Chapter 3
Willie’s Wink  All the King’s Men, 1946

Chapter 1  The story begins in 1939 with a flashback to 1936, when Governor Willie Stark, Sadie Burke, Tiny Duffy, and Jack Burden (the narrator) drove to Mason City so Willie could visit his father, followed by a further flashback to 1922, when Jack first met Willie at Slade’s pool hall in the capital. Twelve years after that first meeting Jack asked Willie if he had really winked at him or not, and he refuses to say. At his father’s house, Willie gets word that Judge Irwin, a friend of Jack and his mother, has come out on the side of the wrong senatorial candidate. Stark, with Burden in tow, drives that night to Burden’s Landing to scare the Judge out of his decision, without success. On the way back, Stark tells Jack to dig up some dirt on Irwin.

Chapter 2  This tells how, back in 1922, then Mason County Treasurer Stark was vindicated when the bricks in the new local school turned out to be rotten and some children were killed: Willie had objected to the way the bids were let. Because of Willie’s newly acquired popularity with the rural population, in 1926 gubernatorial candidate Joe Harrison had the idea of getting him to run in order to split the vote of his opponent, MacMurfee. Tiny Duffy approached Stark. Unaware that he is just a patsy, Willie runs in earnest but is a terrible orator—too many facts and figures. When he discovers the truth, he throws away his prepared remarks at the Upton barbecue, makes a sensational denunciation, in down-home terms, of the Harrison outfit, and in the process sends Duffy pin-wheeling off the platform. He withdraws in favor of MacMurfee, who wins. Stark runs for governor in 1930. Jack Burden quits his newspaper job because he can’t bring himself to support Stark’s opponent, but when he’s elected, Willie hires him on. In this chapter we are introduced to Jack’s friend Dr. Adam Stanton, to Adam’s sister, Anne, with whom Jack was once in love, and to Jack’s father, Ellis Burden, who left his family to do missionary work in the slums. Some say it was because he couldn’t satisfy Jack’s mother.

Chapter 3  In the spring of 1933, Jack visits his mother, who has had several husbands since Ellis Burden left. At a social
gathering in Burden’s Landing, Jack defends Stark’s politics of taxing the rich to provide social services for the poor. When he arrives back in the capital, “hell has popped”: state auditor Byram White has been caught with his hands in the till and is about to be impeached. Willie saves White’s hide in order to prevent his enemies from scoring a victory. But then they try to impeach Willie, who fights them off by rousing the populace to his defense and by blackmailing a sufficient number of legislators.

Chapter 4 Recalling Willie’s words when he told Jack to dig up something on Judge Irwin—that there is always something to find in everyone’s past—Burden tells the story of how when he was a graduate student in history he had researched the life of Cass Mastern (a maternal uncle of Ellis Burden), who in the 1850s had an affair with Annabelle Trice, the wife of a friend. The friend committed suicide, as the slave Phebe discovered when she found—and gave to her mistress—the wedding ring Duncan Trice had removed before what had, until then, seemed a gun accident. Annabelle sells Phebe downriver because she knows the truth; Cass tries but fails to find her. Mastern frees his own slaves but joins the Confederate army in hopes of dying, and does. Burden tried to leave Mastern’s journal and letters and his own manuscript behind him, but his landlady forwarded it, and thereafter the brown-paper package keeps following him.

Chapter 5 As Willie commanded, Jack digs up the dirt on Judge Irwin. He decides to find out if there ever was a time when the Judge was in dire need of money. He asks his father, in his slum mission, and from Ellis Burden’s inarticulate but impassioned response concludes that there must be something to find out. He eventually learns that when Irwin had been state attorney general twenty years before, he had taken a bribe from a power company and in the process had driven Mortimer Littlepaugh, whom he replaced at the company, to take his own life.

Chapter 6 Stark wants Adam Stanton to be the director of the yet-to-be-built Willie Stark Hospital, and gets Jack to persuade him to do it. Given that Willie knows one must use evil to work for good, Jack finds it strange that he is adamantly set against Tiny Duffy’s desire to let contractor and MacMurfee friend Gummy Larson build the hospital. Jack learns that Anne has been having an affair with Stark.

Chapter 7 In the wake of that revelation, Jack gets in the car and drives west to California, reliving his memories of Anne: how he almost made love to her late one summer when he was twenty-one and she nineteen but held back for some reason; how they drifted apart when he returned to college. He recalls his marriage to Lois, whose body he loved but nothing else. Burden takes comfort in “the Great Twitch”: “the dream that all life is but the dark heave of the blood and the twitch of the nerve,” and begins to drive back home.
Chapter 8  On the return trip, Jack picks up an old hitchhiker with an unconscious twitch on his “mummy’s jaw” that bears out his discovery about the Great Twitch. A Hubert Coffee tries to bribe Adam into giving Larson the hospital contract; indignant, Adam wants to quit the directorship, but Jack persuades him to stay on. A Sybil Frey, whom Willie’s son Tom had been seeing, has become pregnant, and even though there are other candidates for paternity, MacMurfee is using it against Stark so that he can run for the Senate. Stark tells Jack to force Judge Irwin to lean on MacMurfee. Jack confronts him with the Littlepaugh documents. Irwin kills himself, and Jack then learns from his mother that the judge was his father.

Chapter 9  With Irwin dead, Stark must give Larson the hospital contract in order to stop MacMurfee. Tom Stark is crippled in a football accident. Wanting now to name the hospital for his son instead of himself, Willie, not wanting to allow any “evil” to enter into its construction, reneges on his promise to Larson (and Duffy). Adam, whom someone had telephoned to tell about Anne and Stark, shoots Willie, who dies a few days later.

Chapter 10  Jack interrogates Sadie Burke and finds out that she told Tiny Duffy about Willie and Anne, and told him to tell Adam—knowing what Adam would do. Jack does not blame Sadie, since she acted out of jealous passion, but he does blame Duffy, who brought about Stark’s death in cold blood. Duffy offers Jack a job in his administration, but he angrily refuses and tells him he knows of Tiny’s role in Stark’s death. But in the end Burden does not act on this knowledge, even though he later could have brought about Duffy’s death by telling it to Willie’s devoted chauffeur, Sugar-Boy. After Tom dies of complications, Jack visits Lucy Stark, who has adopted Sybil’s baby, convinced it is Tom’s. He marries Anne and lives for a while in Irwin’s house, caring for the gravely ill Ellis Burden, until the mortgage is foreclosed.

The relationship between Willie Stark and Jack Burden began with an empty, indecipherable sign. Back in 1922 when the narrator of All the King’s Men first met the future governor, then a mere county treasurer, in the back room of Slade’s poolhall, Burden could have sworn, at the moment of the handshake, that Stark gave him a wink. “Then looking into that dead pan, I wasn’t sure” (15). It’s an ambiguous sign that Willie gives young Burden, all the more difficult to interpret because its author refuses to acknowledge authorial intent. Twelve years later, Jack asks him if it had been a wink or not.

“Boy,” he said, and smiled at me paternally over his glass, “that is a mystery.”
“Don’t you remember?” I asked.
“Sure,” he said, “I remember.”
“Well,” I demanded.
“Suppose I just had something in my eye?” he said.
“Well, damn it, you just had something in your eye then.”
“Suppose I didn’t have anything in my eye?” (16)

Had Willie intended the wink1 it would have meant something: “maybe you winked because you figured you and me had some views in common about the tone of the gathering”—a gathering that included the kind of corrupt politicos Stark would later campaign to throw out of office. But as Stark refuses to say whether or not it was an expressive wink, it means something else. It is a gift—a paternal one, to judge from the adverb that qualifies his smile—and to comment on it further would be to take it away: “‘Boy,’ he said, ‘If I was to tell you, then you wouldn’t have anything to think about.’ ”

So Jack had something to think about; and so perhaps do we. For the problem Willie poses bears an interesting resemblance to the one that Jason Sweetwater, in At Heaven’s Gate, thought about when he meditated on the fetus in Sue Murdock’s womb and the mummies who, like fetuses, had peculiarly expressive eyelids. Paradoxically, their apparent fullness of meaning is due to actual emptiness (“because there was nothing under them any more”). They are as empty as Tolliver’s mailbox in Night Rider, though, like the eyelids Tolliver refuses to open, they hold out the possibility of something more within, some meaning still to be grasped, some text to be read.

Willie Stark’s closed eye is paradoxical too, but the terms of the paradox are now reversed. With the mummies and the fetus the eyes seemed to contain meaning because they were empty. But it is precisely if Stark had had something in his eye, some speck or cinder that made him blink, that it would have been meaningless, an involuntary physiological response. Whereas if he had shut his eye without having anything in it, as Burden suspected but could never confirm, it could have been a wink—and hence, perhaps, have meant something.

It is remarkable that each of Jack’s three fathers do as much blinking (if not winking) as they do. Willie Stark, about to address the crowd in Mason City in chapter 1, could be seen “blinking his big eyes a little, just as though he had just stepped out of the open doors and the dark hall of the courthouse behind him and was blinking to get his eyes adjusted to the light. He stood up there blinking . . .” (8). The first time we see Judge Irwin, who Jack does not realize is his biological father until his death, Jack says that he “stood there blinking into the dark outside, trying to make out my face” (41). Likewise, when Ellis Burden, Jack’s legal father and putative biological one, first appears, he too “did not recognize me, blinking at me in the darkness” (195).
Amid all this blinking there is yet another staging of the paradox of the wink-that-might-have-been. It comes from the old hitchhiker Burden picks up in New Mexico, who tantalizes him with the hint of a wink to come.

The only thing remarkable about him was the fact that while you looked into the sun-brittled leather of the face, which seemed as stiff and devitalized as the hide on a mummy’s jaw, you would suddenly see a twitch in the left cheek, up toward the pale-blue eye. You would think he was going to wink, but he wasn’t going to wink. The twitch was simply an independent phenomenon, unrelated to the face or to what was behind the face or to anything in the whole tissue of phenomena which is the world we are lost in. (313-14)

The characteristic is all the more related to the tissue of phenomena we have examined here, for the mummific quality of the old man’s leathery face puts him in league with the mummies in At Heaven’s Gate, whose eyes, like his, seem to mean something but don’t. It is likewise related to the wink that might have been just a blink, for the twitch in the jaw is a good example of what Willie’s action would have been if it were wholly unintentional.

The important aspect, of course, about what Willie’s eye does is that he refuses to say whether it was intentional. Jack has been given food for thought by this creation of something out of practically nothing, by this something that seems to exist only in order to cast doubt on the possibility of its existence. It is not pressing too hard to say that Willie’s wink is like a text whose only decipherable message is that it may not be a text, for the paradox is stated in just such explicitly textual terms elsewhere in Warren. In “Aspen Leaf in Windless World” (from Being Here: Poetry 1977–1980), it is what one can read on a beach:

Look how sea-foam, thin and white, makes its Arabic scrawl
On the unruffled sand of the beach’s faint-tilted plane.
Is there a message there for you to decipher?
Or only the joy of its sunlit, intricate rhythm?

This is a persistent question in Warren; and in the fiction, as I mean to show, it takes the form of a text a father may or may not have left a son. The textuality of Willie’s eye movement is not as immediately evident as are later instances—the handbill in World Enough and Time that Jeremiah Beaumont thinks came from Colonel Fort, or the poem in Wilderness written by Adam Rozenzweig’s father whose worth Adam will spend his life searching for. But an important clue in All the King’s Men for interpreting Stark’s enigmatic eyeblink—Jack Burden’s discovery “that the reality of an
event, which is not real in itself, arises from other events which, likewise, in themselves are not real” (384)—does have explicitly textual echoes in something else Warren had written not long before. In the critical essay “Pure and Impure Poetry” (first published in 1943) he makes a quite similar statement about where poetry comes from: “Does this not, then, lead us to the conclusion that poetry does not inhere in any particular element but depends upon the set of relationships, the structure, which we call the poem?” (24). Both of these statements address the paradox of the origin of something out of practically nothing. There is no reality in any particular event, no poetry in any particular element of a poem, but the reality and the poetry somehow arise out of combinations, out of structures, out of relationships among events that are not in themselves real, among elements that are not in themselves poetic.

These echoing statements point to a way of investigating the problem Willie's eye poses. They suggest that the place to look for an answer is not in the phenomenon of Willie’s wink or blink but in its relationship to other events in the novel—which is to say, since the novel is both a collection of events and a literary text, in its relationship to other poetic elements. And it should not be forgotten that we are reading not only All the King's Men but the larger narrative, or poem, of which this novel is itself a part.2

One of those other events, in this novel, is the mummy-jawed hitchhiker's involuntary twitch, the unintentional hint of an imminent wink that never came. Another, in At Heaven's Gate, is what Sweetwater saw in mum­mies’ eyes, whose paradoxical expressiveness anticipates Burden’s paradox about reality emerging from unreality. Still another is the way Bogan Mur­dock, by resembling an Egyptian corpse, anticipates the way Willie Stark would look when he underwent his mysterious transformation from inartic­ulate country bumpkin to stemwindingly eloquent politician. Murdock, asleep under the sunlamp, displayed “an Egyptian delicacy of bone . . . like a carved figure on a tomb, or like a dead body laid out ceremonially.” The night when Willie discovered the truth about how he had been set up by the Harrison gang to split the MacMurfee vote, got dead drunk, and fell asleep, he struck a significantly similar pose: “the hands were crossed piously on the bosom like the hands of a gisant on a tomb” (83). During the deathlike sleep, an almost miraculous metamorphosis occurred. Until then Stark had cut such a comic figure that Burden had had to stifle his laughter with a pillow when he heard him pacing the floor next door, rehearsing his earnest but ludicrous speech. But Willie awoke from that cadaverous sleep a changed man. The speech he gave that afternoon at the Upton barbecue was electrifying. He made a big show of throwing away his prepared speech and spoke from the heart as a hick to hicks, pointing an accusing finger at Tiny Duffy and revealing that he had been set up to run
with no hope of winning, just to split the opposition. Stark dropped out of the race for governor, but now possessed the style he would exploit to such perfection in the next election. He had become Willie Stark.

It is one of the most entertaining moments in the novel and should be cherished for that fact. But it is also a moment when Warren’s text allows us a glimpse of the mystery of origins, and we are beginning to realize that that is one of the things the larger narrative is chiefly about. Where did the Willie Stark who would become governor come from? How did the boy, “Cousin Willie from the country” (51), become a man? How did he become Jack Burden’s father instead of the object of his condescension? Clearly, it happened because Stark decided to stand on his own two feet and speak his own language. But, the way the story is actually told, it must have had something to do, too, with the mysterious *gisant* pose in which he passed the night before the Upton barbecue.

As a *gisant* Stark is both corpse and statue. So, too, it happens, was the fetus Sweetwater pictured in Sue Murdock’s womb that reminded him of certain fetal mumies, for it had “tiny hands and feet formed like delicate carving” (the word “carving” echoes the “carved figure on a tomb” that Bogan Murdock becomes in the same novel). When Willie awakes from his petrified slumber, from the chrysalis of his metamorphosis, the first sign of a return to life is curiously like that ambiguous eye closure he made in Jack’s presence the first time they met. Here, his eyes, the only moving parts in a body still frozen in that carved *gisant* pose, seemed almost to speak: “his hands still crossed on his chest, his face pale and pure. . . . His head didn’t turn, but his eyes swung toward me with a motion that made you think you could hear them creak in the sockets” (86). The creak is surely impossible, yet something in the movement of the eyes makes Jack think he can hear it. It will happen one more time, when Stark lies dying in the hospital: “Finally, the eyes turned toward me again, very slowly, and I almost thought that I could hear the tiny painful creak of the balls in their sockets” (400). Together, these two instances of creaking, speaking eyes frame the existence of the real Willie Stark.

There is another significant wink in the novel—though it is not entirely real either, since Jack only imagines it. He imagines it coming from Tiny Duffy, whose destruction and recreation is a measure of the power that Willie Stark acquired the night he slept like a *gisant* on a tomb. The image comes to him after Stark has been assassinated and Duffy offers Burden a job in his new administration.

It was as though the scene through which I had just lived had been a monstrous and comic miming for ends I could not conceive and for an audience I could not see but which I knew was leering from the shadow. It was as though in the midst of the
scene Tiny Duffy had slowly and like a brother winked at me with his oyster eye and I had known the nightmare truth, which was that we were twins. ... We were bound together under the unwinking eye of Eternity. ... (417)

If Willie's original wink (or whatever it was) was the first instance of his ability to fascinate Jack Burden, as well as a sign in the symbolic network of Warren's novels of the father's power to produce an indecipherable text, then why should the despicable Duffy be able to wink at Burden, even if only in Jack's imagination? Duffy, it is important to recall, was the agent of Harrison's setting up Stark to run in that first hopeless race; it was Duffy whom Willie pointed his finger at and under whose nose he fluttered the abandoned manuscript of the speech he wasn't going to give at the Upton barbecue, a gesture that started Duffy careening backward in a pinwheeling dance that took him right off the speaker's platform. Like Humpty Dumpty, he had, literally, a great fall. And what all the king's horses and men could not do for the character in the nursery rhyme is precisely what Willie could do for Duffy. It was, in fact, in order to display this creative and repairing ability that Willie kept him in his entourage despite the fact that it was Duffy who had lied to him and framed him to run for governor on Harrison's behalf. Stark had "busted Tiny Duffy and then he had picked up the pieces and put him back together again as his own creation" (97), making him highway commissioner, and later lieutenant governor. "In a way, the very success which the Boss laid on Tiny was his revenge on Tiny, for every time the Boss put his meditative, sleepy, distant gaze on Tiny, Tiny would know, with a cold clutch at his fat heart, that if the Boss should crook a finger there wouldn't be anything but the whiff of smoke. In a way, Tiny's success was a final index of the Boss's own success" (98). Stark, who knew how to create good out of evil—"Goodness... You got to make it... If you want it. And you got to make it out of badness. ... Because there isn't anything else to make it out of" (257)—put Duffy back together again as his own creation in a way that bears a certain parallel to divine creation in the theological perspective of Ellis Burden, the man Jack grew up thinking was his father. Here, too, successful creation out of imperfect material is an index of the greater glory of the creator: "The creation of man whom God in His foreknowledge knew doomed to sin was the awful index"—note that Jack had used the same word in saying that "Tiny's success was a final index of the Boss's own success"—"of God's omnipotence. For it would have been a trifling and contemptible ease for Perfection to create more perfection. ... The creation of evil is therefore the index of God's glory and His power" (437).

What Stark does with Duffy is thus no trifling matter. Its centrality to the novel is underlined by both its allusion to the title and its allusion,
through that echoing *index*, and its parallel to Ellis’s discussion of Creation itself. And although Ellis Burden looks to be a ridiculous man, Jack was to find himself in substantial agreement with at least this one article of his faith: “later,” he will say of the passage just cited, “I was not certain but that in my own way I did believe what he had said” (437).

Jack had been troubled early on by Stark’s decision to sign up Duffy, his enemy’s former henchman. It seemed a totally unnecessary gesture. “I used to wonder why Willie kept him around. Sometimes I used to ask the Boss, ‘What do you keep that lunk-head for?’ Sometimes he would just laugh and say nothing” (97). What seems troubling at that point becomes tragic—that is, fated and inevitable—in the end; for Tiny Duffy in fact arranges Willie’s death. He tells Adam Stanton that Stark has been having an affair with Adam’s sister, Anne, knowing what will happen, and knowing that by setting that train of events in motion he can avenge all those years of humiliation. He also knows that, as lieutenant governor, he can accede to the throne of his slain oppressor. Stark could have let Duffy fade into oblivion at the beginning of his own success, but he preferred to hold on to, and carry with him throughout his meteoric career, the man who, transformed by him into a thing, turned out to be his own death warrant.

That Duffy can indeed be likened to a deadly piece of paper whose contents are unknown to the bearer—Bellerophon or Uriah—is suggested by one strand of the symbolic network of the novel, a chain of fateful letters and bundles with insistently similar wrappings. In an episode that parallels Stark’s decision to keep Duffy on, Willie’s response to the news that state auditor Byram B. White has been caught with his hands in the till and is in danger of impeachment is to defend him to the utmost, even at the cost of his own impeachment. There were sound political reasons for not throwing Byram to the wolves, reasons less inscrutable than Willie’s ultimately fatal decision to hire and keep on Tiny Duffy. Yet Stark’s decision to keep White in his administration gives rise to an evocative metaphor with deeper resonance than one might have expected from an instance of cool political calculation: The White case becomes “a tidy package of disaster lying on the scales with the blood seeping through the brown paper” (145) when it leads to the possible impeachment of the governor himself. Stark fights fire with fire, in a way, countering that brown paper package with a brown paper envelope containing the names of the sufficient number of legislators whom he had coerced into voting against impeachment. It is Jack Burden’s job to deliver it to the leader of the opposition: “He opened the door . . . didn’t recognize me at first, just seeing a big brown envelope and some sort of face above it. But I withdrew the brown envelope just as his hand reached for it” (148). And this “big brown manila envelope” (148) bears a strong resemblance to the “brown manila envelope” he will first give Anne Stanton to peruse (252) and then be forced to deliver himself to Judge Irwin (345),
containing the fruits of his historical research into the Judge's past. It will prove to be fatal; soon afterward Irwin shoots himself in the heart.

Jack's other piece of historical research eventually finds its way into a similar package, for when he abandons his work on Cass Mastern and leaves behind those letters and diaries and what were at that time "the complete works of Jack Burden"—his unfinished manuscript on the story—the landlady of the apartment where he had intentionally abandoned them wraps them all up and mails him the bundle Collect. "The parcel, unopened, traveled around with him from furnished room to furnished room . . . a big squarish parcel with the brown paper turning yellow and the cords sagging, and the name Mr. Jack Burden fading slowly" (190). Jack lugs this burden around with him in rather the same way that Willie Stark keeps on the excess baggage Tiny Duffy or the blood-tinged brown parcel that was Byram B. White. Like the brown envelope Burden handed the leader of the impeachment forces, and, like the one he gave Judge Irwin, this brown package contains bad news. It takes nearly the whole length of the narrative for Jack to open it—the deaths of Irwin, Stark, and Adam Stanton compel him to. For in acknowledging the fact of his "having killed the father" (Irwin, his biological father) and "of having delivered his two friends [Willie and Adam] into each other's hands and death" (436), Jack comes to realize just how much he has in common with Mastern. On the last page he tells us that he is still going to live in his father's (Irwin's) house for a while, until the bank forecloses, and to spend what was left him in the Judge's estate "to live on while I write the book I began years ago, the life of Cass Mastern, whom once I could not understand but whom, perhaps, I now may come to understand" (438).

Jack can come to understand him now because Mastern bore a similar burden of guilt, having provoked his best friend into suicide by having a clandestine affair with his wife and caused his mistress's slave to be sold into prostitution, and seeking death on a Civil War battle field convinced that the world was one immense spiderweb of inescapable relation and responsibility. Jack Burden, before the events recounted in the story of Willie Stark and his involvement in his administration, could not understand such an expression of the utter unity of existence, "for to him the world then was simply an accumulation of items, odds and ends of things like the broken and misused and dust-shrouded things gathered in a garret. Or it was a flux of things before his eyes (or behind his eyes) and one thing had nothing to do, in the end, with anything else" (189).

What the world was like to Burden before his ultimate illumination is what the novel at hand, or any novel of Warren's, is to the reader for whom there is a clear demarcation between action and description, or between the foreground of the plot and the supporting background detail of subsidiary events and scenery, and for whom what is on the far side of that
line is not much more than accumulation of items, odds and ends. But something resembling Jack Burden's enlightenment at the end of the novel is available to that reader, and it takes the form of a dawning awareness that more and more of that flux of things is not background but foreground (or that it is becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish figure from ground), as the reader discovers that more and more of what seemed unrelated is in fact part and parcel of the principal movement of the novel.

Such is the case with these envelopes and parcels, whose insistently similar brown wrapping suggests that the reality of their similarity may be more significant than the reality of any one of them considered separately—that they may be an example of Burden's paradox, according to which "the reality of an event, which is not real in itself, arises from other events which, likewise, in themselves are not real." Considered together, these two packages and two envelopes reveal a certain dynamic of their own: the blood-tinged package that is, figuratively, Byram White leads Stark to devise an appropriate response; the brown envelope contains a text Stark has written (and had to engage in considerable political chicanery to compose) and has Jack deliver. The second brown envelope (that containing the truth of Irwin's past) Jack also delivers, but this time he comes up with the text (and had to perform considerable historical spadework to do so). This letter bears a certain relationship to the other package: both are the fruits of Burden's historical research, and the consequence of his delivery of the envelope (the Judge's suicide) contributes to his eventual ability to reopen the ubiquitous package (by generating the guilt that motivates him to write the book on Mastern).

We know what was in the two brown envelopes and the second brown package, but what exactly lay hidden in that "tidy package of disaster lying on the scales with the blood seeping through the brown paper"—butchered meat, to judge from the scales. Yet that reading does not entirely account for the feeling of dread that "package of disaster" connotes. What it contains may still be alive. If the package is Byram White, as it appears to be, it may contain the fetus Byram seems to become when he hunches over the desk to write the text Stark dictates, his undated letter of resignation, "drawing himself into a hunch as though he wanted to assume the prena
tal position and be little and warm and safe in the dark" (132; emphasis added). Byram waiting in that position for the words Willie will tell him to write resembles Burden listening in anticipation as Stark is about to deliver a speech in Mason City. In both scenes, the listener turns fetal as Willie Stark gets ready to deliver his text. As he stepped before the crowd, Willie "stood there blinking . . . gave his head a twitch," and we are reminded of the old hitchhiker's twitch that presaged a wink which never came. There is a "glitter" in his eyes.
It's coming, I thought.

You saw the eyes bulge suddenly like that, as though something had happened inside him, and there was that glitter... It was like the second when you come home late at night and see the yellow envelope of the telegram sticking out from under your door and you lean and pick it up, but don't open it yet... You feel there's an eye on you, a great big eye looking straight at you... and sees you huddled up way inside, in the dark which is you, inside yourself, like a clammy, sad little foetus you carry around inside yourself... But the clammy, sad little foetus which is you... lifts up its sad little face and its eyes are blind, and it shivers cold inside you for it doesn't want to know what is in that envelope... but you open the envelope, you have to open the envelope, for the end of man is to know. (9)

Whatever parallels the plot offers between Tiny Duffy and that tidy package of disaster that was Byram White may allow us to fill in more of...
the picture. Chief among them is the fact that Duffy and White are both employees of Stark whom he might have dismissed (or never hired, in the case of Duffy) had he not been so imbued with his Machiavellian philosophy of creating good out of evil in the absence of purely good raw materials. In that regard, Willie behaves as God does in Ellis Burden’s theology, using his ability to create good out of evil as an index of his own power. He broke Byram White by an imperial display of omnipotence, transforming him into a cowering, fetal amanuensis with eyes “as numb and expressionless as . . . oysters” (133) by making him transcribe his own undated letter of resignation. He broke Tiny Duffy the day he made him fall off the stage at Upton. He “busted” that Duffy-Dumpty and then fixed him by putting back together the pieces as his own creation. And, like Byram, Tiny had an “oyster eye”—the one Jack imagined winking at him (417). There, perhaps, the resemblances end, for Duffy also “became, in a crazy kind of way, the other self of Willie Stark,” the part of himself that Willie heaped contempt on “because of a blind, inward necessity” (98). This was an honor to which Byram White could not aspire; yet some of the imagery of Jack’s fetal allegory attaches itself to him, displaced from where it might really belong—with Tiny Duffy. For it is Duffy that Stark carries around with him (“I used to wonder why Willie kept him around”) like the fetus “you carry around inside yourself,” and like the brown parcel of Mastern papers Burden carried around for so long without opening. And just as the Mastern bundle of guilt is, as Jack eventually realizes, his own guilt, and the package thus becomes him (even more fully when he transforms it into his own text by writing the book on Mastern); and as the fetus “is you” in Jack’s allegory, so is Tiny Duffy, once broken apart and put back together by Willie Stark, the other self of his creator. Duffy is to Stark as the Mastern bundle with his name on it is to Jack Burden: the fetus that becomes his text, a text with a dangerous but inescapable message.

But perhaps Tiny Duffy had always been a text for Willie Stark—or at least the bearer of one. For one more thing should be said about Duffy and the wink Jack could imagine him sending his way. It is the father who winks (and blinks; viz. Stark, Irwin, and Ellis Burden) in this novel. But what is fatherly about Tiny Duffy? When Jack imagines him winking, it’s not as a father but “like a brother,” a twin. Yet in fact Duffy is a father, Willie’s father. Because back when Willie was a child, politically speaking, before he assumed his manhood on the speaking platform at the Upton barbecue, it was Duffy who got him to run for governor and who guided his first boyish steps into the arena of state politics, managing his campaign. And in the beginning it had been Duffy who drove up to Mason City and spoke with the voice of God to persuade Willie that he could save the state. “The Lord was calling Willie” (66) and Tiny Duffy was the messenger. “For
him to deny the voice of Tiny Duffy would have been as difficult as for a saint to deny the voice that calls in the night" (69). As will so often happen in Warren, a paternal authority figure has given the son a text to interpret and to live up to, a text that in this instance came from an impeccable source.

So Stark's decision to keep Duffy around does not arise out of, or just out of, vengeance against a man who had made a fool of him. By keeping Duffy, Stark maintains a tie to his past, to his political infancy. Duffy, in fact, is the degraded corpse of the father. In breaking apart and putting together Tiny Duffy, Willie Stark destroys and recreates his own father. This makes him an even more powerful father for Jack, for it means he knows how to pass through the oedipal ordeal a boy must undergo to become a man. And Duffy was Jack's brother, his twin ("I had known the nightmare truth, which was that that we were twins"), because Jack, narrator of the story of Willie Stark, becomes Willie's father too. It is clearly a situation fraught with possibilities for Warren: "I am the father / Of my father's father's father," he would write two decades later in "The Leaf."

Stark breaks Tiny Duffy apart and puts him back together as an author breaks apart and puts back together whatever it is that he transforms into a text. And while Burden is not the author of All the King's Men, though on its last page he is on his way to becoming the author of a book on Cass Mastern, he is the closest thing we have to one in the novel. The voice of its narrative is Burden's voice, a constant and unmistakable wise-guy sneer that is a large part of the novel's charm and for which nothing in its two predecessors had prepared us. The necessity for this breaking apart and putting back together was evident as far back as Night Rider, when Percy Munn discovered what a poor storyteller he was. He tried to make a narrative for his wife out of his experiences in the Tobacco Association and to find a way of having it make sense to himself; he failed miserably at both. "He had thought that, if he could tell her the story exactly as it happened, the meaning would become clear too," but as he attempted to do this he found that "the story was going to pieces in his hands" (42).

To convey the meaning of events it is not enough to tell things exactly as they happened; to arrive at meaning one has to approach the history of those events as lanthe Sprague dealt with texts, preferring to the ready-made continuity of a novel the broken fragments of nonconsecutive and apparently unconnected newspaper items. Jerome Meckier has observed that the story line of All the King's Men, which rapidly shifts in the first chapter from 1939 to 1936 to 1922, and from 1933 to 1896 to 1854 in chapters 3 and 4, is "seemingly told in fragments" and "at first examination, seems to be in itself a sort of Humpty Dumpty that has shattered into several pieces" (69). Indeed, the fragmenting and reassembling of that famed
fallen egg is what, it seems, the story is all about—whether we follow the narrative of Willie Stark's busting and repiecing of Tiny Duffy and its eventual tragic result or the story the novel tells of its own production.

These jumps in time are not the only form this fragmentation of experience takes. Jack Burden found that his mind kept making "crazy wild leaps" at a most inappropriate moment, in that key scene of sexual fiasco when the teenaged Anne Stanton was removing her clothes in an upstairs bedroom of his mother's house: "my mind kept flying to peculiar things—to a book I had started and never finished . . . to a scene . . . I tried desperately to locate out of my past" (294). And when she lay down totally nude on the bed and straightened out, her hands across her chest and her eyes closed, it happened again, though this time a very specific image came to mind: "And at the instant when she closed her eyes, as I stared at her, my mind took one of the crazy leaps and I saw her floating in the water, that day of the picnic three years before, with her eyes closed and the violent sky above and the white gull flashing high over, and that face and this face and that scene and this scene seemed to fuse, like superimposed photographs, each keeping its identity but without denying the other" (295). This experience of split vision has a very specific consequence for young Jack Burden. Although his body was "tumescent," he was suddenly seized with the conviction "that everything was wrong, completely wrong, how I didn't know," and he had to say to Anne, who was surely expecting to hear other words than these, "it wouldn't be right."

There is no single explanation for what happened here, for this impasse is surely an instance of what Warren was talking about when he wrote, in the introduction to the Modern Library Edition of this novel, that "in fiction one should never do a thing for merely a single reason (not if he hopes to achieve that feeling of a mysterious depth which is one of the chief beauties of the art)" (95). Understanding, for example, how Jack was distracted from the business at hand by seeing double is complicated by the fact that he had used the same language of superimposed images a few pages earlier to talk about what it is like to be in love:

[Y]ou create yourself by creating another person, who, however, has also created you. . . . So there are two you's, the one you yourself create by loving and the one the beloved creates by loving you. . . . [I]f you loved and were loved perfectly then there wouldn't be any difference between the two you's or any distance between them. They would coincide perfectly, there would be a perfect focus, as when a stereoscope gets the twin images on the card into perfect alignment. (282)

What is here the image of perfect love—the alignment of two photographs in a stereoscope—just a few pages later becomes the very thing that pre-
vents the fulfillment of love. The double vision Jack experiences, despite its potentially sexual overtones of perfect union ("that scene and this scene seemed to fuse, like superimposed photographs"), seems to describe a more general category than love; true love, with its perfect focus and alignment of twin images, is only a special case of that larger category.

The stereoscopic experience that figures so prominently both in Burden's description of true love and in his inability to achieve its bodily fruition could be described not only as the fragmentation of experience—the breaking apart of a single moment into the troubling coexistence of that moment and a memory it conjures up—but as its opposite, or the phase that follows it in the model Willie Stark's treatment of Tiny Duffy provides: putting the pieces back together. Although love itself is a kind of creation in which two images coalesce, what Jack found that night when Anne lay on the bed was that such a coalescence of images can serve another purpose than love's, and in doing so interfere with love's progress. Jack, though he did not consciously want to, was at that moment engaged in putting together some of the pieces of his own experience, one of which was the image of Anne in the water that had haunted him from long before, an image that "would have been there if I had never fallen in love with her, or had never seen her again, or had grown to detest her" (119). This image had nothing to do with loving Anne; rather, it was a personal mystery, one "of the true images . . . the kind which become more and more vivid for us as if the passage of the years did not obscure their reality but, year by year, drew off another veil to expose a meaning which we had only dimly surmised at first" (118). What he saw when he looked at Anne lying on her back on the bed had lifted another veil from that original image.

Warren's novel is constructed in such a way as to allow us to experience that sense of revelation and stereoscopic vision, too. For a number of other images from the novel come to superimpose themselves on Anne's, and although Jack Burden is the narrator through whom we learn about them, he does not seem to be aware of their existence. We could not expect him to be, for his concerns are different from ours: he is trying to make sense of his experience; we are trying to make sense of the novel. In that effort we might well have reason to wonder exactly what certain striking but eccentric details have to do with the rest of the story—what purpose, for example, do George, whom Jack's putative father, Ellis Burden, took under his charitable wing, and his wet-bread angels serve in the larger scheme of things? In what is surely one of the least commented-upon scenes in the book, Jack begins his search for the skeleton in the Judge's closet by paying a visit to Ellis, the "Scholarly Attorney" who had been his mother's husband at the time of Jack's birth and whom he always had every reason to believe was his father. Ellis, who left Jack's mother when he discovered her liaison with Judge Irwin (but whose departure had, for Jack, always
been a mystery), is now living in a poor section of the city, devoting his
time to helping the disadvantaged and to writing religious tracts. When
Jack finds him, Ellis is picking up “a largish brown paper bag full of some­
things” from the restaurant below his apartment (195). Knowing what we
now know about brown paper parcels in this novel—of which one, the
Mastern package, had made its appearance just a few pages earlier at the
conclusion of chapter 4 (190)—we cannot fail to be interested in the con­
tents of that sack.

They happen to be bread crusts, and Ellis is going to give them to
George, an “unfortunate” he has adopted, who chews them briefly to get
them wet and then makes statues out of them: “The figure of an angel, with
wings and flowing drapery, had been executed in bas-relief in what looked
like putty” (197). All he makes is angels, in memory of his wife, who was
an angel in the circus. “She fell down a long way with white wings which
fluttered as though she were flying,” but one day something went wrong
with the apparatus, and George never got over her death. He has trans­
formed her into a graven image, and he remakes her daily out of the con­
tents of that brown paper bag, parodying Burden’s definition of true love:
“The person who loves you has picked you out of the great mass of un­
created clay which is humanity to make something out of . . . the poor
lumpish clay” (282). He also parodies what happens to Jack when he is
paralyzed by images of Anne at the very moment when the real Anne is
more available to him than ever before; for George, who is also in a state of
near-paralysis, can do nothing but multiply images of his angel wife. At least
that is one conclusion we might draw from the way that certain details
encourage us to see Anne Stanton in that angel: Jack tells us that she looked
like an Egyptian bas-relief (104) (George’s angel “had been executed in bas­
relief”), and when Anne dove from the great height of the hotel diving
tower, she hit the water “as though she had dived through a great circus
hoop” (288).

Jack had come to see Ellis Burden to ask about Irwin, specifically, if
there had ever been a time when the Judge was in dire need of money. Ellis
would not answer, refusing to touch ever again the “foulness” of the past.
Jack thus came away from the interview with very little. “But I got one
thing. I was sure that he had known something. Which meant that there
was something to know” (203). In fact, his confidence that there was some­
thing usable behind Ellis’s horror at the mention of the Judge’s name is
probably a misreading of his reaction, since what Ellis was most likely re­
sponding to was Irwin’s affair with his wife and not his profiting from
extending preferential treatment to the American Electric Power Company
when he was state attorney general, nor the fact that he had indirectly
cause the suicide of Mortimer L. Littlepaugh. For Ellis could not possibly
have known about these things. Jack is in fact in error to think that he
learned something about the Judge from his supposed father, but that error is a fruitful one, for it starts him on a quest that eventually leads to the truth. Ellis's one-word response to Jack's questions—"Foulness . . . foulness"—is, like Willie Stark's ambiguous wink, a paternal text whose message is unknowable, perhaps nonexistent. But, like the wink, it gives Jack Burden something to think about.

And we are given something to think about, too, in Jack's encounter with Ellis and George, for what George does with what Ellis brings him in the brown paper bag ought to remind us of, of all people, the Judge. Irwin had a collection of military toys in his library, and when Jack was a boy he used to come over and help assemble them. At a dinner party one evening, when Jack was working for Stark but before Willie had given him the assignment of digging up dirt on the Judge, Irwin began to regale the guests with a history of warfare before the invention of gunpowder and, to illustrate his narrative, brought out a miniature ballista.

Then he didn't have anything to shoot. So he rang for the black boy and got a roll. He broke open the roll and removed a little hunk of the soft bread and tried to make a pellet of it. It didn't make a very good pellet, so he dipped it in the water to make it stick. He put it in the carriage . . . and tipped the trigger.

It worked. The pellet was heavy with a good soaking and the zip hadn't gone out of the ballista with the passage of the years, for the next thing I knew there was an explosion in the chandelier and Mrs. Patton screamed and spewed mint ice over her black velvet and bits of glass showered down over the tablecloth. . . . (121-22)

Jack's response to all this, especially when he discovered that the twists on the ballista were brand-new, that the Judge's interest in those toys was therefore not casual but passionate, was to feel "sad and embarrassed." But if he felt that Irwin looked ridiculous then, what would he have thought if he could have seen the parallel between the Judge's use of soaked bread and George's manipulation of the same material? Surely there is something going on in the narrative of which the narrator—Burden—is unaware. This reuse of the same material can be very suggestive, to us if not to Jack. Burden was saddened and embarrassed by the Judge's apparent reversion to childhood; such a return to infancy is even more pronounced in the case of George, who has fallen into a state of total dependence, scrambling to the floor for a piece of candy from Ellis's hand. Yet, pathetic as he is, George put his moistened bread to a better use than did the Judge; he did it for love, and the result was art, at least in someone's eyes, while Irwin was toying with an engine of death.

Just how deadly the Judge's bread pellet could be is suggested by
certain undertones in the scene in which Jack speaks with the surgeon who has just extracted Adam Stanton's bullets from Willie Stark. Like the Judge's ballista, Adam's weapon had been a toy, "a little toy target pistol" (397); like the Judge's alimentary ammunition, Adam's bullets are termed, likewise pellets and, through the doctor's irony, are given a nutritive value: "Dr. Simmons picked up a little envelope from his desk, and emptied the contents into his hand. 'No matter how strong they are, they can't take much of this diet,' he said, and held out his hand, open, to show me the two little pellets resting there. A .25-caliber slug is small, all right, but these looked even smaller and more trivial than I had remembered" (399). That the doctor took the pellets out of an envelope has a certain resonance in this narrative about envelopes and packages out of which something baleful comes: the envelope Jack in his fetal allegory does not want to open but knows he must, the brown parcel of Mastern material that follows him around, the envelope he gave to the Judge that made him commit suicide, and the bloodstained, tidy package of disaster that was, figuratively, Byram White. Up to this point Ellis Burden's brown paper bag with George's bread inside has not connoted any catastrophe. Yet through the perspective of something like the stereoscopic view of which the narrator speaks, but with three pictures in place of two, it can and will, if we line up these scenes linked by a common vocabulary, each of which centers around one of Jack's three fathers.

We were first introduced to that stereoscopic view when Jack saw superimposed on the naked, reclining body of Anne Stanton his memory of her floating on her back in the water. And we found that we could experience a feeling of déjà vu akin to his in contemplating the spectacle of Anne's diving into a circus hoop splashdown at the same time as we imagined what it must have looked like for George's late wife to make her dramatic descent to the circus floor. Anne is clearly meant to suggest Poe's Annabel Lee when Jack tells us that he, Anne, and her brother Adam were once "children by the sea" at Burden's Landing, and that stormy weather "didn't chill us or kill us in the kingdom by the sea" (103). And so, when we subsequently learn that the name of Cass Mastern's mistress was Annabelle Trice, we are prepared to see something of Anne/Annabel in her (though Mrs. Trice's maiden name, Puckett, points in another direction: Sadie Burke, whose name was attached to Sen-Sen Puckett's before it was to Willie Stark's [73]).

But there is one more image that Anne supine on the white counterpane of that bed invokes, one that, could Jack have seen it, would have offered a more powerful reason for his inability to continue with that seduction than the reason and image he does acknowledge. Before she lay down Anne, standing unclothed in the darkness, "hunched her shoulders a little . . . she stood . . . hunched slightly forward, perhaps shivering, her knees slightly bent and pressed together" (294–95). Now this by itself re-
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calls two other earlier images (earlier in the novel, though not in time): one, the hunched fetal position of Byram White ("drawing himself into a hunch as though he wanted to assume the prenatal position"), the other, an image of Anne herself, when her pressed-together legs once reminded Jack of certain Egyptian bas-reliefs: "her small legs . . . accurately together, thigh to thigh, knee to knee, ankle to ankle. There was, in fact, always something a little stylized about her—something of the effect one observed in certain Egyptian bas-reliefs" (104). Ultimately, in the wider context of other Warren texts, Egyptian statuary evokes both tombs and fetuses, as we saw when Willie's wink and the old mummy-jawed hitchhiker's twitch recalled Bogan Murdock's "Egyptian delicacy of bone" and how he looked like "a carved figure on a tomb, or like a dead body laid out ceremonially." These lines of Warren's symbolic network are strengthened by what happens after Anne hunches over in that quasi-fetal way: She "lay back on the white counterpane, then punctiliously straightened out and again folded her hands across her bosom, and closed her eyes." She looked, that is, like a corpse, or a figure carved on a tomb. In particular, she looked like the gisant that would be Willie Stark, whose hands would be "crossed piously on the bosom like the hands of a gisant on a tomb in a cathedral."

Nor is this the first time that Anne Stanton is made to look like Willie Stark. A few pages earlier, Burden had described the process of falling in love—specifically, of Anne Stanton falling in love—in terms that recall the process of transformation Willie underwent the night before the Upton barbecue. The miracle of his metamorphosis transpired when he was lost in a slumber in which he took on the appearance of that gisant on a cathedral tomb. Jack Burden, thinking of Anne Stanton going up to her room to delight, as he was delighting, in the sensation of discovering that one is in love, evokes the image of a metamorphosis invisibly in process beneath an outward appearance of stillness, inside a chrysalis as hard and quiet as the funerary stone effigy of Willie Stark: "Maybe she went up there to be alone, absorbed in herself the way a child is absorbed in watching a cocoon gradually part in the dusk to divulge the beautiful moth" (281-82; emphasis added).

Can All the King's Men be read as Jack Burden's attempt to solve the riddle of Willie Stark's wink, that paternal text whose only clear message is its absence of meaning? Yes, to the extent that what Jack learns in the course of the novel is not only the reality of the interrelatedness of things—that, as Cass Mastern had already learned, the world is "an enormous spider web" (188)—but that reality itself arises from that interrelatedness: "that the reality of an event, which is not real in itself, arises from other events which, likewise, in themselves are not real." For that is what Willie prepares Jack to learn, by forcing him to read the text he gave him with neither authorial
nor parental guidance, by making him realize he could never know for sure if the text had been real. What Jack learns is that that particular reality can never be known, nor even come into existence, except in its relation to other events whose own reality may be in doubt. What Willie does is make Jack become a stereoscopic reader of a literally one-eyed text, force him to learn to read the reality that arises from the juxtaposition of images and events. Hence the recurrence of superimposed double images in the text. Hence, too, that curious remark Jack makes to Tiny Duffy as the end of the story, when he knows about all there is to know: “My name is Jack and I’m the wild jack and I’m not one-eyed” (414; emphasis added).

This may also account for the action of the other character in the novel who is equipped with a kind of stereoscopic vision, Lucy Stark, who has a real stereoscope, the kind with cards, which Jack does not fail to notice on more than one visit (333, 335, 373). She adopts Sibyl Frey’s baby in the firm belief that it is Tom Stark’s, even though she is aware that Sibyl had had intercourse with other men besides her son and that its paternity is by no means assured. It is, in fact, like the nature of the wink, unknowable. Secure in that faith, she names the baby Willie Stark, and when she gives it to Jack to hold, his response to the touch of the child suggests that even he, perhaps without realizing it, sees in it something of the Humpty Dumpty heritage of a Willie Stark creation: “I hefted him, while I carefully tried to keep him from falling apart” (426).

Both Lucy and Jack have a kind of stereoscopic view; they read an uncertain paternal text with both a certain faith and a certain ability to see one image superimposed upon another. Lucy’s certainty is partly based on her ability to perceive a superimposed image that no one else can see.

“It looks like Tom,” she said. “Don’t you think so?”

Then before I could get an answer ready that wouldn’t be too horrendous a lie, she went on, “But that’s silly to ask you. You wouldn’t know. I mean he looks like Tom when he was a baby. . . . I know it’s Tom,” she declared fiercely to me, “it’s got to be Tom’s, it looks like him.” (427)

“I named him for Willie because . . . Willie was a great man. . . . You see, Jack’ she said, ‘I have to believe that’ ” (426–27). Burden will tell us that he had to believe it too. But at the same time he tells us that, in the end, there is nothing left of Willie Stark but a wink: “I must believe that Willie Stark was a great man. What happened to his greatness is not the question. . . . Perhaps he piled up his greatness and burnt it in one great blaze in the dark like a bonfire and then there wasn’t anything but dark and the embers winking” (427).

Cass Mastern, too, had a vision of the nothingness that is left when a
father dies. Jonathan Baumbach convincingly demonstrates that it was his father:

Since Duncan Trice, who is considerably older than Cass, initiates him into vice, he is, in effect, the father of Cass's adultery with Annabelle. What Cass has learned from Duncan he had put into practice with Duncan's wife. Therefore, Cass's crime, Warren suggests, is implicitly incestuous, for if Duncan, the man whose death he effects, is his "substitute" father, Annabelle as his wife is a sort of symbolic mother. This is essentially what Cass understands when he proclaims himself "'the chief of sinners and a plague spot on the body of the human world.'" (139)

To this it could be added that Annabelle, too, is significantly older than Mastern, and that she takes care to emphasize that age difference when she begins her seduction: "'Seven years ago you were a child, Mr. Mastern. . . . But I wasn't a child.'" (168) Her name as well shows how the Mastern story could be projected onto the plot of All the King's Men: Annabelle née Puckett becomes both Anne "Annabel" (as the Poe allusions confirm) Stanton and the Sadie once attached to a Puckett—both of whom were Stark's mistresses, while Duncan becomes Stark and Cass becomes Jack, who loved Anne and made futile passes at Sadie and felt he had caused the death of Willie Stark. So the vision Cass suddenly has as he is carrying Duncan's coffin has a powerful resonance in a Warrenian context:

The coffin which I carried seemed to have no weight, although my friend had been of large frame and had inclined to stoutness. As we proceeded with it, I marvelled at the fact of its lightness, and once the fancy flitted into my mind that he was not in the coffin at all, that it was empty, and that all the affair was a masquerade or mock show carried to ludicrous and blasphemous length, for no purpose, as in a dream. . . . I had the impulse to hurl the coffin to the ground and see its emptiness burst open. . . . (172)

Cass Mastern's impulsive desire anticipates, in an illustratively grotesque and graphic way, the yearning Warren was later to express in "I am Dreaming of a White Christmas . . . ;" to open the package to which the parent denies access, and suggests that what it contains may be the dead, but missing, father. But it would be premature, at this stage, to say we now know "What present there was in that package for me. . . ." For there is still more to discover in the logic of the dream.9