

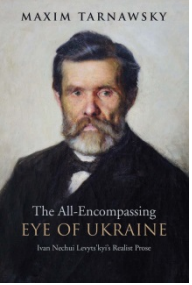
Redundantly Repetitive Repeated Repetition

or

A Restrictive Resource to Represent and Regulate Rhythm?

Maxim Tarnawsky

Slavic Dept. October 19, 2015



Redundantly Repetitive
Repeated Repetition

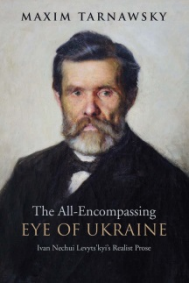
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A Restrictive Resource to
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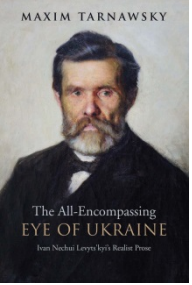
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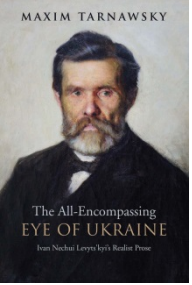
Repetition in Literature

- Philosophically
- Intertextually
- Linguistically
- Architecturally
- Rhetorically
- Musically
- Accidentally



Repetition in Literature

- Philosophically = Gilles Deleuze
- Intertextually
- Linguistically
- Architecturally
- Rhetorically
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- Accidentally

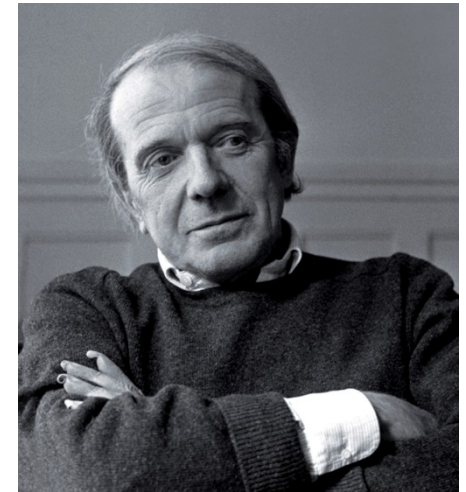
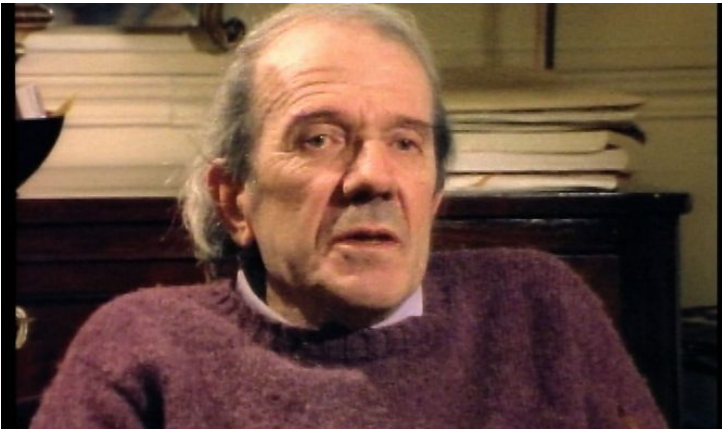


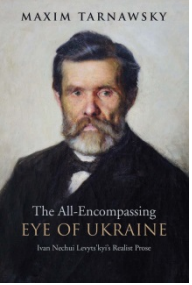
Gilles Deleuze

Since identity does not exist and time exists only in the present, repetition is the flow of time.

Everything that exists as a unity will not return, only that which differs-from-itself.

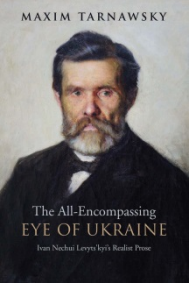
"Difference inhabits repetition."



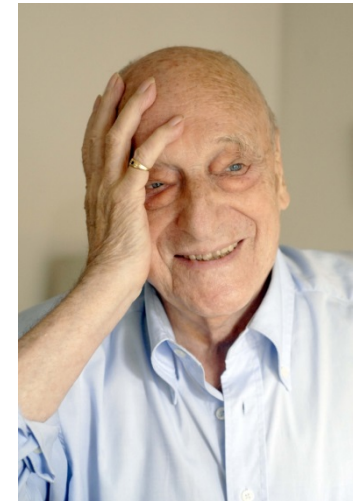


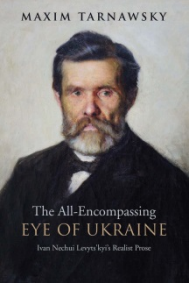
Repetition in Literature

- Philosophically
- Intertextually = Kristeva, Genette, etc
- Linguistically
- Architecturally
- Rhetorically
- Musically
- Accidentally



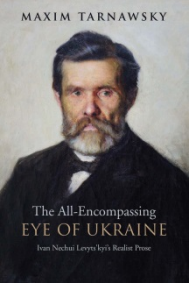
Intertextuality





Repetition in Literature

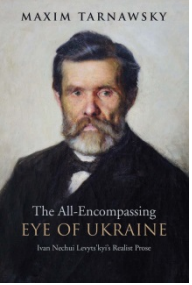
- Philosophically
- Intertextually
- Linguistically = Roman Jakobson
- Architecturally
- Rhetorically
- Musically
- Accidentally



Roman Jakobson

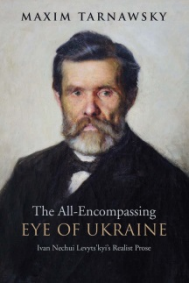
- The poetic function projects the principle of equivalence from the axis of selection into the axis of combination





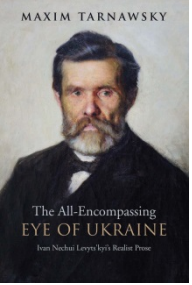
Repetition in Literature

- Philosophically
- Intertextually
- Linguistically
- Architecturally = The construction of the work
- Rhetorically
- Musically
- Accidentally



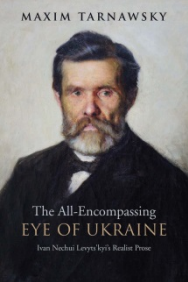
Construction

- Characters, their similarities, behavior
- Places
- Objects
- Situations
- Actions



Repetition in Literature

- Philosophically
- Intertextually
- Linguistically
- Architecturally
- Rhetorically = A deliberate verbal device
- Musically
- Accidentally



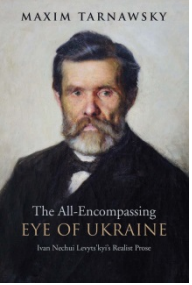
Wikipedia: Repetition (rhetorical device)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Repetition_\(rhetorical_device\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Repetition_(rhetorical_device))



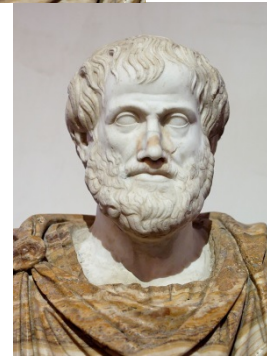
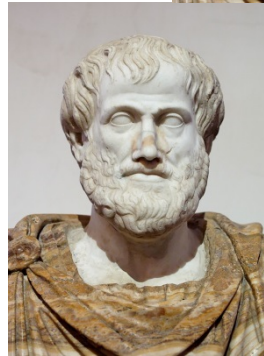
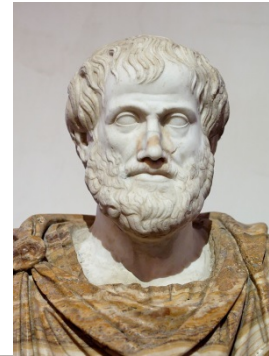
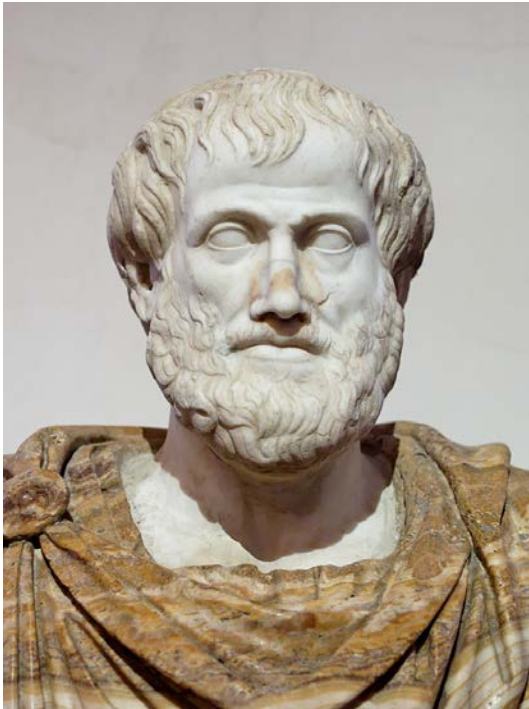
Repetition is the simple repeating of a word, within a sentence or a poetical line, with no particular placement of the words, in order to secure emphasis. This is such a common literary device that it is almost never even noted as a figure of speech.

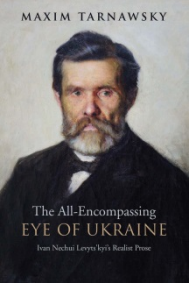
- Antanaclasis is the repetition of a word or phrase to effect a different meaning: "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."
- Epizeuxis or palilogia is the repetition of a single word, with no other words in between. This is from the Greek words, "Fastening Together" "Words, words, words."
- Conduplicatio is the repetition of a word in various places throughout a paragraph. "And the world said, 'Disarm, disclose, or face serious consequences'—and therefore, we worked with the world, we worked to make sure that Saddam Hussein heard the message of the world."
- Anadiplosis is the repetition of the last word of a preceding clause. The word is used at the end of a sentence and then used again at the beginning of the next sentence. "This, it seemed to him, was the end, the end of a world as he had known it..."
- Anaphora is the repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning of every clause. It comes from the Greek phrase, "Carrying up or Back". "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills, we shall never surrender."
- Epistrophe is the repetition of a word or phrase at the end of every clause. "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny compared to what lies within us."
- Mesodiplosis is the repetition of a word or phrase at the middle of every clause. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed..."
- Diaphora is the repetition of a name, first to signify the person or persons it describes, then to signify its meaning.
- "For your gods are not gods but man-made idols."
- Epanalepsis is the repetition of the initial word or words of a clause or sentence at the end. "The king is dead, long live the king."
- Diacoepia is a rhetorical term meaning uninterrupted repetition of a word, or repetition with only one or two words between each repeated phrase.



Rhetoric

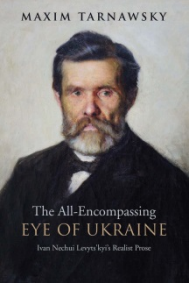
- What is the purpose of a rhetorical device?





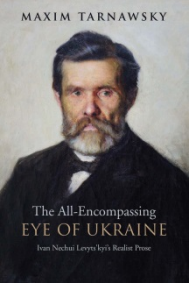
Repetition in Literature

- Philosophically
- Intertextually
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- Architecturally
- Rhetorically
- Musically = Keeping time
- Accidentally



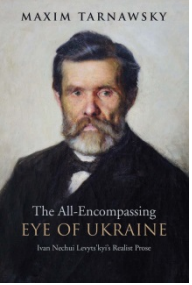
What is the function of repetition in music?

- Keeping time (how fast)
- Scales (limited set of sounds that get repeated)
- Providing rhythm (what pattern)
- Creating harmony
- Providing structure (parts of a symphony)
- motifs



Repetition in Literature

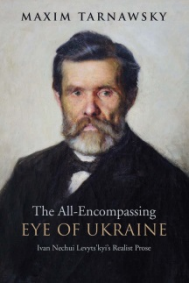
- Philosophically
- Intertextually
- Linguistically
- Architecturally
- Rhetorically
- Musically
- Accidentally. What's this slide doing here?



Destructive Repetition

Destructive repetition is "the doing of things over and over, each time with less energy and less interest," whereas constructive repetition contributes to the building and development of a work.

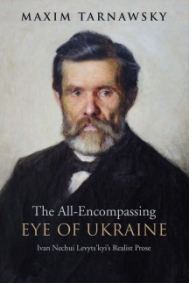
- Inappropriate repetition, misperceived
- Repetition compulsion, desire for familiar
- Falsification of reality, repetition removes novelty



Awareness of Repetition

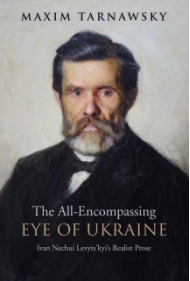
“The reader’s identification of recurrences may be deliberate or spontaneous, self-conscious or unreflective.” J. Hillis Miller.

- Is unreflective identification of repetition to be understood as a total unawareness of a recurrence?
- Can repetition have an emphatic or any other function that affects the reader’s perception of the text without some kind of recognition or awareness of the fact of repetition?
- Subjective nature of the perception of repetition.



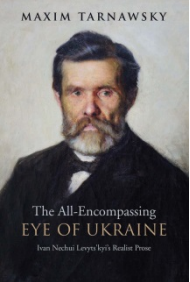
Serhii Iefremov





Єфремов:

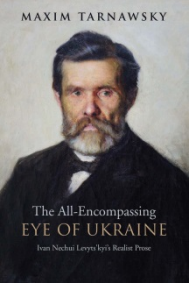
Як і народня поезія, Левицький не знає іншого художнього звороту, як порівнання. ... „Карі очі блищали, як свічки. Хороший, свіжий та молодий був Василь Хоменко!“. Звичайно, хороший ... такий хороший, що аж пориває трохи його розкушлати, розпатлати, розхристати, зменшити йому краси ... Манерність, робленість, штучність і монотонність та велерічивість і тут даються в знаки. Всіх своїх героїв, а надто героїнь Левицький обмальовує однаковими, умовними фарбами і тому часто вони у його, за всіма рисами живих істот, набірають одноманітної, умовної академицької, сказав-би, зверхности.



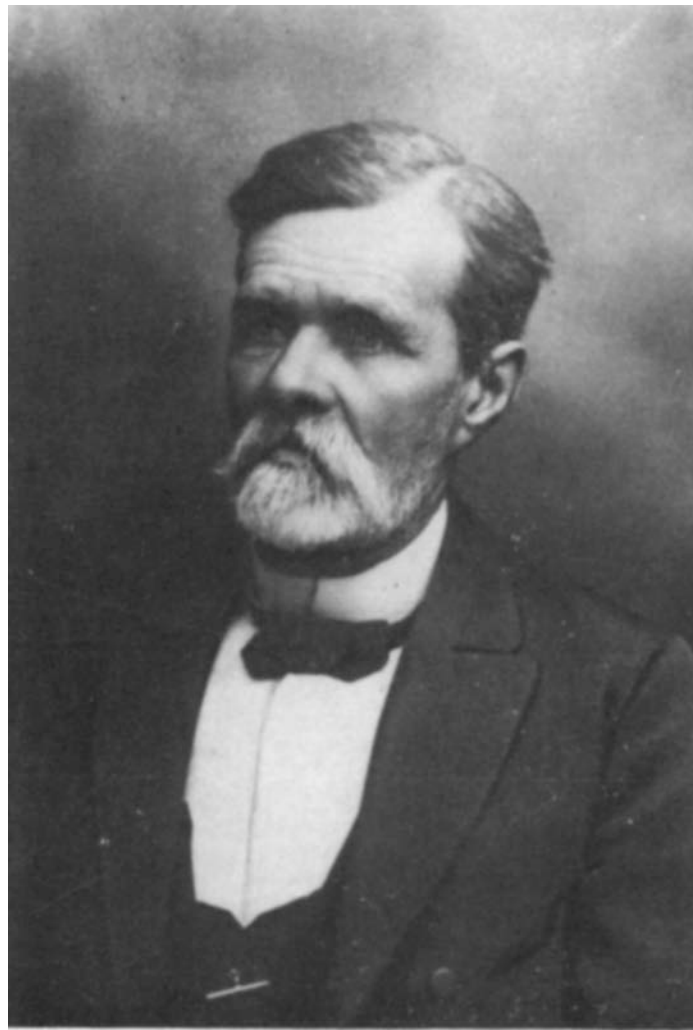
Iefremov:

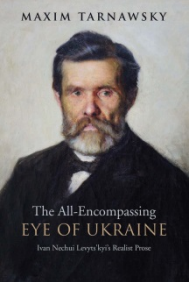


Like folk poetry, Levytskyi knows no other artistic device than comparison. “His brown eyes shone like candles. Khomenko was handsome, fresh, and young,” ... Of course he was handsome, so handsome you want to disarrange him a little, ruffle his clothes, dishevel his hair, reduce his beauty. ... Mannerism, manipulation, artificiality, monotony, and wordiness are in evidence here. Levytskyi paints all of his heroes, especially heroines, with identical conventional colors, and that’s why they often acquire monotonous, conventional, one might say, academic superficiality.



Valerian Pidmohylnyi

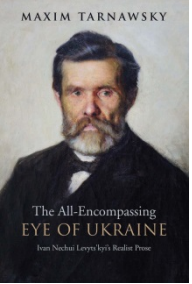




Підмогильний:



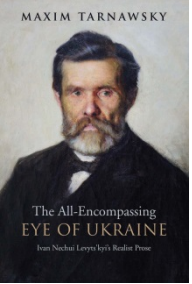
Перший із справжніх гріхів нашого автора єсть необробленість його фрази. Його твори справляють таке вражіння, ніби автор їх ніколи, написавши, не перечитував — так вдирається в очі кострубатість, неохайність його речень. «Всі люди, що сиділи коло церкви, повставали **й почали христитись**. Кайдашеві було видко увесь шпиль, на котрому стояла **церква**, всіх людей коло **церкви**. Він зняв шапку **й почав христитись**». Навіть не-письменник зміркував-би висловитись так: «Всі люди, що сиділи коло церкви, повставали **й почали христитись**. Кайдашеві було видко увесь шпиль, на котрому стояла церква, і всіх людей коло **неї**. Він зняв шапку **й теж почав христитись**». Вживати займенників та сполучників — це-ж перший, дитячий крок в організації, не то художньої, просто пристойної фрази!



Pidmohylnyi:



The first true sin of our author is the uncultivated shape of his expression. His works give the impression, as if once having written them, he never read them over. The rough and untidy character of his sentences hurts the eye. “All the people who sat by the church got up and **began to cross themselves**. Kaidash could see the entire hill on which the **church** stood, all the people who stood beside the **church**. He took off his hat and **began to cross himself**.” Even an illiterate would figure out to say it this way: “All the people who sat by the church got up and began to cross themselves. Kaidash could see the entire hill on which the church stood and all the people beside **it**. He took off his hat and **also** began to cross himself.” The use of pronouns and adverbs is an elementary, a childish step in the organization of an expression, not just a literary one, but any decent expression.

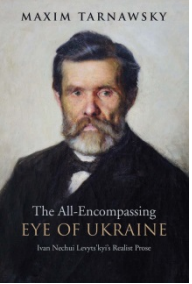


Нечуй. *Микола Джеря*



Широкою долиною між двома рядками розложистих гір тихо тече по Васильківщині невеличка річка Раствавиця. Серед долини зеленіють розкішні густі та високі **верби**, там ніби потонуло в **вербах** село **Вербівка**. Між **вербами** дуже виразно й ясно блищить проти сонця висока біла церква з трьома банями, а коло неї невеличка дзвіниця неначе заплуталась в зеленому гіллі старих груш. Подекуди з-поміж **верб** та садків виринають білі хати та чорніють покрівлі високих клунь.

По обидва береги Раствавиці через усю **Вербівку** стеляться сукупні городи та левади, неодгороджені тинами. Один город одділяється од другого тільки рядком **верб** або межами. Понад самим берегом в'ється в траві стежка через усе село. Підеш тією стежкою, глянеш кругом себе, і скрізь бачиш зелене-зелене море **верб**, садків, конопель, соняшників, кукурудзи та густої осоки. (3: 34)

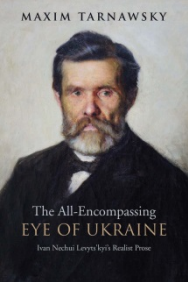


Nechui-Levytskyi. *Mykola Dzheria*



Near the town of Vasylkiv, the small Rastavytsia River quietly flowed across a wide valley between two rows of gently sloping hills. Clumps of lush, tall **willows** dotted the valley where the village of **Verbivka** lay, seemingly engulfed by the **willows**. A high, white-walled, three-domed church was clearly visible in the sun, and beside it a small bell tower seemed entangled in the green branches of old pear trees. Here and there, whitewashed cottages and black roofs of big barns peeped out from among the **willows** and orchards.

Communal vegetable fields and meadows stretched across the village on either side of the river. There were no fences; plots were separated only by boundaries or rows of **willows**. A footpath wound its way through **Verbivka** along the grassy riverbank. Looking around from that path, one could only see a green, green sea of **willows**, orchards, hemp, sunflowers, corn and thick-growing sedge



Charles Dickens. *Bleak House*

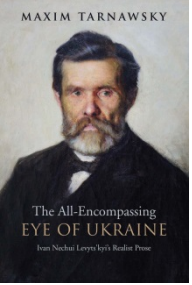
Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon and hanging in the misty clouds.

Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by husbandman and ploughboy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time--as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look.

The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation, Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

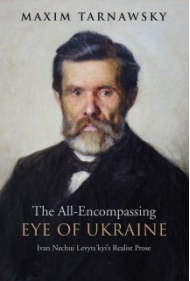
Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep, to assort with the groping and floundering condition which this High Court of Chancery, most pestilent of hoary sinners, holds this day in the sight of heaven and earth. On such an afternoon, if ever, the Lord High Chancellor ought to be sitting here--as here he is--with a foggy glory round his head, softly fenced in with crimson cloth and curtains, addressed by a large advocate with great whiskers, a little voice, and an interminable brief, and outwardly directing his contemplation to the lantern in the roof, where he can see nothing but fog. On such an afternoon some score of members of the High Court of Chancery bar ought to be--as here they are--mistily engaged in one of the ten thousand stages of an endless cause, tripping one another up on slippery precedents, groping knee-deep in technicalities, running their goat-hair and horsehair warded heads against walls of words and making a pretence of equity with serious faces, as players might.

On such an afternoon the various solicitors in the cause, some two or three of whom have inherited it from their fathers, who made a fortune by it, ought to be--as are they not?--ranged in a line, in a long matted well (but you might look in vain for truth at the bottom of it) between the registrar's red table and the silk gowns, with bills, cross-bills, answers, rejoinders, injunctions, affidavits, issues, references to masters, masters' reports, mountains of costly nonsense, piled before them. Well may the court be dim, with wasting candles here and there; well may the fog hang heavy in it, as if it would never get out; well may the stained-glass windows lose their colour and admit no light of day into the place; well may the uninitiated from the streets, who peep in through the glass panes in the door, be deterred from entrance by its owlish aspect and by the drawl, languidly echoing to the roof from the padded dais where the Lord High Chancellor looks into the lantern that has no light in it and where the attendant wigs are all stuck in a fog-bank!



Decoration vs rhythm

- На греблі знов у два рядки видивляються в воді дуже старі, товсті, дуплиності **верби**.”
- On the dam once again two rows of old, thick, hollow-ridden **willows** were reflected in the water.
- Explanation of the image. Par 5.
- “Дивишся й не надивишся, дишеш і не надишешся.
- You look and you cannot look enough, you breathe in and you cannot breathe in enough. [doubled epanalepsis]



Кайдашева сім'я

Саме тоді з крутого шпиля з'їжджали два вози з снопами, неначе два стіжки котилися з гори. То віз снопи Кайдаш з двома синами. Високі вози посхилялись на воли й кололи їх в спину гострою соломою та остюками. Воли аж позадирали голови вгору та повитріщали здорові очі.

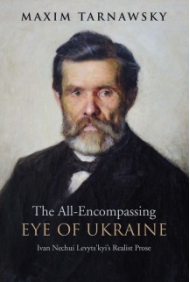
— Карпе! Держи-бо **цабе!** — крикнув батько на сина.— Поминай колесом отой каторжний горбок.

— **Цабе**, сірий! **Цабе**, моругий! — крикнув Карпо і крутнув батогом над рогатими головами.

Але саме в той час він глянув униз. Проз їх двір ішла Мотря в квітках та стрічках. Червона запаска, червоні чоботи, червоний, як жар, пояс,— усе блищало й сяло проти вранішнього сонця, як щире золото. Карпо задивився на те диво, а віз вискочив уже одним колесом на крутий горбок.

— Держи **цабе!** — крикнув не своїм голосом старий Кайдаш, побачивши, що віз нахилється на один бік.— Чи ти оглух, чи ти осліп! Карпе, держи-бо **цабе!**

Карпо не міг одірвати очей од Мотрі, а віз усе нахилявся набік. Батько кинув заднього воза і побіг з гори до переднього та все кричав: **цабе**, сірий, **цабе!** Віз вискочив колесом на горбок і перекинувся набік. Передня вісь хруснула, як тріска, а колесо зав'язло в рівчаку.



The Kaidash Family

Just at that time two wagons with sheaves of hay were making their way down the hill, as if two hayricks were rolling down the hill. This was Kaidash with his two sons bringing in the sheaves. The tall wagons were leaning on to the oxen and poking them in the back with sharp stalks and awns. The oxen tensed their necks and opened wide their eyes in discomfort.

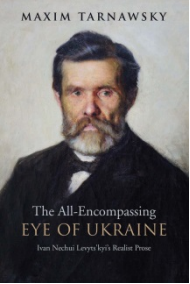
“Karpo, keep **to the right!**” the father yelled at his son. “Avoid hitting that damned bump with the wheel.

“**To the right**, gray one, **to the right**, speckled one,” yelled Karpo and snapped his whip over the heads of the horned beasts.

But just at that moment he glanced down the hill. Bedecked with flowers and ribbons, Motria was walking past their home. A red skirt, red boots, and a belt red as flame—all shone and glowed like pure gold under the morning sun. Karpo’s eyes were fixed on this wonder while one wheel of the wagon had already climbed the bump.

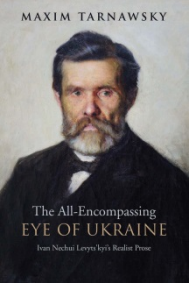
“Keep **to the right!**” yelled old Kaidash in a panic, seeing the wagon already tilting to the side. Have you gone deaf and blind, Karpo? Keep **to the right**, I say.

Karpo could not tear his eyes away from Motria, while the wagon tilted ever further. The father abandoned the second wagon and ran down the hill to the first, yelling continually, “**to the right**, gray one, **to the right.**” The wagon hit the bump and tipped onto its side. The front axle cracked like a twig while the wheel froze in the rut.

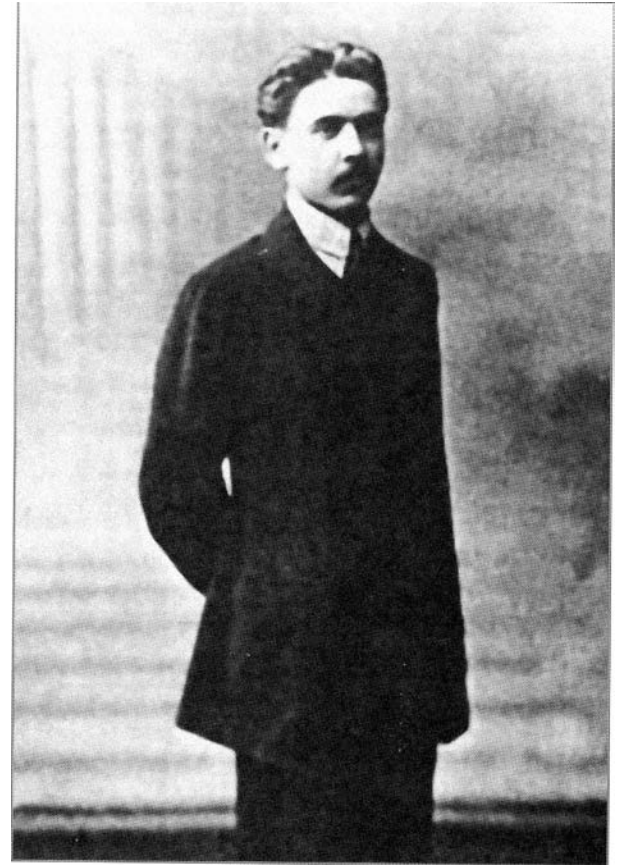


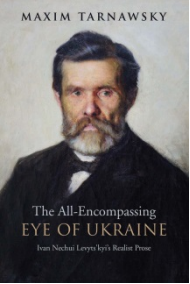
Comic pacing

- Pot of paint slapstick
- Karpo goes to visit his sweetheart Melashka, who is whitewashing and decorating her house with two jugs of clay, one red and the other white. The girl has the red jug in her hands, and the second jug is on the ground by the doorsill.
- Pidmohylnyi elaborates: “We read on for a page—there’s nothing about this second jug. In the middle of the second page, angry at the author for introducing irrelevant details, we finally forget about the second jug with the white clay, until suddenly, on the third page we see ‘Karpo turned around to avoid soiling his boot and struck the second jug with white clay with the heel of his foot.’”



Andrii Nikovskyi

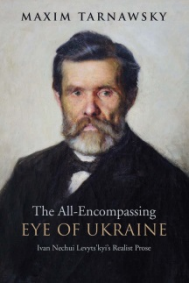




Character vs plot

[& a hypothetical European reader of Nechui's work]

There is no point in continuing a literary debate with our European listener, because, aside from misunderstanding, nothing good will come of it: He will start to complain about the deficient and lame dramatic tension in the scenes or he will admonish Levyts'kyi for the gray and forlorn destiny of his heroes. And he will be right, because in life and in literature, only what ends clearly (whether for better or worse) is good. But here it turns out that plenty of things in the novel ... do not end in any way at all. So let's leave our foreigner with the suggestion that he read the entire novel and gain a wider familiarity with Ukrainian literature. Let's agree that there is some kind of plot in Nechui-Levyts'kyi's novel, that it's poorly developed but nevertheless interesting; that the internal dialectic of the novel is very weak because all the logical possibilities that arise from the given combination of relations are not developed, and because the psychology of the characters who are drawn into the plot is treated rather monotonously; but a number of the structural defects, faults (but not mistakes!) can be explained by the theme of the novel and by the conscious political tendencies of this author.



Repetition vs plot

- Repetition as character comparison
 - *Starosvitski batiushky*
 - *Mykola Dzheria*
- Repetition as comic pacing
- Repetition as decoration
- Repetition as avoidance of progress
- Repetition leads to circularity



Non-purposeful storytelling