation to such a teleology; the notable exception is the emetic verse, "The Isle of the Devils," written while he "was extremely afflicted with sea–sickness" over a three day period, and even here he jests: "I defy any one to be more sick while reading [the verses] than the author himself was while writing them" (260).

7. See Zizek for his definition of the "symptom" as "a particular element which subverts its own universal foundation" or "the ideological Universal" that "necessarily includes a specific case that breaks its unity" (21). Zizek notes that the bourgeois notion of "free labor" is illogical, or at least incorporates unreason: "this freedom is the very opposite of effective freedom: by selling his labour 'freely', the worker *loses* his freedom" (22).

8. See Abrahams and Szwed. Periodicals like the *Anti–Slavery Reporter* (new series) appeared after emancipation. In exposing the "horrors" of slavery and coolie labor, they always served to reinscribe the past or distant existence of involuntary servitude and torture.

9. Eltis notes: "From the view point of economic self–interest, British anti–slavery policy appears wrongheaded enough to qualify for inclusion in Barbara Tuchman's catalog of folly in government" (7). See also, Drescher (138).

10. Lewis is placed in the bind that the "disciplinary sovereign" inevitably confronts. Milton's God of *Paradise Lost* is Lewis's most well–known literary antecedent: "Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere / Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love, / Where only what they needs must do, appear'd . . . What pleasure I from such obedience paid, / . . . [they] had served necessity, / Not mee" (3.103–105, 107, 110–111). Raphael reiterates the central equation: "freely we serve, / Because we freely love" (5.538–39) and "to love is to obey" (8.634). With some warrant, the Romantics elevated the slave Satan to hero of the poem, and we should

remember that Milton's God, or the Son, blew Satan out of Heaven in a cosmic fart into the cosmic close-stool, hell. For "unheroic" and "unbeautiful," see Burke (340).

11. See Dayan ("Romance and Race"). Hegel's section on "Lordship and Bondage" and the emergence of the "Unhappy Consciousness" into the daylight of reason (111–38) is a "cruel analytic" and an example of "twisted sentimentality" in its argument that the slave, not the master, has opportunity because "through his service he rids himself of his attachment to natural existence in every single detail; and gets rid of it by working on it" (117).

12. By this I mean nothing more than our children's friends calling us "mom" or "pop," or our children calling our friends "uncle" or "aunt" so-and-so. On the other hand, there is a variety of familiarity in such terms that breaks down public and legal distinctions.

13. See Campbell (section entitled "The Growth Of Modern Hedonism" 69–76), for a discussion of manipulating emotions and the "highly rationalized form of self-illusory hedonism which characterizes modern pleasure-seeking" (76).

14. Slave laws were enacted primarily to protect the plantocracy by regulating the masters' behaviors, not to protect slaves from too much cruelty. See Jordan (108–12).

15. Even the most naive reader would suspect that Lewis's "journal" was frequently constructed after the fact rather than kept day to day. Here the fiction of the journal is most obvious. The March 4, 1818, entry covers a period from that date through the 22nd with frequent flashbacks, and mentions of dates only emphasize the fact that there is no effort whatsoever to comply to the conventions of the form.

16. In Bhabha's words: "[M]imicry conceals no presence or identity behind its mask. . . . The *menace* of mimicry is its *double* vision which in disclosing the ambivalence of colonial discourse also disrupts its authority" (129).

17. See Campbell's theoretical construction ("Modern Autonomous Imaginative Hedonist" Chapter 5). This hedonist bears marked similarities to the writer of the *Journal* who ultimately attempts to manage ideological fractures by grooming emotions.

18. The master's "problem" with the inept or incorrigible servant, figured as a burden and source of irritation and anxiety, was not limited to slavery. As long as the master claimed a servant as part of the household and could seek recourse in criminal court, a possibility that lingered

well into the eighteenth century in England, masters such as Swift continued to beat their servants and complain—with a degree of perverse pride and equal portions of affection and frustration—about juvenile, miscreant behavior and poor service. For the legal aspects of free labor, see Steinfeld.

19. For the discursive value of violence *qua* violence, see Scarry.

20. Mannoni notes that gratitude is a learned concept: "[W]e have to *teach* European children to be grateful, and even then there is an element of hypocrisy in it" (44). For the disciplinary individual, gifts for which gratitude is expected are to be interpreted as manifestations of beneficence and generosity; they should not be construed as signals of unlimited sovereignty which can be tapped repeatedly by those not privileged with wealth or political power. Lewis's slaves come to him "perpetually with complaints so frivolous, and requests so unreasonable" that he concludes that they seek the pleasure of "talking to massa" (186). Clearly, the objects and the goals of such discourse is open to a variety of interpretations.

21. That is, they were ideal subjects for an idealized sovereign, and they were the ideal children of the Victorian bourgeoisie.

22. For example, money=speech, education=opportunity, reading=parenting, knowledge=power, freedom=happiness.

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