"I declined to answer not because I think these things [sex] must be hidden, but because I don't want to disclose the most personal aspects of my life while improvising in front of a camera in a foreign language. If I'm to discuss such things, I prefer to sharpen my own tools—my writing" (McKenna).

Works Cited


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David Sherman

*Burial Plots, Inoperative Community, and Faulkner’s As I Lay Dying*

To put it propositionally: *Dasein does not die until its remains are disposed of.*

—Robert Pogue Harrison

Slaughterhouse / Gravesite

FRANCO MORETTI HAS DESCRIBED LITERATURE AS A SLAUGHTERHOUSE, and he is surely right: almost all of what gets written dies in or on the way to our cultural marketplaces, read by almost no one and soon forgotten. At the same time, we know how to imagine literature as a burial ground that safeguards the dead, a chamber for strange voices speaking from graves about the mortality they fail to overcome. This is along the lines of Stephen Greenblatt’s point in his dramatic opening to *Shakespearean Negotiations*, "I began with the desire to speak with the dead" (1); and with what Fredric Jameson imagines, in a very different register, as a text’s ability to speak “the essential mystery of the cultural past, which, like Tiresias drinking the blood, is momentarily returned to life and warmth... to deliver its long-forgotten message in surroundings utterly alien to it” (19). Literature is a mass slaughterhouse, one in which it is nearly impossible for any particular text to retain its cultural vitality from one generation to the next. However, it is also a graveyard in which the living tend to the dead, hear their voices, and grant them a peculiar afterlife. It is a world of indiscriminate slaughter that nevertheless demands proper burial, a challenge to our ethical capacity to value the dead even when they are useless and impotent. And it is a unique version of this ethical challenge because it is posed in an aesthetic dimension and in aesthetic terms: the way the literary frames our encounter with the dead gives evidence of the obscure and unsettled attraction between ethical and aesthetic value. There is something about our obligations to the dead that gives beauty a precarious ethical function, one that is all the more demanding because it is largely mysterious.

I want to focus on the ethical mystery of literature’s involvement
with the dead by invoking “the dead” not just as some powerful but impersonal historical/aesthetic force, but by tending to a few dead bodies, a few specific corpses that (and there is no other way to say this) utterly compel my attention as I try to understand the corpse at the center of Faulkner’s As I Lay Dying. I believe that Faulkner was also compelled by a literary tradition of corpses, and that his story of Addie Bundren’s family carting her corpse across Mississippi is a response to a host of other stories about getting corpses into the ground. Such stories—we might as well call them burial plots—work through an enigmatic ethical obligation in aesthetic form, putting the obligation to bury (or otherwise ceremonially dispose of) dead bodies into narrative, poetic, and dramatic processes. In other words, the unburied body is an ethical problem that generates an aesthetic response. Literature might be considered not just a medium for the voices of the dead, but a rehearsal for our ethical obligations to them, a reminder that an unburied corpse is an ethical scandal.

This is an especially important point in many ancient texts: the unburied stillbirths in the cursed Thebes of Oedipus. Polynices’ corpse in Antigone, the bodies left as “carrion / for dogs and birds” (1) at the beginning of The Iliad, and the painful struggle over Hektor’s corpse at its end. These ancient burial plots all involve the gods, either in the rhetoric of human characters or as characters themselves, suggesting that burial obligations are an important way for imagining the divine, and a point at which concepts of the human are complicated by concepts of the divine. Aphrodite and Apollo protect Hektor’s body from Achilles’ abuse, and Zeus finally influences Achilles to return Hektor to Priam. In Deuteronomy 34.5–6, as the Israelites approach the Promised Land, we read: “So Moses the servant of the LORD died there, in the land of Moab, at the command of the LORD. He buried him in the valley in the land of Moab, near Beth-peor; and no one knows his burial place to this day” (Tanakh). That God buries Moses is intended as a great honor; that nobody can visit his grave suggests, according to tradition, a rejection of idolatry, and that the Torah should instead be the destination of his survivors’ pilgrimage: it is a kind of textual gravestone (one reminiscent of Oedipus’ secret grave in Oedipus at Colonus). The relations among the living, the dead, and the divine take a twist in Luke 9.57, as Jesus is gathering disciples: “To another he said, ‘Follow me.’ But he said, ‘Lord, first let me go and bury my father.’ But Jesus said to him, ‘Let

the dead bury their own dead; but as for you, go and proclaim the kingdom of God’” (The New Oxford Annotated Bible). In this instance, when the divine does not impose, but rather nullifies our obligation to tend to the dead, we begin to anticipate the ethical ambivalence—if not confusion—of As I Lay Dying: Addie’s family, transporting her corpse by mule-cart for almost ten July days across rural Mississippi, is both obeying and outraging the gods. The elemental forces that function as the novel’s articulation of the divine both aid the Bundrens in their epic and persecute them, making them suffer for their commitment to a divine law that they cannot fully discern.

Faulkner often explained his title as a translation of a line from The Odyssey, when the dead Agamemnon complains to Odysseus, in Book XI, that “As I lay dying, the woman with the dog’s eyes would not close my eyes for me as I descended into Hades” (Homer 266). Odysseus’ time in Hades, where he does indeed offer sacrificial blood to Tiresias and the other dead so that they may speak again, begins with Elpenor’s story about breaking his neck during the crew’s stay with Kerké. He ends with a demand to Odysseus:

When you make sail
and put those lodgings of dim Death behind,
you will moor ship, I know, upon Aiaia Island;
there, O my lord, remember me, I pray,
do not abandon me unwept, unburied,
to tempt the gods’ wrath, while you sail for home;
but fire my corpse, and all the gear I had,
and build a cairn for me above the breakers—
an unknown sailor’s mark for men to come.
Heap up the mound there, and implant upon it
the oar I pulled in life with my companions. (187)

Odysseus is primarily confronted here, not with death as an existential value, a religious theme or a philosophical abstraction, but with the concrete problem of the unburyed dead person. This shift from death as an abstraction to the material problem of the dead body is the shift that Levinas, in his dispute with Heidegger, accomplishes with the help of Hegel. In his commentary on The Phenomenology of Spirit, Levinas emphasizes how “there exists an ethics proper to the family that, on the basis of its terrestrial mortality, relates to the subterranean world and
family’s ordeal upon the death of its matriarch, who before dying makes her husband promise to bury her with her birth-family in a distant cemetery. It is a hot Mississippi summer at a time when few people have cars, before air-conditioning and good roads, and with old bridges easily washed away in floods. Through delays and misadventures this becomes a trek of almost ten days, by the end of which the family’s mule-drawn and vulture-shadowed carriage has offended most of the area. It is an extreme burial plot because it is so prolonged, as if the internal logic of the burial plot—a logic demanding timely, reliable closure—had failed. The interlude between a person’s biological extinction and burial can be compared to other short micro-plots in which a community suspends its usual rules and behaviors: carnival, for instance, with all of its excesses and reversals; or the Jewish days of awe, between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, with their demand to repent and ask forgiveness from those one has wronged. The hours or days that a corpse remains unburied are fraught with suspense because, until burial, a biological death has not been culturally realized; a burial completes or accomplishes a person’s bodily extinction as a socially intelligible event, as a death that can be mourned. Until the right of the dead to ceremonial disposal has been fulfilled, time itself is jagged, strained, risking offense. Faulkner heightens this suspense until it is excruciating, until the burial plot threatens to compromise the larger communal narrative it interrupts.

As I Lay Dying has fifty-nine short chapters narrated by fifteen different characters. Deep in the middle of it, Addie, the mother who has died several days before, gets her own chapter for the only time. Narrating from no locatable time or place, one of the first things she tells us is: “I could just remember how my father used to say that the reason for living was to get ready to stay dead a long time” (169). Her suggestion that death is not the cancellation of life but its purpose and fulfillment, and that we might give death a duration with which to measure life, is unsettling in the same way that Nietzsche’s transvaluation in The Gay Science is unsettling: “Let us beware of saying that death is opposed to life. The living is only a form of what is dead, and a very rare form” (110). But Faulkner complicates Nietzsche’s ontological reversal with a question about what it might mean to “get ready” for death, about how and why one might prepare for it when the living are merely an aberration, even a mutation, of an almost entirely inorganic universe.

Economics of the Corpse
Throwing open the lids of treasure boxes
he (Priam) picked out twelve great robes of state, and twelve
light cloaks for men, and rugs, an equal number,
and just as many capes of snowy linen,
adding a dozen khitons to the lot;
then set in order ten pure bars of gold,
a pair of shining tripod, four great caldrons,
and finally one splendid cup, a gift
Thracians had made him on an embassy.
He would not keep this either—as he cared
for nothing now but ransoming his son. —The Iliad, Book XXIV

As I Lay Dying, published in 1930, is about a poor white southern
What about living is a preparation for staying dead? What would it mean not to stay dead after death? And what does it mean for a community to have its dead become either more or less than dead?

I want to consider these questions about the terms by which we relate death and the dead to the living as economic questions—not just as the kind of financial question involved in Priam’s bartering for Hektor’s corpse, but as questions about a community’s various systems of equivalence and exchange. We might understand these two quotations as attempts to establish terms of equivalence between life and death, to overcome their incommensurability with some process of mutual valuation. The fact that Faulkner and Nietzsche so completely reverse the priority of life over death, assimilating the concept of death so radically to life that death actually replaces it (really, negating its own negation), reveals the volatility of the dead in our processes of equivalence and exchange. It is a volatility caused by the ambiguous identity of the corpse: no longer embodying but not yet detached from the person we recognize, neither present as a subjectivity nor an inert object, it challenges the fundamental categories of personhood and belonging that make sense of a community. Unburied, the corpse has an unsettling power (what Harrison calls a “charisma”) that a culture must contain and harness if it is to survive the deaths of its members (147).

As I Lay Dying is a novel about this disruptive volatility of the dead, as well as the ethical importance of such disruptions to the narrative, symbolic, and financial systems by which the living make coherent psyches and communities. The very fact of Addie’s impossible chapter, narrated from beyond (or within, or toward) the grave, transgresses not just ontological boundaries, but a diegetic boundary that structures the novel’s narrative economy and maintains the coherence of narration by binding it to the living. Addie’s chapter is all the more striking a diegetic transgression because, as far as we know, we have not gone to Hades to retrieve it; it is as if Hades has returned her to us until we properly tend to her body.

Towards the beginning of the novel, an aging Dr. Peabody visits Addie, who is still barely alive. He tells us:

I can remember how when I was young I believed death to be a phenomenon of the body, now I know it to be merely a function of the mind—and that of the minds of ones who suffer the

bereavement. The nihilists say it is the end; the fundamentalists, the beginning; when in reality it is no more than a single tenant or family moving out of a tenement or a town. (43-4)

The first explicit point here—that a death is more than a body’s biological extinction, that it needs the bereavement of the living to be death as such—becomes in the second sentence a more complicated positioning between religion and secularity, and a rejection of both these ways of thinking for his own exercise in metaphor-making. Yet it is not simply a metaphorical turn, not simply a figuring of death: Dr. Peabody seems to reproduce the tension between secularity and religion by creating a tension between the literal and the figurative, a tension created by the phrase “in reality it is no more than” with which he introduces his metaphor. It is what we might call a “metaphorical realism,” a self-conscious attempt to invest metaphor with the authority and value of the real, to supplant the real with our own analogies while simultaneously acknowledging their status as non-literal. This returns us to the ambiguous role of the divine in human death and death-obligations: we can consider Dr. Peabody’s rhetoric, settled into neither literality nor metaphoricity, as the unsettling of thought that tries to translate the unreadability of the divine into the secular, that tries to domesticate the alterity of the gods as we and others die. The interlude during which a community converts a body’s perishing into a culturally intelligible death through burial rituals is also a period in which our thought of finitude itself is unsettled, oscillating between literality and metaphor, the secular and the divine. The dead body challenges us to refugue our own finitude without effacing it, to put it into circulation in a community’s metaphorical economies.

In the long interlude between her perishing and burial, Addie’s entire family is steeped in a strange metaphorical economy for understanding her absence, emotionally and imaginatively substituting her with various object-attachments. The most striking of these substitutions is in a one-sentence chapter narrated by Addie’s youngest child, Vardaman, who says simply, “My mother is a fish” (84). Faulkner is also explicit about Vardaman’s older brother Jewel: “Jewel’s mother is a horse” (101). Cash, the carpenter of the family, has implicitly replaced her with the coffin he makes as she dies, and at the end of the novel, on the very day of Addie’s burial, her husband marries the woman from whom he borrows the shovel to dig Addie’s grave.
Each character has a "shape to fill a lack" (Addie's own phrase), as if providing a collective analogical restitution for her absence (172). Faulkner depicts a communal dynamic in which the quasi-absence of an unburied corpse generates a surplus of metaphorical presences, the exchange and negotiation of which constitute a collective process of mourning. We might call this form of mourning for Addie defensive: it is an effacement of her, a dissolution of her absence in a chain of whatever is available, translating her charismatic non-presence into positive terms that will not threaten the exchange values that give a community its economic coherence.

Faulkner more starkly introduces the tension between economic logic and ethical obligation before Addie dies, when Darl, another of Addie's sons, and Jewel must decide whether to leave Addie's bedside for a day to take a three-dollar job hauling wood. It is an undecidable situation ("I dislike undecision as much as ari a man," Anse says about it); Darl is certain that they will miss Addie's death if they go, and this will be painful for the family, including Addie ("But if she don't last until you get back," he says. "She will be disappointed"); but Darl is equally certain that they need the money to make the burial journey (17). In this decision between making money and tending to or attending the death of the other, Faulkner is not simply opposing marketplace value to ethical value; he is imagining their co-implication, the way we might fund one with the other, or put more extremely, the way ethics exists for the very purpose of being strategically sacrificed to the marketplace. This situation embeds the question about the relation between marketplace and ethical values in a question about the value of time. While labor-time is a rationally valued commodity, the value of the moment of a person's death cannot be rationally calculated, cannot be given an exchange value for the market, and this is the moment that is at stake. Faulkner registers the market-irrationality of this moment of death in the chapter's irrational narrative structure, when Darl, far distant from Addie's deathbed, perceives and narrates the scene; it is as if the unique quality of this time collapses space. He narrates as someone present at or involved in the fatal moment: "She looks at Vardaman; her eyes, the life in them, rushing suddenly upon them; the two flames glare up for a steady instant. Then they go out as though someone had leaned down and blown upon them" (48). Darl's impossible access to the death of his mother is another violation of the novel's narrative economy, a warping of narrative logic under the irrational pressure of an ethical obligation to the dead that cannot be translated into economic terms.

Darl shows the outer limit of these financial and metaphorical economies around the death of the other, the point at which a more severe demand interrupts these processes of substitution and exchange. He participates in them to the point of his own psychic unraveling, collapsing the metaphorical and the real in a barely intelligible attempt to apply them to the experiences of being and nothingness:

In a strange room you must empty yourself for sleep. And before you are emptied for sleep, what are you. And when you are emptied for sleep, you are not. And when you are filled with sleep, you never were. I don't know what I am. I don't know if I am or not. Jewel knows he is, because he does not know that he does not know whether he is or not. He cannot empty himself for sleep because he is not what he is and he is what he is not. Beyond the unlit wall I can hear the rain shaping the wagon that is ours. the load that is no longer theirs that felled and saved it nor yet theirs that bought it and which is not ours either, lie on our wagon though it does, since only the wind and the rain shape it only to Jewel and me, that are not asleep. And since sleep is is not and rain and wind are was, it is not. Yet the wagon is, because when the wagon is was, Addie Bundren will not be. And Jewel is, so Addie Bundren must be. And then I must be, or I could not empty myself for sleep in a strange room. And so if I am not emptied yet, I am is.

How often have I lain beneath rain on a strange roof, thinking of home. (80-1)

Buried in these contorted conjugations of being and time, in this simultaneous amplification and disintegration of a subjectivity, is a fantasy of the circuits of exchange of being itself, of some ontological transmission across a family or community, each member confirming or canceling the others in a sustained and traceable network of presence and absence. In this ontological co-implication, in which being is not immanent within the individual subject, but shifting among subjects ek-centrically and ek-statically, Faulkner conjugates being out of the Heideggerian formulation that frames Being and Time.
Heidegger conceives of Dasein “in accordance with the character of always-being-my-own-being [Veneinigkeit],” ontologically self-contained as a discrete, autonomous instance of being (40). It is a powerful idea for the way it gives us a dramatic relation to the simple fact of our own essential and nameless presence, and to the defining finitude of that presence, but it comes at the expense of recognition of the essential and nameless presence of the other, of being as it also is in aliter. Faulkner in his rough way opens this ontological closure, giving Darl the language to imagine being as it might be held in common, “held” without attachment or containment, held only as one fails to hold water.

The thirst for being is not simply one’s own thirst:

When I was a boy I first learned how much better water tastes when it has set for a while in a cedar bucket ... And at night it is better still. I used to lie on the pallet in the hall, waiting until I could hear them all asleep, so I could get up and go back to the bucket. It would be black, the shelf black, the still surface of the water a round orifice in nothingness, where before I stirred it awake with the dipper I could see maybe a star or two in the bucket, and maybe in the dipper a star or two before I drank. After that I was bigger, older. Then I would wait until they all went to sleep so I could lie with my shirt-tail up, hearing them asleep, feeling myself without touching myself, feeling the cool silence blowing upon my parts and wondering if Cash was yonder in the darkness doing it too, and been doing it perhaps for the last two years before I could have wanted to or could have. (11)

Darl’s sexual awakening is folded into a more elusive prior one, into his intuition of the obscure fact of being itself: the elemental fullness of the black night, the silent stirring of light on water evoke the restless knowledge of one’s own finitude, and create what I imagine as the conceptual space where ontology can emerge in thought. But even this

Heideggerian ontology registers an excess, a complication in the being it claims. Darl hears, in the night’s silence, the other silence of the sleeping bodies, and his darkness is not so private as to exclude the possibility that Cash shares it. He is stirred by an ontological awakening to others as well as to himself, a way of inhabiting being that opens the possibility of community.

Community and the Dead

If it sees its fellow-being die, a living being can only exist “outside” itself ...

—Georges Bataille

In The Inoperative Community, Nancy conceptualizes community as something other than a gathering of discrete individuals in “inconsequential atomism” sustained by “the metaphysics of the absolute for-itself,” that is, by the logic “of being as ab-solute, as perfectly detached, distinct, and closed: being without relation” (4). Nancy shows that the idea of absolute, self-contained, unrelated being is incoherent: the absolutely separate must somehow also contain its separation; the “separation itself must be enclosed,” “the closure must not only close around a territory ... but also, in order to complete the absoluteness of the separation, around the enclosure itself” (4). He claims that ontological self-possession is undercut by the very seam of self-enclosure, which, at its outer edge, remains exposed to the other. Any ontological self-enclosure that is alongside others is not absolutely alone: “to be absolutely alone, it is not enough that I be so; I must be alone being alone—and this of course is contradictory” (4). Nancy claims that it is impossible to be alone being alone because one is only alone in relation to some other from whom one is separated. This relation, even as a relation by and in separation, makes an absolute for-itself impossible; it “tears and forces open ... the ‘without relation’ from which the absolute would constitute itself” (4).

Nancy finds in this rupturing of the subject’s immanence, in its irreducible ontological relationality, the definition of community. Community, for Nancy, is the undoing of absolute immanence, “the being-ecstatic of Being itself” (6). This “being-ecstatic” is not ecstasy in its most common sense, not “effusion, and even less some form of effervescent illumination” (6), but ecstasy in the sense of the Greek ekstasis, “standing outside oneself.” Nancy’s concept of community
does not refer to a collection of individuals bound by social contracts—
community is not society—but to a more radical condition of originary
"sharing" that presents "to me my birth and my death," and therefore
"my existence outside myself" (26). In other words, community

is constituted not only by a fair distribution of tasks and goods,
or by a happy equilibrium of forces and authorities; it is made
up principally of the sharing, diffusion, or impregnation of
an identity by a plurality wherein each member identifies
himself only through the supplementary mediation of his
identification with the living body of the community. (9)

This idea of the self's supplementary mediation by every other self—
a mediation by which birth and death do not simply happen but are
given to the self from beyond it—is fragile, difficult; community "has
still not been thought" and involves "an experience—not perhaps, an
experience that we have, but an experience that makes us be" (26).
The recalcitrance of this idea of community to thought and experience,
Nancy suggests, gives it part of its power: by resisting us, it summons
a move outside of the self and, in this passage, into knowledge of the
self's finitude.

Community is where this knowledge is shared and where it
"shares us" (26), where death is not self-contained or individual; it is "a
place from which to surmount the unrelenting that occurs with the death
of each of us—that death that, when no longer anything more than the
death of the individual, carries an unbearable burden and collapses
into insignificance" (1). The individual's death, in Nancy's idea of
community, is not simply the cessation of the individual. Nor is it the
transcendence of individual death in some sublation of the individual into
the ongoing collective. Rather, the death of the individual brings
everyone to death, exposing our shared finitude in "the presentation to
its members of their mortal truth" (15). We are in community to the
degree that we die along with the dead. This is one way to understand
Darl's condition by the end of As I Lay Dying. He eventually finds
his family's system of metaphorical substitution, with which Addie's
absence is absorbed into a chain of equivalences, intolerable enough to
burn down the barn where her coffin is being kept one night. It is saved,
retained as a part of the economy he has come to dread, and he is taken
to an asylum. One of his last thoughts is a wish for release from this

communal system of exchange of and around the dead: "If you could
just ravel out into time. That would be nice. It would be nice if you
could just ravel out into time" (208). It is a wish for self-dissolution in
the presence of the death of the other, a desire for a radically communal
response to the dead that would not be assimilated to the immumce or
economies of the living.

Time and the Death of the Other

Tending to the dead, a community loses its temporal bearings.
Faulkner's narrative itself seems to want to ravel out into time, to undo
time's modern ideological form as quantifiable, linear sequence through
clearly demarcated and causally-linked past, present, and future. It
seems into other dimensions of experience, as when Darl describes
the cart's movement towards a junction in the road: "We go on, with
a motion so soporific, so dreamlike as to be unimportant of progress, as
though time and not space were decreasing between us and it" (107-8).
This imagistic substitution of time for space further confuses the
spatial collapsing, described earlier, in the narration of Addie's death
moment. The confusion between time and space in these passages is a
slippage between the subject's interiority and exteriority: Darl's private
sense of time, suddenly externalized as a publicly perceivable thing,
suggests the precarious boundaries of his subjectivity, the fluid limits of
his interiority. We can consider this precariousness as an effect of the
proximity of the unburied corpse with its demands upon the living—not
simply a demand for burial, as a practical action, but a demand that
the living achieve some new experience of selfhood that accounts for
the radical alterity of the dead, a demand for a re-structuring of the
sovredign self-identity of modern subjectivity as an ethical subjectivity
bound to others and forged in difference. In this sense, raveling out into
time would be the ethical subject's phenomenological experience of the
death of the other.8

Faulkner more clearly associates the modern subject's ethicality
with such a disruption to standardized time when the family, coming to
a flooded river after the bridges have all washed away, must cross with
cart and coffin. It is one of the novel's strangest images, which Darl
narrates:

The river itself is not a hundred yards across, and pa and Vernon
Imagine time, not as a line, but as a spiral looping outward: it approaches Nietzsche's idea of eternal recurrence, or Yeats' of history's gyres, endless repetition ahead of what is endlessly behind. "(E)very pain and every joy and every thought and sigh and everything unspeakably small or great in your life must return you to all, in the same succession and sequence—even this spider and this moonlight between the trees, and even this moment and I myself" (The Gay Science 194). Faulkner's subtle, but crucial, difference in his rendering of this idea of repetition is to make it an issue, not of Nietzschean will and vitality, but of an ethical stance towards the dead: by carrying Addie through this river, the family inscribes mourning and the dead body into the idea of eternal recurrence, and opens within it a pointedly anti-Nietzschean ethical dimension. It is the eternal recurrence of our encounter with the unburied, waiting corpse, and the endless re-enactment of our dissolution before it.

Literature is the site of this impossible, endless re-enactment. Now that we have canted even our dead into modernity, literature is one of the few realms in which they can still lay claim to our impatient, distractible fidelity. This claim is based on our shared finitude, on the dying-with that is made possible within Nancy's community, and here the subject answers to the other with its own life and time falls in moments without duration, exterior to every sequence. The immanence of Heideggerian ontology and the temporal closure of Nietzschean eternal return are both distorted in the material presence (a presence undoing presence) of the unburied corpse; these thinkers cannot contain the ethical obligation to the corpse in their economies of being and power. The corpse can be buried, but not contained. We are part of its death because it cannot bury itself.
obligations to the other. His concept of diachrony, which emerges piecemeal in a wide range of texts, refers to a temporality beyond the totalized, immanent subject, a temporality involving a primordial and unrepresentable past that was never a present, and a prophecic future that will never arrive.

**Works Cited**


