The Antipanopticon of Etheridge Knight

MICHAEL COLLINS

IN HIS 1970 ANTHOLOGY *BLACK VOICES FROM PRISON*, ETHERIDGE Knight, the late Korean War veteran, poet, and on-again, off-again substance abuser, documents the extent to which contradiction and vengeance contaminate the American ideal of justice. Knight sums up his message with a satirical verse: "Vengeance | is mine | saith the Law" (*Black Voices* 7).[1] The difference between Lord and Law is the difference between legitimate and illegitimate authority as Knight conceives of them. In his portrayal, American law is poisoned at its sources by racism, colonialism, hypocrisy, and blood.

A case in point is a "legend" of the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City—where Knight was incarcerated from 1960 to 1968 on an armed-robbery conviction—that the poet alludes to in *Black Voices*. D. C. Stephenson, the 1920s power broker and Ku Klux Klan grand dragon, supposedly demanded, during a Michigan City visit, that the institution's walls be built higher "for the protection of society" (Knight, "Inside These Walls" 124). But the grand dragon, who in 1924 declared, "I am the law in Indiana," found himself behind those walls after he kidnapped and brutally raped a woman who took poison to persuade him to let her go and later died (Lutholtz 2; Moore 7). With Stephenson as one of its architects, the justice that the law metes out, even to the guilty, is tainted. Indeed, to the extent that the Stephensons of the world shape it, the law is a law of hostage takers, and a risk of following it to where it leads is a sort of Stockholm syndrome replete with "positive feelings" toward one's captors that complicate quests for freedom (Huddleston-Mattai and Mattai 346).

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No wonder that in Knight's portraits of the law, it tips the scales of justice toward crime and recidivism. No wonder the poet believed that as "a black male, I'm always one step away from jail" (Fallander 4). No wonder Knight—who claimed to have "died" among the battlefield traumas of Korea and been resurrected by illegal drug use, only to die again behind bars (Lumpkin 203)—could never, in spite of being resurrected again, by poetry, fully recover from the shrapnel and psychic wounds of Korea. No wonder he continued a cycle of defiance, self-medication, broken relationships, occasional petty crime, incarceration, detoxification, recovery, and "poeting," as he put it, almost until his death from lung cancer in 1991. As the speaker asserts in Knight's "The Violent Space," "I boil my tears in a twisted spoon."

Yet there is more to the law than a Stephenson knows. There are, for instance, the rights that, Jacques Derrida shows, are twisted together with the violence of the law in a single aporia: "the State cannot guarantee the private domain," Derrida writes, "other than by controlling it. . . ." Increases in the democratization of information are accompanied by increases in "the scope of the police and politics" (Derrida and Dufourmantelle 56–57).

One of Knight's motives for writing was to pull this tug-of-war toward the democratization of communication and toward the confidences, alliances, and self-confidences that free exchanges cause to flow. Thus, before a skeptical jailhouse audience, Knight defends what might be called the hospitality of poetry and of the private:

> [S]oft words and poetry are not altogether falsifying reality. . . . Man is never quite so silly and mean in private as his public performances would indicate. So poetry and soft words must remind us not of the MASS MAN who makes the BAD NEWS . . . but of the single man who is odd, lonely and even likeable, until the social pressures herd him into the madhouse of MAN ORGANIZED, which is to say MAN IMPRISONED. ("Lend Me Your Ear" 6)

Poetry and "soft words" belong to the private, free, "likeable" man, the man who can ambidextrously handle the duties of host and guest. Knight has much to teach us about the paths into and out of the interlocking prisons of war, institutionalized racism, and addiction, against which he battled. He has much to teach about the impact of all three on soft words such as *hospitality*, especially in Derrida's sense of hospitality as something that forces a reevaluation of frontiers between states, persons, public and private spaces, and the styles of thought that watch over these things like governing spirits. Throughout his poetry and prose, Knight challenges frontiers, and the walls and one-way mirrors they justify, by acting as an antipanopticon surveilling United States society and justice to look into the souls not only of prisoners but also of the whole tradition that locks them in.

Recall that the panopticon is, in Michel Foucault's characterization, an engine of "coercive individuation" that "coerces by means of observation": by forcing into visibility as much as it can of the observed party's life and psyche and by controlling as much of that party's time—and therefore activity—as possible (Foucault, *Discipline* 170–71, 239, and "Truth and Juridical Forms" 80–81). The ideal "panoptic society" is a "great pyramid of gazes" that culminates in an imperial eye "watching over the whole society" ("Truth and Juridical Forms" 70, 73). In a liberty-hungry culture like America's, the extent of such surveillance is inversely related to the scope of the right to privacy and the freedom of thought and action this right protects. It is inversely related to the reciprocal exchanges that drive romantic and political courtships, markets, and debates about the heights of prison walls and the role of soft words. It is inversely related, in sum, to all that is protected by the First and Fourth Amendments—all that makes one a citizen rather than a walled-in "guest of the state."

Critics of Foucauldian panopticism, such as David Garland (*Punishment*) and C. Fred Alford, argue that Foucault failed to distinguish

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between utopian panoptic theories and the realities of prison. Alford insists that "brute physical coercion" that can "suddenly appear anywhere"—in the path of "a black man stopped by the police in the middle of the night," for instance—is a tougher reality than Foucault's flickering gaze (141). And yet the gaze guides the nightstick: after all, black men encounter the police after having been classified and selected for discipline by a pyramid of racial gazes.

Indeed, in an America that in recent decades has criminalized actions and incarcerated people at record rates and that since 9/11 has found many new things to surveil, Knight's prison-related writings remain as aesthetically powerful as always, high notes that shatter glass houses of classification and preemptive panopticism such as racial profiling. Knight's poetry tabulates panopticism's costs and suggests an intriguing alternative: a communication so little walled in by conventions of authority and even definitions of words that—like the early rock music that penetrated walls and racial barriers—it resembles Derrida's "unconditional hospitality" to the unknown, the unexpected, the undisciplined: the stranger speaking familiar words (*justice*, for instance), which his stranger's accent reconfigures and redefines. For, as Derrida notes, "[i]nviting, receiving, asylum, lodging, go by way of the language or the address of the other. . . . [L]anguage *is* hospitality" (Derrida and Dufourmantelle 135).

The Language of Hospitality

This alternative of communication as a path to the expansion of hospitality already shows itself in the preface to *Black Voices*, where Knight insists that

> crime/criminality/alienation is a matter of definition. And when a people set out, with a gun in one hand and a Bible in the other, to exploit and enslave and imprison all other peoples of the world . . . and then the exploited and enslaved are called criminals—it is time to redefine terms. . . . This book is a small attempt in that direction. (6)

To power his redefinitions, Knight borrows authority from a "regime of truth" rising in his era—the black-power and black-arts movements and their project of redefinition and counterhegemonic communication.[2] These movements developed fateful offshoots: Dudley Randall's Broadside Press, which published Knight's first books, and the black-arts activities of Gwendolyn Brooks, who corresponded with and visited the incarcerated Knight.[3]

Knight entered prison as a master of "toasts"—vernacular rhymes like those about which Henry Louis Gates, Jr., theorizes—and left prison a master of the parallel "discursive universe" of mainstream poetry.[4] Black power's contribution to Knight's perspective on law emerges when the poet quotes Kwame Ture and Charles V. Hamilton: "Law is the agent of those in political power; it is the product of those powerful enough to define right and wrong and to have that definition legitimized by 'law'" (Preface 8–9). Knight's anthology puts law and prison in the dock by insisting that their architects have exceeded an authority they never really possessed.

At the heart of this issue of legitimacy is the question of what the self is or should be and of who decides—the question of free will, which Knight spotlights when he writes of "keepers [who] try to hold the black inmates' minds in chains . . . by making full use of a white educational system, a white communications system, a dead white Art, and the white Law" (9).

To escape the resulting servile "convict mentality" and free the volition it imprisons, Knight remaps and redefines it—along with the warden-and-slave-master mentality that creates it. In the Michigan City–era poem "The Warden Said to Me the Other Day," Knight limns his feelings of emotional, imaginative, and perceptual confinement:

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> The warden said to me the other day
> (innocently, I think), "Say, etheridge,
> why come the black boys don't run off
> like the white boys do?"
> I lowered my jaw and scratched my head
> And said (innocently, I think), "Well, suh,
> I ain't for sure, but I reckon it's cause
> We ain't got no wheres to run to."

Told in the "signifyin'" style of a Bre'r Rabbit story, the poem underscores Knight's doubts about his own autonomy and the warden's motives, as well as Knight's sense of America as a prison where, no matter how benevolent a warden wishes to be, his gestures remain part of what locks his charges in. This is why Knight scratches his head and uses stereotypical language that conveys a message about the barbed wire of "white Law," a message that surely escapes the warden.

For much of the period of Knight's incarceration, the Indiana State Prison warden was Ward Lane. In a letter to the Indiana governor that prefaced Lane's first annual report, of 1962–63, the warden emphasized his efforts to improve the institution's public image by launching "new programs and systems embodying the best principles of effective penal administration and [by improving] those already in existence" ("Indiana"). Lane's relatively enlightened, if paternalistic, approach epitomizes "the rehabilitative ideal" that, according to Garland, get-tough policies began to sweep aside at the end of the 1970s (*Culture* 8). Lane claimed a willingness to honor "every interview request submitted by inmates" and to allow unrestricted inspection of his institution by the press ("Indiana" i).

But Lane's enlightenment was limited, as we see in the ninth item in his list of accomplishments: "For the first time Negroes are employed in Custody and clerical positions. They were previously employed for positions in Treatment but there has been expansion even in that area. Currently there are a total of 8 colored people working here and . . . no colored applicants for employment . . ." (i). Knight's remarks to Charles Rowell about the origins of his poem "For Freckle-Faced Gerald" suggest deeper problems with Lane's regime ("Interview" 977). But the exchange Knight records in "The Warden Said to Me" highlights Lane's public and perhaps preferred paternalistic style.

In a 1962 pamphlet, Lane tells "you, the general public" the tale of the evolution of penal justice from the period of "an eye for an eye" to his own era, when the purpose of prison is to "keep [offenders] out of society until they learn to discipline themselves . . . it is [our] obligation . . . to assist these people. . . . Training and remolding the individual . . . should be based, to some extent, on the type of crime for which he was committed" (*Beginning* 5, 1, 8).

Knight, who drew on resources Lane introduced or supported to help transform himself into a master poet, is of two minds about his encounter with the benevolent remolder of men, with whom Knight crosses paths in more ways than one.[5] In an issue of the inmate-produced magazine *Encourager*, a Knight essay, "From a 'Cane' to 'Concern,'" on the evolution of the Indiana State Prison (slightly but significantly revised for *Black Voices*) immediately precedes an unsigned essay praising Lane's reforms. According to the article, Lane dismissed "25 percent of the corrupt supervisory staff" that once countenanced graft, "brutality [and] solitary confinement without reason" and sold "narcotics, jobs, cell locations, and prostitutes . . ." ("Time").

In the *Black Voices* version of his *Encourager* essay, Knight retains a paragraph showing significant progress between 1900 and 1966, but he also notes that "52 percent of the men released in 1965 on parole were returned to the prison as parole violators in 1966" ("Brief History" 145). *Black Voices* was part of a flood of critiques that helped bring the key dilemma of prison policy—rehabilitate? throw away the key?—to a crisis by the end of the 1970s.[6] Unlike Knight, the conservatives and neoconservatives

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who carried the day advocated scrapping penal welfarism in favor of retribution.

Knight emphasizes ambiguities of even the retrospectively attractive penal welfarism by placing "The Warden Said to Me" in *Black Voices* immediately after the revised *Encourager* essay. The poem becomes a continuation of the essay, or an excavation that releases ironies repressed by the warden's efforts to dictate new selves to his charges.[7] In this context, "We ain't got no wheres to run to" might be translated as "we have no room in which to exercise our free will."

Knight's post–Michigan City writing continues to explore American obstacles to freedom of will, life, and mind. "On the Birth of a Black / Baby / Boy (for Isaac BuShie Blackburn-Knight)," from 1978, seems to ask, in a world full of dangers that leave "no wheres to run," what sort of hospitality must one show to a newborn? How might one guide him to what will welcome him in the world and away from what will destroy him? The poem is a time capsule filled with things the newborn will need to know and a plea to readers to make the infant's path less dangerous:

> In Memphis—in Tennessee.
> (O Come—and go / wid / mee . . .)
> In Memphis, in Tennessee—
> In the year of (y) our Lord, 1978—
> (and the christian / suicides
> in Guyana).
> In the bubbles and the blood of Boss Crump's
> guilt—
> In the blueness of the hospitality of his / hos /
> pi / tal—
> In the sterile gowns, green and growing—
> In Memphis, in Tennessee. . . .

The reference to Memphis, Tennessee, not only locates the son's birth but also foreshadows the poem's reminder that Memphis is where Martin Luther King, Jr., was killed, in 1968. The parentheses around the "y" in "your" send a message: that what Knight calls "prison/america" (Preface 7) must be deconstructed to release what is "ours" and that, amid an array of possibilities that include "our" world of harmonized free wills, forms of colonialism, slavery, and political exile are constantly reborn. The slash between "christian" and "suicides" emphasizes "suicides" by cutting it off from "christian," thereby severing the mass suicide the people of Jonestown were bullied into committing from the belief system they thought they died for. Knight underscores the necessity of revising the world rather than keeping up with a Jones whose interests cancel one's own.

The next line takes us back into a history shaped by E. H. Crump, the boss who dominated politics in Memphis and beyond from the second decade of the twentieth century until his death in 1954. A "progressive," Crump protected the right of some African Americans to vote, so long as they voted for those anointed by his political machine. But their actual status in Crump's world is clear in a 1946 *Time* magazine essay informing America that Crump's power rested on "drum-tight control of the Negro vote. For as Memphians reflect: 'The nigger doesn't vote, he is voted . . .'" ("Ring-Tailed Tooter").

Knight calls attention to the hypocrisies and broken freedoms of Crump's regime by making "hospital" a broken homonym of "hospitality"—that is, by making the hospitality of the hospital blues-inducing, with a "blueness" that, in the Knight canon, suggests the "Blue Wall," the nickname Indiana State Prison inmates gave "the Hospital for the Criminal Insane that was once inside the prison . . ." ("Inside These Walls" 128). Just how ominous this blueness at the birth of his son must be is suggested by Knight's most famous poem, "Hard Rock Returns to Prison from the Hospital for the Criminal Insane," an ode to an inmate who is bricked up in the blue wall. Knight thickens the dread hovering over the woman in labor by alluding to local policemen who "act / much worse than thieves," as well as by noting that "short miles

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to the south the Ku Klux / Klan | march like locusts over / this / land." In this context, Jimmy Carter, who "tries / to *stand* where Martin *stood*," may seem out of place.

Carter participates in what Knight sees as an act of desecration—a 1978 trip to the site of King's assassination, the Lorraine Motel. Carter went to the Lorraine to show that "I value what Martin Luther King was and what his memory is," but Knight insists on full acknowledgment of the politically revolutionary agenda King *stood* for—at the cost of his life—and his resultant *standing* in history. Only after clearing away bad historiography and photo opportunities does the poem allow the birth to take place:

> As / your / mother grunts for 3 / days and
> groans for 3 / nights,
> As / she issues you / forth on a Sunday night,
> (on a chilling, raining, sun /
> day / night)—and now.
> As you lay warming in my arms, son—
> all I / can / say is:
> *You / be a loonngg time coming, boy—*
> *But you're wel / come here.*

Here Knight breaks time open. He frees, with his slashes, the sun and the day from the blue dread and rain and creates a welcome for his son. The breaking of the word "welcome," after the evocation of the "loonngg" time of the birth not only celebrates the infant's health (he is "wel") but also summons him out of his mother's agony and out of the agony of the history that surrounds her labor. "Come here," the father says, into my hard-won perspective on history—even if you can be "wel / come" nowhere else.

In an earlier, Michigan City–era poem, "Prison Graveyard," Knight steps outside history to consider the fates of those who never found a welcome in it. In the poem, the setting sun

> [s]lides over the tiger teeth
> Lying row on row
> Beneath the high and western wall.
>
> And tonight
> . . . . . .
> The spirits will rise and fret
>
> And fight because no hymns
> Were sung to soothe
> Them on their journey,
> No mourners have stood
> And wept;
>
> So the spirits dance
> The devil's step, and are kept
> From riding the winds to the sea.

The comparison of the gravestones to a tiger's teeth gives the penal system a maw. The description of the wall as "high and western" expands the scope of the poem to include a civilization. To deny the dead their rites of burial and mourning is to deny them their rights of hospitality. The inmates remain imprisoned in an inhospitable afterlife, exiled, as when they lived within concrete walls, from fellowship with the wind and sea. Their plight epitomizes the injustices suffered by their living counterparts behind carceral and racial walls.

These inmates can never "drive to hell in style," as Knight wants to do in "Last Words by 'Slick' (or a Self / Sung Eulogy)," where funeral rites made up of toasts and tall tales will include

> no preacher / man a-preaching
> Over me—cause I know where I am going.
> . . . . . .
> No moaning and groaning;
> Just . . .
> Take me out to my pink cadillac
> Prop me up / under the steering wheel,
> . . . . . .
> Dig a hole—twenty feet long and twenty feet
> wide,
> . . . . . .
> And let me drive to hell in style!

Knight bequeaths himself what the prisoners by the "high and western wall" are denied: an individuality, style—and guilt—all his own. In his comic way, he cuts a figure like that of the aged, wandering Oedipus, who is burdened by

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knowledge that "threatens to place him outside the law" but who is also the emblem of "the foreigner, in politics too . . . coming as a legislator to lay down the law and liberate the people or the nation by coming from outside" (Derrida and Dufourmantelle 39, 123).

"On seeing the Black Male as #1 Sex Object in America," the poem that precedes "Last Words" in *The Essential Etheride Knight*, references the lynching and castration of black males that was often carried out as a result of allegations of advances or attacks on white women. Of course, the conventions of the culture of lynching could confine white women as well as black men in a rigid and ogling patriarchy—something Ralph Ellison demonstrates in *Invisible Man* (19–20). Knight himself suggests a universal dislocation of identity in the lynching world: "Black men in the south | of America / are / soooooooo pretty | That men, and women, hide | Under sheets and masks and ride | And plot under the Alabama moon | How to 'cut the nut'" ("On Seeing" 97). In "Last Words," Knight turns lynching culture inside out, *dictates* to it, in fact, by demanding, "[D]on't plant me / in no six feet of dirt; | Just mash me, mash me, except for my dick, | which I want wrapped in a white / woman's skirt" (98). The last demand might easily be taken for something sexist, but it, like the poem as a whole, calls for a reversal of castration and social and literal annihilation. Though not an Oedipus-like king-turned-outcast-demigod (except to the extent a black male is made larger than life by the mythology about him), Knight's persona in the poem is that of a "great transgressor" who, bearing the terrible knowledge of his own damnation, is determined to enter the underworld as an "outlaw who still claims to lay down the law in the foreign state that buries him" (Derrida and Dufourmantelle 99, 115).

Demanding hospitality for his death wishes, Knight's persona demands hospitality for an ethics of liberation—even a liberation completed in hell. "Last Words" is part of the poet's refiguring and reconfiguring of what Derrida calls "the language in which the foreigner is addressed . . . [language that is] the ensemble of culture . . . the values, the norms, the meanings . . ." (133). What is at stake in this refiguring and reconfiguring can best be assessed by considering Derrida's meditation on hospitality. Much of his reflection is driven by the Latin ambiguities of *hostis* ("host," "enemy," "foreigner," "guest," "hostage"). The resultant complexities that descend on guest-host and foreigner-native relations are, in Derrida's account, linked to what we have been calling panopticism. He observes that the contemporary expansion of "private sociality" in cyberspace and elsewhere has provoked the state to make "excessive efforts to catch and monitor" private exchanges (57). These efforts complicate the universe of hospitality—a point Derrida makes some pages earlier:

> Nowadays, a reflection on hospitality presupposes, among other things, the possibility of a rigorous delimitation of thresholds or frontiers. . . . In principle, private mail in the classic form (the letter, the postcard, etc.) has to circulate without control within a country or from one country to another. . . . [W]hat is at issue . . . is once again the trace of a frontier between the public and the non-public. . . . The frontier turns out to be caught in a juridico-political turbulence . . . challenging existing law and established norms. From the moment when a public authority . . . gives itself or is recognized as having the right to control, monitor, ban exchanges that those doing the exchanging deem private, but that the State can intercept since these private exchanges cross public space . . . then every element of hospitality gets disrupted. My "at home" was also constituted by the field of access via my telephone line (through which I can give my time, my word, my friendship, my love, my help, to whomever I wish . . .).
>
> (Derrida and Dufourmantelle 47–51)

Derrida's "juridico-political turbulence" has engulfed the world in the wake of the epic

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violation on 9/11 of the guest-host relation. Terrorism, indeed, is made possible by—but also drives—the juridico-political turbulence of frontiers. The granting and withholding of visas and the overstaying of visas by some 9/11 terrorists are one manifestation of this turbulence. Other manifestations are the Bush doctrine, the USA PATRIOT Act, and other measures that have troubled domestic and international norms of hospitality. What Derrida calls the "at home" has emerged as a juridico-political frontier even more starkly now than in the 1990s, when Derrida wrote that, in the effort to protect the home from intrusions not only by the state but by unwelcome others, "one can become virtually xenophobic in order to protect or claim to protect one's own hospitality. . . . I want to be master at home . . . to be able to receive whomever I like there . . ." (53). This entanglement of hospitality in xenophobia leads Derrida to propose a law of unconditional hospitality that, in its very impracticability, could still guide us: "We will always be threatened by this dilemma between, on the one hand, unconditional hospitality that dispenses with law, duty, or even politics, and, on the other, hospitality circumscribed by law and duty. One of them can always corrupt the other . . ." (135).

Derrida's dilemma grows out of the tensions between autonomy and community. These are the tensions that support not only prison walls but also theories of rehabilitation, the tensions that dictate terms of citizenship, exile, lobotomy, capital punishment, and mercy. Knight writes his poems in the grinding of these tensions—a grinding he makes audible in poems such as "The Point of the Western Pen." There Knight evokes his relation to the Western literary tradition by writing a portion of his refrain in archaic diction and then incorporating floral imagery that he nonetheless redeems (in the sense Gwendolyn Brooks' explains in her primer for black poets when she forbids clichés like "gentle flowers" but adds that a cliché can be redeemed if used with "outrageous" originality ["Prologue" 10]):

> The point of the western pen is red
> With the blood of us. The pages of Harlem,
> Timbuctoo, Waycross, flutter
> And float on the midnight waters
> And turn to flowers.
> . . . . . .
> Under the noon-day light
> We drop, red petal by red petal
> Into the mid-night waters,
> Into the rushing, swirling waters.
> Where come we from? and so forth? ("Point")

The sense of never having been at home—of never having been able to answer the question "Where come we from?"—goes beyond the political and racial and into the cosmic. But the tensions involved in writing with a pen dipped in the blood of one's people (in which the whole Western apparatus of anthropological classification, hierarchies of the human, and continent carving is implicated) are earthly ones. "Where come we from?"—the question might be restated, Where do we wield the rights of hospitality? Where are such rights rooted? If not in the Western pen or the Western poetic tradition, which is inescapably part of Knight's writing, where? With the hook of this question in the back of his throat, Knight in a number of interviews insists on the power of the voice of a poet performing before an audience that agrees with the poet "on what's going on" ("Conversation" 13).

In Derrida's and Knight's struggles as exiles, their radically different worldviews come almost close enough to touch. Just as Derrida desires to make something happen to the French language, to make it come to him, so Knight wishes to make something happen to the English language, to make it alight on his tongue. Knight stresses that it is "time to redefine terms"—time to make something happen to language before the entwined discourses of the "white educational system, [the] white communications system,

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a dead white Art, and the white Law" twist themselves into a chain that binds "the black inmates' minds . . ." ("Point").

Writing with a Western pen and sometimes from American prisons, Knight is like Derrida's Socrates, who

> declares that he is "foreign" to the language of the courts . . . [that] he is like a foreigner. . . . Among the serious problems we are dealing with here [in a discussion of hospitality] is that of the foreigner who, inept at speaking the language, always risks being without defense before the law of the country that welcomes or expels him; the foreigner is first of all foreign to the legal language in which the duty of hospitality is formulated. . . . He has to ask for hospitality in a language which by definition is not his own, the one imposed on him by the master of the house, the host, the king, the lord, the authorities, the nation, the State. . . . (Derrida and Dufourmantelle 15)

The drive to be at home in the language one uses, to be a native of it and not to have to plead for hospitality in it, and the struggle with the resulting "disorder of identity" link Knight and Derrida. Of his expulsion (for being Jewish) from the Vichy French Algerian school he attended as a youth, Derrida writes, "I do not doubt that exclusion . . . could have a relationship to [my] disorder of identity . . ." (Derrida 16). This identity trouble blossomed into a disordered relation with the French language, whose philosophy and literature "harpooned" the youngster, provoking in him the dream of making "something happen to this language . . . something so intimate that it comes to take pleasure in it as in itself . . . at the time when an incomprehensible guest . . . would make the said language come to him . . ." (51).

Knight is never this explicit about his desire to change from incomprehensible guest to irresistable host of the English language. But the ambition is plain in his conception of poetic language as something that resists patriarchal structures of authority:

> I think that art, that poetry, that language itself is feminine. . . . The authority of the denotative—the masculine—side of the language comes from externals—what's written in the dictionary, what the Bible says, what my father says. But the authority of the connotative side of the language—which is circular—comes about through common agreement. Its authority rests on right now. . . . It comes about directly in the communication.
>
> ("Conversation" 13)

The circularity Knight refers to is the cycling of a feedback loop that transforms all expressions that enter it and slowly creates a revolution as the language is fed back, calling and responding, to itself: for Knight the demand of a revolutionary poet is therefore "not even a demand . . . it's a process. . . . [I]t's beyond protest. . . . You can't point to where it starts or where it will end. . . . [A]rt is revolutionary because poetry changes the language, which means it changes the possibilities" (13–14). While Derrida would reject the notion of an authority that rests on "right now," the idea of a revolutionary process without determinable beginning or end would not be foreign to him. Nor would Knight's efforts to create events in language that unsettle denotations and release possibility: Derrida, after all, wants to open up "a future language" that is a language of possibility (62).

Knight's best-known effort to unsettle denotations is "Hard Rock," a Michigan City–era poem. The Prometheus of Knight's oeuvre, Hard Rock is an inmate who repeatedly brings the fire of autonomy and free will into the prison, allowing the other inmates to see themselves by the fire's light rather than by the light of the "smooth operation of the prison," which "takes precedence over the needs of the individual" ("Inside These Walls" 133):

> we wrapped ourselves in the
> cloak
> Of his exploits: "Man, the last time, it took
> eight

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Screws to put him in the Hole." "Yeah,
remember when he
Smacked the captain with his dinner tray?"
. . . . . .
And then the jewel of a myth that Hard Rock
had once bit
A screw on the thumb and poisoned him with
syphilitic spit. ("Hard Rock" 122)

Hard Rock's actions are a counterattack against the prison conditions all the inmates chafe under. This counterattack makes Hard Rock appear single-handedly capable of crumbling the prison wall, having already started to poison prison authority, in the person of the unfortunate guard, with his "syphilitic spit." But Hard Rock's ultimate exploit is to expose the savagery of the authority that finally destroys his capacity for freedom: "The WORD was that Hard Rock wasn't a mean nigger | Anymore, that the doctors had bored a hole in his head, | Cut out part of his brain, and shot electricity through the rest. . . ." When the word is confirmed, the other prisoners are "[c]rushed. | He had been our Destroyer, the doer of things | We dreamed of doing but could not bring ourselves to do . . ." (122–23).

This is the effect the authorities would have aimed for, since Hard Rock and the myths communicated about him were the germ of an incipient inmate counterculture. Such a counterculture, Garland explains, increases the choices available to the incarcerated and thereby expands the freedom prison systems are designed to calibrate and measure out like liquid from an eyedropper: "Resistance to official authority occurs most frequently and most effectively in those prisons where an alternative inmate culture offers oppositional identifications, roles, and forms of support . . ." (*Punishment* 172–73).

In describing what happens to Hard Rock and those who identify with him, Knight creates a poetic hospice where Hard Rock comes not to die but to be reborn along the entire trajectory of his resistance. Knight's aim in the poem is to strengthen the "inmate culture" of black America. For the same reason, he prints, in *Black Voices*, a letter he wrote to a younger inmate who had called some of the older prisoners Uncle Toms without knowing what those men had faced. When Knight first entered Indiana State Prison, he explains, "we didn't have the protection of this sham atmosphere of genteel liberality. They sent troublemakers to the nuthouse, and burnt their heads to a crisp with shock treatments." He adds, "[Y]ou know that we are literally creating a nation and that cultural structures are as important as economical and political structures. *Without cultural structures we will not know which way to go* . . ." ("Day" 177–78).

Feeding Hard Rock and the linguistic "cloak of his exploits" to the English language, Knight ensures that the "WORD" of those who operate the prison is no longer true in the absolute sense the authorities intended. By asking Hard Rock's legend to survive not only its own annihilation but also the escapism that clings to it, the poem "changes the possibilities."

If the poem about Hard Rock leaves any doubt about the new forms of hospitality Knight wants in American culture, much of that doubt is removed by a *Black Voices* prose piece about J. W. "Icewater" Prewitt, who, Knight reports, is innocent of the crime for which he is incarcerated and driven to a brutal rebelliousness by his situation: "In the Indianapolis County Jail of 1961, a young man—unless [he] was extremely unattractive—had two choices: to ride or be ridden. Prewitt chose to ride" ("Innocents" 109). Prewitt insists on "acting up" during his trial; he becomes ever more defiant as he is squeezed in the coils of a court system complete with coached witnesses, biased rulings, and an inevitable conviction (112). In other words, he becomes more and more like Hard Rock. "[I]f he keeps in his same groove," Knight concludes, "he is likely to wind up in the mental institution. There, they will attach little electrodes to his head and blot out his brain. . . . One other thing—perhaps the most

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important—is outstandingly clear: he has said NO to the whole system" (121).

Knight's desire is ultimately to make the language in which he writes say no to the system by feeding Hard Rock's, Prewitt's, and his own no through it. The risk here is the one that troubled Knight in "The Warden Said to Me . . ."—the risk that the parts of the language he wishes to affect may feed back into and undo his no. Knight's wariness of this sort of counterfeedback is clear in exchanges such as the one he has with a younger inmate who writes him a letter addressed to "Dear Brother Tom" and demanding to know "just who in the fuck . . . you [are] speaking TO." Despite an initial urge to ignore the letter, Knight replies with an attempt to explain whom he is writing *around*:

> Of course, you/know that one says a poem or writes a column here in prison with the warden's eyeballs hovering/ over one's left shoulder, and with the Commissioner of Corrections' eyeballs glaring only a few inches above the warden's, and finally with the Governor's eyes hanging like twin bulbs from the whole prison. Of course, you've heard stories of the entire *Lakeshore Outlook* staff/ being thrown in the hole? . . . So, lil b'rer, the main / thang that keeps me from speaking to and for myself [is] FEAR. . . .
>
> ("Lend Me Your Ear: A Column" 19)

The question of how much of the panoptic gaze feeds back into the no that one wishes to say to it is also plain in Knight poems like "On the Yard." There a "young fascist" asks Knight, "why ain't you | *doing* something?" And Knight is troubled:

> All night
> I sat up
> . . . . . .
> wrote 5,000 words
> explaining how
> I
> *was* doing something
>
> but the slim cat—
> beautiful fascist
> didn't buy
> it—nor
> did I
> completely.

Nevertheless, Knight's description of the young man as a "beautiful fascist" underscores the shortsightedness of the man's refusal of hospitality to Knight's words. As the poet told Sanford Pinsker, "[Art is] revolutionary because, as Jean Paul Sartre said, it appeals to the freedom in the audience" ("Conversation" 14).

Art, freedom, and hospitality are inseparable in Sartre's *What Is Literature?*, where the philosopher argues that, just as the writer exercises freedom by creating, the reader exercises freedom by using personal history, imagination, and emotions to bring a work to life.[8] Thus, "reading is an exercise in generosity. . . ." But since readers also make demands of authors, "reading is a pact of generosity between author and reader" (40–49). The "beautiful fascist," to whose freedom and generosity Knight appeals, proves inhospitable both to Knight's work and to the element of human freedom that interaction with Knight's work might bring into being. As Sartre asserts, not only does the author write "in order to address himself to the freedom of readers," but, in the "dialectical" process in which the writer creates a vision of the world for the reader and the reader makes that vision live, reader and writer support, by "the joint effort of [their] two freedoms," a universe that "has taken human freedom for its end, and if it is not really the city of ends that it ought to be, it must at least be a stage along the way . . ." (55–56).

The forces preventing Knight and the young man from creating a new stage along the path from prison to ideal city emerge in "The Sun Came," a poem about Malcolm X that responds to Brooks's poem "Truth." Knight critiques the audience he wishes to transform—and himself as a member of it. The question Brooks poses is whether an expectant community could welcome

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a messianic figure: "What if we wake one shimmering morning to | Hear the fierce hammering | Of his firm knuckles | Hard on the door?" Brooks's hammerer is the sort of figure Derrida calls the "tout autre." Addressing Brooks, Knight expresses regret at not welcoming this figure, for whom hearths and hearts must open themselves:

> The Sun came, Miss Brooks,—
> After all the night years.
> He came spitting fire from his lips.
> And we flipped—We goofed the whole thing.
> It looks like our ears were not equipped
> For that fierce hammering.
>
> And now the Sun has gone, has bled red. . . .
> . . . . . .
> Again the night year shadows form.
> But beneath the placid faces a storm rages.
> The rays of Red have pierced the deep, have struck
> The core. We cannot sleep.
> The shadows sing: Malcolm, Malcolm, Malcolm.
> The darkness ain't like before.
>
> The Sun came, Miss Brooks.
> And we goofed the whole thing,
> I think.
> (Though ain't no vision visited my cell.)

Knight's tucking of "deep" behind "have struck" rather than at the end of the line, where its rhyme word, "sleep," is positioned, whispers of a revolution in hospitality obscurely working its way into the language of those who become attuned to the meaning of the name Malcolm—those for whom "[t]he darkness ain't like before." In his dialogue with Brooks, Knight wants to help the "fierce hammering" at the doors of cognition to recur—at first in memory and in song, later in praxis. He is not certain that "we goofed the whole thing." No vision may have visited Knight's cell, but Brooks, full of the black aesthetic that Malcolm X inspired, came to Knight's prison and helped Knight create the vision that had not visited him.

The permanent loss of such knockings on the doors of cognition is part of Hard Rock's tragedy. But Knight makes plain that "normal" prison life can also cut the brain with its dull knife. According to him, "parole [is] the one thing uppermost in the minds of inmates" during incarceration. But the parole process is consistent with the rest of the legal system: arbitrary and divorced from justice. In a typical case, "A is told that he is being denied because he has not taken advantage of the rehabilitation programs offered[, while] B, who also did not participate in any programs, is granted a parole. These whimsical actions create a tremendous pressure on the inmates, causing some to abandon any attempt at self-improvement, causing others to become paranoid" ("Inside These Walls" 138–39). For Knight, the whole process—which begins "at the time the offender receives his sentence" (Giardini 21)—is poisoned.

Knight dramatically illustrates this view in his account of Donald Peck, a youth who is not guilty of the crime of which he was accused but—because of a plea bargain—is serving a life sentence and is being passed around for sex "like a beach ball." Knight stresses that Peck's plea was made in an atmosphere of public anticrime outrage and racial animus. "The public was satisfied," Knight reports, when Peck and several other accused African Americans were sent to prison for life after pleading guilty to charges for which they had plea-bargained for twenty-year terms. (The charges were rape and kidnapping, of which even the woman involved declared Peck innocent.) Peck's innocence is invisible to, and therefore an indictment of, the justice system in general and the parole process in particular, in which Peck loses all hope: "From 1963 to this date [Peck] has not bothered to petition before the annual Clemency Board . . ." ("Innocents" 106).

In making Peck visible to his readers, Knight disentangles him from the paranoia that led to the public's satisfaction with his

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incarceration and from the board's perpetuation of it. In his preface to *Black Voices*, Knight even suggests that this paranoia—the almost literally being out of one's mind (*paranous*), out of the seat of one's thoughts, homeless and desperate to be received even into the hospitality of a sort of hell—has infected Peck. For the Knight of the preface, Peck loses mind and self by accepting the "'sanctity and dignity' of [a] racist Law" that programs him "into near nonexistence" (8).[9] But Knight is writing here as a counterpropagandist. In "For Freckle-Faced Gerald," he intensifies his critique and paints a more complex picture of a Peck-like inmate.

Prison authorities as censors of consciousness make as decisive an appearance in this poem as they do in the lyric about Hard Rock. They cut Gerald off from his possible lines of communication and protection: "No safety in numbers like back on the block. | two's aplenty. three? definitely not. | four? 'you're all muslims.' | five? 'you were planning a race riot.'" Unsurveilled communication—communication that escapes the eyes and ears of the pyramid of authority—is defined as dangerous, defined almost out of existence, as Gerald himself is: he

> didn't even know the loss of his balls
> had been plotted years in advance
> by wiser and bigger buzzards than those
> who now hover above his track
> and at night light upon his back.

Indeed, Knight's work is obsessed with communication—which is almost literally eyeballed to death in "Gerald"—and its expansion. Knight shows that, in the absence of omniscience, paranoid panopticism ("five? 'you were planning a race riot'") obscures as much of reality as it reveals.[10]

For Knight the prison administration and the whole social apparatus of discrimination suffer from the defects of planned economies, which require omnipotent planners to succeed and are, F. A. Hayek argues, inseparable from totalitarianism. Foucault, following Hayek and others, shows that planners, monopolizing decision making, bulldoze what is fundamental to successful economies: unconstrained individual choices (*Naissance*).

In this context, the rehabilitation-and-parole process is flawed by its tendency to prioritize control over agency. Assigning inmates to make license plates is a case in point, because, as Knight notes, "this is a job for which there is no demand whatsoever outside" and that can demoralize a skilled worker ("Inside These Walls" 133). Knight emphasizes the destructiveness of administrative myopia by quoting a newspaper article: "Undue or misplaced severity adds to the state's expenses and makes it responsible for waste of human life. . . . The citizens in each state share both the cost and the responsibility for any mistakes arising from ill-considered parole board decisions" (138). Knight himself, in a letter about his own parole hearing, describes it as a rigged game. But it is a rigged game with a colossal human and economic impact, rooted in definitions of criminality: Becker, arguing for decriminalization of illegal drugs, notes "the enormous damage to the black community" caused by making "many black men . . . spend years in prison on drug charges."

Meanwhile, Knight finds freedom in the game riggers' lack of omniscience. In his preface, he highlights his inclusion in *Black Voices* of "letters written/smuggled to me by young black men" who "though they accept—up to a certain point—their own personal responsibility for being here . . . no longer accept whitey's definition of their selves" (9). The smuggling of the letters and their publication as contributions to a new culture of free self-making break the hold of the authorities on the rehabilitative economy and have repercussions that go beyond the prison and into the communities the inmates will someday reenter.

But Knight does not stop there. In "Gerald" and in his jailhouse correspondence, he

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points to places where community making is beside itself—inhospitable to difference, paranoid. Thus, Gerald's isolation is the result of his "precise speech and innocent grin," which could never "quite win . . . the trust and fists of the young black cats." As a poet whose business is precise speech, down to the melancholy irony of the rhyme "grin" and "win" (Gerald could "never quite win" because of his "innocent grin"), Knight sympathizes. He builds his poetry and his conception of freedom around unrestricted communion. He argues, for instance, that carceral experience amounts to excommunication through the snuffing out of communal and communicative possibilities:

> [Y]ou are . . . given a number: your name is taken away. Everything is uniform, and the whole idea of that is very much like that bullshit about shock treatments. They shock your brain and get rid of all the grooves and then rebuild the grooves. . . . In prison they strip you of your "negative behavior," of your personality, and are supposed to rehabilitate you. What they succeed in doing is further alienating you. ("Communication" 3)

But excommunication can come from many directions, as Knight shows in his *Black Voices* account of a run-in over language and audience with one of the "young black cats," called Bucky, who complains of the difficulty of describing "our (black folk) life using whitey's words and forms" but who also accuses Knight: "I think you want to be accepted by the general public, and brother, that's W-H-I-T-E. The revolution is B-L-A-C-K. . . ." The inmate goes on to lay down the law on black nationalism, whose major components are "common values, speech, habits, beliefs, and a generally agreed upon type of government" ("Day" 181–83). Here the specter of central planning raises its head once more.

In a letter to the same inmate, Knight cautions against messianism: "True, I guess we all are, or must become, a little messianic, if we are to survive all this ofay bullshit that is bombarding our brains. But we must always leave the doors of our minds slightly open" (177). A slight opening to the unanticipated and unjudged—what Derrida might call the undecidable—is the likely reason for the "I think" in Knight's poetic accounts of his encounters with the warden, with the "young fascist," and with his own regretful self in "The Sun Came." The same opening underlies the exchange described in "A WASP Woman Visits a Black Junkie in Prison," which Knight places before the exchange with Bucky.

This poem, in which Knight stresses failures in the prison's rehabilitative efforts, points in the direction he believes rehabilitation should take: the direction of reciprocal communication, acknowledgment, and perhaps more. Derridean hospitality—not owned by either party but instead creating and created by unpremeditated exchange—can also exist in prison, in this case between a junkie and his unexpected WASP visitor. "This can not be real," the addict thinks. "What have I to do | With a prim blue and proper-blooded lady? | Christ in deed has risen | When a Junkie in prison visits with a Wasp woman." The phrase "visits with" (as when old friends meet and speak) underscores the reciprocity of the event. The WASP woman does not condescend, and the junkie does not rise: he sits. And before sitting, he calms himself, going out to meet the occasion: "Hold your stupid face, man," he tells himself. "She might have good reason, | Like: 'I was in prison and ye visited me not,'—or some such . . ." (146). Already he begins to see behind the masks that society prepares for its citizens and that it trains them to see—beyond biowar, beyond the racist creation of caesuras in populations like those of which Foucault writes ("*Society*" 255).[11] Seeing behind these masks allows him to build, together with his visitor, a sanctuary, an interruption in the noise of misconceptions that normally separate such people: "After the seating | And the greeting, they

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fished for a denominator, | Common or uncommon; | And could only summon up the fact that both were human." This is for Knight the beginning of rehabilitation, this clearing beyond prefabricated identities and roles, benevolent or otherwise:

> "You got children, Ma'am?" he said aloud
> The thrust broke the dam, and their lines
> wiggled in the water.
> She offered no pills
> . . . no compact sermons, but
> small
> And funny talk:
> "My baby began to walk . . .
> simply cannot keep his room clean. . . ."
> (146–47; 1st ellipsis mine)

Knight's conclusion is full of wonder, realism, and, perhaps most important (in a system that conceives rehabilitation in terms of predictable numbers of years and a zero-sum game), subtlety: "Her chatter sparked no resurrection and truly | No shackles were shaken | But after she had taken her leave, he walked softly, | And for hours used no hot words" (147). The inmate gave hospitality as well as received it and traveled into the heart of the encounter on wings of insight ("the lady is as lost as you"), self-mastery ("Be at ease, man!"), and budding philosophy ("sweep clear | Anachronistic fear, fight the fog [of war, racial and otherwise?]"). Thus, the ironic "Christ in deed has risen" at the beginning of the poem—and especially the emphasis on the deed done that the breaking of "indeed" creates—becomes more, well, messianic, at least in retrospect. For the perhaps never-to-be-repeated free exchange between the inmate and his "tout autre" is an atom of the truly civil society in which not paranoia but hospitality predominate—and predominate not by centrally planned decree but spontaneously.

Spontaneous civility, however, can perhaps never be permanent and universal, since individual economic interests and necessities tug against it, as Foucault points out. Thus, the "spontaneous synthesis of individuals" ("synthèse spontanée des individus") that is the civil society in which economic bonds form and enable the "spontaneous convergence of individual interests" ("convergence spontanée des interêts") is at the same time limited by the "principle of dissociation" ("principe de dissociation") entailed by the play of economic interests (*Naissance* 304–06).[12]

The tensions between unpremeditated hospitality and the premeditation needed for economic decisions (including decisions to take the time to speak to visitors and, on the prison-management side, how much money to give inmates when they are paroled) are another manifestation of the tensions between autonomy and community. Though ineradicable, the tensions can be productively balanced. This balancing is part of what Adam Smith's invisible hand—whose workings are interrupted by, for instance, the jailhouse and societal censorship that would have prevented some of the letters in *Black Voices* from reaching the marketplace—is said to accomplish. Indeed, the fact that *Black Voices* did appear, smuggled letters and all, is evidence that the invisibility of the hand enables triumphs over paranoia and panopticism—over authority based on maximizing the visibility of what is to be governed. According to Foucault,

> The [hand's] invisibility . . . means that no economic agent must or can seek the collective good. . . . Not only no economic agent but also no political agent. . . . None is to intervene on behalf of the political power in the dynamic that nature has inscribed on the human heart. The government is therefore forbidden to place obstacles in the way of individual interests. . . . Put another way, the government cannot obstruct the free play of individual interests. . . . The invisible hand that spontaneously combines people's interests forbids, at the same time . . . any sort of view from above that might allow anyone to have full command of the economic process.

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> L'invisibilité [de la main] . . . fait qu'aucun agent économique ne doit et ne peut chercher le bien collectif. . . . Non seulment aucun agent économique, mais aucun agent politique. . . . [Chacun] n'est pas à intervenir, pour le pouvoir politique, dans cette dynamique que la nature a inscrite dans le cœur de l'homme. Il est donc interdit au gouvernement de faire obstacle à cet intérêt des individus. . . . Autrement dit, le pouvoir, le gouvernement ne peut pas faire obstacle au jeu des intérêts individuels. . . . La main invisible qui combine spontanément les intérêts interdits, en même temps . . . toute forme de regard en surplomb qui permettrait de totaliser le processus économique. (*Naissance* 283–84)

If a single strategy emerges from Knight's orchestration of *Black Voices* and from his own poetry, it is the strategy of cleansing what is written on the human heart of its layers of panoptic prescriptions—by exchanging words, letters, and publication contracts along routes and styles of communication and interpretation that escape the view of a central authority.

In "Cell Song," which immediately follows a section of *Black Voices* in which Knight mockingly refers to the "'progress' reports" prepared for the parole board by the Michigan City counselor ("Inside These Walls" 134), the poet makes something "good come out of prison" by finding a way to "twist the space | with speech," thereby breaking the grid of surveillance and loosing a ray of free will:

> Come now, etheridge, don't
> be a savior; take
> your words and scrape
> the sky, shake rain
> on the desert. . . .

Writing "don't | be a savior," Knight nevertheless expresses the desire to be a savior and more—the creator of an oasis of hospitality, of awakening and free desire in the desert of incarceration:

> Night Music Slanted
> Light strike the cave
> of sleep. I alone
> tread the red circle
> and twist the space
> with speech.

At least in his stanzas, the poet can defeat the panoptic apparatus in the battle for "epistemological power" (Foucault, "Truth and Juridical Forms" 85). More, he can awaken his readers and begin to lead them out of the cave of inhospitable sleep in which their wardens would prefer that they remain.

Notes

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1. Lines of Etheridge Knight's verse sometimes contain slashes. Therefore, I have used vertical bars (|) to indicate line breaks in poetry quoted in running text.

2. Foucault defines "regime of truth" in "Truth and Power" (131).

3. See Rowell 973. Knight was nurtured in prison not only by Brooks and Randall but also by contact with the poet Sonia Sanchez, whom he married in 1969, after obtaining written permission to secure a marriage license from the Indiana Department of Correction's senior parole officer. For more on the impact of black power on Knight, see Lumpkin 205 and Hill; for accounts of Knight's evolving conception of the relation of his work to the black aesthetic, see Rowell; Anaporte-Easton; Werner.

4. See Gates 72–88 for an account of this discursive universe and others.

5. For accounts of Knight's evolution as a poet, see Lumpkin; Rowell.

6. The Italian intellectual Roberto Giammanco, who suggested the prison anthology to Knight and saw to its publication in Italy, is evidence of "the wider [indeed international] culture of 1960s civil rights radicalism and antiwar Protest" that, Garland reports, informed contemporary left critiques of the criminal-justice system (*Culture* 56).

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7. The *Encourager* masthead warns inmates, "The walls of the prison are . . . as THICK and as STRONG as your vices. . . ." Nothing is said about the vices of the society that builds the walls.

8. For more on parallels between Sartre and Derrida, see Wood.

9. To conform to what Hampsey calls the "paranoidic consciousness" of his society ("thinking based on fears and delusions in the face of a projected loss of contentment" and on rejection of "nonpsychotic, expansive consciousness" [8]), Peck accepts the society's paranoid reading of his phenotype.

10. For more on the political implications of the poem, see Franklin 257.

11. I view biowar as an activity of what Foucault calls "biopower." In "Society Must Be Defended," Foucault writes, "[R]acism does make the relationship of war—'if you want to live, the other must die'—function in a way that is completely new and that is quite compatible with the exercise of biopower. . . . When you have a normalizing society, you have a power which is, at least superficially, in the first instance, or in the first line a biopower, and racism is the indispensable precondition that allows someone to be killed. . . . When I say 'killing,' I obviously do not mean simply murder as such, but also every form of indirect murder: the fact of exposing someone to death, increasing the risk of death for some people, or, quite simply, political death, expulsion, rejection, and so on" 255–56.

12. Unattributed translations are mine.

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