

# Behind the Wall of Sleep

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*Abstract. This article is a response to Maria Aristodemou's brilliant book, Law & Literature: Journeys from Her to Eternity (Oxford University Press, 2001).*

Sexism orients our thinking. Sexism is like a compass that eternally points in the direction of man-over-woman. Other directions are marked by madness. Maria Aristodemou, Senior Lecturer in Law at Birkbeck College, University of London, writes of journeys in those antisexist directions in her book, *Law & Literature: Journeys from Her to Eternity*.<sup>1</sup>

Literature legislates and adjudicates, just as law requires stories to make sense of its many reasons. There is in law, as well as in literature, a strange space, a space within which there exist innumerable contradictions, and Aristodemou's writing moves through that space. Aristodemou creates compelling rereadings of the canon and, most important, of the exclusions out of which the canon is composed. Her creation, or recreation, enriches the subject of law and literature.<sup>2</sup>

The subject of Aristodemou's book, *Law & Literature*, is the invention of reality, a postmodern subject. The journey *from her to eternity* begins with a crash. It begins with a quotation from J.G. Ballard's novel *Crash*:

We live inside an enormous novel. It is now less and less necessary for the writer to invent the fictional content of his novel. The fiction is already there. The writer's task is to invent the reality.<sup>3</sup>

Reading Aristodemou, one recalls Jean Baudrillard's recollection of the Borges story about a map with a 1:1 ratio to the territory it literally covered.<sup>4</sup>

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In the Borges story, the map's tale begins after its end, after it has been forgotten, after time's tatters and tears have done the work of forgetting. But the end turns out not to be the end; remnants are still occasionally seen blowing in the wind. In Baudrillard's discussion of the map's present, however, it is the territory and not the map that is in remnants. We live in the remnants. And, as Aristodemou understands, there is no exit from their novelties:

The novel is an incorporative, quasi-encyclopedic cultural form. Packed into it are both a highly regulated plot mechanism and an entire system of social reference that depends on the existing institutions of bourgeois society, their authority and power.<sup>5</sup>

Reading Aristodemou, especially in light of her discussion of Ballard's novel, one understands that we live inside our narratives: "The fiction is already there." Everything can be turned (*novelties* and *novels*, to list two examples). Signs can be turned against their meanings and then mean something else and then turn and turn again and again.

Aristodemou's journey begins again at the end with a chapter entitled "A Rebeginning."<sup>6</sup> In that chapter, Aristodemou retells the well-known story of Ariadne and Theseus. Ariadne assists Theseus in his effort against the Minotaur. Ariadne guides Theseus by providing him with the string he needs to find his way out of the Labyrinth. The Minotaur's name, important in Borges's retelling and also in Aristodemou's, is Asterion. Theseus kills Asterion: "Would you believe it, Ariadne?" says Theseus. "The Minotaur scarcely defended himself."<sup>7</sup> And, after the killing, he abandons Ariadne on the island of Naxos behind the wall of sleep.

Aristodemou interprets Angela Carter to understand that the tale belongs to the teller.<sup>8</sup> Carter provides the example of retelling tales that have been told for centuries. These tales, Carter tells us, legislate and adjudicate. The rules of our rulers, empty in themselves, are made into forms of life nowhere but in the tales that are told and retold of their application to bodies and pleasures.<sup>9</sup> In Aristodemou's terms,

By focusing on Angela Carter's retellings of traditional tales such as *Beauty and the Beast*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *Bluebeard*, I examined intertextuality as a strategy for telling alternative stories or retelling old stories differently.<sup>10</sup>

This is the strength and method of *Law & Literature*: Aristodemou retells tales of retelling.<sup>11</sup> The chorus that accompanies the reader of Aristodemou's writing all along the way *from her to eternity* includes Plato, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Brontë, Camus, Angela Carter, Gabriel García Marquez, Toni Morrison, Jorge Luis Borges, Peter Goodrich, and the best of Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds.

The rebeginning is the most important chapter of *Law & Literature*. Aristodemou, in her retelling of the story of Ariadne and Theseus and Asterion, begins with a question: What if Ariadne, after abandonment, found her way back into the labyrinth? What if Ariadne entered the labyrinth and showed Asterion a different way to live? What if Ariadne showed Asterion how to exit the labyrinth and live without walls? Would this be a different ending and a new beginning?

Perhaps Aristodemou is thinking of the Borges story, *His End and His Beginning*.<sup>12</sup> In that story the protagonist dies at the beginning: "The death throes done, he lay now alone—alone and broken and rejected—and then he sank into sleep. When he awoke, there awaited him his commonplace habits and the places of his everyday existence."<sup>13</sup> Perhaps Asterion died this way. Perhaps reading and writing changed for Asterion: "Letters would crawl about on the page like ants; faces, familiar faces gradually blurred and faded, objects and people slowly abandoned him."<sup>14</sup> Perhaps this happened to Asterion in the untold part of Aristodemou's retelling and "[h]e realized that he was unable to remember the shapes, sounds, and colors of his dreams; there were no shapes, colors, or sounds, nor were the dreams dreams. They were his reality, a reality beyond silence and sight, and therefore beyond memory."<sup>15</sup> There is, at first, fear. The fear has an end: "All horror lay in their newness and their splendor. He had deserved grace—he had earned it; every second since the moment of his death, he had been in heaven."<sup>16</sup>

Aristodemou's writing is an end and a beginning for law. Law, in her retellings, becomes a literature of repression. Laying down the law, laying down one's arms, a frightening prospect, seems like heaven. Ariadne leads Asterion away from the infinite labyrinth. For Borges's Asterion, fourteen and infinity were the same number. Those who remember the myth of the Minotaur understand that fourteen is an infinite number; they remember that fourteen youths—seven young women and seven young men—infinite in value, were sacrificed each year to Asterion, and they understand.

Rules are blind, without direction. Rules and their interpretations are signs of our own repressed desires. We encounter the rule as an obstacle that never

thwarts desire. Desire cannot be thwarted. The obstacle merely reveals our desire and its direction.

The obstacle, as wall or as labyrinth, is the form taken by repressed desire. When we encounter a rule either as a *wall* or as a *labyrinth* of interpretation, we encounter our own repressed desire. Our will-to-not-know is experienced in the solidity of the wall and in the endlessness of the labyrinth. Desire always returns in the form of the repressive obstacle. The *wall* and the *labyrinth* are repressive obstacles, as are the *rule* and its *interpretation*.

Our dreams have laws; our desires, reasons. Reason surpasses all understanding; dreams are hidden desires. There is a forbidden country that exists behind the wall of sleep.

Maria Aristodemou, in my view, writes from behind the wall of sleep. The wall is a *political* obstacle, an instrument of repression. Repression implies the existence of a desire. What is desire? Desire is another country; it is forbidden; it lies behind the wall. The wall is made of sleep, which implies the absence of reason. What is reason? Reason is the stuff of which the forbidden country is made.

Reason forbids desire. Law, then, is the meeting of reason and desire. Reason legislates and adjudicates against desire. That repressive legislation, that repressive adjudication is, in turn, the vehicle of desire. The path of the law through the labyrinth of reason and desire is endlessly complicated. Aristodemou writes of this and of the sleep of reason that produces monsters. In a sexist world, the monsters are men and their monstrosity is sexual, and gendered, and law.

Repression exists: it takes the form of a wall or a labyrinth. The repressed always returns, and when it does, it does so under the sign of the original repression. "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts," writes Aristodemou, repeating an ancient warning.<sup>17</sup> Law is presented as a gift: *to* those whom the law would civilize, *by* those who would have us imagine their rules to be acts of generosity, thereby making their gift our own, accepting their rules as ours, and thereby accepting their rule. What have the lawgivers provided? Since the Greeks, they have provided for themselves. Beware of Greeks bearing gifts. Law is the form repression takes when it solicits gratitude from the victims of law. And that gratitude, in turn, produces satisfaction for the lawgivers, the perpetrators of law.

Just as every labyrinth has a monster, every wall has another side, and another. Every labyrinth expresses something otherwise inexpressible, some-

thing that has been repressed: a Minotaur. Every wall both hides and describes its other side. Every repression has a victim and a perpetrator. Every victim is estranged from himself, as is every perpetrator. The wall, "reeling and writhing," multiplies its already endless complexity.<sup>18</sup>

Aristodemou is relentless. Her writing follows the serpentine path along the wall and leads us into the labyrinth. One is not lost, not exactly. The wall, one finds, is all. There is no outside. To look at the wall is to wander into the endless complexity of the stonework. The wall, as we stare at it, becomes a labyrinth—a network of lines that enlase. Each line is a philosophy, an explanation of its own necessary connections to each of the other lines. The lines are the prayers of reason's faithful who believe reason to be one; their philosophies are legion. They stare at the wall, finding themselves in a labyrinth in which the way out is the way back in.

This side and the other are both made by the wall. The wall is made of writing. And this leads to reading. Between literature and law, between rhetoric and jurisprudence, Aristodemou asks,

Who can tell whether the archives we studiously search, the architecture and histories of our courts and legal system, the law reports and textbooks we use to fashion the legal universe, are not so many *hrönir*, deliberately fabricated by a powerful and laughing intellect for its own amusement and to which we submit in our desperate yearning for reassurance and consolation in the face of the unknown?<sup>19</sup>

The passage above is about law. Aristodemou, following Peter Goodrich, argues that "Law is a literature which denies its literary qualities."<sup>20</sup> For Aristodemou, as for Goodrich, law is a form of repression:

It is a play of words which asserts an absolute seriousness; it is a genre of rhetoric which represses its moments of invention or fiction; it is a language which hides its indeterminacy in the justificatory discourse of judgement; it is procedure based on analogy, metaphor and repetition and yet it lays claim to being a cold or disembodied prose, a science without poetry or desire; it is a narrative which assumes the epic proportions of truth; it is, in short, a speech or writing which forgets the violence of the word and the terror or jurisdiction of the text.<sup>21</sup>

Reading and writing—exiting only to enter, entering only to exit—one finds oneself walled both in and out. Reason is the wall that separates the wide-awake

world from the unruliness of dreams. Reason, then, is the end of unruliness. There is a dream of reason and a nightmare: the dream is the disguised wish; the nightmare is the unprocessed anxiety. Fear and desire populate the forbidden country, the one that exists behind the wall. Faced with the unknown, we turn to the labyrinth, and the labyrinth contains a monster ("law is a narrative which . . . forgets the violence of the word and the terror or jurisdiction of the text"<sup>22</sup>). In Borges' words,

A man sets out to draw the world. As the years go by, he peoples a space with images of provinces, kingdoms, mountains, bays, ships, islands, fishes, rooms, instruments, stars, horses, and individuals. A short time before he dies, he discovers that the patient *labyrinth* of lines traces the lineaments of his own face.<sup>23</sup>

The wall, the labyrinth, seems to be a mirror. We turn to face it and find ourselves to be the monsters of the labyrinth.<sup>24</sup> We are in the labyrinth and it is in us. And what is behind the wall? This is a question divided in two. First, what is the purpose of the wall? And second, which side are you on? *We are walls*. Our walls estrange us from ourselves and from each other. The subject is nothing other than the serpentine walls and labyrinthine ways that estrange it from itself: we are our many estrangements. The other side of the wall is the side of the Other. Gender is a wall: "A *man* sets out to draw the world." Race is a wall. Class is a wall. The nation is, of course, a wall. Our laws create walls that silence the unruly Other. The labyrinth is the sound of that silence: ". . . it is so ordered." The Other speaks only in dreams<sup>25</sup> and symptoms.<sup>26</sup>

Aristodemou writes,

[I]f dreams are the royal road to an individual's unconscious, myths express a society's collective unconscious, and just as the blocking of the unconscious by the ego leads to individual neurosis, so the blocking of collective desires leads to collective neurosis and the maintenance of a discontented civilization.<sup>27</sup>

Infants abandoned to the wild do not become human, they become food. Such infants become food for wolves. There is, however, a myth that tells us otherwise. According to the myth, Romulus and his brother Remus were abandoned in the wild and then *nursed*, not eaten, by a wolf. The infants became men. Romulus founded Rome and built a wall to contain his eternal city. Such was the origin of civilization, according to the myth. Remus leapt over the

wall his brother had built around Rome and, for this transgression, Romulus killed him. Later, Romulus populated his city by the theft and organized rape of the Sabine women. These acts—murder and rape—too, are the origin of civilization according to the myth. Freud, in his analysis of the discontents of civilization, observed that man is wolf to man.<sup>28</sup> This foundational myth of a nurturing wolf, an all-too-human murder, and the political organization of rape show that just as “man is wolf to man,” wolves can become human and, by becoming human, aid others in their becoming. If dreams are the royal road to the unconscious and if all roads lead to Rome, then the social order itself (“Rome”) is a container for dreams. What we are, what we become, is social. The individual is a peculiar abstraction, like water in water. Our essential natures are only motions of light in water. If wolves can be mothers, then perhaps brothers need not of necessity become fratricides and also rapists. Perhaps patriarchy is inessential. Civilization contains only that which we have poured into it. The unconscious is social. The dream pool is public.<sup>29</sup>

Aristodemou writes that “law assumes the power to patrol the borders it creates by meting out pain and death on the objects of its command.”<sup>30</sup> Law, then, assumes too much, and this excess is the subject of *Law & Literature*:

When women refuse to be exchanged as war spoils, brides, or sacrifices, the system that was supposed to be cemented by these exchanges instead breaks down. The glimpse of female subjectivity independent of male rules, once raised, remains in the consciousness of both readers and audiences.<sup>31</sup>

Recall that Romulus founded Rome after killing his brother Remus (“law assumes the power to patrol the borders it creates by meting out pain and death on the objects of its command”) and then populated the eternal city through political organization of kidnap and rape, specifically the kidnap and rape of women by men. Recall that dreams are the royal road to the unconscious, and that all roads lead to Rome. All roads lead to walls, murder, rape and the labyrinth. Aristodemou asks,

[W]hat if the audience starts seeing otherwise, what if it denies or disrupts existing performances, asking for new stories and new endings? Rather than a passive, stolidly indifferent audience we can imagine an audience that, although inscribed and acted upon, also acts as agent and producer of new readings and meanings.<sup>32</sup>

Aristodemou informs, "I try to invent such a reality by writing another sequel to the story and concept of finding oneself 'before the law,' before representation, before logos."<sup>33</sup> Before representation, before logos, we find the unruliness of the unthought. My rereading of Romulus and Remus is intended to follow Aristodemou's lead. Where does she go?

The repressed Other speaks only in symptoms and in dreams; it disturbs.<sup>34</sup> The repressed Other is the minority, the group that has less.<sup>35</sup> The majority, the group that has more, is the one.<sup>36</sup> The wall separates *us* from *them*.<sup>37</sup> The minority is called by its symptom: black, woman, poor, and so on, and its dream of overcoming: there is the black problem, the woman problem, the poverty problem, and so on. Each symptom—race, gender, class—is given an identity that is, in turn, characterized as a problem-to-be-solved. Each problem dreams of its solution. The solutions, however, always seem to escape while the problems are compulsively repeated.

W.E.B. Du Bois's phenomenology of the color line, *The Souls of Black Folk*, may also account for other Others: "Between me and the other world there is ever an unasked question . . . How does it feel to be a problem?"<sup>38</sup> Du Bois answers the question, initially, with a tale of his youthful first contact with the color line. After that encounter,

The shades of the prison-house closed round about us all: walls strait and stubborn to the whitest, but relentlessly narrow, tall, and unscalable to sons of night who must plod darkly on in resignation, or beat unavailing palms against the stone, or steadily, half hopelessly, watch the blue streak above.<sup>39</sup>

The minorities, the ones who have less, live behind the wall of sleep. This division of the world without produces a division within: "a peculiar wrenching of the soul, a peculiar sense of doubt and bewilderment."<sup>40</sup> Du Bois continues "Such a double life, with double thoughts, double duties, and double social classes, must give rise to double words and double ideals."<sup>41</sup>

Du Bois wrote of the Other and as the Other but not exactly. For the zone inhabited by the one is not complementary to the zone inhabited by the Other:

The two zones are opposed, but not in the service of a higher unity. Obedient to the rules of pure Aristotelian logic, they both follow the principles of reciprocal exclusivity. No conciliation is possible, for of the two terms, one is superfluous.<sup>42</sup>

Hierarchy is an orientation between the one and the Other. Hierarchy is always an orientation of bodies. Andrea Dworkin writes of skin:



The skin is a line of demarcation, a periphery, the fence, the form, the shape, the first clue to identity in a society (for instance, color in a racist society), and in purely physical terms, the formal precondition for being human.<sup>43</sup>

The wall, then, is made of skin ("the skin is a line of demarcation"). Whiteness is a wall of skin; gender is skin; class is also a skin. As Fanon stated, "the economic substructure is also a superstructure. The cause is the consequence; you are rich because you are white, you are white because you are rich."<sup>44</sup> We are able to negotiate the labyrinth only because we have, inside our skin, an orientation. Our orientations are of race, gender, class, and so on. Our orientations are what allow us to find our way through the labyrinth.

In the dark of a closed room, we are able, despite the disorienting shadows, to understand which of our hands is left and which right. And, building on that, we are able soon enough to form a map of the room. This is orientation: a sense of the erotic, of space, of erotic space, of the positions of bodies within institutional spaces.<sup>45</sup>

The successful negotiation of the labyrinth requires the proper orientation, the ability, in other words, to orient oneself properly. Race, gender, class, and so on are marked by signs that enable us to find ourselves as we move through the varied architecture of hierarchy. These signs are taken for wonders and mistaken for nature's wonders. Nature is read as having assigned people to their places in the hierarchy. Nature seems to have written on our skin, to have authored endless volumes on race, gender, class, and so on on our skin. Nature's writing, however, looks much like our own; it seems to have plagiarized our own fictions of race, gender, and class and seems to have been doing so for time out of mind. We are unconscious of our own work. Our work thus creates a labyrinth of unruly desire. It is the work of repression.

Like Theseus, we follow Ariadne's thread and are thereby able to orient ourselves in the labyrinth's infinite rooms. The color line, the gender line, the class line, all these threads, all these fates enable us to orient ourselves in the dark of the labyrinth, and, seemingly, to find our way out.

What is to be done? We must "dream harder," writes Aristodemou, we must "dream of a gay God, dream of a goddess."<sup>46</sup> This, therefore, is a dream of a beginning:

In the beginning there was not space, or time, or the word, or law, or literature, but an emotion within a dream, dreamed by a goddess. That dream alluded

rather than expressed, with images rather than text, in music rather than words: the song, a lullaby, "is love."<sup>47</sup>

Love? Following Borges, Aristodemou suggests that

the universe is a labyrinth, too complex and infinite for human beings to unravel. In attempting to unravel its mysteries, in trying to reach the Minotaur, human beings create frameworks with which to order their experiences; literature, religion, philosophy, psychoanalysis, games are all attempts to impose order on chaos, of taming and imprisoning the irrational, the frightening, the ungraspable Minotaur.<sup>48</sup>

In the process, of course, "these attempts become their own labyrinths."<sup>49</sup>

Law is one such labyrinth, a concept or abstraction like time, space, or identity, devised to make order out of chaos. Unlike literature, law is able not only to create but to impose that order on the bodies, if not the souls, of its subjects through its penal machinery. As a man-made labyrinth, law retains the appearance of having deliberate design, seducing us into believing that it can, in principle, and with enough perseverance, be deciphered. However, after centuries of building, law's design is difficult to discern; its attempt to impose order on chaos has become its own labyrinth, confusing as much as enlightening those who try to enter.<sup>50</sup>

A wall, stared at, becomes a labyrinth in which the watcher will be lost in the maze of his own concentration. The way in is the way out, but the way in is lost. The moment of capture was the one in which the watcher began to stare at the wall: the wall became labyrinth and the watcher began blindly searching its many mansions, its many law rooms.<sup>51</sup> Ariadne's thread never leads us out. Theseus never escaped.

There is only "the Telling."<sup>52</sup> What Ursula K. Le Guin writes of a faraway world whose inhabitants practice a form of attentiveness called "the Telling" is true of the gay science reintroduced into this world by Aristodemou's Ariadne. Le Guin writes:

[I]t appeared that in the old Akan way of thinking any place, any act, if properly perceived, was actually mysterious and powerful, potentially sacred. And perception seemed to involve description—telling about the place, or the act, or the event, or the person. Talking about it, making it into a story. But these stories weren't gospel. They weren't Truth. They were essays at the truth. Glances,

glimpses of sacredness. One was not asked to believe, only to listen. "Well, that's how I learned the story," they would say, having told a parable or recounted a historical episode or recited an ancient and familiar legend. . . . There were no rules. There was always an alternative. The story-tellers, when they commented on the legends and histories they told, might point out that that had been a good way or a right way of doing something, but they never talked about the right way.<sup>53</sup>

What does Aristodemou tell us? She tells us of possible retellings of

[t]he idea, for example that we are rational and self-interested rather than self-destructive and masochistic; that our relationships with other people are based on antagonism and competition rather than connection and relatedness; that human instinct is to resist rather than embrace authority; that legal definitions of guilt and innocence exhaust what we understand by those concepts; that, as those definitions are linguistic constructs, a new language may express and redefine our understanding of those concepts; that legal language includes, encompasses, and liberates rather than excludes, restricts, and oppresses; the assumption that we act and talk freely and responsibly rather than unconsciously and unknowingly; the view that law is based on rationality and consent rather than repression and fear; the view that events are causally connected rather than isolated and discontinuous; the view that the distinctions we make between copy and original, sign and referent, mind and body, reason and madness are arbitrary prejudices rather than natural and self-evident; the view that the world of dreams and the imagination is not only the repressed or unconscious of the so-called real world, but more real than the latter; the view that the legal system and legal language are not monolithic or secure enough to resist incursions from the world of dreams and fantasy; the view that law is deliberately designed rather than the result of chance; the view that law is a seamless web of right answers rather than an accumulation of mistakes (or, to put it another way, that an accumulation of mistakes has become the law); the view that the legal system is the place for teaching moral values; the view that the marriage bed is the place where conflicts and contradictions can be silenced, if not necessarily resolved; the view, finally, that finality, unity, and oneness can come only with dissolution, only with death.<sup>54</sup>

Aristodemou's method, presented most vividly in her retelling of Ariadne's tale, involves the introduction of ideas about the laws that govern human experience through her telling of various tales, tales that are themselves about

the telling of tales, which have been told before but not necessarily better. To retell her tale, one might best begin with a question: What if we only *think* that we escape the labyrinth? And so that beginning is where this retelling will end.

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- \* The title of this essay is taken from a song by the Smithereens on their CD *Especially for You* (Enigma, 1986). I thank Maria Aristodemou for *Law & Literature: Journeys from Her to Eternity* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001). I thank Peter Goodrich for introducing me to Aristodemou's work. I thank my wife, Maria Grahm-Farley, for her love and attention to this and all of my projects.
1. Maria Aristodemou, *Law and Literature: Journeys from Her to Eternity* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001) (hereafter cited as Aristodemou).
  2. Aristodemou writes, "My suggestion is that 'truth' comes not from a reality that is somehow 'out there' waiting to be captured by the law report or the literary text but is a different truth, perhaps even a higher truth than the one expressed by competing genres and discourses, whether they are religious, historical, legal, or literary. It is the intimation of a kingdom ruled not only by literature but by woman as literature, of a truth uttered not only by a God but a Goddess, not by law, religion or history, but by a woman who writes, and through writing, creates herself, her story, and her law"; *supra* note 1 at 180.
  3. J.G. Ballard, *Crash*, quoted in Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 1.
  4. Jean Baudrillard, "The Precession of the Simulacra," in *Simulacra and Simulation*, Sheila Faria Glaser, trans. (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1997).
  5. Edward W. Said, *Culture and Imperialism* (New York: Vintage Books, 1994), 71.
  6. Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 260.
  7. Jorge Lois Borges, "The House of Asterion," in *Collected Fictions*, Andrew Hurley, trans. (New York: Penguin, 1999), 220.
  8. Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 268.
  9. Anthony Paul Farley, "Thirteen Stories," 15 *Touro Law Review* 543-656 (1999).
  10. Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 268.
  11. Aristodemou writes, "Such retellings define sexual identity outside masculinist paradigms and write women not only in myths and fairy tales but also in history. The successful heroine in these tales becomes the authoress and authority of her own story and her own sexuality, independently of male desires and patriarchal norms and expectations. Such reinventions or 'performances' expose the constructed nature of gender and break away from essentialist definitions of gender roles"; *supra* note 1 at 268.
  12. Jorge Luis Borges, "His End and His Beginning," in *Collected Fictions*, *supra* note 7 at 340.
  13. *Id.*
  14. *Id.*
  15. *Id.*
  16. *Id.*, at 341.
  17. "But any Greek, especially a Greek woman, bearing gifts is treated with suspicion in a male economy of the 'proper' where gifts mean power and inequality." Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 276.
  18. Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland & Through the Looking-Glass* (New York: Bantam Classic, 1981), 73.
  19. Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 237. Borges describes the *hrönir* as objects created by philosophical activity of Tlon, an invented universe. The *hrönir* multiply and begin to supercede the real. *Id.* Each *hrön*, I argue, is another stone in the wall. For a discussion of the supersession of the real by semiotic phantoms, see William Gibson, "Gernsback Continuum," in *Burning Chrome* (New York: Bantam Classic, 1987), 23.
  20. Peter Goodrich quoted in Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 8.

21. *Id.*, *supra* note 1 at 8.
22. *Id.*
23. Borges, quoted in Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 234 (emphasis added).
24. Anthony Paul Farley, "Amusing Monsters," 23 *Cardozo Law Review* 1493-1528 (2002).
25. Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., for example, speaks to us only in dreams: "I have a dream . . ." Martin Luther King, Jr., "I Have a Dream," in *I Have a Dream: Writings and Speeches that Changed the World*, James M. Washington, ed. (San Francisco: Harper, 1992), 101.
26. Hence the vast array of so-called problems: race problems and gender problems and class problems and immigration problems and so on.
27. Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 30
28. Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and its Discontents*, James Strachey, trans. (New York: W.W. Norton, 1961), 111.
29. It is no wonder that swimming pools are so often segregated. As are beaches. Water mocks all strategies of separation.
30. Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 83
31. *Id.*, at 76
32. *Id.*, at 80.
33. *Id.*, at 28.
34. Frantz Fanon ended his first book with the question and the prayer, "O my body, make of me always a man who questions." Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, Charles Lam Markmann, trans. (New York: Grove Press, 1967), 232.
35. Maria Grahn-Farley, following Colette Guillaumin, defines the "minorities" as the groups that have less. Grahn-Farley, moving beyond Guillaumin, defines the minority as that which the minority lacks and the minorities together as that which they lack when examined in relation to the master norm. Maria Grahn-Farley, "A Theory of Child Rights," 57 *University of Miami Law Review* (forthcoming 2003).
36. *Id.*
37. R.D. Laing wrote: "Now the peculiar thing about Them is that They are created only by each one of us repudiating his own identity. When we have installed Them in our hearts, we are only a plurality of solitudes in which what each person has in common is his allocation to the other of the necessity for his own actions. Each person, however, as to the other, is the other's necessity. Each denies any internal bond with the others; each person claims his own inessentiality: 'I just carried out my orders. If I had not done so, someone else would have.' 'Why don't you sign? Everyone else has,' etc. Yet although I can make no difference, I cannot act differently. No single other person is any more necessary to me than I claim to be to Them. But just as he is 'one of Them' to me, so I am 'one of Them' to him. In this collection of reciprocal indifference, of reciprocal inessentiality and solitude, there appears to be no freedom. There is conformity to a presence that is everywhere elsewhere"; R.D. Laing, *The Politics of Experience* (New York: Pantheon, 1967), 83-84.
38. W.E.B. Du Bois, *The Souls of Black Folk* (New York: Bantam Classic, 1989), 1.
39. *Id.*
40. *Id.*, at 142.
41. *Id.*
42. Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, Constance Farrington, trans. (New York: Grove Press, 1963), 38-39.
43. Andrea Dworkin, *Intercourse* (New York: Free Press Paperbacks, 1997), 22.
44. Fanon, *supra* note 34 at 40.
45. Anthony Paul Farley, "The Poetics of Colorlined Space," in *Crossroads, Directions and a New Critical Race Theory*, Francisco Valdes, Jerome McCristal Culp, and Angela P. Harris, eds. (Philadelphia: Temple, 2002).

46. Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 259.
47. *Id.*
48. *Id.*, at 272.
49. *Id.*
50. *Id.*
51. Maria Grahn-Farley, "The Law Room," 36 *New England Law Review* 29-58 (2001).
52. Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Telling* (New York: Ace Books, 2000).
53. *Id.*, at 96-97.
54. Aristodemou, *supra* note 1 at 263.