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THE HEART IN ONE HUNDRED NOVELS, 1719-1997

The Facets of the Heart

This slide show—a graphic analysis—focuses on HEART as it appears in one hundred neo-canonical Anglophone novels from 1719 to 1997. Methodologically, HEART has been taken out of its larger narrative context and displayed in more local grammatical-rhetorical moments the better to see its many facets and enable the construction of its place in the text's semantic web. First, we look at two charts that shows HEART historically on its own and then HEART in relation to the rest of the BODY in the corpus over the course of roughly two hundred eighty years. In this glimpse of the stability and shifts of the body in the corpus we can literally see a bit of the transmission of culture. Next, we look at a map of the qualities and attributes of HEART that emerge from examining the particular local hearts of the corpus. Last, we will look at the heart in four specific novels to see the range, depth and dynamics it has, and to see how the individual writer shapes the heart to connect with both the wider culture and the text's core redundancies. In examining the heart, we watch the construction of feelings over time. d how it can placed in a semantic web.

The slides stand in relation to larger questions about reading, texts and the nature of brain/mind—I am interested in how we read and why we read, and what it is we are reading when for example we read a novel. The nature of this project is partly a cyborg reading—a reading I could conceptualize but not execute without a machine mind. It's not the same as reading a novel for the kind of relationship it was “meant” to be, one on one. In that respect there is something perverse about this cyborg reading. The machine might not cogitate but it has a

range of ways to help us think our thoughts, and given its organization (which must somehow refract our own neural organization), it also changes the way we can think. We are all potential *savants*. The circuits I map out here seem to be connected to the neurological. They make writing a tracery of the bio-logical/neuro-logical, if we look at writing outside the box, and see it as not only narrative but webular. Writing is a completing in process. When the writing is read, it is meant to be mapped onto/into the reader, remembered. The mapping in the mind is not a strict memorization-only, there is as well a shadow of spaces and figures and interactions in non-narrative patterns.

My idea of “the novel” is that the narrative is a cover up for an information package; the narrative is a way for the information to get to the neural circuitry. In order for the information to get effectively implanted, it needs to not only be sequential but redundant. The nature of language is that outputting and inputting are done one character/word at a time, in sequences that are syntactically fairly locked in. However, the nature of memory and brain processing is not only linear but also webular, hierarchically and horizontally interconnecting. Language is a virus; it spreads by contact and neural permeation. So, what a text “really” is, is a redundancy web. I will focus on a small redundancy—HEART—as a way to demonstrate the larger question of textual information.

I am cutting through the syntax, suspending it for the time being, in order to look at the emerging patterns of semantic affinities. So, from the twelve million words of the corpus of one hundred Anglophone novels, the process involved culling all the words in the texts naming the body, and then looking at the heart in the context of all those other names in this system of cultural transmission that we call the novel. Looking at the semantic families in turn helps us see how the heart narrative is embedded in the overall narrative—it is at once dispersed and

interspersed–dispersed throughout the novel (like riffs in music and colors in paintings and film) and interspersed with other redundancies of the novel to give us its particular coherence and chaos. The single “narrative” we call the novel is in fact a collection of narratives, the petite narratives that join to make a grand narrative. The collection of the grand narratives in a corpus will offer us yet more narratives.

This notion of the text as an information virus involves the idea of an unconscious domain of mind as that idea as been collectively and pluralistically defined in the twentieth century not just by Freud, but by Whorf, Chomsky, and Pinsky, Watson and Crick, by Bertalanffy, Thomas Kuhn, Bateson, Hofstadter and Wolfram, and by Thomas Ogden, Daniel Stern and Elaine Scarry—to name a few (see bibliography). Everywhere there is a domain of unseen rules and metarules for making and making meaning, and for destroying. In this particular work I’m interested in the semantic unconscious, the set of word-family relationships that emerges from examining the semantic pool of the text. I unhook the syntax of the narrative and let the words move into families and then see what set of relationships there are among the families and among the members of these families. If a novel is a form of memory, a potential memory maker, than it might be built just as neurologists are now saying memory is built—with “neuronal cliques” that make connections both vertically and horizontally. And what we find out about meaning is that it’s both locally cohesive and globally open to interpretation; meaning is so clear and so elusive; meaning is a dynamic set in motion by affect.

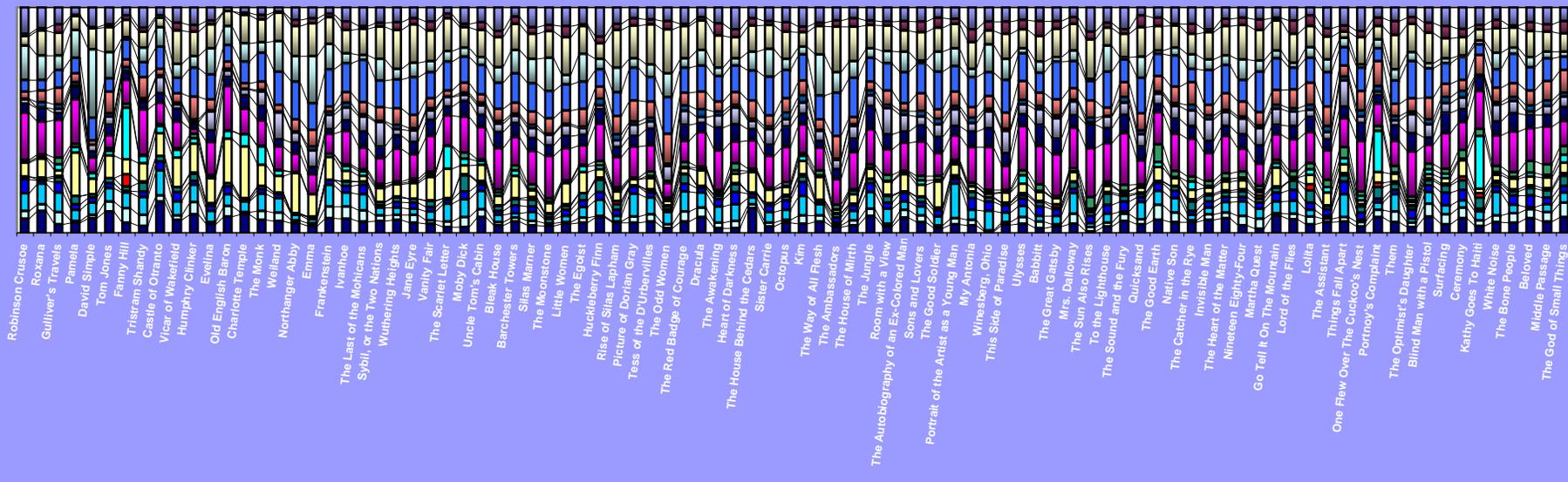
SLIDE #1: The slide shows the heart in chronological order from Defoe's Robinson Crusoe in 1719 to Arundhati Roy's The God of Small Things in 1997. It shows how much the heart shows up in relation to all other parts of the body for each of one hundred texts. The heart is a relatively small feature of the named body, but its purely statistical status does not translate simply to its value. As with all aspects of the text, the heart plays a role in the general redundancies, especially regarding AFFECT.

The heart is used most in the earlier phases of the history of the novel, until mid to late nineteenth century; in the twentieth century heart drops right after Joyce's Portrait, as if WWI has killed it off. It never regains its momentum though it does play an important role in a group of African American novels, particularly Baldwin's Go Tell it on the Mountain (1952); this role culminates in the embedded narratives about the heart in Toni Morrison's Beloved. The gradual and steady decline of the heart may be because we have been living in heartless times, or times when heart is too vulnerable to reveal—Oprah keeps it alive. To survive one needs nerves. If heart had once been a primary conveyor of feelings, we have found other ways to get at feeling, including feelinglessness—not a single heart, e.g., in The Sun Also Rises. Perhaps future research into AFFECT in this corpus will show shifting ways of expressing feelings, emotions and states--the twentieth century decline of HEART is also coincidental with the development of psychoanalysis as a process of expressing and interpreting. Perhaps what the heart is not expressing is being acted out. The chronological decline from 1719 to 1997 raises questions that in the years to come I hope to have some viable hypotheses to account for.

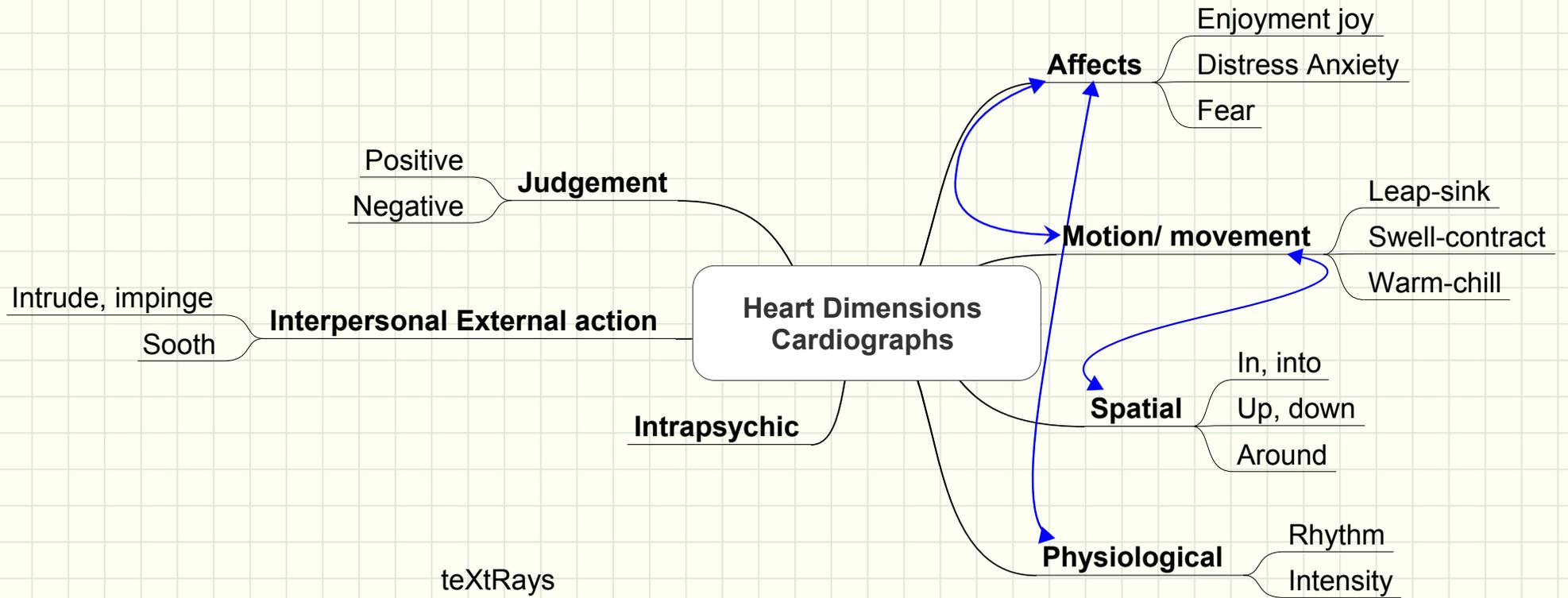
SLIDE #2: The second chart contextualizes the heart in the body as a whole, looking at the body here in 19 segments from the head to the foot (including blood, sweat and tears, etc.). This slide allows us to see, quantitatively, how the heart sits in the body, and how it looks, in the position, over time. The heart line is a gold band that begins seven sections from the bottom.

19 Body Clusters, 1721-1997

- head/body
- hair/body
- face/body
- mind/body
- visual-aural/body
- oral-nasal/body
- neck/body
- voice/body
- shoulder-arm/body
- hand/body
- structural/body
- ero-repro/body
- organ-emotion/body
- hip-thigh/body
- leg-knee/body
- foot/body
- form/body
- system/body
- excretion/body



SLIDE # 3 is a general map of qualities and functions of heart—the slide is an abstraction of the particular maps of each particular novel. The heart generally is used to express emotion—no great surprise there. The emotion can be directly expressed and named as being located in the heart, or the emotion is expressed in some metaphoric way concerning the space and motion of the heart—i.e., we gather the emotion from the motion/direction/weight of the heart. The heart's physiology can be connected to affect, a direct physical register in response to which emotions kick in. The heart also functions at times like another intrapsychic space—a place of thought/reflection and judgment. As a noun heart is subject to being modified (adjectival); there is a spectacular display of modification in Richardson's Pamela in which the adjectives carry a complex array of moral judgments (good heart, pure heart, malicious heart, black heart). Last, I call attention to the idea that the heart, like other bodily zones, is likely to have its own narratives, something that Toni Morrison's novel shows us with great clarity and power, as she shows us Baby Sugg's heart as it emerges, as she uses it, as it is broken, and as it dies.



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SLIDE #4. MRS. DALLOWAY provides us with a tidy example of a range of affects and functions—it has a low quantity/density but a rich array. Moreover, it poses a useful contradistinction between HEART and BRAIN, between affect and the rational, in a way that reverses the general tendency of the masculine to overvalue the rational mind and undervalue the affective basis of the rational. "What does the brain matter,' said Lady Rossiter, getting up, 'compared with the heart?'"—a comment that reverberates with the trauma of the text.

The first branch is the heart itself, as an organ of the body. In Woolf's novel the heart has been damaged by illness; and one is reminded of it about four times. In this branch, a physical feeling might not be an emotion waving through the body, but a body sensation that gives rise to emotion or amplifies it. It is not meant to be metaphoric, but it is also metaphoric (being in a literary text). The "something wrong" is also psychological—a scene of trauma, seeing her sister killed by a falling tree. The second branch--affects--is also physiological, and yet the heart here is also a metaphoric heart, or a holonymic heart, i.e., a heart that is part of the physiology of breathing, breathing a part of a physiological response to the ecological moment we find ourselves in. The instances of affects are each expressive of other aspects of the heart, for example, its spatial presence--"in the depths of her heart"--as a way of indicating something of the archeology of affect and relationship. On the third branch we find the heart as place with consciousness if not language, a vessel something like mind, a place with articulated affects. The next branch--metaphoric extensions--offers the idea of life being akin to a body with its own heart. The spatial branch calls attention to way the heart is given a geography. Last, the heart is seen in the branch as setting or displaying one's core character, by genetic temperament and/or training and socialization.

"What does the brain matter," said Lady Rosseter, getting up, "compared with the heart?"

[peter says of Hugh]: he had no heart, no brain, nothing but manners

Cold, heartless, a prude, he called her
hollowness; at arm's length they were, not in the heart;

JUDGEMENT

almost broke my heart

**INTERPERSONAL
EXTERNAL ACTION**

heart affected by influenza [physical feeling might not
be an emotion waving through the body, but a body
sensation that gives rise to emotion.

glides into the recesses of the heart and buries
itself in ring after ring of sound

It was her heart, he remembered
excitement...knew it was bad for her heart
that dilation of the nerves of the heart itself

PHYSIOLOGICAL

MRS. DALLOWAY 'S HEART

said Sally, Clarissa was at heart a snob

CORE CHARACTER

[Conversion] had her dwelling in Sir William's heart
loathed from the depths of her heart
pitied and despised them from the bottom of her heart
despised Mrs. Dalloway from the bottom of her heart

SPACE

AFFECTS

interest, excitement, joy

fifty five, in body...but her heart was like a girl's of twenty

...liked nothing better than doing kindnesses, making the
hearts of old ladies palpitate with the joy of being

distress, anxiety, fear

in the depths of her heart was an awful fear

MOTION/MOVEMENT

like an arrow sticking in her heart the grief

eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed

almost broke my heart

fear no more says the heart, fear no more says the heart,
committing its burden to some sea

under the pressure of an emotion which caught her heart

but in her heart she felt, all the same, he is in love

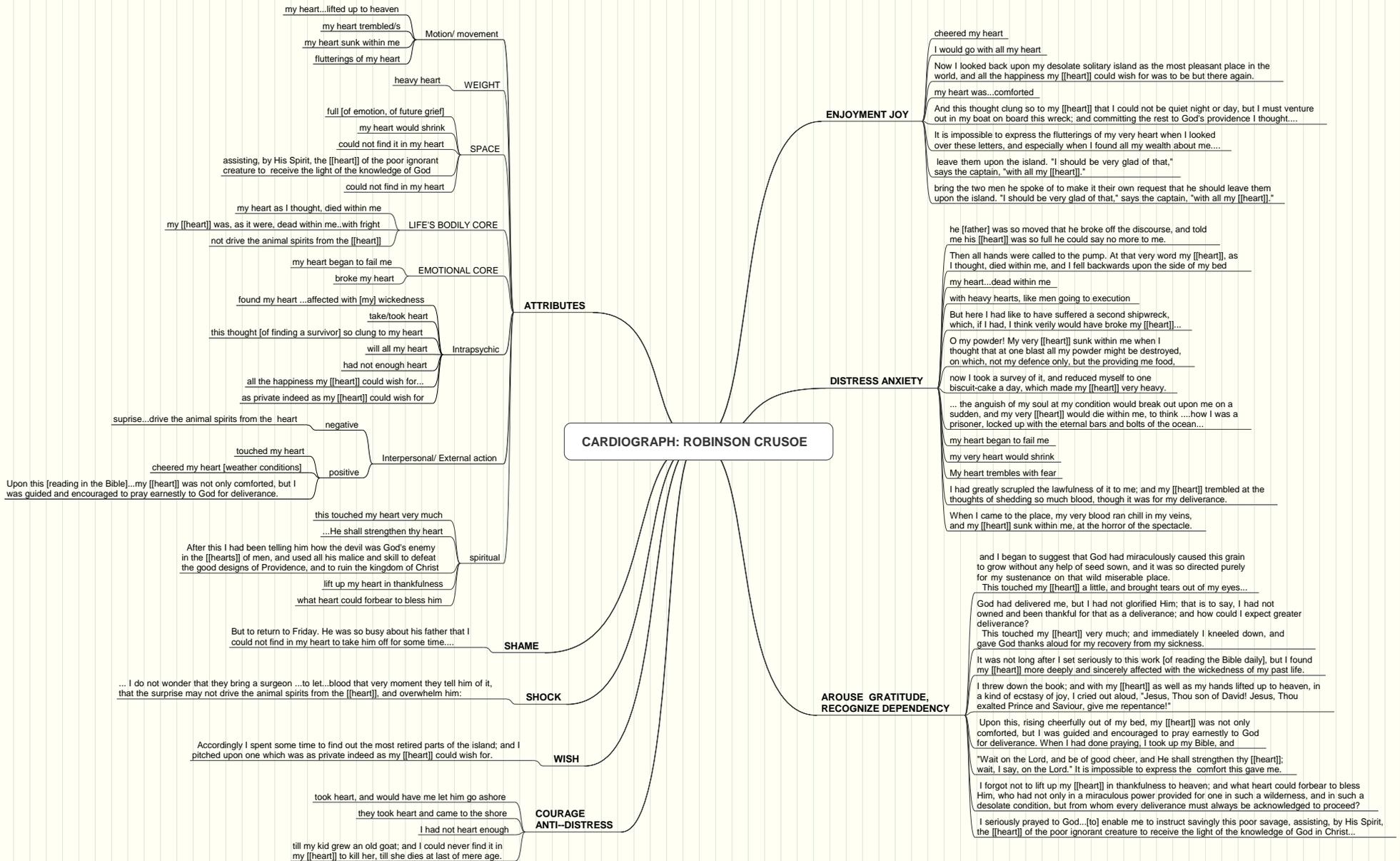
INTRAPSYCHIC

METAPHORIC EXTENSIONS

an emptiness about the heart of life [life as body and the heart
of life's body --where we live--is/can be empty--

splendid morning too. Life the pulse of a perfect heart, life
struck straight through the streets

SLIDE #5 ROBINSON CRUSOE I think of Defoe's novel as an Ur-novel, as a text that later novels are connected to; he's always part of any analysis. Robinson Crusoe has a heart narrative: the heart is primarily filled with anxiety until Crusoe reaches a point of spiritual connection, when he understands his dependency, his guilt and need for reparation—his spiritual autobiography is played out in the heart of the novel. But, in a wonderfully Defoe moment, the peak experience in relation to the heart is the radical fluttering of the heart when he discovers how much money he has. It is a moment that is so exciting that he might not have survived the excitement had he not been bled. The heart in Defoe's novel oscillates between the anxiety of leaving and asserting autonomy, and the relative calm that comes of domestic stability and dependency (on God) that in turn arise from recognizing one's guilt, one's place in the hierarchy, and accepting one's punishment. That might be its basic story of how the heart reflects the grand narrative.



SLIDE #6: Samuel Richardson's Pamela brought female vulnerability and sensibility into a different zone than that visited by Defoe's Moll Flanders or Roxana. The heart is a focal organ of AFFECT in Richardson's novel—it expresses a great deal of distress, and speaks of sources of negative words and actions that impact the heart.

SLIDE #7: ADJECTIVES AND VALUE This slide shows one of the ways that values can be inscribed in a text—by defining the heart, Richardson is defining core values, good and evil. Presented in this slide are the adjectives used to modify heart.

"Power and Riches never want Tools to promote their vilest Ends, and that there is nothing so hard to be known as the Heart of Man!"

my h. was overflowing with gratitude for...master
with a most sincere, glad h.
went away with another guise-sort of h.

shows he has nothing bad in his h.
such honest hearts
he knows the innocence of my h.
to do credit to her bountiful heart
[in the other house] not one false heart
for our honest hearts

Positive

wicked men...with such black hearts
held the worst heart in the world
pride of heart
false heart that he is
with a heart more ugly than her face
deceiffulness of the heart of man
that black poisonous heart of his

Negative

JUDGEMENT

God...put it into My Good Lady's Heart
set your hearts at rest
with all his h., he shoud be glad
it does him good at his heart to see you
God put it into his h. to be good to me
be my bedfellow with all my h., she said
I wish his prosperity with all my heart
[food] to chear our hearts

positive

God takes the innocent heart into his Almighty Protection

he is so vex'd to the h.
with mischief in his heart
cut me to the heart
remorse may smote him to the heart
a fool to take my last liberty so much to heart
to ruin the innocent heart
canst thou not stab me in the heart

negative

tell me from your own heart
lay your hand on your heart and tell me

neutral

INTERPERSONAL
EXTERNAL ACTION

these are in his heart, too SPATIAL

Cardiograph
The Heart: Pamela

AFFECTS

Interest, Enjoyment, Joy

Distress Anxiety

our hearts ake (sic) for you
made my h...suspicious and fearful
my heart broke/breaks [12X]
our hearts bleed for your distress and the temptations
makes our hearts ake for fear of the worst
don't your h. ake for me
with a full heart enough
but my h. was with my dear father and mother
my heart failed me
that vexes his proud h.
I am sorry at my heart
my poor heart from bursting
will grieve you to the heart
my heart was full [2]
my heart's turned to butter, & is running away at my eyes
my heart burst [2X]
with sad heart
Torture then wrung my heart
my heart bled so much for you

MOTION/ MOVEMENT

how my heart went pit-a-pat
mine fluttered about like a bird in a cage new caught
my poor h. sunk
my h. was up at my mouth
my heart throbbing thro' my handkerchief
how my heart throbbd

INTRAPSYCHIC

my h. misgives me [2X]
if my head and heart will let me
my heart sadly misgave me
woe to my heart...I shall make it bend
that I, in spite of my heart, and all the pride of it, cannot but love you
[behaviour] much against my heart
trembled...heart giving way
so sad regrets my heart annoy

PAMELA HEART ADJECTIVES

ARETE

- benevolent
- bountiful
- honest
- generous
- honorable
- noble
- pure
- true
- worthy

POSITIVE

- bold
- cheerful
- considerate
- determined
- fond
- glad
- grateful
- humble
- indulgent
- innocent
- kind
- pretty
- proud
- sensible
- thankful
- unguilty
- unpracticed

DARK SIDE TOWARD OTHERS

- angry
- bad
- black
- corrupt
- dastardly
- deceitful
- false
- guileful
- hard
- perverse
- poisonous
- presumptuous
- profligate
- rancorous
- trecherous
- vicious
- wicked
- worst

DARK SIDE FOR SELF

- contradictory
- desponding
- dismal
- faulty
- foolish
- frail
- heavy
- lumpish
- poor
- puny
- sad
- soft
- uneasy
- ungovernable
- wretched

SLIDE #8: BELOVED The HEART of Beloved is intense and richly complex—it bespeaks the core of being, as well as a range of affects and states; it represents the heart as an organ with qualities of space and motion that in turn define affect; the heart is also an intrapsychic mind; and the heart-as-being is vulnerable, to attack and to loss.

SLIDE #9 BELOVED HEART NARRATIVES In this last slide I have taken the mentions of the heart and put them into narrative sequences for each of the major characters, and what shows up is that each character has his or her own heart narrative. Looking at any of these narratives but particularly Baby Suggs' shows us how character is built—that is, character is composed of an ever growing series of petite narratives. If we look at the top right branch, we find the statement that guides us to the meaning of the text's heart—this occurs in Baby Suggs' famous sermon in the clearing where she says: “and the beat and beating heart, love that too. More than eyes or feet. More than lungs that have yet to draw free air. More than your life-holding womb and your life-giving private parts; hear me now, love your heart. For this is the prize” (my emphasis). That statement stands out like Sally Seton's in Mrs. Dalloway in that it addresses the heart and tells the reader directly what its value is. If the heart is the prize, we are instructed to look at each character's heart, to see some important affective information. As we move down Baby Suggs' branch we can follow the narrative of her heart from its awakening to its great work of healing and then to its newest shock and eventual demise. When she was no longer a slave at Sweet Home she discovered her heart and used it for the community, and her heart had agency which she uses to urge others in that direction, by having all their feelings; that agency is destroyed in the trauma that follows and after nine years, Baby Suggs departs.

So she [Denver] anticipated the questions [from Beloved] by giving blood to the scraps her mother and grandmother had told her--and a heartbeat.

THE HEART OF BELOVED

Baby Suggs
Crawling already baby
Paul D
HEART NARRATIVES

she had nothing left to make a living with but her heart--which she put to work at once.
she became an unchurched preacher, one who visited pulpits and opened her great heart to those who could use it.

Uncalled, unrobed, unanointed, she let her great heart beat in their presence.

... Baby Suggs, holy, followed by every black man, woman and child who could make it through, took her great heart to the clearing

In the silence that followed, Baby Suggs, holy, offered up to them her great big hear.

Saying no more, she stood up then and danced with her twisted hip the rest of what her heart had to say while the others opened their mouths and gave her the music.

In the Clearing, Sethe found Baby's old preaching rock and remembered the smell of leaves simmering in the sun, thunderous feet and the shouts that ripped pods off the limbs of the chestnuts. With Baby Suggs' heart in charge, the people let go.

They [Stamp Paid and Baby Suggs] fought then. Like rivals over the heart of the loved, they fought. Each struggling for the nursing child.

Young and deft with four children one of which she delivered herself the day before she got there and who now had the full benefit of Baby Suggs' bounty and her big old heart.

She went instead to the gravesite, whose silence she competed with as she stood there not joining in the hymns the others sang with all their hearts.

Now, too late, he understood her. The heart that pumped out love, the mouth that spoke the Word, didn't count.

She had done everything right and they came in her yard anyway. And she didn't know what to think. All she had left was her heart and they busted it so even the War couldn't rouse her.

"Aw no. Hey. Lay off Denver, Paul D. That's my heart. I'm proud of that girl. She was the first one wrestle her mother down. Before anybody knew what the devil was going on."

in my heart it don't mean a thing [differentiating one's child as a child/grown up]

[an overseer] brought her the news, more from a wish to have his way with her than from the kindness of his heart.

INTERPERSONAL

race
stopped bouncing
racing

had crunched through a dove's breast before its heart stopped beating. Because he was a man...

Next she felt a knocking in her chest and discovered some- thing else new: her own heartbeat. Had it been there all along? This pounding thing? She felt like a fool and began to laugh out loud. Mr. Garner looked over his shoulder at her with wide brown eyes and smiled himself. "What's funny, Jenny?" She couldn't stop laughing. "My heart's beating," she said.

... By the time she faced him, looked him dead in the eye, she had something in her arms that stopped him in his tracks. He took a backward step with each jump of the baby heart until finally there were none. "I stopped him," she said, staring at the place where the fence used to be. "I took and put my babies where they'd be safe."

She understands it all. I can forget how Baby Suggs' heart collapsed....

The ribbon of smoke was from a fire that warmed a body returned to her--just like it never went away, never needed a headstone. And the heart that beat inside it had not for a single moment stopped in her hands.

The dollar value of his weight, his strength, his heart, his brain, his penis, and his future.

"Beloved." He said it, but she did not go. She moved closer with a footfall he didn't hear and he didn't hear the whisper that the flakes of rust made either as they fell away from the seams of his tobacco tin. So when the lid gave he didn't know it. What he knew was that when he reached the inside part he was saying, "Red [Heart]. Red heart," over and over again. Softly and then so loud it woke Denver, then Paul D himself. "Red heart. Red heart. Red heart."

SPOKEN

AFFECT

Now he [Paul D.] had added more: new pictures [Halle by the churn] and old memories that broke her heart.

A whip of fear broke through the heart chambers as soon as you saw a Negro's face in a paper.

Two niggers lost? Paul D thinks his heart is jumping . . . They must have found Paul A and if a whiteman finds you it means you are surely lost.

He knows he will never see her again, and right then and there his heart stopped.

Sethe's heart stood up at the thought of being left alone in the grass without a fang in her head

Denver felt her heart race [in response to Beloved's eyes opening wide and her seeing "no expression at all."

Denver's heart stopped bouncing and sat down--relieved and easeful like a traveller coming home

his face...smoothed her heart down [Sethe in response to Paul D and his experiencing of radical pain

Nothing was out there that this sister-girl did not provide in abundance: a racing heart, dreaminess, society, danger, beauty.

Her faith, her love, her imagination and her great big old [Heart] began to collapse twenty-eight days after her daughter-in-law arrived.

Baby Suggs grew tired, went to bed and stayed there until her big old heart quit. Except for an occasional request for color she said practically nothing...

She fixed on that and her own brand of preaching, having made up her mind about what to do with the heart that started beating the minute she crossed the Ohio River.

Her heart kicked and an itchy burning in her throat made her swallow all her saliva away. She didn't even know which way to go.

... Denver stood on the porch in the sun and couldn't leave it. Her throat itched; her heart kicked...

MOTION/MOVEMENT

SPATIAL

in that tobacco tin buried in his chest where a red heart used to be

It would hurt her to know there was no red heart bright as Mister's comb beating in him

"The dark, dark liver--love it, love it and the beat and beating heart, love that too. More than eyes or feet. More than lungs that have yet to draw free air. More than your life-holding womb and your life-giving private parts, hear me now, love your heart. For this is the prize."

... now nine years after Baby Suggs, holy, proved herself a liar, dismissed her great heart and lay in the keeping-room bed roused once in a while by a craving for color and not for another thing.

And he tried. Held his breath the way he had when he ducked into the mud; steeled his heart the way he had when the trembling began. But it was worse than that, worse than the blood eddy he had controlled with a sledge hammer.

But she held her heart still, afraid to form questions: What about Sethe and Halle; why the delay? Why didn't Sethe get on board to?

Her marrow was tired and it was a testimony to the [Heart] that fed it that it took eight years to meet finally the color she was hankering after. [Stamp Paid reevaluating his judgement of Baby Suggs.]

... Just grieving and thinking about colors and how she made a mistake. That what she thought about what the heart and the body could do was wrong. The whitepeople came anyway. In her yard.

He didn't know if it was bad whiskey, nights in the cellar, pig fever, iron bits, smiling roosters, fired feet, laughing dead men, hissing grass, rain, apple blossoms, neck jewelry, Judy in the slaughterhouse, Halle in the butter, ghost-white stairs, choke- cherry trees, cameo pins, aspens, Paul A's face, sausage or the loss of a red, red heart.

She believed in her heart that, except for her husband, the whole world (including her children) despised her and her hair.

INTRAPSYCHIC

Beloved Heart Narratives

Denver felt her heart race [in response to Beloved's eyes opening wide and her seeing "no expression at all."
Denver's heart stopped bouncing and sat down--relieved and easeful like a traveller coming home
Nothing was out there that this sister-girl did not provide in abundance: a racing heart, dreaminess, society, danger, beauty.
Her heart kicked and an itchy burning in her throat made her swallow all her saliva away. She didn't even know which way to go.
... Denver stood on the porch in the sun and couldn't leave it. Her throat itched; her heart kicked...

Denver

Now he [Paul D.] had added more: new pictures [Halle by the churn] and old memories that broke her heart.
He knows he will never see her again, and right then and there his heart stopped.
his face...smoothed her heart down [Sethe in response to Paul D and his experiencing of radical pain

Sethe

"The dark, dark liver--love it, love it and the beat and beating heart, love that too. More than eyes or feet. More than lungs that have yet to draw free air. More than your life-holding womb and your life-giving private parts, hear me now, love your heart. For this is the prize."

Heart as Core

... By the time she faced him, looked him dead in the eye, she had something in her arms that stopped him in his tracks. He took a backward step with each jump of the baby heart until finally there were none. "I stopped him," she said, staring at the place where the fence used to be. "I took and put my babies where they'd be safe."

The ribbon of smoke was from a fire that warmed a body returned to her--just like it never went away, never needed a headstone. And the heart that beat inside it had not for a single moment stopped in her hands.

The Crawling Aledy Baby

The dollar value of his weight, his strength, his heart, his brain, his penis, and his future.

"Beloved." He said it, but she did not go. She moved closer with a footfall he didn't hear and he didn't hear the whisper that the flakes of rust made either as they fell away from the seams of his tobacco tin. So when the lid gave he didn't know it. What he knew was that when he reached the inside part he was saying, "Red [[heart]]. Red heart," over and over again. Softly and then so loud it woke Denver, then Paul D himself. "Red heart. Red heart. Red heart."

He didn't know if it was bad whiskey, nights in the cellar, pig fever, iron bits, smiling roosters, fired feet, laughing dead men, hissing grass, rain, apple blossoms, neck jewelry, Judy in the slaughterhouse, Halle in the butter, ghost-white stairs, choke- cherry trees, cameo pins, aspens, Paul A's face, sausage or the loss of a red, red heart.

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It would hurt her to know there was no red heart bright as Mister's comb beating in him in that tobacco tin buried in his chest where a red heart used to be

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Paul D

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Next she felt a knocking in her chest and discovered something else new: her own heartbeat. Had it been there all along? This pounding thing? She felt like a fool and began to laugh out loud. Mr. Garner looked over his shoulder at her with wide brown eyes and smiled himself. "What's funny, Jenny?" She couldn't stop laughing. "My heart's beating," she said.

she had nothing left to make a living with but her heart--which she put to work at once.

she became an unchurched preacher, one who visited pulpits and opened her great hear to those who could use it.

Uncalled, unrobed, unanointed, she let her great heart beat in their presence.

... Baby Suggs, holy, followed by every black man, woman and child who could make it through, took her great heart to the clearing

In the silence that followed, Baby Suggs, holy, offered up to them her great big hear.

Saying no more, she stood up then and danced with her twisted hip the rest of what her heart had to say while the others opened their mouths and gave her the music.

In the Clearing, Sethe found Baby's old preaching rock and remembered the smell of leaves simmering in the sun, thunderous feet and the shouts that ripped pods off the limbs of the chestnuts. With Baby Suggs' heart in charge, the people let go.

Young and left with four children one of which she delivered herself the day before she got there and who now had the full benefit of Baby Suggs' bounty and her big old heart.

Now, too late, he understood her. The heart that pumped out love, the mouth that spoke the Word, didn't count.

She had done everything right and they came in her yard anyway. And she didn't know what to think. All she had left was her heart and they busted it so even the War couldn't rouse her.

She understands it all. I can forget how Baby Suggs' heart collapsed...

He didn't know if it was bad whiskey, nights in the cellar, pig fever, iron bits, smiling roosters, fired feet, laughing dead men, hissing grass, rain, apple blossoms, neck jewelry, Judy in the slaughterhouse, Halle in the butter, ghost-white stairs, choke- cherry trees, cameo pins, aspens, Paul A's face, sausage or the loss of a red, red heart.

Her marrow was tired and it was a testimony to the [[heart]] that fed it that it took eight years to meet finally the color she was han- kering after. [Stamp Paid reevaluating his judgement of Baby Suggs.]

But she held her heart still, afraid to form questions: What about Sethe and Halle; why the delay? Why didn't Sethe get on board to?

... now nine years after Baby Suggs, holy, proved herself a liar, dismissed her great heart and lay in the keeping-room bed roused once in a while by a craving for color and not for another thing.

Her faith, her love, her imagination and her great big old [[heart]] began to collapse twenty-eight days after her daughter-in-law arrived.

Baby Suggs grew tired, went to bed and stayed there until her big old heart quit. Except for an occasional request for color she said practically nothing...

She fixed on that and her own brand of preaching, having made up her mind about what to do with the[heart] that started beating the minute she crossed the Ohio River.

Baby Suggs

CLOSING: As with other research, the material discerned here with this cyborgian reading helps us ask more questions than it answers. Nonetheless, overarching cultural narratives can be garnered from the corpus work to show us historical trends that we can further investigate so as to at least witness cultural transmission and individual innovation. That is, we may, as cyborg readers, zoom-in to look at how any given writer transmutes cultural information into his or her own particular metamorphic heart. Thus the heart begins its journey in this corpus with Robinson Crusoe by showing up as an organ that registers events or incoming information that can shock one, or sooth one. The heart's emotional rhythm seems to be about experiencing and managing trauma and anxiety, including being overwhelmed at one's good fortune. In Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway, Sally Seton, Clarissa's good friend in adolescence and early adulthood, pre-marriage, asserts, late in the novel and in their lives that virtues of the heart matter over those of the brain. The matter of trauma, however, is expressed on an entirely different register. Last, in the novel that nearly closes the corpus, Toni Morrison's, Beloved asserts the prime importance of the heart in one of the central scenes of the text, when Baby Suggs, holy, uses her heart on behalf of the community, and tells them to value the heart over all other parts of the body which she is trying to help them reclaim—it is “the prize” she says. Each novel has its own heart print. The particular webs of heart in each text will fit in with other facets of the text's patterns of redundancy—Crusoe's anxiety in the face of the forces of death, Clarissa's excitement (and underlying anxiety) about the idea of death, or Baby Suggs' despair over all the losses that ultimately overwhelm the heart, break it.

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