博　士　論　文

題目：A “Morphine Paradise” in a Metafictional Universe:
A Chaotic Space Creating Narrative in Kurt Vonnegut’s Novels

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要旨

メタフィクション的宇宙の「モルヒネ天国」―
カート・ヴォネガット小説におけるカオス的空間を創出するナラティブ

三宅　一平

本論文は、メタフィクション的空間がいかに現実世界からの避難所を求める人々に対して機能するかを議論すると同時に、カート・ヴォネガットの小説におけるメタフィクション戦略、及び、現実世界におけるフィクションの持つ力の効果とその限界を探るものであり、その過程において、そうした空間の一過性、あるいは不可能性についても扱う。

本論文は3部構成となっている。第1部では『タイタンの妖女』と『母なる夜』を扱い、虚構世界内現実にも現実世界にも存在せず、解釈によってのみ産み出される空間を表すことで、いかにメタフィクションがカオス的避難所を産み出すかを提示する。

第2部では『猫のゆりかご』、『スローターハウス5』、そして『ガラパゴスの箱舟』を取り上げ、いかに楽園が知の欠落によって産み出され得るか、またそれがいかに知性によって破壊され得るかを提示する。この無垢／無知の楽園が「賢い人」を意味するホモサピエンスによって達成されているという事実は、楽園形成の過程を脱構築することとなる。

第3部では『チャンピオンたちの朝食』と『デッドアイ・ディック』を取り上げ、いかにヴォネガットが多くの人の想定する秩序立った世界を皮肉的に批判するかを立証する。ここでは、ヴォネガットの、人々は物語の中にあるような人生を送りたいと思っている、という謂いを通して仮定される主題を議論する。

本論文の結論では、ここまでの3部を『タイムクエイク』の議

論において問い直し、再評価し、その議論を通してより良い人間性に対するヴォネガットの態度を描く中で、彼の「言語」に対する観念を探る。

第1章では『タイタンの妖女』を扱い、作中のSF的要素である時間等曲率漏斗に焦点を当てることで、いかにこれが、誰もが等しく正しく、また人が同時に複数の場所に現れ得るカオス的空間を作り出しているかを提示する。またこれは、本論文の骨子となる、同一人物が別側面をもって、それぞれ他者として共存し得るという考え方を用意する。これを発展させながら、本章では作品世界とそのカオス的性質を考察する。また同時に、ヴォネガットは小説の但し書きに手を加え、事実に反するものにしており、これが小説を同時に虚構的にも現実的にもしていることから、ヴォネガットの虚構世界への侵入を許すものであるという点に注目する。いかにこの実験が、彼のカオス的世界描写に寄与しているかを提示することで本本章を閉じる。

第2章では元作家であり第二次大戦時の元スパイでもある人物の架空の回想録として描かれる『母なる夜』を扱い、いかにこの主人公が、彼の書いたものを読者に信じ込ませようとしているかを分析する。本作はヴォネガット自身を編集者として作中に配していることにも特徴がある。彼の登場は、虚構世界、及び、テクストに対する読者の想定を混乱させることで、読者に、主人公の避難所としてのカオス的空間の存在を意識させるものとなる。また本章では、編集者ヴォネガットの、劇作家は嘘つきである、という言及に則って、本作の、主人公による主人公のための戯曲としての性質を考察する。『母なる夜』の世界が舞台なのだとすれば、舞台裏はすなわち虚構世界、現実世界の両者の外側にあるカオスの世界となり、このカオス的空間は主人公の避難所として機能しており、彼はそこで演じることをやめ、誰でもない人になることができるのである。

第3章では『猫のゆりかご』を取り上げ、人々の、悲惨な現実

世界を生き延びるための虚構の必要性を提示し、またそうした幻想が知性によって破壊される様を分析する。本作では、人々に無害な非真実を信条とすることを説く架空の宗教であるボコノン教が導入され、信者たちが厳しい現実を見ず、虚構的幸福に浸ることができるようにしている。しかしこれは、一時的なものにすぎず、黙示録的大災害によって破壊される。これは、厳しい現実において、虚構的幸福が無力であることを提示し、また、この災害が架空の科学的物質によって引き起こされたことに鑑みれば、科学、あるいは知識が、自身のおかれた状況の真実を無視しようとする人々に対し、破壊的な力を持ち得るということを表すものとなる。

第4章では、主人公がヴォネガットがそうであったのと同様に第二次世界大戦におけるドイツ戦線に配属され、ドレスデン爆撃を生き延びた歩兵である『スローターハウス5』を扱う。本作には宇宙人が登場し、主人公はこの宇宙人から、世界は構造的に決定論的であるということを知らされる。これによって彼は、起こったことは全て起こるべくして起こり、誰にも何に対しても責任はないのだと考えるようになり、またそれは彼が戦争中に体験した出来事を受け入れる助けとなる。主人公はまたタイムトラベラーでもあり、このタイムトラベルは彼の心身の分離を可能にし、これによって彼は自身を客観的に見ることができるようになる。この能力こそが、人が痛みから自由になった精神体として侵入可能な避難所となる。本章では、こうした厳しい現実にいる人々への虚構的な助けがいかに単純な疑問―「なぜ？」―によって打ち砕かれるかを提示する。この避難所を享受するために、人々は疑問を抱いてはならないのである。

第5章では、作品執筆現在の社会における諸悪の根源たる人類の巨大な脳が、100万年後の未来において縮小する方向へ進化した世界を描く『ガラパゴスの箱舟』を扱う。新人類たちによる未来の世界は楽園であると言われる。20世紀に生きていた人物の

亡霊である語り手は、彼が意志も目的も持った、過去の世界の人間であることから、この楽園の幸福を享受することができない。彼は、もはやその世界に彼の書いたものを読み、理解することのできる存在はないにもかかわらず、本作を書く著者であるかのように物語を語る。この点に鑑みれば、この語り手はメタフィクション的にその世界とは別の世界にいる読者、すなわちヴォネガットの小説を読む読者を想定していると考えることができ、この語り手が、あるいは作者ヴォネガットが、本作の語りにおいて現代の人類に対する希望を提示していることが示唆される。

第６章は、共に同じ場所を舞台とする『チャンピオンたちの朝食』と『デッドアイ・ディック』を扱い、物語のような整然として秩序だった世界に生きたいという人々の望みに対する、ヴォネガットの厳しい批判を読み解く。理想的な秩序立った世界創出の不可能性が本章の議論の焦点となり、これを読み解くにあたっての論点は、『チャンピオンたちの朝食』における、秩序にカオスをもたらすのだ、というヴォネガットの宣言を基にしたものである。この議論は、人々のカオス的世界において快適に生きるために秩序立った人生を想定したいという欲求を前提としたものとなる。彼らは、彼らが物語のような秩序立った世界にいるかのように想像することで、秩序を獲得する。これら両作は、いかに物語を書くかを物語内で表すために小説家や劇作家を登場人物として扱っている点で明確にメタフィクション的作品であり、これが虚構的世界を作り出すことの効果と限界を示すものとなる。本章では、各作品を個別に扱いながら、現実を物語化する、あるいは戯曲化することがいかに破壊的な性質を持ちうるかを提示する。

結論においては、本論文においてここまで議論された主題の全てを内包し得る作品として『タイムクエイク』を扱う。ここでは言語に関するヴォネガットの姿勢を取り上げ、いかにそれが世界における邪悪の、あるいは幸福の素となるかを議論する。本作における、いずれもヴォネガットを語り手とした自伝的要素と虚構

の物語の綯い交ぜになった混沌とした様は、この小説が『チャンピオンたちの朝食』においてもたらそうと試みたカオスを体現するものであることを示唆する。現実世界で可能となることの限界を受け入れ、ヴォネガットはついに、虚構を通して、より良い人間性への現実的な願いを、彼の最後の小説において投げかけるのである。

Synopsis

A "Morphine Paradise" in a Metafictional Universe: A Chaotic Space Creating Narrative in Kurt Vonnegut's Novels

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This thesis explores metafictional strategies of Kurt Vonnegut's novels, and the effects and limitations of the power of fiction in the real life, discussing how metafictional spaces function for people who desire for a haven from the real life. The thesis also covers the temporality or impossibility of such spaces.

This thesis consists of three parts: the first part uses *The Sirens of Titan* and *Mother Night* to illustrate a space that is not in a fictional or real world but crafted with interpretation, showing how metafiction could generate a chaotic haven.

The second part utilizes *Cat's Cradle*, *Slaughterhouse Five*, and *Galápagos* to describe how a paradise can be created with dumbness or ignorance and can be destroyed with a clear mind or intelligence. That this innocent paradise is achieved by *Homo sapiens*, or "wise man," deconstructs the process of forming paradise.

The third part covers *Breakfast of Champions* and *Deadeye Dick* to establish how Vonnegut ironically criticizes an orderly world that is assumed by the populous. Here, I discuss the themes posited via Vonnegut's statement that people want to live like people invented in story books.

The thesis concludes with *Timequake* which is used to

question and reassess the aforementioned three parts. Through those arguments, I explore Vonnegut's concept of "language" in portraying his attitude toward better humanity.

Chapter 1 explores *The Sirens of Titan* and focuses on a science fiction element in the novel, the chrono-synclastic infundibulum, to show how this creates a chaotic space where everybody is equally correct and where a person is everywhere at once. This provides the foundation of this thesis that the same person can coexist with another manifestation of him or her as an object being. Furthering this idea, the chapter then examines the world and its nature as chaos. The chapter also focuses on Vonnegut's revised yet false disclaimer, as this places the novel as both fictional and real, admitting "Vonnegut" into the fictional world. The chapter finishes by discussing how his fictional experiments contribute to his attempt to write a chaotic world.

Chapter 2 covers *Mother Night,* an imaginary memoir of an ex-playwright and ex-spy in World War II, to demonstrate how the protagonist deceives readers into believing what he writes to be true. The novel also places Vonnegut within the text as an editor. His appearance muddles the fictional world and reader's presumptions of the text to control readers that another chaotic space as a haven for the protagonist exists. With Vonnegut the editor's comment that playwrights are liars, this chapter views the essence of this novel as a script of a play by the protagonist for the protagonist. If the world of *Mother Night* is a stage, then the backstage is a world of chaos existing outside the world of fiction and real life. This chaotic space functions as a haven for the protagonist, where he can stop acting and be a nobody.

Chapter 3 covers *Cat's Cradle* to illustrate people's need for an illusion to survive the miserable world of reality, and it also shows destruction of the illusion through intelligence. A fictional religion, Bokononism, is introduced, which asks people to believe in harmless untruths, which then allows the believers to ignore the harsh reality so that they can indulge in fictional happiness. It is, however, a provisional state of being, ruined by an apocalyptic disaster. This shows that, in a harsh reality, fictional happiness is powerless, and considering that the disaster is caused by a fictional scientific matter, science, or knowledge, can be a destructive force for people pretending to ignore of the truth of their status.

Chapter 4 covers *Slaughterhouse Five,* whose protagonist is an infantryman who serves on the German front in World War II and survives the firebombing of Dresden, paralleling Vonnegut's experience. An alien he has encountered teaches him that the world is structurally deterministic. This helps him to come to terms with the events he had experienced in the war for he then believes that everything happens as it supposed to happen and that no one is responsible for anything. The protagonist is also a time-traveler and time-travel allows him to separate his mind from his body to look at himself from an objective view. This ability is a haven which one can enter spiritually, free from pain. This chapter demonstrates how these fictional aids for people in the harsh reality are shattered by asking a simple question: "Why?" To indulge in haven, people must not have any doubt.

Chapter 5 covers *Galápagos,* where, one million years in the future, human beings happen to evolve to shrink their brains which are the cause for evil in the contemporary society.

This futuristic world of new humans is said to be a paradise. The narrator, who is a ghost living in the 20th century before his death, cannot enjoy the happiness as he is a human, in all intents and purposes, from a world past. He narrates as like a writer of this novel despite the fact that no one in the world set in the novel can read or understand what he has written. With regards to this, the narrator metafictionally assumes us as his readers, and he or Vonnegut implies that hope for the human beings now lies in his narration.

Chapter 6 covers *Breakfast of Champions* and *Deadeye Dick*, both of which are set in the same location, to explore Vonnegut's harsh criticisms on people's desire to live in orderly world like a story. The impossibility of creating an ideal orderly world is the focus of the discussion and the topic is based on the Vonnegut's statement in *Breakfast of Champions* that he would bring chaos into order. My reading posits that people would want to assume an orderly life to live comfortably in a chaotic world. They achieve their order by imagining that they are in an orderly world of stories. Both works are distinguishingly metafictional as they use a writer and a playwright to illustrate how they write within the stories. This shows the effect and limitation of creating a fictional world. The chapter will explore the novel in individually, showing how devastating storifying or staging the reality can be.

In the conclusion, I utilize *Timequake*, which contains all the aforementioned ideas explored in this thesis. The conclusion covers the attitude of Vonnegut in relation to language and how it can be both the cause of evil and happiness in the world. With Vonnegut's chaotic use of

autobiography and a fictional story, which share the same narrator Vonnegut, this novel embodies the chaos Vonnegut attempts to bring to in *Breakfast of Champions*. Accepting the limitations of what is possible in real life, through fiction, Vonnegut, at last, sets realistic hope for a better humanity in his last novel.

Contents

Introduction

Fiction has the power to create a haven from reality and ignite a desire for such a haven that is impossible to achieve in real life. This thesis examines the novels of Kurt Vonnegut in light of his metafictional strategy, considering the transition in his works from a primarily chronological perspective (only *Galápagos* (1985) is out of chronological order). Vonnegut creates a metafictional paradisical world that is achieved only in fiction. It destroys the power of reality against a fictional paradise and criticizes our modern society where people want a story-like life. Finally, the study concludes with an in-depth look at the power of fiction in reality and with hope for humanity Vonnegut found in his long career experimenting in the metafictional narrative to reveal both positive and negative aspects of fiction.

It is hard to categorize Vonnegut's works. For example, Peter Freese introduces the quarrel

> about whether Vonnegut is a bitter pessimist or sentimental optimist and whether he can be classified...as a despairing nihilist, a courageous existentialist, a cynical absurdist, a postmodern humanist, an aggressive satirist, an inventive fantasist, an experimental fabulist or a black humorist. (*Clown* 21)

The diversity of his style makes him unique and makes his works chaotic. He writes about chaos and his style is characterized as chaotic. Regardless of how his oeuvre is categorized, many critics regard him as a postmodern writer,

but it is not an appropriate categorization. Rather, Vonnegut is a writer in pursuit of lost happiness. Robert T. Tally notes that "Vonnegut's tone, sensibility, *ethos*, and even style are...more modernist than postmodernist, but the world he depicts in his novels is decidedly postmodern" (*Kurt* xii: italics original), and unlike other postmodern writers, "Vonnegut mourns the loss of some imagined organic whole, and he views the tasks of literature and of art more generally as fundamentally diagnostic and therapeutic" ("Kurt" 7). Also, Susan E. Farrell reads, "He recognizes the human desire for ethical and moral guidance, people's need to believe in something larger than themselves" ("Vonnegut" 144).

The loss and longings of people are embodied in the paradisical worlds described in his works. He writes it with various themes, and I agree with James Lundquist that Vonnegut "is deeply interested in epistemological questions of an impressive variety—the unreality of time, the problem of free will, the nature of a pluralistic universe, and man's ability to live with his own illusions" (15-6). He also argues that Vonnegut "upholds the value of rationalizing fantasies in making life endurable, even though the cosmic response to any of them must be laughter" (*Kurt* 104). Vonnegut writes desperate but absurd desires of people for fantasy to live on, which is impossible to achieve but serves at least against harsh realities. However, Peter J. Reed points out that "Vonnegut also cautions against the wrong kind of turning inward. It should not become an escape from reality nor an evasion of our responsibility to others" (220). Vonnegut, knowing that impossibility of redemption through fantasy, shows the misery of human beings where we need to live,

facing reality without hope for paradise. Both of these readings are plausible, and this ambivalence toward fiction or fantasy is a representative characteristic of his works.

Kevin A. Boon quotes chaos theory to think of the ambivalent or sometimes contradictive attitude of Vonnegut:

> Vonnegut's use of disorder and indeterminacy shapes a view of the universe in which all things are given equal weight, where disorder and order interact dynamically within the same unified system. (*Chaos* 23)
>
> One of the most significant contributions chaos theory can make to examinations of literature is that it provides a way of accounting for indeterminacy within texts, a means of examining indeterminacy without disavowing a larger order. (*Chaos* 72)

As early as his second novel, *The Sirens of Titan* (1959), Vonnegut assumes a topos where everything is equally right. In later works, especially in *Breakfast of Champions* (1973), Vonnegut further examines the chaotic nature of the world, declaring that he is "bring[ing] chaos to order" (*Breakfast* 215). His view of human nature has been consistent since his first novel *Player Piano* (1951). In this novel, the Luddite revolution is organized but fails in a society so technological and automated that many people spend their days in idleness without dignity. Tally points out that "the revolution cannot save us, since the problem lies not with the political, social, or psychological oppression or repression of one's humanity, but with humanity itself" (*Kurt* xv-xvi). After all,

contradiction is the essential nature of humanity, and order is merely a temporal state of us.

Vonnegut's use of metafiction contributes to achieving a chaotic world in his works. I agree with Richard Giannone that "[a]mong all the aspects of Vonnegut's imagination, it is form that is most frequently slighted; and yet it is the forms of his novels which offer evidence of his accomplishment" (1). Even though criticism of Vonnegut significantly changed after Giannone's book was published (1977), there are still not many studies on metafiction in Vonnegut's works. Vonnegut once said, "I keep losing and regaining my equilibrium, which is the basic plot of all popular fiction. And I myself am a work of fiction" (*Wampeters* xix: underline mine), or "I want to be a character in all of my works" (*Between* xv). Many of his works do not have a distinct border between fiction and reality, as he experiments with the form of fiction in various ways. Patricia Waugh defines metafiction as "fictional writing which self-consciously and systematically draws attention to its status as an artefact in order to pose questions about the relationship between fiction and reality" (2). She also observes that,

> If our knowledge of this world is now seen to be mediated through language, then literary fiction (worlds constructed entirely of language) becomes a useful model for learning about the construction of 'reality' itself. (2)

Considering Waugh's definition, Ralph Clare points out:

> Vonnegut's use of metafiction is evidenced in the creation of a self-aware fictional universe populated by recurring characters who are occasionally visited by the character "Kurt Vonnegut," by the fact that so much of "reality" in Vonnegut's stories turns[*sic*] out to be a lie or a script that people have been living by, and through the suggestion that even history itself is textual and that competing historical narratives are constructed with the help of fictional devices. (62)

Vonnegut makes a world where reality and fiction are equally right with the metafictional experiment. Moreover, Glenn Meeter argues that Vonnegut's achievement colligates with "the phrase which John Barth uses in discussing the work of Jorge Luis Borges: 'the contamination of reality by dream'" (199; Barth 167). It leads to the achievement of Vonnegut's metafictional universe where happy life is seemingly secured. Also, as Mark Currie summarizes, interpreting the theory of Roland Barthes, "the processes of reading and writing are further conflated by the idea that reading is itself a process of creating the text, of creating structure, and imbuing it with meaning" (7). In this regard, Vonnegut always seems to suppose readers enjoy fiction or hallucination, and sometimes, by being a reader himself, he forms a multilayered structure of fiction and reality. Larry McCaffery, reading Robert Coover, argues that:

> we inhabit a world of fictions[*sic*] and are constantly forced to develop a variety of metaphors and subjective systems to help us organize our experience so that we can

> deal with the world. These fictional systems are useful in that they generate meaning, stabilize our perceptions; such systems can also be appreciated as aesthetic objects apart from their utility functions. (8)

Vonnegut does create a fictional world to help us deal with the real world, but, contrary to McCaffery's argument on Coover, Vonnegut writes fiction to *destabilize* our perceptions, illustrating the chaotic nature of the world as it is in his works.

In light of these arguments, I will examine, using Vonnegut's phrase, "a morphine paradise" (*Slaughterhouse* 81), how Vonnegut creates a topos with metafictional and hallucinational happiness, and how he reveals the impossibility to unreservedly enjoy such a world. He shows it as an atrophying countermeasure against reality, which cannot be a fundamental solution to suffering and writes the chaotic nature of human beings with an aid of metafiction.

Part 1
Haven in a Metafictional Universe

In this part, I will examine how Vonnegut creates a metafictional space not in the fictional or real world but in between, which is generated only in the process of interpretation, observing *The Sirens of Titan* (1959) and *Mother Night* (1961), which are each one of the most experimental novels of Vonnegut. In *The Sirens of Titan*, Vonnegut assumes a conspicuously unique science-fictional phenomenon called "chrono-synclastic infundibulum" where everything can be equal and harmonious. It could be the basic concept to discuss his works in light of the disorderly nature of the world. Moreover, he revises even the practical part, a disclaimer, to make it fictional and realistic at the same time, and it admits "Vonnegut" to enter the fictional world. This revision is overlooked by many critics. However, in my opinion, it is one of the most important points in Vonnegut's oeuvre: He notices how fictional experiment contributes to his attempt to write a disorderly world. In *Mother Night*, Vonnegut disguises himself as an editor to explain the bibliographic detail of the fictional memoir. But in fact, he manipulates the world and reader response from within the text to let readers assume another chaotic space as a haven for the protagonist.

Before entering into the main discussions, I want to notice that in Part 1, I will use the word "chaos" as "the formless matter supposed to have existed before the creation of the universe," and for a practical reason, will use "disorder" to rephrase "chaos" as "complete disorder and confusion."

Chapter 1
V for Vonnegut, V for Variable:
Paradisiacal Chaos in *The Sirens of Titan*

One of the most apparent messages found in *The Sirens of Titan* is the relationship between Malachi Constant and Beatrice Rumfoord, who are victims of a greater ruling power at the end of Beatrice's life after cruel events involving the characters have ended: "It took us that long to realize that a purpose of human life, no matter who is controlling it, is to love whoever is around to be loved" (*Sirens* 320). This moral, however, requires us to accept that we cannot be free from a certain power that dominates us, regardless of our will. An irony lies in the revelation that Earthlings have been used throughout history only to deliver a repair part of a spaceship to Salo, a messenger alien stranded on Titan—a moon of Saturn—whose only message is a single dot meaning "*Greetings*" (*Sirens* 306) in his language. The meaninglessness and minuteness of human beings are emphasized through the absurd contrast between the sacrifice they have made and the simple message it contributed to. The message Malachi and Beatrice find thus represents the attitude, Vonnegut might suggest to us, that we need to accept the potential absurdity of the universe, with conflict everywhere, and search for a way to make the world better and as tolerable as possible. Peter Freese writes about this message:

> [I]n its peculiar mixture of epistemological skepticism and bourgeois sentimentality this message is typical of Vonnegut's œuvre: humans must cease to waste their

> strength in trying to discover the meaning and purpose of the universe, since in a purposeless and contingent world such an endeavor is bound to fail. Instead[,] they must concentrate on living their immediate lives with decency and understanding for their fellow-humans. (*Clown* 107)

His comment is unquestionable, but at the same time, Vonnegut does not reject or condemn people who are reluctant to confront reality and attempt to find a haven from the pain and conflict they suffer: Equality and harmony are symbolically established, although this is done in an absurd and grotesque way. Rather, Vonnegut himself seems to evade an endless struggle in a disorderly world.

A metafictional experiment, the search for the haven suggested in a science-fictional feature of the novel, chrono-synclastic infundibulum, is conducted, which is a chaotic space where everything is integrated as one and is equally meaningless. Chrono-synclastic infundibulum is explained in a children's encyclopedia as a place "*where all the different kinds of truths fit together as nicely as the parts in your Daddy's solar watch*" (*Sirens* 9: italics original). There, two absolute truths that disagree with each other somehow comfortably coexist, not losing their veritableness at all. In this chapter, I focus on and interpret this unique idea to indicate the desire for paradise, which is only attainable in the fictional world, as a refuge from the actual world filled with essentially and endlessly conflicting "others."

Chrono-Synclastic Infundibulum as a Variable

In an introductive part in *Happy Birthday, Wanda June,* Vonnegut says:

> I felt and I still feel that everybody is right, no matter what he says. I had, in fact, written a book about everybody's being right all the time, *The Sirens of Titan*. And I gave a name in that book to a mathematical point where all opinions, no matter how contradictory, harmonized. I called it a *chrono-synclastic infundibulum*. I live in one. (*Happy* 7: italics original)

This not only summarizes the point of this novel but also provides us with a clue for interpreting how chrono-synclastic infundibulum works; that is, it is a mathematical point. I read this as a variable that happens to share the same first letter with Vonnegut, symbolized by only a single letter. I set it as variable "V" for "Vonnegut." It creates a grotesque but pleasurable world that eliminates conflict between people, as everything is equally right.

One character embodies the feature of chrono-synclastic infundibulum that it enables disagreeing truths to coexist. Winston Niles Rumfoord, who actually goes into chrono-synclastic infundibulum to exist as a wave phenomenon and obtains omniscience in the time and space in which he exists, plays the role of author, even though "he never gave in to the temptation to declare himself God or something a whole lot like God" (*Sirens* 243-4).With omniscience, he attempts to bring unity to the people on earth through a suicidal attack from the Martian army he designs. Ironically, these "Martians"

are in fact Earthlings he kidnapped, whose memories have been erased. His words, behaviors, and even existence, however, are inconsistent.

For example, he seems to be genuinely confident about his power to control others (e.g., "Rumfoord was preserving Unk for a major part in a pageant Rumfoord wanted to stage for his new religion"(*Sirens* 179)), although he must know that he is also controlled by an extraterrestrial power, the Tralfamadorians, when he says, "Some day on Titan, it will be revealed to you just how ruthlessly I've been used, and by whom, and to what disgustingly paltry ends" (*Sirens* 61). A seemingly rational explanation is given when Rumfoord admits in the end, "Nobody likes to think he's being used" (*Sirens* 290). Rumfoord adds, "He'll put off admitting it to himself until the last possible instant" (*Sirens* 290). However, he also knows, thanks to his omniscience, that life is like a roller coaster, and he says, "I didn't design the roller coaster, I don't own it, and I don't say who rides and who doesn't. I just know what it's shaped like" (*Sirens* 54). He knows that he cannot change anything of the coaster. He is also omnipresent in the time and space, and always already experiences every instant of his life. How, then, could he "put off admitting" that he is being used?

The absolute and violent solution to this is given; Rumfoord runs into chrono-synclastic infundibulum, where contradicting truths can comfortably coexist. It not only metaphysically solves contradictions but also forces a being that runs into it to physically split. Rumfoord exists as a wave phenomenon and materializes on a heavenly body whenever it intercepts him, and "[f]or reasons as yet mysterious" (*Sirens*

271), he always materializes on Titan. He thus has two or more bodies whenever he materializes on other heavenly bodies, and on Titan, he spends time "monitoring signals from [his] other selves through space and time" (*Sirens* 283). That he needs to monitor these signals illustrates that the selves do not live as one, even though they are all aspects of "Rumfoord." He, then, can put things off, admitting he is on a roller coaster, because the selves are literally separate: They are the same "Rumfoord" but simultaneously different "Rumfoords." It may be irrational and absurd, but chrono-synclastic infundibulum is a function that enables this strange idea to be acceptable.

Vonnegut also cautiously and metafictionally split himself into two, and chrono-synclastic infundibulum provides persuasive ground for this metafictional strategy. Once, after he had attempted to go into the theatrical circle, Vonnegut said:

> I have become an enthusiast for the printed word again. I have to be that. I now understand, because I want to be a character in all of my works. I can do that in print. In a movie, somehow, the author always vanishes. Everything of mine which has been filmed so far has been one character short, and the character is me. (*Between* xv)

To be a character in *The Sirens of Titan*, Vonnegut—albeit not explicitly—uses tricks, not in the story, but in the structure of the book[1].

The story is mainly narrated by a third-person narrator, but as it takes a style of a history book, the narrator is an individual who sometimes indicates his thoughts: "A history

of Magnum Opus, Inc., is perhaps in order at this point" (*Sirens* 68: underline mine). That he says, "Everyone now knows how to find the meaning of life within himself" (*Sirens* 1) also demonstrates that he is a person of the novel's world, as, if he is not in the world, he cannot recognize "now." However, this incurs a contradiction when he says:

> Neither Miss Waters nor Gomburg, incidentally, discovered Noel Constant's investment method. Ransom K. Fern never discovered it either, though he tried hard enough.
>
> The only person Noel Constant ever told was his son, Malachi, on Malachi's twenty-first birthday. (*Sirens* 78-9)

Although both Waters and Gomburg are writers on Constant's company, and Fern is a manager of the company, yet they do not discover the secret. It is also almost inconceivable that Malachi reveals it to anyone because he is transferred to Mars immediately after he parts from Fern and his memory is erased there. Then, how could the narrator know the secret?

We can conclude that it is because this is not indeed a history book but fiction, but interestingly this is the answer; The viewpoint of the novelist Vonnegut is fused into that of the narrator. In a disclaimer, he writes:

> All persons, places, and events in this book are real. Certain speeches and thoughts are necessarily constructions by the author. No names have been changed to protect the innocent, since God Almighty protects the innocent as a matter of Heavenly routine. (*Sirens* n.pag.)

If we believe what he says in the disclaimer, which is essentially practical and natural to be believed, *The Sirens of Titan* indeed becomes a history book. In this case, the writer of the book, Vonnegut, is not a novelist but a history book writer. Thus, we can see this book in two ways: a novel by a novelist or a history book by a history book writer. Both are equally right and genuine Vonnegut, as he says he lives in chrono-synclastic infundibulum. The confusing third-person narrator is thus indeed omniscient because he is also the author of the world. Then, the name Vonnegut stands as a node—which also can stand for a mathematical point—that generates various states of being, or, as in the title of this chapter, a variable.

Relinquished Authorship

In the story where, as quoted earlier, "everybody is right" (*Happy* 7), Vonnegut attempts to establish a world where equality of people is accomplished. This is primarily demonstrated in the religion Rumfoord founded called "The Church of God the Utterly Indifferent" (*Sirens* 183). On the religion's flag are the words: "*Take Care of the People, and God Almighty Will Take Care of Himself*" (*Sirens* 183: italics original). This religion encourages people to part from God to foster cooperation and unity among one another on earth. Rumfoord himself also never declares himself to be God, and even though some critics point out that his declaration is "meaningless" (Mustazza *Forever* 47) and "his words should

never be granted at their face value" because of "Rumfoord's unreliability" (Blackford 36), my point is, on the contrary, that he is reluctant to declare himself to be God. The ideal state for Rumfoord's religion is the earth as humans' land without intervention from a superior God, and if he apparently shows himself as God, the foundation of this collapses. Although it is in an ironic and grotesque way, equality among people is also achieved: Handicaps are assigned to strong people to lessen the gap in power. That they accept the handicaps "gladly" (*Sirens* 224) demonstrates their willingness to follow the ideal of the religion, and the earth is converted into a heavenlike place, where everyone is equal and happy[2]. Hence, Rumfoord cannot or must not be God to achieve unity of the people without any superior–subordinate relationships. After all, what he can only do is see the future and make predictions, and as the designer of the world is unknown to everyone, superficially, there is no ruling power over human beings.

The unknown power is attributed to the author of this book, Vonnegut, but he also lessens his authorship, although it is attempted in a different way from Rumfoord's. While he, as a novelist, creates a fictional paradise where there is no God exercising ruling power over human beings, he entrusts people to God Almighty in the disclaimer: Then who is the God who protects the innocent? A possible answer is Vonnegut, as he is the author, and with a capital letter, this also means God, and he literally created the world. However, that the world he created attempts to part from God suggests that, interestingly, Vonnegut forces people in his world to disregard him with the very power he relinquishes in the disclaimer. Moreover, he also plays the role of a history book writer who lives in the

fictional world, and in this case, he essentially does not have any godlike power. As Vonnegut is in chrono-synclastic infundibulum, his being in the fictional world is warranted, and from the standpoint in the fiction, where the disclaimer is authentic, there is absolutely no God/author in the world.

Illusionistic Paradise Without Others

In *The Sirens of Titan*, the seeming ideal equality or harmony is, however, achieved ironically, only in hallucination or imagination. Both chrono-synclastic infundibulum and the ideal world of Rumfoord's religion have a kind of equality in their basis, and they superficially embody an idealistic state in this world. However, if we focus on the nature of this, we can see that it is unattainable or rather not so pleasurable. People in the world are indeed equal, but in other words, they are equally unauthorized and, in some cases, in equally miserable states. Other attempts to achieve happiness with equality are described in the book, but they also have some defects that make them capable of being realized in the real world. The equality achieved by the handicaps is a clear example, as, even though people accept them happily, they literally must carry a burden.

The most problematic aspect of this idealistic equality is illustrated in the fictional Mercurian creatures the "harmoniums." With their symbolical name, they bring harmony into their relationship with a Martian soldier, Boaz, but this has a serious and critical defect. The parthenogenetic creatures "are nourished by vibrations" (*Sirens* 188), and

"[t]here is no way in which one creature can harm another, and no motive for one's harming another (*Sirens* 189). They simply "cling to the singing walls" and "eat the song of Mercury" (*Sirens* 188), and "[h]unger, envy, ambition, fear, indignation, religion, and sexual lust are irrelevant and unknown" (*Sirens* 189). Boaz, whose life on earth was unhappy and miserable, loves these creatures and creates a perfectly harmonious relationship with them. His life on earth was unpleasant, as he says people

> push me this way, then they push me that—and nothing pleases 'em, and they get madder and madder, in account of nothing makes 'em happy. And they holler at me on account of I ain't made 'em happy, and we all push and pull some more. (*Sirens* 216-7)

In his recollection, nobody is satisfied with others, and people seem to be bound for an even more uncomfortable and discordant world. They cannot fully meet the requirements of others, possibly because people are all different, and nobody could perfectly know the intentions or desires of others.

In relationship between Boaz and the harmoniums, however, they can achieve absolute harmony. As Richard Giannone puts it, "Boaz becomes 'God Almighty to the harmoniums'" by feeding them freely and arbitrarily, and "[t]he relation between Boaz and the harmoniums has perfect communication" (34). He plays the role of a merciful god to the harmoniums, saying:

> I ain't never been nothing good to people, and people never been nothing good to me. So what I want to be free in crowds of people for?
>
> ....
>
> I found me a place where I can do good without doing any harm, and I can see I'm doing good, and them I'm doing good for know I'm doing it, and they love me, Unk, as best they can. I found me a home. (*Sirens* 217)

In his relationship with the harmoniums, he can do absolute good, and he can receive uncritical love from them. This love, however, is based on his hallucination or creation, as he fabricates pleasurable dialogues with the uncommunicative creatures. He talks to them repeatedly, saying, "you trying to say" (*Sirens* 206-7), and he imagines favorable words coming from them. As he cannot recognize what they really want to say, or rather, they may not have anything to say, he can make them say what he wants them to; there is no one who opposes him, and the relationship between Boaz and the harmoniums is completely satisfying and peaceful.

As this communication is based on Boaz's imagination, the words from the harmoniums are not theirs but rather Boaz's. Thus, in a sense, they are all Boaz. He projects himself onto the harmoniums and pronounces them as others. As they are all him, he has absolute control over them to make the community infallibly self-sufficient. The harmoniums do not complain because what they are doing is only eating the vibrations, and what Boaz is doing does not matter for them if Boaz is friendly to them. By fabricating the relationship, he can be free from the disorderly, inharmonious world where

nobody is satisfied with others, and he finds his ultimate happiness. The process of projecting himself on the harmoniums and recognizing them as others creates a community where everybody becomes Boaz, and this is similar to the function of the chrono-synclastic infundibulum I suggested earlier. As a group or community, the Boazs stand for a pleasurable world where everybody is equally right and completely harmonious. Boaz, however, knows how imperfect and vulnerable his happiness is, as he says to Unk, "Don't truth me, Unk,...and I won't truth you" (*Sirens* 216). Boaz must know the true nature of the harmoniums, but he is reluctant to acknowledge it. He rather wants to believe in the hallucinatory pleasurable relationship with them—to be soaked in his desirable happiness—at last far from the earth. That he finds it only on Mercury is even more ironic when we see Rumfoord's grotesquely equal world as another example of harmony. This symbolically shows that the ideal harmonious world is only a hallucinatory haven *from the earth* and is unattainable in reality[3].

Vonnegut gives another irony in the notion of harmony when he names the creatures "harmoniums." As their nature is opposed to that of humans, he implies that the harmony embodied in the creatures is not achievable if we are human beings: They do not essentially need others. That they are parthenogenetic exemplifies Boaz's hallucinatory harmony, as they are all literally the same genetically. Boaz, who is symbolically unified with the harmoniums, exhibits a similar trait when he fancies that he "became for himself the affectionate Mama and Papa he'd never had" (*Sirens* 21), and in the hallucination, his parents are ascribed to him, as in the

case of the harmoniums. Additionally, as the harmoniums do not have any desire except an appetite for food, which is only vibrations, their harmony is achieved with indifference to others[4]. They do not have any trouble with others because they do not have any demand from them. Thus, although they live in a group, each one of them is basically and essentially alone. If there is no one to be in friction with, of course, there is no trouble, and a peaceful life is secured. It is not true that the harmoniums embody harmony; rather, what we can learn from their ecology is that there is no harmony or discord in them. The creatures named "harmoniums" ironically demonstrate that to achieve harmony, what you should do is eliminate others.

If unity is achieved in a community of only one subject—either by being integrated into a variable or proliferated to form a group or community—another ironical example of hallucinatory happiness is attained in Malachi, whose memory is erased on Mars to obtain another personality, Unk. He is one of the most wretched victims of ruling powers, but as in the moral, he finds "a purpose of human life, no matter who is controlling it, is to love whoever is around to be loved" (*Sirens* 320). He accepts the world of conflict and finds hope in it in the form of love. However, at last he dies in a happy hallucination, where he realizes his long-awaited desire to meet his best friend on Mars, Stony Stevenson. Salo takes him back to earth and hypnotizes him "in order that the last few seconds of Constant's life, at least, would please the old man tremendously. Constant's life would end well" (*Sirens* 322). In the hallucination, Stony, who is a friend of Unk, says, "somebody up there likes you" (*Sirens* 326), but this phrase—

although strictly speaking it is “me” not “you”—is repeatedly used by Malachi. Thus, on the deathbed toward “Paradise” (*Sirens* 326), the two personalities, Malachi and Unk, are integrated back into the same body. The difference between them is eliminated as if they are restored into an unassigned variable, or chrono-synclastic infundibulum. In *The Sirens of Titan*, the unity, equality, and harmony that bring people happiness are all in the hallucinatory paradise, and the haven from the world of madness is only in heaven.

Living in a Frustrating Reality

The ideal world described in *The Sirens of Titan* is achieved only in insubstantial metafictional space, or chrono-synclastic infundibulum, and hypnotic hallucination. On the other hand, however unrealistic or grotesque they are, Vonnegut does not deny people’s desire for an idealistic world; he only refuses for it to be realized. As Peter J. Reed points out, this “novel tests the scope of man’s free will simply in the face of larger forces or, more broadly, within the context of an absurd Universe” (75). It does not look for the way to free people from outside power, but the focus is on how to live *within* it. Leonard Mustazza reads Beatrice’s insight on the influence from Tralfamadore on earth as follows:

> [S]he defines free choices whenever we can; and even if we are unknowingly carrying out the will of some great powers (the Tralfamadorians, Rumfoord, even God), we

> are nevertheless free in the choice of our way to do it. (*Forever* 56)

Robert T. Tally also remarks that "Vonnegut recognizes that the fundamentally[*sic*] meaninglessness of human existence is not a conclusion, but a starting point for making life meaningful, if only provisionally, *for now*" (*Kurt* 34: italics original). One of the starting points to make life better is the moral of the novel—that is, to love the people around you.

Inevitability of discord between people or the powers ruling over us may seem tragic, but we still need other people because, as another moral, Beatrice says, "[t]he worst thing that could possibly happen to anybody...would be to not be used for anything by anybody" (*Sirens* 31). We may inevitably look for a perfectly desirable utopia to find a haven from painful reality, as Boaz does, but it is an unattainable dream. Vonnegut, however, implies a hope, as even though there must be agonies in relationship with others, a seed for satisfaction is certainly embedded in these relationships. He writes about both the human weakness and strength in that we irresistibly look for an escape from reality but have an ability to accept it and find hope in a painful world[5]. This ambivalence of human nature is what he continuously describes throughout his career, and to describe the weakness, he elaborately uses the form of a metafictionally hypnotic paradise or a fantastic science-fictional structure, chrono-synclastic infundibulum.

Chapter 2
In Search of "Mother Chaos": Revisit to Eden in *Mother Night*

In his third novel, *Mother Night*, Vonnegut again describes an escape into a chaotic space. This time, it is achieved literally in death, and metafictional strategy is explored in its form and characters. That the protagonist–narrator and ex-playwright Howard W. Campbell Jr. conducted espionage for his homeland of America during World War II, propagating Nazism in Germany, where he lives at the time, adds an important issue of identity to the novel. In the introduction added to the novel in 1966, when this work is republished in hardback, Vonnegut introduces a highly important moral of this story: "We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be" (*Mother* v). Thus, how he disguises himself is a point to be explored[1], and I will focus on this point to say that Campell, through his death, escapes from a crucial reality into a chaotic space, where he does not need to be anyone. He, as a fictional playwright, writes a drama for himself in the form of a novel—that is, *Mother Night*. His death becomes a curtain behind which Campbell can stop being Campbell and become nobody.

Another distinctive feature of this novel is the editor's note signed "KURT VONNEGUT, JR." (*Mother* xiii). This has ample suggestions for the metafictional nature of the novel. Here, Vonnegut disguises himself as an editor of the confession of Campbell and tells us about revisions, changes, and omissions he made to the manuscript. He also makes comments on Campbell so that the editor's note functions as a

meta-narrative on the novel proper. Especially important is his remark on writers and playwrights:

> To say that he was a writer is to say that the demands of art alone were enough to make him lie, and to lie without seeing any harm in it. To say that he was a playwright is to offer an even harsher warning to the reader, for no one is a better liar than a man who has warped lives and passions onto something as grotesquely artificial as a stage. (*Mother* ix)

We should not dismiss the nature of a writer as a "liar," as Vonnegut himself is one of them, and he indeed tells the lie here that he is an editor. The lies of both Campbell and Vonnegut are worth noticing to analyze the strategy they employ; doing so works for Campbell as a path to a paradisical haven, and for Vonnegut, it is a means to both help Campbell's escape and to foil it. In Vonnegut's use, it prepares a metafictional space that is neither in the text nor in the reality of readers but rather in the space between, generated by readers' interpretation. Our active involvement is needed in Campbell's search for his paradisical "nation of two" that he repeatedly refers to in his confession, and in the process, we become an accomplice of his to create the fictional haven from reality.

Unsuccessful "Nation of Two"

Campbell repeatedly refers to "a nation of two," which is

an idea from the play he was writing in Germany, "Das Reich der Zwai" (*Mother* 33), which stars his wife, Helga. The story is, as he explains,

> about the love my wife and I had for each other. It was going to show how a pair of lovers in a world gone mad could survive by being loyal only to a nation composed of themselves—a nation of two. (*Mother* 33-4)

Helga is "the angel who gave [uncritical love] to [him]" (*Mother* 42), and the nation of them obtains an image of a paradise where there is only a man and a woman. As Leonard Mustazza puts it, the nation of two "takes the happy couple all the way back to the innocent nation that Adam and Eve enjoyed before the Fall" (*Forever* 67)[2]. It is also set as a haven from society for them, and as it is achieved in the play—or more broadly, fiction—prepared for the couple, art and love are key factors in it. Jerome Klinkowitz says, "Art and love are two traditional ways of coping with the chaos of the outside world. Come what may, the self should be inviolate, and it is here that Campbell places his hope," but "in this modern world the self can indeed be violated, and is so at every turn" ("*Mother*" 163).

The world outside has gone mad for Campbell, and he wants a haven from it. However, the attempt is unsuccessful as there is not only Campbell but several others who make the world convenient for them. Mustazza reads this world with the word "chaos," linking the title of this novel, *Mother Night,* which is "taken from a speech by Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust*" (*Mother* xii), to the mythic figures of Night and Chaos.

His remark is highly suggestive when he points out that this novel's "main focus is the collision of one man's little world with those of potent others within the grater chaos" and not "the small, beguiling truths that one invents for oneself to survive happily" (*Forever* 63). However eagerly he hopes for an ideal world, or his nation of two, Rumfoord is always interfered with by someone with his or her own will to attain their purpose. His life with Helga is destroyed during World War II, when he loses her, and he becomes "a stateless person" (*Mother* 43) because he betrayed both America and Germany in his espionage, and he belongs nowhere. He starts communicating with people after 13 years in America, with nobody to get along with, which he refers to as "[p]urgatory" (*Mother* 22). He talks to the reader about the time spent with his new friend George Kraft and new partner Resi Noth, and especially with the partner, who is Helga's sister, he is forming a new nation of two. However, although his world seems to become ideal for him, it turns out that they are both spies from Soviet Russia on duty to bring Campbell to Russia to blame America for sheltering a cruel war criminal. Again, his ideal world is broken by interference from the outside world. However, they do not have malicious intent to break Campbell's world, but rather, they schizophrenically and sincerely foster good relations with him as a friend and a partner, engaging in espionage. They also want their purpose fulfilled, but unfortunately, their ideals are incompatible with each other, and none of them can be satisfied with the circumstances.

At the end of the novel, Campbell is once again interfered with by a letter from Frank Wirtanen, the man who hired

Campbell as a spy. Campbell wants a trial to take place to be rightly punished, but the letter serves as proof that he worked under command, and it frees him without punishment. Receiving the letter, he decides to commit suicide to punish himself and closes the confession. The suicide is his farewell to the "cruel world" (*Mother* 268) that always prevents him from achieving his will. His ideal world is feeble or vulnerable and always promptly fused into the greater disorder outside that torments him.

Plotted Tragedy

Both Campbell's world and Campbell himself collapse in the end, as everybody works for their own purpose or desire that conflicts with each other. If we focus on the plot of the story that Campbell always suffers from intervention from the outside world and decides to commit suicide, finding his coming future to be free again "nauseating" (*Mother* 267)—which would naturally remind readers of Jean-Paul Sartre—this is, as Mustazza aptly says, "one of Vonnegut's most pessimistic novels" (*Forever* 75). However, it is uncommendable to accept the tragic nature of this novel at face value because Vonnegut cautiously refers to writers as liars in the introduction. It is certain that his decision to commit suicide seems to show his guilt as a war criminal by punishing himself in the most irrecoverable way, but as he is shown to us to be a liar, it is possible that he *arranges* the confession to be read as such. Susan Farrell criticizes that "*Howard W. Campbell's tale of working as an American double*

agent during the war years is a fabrication on his part, a lie to justify his own reprehensible behavior as a Nazi propagandist" ("Convenient" 226: italics original). As the title of her article demonstrates, the confession is "A Convenient Reality" that is designed to deceive readers into believing his guilt and atonement. Certainly, her account is too extreme and not completely agreeable, but still, it is worth noticing the fictionality of the confession.

In the editor's note, Vonnegut says about a playwright that "no one is a better liar than a man who has warped lives and passions onto something as grotesquely artificial as a stage" (*Mother* ix). This is written by a *fictional* Vonnegut as he claims himself to be an *editor*, not a *writer*. Thus, the editor's note should be expected to perform a certain function in the novel to fully embody his idea. Then, Campbell must be a liar. The most remarkable lie should be the one about his death. Many critics have read it as an atonement for his sin[3], but as Rafe McGregor points out,

> Campbell is not merely bent on suicide—he could have committed suicide in New York at the end of his romantic adventure, or let himself be killed when he is the victim of an assassination attempt. (174)

However, his following argument dismisses an important factor when he says, "What is unquestionably admirable is Campbell's desire to stand trial, because he believes that he is guilty of war crimes in the same way...and can no longer live with that guilt" (174). If Campbell sincerely hopes to be judged, he should not have commit suicide, as the trial is to

come. Even if a letter that should free him makes him feel nauseous, proving he is not guilty, this is an objective judgment on him, and whether he can accept it or not does not matter because the adjudication must be exactly what he wants. Or if what he wants is not an objective judgment but a conviction or punishment, and if he feels the guilt so badly that he would kill himself, the chances are always with him, as McGregor says. Moreover, Campbell says, "a man who's spent as much time in the theater as I have would know when the proper time came for the hero to die—if he was to be a hero" (*Mother* 185). Then, death could be arranged and directed as a good tragedy by the liar-playwright Campbell to control readers' response to his confession, and it is so successful that there are many who, seemingly sympathizing with or affirming him, accept it as an atonement. It is certain that his life is pessimistic, as every time he enjoys momentary happiness, it is destroyed before long, being at the mercy of the outer world. However, we should not accept it at face value as Campbell is a playwright, or a liar. This confession might be fabricated as a tragedy to attract sympathy from readers, reaching its peak at his death. It is of course natural because this is a novel of Vonnegut disguising nonfictional confession, but Campbell's story is too well constructed to be accepted as a true story.

Controlling readers' response as a playwright, Campbell also becomes an actor in his play. He is a self-proclaimed "ham," and this is the reason he decides to be a spy, as he thinks he "would have an opportunity for some pretty grand acting" (*Mother* 39) in espionage. To be a spy is to be an actor for him, and this has a strong tie with the moral Vonnegut

suggests in the introduction: “We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be” (*Mother* v). Campbell often mentions his true self, which is different from the surficial one—a spy doing evil in the world—in his confession. However, according to the moral, the surface was what he was at the time, however outspokenly he expresses himself later in his confession. This moral thus also implies that people always play a part, wearing a unremovable mask over their true self[4]. As for Campbell’s life, he is always intervened with from the outer world, and in a scene after his short-term happiness with Kraft and Resi, he “froze” (*Mother* 231), standing still, because of “the fact that [he] had absolutely no reason to move in any direction” (*Mother* 232). He says, “[w]hat had made [him] move through so many dead and pointless years was curiosity,” and “[n]ow even that had flickered out” (*Mother* 232). However, in fact, what really makes him move should not be curiosity because he starts to move again when a police officer comes to him and says, “Better move on, don’t you think?” (*Mother* 232). What he really needs here is not curiosity but direction as an actor onstage.

The seemingly pessimistic and tragic ending of his confession with his committing suicide could thus be a result of his ingenious playwriting that, as the editor Vonnegut says, “warp[s] lives and passions onto something as grotesquely artificial as a stage (*Mother* ix). In the editor’s note, Vonnegut restores Campbell’s reference to the dedication “in a chapter he later discarded” (*Mother* xii):

> Before seeing what sort of a book I was going to have

here, I wrote the dedication— "To Mata Hari." She whored in the interest of espionage, and so did I.

This book is rededicated to Howard W. Campbell, Jr., a man who served evil too openly and good too secretly, the crime of his times. (*Mother Night* xiii: underline mine)

Campbell seems to impute the sin to "his times" at first, and this shows that his seeming atonement is also a mendacity. His tragic confession that ends with his suicide is intentionally and ingeniously plotted and directed as such to superficially express his sheer anguish. If we do not know the original intention, he is accepted as he wishes because we are what we pretend to be, but unfortunately, there is an editor who reveals his hidden self. His being a liar and the fictionality of his confession are confirmed by the editor.

Edited Fiction

Through the editor's note, Vonnegut successfully creates a fictional void between the world where Campbell lives and ours. In this part, I will demonstrate that it would be a haven for Campbell from the world that is not tender to him, and there he could stay calmly in his nation of two. That there is an editor for his confession implies that there is an original version[5]. However, since the book is not actually Campbell's confession but Vonnegut's novel, there is no original version: Ultimately, Vonnegut is not an editor but a novelist who wrote all of the book, including Campbell's confession. As a result,

certain things only pretend to have an original, and the implied false *original* becomes a chaotic space where nothing is established, and this is where Campbell escapes to through his death.

What the editor mainly does is change names, make cuts and, restore the part cut from the original. As the aforementioned point about the dedication demonstrates, the restoration is worth noticing to explore the structural trick Vonnegut plays in this novel. It reveals Campbell's and Vonnegut's intentions outside the body of the book. Since *Mother Night* is written as fiction, and there is no original confession of Campbell, the restored passages are only in the *fictional* editor's note. These passages are separated from context that is nonexistent, and they become merely self-referential. This implies there should be context, and the implied context is nowhere in Campbell's world or in ours but rather in between them, in the realm generated only by interpretation—that is, the chaotic space where nothing is established.

The identity of people whose names are changed also loses its genuineness because nobody knows their real name, or probably, they do not have real names at all. As their names are changed "in order to spare embarrassment or worse to innocent persons still living" (*Mother* x), their real names do not appear anywhere in this book. Readers recognize them under the pseudonyms Vonnegut gives them, but giving names to characters is what novelists always do when they write a fictional story. Thus, the pseudonyms in *Mother Night* are nothing more than ordinary names in an ordinary novel in which we readers recognize and identify characters. As they

are fictional characters, they do not even need any real names. Again, when we remember the moral, “we are what we pretend to be”; they are what they are under their pseudonyms, and their identities that are supposed to be hidden are brought to light with the pseudonyms replacing the real names. Here again, only the implication that they should have real names is left, and the real names lie in a chaos between the fictional world and ours.

With the editor’s note, this novel generates another world from either the fictional one or the real one, and this would be where Campbell schemes to enter; his death is also linked to the implied space. If we regard this confession as an arranged tragedy by Campbell, the end of his words corresponds with the curtain coming down, and he, at the same time, also stops acting, to return to his own self. When to live is to assume a certain role, death means the end of playacting, and this is where one can cast off the role. By turning the world into a stage, Campbell prepares a haven from endless playacting; he casts off the role of Campbell to be nobody in the afterlife. Mustazza rightly points out that “main focus is the collision of one man’s little world with those of potent others within the grater chaos” (*Forever* 63); however, Campbell rather escapes from the painful, disorderly world, where he inevitably keeps playacting anytime, anywhere with collisions with the plot of others, into chaos, where, as nothing is established, there is no role to play. He rather utilizes the chaos, making it a haven, or his ironical paradise.

Campbell hallucinates Eden several times in his confession, and the place is given the image of a hideaway:

> There was one pleasant thing about my ratty attic: the back window of it overlooked a little private park, a little Eden formed by joined back yards. That park, that Eden, was walled off from the streets by houses on all sides. (*Mother* 23; underlines mine)

That this park is isolated from streets shows that, for Campbell, Eden is a place essentially closed off and isolated. In that little park, children often play hide-and-seek, and he "often heard a cry from that Eden"—that is, "Olly-olly-ox-in-free" (*Mother* 23-4). The cry "mean[s] a game of hide-and-seek was over, that those still hiding were to come out of hiding, that it was time to go home" (*Mother* 24). When Wirtanen recruits Campbell, Wirtanen says that if Campbell accepts becoming a spy, "there will be no magic time when you will be cleared, when America will call you out of hiding with a cheerful: Olly-olly-ox-in-free" (*Mother* 44). This alludes that Campbell, as a spy, keeps playing hide-and-seek without anybody coming to find him. In other words, engaging in espionage, Campbell symbolically settles down in the hidden and isolated Eden. His nation of two is also a closed and isolated community composed of only two people, Campbell and Helga. However, it collapses when he loses Helga, and he "became a death-worshipper" (*Mother* 47). That what counterbalances his loss is death would imply that there is no Edenic place in life, and there may be in the afterlife. In the afterlife, he would enjoy a new nation of two by ex-Campbell-and-now-nobody and chaos. He achieves a perfect nation of two where nobody lives.

From a realistic point of view, this achievement is

ridiculous, as his death is the end of him. However, Campbell actually hallucinates a ghostly life after one's body dies, and this leads to his desire to return to the origin, or the *mother*. On the inside of a trunk, which contains his works, is a poem Campbell wrote:

> Here lies Howard Campbell's essence,
> Freed from his body's noisome nuisance.
> His body, empty, prowls the earth,
> Earning what a body's worth.
> If this body and his essence remain apart,
> Burn his body, but spare this, his heart. (*Mother* 124)

What is left is his art and his heart, and *Mother Night* does belong to his art. By means of this creative work, he depicts his new life form as only heart separated from his body. His confession as a drama offers him a place to spare his soul. Hallucinating a space between the text and the real world of the readers, he generates a chaotic space where nothing is established. Vonnegut quotes from a speech by Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust* in the editor's note, showing the namesake of Campbell's confession:

> I am a part of the part that at first was all, part of the darkness that gave birth to light, that supercilious light which now disputes with Mother Night her ancient rank and space, and yet can not succeed; no matter how it struggles, it sticks to matter and can't get free. Light flows from substance, makes it beautiful; solids can check its path, so I hope it won't be long till light and the world's

> stuff are destroyed together. (qtd in *Mother* xii: underlines mine)

This implies the desire of Campbell, as "a part of the part that at first was all," to return to the comprehensive state of Chaos that gives birth to everything. In other words, he hopes to "get free" from "substance," or life, to enter a nation of two with Mother Chaos.

Deadly Hope to be Nobody

Campbell's escape into chaos is achieved in a deconstructive way; he needs readers who recognize him as an insubstantial fictional character, and in the process that readers find him to be nobody, he inevitably becomes *somebody*. However successfully he takes refuge in the afterlife, this is achieved only in the interpretation of the readers that it is Campbell who escapes into chaos and becomes nobody. He is always identified in reference to Campbell. Without readers who construct the world from the words and recognize personality in them, Campbell is merely ink on paper and does not think anything at all. Thus, to complete and maintain the haven in chaos where there is nobody who can interfere him, although it is deconstructive, Campbell needs the interference of readers. Also as deconstructive, if he successfully becomes an absolute nobody, his desire to be free from his life disappears, as he is no longer a character who can desire something. It theoretically and essentially impossible to create the utopia in the way Campbell attempts.

In his words lies suggestion that his experiment would end in failure. His last words in the confession are "*Auf wiedersehen?*" (*Mother* 268), and by this phrase, he makes a promise to meet readers again. The meaning is explained in the confession:

> "Auf wiedersehen," I said. "That's goodbye, isn't it?"
> "Until we meet again," she said.
> "Oh," I said. "Well—auf wiedersehen."
> "Auf wiedersehen," she said. (*Mother* 32: underline mine)

Being proud of his fine command of German, he impressively bids farewell to readers and to his world, but this shows, in fact, a hope to meet again, and we, as he promises, see him in his afterlife, or in his new nation of two[6].

As Klinkowitz puts it, commenting on the moral from this work, "art and love are selfish, false escapes" ("*Mother*" 166), and Campbell's failure is predestined by Vonnegut. People who attempt to escape in the way of art—or in the case of Campbell, more precisely, fiction—inevitably end in failure, and the Eden they dream of is merely hallucinational and unachievable if they are people in reality because we cannot abandon our body as fictional Campbell does, dreaming of a comfortable and quiet afterlife. Another moral Vonnegut suggests in the introduction may reinforce my point, so I conclude this chapter with his words: "There's another clear moral to this tale, now that I think about it: When you're dead you're dead" (*Mother* viii).

Part 2

Morphine Paradise Lost

In Part 2, I will examine the process of how ignorance creates the haven from reality or a science-fictional heavenly place. However, unlike the haven in Part 1, those of the three novels, *Cat's Cradle* (1963), *Slaughterhouse-Five* (1969), and *Galápagos* (1985), are not ideal from the beginning and feeble. People need to be atrophied and benumbed to reality to enjoy the haven, but as *Homo sapiens,* or "wise man," we cannot remain ignorant about everything. The haven, at last, is destroyed by the intelligence of people. However, Vonnegut acknowledges the desire of people for such happy places as he writes the people who are in the hallucinational haven as sufferers of painful and miserable reality in *Cat's Cradle* and *Slaughterhouse-Five*. In the former, they are people in an impoverished country with no hope for development, and in the latter, an infantryman who serves on the German front in World War II and survives the firebombing of Dresden, as Vonnegut himself did. While he sympathizes with them, Vonnegut knows escapism is not the fundamental solution. He argues that we desperately need a haven from reality, and at the same time, claims that we need to confront the harsh reality to make the world better. And after a long interval of sixteen years, he again hallucinates Edenic place full of ignorant people one million years in the future in *Galápagos.* Making human beings utterly different from humans now based on hard science, Vonnegut ironically predicts the possible future evolution of people who choose to be ignorant of reality. However, he includes his hope for humanity that is

at last achieved even with the intelligence that is the primary cause of evil. Thus, in these three novels, morphine paradise is lost and replaced with a possible new hope for humanity which Vonnegut reached in his later career.

Chapter 3
A Paradise on Fata Morgana:
Range of Fiction in *Cat's Cradle*

In *Cat's Cradle*, Vonnegut presents a possible happiness obtained by believing in fictional reality and, at the same time, an inevitable collapse of it by means of science, which discloses truths in this world. To delineate the relationship between fiction and happiness, Vonnegut designs a unique fictional religion, Bokononism, and introduces various coined words that demonstrate the essential concept of it. At the center of it is *foma*, which means "[h]armless untruth" (*Cat's* n.pag.). It is what the Bokononist live by to survive in their miserable situation in the fabricated "banana republic" (*Cat's* 79), San Lorenzo. Additionally, the title of this book, *Cat's Cradle*, cleverly suggests the theme: how people interpret things around them either creatively or realistically, as "cat's cradle" is a game where people find or do not find shapes or meanings in an entwined string. As for science, Vonnegut prepares a dangerous fictional material, *ice-nine*, which is conceived and realized by a scientific genius, Felix Hoenikker, who is "one of the so-called 'Fathers' of the first atomic bomb" (*Cat's* 6). The invented material "ha[s] a melting point of one-hundred-fourteen-point-four-degrees Fahrenheit" (*Cat's* 51) and, at last, causes the end of the world by freezing everything on earth. The happiness derived from Bokononism is helpless in the apocalypse, and the Bokononists commit mass suicide. This implies that, although they believe in fiction as they cannot face up to reality, the power of science, which reveals the *truth*, cruelly breaks apart their hallucination.

Fictionality is a central feature in this novel, and we can see that it is given to both Bokononism and *ice-nine* if we focus on the process of their formation. However, although Bokononism makes people happy by concealing the miserable reality, science in *Cat's Cradle* symbolizes the destruction of happiness, forcing people to realize the cruel and harsh circumstances through the revelation of reality, even though originally science is also blindly believed to make people happy. Although people in San Lorenzo happily live their lives, as William Rodney Allen puts it, "[t]he island of San Lorenzo is anything but a primitive, romantic escape from the horrors of the technological world: in fact it is fertile, impoverished, overpopulated, and run by a ruthless dictator, Papa Monzano" (*Understanding* 61), and *ice-nine*, a symbol of science and truth, literally breaks the utopian country. It is worth noticing the process of making paradise on earth by *foma*, and how far the effectiveness of the fictionality endures in a world where scientific truth is unavoidably weakening the power of hallucinational happiness would be what Vonnegut intended to write in this playful and ironical novel. How we readers understand this novel, which is written as a book by the protagonist–narrator John/Jonah, is also being questioned, as this book announces that "[n]othing in this book is true" on the same page with an epigraph, "Live by the foma that make you brave and kind and healthy and happy" (*Cat's* n.pag), which is quoted from *The Books of Bokonon*.

San Lorenzo as a Paradise

San Lorenzo is intended to be a paradisical place, and Bokononism contributes to the achievement of the ideal by making the fiction seem real. There is an ad for San Lorenzo in "a special supplement to the New York *Sunday Times*," which Jonah reads, saying it is a "healthy, happy, progressive, freedom-loving, beautiful nation makes itself extremely attractive to American investors and tourists alike" (*Cat's* 79-80). It would be apparent for visitors that the reverse is the case, but San Lorenzo disguises itself as an ideal place and becomes as such, at least in the ad. It should be meaningless and useless as it does not ameliorate the painful situation in the country at all, but it does help people if they believe Bokononism because what things seem like or what people believe can replace reality in the lovely religion.

Bokononist must know that what they are about to believe is based on untruths. *The First Book of Bokonon*, a kind of a bible for Bokononism, starts with a "warning on the title page," which is, "Don't be a fool! Close this book at once! It is nothing but *foma*!" (*Cat's* 265), and readers need to ignore the warning to have faith in Bokononism. Thus, in the process of becoming a Bokononist, veritableness is disregarded, and however ridiculous it seems, what people believes becomes truth because they must decide to believe in Bokononism or, in other words, untruth[1]. Bokonon, who intends to make people happy with the religion, writes a calypso that announces his hope:

I wanted all things
To seem to make some sense,
So we all could be happy, yes,
Instead of tense.

And I made up lies
So the they all fit nice,
And I made this sad world
A par-a-dise. (*Cat's* 127)

Bokononists, who do not care for veritableness at all now, can accept all that is presented by Bokonon, who "dream[s] of making San Lorenzo a Utopia" (*Cat's* 127). Bokonon arranges for the world to be an ideal state, and Bokononists, in collusion with him, let the lies Bokonon made become actualized to enjoy a paradise without doubt.

Bokononism is not frivolous escapism but is acutely needed as relief in San Lorenzo. In a country with no hope of improvement, what people can do is only look at reality from a different angle. The necessity of the lies in San Lorenzo is explained in the book:

> Well, when it became evident that no governmental or economic reform was going to make the people much less miserable, the religion became the one real instrument of hope. Truth was the enemy of the people, because the truth was so terrible, so Bokonon made it his business to provide the people with better and better lies. (*Cat's* 172)

By creating convenient, simple lies but not by cancelling the truth, he provides people with a comfortable, hallucinational reality, and "they were all employed full time as actors in a play they understood, that any human being anywhere could understand and applaud" (*Cat's* 175). As if they are utilizing the moral of *Mother Night*, they become what they pretend to

be to ignore and forget the awful truth and enjoy their pleasurable hallucination. Their circumstances are not ameliorated at all, but their attitude toward it changes extremely; they can enjoy miserable and painful life only by believing in lies. However grotesque it seems to be, Bokononists can lead a better and happier life through Bokononism, demanding people to believe in lies, rightly justifying their impossible hope.

Another instance reinforces the idea of a paradise achieved by lies, and it is represented in a "rectangle." Paradise in *Cat's Cradle* is achieved by generating lies to change the way of understanding the outside world, and this is what exactly novelists do, as Kevin A. Boon cleverly notes: "Vonnegut builds fantastic little universe on perfectly rectangular sheets of paper" (*Chaos* 79). One of the Felix's children, Frank, who "didn't have any home life" (*Cat's* 75), made "a fantastic little country built on plywood, an island as perfectly rectangular as township in Kansas" (*Cat's* 74) when he was a kid, and it "was his real home" (*Cat's* 75). By making a miniature fictional world that he can arrange as he likes, he prepares a haven from his real life, and this attempt is similar to that of the Bokononists. Interestingly, the island of San Lorenzo is also described as "an amazingly regular rectangle" (*Cat's* 132). By representing these paradisical places as rectangle, Vonnegut implies the possible haven from reality in fiction.

Truth Revealed by Science

Science is described as a key thing that reveals hidden secret, or truth, in this world, and it is also strongly related to fiction as Bokobonism in *Cat's Cradle*. The key material is *ice-nine*, which brings the apocalyptic disaster to the whole world, starting in San Lorenzo. *Ice-nine* is realized by Felix Hoenikker, who is asked by a Marine general to do something to get rid of mud. Although his scientist colleague Asa Breed regards it as only pure research and believes there is no such way, Felix indeed creates it. Through this process, he gives the seeming impossible fantastic theory shape with his scientific genius. In other words, science gives a realistic form to conceptual assumptions. Thus, what science does is similar to Bokononism in the sense that they both actualize imaginary things.

That science reveals or discovers the truth is emphasized in this novel, and it is said that "[n]ew knowledge is the most valuable commodity on earth. The truth we have to work with, the richer we become" (*Cat's* 41). It even "found out what [the secret of life] was"—that is, "protein" (*Cat's* 25)—and makes it impossible for people to rely on religious or spiritual aid that has great power for its incorporeal aura. Everything is to be understandable and graspable by scientific truth, and unscientific things are demoted to only unreliable lies or fiction. However, the faith in science that it makes us richer also becomes unreliable after the first successful atomic bomb test. A scientist, watching the power of the bomb, says to Felix, "Science has now known sin" (*Cat's* 17). Pure researchers who are merely fascinated with scientific truths can no longer innocently enjoy their search for more truths, and this reflects Vonnegut's response to science after World War II. Not only

does he describe people as disappointed in science (*Cat's* 26, 71), but he also states his despair at science that gave him a hope for the future before:

> But for me it was terrible, after having believed so much in technology and having drawn so many pictures of dream automobiles and dream airplanes and dream human dwellings, to see the actual use of this technology in destroying a city and killing 135,000 people and then to see the even more sophisticated technology in the use of nuclear weapons on Japan. I was sickened by this use of the technology that I had had such great hopes for. (Musil 232; underline mine)

He can no longer innocently believe that science is meant to make people's lives better, seeing the *truth* of science. That Felix works in the fictional city Ilium, which is a Latin name for Troy, implies that, as if it is the Trojan Horse, poison, or destructive truth, hidden in science, in fact, breaks faith in science. If people can still believe in the innocence of science, it is no different from the people in San Lorenzo, who ignore unacceptable reality and enjoy a convenient, hallucinational alternative. Science, on the contrary, reveals the truth, as they must know.

Paradise Lost in San Lorenzo

San Lorenzo, where innocent people can lead a happy life, ignoring the truth, however miserable it is, stands for a

paradise, but it is lost in the end by invading science. The innocent paradise is poisoned by the sin embodied in science, which reveals truth that people in San Lorenzo attempt to conceal under lies. They can no longer live in the paradise as Adam and Eve cannot after they ate the fruit of knowledge; science is associated with the fruit, with which Paradise Lost is caused. Conversely, San Lorenzo is an earthly paradise that has not been lost due to "knowledge" yet.

Bokonon often revises the Bible to make it fit for his tenet to bring paradise to earth, and, as Leonard Mustazza reads, there is no God to give people meaning, and people must create one for themselves in Bokononism:

> To a large extent, Bokonon's revised account makes greater sense, for it does not present the sad and tantalizing prospect of a "golden age" prior to the hard life that now exists. Rather, his narrative shows man as the one who has always been responsible for giving life the "right" meanings. Inventiveness thus replaces worship as a means of deriving a sense of purpose in this life, and such imagined meaning is what Vonnegut believes even traditional organized religions offer to their congregations. (*Forever* 86; underline mine)

Mustazza also points out that, in the traditional interpretation of the Bible, Eden could be lost "through the misuse of all these intellectual attributes" that are granted by God, such as "the ability to speak, to reason, and to choose between right and wrong" (*Forever* 86). Thus, paradoxically in San Lorenzo, where God does not grant any meaning to people,

the paradise is not lost yet, or in other words, it is a world where there is no original sin. Bokonon cleverly excludes what causes Paradise Lost from his religion to achieve even a symbolically ideal innocent world in San Lorenzo.

However, the science that "has known the sin" is brought into the paradise by Frank and causes apocalyptic disaster that storms the entire world. Felix Hoenikker, right before his death, secretly creates *ice-nine* and distributes it among his three children. Each of them uses it to fulfill their desires, attracting others with the destructive scientific invention. Frank gives it to "Papa" Monzano, the dictator of San Lorenzo, to acquire a high position in the country. "Papa," on his deathbed, kills himself using *ice-nice*, contaminating his body with it. When Bokononists kill themselves, they say, "Now I will destroy the whole world" (*Cat's* 238), seemingly showing a solipsistic worldview, with which they arrange their own meaning of life. However, when "Papa," who secretly is also a Bokononist, says the phrase, the meaning completely changes, as his *ice-nine*-contaminated body falls into the sea by accident to transform every liquid into *ice-nine* and freeze everything in the world. He literally destroys the entire world as the result of his suicide by the sinful science. "Papa" also says, "Science is magic that works" (*Cat's* 218), and he asks Frank to find and kill Bokonon, who is officially regarded as an outlaw but is actually a psychological support for everyone in the country. Bokonon and the founder of the country, McCabe, decided to make them respectively a holy man and a tyrant to maintain "Dynamic Tension" (*Cat's* 102) because Bokonon believes that "good societies could be built only by pitting good against evil, and by keeping the tension between

the two high at all times" (*Cat's* 102). Thus, what "Papa" attempts to do is, relying too much on science, weaken the magical power of lies in Bokononism and destroy the delicate balance on which people secure desperate happiness. When the political center is poisoned with science, San Lorenzo starts to collapse.

After *ice-nine*, or science, caused the disaster, people in San Lorenzo still rely on Bokononism, but it can no longer be helpful. People commit mass suicide using *ice-nine*, following Bokonon's teaching. Bokonon's note, left at the site, reads:

> To whom it may concern: These people around you are almost all of the survivors on San Lorenzo of the winds that followed the freezing of the sea. These people made a captive of the spurious holy man named Bokonon. They brought him here, placed him at their center, and commanded him to tell them exactly what God Almighty was up to and what they should now do. The mountebank told them that God was surely trying to kill them, possibly because He was through with them, and that they should have the good manners to die. This, as you can see, they did. (*Cat's* 273)

Although it is humans' part to create meaning for Bokononists, they finally ask God to direct them. They can no longer survive with magical hallucination now that they are in even more severe and devastating circumstances than before. They cannot ignore their real situation as science, what reveals the truth of the world, is brought into their country. For San Lorenzo, a paradise built on *foma*, science is the cruelest

poison, forcing people to face the objective real problem of them.

Scientists are, however, another victim of the truth that science presents. The representative of scientist in this work, Felix, is not described as evil or mad, as one who intends to harm the world. Mustazza comments on Felix's character as follows:

> [Felix] is not a demon scientist, for a demon is, by definition, a being that is evil and performs evil acts deliberately. Rather, Hoenikker is unaware of the moral dimensions implicit in the act of creating anything new, let alone implements that can harm others. For that, we may loathe him; but Vonnegut really does not go out of his way to make Hoenikker a despicable character. He is, instead, a pathetic figure, a product of the preatomic world when science was perhaps as playful an endeavor as he would have liked it to be. (*Forever* 79-80; underline mine)

He is merely an innocent and playful scientist who has not noticed the genuinely devastating power of science and does research as if he plays with his favorite toy. His childishness and purity, however, transform into grotesqueness on the day the atomic bomb is dropped on Hiroshima. Although he does not do anything father-like for his children, he unusually attempts to attract Newt, one of his three children, playing cat's cradle. His abnormal act threatens Newt, and Newt remembers the face of his father:

> His pores looked as big as craters on the moon. His ears and nostrils were stuffed with hair. Cigar smoke made him smell like the mouth of Hell. So close up, my father was the ugliest thing I had ever seen. (*Cat's* 12)

On the day science gives the world unprecedented menace, it also unmasks the true nature of scientists, who used to be childish and innocent people, demonstrating that they can be a threat that can create a weapon of mass destruction. That they childishly indulge themselves in research only with their heart, regardless of the result it causes, is no longer a laughing matter.

A Paradise on Fata Morgana

Frank refers to San Lorenzo as "Fata Morgana" (*Cat's* 83), and it is not only an appropriate symbol for the country that is based on *foma* but also serves as a merging point of fiction and reality. Fata Morgana is a phenomenon whereby people see things in a different place from where it should be, but in fact, they do not move at all. It is an illusion caused by irregular refraction of light, and people take the virtual image for the real one. Bokononism shares a similar effect in the sense that both make people believe in hallucinations. Thus, symbolically, when he is adrift at sea and finds San Lorenzo, Frank has every reason to wonder if it is Fata Morgana, which can be a savior to him.

However, Fata Morgana is not a complete hallucination, as it exists in this world, even though it is not in the place

where an observer believes it is, and Bokononists also do not completely abandon reality. As for the nature of Bokononism, Jerome Klinkowitz notes that

> what [Bokononism] offers is a system that allows the truth to exist, yet in a way that people are not forced to pay attention to it. [,,,,]. Bokononism is not an opiate, nor is it irresponsible. It turns away from nothing and in fact accepts the unpleasant facts of reality for what they are, as a part of the whole truth—but never as Truth itself. (*Vonnegut* 67)

Klinkowitz sees that the truth is not ignored or erased but is made unnoticeable by Bokononism. Weakening the impact of the truth with *foma*, Bokononists change how to see reality, but they surely accept the truth. It should be the real effect of lies in Bokononism, and the reality is distorted or drowned in lies so that it cannot heavily influence people. The hallucinational happiness of the Bokononists is achieved by overflowing lies that seem to be true.

Multiple possible worlds have an affinity with what Vonnegut writes in *The Sirens of Titan*, but in *Cat's Cradle*, he seems to be conscious of the limitation of the alternative worlds, as San Lorenzo or the entire world collapses in the end; the worlds converge into only one reality without hallucination. As Fata Morgana is a phenomenon that appears only in a specific condition, when the condition changes, it disappears, and only the real object is left on earth. In other words, Fata Morgana is a kind of an alter ego of a real structure, and the merging process is introduced for writers

in *Cat's Cradle*—that is, Vonnegut, Jonah, and Bokonon. This novel closes with a scene where Bokonon and Jonah encounter each other in the post-apocalyptic San Lorenzo, and Bokonon hands a piece of paper to Jonah on which "the final sentence for *The Books of Bokonon*" (*Cat's* 287) is written. The quotation serves as the final sentence for Jonah's Book, and thus, as Peter J. Reed notes, "[t]he end of Bokonon's book is the end of Jonah's is the end of Vonnegut's" (144). The ends of three books share the same sentence. The writers also have close relations with each other, as it is suggested that Jonah's surname is Vonnegut (Reilly 204-5), and the name "Bokonon" is "Johnson" in San Lorenzan dialect, showing a symbolical relationship with Jonah, who is also called "John." Thus, the Fata-Morgana-like alter ego writers of Vonnegut, having the same end in their books with Vonnegut's, converge into their creator Vonnegut. With this composition of the novel of the fictional world leading to the real world at the end of the story, the key idea that hallucination does not last forever is revealed to break the dream of people to indulge them in hallucinational happiness, ignoring the problems of the real world.

Cat's Cradle as *The Books of Bokonon* for Readers

What is considered and described is not a pedantic and metaphysical thought experiment involving only Vonnegut, but this novel serves as *The Books of Bokonon* directed to readers; we are challenged with how to handle the power of fiction and science, but as the ironical end indicates, we are

not encouraged to live on *foma*. Klinkowitz notes that the book of Jonah is undoubtedly read, even though the world must be entirely destroyed, and concludes that it does not end at all:

> Has life on earth really ended? Of course not, for here we are, all three million of us (the novel's sales to date), quite happily and healthily reading the author's practical joke against the universe. (*Kurt* 57)

His comment is reasonable, as the epigraph of this novel is quoted from *The Books of Bokonon*, which tells readers, "Nothing in this book is true" (*Cat's* n.pag). If nothing is true in this book, the end of the world at the hands of *ice-nine* is also complete untruth. We are handed *The Books of Bokonon* in the form of *Cat's Cradle*[2], and it is entrusted to us whether we ignore or accept the caution this book puts forth on fiction and science.

However, we would not feel happy even if we accept the Bokononist thought, as in the year this novel was published, the Cuban missile crisis occurred, and the real end of the world was about to come. Moreover, that it is not necessarily the will of the people to cause the end of the world is implied, as the *ice-nine* disaster is caused by an accident. However hard people wish for the pleasant hallucinational paradise, we already assume the sin accompanied with science will break it, and the cause of the destruction is already everywhere on earth. Lies that bring paradise to San Lorenzo are merely unstable Fata Morgana, which can be achieved only in hallucination or fiction. Thus, *Cat's Cradle* is a book that reveals the limitation of fiction, which is feeble and fragile in

the face of objective scientific truth. Vonnegut does not deny the desperate need for fiction for people in miserable situations, or rather, he may sympathize with them, but at the same time, he knows it cannot be an adequate solution to be absorbed in hallucination.

Chapter 4
A Question that Breaks a Morphine Paradise: The Effect of "Why?" in *Slaughterhouse-Five*

Vonnegut's masterpiece *Slaughterhouse-Five* is written based on his disastrous experience in the firebombing of Dresden, but it is not a serious war story but rather a curiously strange science-fictional work. In this novel, he writes about people's desperate desire to escape from the crucifying situation into paradisical fantasy. Again, he does not completely agree with the escape and includes a clue to break the fantasy: a question, "Why?" to awaken people from the anesthetizing "morphine paradise" (*Slaughterhouse* 81). In the autobiographical Chapter 1 of the book, he says, "there is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre" (*Slaughterhouse* 16). Thus, his aim in writing this novel would not be to directly criticize the bombing or war itself because it cannot be done in an intelligent way but rather to consider how people respond to the overwhelming threat of them, using a seemingly inappropriate science-fictional technique: time travel.

In this work, assuming superior power and accepting determinism, people atrophy their minds to survive in the ridiculous and absurd condition they are in. Among them is the protagonist Billy Pilgrim, who survives the firebombing of Dresden. The story is narrated from his point of view, but as he "has come unstuck in time" (*Slaughterhouse* 19) and is a time traveler, the plot is sufficiently chaotic to make readers confused about the chronological order of events. As for time, Billy is kidnapped by aliens from Tralfamadore and learns how

time is structured according to them—that is, "All moments, past, present, and future, always have existed, always will exist" (*Slaughterhouse* 22). Thus, as everything happens as it is supposed to happen, nobody can do anything about it, and nobody is responsible for anything[1]. People can accept everything by stopping thinking, as what they think does not matter at all. Determinism can be an anesthesia for people suffering from their absurd fate in war. Billy, who believes in this Tralfamadorian idea, thinks that "Everything is all right, and everybody has to do exactly what he does" (*Slaughterhouse* 163).

Another characteristic of this novel is that Vonnegut appears in the story with the first person "I" to experience the same march with Billy. That Chapter 1 is narrated in an autobiographical way is worth noticing, as it is not in the preface or introduction but in Chapter 1[2]. This implies that his seemingly realistic recollection is expected to be read as a part of the story to create a novel structure where reality is integrated into fiction. Blurring the border between reality and fiction is what Bokononists do in *Cat's Cradle*, but here, Vonnegut attempts it by inserting himself into the fiction. As he says that writing this novel "was a therapeutic thing" (Todd 32), he might attempt to steep himself in a fictional paradise, but this time, again, he discards the possible escapist haven in fiction, breaking it—not with science—but a question: "why?"

In this chapter, I will examine the aim in Vonnegut's including himself into the story, focusing on how the time travel contributes to atrophying people's minds and how paradise with the atrophied mind is lost. It would suggest

another way to deal with suffering from superior unknown power through the power of fiction and reveal its ineffectiveness in reality. Even if people want a "morphine paradise" with blank minds to accept everything as it is without suffering, we cannot survive in that state of mind and cannot help demanding a reason for things, especially if it is absurd and overwhelming.

Time Travel and Determinism

Billy's time travel is not an independent action, but he "is spastic time, has no control over where he is going next, and the trips aren't necessarily fun" (*Slaughterhouse* 19). As this is mentioned in the first page of Billy's story, it is shown that his time travel is not an ideal act from the beginning. Yet, he believes that by spreading the knowledge of time learned from Tralfamadore, he is "prescribing corrective lenses for Earthling souls," as "[s]o many of those souls were lost and wretched, Billy believed, because they could not see as well as his little green friends on Tralfamadore" (*Slaughterhouse* 23-4). Then, how consoling is that knowledge for Billy?

He, with his time travel, objectifies his body and exists as a soul who changes bodies one after another beyond space-time. His time-traveling life is explained with an image of play: "He is in a constant state of stage fright, he says, because he never knows what part of his life he is going to have to act in next" (*Slaughterhouse* 19: underline mine). Each body in each space-time becomes a temporary vehicle for a uniform soul, and he can escape from the body in harsh circumstances through time

traveling. That he observes the state after his death and pre-birth (*Slaughterhouse* 35) emphasizes that his body is separable from his soul, as the soul is distributed beyond his life. In particular, when it is said that "[n]ot even Billy Pilgrim is there" (*Slaughterhouse* 117), it is implied that the soul may not be Billy but a nameless subject that I suggested in Chapter 2. As the soul knows neither when he would move on to the next stage or which stage he would act on, the state in the previous time has an influence on the body, although it is contrary to the deterministic recognition of time according to Tralfamadore. A German war correspondent takes a picture of Billy when he is captured, but he is unsuitably smiling because "he was simultaneously on foot in Germany in 1944 and riding his Cadillac in 1967" (*Slaughterhouse* 48). Even though the two scenes are discontinuous, the soul experiences them continuously, and this shows that the body and soul are in different timelines.

If the body in a certain time is merely a vehicle for the soul, however harsh and painful the situation is, it does not seriously matter for the soul because he can escape into another body in another time. Thus, the Tralfamadorians, who "can look at all the different moments just the way [Earthlings] can look at a stretch of the Rocky Mountains" (*Slaughterhouse* 22), urge Billy to "[i]gnore the awful times, and concentrate on the good ones" (*Slaughterhouse* 96). Billy, who experiences the disastrous and cruel firebombing of Dresden, repeatedly experiences time travel from the war into a peaceful time. It should be consolation for him to be far from the distressing battlefield, even though he would inevitably return before long.

Many critics have examined whether Billy's time travel is his schizophrenic fancy or a fact in the fictional world[3], but I want to stress that we need to read in the light of both of these theories. Both sides properly conclude their interpretations, but there are some details in the novel that refute against them. It is true that there are similarities between the description about the Tralfamadorians and that of characters in the science fiction novels Billy is reading. The damage done to his brain by an airplane crash in 1968 provides an appropriate reason to conclude that his adventure to Tralfamadore is nothing more than a hallucination. Yet, he says that "he first came unstuck in time in 1944, long before his trip to Tralfamadore" (*Slaughterhouse* 25). John Somer says that "Billy experiences three hallucinations in his story and the narrator carefully distinguishes them from Billy's time travels" (233) and adds that "[w]e must accept Billy's freedom in time as a fact within the fictional world of *Slaughterhouse-Five*...if we are to taste the fruits of Vonnegut's twenty-three years of labor" (234). Leaving the detail of time travel imperfect, Vonnegut successfully maximizes the effect of the eccentric and bizarre use of time travel as both a way to split a self into body and soul and a way to allow one to escape from plight.

Spreading the Tralfamadorian concept of time, Billy, as an optometrist, prescribes glasses not for eyesight but for people's way of recognizing things, but it must not be successful because we are Earthlings who cannot see time as the Tralfamadorians do. Even Billy the time traveler cannot see time at his own will, and he inevitably experiences harsh time occasionally. Thus, unlike the Tralfamadorians, Billy

must accept the suffering he experiences throughout his lifetime. He cannot fully enjoy the Tralfamadorian idea of time, or rather, he must be more distressed because he visits an uncomfortable time again and again endlessly. Billy only enjoys the temporal rest in a peaceful time to endure the harsh war. Deceiving himself, he stays in hallucinational happiness, which cannot be an appropriate haven for him. The Tralfamadorian recognition of time is, for an Earthling, unrealistic and helpless. As the narrator says, "[a]mong the things Billy Pilgrim could not change were the past, the present, and the future" (*Slaughterhouse* 50). This implies that only what he can change is his way of seeing things, and it is similar to the unsuccessful hallucination of the Bokononists.

The instruction from a Tralfamadorian to concentrate on the good times is paradoxically a way toward symbolical death. A Tralfamadorian says from their deterministic point of view that, "Well, here we are, Mr. Pilgrim, trapped in the amber of this moment" (*Slaughterhouse* 63). For Tralfamadorians, who can see time from a panoramic view, time should look as if it is a still picture. As for the relationship between stillness and death, Vonnegut also quotes from Louis-Ferdinand Céline in Chapter 1:

> Miss Ostrovsky reminded me of the amazing scene in *Death on the Installment Plan* where Celine wants to stop the bustling of a street crowd. He screams on paper, *Make them stop...don't let them move anymore at all...There, make them freeze...once and for all!...So that they won't*

disappear anymore! (*Slaughterhouse* 17-8: italics original)

This can be considered a cry for people's being on earth forever but merely on earth and doing nothing else. Capturing people on earth as they are trapped in amber achieves immortality and absolute peace because everybody stays where they should be forever, and nobody does anything causing discordance between people. If we can see time as an objective thing as the Tralfamadorians do, it can be a great help to avoid suffering, but we are human beings trapped in this chronological timeline that does not stop flowing. To stop forever is nothing more than to be dead. The way to happiness reverses and heads for eternal stillness, or death.

What is worse is that the Tralfamadorian recognition of time allows the commanders of war to avoid their responsibility for death and destruction because they can rightly say "[i]t had to be done" (*Slaughterhouse* 163). In Chapter 1, Vonnegut introduces a conversation between Harrison Starr and him where Starr ironically exemplifies an anti-war book as "an anti-*glacier* book" (*Slaughterhouse* 3: italics original). Vonnegut assumes that "[w]hat he meant, of course, was that there would always be wars, that they were as easy to stop as glaciers," and he adds the comment: "I believe that, too" (*Slaughterhouse* 3). He may sincerely believe so, as there are always wars throughout history, but he does not accept it uncritically. The proof is this book, which ironically describes the absurdity in believing in deterministic life. Ignoring dissatisfying circumstances is different from being critical of the people responsible, even if it does not stop

any war at all. Vonnegut uses time travel in *Slaughterhouse-Five* not only to provide flawed hope for a haven from a harsh reality for miserable people but also to empower the superior by allowing them to be free from any responsibility. That should be the reason the time travel is so doubtful that we cannot uncritically praise it. It is prepared for criticism.

Breaking Morphine Paradise

Vonnegut does not necessarily write this time travel affirmatively. For Tralfamadorians, who can see any time at their will, "the dead person is in bad condition in that particular moment," and "the same person is just fine in plenty of other moments" (*Slaughterhouse* 22). Thus, even death is no longer tragic for them, and they can get rid of it by only shrugging and saying, "so it goes." This ironical answer to sorrow is helpful for Billy. Unlike him, however, Vonnegut would not be happy about it: "If what Billy Pilgrim learned from the Tralfamadorians is true, that we will all live forever, no matter how dead we may sometimes seem to be, I am not overjoyed" (*Slaughterhouse* 173). He exemplifies himself as Lot's wife, whose behavior is "so human" (*Slaughterhouse* 18), Vonnegut thinks:

> Those were vile people in both cities, as is well known. The world was better off without them.
>
> And Lot's wife, of course, was told not to look back where all those people and their homes had been. But she

did look back, and I love her for that, because it was so human.

So she was turned to a pillar of salt. So it goes.

....

[*Slaughterhouse-Five*] is a failure, and had to be, since it was written by a pillar of salt. (*Slaughterhouse* 18)

To be human is to sometimes be illogical and to sometimes be antagonistic even to God and fate. In the process, the deterministic paradise of Tralfamadore collapses, as we cannot accept fate without any questions. We are asking "why?": another feature of Earthlings.

Time travel in this novel is related to morphine when Billy is said to be "loony with time travel and morphine" (*Slaughterhouse* 101). As both blunt one's mind and sensation, they would be appropriate for Billy suffering in the war. He can temporarily forget the harsh situation he is in by being insensible to it. While time travel let him visit another time, freeing him from plight, morphine causes a surreal dream, or "a morphine paradise" (*Slaughterhouse* 81) for him:

Under morphine, Billy had a dream of giraffes in a garden. The giraffes were following gravel paths, were pausing to munch sugar pears from treetops. Billy was a giraffe, too. He ate a pear. It was a hard one. It fought back against his grinding teeth. It snapped in juicy protest.

The giraffes accepted Billy as one of their own, as a harmless creature as preposterously specialized as themselves. Two approached him from opposite sides,

> leaned against him. They had long, muscular upper lips which they could shape like the nells of bugles. They kissed him with these. They were female giraffes—cream and lemon yellow. They had horns like doorknobs. The knobs were covered with velvet.
>
> Why? (*Slaughterhouse* 81)

This is the only reference to morphine paradise in this book, and there is no additional explanation or description about it. At first, Billy accepts being a giraffe, and the giraffes seem to welcome him as a member of their group. As this dream is caused by the morphine *paradise*, Billy could feel happy to be here. By blunting his mind, even though he is in a POW camp then, he can enjoy peaceful time in the garden of giraffes. As an herbivorous animal in a harmonious atmosphere without enemies around and with ample food, he does not need to fight at all, so he can forget the war.

At last, however, the description suddenly ends with a single word, "Why?" No answer or explanation is given, but merely "[n]ight came to the garden of the giraffes, and Billy Pilgrim slept without dreaming for a while, and then he traveled in time" (*Slaughterhouse* 81). The question may be the cause that ends the temporal drug-induced paradisical dream. If this paradise is achieved by the blunted mind, the question "why?" is a sign for awakening from the dream with a clearer mind. Conversely, if there is no "why?" he would never wake up from the dream and could enjoy the paradise forever. "Why?" is a question that breaks a dream where people uncritically enjoy the happiness it provides.

The question "Why?" is repeatedly asked throughout this novel by many characters, but it is, according to a Tralfamadorian, "a very *Earthling* question to ask" (*Slaughterhouse* 63: italics original). The Tralfamadorian answer to this is, "Because this moment simply *is*" (*Slaughterhouse* 63: italics original). In their determinism, questioning is meaningless because nothing can be changed, and explanation is also not needed because things are simply constructed as such. There is neither intention nor purpose behind intelligent creatures building the world. As everything has already been decided, the Tralfamadorians do not believe in free will, and it is emphasized that free will is also a very Earthling concept when a Tralfamadorian explains to Billy's suspect that the Tralfamadorians "don't believe in free will" (*Slaughterhouse* 70):

> 'If I hadn't spent so much time studying Earthlings,' said the Tralfamadorian, 'I wouldn't have any idea what was meant by "free will." I've visited thirty-one inhabited planets in the universe, and I have studied reports on one hundred more. Only on Earth is there any talk of free will.' (*Slaughterhouse* 70)

That an idea of "free will" is unique to Earthlings rather emphasizes that Earthlings readily believe in it. Using an extraterrestrial point of view, Vonnegut highlights the essence of Earthlings; that is, we are creatures that inevitably think of the reasons things have happened, being responsible for them.

In an extreme condition such as a war, however, people wish to abandon their minds to stop being characters, wanting to be nobody:

> There are almost no characters in this story, and almost no dramatic confrontations, because most of the people in it are so sick and so much the listless playthings of enormous forces. One of the main effects of war, after all, is that people are discouraged from being characters. (*Slaughterhouse* 134)

This is similar to Campbell's way to be free from the cruel reality that I examined in Chapter 2. Even though it is impossible, they still want a haven that provides them with consolation, and this time again, Vonnegut does not reject their desperate need for it. Rather, Vonnegut seems to use it as a severe criticism against people who are in favor of war. Here, characters attempt to objectify themselves, as Billy achieves with time travel, to survive harsh reality, assuming themselves, or their bodies, as an insensitive substance. If to think is an important characteristic of Earthlings, they abandon the essence to be human to endure the situation. This is sharp anti-war criticism, showing how cruelly war ruins people. It also serves as an answer to the accusation from Mary O'Hare, wife of Vonnegut's friend Bernard V. O'Hare, that "wars were partly encouraged by books and movies" (*Slaughterhouse* 12). Conversely, in the war described in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, there is no "glamorous, war-loving, dirty old men" (*Slaughterhouse* 12) but only those characters

who do not want to be someone but merely survive by making themselves insensitive to the circumstances.

This fictionalization, which Vonnegut bitterly attacks when it is about war books, is another way to create an alternative world to evade into. Eliot Rosewater, who is also sufferer a trauma because of war, and Billy are "trying to re-invent themselves and their universe. Science fiction was a big help" (*Slaughterhouse* 82). Through science fiction, people can create an alternative reality to be free from distressing reality. This must be based on Bokononism, as Rosewater says about people's need for lies: "I think you guys are going to have to come up with a lot of wonderful new lies, or people just aren't going to want to go on living" (*Slaughterhouse* 83). This time, Vonnegut does not rely on religious help but on science fiction, which he himself used many times, to create a hallucinational world. Stories of Kilgore Trout, an iconic science fiction writer in Vonnegut's novels, are introduced in this novel, and one of them is about the fourth dimension, which assumes an imaginative alternative territory:

> The book was *Maniacs in the Fourth Dimension*, by Kilgore Trout. It was about people whose mental diseases couldn't be treated because the causes of the diseases were all in the fourth dimension, and three-dimensional Earthling doctors couldn't see those causes at all, or even imagine them.
>
> One thing Trout said that Rosewater liked very much was that there really *were* vampires and werewolves and goblins and angels and so on, but that they were in the fourth dimension. So was William Blake, Rosewater's

favorite poet, according to Trout. So were heaven and hell. (*Slaughterhouse* 85: italics original, underline mine).

The fourth dimension in this novel is where imaginary things are incarnated. Thus, if we follow the idea of Trout, Tralfamadorians, who can "see in the fourth dimensions" (*Slaughterhouse* 21) do exist, and time travel enables Billy to enter the space to meet them. There, Billy can enjoy "heaven," where he can give up everything to determinism. If science fiction helps us reinvent the universe, this seemingly absurd escapism of Billy gets rationalized as a reinvented reality.

As the imaginary creatures are also in the fourth dimension, it is also linked to fantasy stories, highlighting its practicality with the image of science. Giving reality to hallucination, Vonnegut successfully arranges a haven for people in harsh situations, although they lost it at last. They need an alternative story to live in, and it must be as real as possible to believe in. Roland Weary, an American soldier, imagines that he "was safe at home, having survived the war, and that he was telling his parents and his sister a true war story—whereas the true war story was still going on" (*Slaughterhouse* 34). He is a hero in his version of the true story and assigns roles to other soldiers to form the "Three Musketeers" (*Slaughterhouse* 34) in his mind. He believes the story so deeply that at last he says aloud to the soldiers, "So what do the Three Musketeers do now?" (*Slaughterhouse* 40), and he is given up on and ditched by them. His true story is true only for him, and it does not change reality at all, but as temporarily as it is, he surely enjoys the hallucination to survive the situation. Billy also needs not only time travel but

also a story to stay sane. The reason he gets a shot of morphine is his unstoppable shrieking, which he starts while he is watching a play in a POW camp. It is *Cinderella*, and when the spell on Cinderella is broken at midnight, Billy goes insane. This symbolically shows the end of magical fantasy, which Billy also relies on to survive in the war. He can no longer stay safe from seeing the magic broken or from getting help from morphine to be numbed. These two need hallucinational stories to stay alive, and Vonnegut grants them temporary help through fantasy, although it is not stable or real enough to be absolute help for them.

The fourth dimension as a haven that is created by the power of science fiction seems to be what Vonnegut attempted to write throughout this novel. It makes people numbed as morphine does, taking away their ability to think, to enable them to accept everything in determinism. However, this haven is cleverly arranged with the very power of thinking by Vonnegut, and people who are absolutely numbed must not be able to maintain the fantasy, as it is only in one's mind. Thus, the morphine paradise is deconstructed in the process of arranging it because the fourth dimension is unknown and untouchable for three-dimensional Earthlings, and we need to keep imagining it to maintain it. When we become numbed to stop thinking, the paradise where thinking is not needed fades away. Vonnegut again describes the desperate need of a haven from reality and the impossibility of it at the same time.

Vonnegut in *Slaughterhouse-Five*

Slaughterhouse-Five is based on the true experience of Vonnegut, and the haven is prepared not only for the fictional characters but also for Vonnegut himself. After he narrates his autobiographic episodes as Chapter 1 of the novel, he undisguisedly appears in the fictional part many times, saying, for example, "That was I. That was me. That was the author of this book" (*Slaughterhouse* 103). In the last chapter, the fictional world of Billy and that of Vonnegut are intermingled, where he writes about both himself and Billy. Vonnegut here objectifies himself as a character in a fictional world[4] as Billy splits himself into body and soul through time travel. This could be a therapy for his trauma.

However, Vonnegut did think of and write this story, although thinking is what ruins the paradise in this novel. This novel may be meant as *his* fantasy to escape into, but he cannot enjoy life in the fourth dimension because he knows that, as an Earthling, he "had to believe whatever clocks said—and calendars" (*Slaughterhouse* 17). Even though he writes about the deterministic paradise and alternative reality in the fictional story as help for Billy, essentially, this work is about the fatal absurdity that, however hard we wish, we cannot stop thinking to be free from rationality as long as we are *Homo sapiens,* which means "wise man." Thus, in fact, this work is a story about breaking the hallucinational paradise allowing the escapism. Vonnegut writes about harsh reality that does not allow us to escape from it, along with the description of the historic massacre, endlessly questioning, "Why?"

Chapter 5
An Innocent Paradise is Boring:
A Wish for Human Wor(l)ds in *Galápagos*

Galápagos, the first science-fictional book of Vonnegut after *Slaughterhouse-Five*, is about the evolution of humans, covering the span of one million years. As William Rodney Allen says, while earlier science fiction books of his "had much to do with fantasy but little to do with hard science, *Galápagos* reflects Vonnegut's knowledge of the work of scientists like Carl Sagan and Stephen Jay Gould and often reads like a textbook in evolutionary biology" (*Understanding* 149). The irony of his is on the "big brains" of human beings, doubted as "nearly fatal defects in the evolution of the human race" (*Galápagos* 9) that bring evil on earth, and with the help of the hard science he depends on, he foresees a future of human beings where people lose the big brains to be innocent and harmless with each other. Shortly before an apocalyptic pandemic that exterminates human beings occurs, some people leave the mainland on a ship and end up in a fictional Galápagos Island, Santa Rosalia. They survive the pandemic on the isolated island, which has no human civilization, and there, gradually losing their intelligence as the generations go by, human beings evolve into an innocent species that cannot think viciously or intelligently.

This novel is thus about regaining paradise by abandoning the knowledge human beings obtain to be banished from Eden. The new innocent people finally live in a paradise without evil people around. However, this story is narrated by a survivor from the old days, Leon Trout, who has a big brain that is lost

on the paradisical island. In fact, he is a ghost remaining on earth to see what would happen to the human beings. He, as an onlooker, narrates this story in the form of a book, even though there is no one who can understand his language on earth. His seeming obsession with writing illustrates that, however peaceful and ideal it seems, the innocent Eden is not what he wants and that he belongs to the world filled with evil due to the big brains.

In this chapter, I will investigate this book as an escape from a dream of an impossible utopia without intelligence into a chaotic reality filled with words. Words inevitably destroy the innocent utopia, bringing the fruit of knowledge to the people, but as *Homo sapiens*, we cannot be free from languages. Unlike in the previous chapters, I will also examine Vonnegut's hope for intelligent people to make the world better. As Peter Freese puts it,

> When, as Trout so emphatically maintains, pre-1986 humans were fundamentally defined by the oscillating "opinions" manufactured by their oversized brains, then, of course, one of the shaping forces of life must have been the genuinely human means of communicating these opinions, namely, language. (*Clown* 597)

Then, even if what does evil is the big brain, what does good must be the same big brain: What matters is people's opinions. Leon's obsession with written words would reflect Vonnegut's. He once said in an interview with Robert Scholes, thinking of the reason he wrote books:

> And it's been the university experience that taught me that there is a very good reason, that you catch people before they become generals and presidents and so forth and you poison their minds with...humanity, and however you want to poison their minds, it's presumably to encourage them to make a better world. (109)

Acknowledging that we cannot abandon our big brains, he tries to poison people with his book, which emphasizes our favoritism to language. He must have been sure that we can still believe in the positive side of our intelligence.

An Innocent Eden

The human beings one million years later become a merman-like creature with a much smaller brain than contemporary people. The island they live on is described with an Edenic image, where nobody can think evil to harm others due to lack of their intelligence. Vonnegut's main target of criticism in this novel is big brains that contemporary human beings have, as they make the world worse. Losing intelligence can make the island an Edenic place where people symbolically refuse the fruit of knowledge. This work shares a similar issue on knowledge and intelligence with *Cat's Cradle*. Both blame the intellectual activity of human beings as what may make the world worse, and both describe the powerlessness of us with things we cannot control around us despite our amazing intelligence. While what brings the end of the world in *Cat's Cradle* is an airplane accident, in

Galápagos, what extinguishes human beings is "[s]ome new creature, invisible to the naked eye" that is "eating up all eggs in human ovaries, starting at the annual Book Fair at Frankfurt, Germany" (*Galápagos* 175). That the pandemic starts at a book fair, which can symbolize knowledge, is emblematic as it embodies both the hostility of it against human beings and the powerlessness of it against accidental attack from unknown things. As problematic as knowledge is for the contemporary people, the new humans do not need to be distressed by it, as they are no longer capable of thinking about complex things. While science knows the sin in *Cat's Cradle*, new humans are free from the sin, abandoning knowledge.

The fruit of knowledge is also symbolically abandoned from Santa Rosalia. Vonnegut creates an encyclopedic machine called Mandarax that can "translate among a thousand [languages]," "diagnose more diseases than the majority of physicians of that time," "name on command important events which happened in any given years," "recall on command any one of twenty thousand popular quotations from literature" (*Galápagos* 62-3), and so forth. This highly useful machine is exemplified as "the Apple of Knowledge" (*Galápagos* 63), but it does not help the people isolated on Santa Rosalia, as they lack commodities and facilities on the uninhabited island, and quotations are useless in surviving the harsh nature. At last, Mandarax is cast away into the sea by Captain von Kleist, the only male person who arrives at Santa Rosalia. Without him, human beings would have been completely extinct; thus, he serves as the "new Adam" (*Galápagos* 63) in the paradise for the new humans. Leonard Mustazza reads this act as "the last

step in the book's reverse mythic plot" (*Forever* 176) and notes:

> By casting away the "Apple of Knowledge," however peevish the motivation for the act may be, the New Adam has recaptured for his colony something that is symbolically akin to the Edenic life—namely, innocence through ignorance. In effect, he is unwittingly saving his world just as the mythical Adam knowingly caused his to be cursed through his pride and avidity for knowledge. Now humankind can safely make its way back towards innocence, albeit the unwilled innocence of nature. (*Forever* 176)

Human beings symbolically regain Eden in Santa Rosalia by rejecting the fruit of knowledge. Cleverly, Vonnegut makes the knowledge even more worthless as he writes about the evolution of humankind as realistic based on hard science. He also makes it in the light of the survival of the fittest, but intelligence does not matter in this survival—rather, sheer luck does: Knowledge does not save people. Finally, humans evolve into innocent creatures essentially different from us to form an ironic but peaceful paradise.

Books, Languages, and Paradise Lost

While new humans enjoy Edenic life with innocence, the narrator Leon cannot belong to the paradise. Rather, he seems to be obsessed with language, another thing lost from the

paradise, and we can see a hope for intelligent human beings in him. He chooses to stay on earth as a ghost, even though he needs to wait for a million years before he has another chance to go into the afterlife because he wants to learn more about the world:

> I[Leon] had chosen to be a ghost because the job carried with it, as a fringe benefit, license to read minds, to learn the truth of people's pasts, to see through walls, to be many places all at once, to learn in depth how this or that situation had come to be structured as it was, and to have access to all human knowledge. (*Galápagos 276*)

This enables him to be omniscient, as chrono-synclastic infundibulum does to Rumfoord. He is curious about "what life is all about" (*Galápagos* 275), and at last, after one million years, he knows that "[n]othing ever happens around here anymore that I haven't seen or heard so many times before" and that "[n]obody, surely, is going to write Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—or tell a lie, or start a Third World War" (*Galápagos* 283-4). The world of the new humans does not produce anything new to him. It surely got rid of the evil human beings had done before but, at the same time, lost the unpredictability and creativity that Leon must have had an interest in.

As the only intelligent human, Leon *writes* this story, even though there is nobody except for him in the world who can read it. That *Galápagos* consists of Book One and Book Two, however, emphasizes that it is apparently intended to be a book, not merely scribbles, which should be read by someone.

He seems to be so obsessed with writing a book that he playfully uses techniques unique to the written word or books. The most striking one is putting a star(⋆)[1] on people's names that indicates that people with the mark "would be dead before the sun went down" (*Galápagos* 20). Using a visual symbol rather than a word, he makes his story be looked at. That he explains that it "alert[s] readers" (*Galápagos* 20) to the death of characters demonstrates that he apparently writes this story with readers in mind and does not want to make the book only for himself.

It is worth noticing that this book is unsubstantial because he writes this story "in air—with the tip of the index finger of [his] left hand, which is also air" (*Galápagos* 318). As he is a ghost, he does not have a physical body to use physical materials. However, his book reaches us in the form of a physical book written on paper with ink; his story leaves the world of fiction to that of readers. In the last chapter, he anticipates going into the world of the dead: "Father and the blue tunnel will be coming for me at any time" (*Galápagos* 320). The world is where there is his company, people with big brains. Although he does not write about what really happens to him later, his father must come soon, as people with big brain read his book. He should be with us now. Leon cannot enjoy the innocent paradise because he does not belong in it. The land of dead where he should be is, in fact, the real world where paradise is lost by eating the fruit of knowledge.

Vonnegut's Hope for Language

As I argued in Chapter 4, again, it is impossible for essentially intelligent *Homo sapiens* to abandon knowledge to achieve innocent paradise. This attempt is also deconstructive because, as Allen puts it, "*Galápagos* uses intelligence to undercut intelligence, language to undercut language" (*Understanding* 158). Vonnegut cannot deny his intelligence to write a story that denies intelligence. Rather, Vonnegut might write about people with big brains with hope, acknowledging the impossibility of his criticizing intelligence. Todd F. Davis wonders "which world is better: a world of the most base biological functions that poses no threat to life or a world of free will driven by an intellectual capacity that threatens humanity's very existence" (117), but the point is, as Bo Patterson notes, "Vonnegut acknowledges the fact that the end of the evil must entail the end of human creativity" (*World* 364). It must be difficult or impossible to decide which world is better, but at least our world has creativity. Although Vonnegut attacks humans' big brains, he also expresses his affection for writers. Leon's father Kilgore is a hack writer whose work has few readers, but when Leon is hospitalized in Bangkok because of his service in the Vietnam War, his doctor asks him, "Is there any chance that you are related to the wonderful science fiction writer Kilgore Trout?", to which he thinks, "I had come all the way to Bangkok, Thailand, to learn that in the eyes of one person, anyway, my desperately scribbling father had not lived in vain" (*Galápagos* 323). This small satisfaction in the last part of the book implies Vonnegut's hope that novels can do good in the world.

Vonnegut's hope is more clearly represented in the epigraph of this book quoted from Anne Frank: "*In spite of*

everything, I still believe people are really good at heart" (*Galápagos* n.pag: italics original). This is supposed to be Leon's, and he states that this is his mother's favorite quotation. Kilgore says Leon is "like [his] mother" in the way that both of them "believe that human beings are good animals, who will eventually solve all their problems and make earth into a Garden of Eden again" (*Galápagos* 281). Although Vonnegut seems to reject the innocent paradise, he would still believe in a Garden of Eden in this world. If big brains cause evil with their "opinions," they can also do good in the same way. The innocent paradise of new humans is certainly ideal in the sense that there is no threat between people, but they are no longer same species as us.

The final part consists of Leon's retrospect about him seeing the doctor in the hospital in Bangkok. The doctor offers him a chance to seek political asylum in Sweden. The rest of the conversation is as follows:

> "But I can't speak Swedish," I said.
> "You'll learn," he said, "You'll learn, you'll learn." (*Galápagos* 324)

That this novel ends with these lines demonstrates, as it could be an escape from harsh reality for Leon, not only his anxiety but also his hope for language. This ambivalence is what Vonnegut writes throughout this novel, but the decisive factor must be in the epigraph that he believes people are really good at heart, even with their notorious big brains.

Part 3/Chapter 6
Orderly Space Creating Narrative: Storified/Dramatized Reality in *Breakfast of Champions* and *Deadeye Dick*

Part 3 consists of only one chapter, and Chapter 6 is about Vonnegut's harsh criticism of people's desire to live in the orderly world of stories in two of his works, *Breakfast of Champions* (1973) and *Deadeye Dick* (1982), which share the same location, Midland City. Even some of the same characters appear in both novels. I will examine *Breakfast of Champions* first to show the basic idea of my argument and later *Deadeye Dick* to conclude this chapter based on the idea. In Part 2, I examined the impossibility of living in a paradisical place while focusing on Vonnegut's ambivalent attitude toward such escapism, but here, he seems to demonstrate the impossibility of creating an ideally orderly world even for a writer in *Breakfast of Champions* and the devastating result of storifying or staging the reality in *Deadeye Dick*. Both works are revealingly metafictional, as they use a writer and a playwright to illustrate how they write within the stories. People want to assume an orderly life to live comfortably in a chaotic world by hallucinating that they are in a kind of fictional world that is predictable and whose problems and difficulties are solvable. However, human life is not so simple that having everything under control is unattainable. Vonnegut ironically criticizes people's desire for order by appearing in *Breakfast of Champions*, as he did in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, although this time, he shows himself as a writer, or ruler, of the story, to fail in controlling the world.

Later, in *Deadeye Dick*, he shows the possible future result of believing in a hallucinational and storified world with a destructive accident that wipes out everyone in a city.

Writer's Success in Failing to Create a Disorderly World

In *Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut again examines the deterministic nature of people, referring to human nature as machinery, which is strongly affected by chemicals, saying that:

> So it is a big temptation to me[Vonnegut], when I create a character for a novel, to say that he is what he is because of faulty wiring or because of microscopic amounts of chemicals which he ate or failed to eat on that particular day. (*Breakfast* 4)

He also uses words such as "robot" and "machine" again and again in the story, and for one of the protagonists, Dwayne Hoover, who is "on the brink of going insane" (*Breakfast* 7) at first and actually goes insane at last to cause a horrific tragedy due to a book he reads: "Everybody on Earth was a robot, with one exception—Dwayne Hoover" (*Breakfast* 14). This is because the fictional book is disguising a message from God that tells him so. He attacks people around him, believing they do not suffer because they are robots.

This power of novels or stories that control people is one of the main themes of this book, as Vonnegut himself appears as a writer under a false name Philboyd Studge, who can

create and control the fictional world[1]. As for the relationship between stories and people, Vonnegut, expressing his enragement and then pity, writes as follows:

> As I approached my fiftieth birthday, I had become more and more enraged and mystified by the idiot decisions made by my countrymen. And then I had come suddenly to pity the, for I understood how innocent and natural it was for them to behave so abominably, and with such abominable results: They were doing their best to live like people invented in story books. This was the reason Americans shot each other so often: it was a convenient literary device for ending short stories and books. (*Breakfast* 215)

Although the reason Vonnegut write stories is, as Vonnegut says in an interview, to "poison" people's mind with "humanity" (Scholes 109), there are lots of books that lead people in wrong directions to disappoint him. Additionally, people's attitude about reading books is being questioned when Dwayne goes berserk after reading the book, as he cannot distinguish it from the real message from God. Although it must be considered that he craves a "message" (*Breakfast* 258), as Jerome Klinkowitz puts it, "[i]f made too much like real life, novels can be mistaken for messages; we need to be reminded they are metaphors" (*Kurt* 73). In other words, people are always already prepared to accept fiction as a real story.

In such a society, where people are hungry for stories in which they virtually live, it may be dangerous to write a story, as it is always possible that the story will guide people to the

wrong place; in this novel, the false ideal is the orderly world. Vonnegut, after noticing that people want and try to "live like people invented in story books," declares to stop storytelling:

> Once I understood what was making America such a dangerous, unhappy nation of people who had nothing to do with real life, I resolved to shun storytelling. I would write about life. Every person would be exactly as important as any other. All facts would also be given equal weightiness. Nothing would be left out. Let others bring order to chaos. I would bring chaos to order, instead, which I think I have done. (*Breakfast* 215)[2]

Although people want a fictional and orderly life by imitating lives in fictional stories, what Vonnegut tries to do is reverse its effect by bringing chaos into it. He also says that "[i]f all writers would do that, then perhaps citizens not in the literary trades will understand that there is no order in the world around us, that we must adapt ourselves to the requirement of chaos instead" (*Breakfast* 215). He thinks that a chaotic condition is what human lives should be in, and he believes that "[i]t is hard to adapt to chaos, but it can be done" (*Breakfast* 215). He acknowledges that he himself is "living proof of that" (*Breakfast* 215).

Vonnegut achieves adapting to chaos by failing to control the world, acknowledging his inability to do so. As a writer of this novel, he sometimes reveals what he thinks when he writes the sentences and sometimes his intent of the settings in this novel. He has a power to control the world, but interestingly, he cannot do as well for characters' minds.

Rather, in a scene, he is impressed with a speech from a character, although he is the creator of him. He is also unexpectedly attacked by a Doberman pinscher that "was a leading character in an earlier version of this book" (*Breakfast* 293). Even his main purpose of setting his characters free is unsuccessful, as Trout, who is the only character Vonnegut directly tells his intent, is not pleased with freedom, contrary to Vonnegut's expectation. He definitely can write the story in a way that his intent is fully fulfilled because the world is his creation, and what is needed to acquire control is only to write, for example, "everything is going as I wish." Rather than doing so, however, Vonnegut introduces unpredictability into his work to bring chaos to order. He emphasizes that nothing can be under absolute control by showing the failure of a writer to write what he wants.

Vonnegut says, "In nonsense is strength" (*Breakfast* 9), and frequent allisions and references to *Alice in Wonderland* underline his reasoning. This also implies Vonnegut's vision that human life is chaotic, as it is difficult or even impossible to make sense out of nonsense. Complex systems of human beings are essentially akin to nonsense, and *Alice* not only provides him a way to describe the nonsense, chaotic nature of the world, but it also highlights Vonnegut's intended failure to control his world; he illustrates the difficulty in understanding even himself. One of the symbolical allusions to *Alice* used in this book is a reference to mirrors, and this illustrates the impossibility to fix one's own image only by oneself. As if referring to the title *Through the Looking-Glass*, Trout calls mirrors "*leaks*," as "[i]t amused him to pretend that mirrors were holes between two universes" (*Breakfast* 19:

italics original), and that the lenses of sunglasses Vonnegut wears are said to be mirrors is worth noticing because, if characters look into his eyes, what is there is a reflection of them; this implies that they are to see themselves through Vonnegut's eyes based on how Vonnegut sees them. Vonnegut says about his glasses that "I had two holes into another universe" (*Breakfast* 197), and as Vonnegut is in both the fictional and the real world, what is implied in "another universe" beyond the lenses must be our real world. As I mentioned in Chapter 2, fictional characters appear only when they are observed by readers. Thus, their existence is extended to another world to make their nature flexible and proliferated. However, this does not only apply to fictional characters but also to Vonnegut when he sees himself in a mirror. After the disappointing encounter with Trout, Vonnegut "somersaulted lazily and pleasantly through the void, which is in [his] hiding place when [he] dematerialize[s]" (*Breakfast* 301), and there "[a] small mirror floated by" (*Breakfast* 302), with which he sees his crying face. He sees himself through his fictional alter ego, Philboyd Studge, to know he is not satisfied. This novel ends not with words but with an illustration of his face drawn by himself, and Richard Giannone notes about this ending that "[t]he final silence evoked by his self-portrait resonates with the recognition of the Creator's failure to comprehend and to save his world" (112). If the crying face shows his unhappiness in failing to realize his wish, it paradoxically means his success in showing the impossibility of achieving an orderly, controlled world that people desire. Additionally, if, as Kevin A. Boon points out, "the written page is our leak to other universe" (*Chaos* 79),

Vonnegut's artifice is even more successful in reflecting our essentially chaotic world through the book cleverly failing to create a world of order.

Only a Stage Is Left After People

Deadeye Dick, which could be, as John Tomedi says, "a penance of sorts for *Breakfast of Champions*" (*Kurt* 93), also examines the effect of objectifying a life by disguising it as a play. The protagonist–narrator of this novel, Rudy Walts, accidentally shot and killed a woman and her unborn child, and his life went wrong after it. In *Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut says that shooting is "a convenient literary device for ending short stories and books" (*Breakfast* 215). However, Rudy's life story does not end there, and he must endure his notorious disgrace as a double murderer. Reflecting on his life, Rudy comes to this conclusion:

> We all see our lives as stories, it seems to me, and I am convinced that psychologists and sociologists and historians and so on would find it useful to acknowledge that. If a person survives an ordinary span of sixty years or more, there is every chance that his or her life as a shapely story has ended, and all that remains to be experienced is epilogue. Life is not over, but the story is. (*Deadeye* 235)

Although people assume their life to be a story, it is only a hallucination, and the end of the story does not correspond

with the end of one's life. This book describes the epilogue of a person whose life *story* ends early in his life, and by sharing the same stage with *Breakfast of Champions*, it shows the ineffectiveness or even defect of living in an assumed orderly life.

Rudy sometimes narrates his story in the form of a drama when it is too distressing. He tells about this trick when he recalls his encounter with George Metzger, who is a husband of the victim of Rudy's accidental shooting:

> How can I bear to remember that first confrontation with George Metzger? I have this trick for dealing with all my worst memories. I insist that they are plays. The characters are actors. Their speeches and movements are stylized, arch. I am in the presence of art. (*Deadeye* 94)

By assuming his experiences to be a play, he can objectify them to make them merely a scene. He is not a responsible person in the play, and what happened becomes what someone—but not him—wanted to happen. As an actor in the novel says, "actors don't make up what they say on the stage. They look like they've made it up, if they're any good, but actually a person called a 'playwright' has first written down every word" (*Deadeye* 148). Rudy assumes a hypothetical playwright who writes a plot for people to let him be responsible for every unfortunate thing. As time travel in *Slaughterhouse-Five* does, this play let him separate his spirit from the body that acts in terrible memories[3]. It is helpful for him to accept reality, and narrating the worst memories might be therapy for him.

However, he once really wrote a play where a character looks for “Shangri-La” and finally arrives there. The quest for Shangri-La reflects Rudy’s desire to escape from the reality he suffers. As for this play, Robert T. Tally notes:

> Rudy acknowledges that the play really was, as his teacher had suggested, his own quixotic quest for Shangri-La, his own attempt to escape the reality of being “Deadeye Dick” and leaving the neutered nonlife of Ohio behind him. (*Kurt* 118-9)

However, through rehearsals, Rudy finds his play to be “a catastrophe” (*Deadeye* 145). An actor who stars in Rudy’s play points out defects of the work and asks some questions, but Rudy cannot answer them aptly. He does not think about the play much, and Leonard Mustazza reads that this is because “the play was not meant for public performance but psychological consolation” (*Forever* 162). As Donald E. Morse concludes based on Mustazza’s argument, “it is not a public, but a private, personal document” (*Novels* 125). Thus, the plays in this novel are essentially personal, designed to get rid of uncomfortable reality. What is important for Rudy is, at last, not to show his play to the public but to accept his own desire for Shangri-La as an objectified story. The strength of his desire is shown in his heavy use of the phrase “nobody dies in Shangri-La” (*Deadeye* 149): He uses it no less than 17 times in a play. As a result, he achieves evading his uncomfortable hometown with his work.

Plays are also juxtaposed with drugs when Celia Hoover, who was in Rudy’s play when it is performed in his hometown,

asks for a "new play" or "Pennwalt Biphetamine" (*Deadeye* 203. 204) from Rudy, who comes back to his hometown to work for a pharmacy. Although Vonnegut surely describes plays as therapy or consolation for Rudy—as drug-induced tranquility is compared to peace of mind from being an actor—it shares the same criticism of objectification of life with *Slaughterhouse-Five*, which has an ironical morphine paradise. Rudy makes the conversation with Celia into a playlet and describes her as a "*demented speed freak, a hag*" (*Deadeye* 202: italics original). She tells him, "You are my doctor. You are the only person in the town who ever made me glad to be alive—with the medicine of your magic words!" (*Deadeye* 204: underline mine). Rudy's words would help her forget her miserable reality, providing her with an alternative life completely different from hers, and as a morphine paradise does, they serve as an anesthesia that blurs her sense of her surroundings.

The objectification of one's own life is, in fact, emphasized strongly in the very first page of Rudy's narrative, where he metaphorically refers to how a man is born:

> I have caught life. I have come down with life. I was a wisp of undifferentiated nothingness, and then a little peephole opened quite suddenly. Light and sound poured in. Voices began to describe me and my surroundings. Nothing they said could be appealed. They said I was a boy named Rudolph Waltz, and that was that. They said I was in Midland City, Ohio, and that was that. (*Deadeye* 1: underline mine)

He assumes a state of being before birth, and to be born is to start looking at life. By referring to a peephole, he implies that life on earth is an object that someone looks at from behind a wall; not only the worst memories but the entire life is objectified to be looked at from outside of real life. Later in *Galápagos*, which is not narrated by a living person but by a ghost, Vonnegut quotes Shakespeare's well-known words as what can be written with big brains: "*All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players*" (qtd in *Galápagos* 317: italics original). Vonnegut does write a novel that literally describes a life as a stage, *Deadeye Dick*.

However, relief obtained from the objectification of life is helpless in the face of overwhelmingly destructive power, as Bokononism in *Cat's Cradle* is powerless against an apocalyptic disaster caused by *ice-nine*. Vonnegut sets off a neutron bomb as an accident in Midland City to kill everyone there. He intentionally alters the nature of neutron bombs to make the bomb "a sort of magic wand, which kills people instantly, but which leaves their property unharmed" (*Deadeye* xiii). Even if life is in a fictional story, the stage people are on is real. What can be altered is only people's opinions about things, and the outside physical world is not affected by what people think or assume. That *Deadeye Dick* shares the same stage with *Breakfast of Champions* even more emphasizes that a stage is always already set, and exchangeable players come and go one after another.

Scathing irony is in the very "epilogue" of this novel, where Rudy narrates about the neutron-bombed Midland City. He was not in the city when the bomb exploded, and now in the epilogue, he talks about his visit to the city in a group of

four, and there is Hippolyte Paul De Mille in the group, who is a headwaiter of a hotel in Haiti where Rudy stays. He speaks in Creole, and again, Vonnegut deliberately misrepresents the language and says that "it has only one tense—the present" (*Deadeye* xiii). Rudy, thinking that Hippolyte's Creole has only the present tense, tells that Hippolyte said that "if there was any ghost we thought should haunt Midland City for the next few hundred years, he would raise it from its grave and turn it loose, to wander where it would," and although Rudy attempts to not believe it, he adds, "But he could, he could" (*Deadeye* 257). Although Rudy says that "there is every chance that his or her life as a shapely story has ended, and all that remains to be experienced is epilogue" (*Deadeye* 235), if one's entire life is assumed to merely be a play, the end of a story, or life, is not equal to the end of him or her; they remain as a ghost to live out their epilogue after the story. What's more, that ghosts are raised in the dead city by a man with only the present tense implies that once they haunt the city, they cannot disappear because they cannot be referred to with the past tense; their epilogue lasts forever. Ironically, this is what Rudy wants in Shangri-La, where "nobody dies." They, however, return to the state of "undifferentiated nothingness" as their peephole closed when their physical life ended. They do not have shape or identity, being interchangeable actors who act on a stage. It does not matter who is on the stage, but the stage is always there.

One of the clearest messages in this book is presented by Metzger, whose wife is killed with a gun—that is, "DISARM" (*Deadeye* 98). According to Vonnegut in *Breakfast of Champions*, "Americans shot each other so often" because "it

was a convenient literary device for ending short stories and books" (*Breakfast* 215), and the neutron bomb, which destroys people in *Deadeye Dick*, is an extreme case of it. Ironically, people who "had supposedly neutron-bombed Midland City" is made anonymous as "[t]hey don't want us to know their name" (*Deadeye* 263), and Rudy comments on it:

> So there we had it—the ever-growing ball of American paranoia, the ball of string a hundred miles in diameter, with the unsolved assassination of John F. Kennedy at its core. (*Deadeye* 263-4)

Truth is in mystery, and only stories about it become bloated, and it is suggested that few people know "about who's really running things, what's really going on" (*Deadeye* 264). Nothing is solved in the paranoiac storification of things, and in such a world based on stories, artificial disaster cannot be rightly blamed, as we cannot see "who's really running things." Thus, as Rudy writes as the last lines of this book, "We are still in the Dark Ages. The Dark Ages—they haven't ended yet" (*Deadeye* 271), where even evil things can be concealed in stories.

In the postmodern age, which has a schizophrenic nature as one of its characteristics, people's attitudes might have been changed to be able to recognize the schizophrenic state of being, but the nature of the physical world, including our mortal bodies, is still there unchanged. Therefore, as Vonnegut did, we must "bring chaos to order" (*Breakfast* 215), and, as Rudy wants it to be "carved over doorways of the United Nations and all sorts of parliaments, big and small,"

we must “LEAVE YOUR STORY OUTSIDE” (*Deadeye* 237), before all human beings are wiped out from the earth, leaving only a stage.

Conclusion

Believing in Power of Language: Chaotic Space Created in *Timequake*

Vonnegut kept writing about the chaotic nature of the world, and he concluded his career as a novelist with *Timequake* (1997). He said in an interview after he finished *Timequake* that, "I felt entitled to write a last chapter in a very big book" (Allen and Smith 324). Despite his words, he started to write another novel when he died, but at the time he was writing *Timequake*, he tried to write a conclusion to his oeuvre. Everything discussed in this thesis is within this conspicuously unique novel where autobiography and the fictional story naturally coexist with "Vonnegut" both as a real person and "a character" (*Timequake* xiv).

He explains that he was trying to write but failed to finish a novel where a science-fictional event occurred, "a timequake, a sudden glitch in the space-time continuum, made everybody and everything do exactly what they'd done during a past decade, for good or ill, a second time" (*Timequake* xii). He calls this failure "*Timequake One*" (*Timequake* xii) and encourages readers to think of this finished novel as "a stew made from [*Timequake One's*] best parts mixed with thoughts and experiences during the past seven months or so, as *Timequake Two*" (*Timequake* xii). The novel embodies an "autobiographical collage," which Vonnegut used as a subtitle of his essay collections *Palm Sunday* and *Fates Worse Than Death*. Essentially, *Timequake* is both a novel and an essay at once.

I will examine this work in light of my arguments above to conclude my thesis. Additionally, I will read this work as Vonnegut's announcement of his sincere hope for future humanity, examining the positive atmosphere in the ending. It is not, of course, unreserved affirmation of the world, where cruel things are still occurring. His characteristic irony is evident throughout the novel, but still, I feel that hope prevails over his sarcastic pessimism. After his long career of about half a century, he kept writing about both hope and disappointment. In the last chapter of his oeuvre, he holds out a possible realistic hope for the future, acknowledging the folly of human beings.

Haven in a Metafictional Universe

Chapter 1 examines the chaos in the chrono-synclastic infundibulum, where everyone is equally right. It is also plausible that a subject divides into two, and they naturally coexist as a variable that can be any number. In *Timequake*, Vonnegut reveals that he is both a writer of this novel and character in it, and both of them narrate in the first person "I." Multiple Vonneguts coexist in the letter "I" as Rumfoords and Vonneguts in *The Sirens of Titan* are in the chrono-synclastic infundibulum. His "alter ego" (*Timequake* xiii), Kilgore Trout, independently lives in the fictional world[1] and, unlike *Breakfast of Champions,* this shows that Vonnegut sees his egos as others to talk with. Thus, this novelistic world as a whole, with the same science-fictional theme of space-time

as *The Sirens of Titan*, functions as a chrono-synclastic infundibulum.

I read in chapter 2 that *Mother Night* is about a haven in the afterlife with chaos. It is achieved because Campbell assumes life as a spirit in his works "[f]reed from his body's noisome nuisance" (*Mother* 124). Though he does not experience death in this novel and imagines that he is "still alive in 2010" (*Timequake* xiv), Vonnegut lives as a character in the fictional world in *Timequake,* to experience a happy encounter with Trout. As he uses "I" in both autobiographical and fictional parts, his multiple subjects intertwined in the first person to bring the real Vonnegut into the fictional world, blurring the border between the two worlds. Unlike Campbell, Vonnegut creates chaotic space by filling it with various Vonneguts, not by being nobody.

Morphine Paradise Lost

People inevitably repeat what they did in the previous ten years in the "rerun" (*Timequake* xii) when a timequake happens. It is similar to what Billy Pilgrim experiences in his time travel, though he feels it as "stage fright" (*Slaughterhouse* 19). In the rerun, people cannot do anything of their free will. Still, they are conscious of their being in the rerun. If not, Trout could not "write of the rerun when it was over, in a never-to-be-finished memoir entitled *My Ten Years on Automatic Pilot*" (*Timequake* 46). People are so used to being in a state of automatic pilot that they stop moving when

the rerun ends. It is explained as "Post-Timequake Apathy" (*Timequake* 99):

> Most other people, after the relentless reprise of their mistakes and bad luck and hollow victories during the past ten years, had, in Trout's words, "stopped giving a shit what was going on, or what was liable to happen next." This syndrome would eventually be given a name: *Post-Timequake Apathy*, or *PTA*. (*Timequake* 99)

Despite not being able to control their body, they can think and feel what they reexperience in the rerun. By ignoring what happens to the body, they become benumbed to the physical world as Bokononists do by believing in *foma* to get rid of harsh reality, or as Billy does, feeling "[e]verything is all right" (*Slaughterhouse* 163).

In the rerun, a subject split into body and mind to produce a world filled with people responsible for nothing because they cannot voluntarily do anything. Vonnegut sees this state of being as evidently unhealthy so that Trout, only who is not affected by *PTA*, wakes people up with a mantra, "You've been very sick! Now you're well again" (*Timequake* 155). It is rephrased to "You were sick, but now you're well again, and there's work to do" to be "known generally as Kilgore's Creed" (*Timequake* 169). Vonnegut acknowledges that this creed is still applicable "years after free will has ceased to be a novelty" (*Timequake* 169) when the rerun ended. Donald E. Morse argues that "Kilgore Trout's healing mantra serves as the watchword not only for this last novel but also for all of Vonnegut's novels" (*Novels* 7). Kilgore's Creed not only breaks

the hallucinational dream to be insensible to the outside world but also expects people to live with their free will, no matter what awaits them. It must be a denial of temporal happiness in morphine paradise and an affirmative acceptance of a chaotic and sometimes evil human world with knowledge, as Vonnegut implies in *Galápagos*.

Orderly Space Creating Narrative

Vonnegut uses a stage play as a foundational element in *Timequake*. The final scene of the novel is a cast party of a play in which Trout participates as a stagehand. Vonnegut further examines how plays work on people after the two novels I read in Part 3. He says the following about plays:

> Chief among manmade epiphanies for me have been stage plays, Trout called them "artificial timequakes." He said, "Before Earthlings knew there were such things as timequakes in Nature, they invented them." And it's true. Actors know everything they are going to say and do, and how everything is going to come out in the end, for good or ill, when the curtain goes up on Act One, Scene One. Yet they have no choice but to behave as though the future were a mystery. (*Timequake* 20)

He demonstrates a positive attitude to plays, though not unreservedly, as Kilgore's Creed refers to the state of being rerun as "sick": What Vonnegut criticizes in *Breakfast of Champions* and *Deadeye Dick* is not stages but dramatized

lives of real people. He praises fiction as what can "poison" people's minds with "humanity" (Scholes 109).

Trout and Vonnegut are in the cast party, but both are not players. They are outside of dramatized life but live as themselves. It rejects Campbell's haven where he can be nobody in the wings of a stage of life and confirms that the backstage also is human lives. Vonnegut also assumes life in the wing, which is not determined beforehand: "As the curtain descended, there was a sob backstage. It wasn't in the playbook. It was ad lib. It was about beauty. It came from Kilgore Trout" (*Timequake* 203). Vonnegut does not regard this ad lib in the backstage as a disturbance of the orderly stage but as "beauty." What Trout does with the ad lib is what Vonnegut tries to do in *Breakfast of Champions*, that is, to "bring chaos to order" (*Breakfast* 215). Jaroslav Kušnír says that the narrative strategy in *Timequake* "shows how the author nullifies the meaning of subjective, objective, linear, cyclical, mythical, and other times, rendering them meaningless" (189). Vonnegut again shuns storytelling to make his work chaotic, and along with this absurd composition of the novel, Vonnegut praises the unpredictability of human life.

Believing in Power of Language

Highlighted in the cast party is Trout's speech about "human awareness" (*Timequake* 214), where he "asked someone to stand beside him and do what he said" (*Timequake* 212), and Vonnegut raises his hand to be the one. Trout asks

Vonnegut to "pick two twinkling points of obsolete light in the sky," and "to look precisely at one, and then precisely at the other," and he says, "something would have passed between where those two heavenly bodies used to be, at, conservatively speaking, a million times the speed of light" (*Timequake* 213), that is, awareness. He continues:

> That is a new quality in the Universe, which exists only because there are human beings. Physicists must from now on, when pondering the secrets of the Cosmos, factor in not only energy and matter and time, but something very new and beautiful, which is human awareness. (*Timequake* 213-4: italics original)

On second thought, he renames the awareness "*soul*" (*Timequake* 214: italics original). This soul can do miracles with the supernatural power of human beings, leaving the yoke of the laws of physics. It is the same hope for humans with big brains in *Galápagos*. Unlike science in *Cat's Cradle*, nobody in this novel destroys the world with this not necessarily scientific-imaginative power. Vonnegut must have put his hope for humanity in the human *soul*. As Todd F. Davis says, "Trout and Vonnegut remind us that our awareness of the universe and all it holds is a sacred trust, that despite our struggles with it, it is worth our faith" (135). As Kevin A. Boon says, Vonnegut "is a twentieth-century thinker struggling for humanity in a universe that neither the Gods nor the scientists have managed to improve" (*Chaos* 168).

Vonnegut praises the power of the imaginative soul but accepts the things he cannot change[2]—that is, death. He did

repeatedly imagine the afterlife in his works in various forms, but he does not bring his deceased, beloved people to life even though he could conjure them in the cast party filled with happiness. Vonnegut does visualize some of them, but as a "look-alike" or "doppelgängers" (*Timequake* 204, 205). Even in fictional and hallucinational happiness, he remains pragmatic in accepting death. Morse observes that *Timequake* "directly confronts death and loss—topics that often appear forbidden in American society and culture" (*Novels* 169). As Trout's mantra does, Vonnegut awakes people from disguised ignorance of death, showing himself accepting it. Peter Freese observes the dark atmosphere in this book saying:

> a dense net of comments on the futility of life and so many examples of violent deaths in the brief opening chapter lead one to expect that *Timequake* is the pessimistic reflection of an aging writer who looks back upon both the world and his own life and work as what Kilgore Trout repeatedly and deftly defines as "a crock of shit" (*Clown* 721).

As an aged writer, Vonnegut could not have avoided the subject of death, but as Freese adds, "is[*sic*] spite of all these losses, *Timequake* is not a bleak and bitter book, because there are also things to be proud of and happy about" (*Clown* 722). I agree with Freese's remark that "[o]ne of the most attractive features of *Timequake*—besides the omnipresent Vonnegut humor—is Vonnegut's acceptance of the life he has lived with all its pain, dread, vagaries, and losses" (*Novels* 6)

At last, after his long investigation throughout his career into the effect and the limit of fiction, Vonnegut reconfirms the power of language in Trout's speech. What surpasses the speed of light is human awareness, and it is so because we are a thinking animal and language significantly contributes to it. Vonnegut writes about the evil caused by big brains and the limitation of intelligence which can create a fictional haven but cannot remove the sufferings of real people with the power of his intelligence or language. As I argued in Chapter 5, he deconstructs language to blame the language itself. He acknowledges both negative and positive aspects of it, and at last, shows his hope for the positive side, or in other words, humanity, over the negative one; as in Trout's speech, he demonstrates the power of language, or human soul, that transcend the science.

Vonnegut, as a writer, is often characterized with the word "metafictional," as he writes about the chaotic nature of language that, in a particular condition, can generate everything using the power of language itself. Finishing this chaotic novel, he suspects that he "must be nuts" (*Timequake* xiv) but, probably all human beings are nuts, whose nature is not in order but within the contradiction that we want both order and disorder at the same time. This absurd contradiction is present throughout his oeuvre, and this last novel is his report on his quest for the nature of *Homo sapiens*, or "wise man," showing his hope for humanity. To praise his achievement, I want to conclude my thesis with the words that Vonnegut, an inquirer of the potential of language, used as the final line in his last novel, and that is, "What a language" (*Timequake* 219).

Notes

Chapter 1 is based on my paper "Kurt Vonnegut's Beloved Equations: 'Vonnegut' in *The Sirens of Titan*." ["Vonnegut no Ai shita Houteishiki: *The Sirens of Titan* ni okeru 'Vonnegut.'"] *EX ORIENTE*, vol. 23, 2016, pp. 195-215.

Chapter 2 is based on my paper "In Search for 'Mother Chaos': Revisit to 'Eden' in Kurt Vonnegut's *Mother Night*." ["Haha naru Kaosu wo Motomete: Kurt Vonnegut no *Mother Night* ni okeru 'Eden' Saihou."] *Journal of Anglo-American Studies*, vol. 43, 2019, pp. 109-126.

Chapter 3 is based on my oral presentation at the 15th General Meeting of the Kansai Branch of the English Literary Society of Japan, held at Kinki University, on December 20, 2020.

Notes on Chapter 1

1. This insert of himself into his book is overlooked in criticisms on Vonnegut. For example, Robert T. Tally assumes that the first book Vonnegut included himself is *Cat's Cradle*: "Vonnegut had toyed with inserting himself (as 'real'author) into the fictional text as early as Cat's Cradle" (*Kurt* 76).
2. In a short story "Harrison Bergeron" (1961), Vonnegut again wrote about the similar setting, but this time apparently as a dystopia.
3. This point is based on Leonard Mustazza's remark in reference to the irony in paradisical episode on Titan that "it is only through forcible removal from the society of

human beings that they achieve their contentment and the implication here is that they would never have enjoyed anything like that sort of happiness had they remained on earth" (*Forever* 57).

4. Giannone points out that under the Church of God Utterly Indifferent people are "aspiring towards the sheer unthinking harmony of Mercury. People have been reduced to harmoniums" (*Vonnegut* 35).
5. As for the nature of reality in the novel, Karen and Charles Wood perceives that, “For a relativistic world, [Vonnegut] sees no need for absolute answers. Irresolution needs no resolution, but should rather be appreciated as the ultimate reality” (148).

Notes on Chapter 2

1. Vonnegut added other two introductions, one in 1984, when this novel is unofficially published in Poland, and the other in 1986, when it is translated into Russian and published in America. Edward Jamosky and Jerome Klinkowitz make a remark highlighting on the effect the Polish one has: “The most important effect is on the reader, having any diverting sense of personal authority removed from the text, leaving it to speak for itself as the artwork Vonnegut more surely intends. If Campbell is an effective double agent, so is Vonnegut, deliberately confusing the voices of author and character so that the authority resides in the text itself, a document secure from the schizophrenic tangle of personal allegiances Mother Night has shown the world to be” (219).

2. In the same discussion, Mustazza also remarks that *Mother Night* has an allusion to Noah (*Forever* 66-7).
3. Among them are Mary Sue Schriber (287), Lawrence R. Broer (*Sanity* 56).
4. How Vonnegut considers playacting can be also observed in the short story "Who am I This Time?" (1961). Harry is an actor in an amateur theatrical club who seems to have no personality of his own and can fully copy a role in a play including their physical features. In the end, he is always assigned roles by a woman who loves him, Helene, and lives as the characters he plays, not as Harry. A role in a play, thus, is not merely a fictional personality appearing only in a fictional world, but is something that can replace one's own true self.
5. Tally also notes on this aspect that, "Vonnegut, the writer who has created Howard W. Campbell Jr., is also the editor of 'American edition of the confessions of Howard W. Campbell Jr.,' as if he has merely been assigned to edit an existing historical text, one that may or may not have already been released elsewhere, in other editions, with other editors," but on the contrary to my argument, he observes that "This 'Editor's Note'serves both to enhance the reality of the fictive narrative by introducing the editor's 'objective'voice and to distance Vonnegut from the role as author" (*Kurt* 43).
6. Clark Mayo doubts about the credibility of Campbell's farewell: "It is possible that when Campbell ends his confession with 'Auf wiedersehen?' he is suggesting not simply that he is leaving 'Purgatory' to 'Hell' (and will meet us, his readers, in the 'cruel world' there), but rather that

his entire confession is another artistic lie, and he will in reality let his 'Blue Fairy Godmother' save him again." (25)

Notes on Chapter 3

1. This also serves as an allusion to our reading process, considering following Vonnegut's comment: "One thing we used to talk about–when I was out in Iowa—was that the limiting factor is the reader. No other art requires the audience to be a performer. You have to count on the reader's being a good performer, and you may write music which he absolutely can't perform—in which case it's a bust" (Bellamy and Casey 163-4)
2. Koichi Suwabe notes that "this novel is set in the 'near past' rather than the 'near future' unlike many other novels which explore the end of the world. This fact may be a proof that Vonnegut tried to write a Bokononistic novel that foregrounds that it is itself a 'harmless untruth' rather than a warning for the future" (100: translation mine). (「この小説は、世界の終末を扱う作品が通例そうであるような『近未来』にではなく、『近過去』に設定されている。この事実は、ヴォネガットが未来への警鐘を鳴らすというよりもむしろ、それ自体が一つの『無害な非真実』であることを前景化する、ボコノン教的な小説を書こうとしたことの証かもしれない」)

Notes on Chapter 4

1. Robert T. Tally notes, "The Tralfamadorian temporality, in which all moments coexist in an endless present tense,

allows for fate or destiny to take away the burdens of free will" ("Kurt" 11).

2. The content of chapter 1 is considered to be wholly autobiographic in so far that many critics regard the chapter as a nonfictional preface. Such critics are P.L. Thomas ("Looking" 127) and Peter J. Reed (*Kurt* 173).
3. Among them who regard it as a hallucination are James Lundquist (*Kurt* 51) and Peter J. Reed (*Kurt* 197). On the other hand, those who consider it as a fact are Donald E. Morse (*Novels* 89) and John Somer, the latter of which whose argument will be referred to in the following discussion.
4. Many critics distinguish the narrator Vonnegut and the writer Vonnegut, such as Clarke Mayo (46) and Peter Freese (*Clown* 298, "Instructions" 95).

Note on Chapter 5

1. Daniel Corde notes on the deterministic nature of this sign, referring to *Slaughterhouse Five*: "As with 'so it goes' in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, there is a strong sense of determinism and repetition here. Again Vonnegut seems to be playing with the notion that human life is both determined and meaningless: events are fixed in advance, but there is no meaning or direction to the changes that take place over time" (176).

Notes on Chapter 6

1. I consider Philboyd Studge as merely a false name of Vonnegut, but many critics distinguish Studge from Vonnegut, such as Peter Freese (*Clown* 362), Donald E. Morse ("Black" 147), and Bo Patterson (159).
2. Clark Mayo further examines this attempt of Vonnegut and remarks on the influence of fiction on people: "It is this seemingly radical separation of art and reality, and of literature and life, which becomes the center of Vonnegut's naïve vision. It is an attempt to break down the stereotypes of continuity, order and ordinary meaning which inform mainstream fiction, a fiction in which 'people get what is coming to them in the end,' a fiction which convinces readers that in this 'fair and just' world, they too will be rewarded (and their enemies punished)" (53)
3. Interestingly Bill Gholson argues that Rudy establishes his self with stories: "the narrative he writes about himself reveals that it is stories that have had the greatest impact in his character. Narrative is central to his sense of self, from his earliest days when his 'mind had been trained by heirloom books of fairy tales and...myths and legends' (44), to bits of biblical wisdom (72), to his own 'playlets' in which he imagines his self as a character" (143).

Notes on Conclusion

1. This raises a question within critics about his identity as Vonnegut's alter ego. Freese says, "in his typical fashion he calls this identity into question when he retells a Trout story and adds with regard to some of its details that 'these examples [...] aren't mine. They're Kilgore Trout's' (*T* 17),

thereby contradicting his earlier statement and insisting on a difference between himself and his alter ego" (*Clown* 711), but this contradiction must be resolved by following the concept presented by chrono-synclastic infundibulum.

2. Vonnegut once used Serenity Prayer in *Slaughterhouse Five*: "GOD GRANT ME/ THE SERENITY TO ACCEPT/ THE THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE,/ COURAGE/ TO CHANGE THE THINGS I CAN,/ AND WISDOM ALWAYS/ TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE" (*Slaughterhouse* 50)

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Errata

Page.	Line.	Error.	Correction.
1	10	destroys	displays
5	5	[*sic*]	*dele*
17	2	another	another"
	13	'em	'em
	14	'em	'em
	15	'em	'em
30	26	stage	stage"
36	29	It	It is
40	13	Bokononist	Bokononists
43	2	the	that
45	3	Bokobonism	Bokononism
45	17	The truth	The more truth
52	7	[,,,,].	...
52	11	67	66
68	6	sufferer	suffering
83	8	the	them
87	11	Walts	Waltz
102	29	6)	6).
103	15	transcend	transcends
104	23	'real'author	'real' author
104	23-4	Cat's Cradle	*Cat's Cradle*
105	29	Mother Night	*Mother Night*
106	22	Note'serves	Note' serves
106	24	'objective'voice	'objective' voice
107	13	163-4)	163-4).
109	14	53)	53).
113	11	*Gass.*	*dele*
113	24	Journal of the Fantastic in the Arts	*Journal of the Fantastic in the Arts*
114	7-9	Rackstraw, Loree. "The Vonnegut Cosmos." *Critical Essays on Kurt Vonnegut,*	*dele*

		edited by Robert Merrill, G. K. Hall & Co., 1990, pp. 53-61.	
114	19	Scriber	Schriber

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