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Picturing the *Wake*: Arcimboldo, Joyce, and His “Monster”

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Shrouded in its own obscurity, *Finnegans Wake* is a book we often think of as visually indistinct. We associate its world with Joyce’s near-blindness, with nighttime, and feel our way through, stumbling over words, listening for, rather than seeing, the path. For new readers in particular, the challenge of picturing Joyce’s scenes or characters is formidable. The problem is not that the visual is absent—any given page of *Finnegans Wake* burgeons with visual details—but rather that we do not or cannot focus on it. We lack a visual framework: a way of reconciling the many details into stable images. How can we see the *Wake*? What would a visual equivalent look like, and how might we employ it in introducing students to Joyce’s world? This essay attempts to address these questions, proposing the paintings of the Renaissance artist Giuseppe Arcimboldo as a model.¹ This may seem counterintuitive. Arcimboldo’s paintings, specific as they are, cannot be said to capture the whole world of the *Wake*, and they do not, in any real sense, illustrate Joyce’s words. Moreover, the task is, in some ways, hopeless—the *Wake* is so various and so rich in detail that no artist could ever exhaust its multiplicity. On a local level, however, and regarding the depiction of specific characters, Arcimboldo’s paintings prove useful. They share many preoccupations with Joyce: the rendering of characters from eccentric collections of food, flowers, animals, or dismembered parts; an interest in puns; and an awareness of the body as not only something composed but also constantly decomposing, falling apart, and reforming. There is a vitalist animation in Arcimboldo’s paintings that captures the slipperiness of HCE and the Ondt and brings them out of the darkness into a fresh light. In this sense, his works provide more than mere illustrations but also a critical heuristic: a way of thinking about ontology and order in *Finnegans Wake*.

But first, why Arcimboldo? Why a sixteenth-century Italian painter and not a more contemporary or obviously Joyce-related artist? Certainly, there are other possible points of departure when looking for visual equivalents or illustrations to *Finnegans Wake*. One might begin within the book itself, with the diagram of ALP on page 293 or marginal drawings on page 308. Or one might begin with László

Moholy-Nagy's 1947 schema from *Vision in Motion*,² or any of the number of works explicitly inspired by the *Wake* to be found in Christa-Maria Lerm Hayes's compendium *Joyce in Art*.³ None of these images, however, does justice to the wealth of visual detail and the physicality of the characters in *Finnegans Wake*. Their wholesale rejection of figuration and classical perspective gives them a minimalist and "poor" look. Where Moholy-Nagy's work is like a development of Joyce's schemata for *Ulysses*, the images inspired by the *Wake* in *Joyce and Art* rely predominantly on Joyce's *sigla*.⁴ They encourage us not to enjoy the imagery *per se* but to find some key or code. Illustrators have, it seems, taken to heart Samuel Beckett's warning that the "danger is in the neatness of identifications," for finding less diagrammatic illustrations of *Finnegans Wake* is difficult.⁵

A similar apprehension rules Joyce's critics. While intriguing possibilities have recently been presented concerning ways of visualizing *Ulysses*,⁶ work on Joyce and painting and, more specifically, on *Finnegans Wake* and illustration is scarce.⁷ John Bishop's *Joyce's Book of the Dark* has done much to help us picture the *Wake* as a psychosomatic dream world, yet even his illustrations and dense descriptions are map-like: words and puns arranged over a sketched body whose precise features are left vague.⁸ It is as if the very universality of Joyce's characters has robbed them of their different manifestations. Indeed, regarding the visualization of any given person or scene, little seems to have changed since 1993, when Morton P. Levitt complained in the *James Joyce Quarterly* that "few have even bothered to speak of Joyce and painting, for Joyce was hopeless when it came to painting. . . . So far as I can tell, no one has spoken in depth of Joyce's relations with any one visual artist or artistic school and with good reason: there is no possible Gertrude Stein-Pablo Picasso-Cubism nexus for Joyce."⁹

In lieu of such a nexus, Levitt himself goes on to compare Joyce to Édouard Vuillard, turning his world into a late Impressionist space, one perhaps more adequate to imagining *A Portrait* than *Finnegans Wake*. But if Impressionism is *passé* for the *Wake*, why return to Arcimboldo and not, rather, "update" Levitt's research and compare *Finnegans Wake* to the coeval work of one or another of the Surrealists—a milieu close enough to the friends who helped Joyce in his labor? This is a valuable project. As several recent articles have shown, Joyce's links to Surrealism are stronger than has been generally recognized.¹⁰ But as Levitt hints in his contrast between Joyce and Stein, looking at any single artist from Joyce's time introduces an interpretative skew foreign to his intentions. It frames him within the agendas and critical parameters applied to that artist and fails to do justice to the individuality, the all-encompassing scope, and the novelty of his last work. What is needed is not a specific artist or style from Joyce's time, for he was not partisan when it came to modern

art, but rather someone at once more distant and yet more familiar. Often called the “grandfather of surrealism,”¹¹ Arcimboldo’s works had this uncanny status in Joyce’s time. Although his name was generally unknown, his paintings were often recognized, and they were beginning to prove highly influential.

Further, although Arcimboldo’s composite heads are often categorized as “mannerist” or “grotesque,”¹² striking the casual viewer as humorous bizarrerie, there is a philosophical underpinning to them that is not altogether alien to the hermetic aspects of the *Wake*. As an heir to Leonardo da Vinci’s tradition, and as court portraitist to Rudolf II in Prague during that city’s famous artistic and scientific efflorescence, Arcimboldo was involved with a number of significant inquiries into human nature and language. Indeed, as Thomas DaCosta Kaufmann argues, “Arcimboldo’s paintings involve the play of the mind not just in games of perception but also with concepts”; they stand to be read seriously as “serious jokes” with all of the modern (Freudian and post-Freudian) theoretical appurtenances (11). In this sense, they belong alongside the philosophical works of Arcimboldo’s contemporaries: John Dee, Johann Kepler, Rabbi Jehuda von Low, Tycho de Brahe, and Giordano Bruno.

While many of these other visitors to Rudolf’s court make their way into *Finnegans Wake*, however, Arcimboldo himself does not. Indeed, as I have suggested, Joyce probably did not know the name Arcimboldo at all. As a historical figure, the artist was largely unheard-of until his so-called “rediscovery” by the Surrealists in the 1920s,¹³ and the first time his works were publicly exhibited under his own name was in Alfred Barr’s seminal 1936 Museum of Modern Art show entitled “Fantastic Art, Dada, Surrealism”—a show that Joyce, of course, would not have seen.¹⁴ Nevertheless, just as, in the twenty-first century, *Vertumnus* (see the cover image) continues to be an iconic image often separated from the artist who painted it and the emperor it portrays, so, in the first decades of the twentieth century, Arcimboldo’s works were often reproduced or adapted without giving their creator his due. It has been argued that, as early as 1910, Picasso modeled his cubist *Portrait of Daniel Henry Kahnweiler* (Figure 1) on a 1904 photograph of Arcimboldo’s *Librarian* (Figure 2), a portrait of a man made of books.¹⁵ If Joyce saw these photographs, it is hard to imagine him, an insatiable reader and author of a book titled *A Portrait of the Artist*, remaining indifferent. Similarly, it is clear that many of the artists and writers with whom Joyce was in contact in Paris in the late 1920s and 1930s saw or possessed reproductions of Arcimboldo’s works or—since the extent of his *oeuvre* is still not settled—works in the Arcimboldo grain.

Once we accept that the Arcimboldo may have infiltrated Joyce’s later works, traces of it start to appear everywhere, marking the char-

acters, the humor, the formal composition, and the descriptions of places. Whether these are indications of a direct inheritance or not is ultimately moot, since, one way or another, they continue to offer a fascinating way of picturing Joyce's world. Rather than dwell on the historical details of intersection, therefore, I will look at the works of Arcimboldo as a way into *Finnegans Wake*: a "fruitful" comparison and a point of subtle contrast. In terms of pedagogy, I wish to show how his paintings might be used as a *propaedeutic* for complex issues surrounding the composition (in the first part) and decomposition (in the second part) of bodies and spaces in the *Wake*: issues that risk going unobserved without a careful consideration of Joyce's visual field. The third part of the essay will then address the limits of this comparison for the *Wake*, revealing some aspects of the book that elude or transcend Arcimboldo's vision.

1. Composition by Arcimboldo

Let us begin, however, not with *Finnegans Wake* but with *Ulysses* and Joyce's first description of Bloom: "Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liverslices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencods' roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine" (*U* 4.01-05). Joyce presents Bloom to us via his tastes. His character is created as a set of exquisitely precise preferences that, while particular, are not in the least refined. He is an epicure of the everyday. Yet to say that, at this stage, Bloom is only a set of discrete preferences is to overlook the substance of the characterization. For while Joyce's catalogue ostensibly describes merely what Bloom likes to eat, the listing of these objects actually has the effect of constructing an image of Bloom himself—his corporeality. These objects are put in front of us, melded together, and animated into a body. Compare the passage with Arcimboldo's *The Cook* (Figure 3): a silver plate is lifted from a tumbling mass of cooked meat, whole piglet roast, baked rabbit, the nutty brown and glistening flesh of unidentifiable beasts and fowl. Rotate this painting 180 degrees, and we find ourselves face to face with a grotesque human being.

This is not, perhaps, how we like to imagine Bloom, yet just as he is presented as an animated palate, so Arcimboldo's cook is a living plate. In Joyce's world, as in Arcimboldo's, food is what we are made of: it is the basis of our constitution. This is useful to remember when trying to distinguish between characters in the *Wake*. As Tim Conley writes in "*Finnegans Wake*: Some Assembly Required":

long lists of favoured food and drink signal this or that emergent per-

sonality in the *Wake*, and distinctions in preferences are distinctions between these “characters.” Thin Shem’s “lowness creeped out first via foodstuffs” (*FW*, 170.25) and his wining and dining habits mark him as an uneven combination of fussy and cheap: “he would sooner muddle through the hash of lentils in Europe than meddle with Irrland’s split pea” (171.5-6) but is willing to imbibe “some sort of rhubarbarous maundarin yellagreen funkleblue windigut diodying applejack squeezed from sour grapefruce” (171.16-18). Bulky Shaun, by contrast, likes expensive items in immense quantity, but is also given to some ceremonial fasting: “meals of spadefuls of mounded food, in anticipation of the faste of tablenapkins, constituting his threepartite pranzipal meal *plus* a collation” (405.30-2). The old saw “you are what you eat” approaches literal truth when the embattled brothers are called Burrus and Caseous (161.12; butter and cheese, as well as the Roman traitors Brutus and Cassius, who are themselves a kind of snack for the devil in Dante’s *Inferno*).¹⁶

In introducing us to the world and characters of *Finnegans Wake* in this essay, Conley ingeniously builds Shem and Shaun on the same basis that we construct our image of Bloom at the beginning of “Calypso.” In doing so, however, Conley implies a separation of character from catalog that does not quite correspond to an experience of reading the book. He imports an assumed body onto which he maps culinary preferences separate from the text itself, but, in the *Wake*, the body and the book always appear as one. As Derek Attridge reminds us, “characters . . . are never *behind* the text in *Finnegans Wake*, but *in* it.”¹⁷ The two brothers are never quite so distinguishable from each other or, indeed, from anything else. Well before Joyce calls the brothers “Burrus and Caseous,” liking food and being food are not so clearly delimited. There is rarely a subject consuming an object, but only objects and actions with an assumed subject made from the outlines of these objects and actions.

A potential heuristic dividend of using Arcimboldo as our portraitist becomes evident here, for, in Arcimboldo’s images, the foodstuffs are inseparable from the face but not subordinate or simply in service of it: there is no privileging of a surface layer or deeper meaning. And yet, in neither Joyce’s work nor Arcimboldo’s is one only what one eats. The equation is more complex. The comparison of Bloom to Arcimboldo’s *Cook* provides more than merely a literal rendering of Joyce’s style, for both Arcimboldo and Joyce present a similar mystery to us here, which could be seen (if we bracket for a moment the religious meaning of the word) as the mystery of incarnation. How are humans meat? To reiterate and expand Shem’s question, when is a man not a man? When is a pile of flesh not a pile of flesh? Where do we draw the line between living and dead, human and non-human? Reading Joyce, or looking at a composite head, we are constantly

crossing back and forth between these realms.

This is a problem to which Joyce returns throughout *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. When Bloom is contemplating what to order at Davy Byrne's pub, for instance, he thinks, "Sardines on the shelves. Almost taste them by looking. Sandwich? Ham and his descendants mustered and bred there. Potted meats. What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. All up a plumtree. Dignam's potted meat" (*U* 8.741-45). Food becomes human becomes food, and Bloom, the Pythagorean, opts instead for a sandwich of "mighty cheese"—or, as the pun appears in Hans Walter Gabler's text—"m]ity cheese"—"[c]heese [that] digests all but itself" (*U* 8.755). Such reflections abound in "Lestrygonians" by virtue of the Homeric parallel, but they are by no means limited to that episode. Rather, cannibalism for Joyce is, as Thomas Jackson Rice argues in *Cannibal Joyce*, a much more pervasive dynamic.¹⁸ It enfolds not only his understanding of the bodily constitution of his characters as here with Bloom but also that of their textual presence out of hybrid words or allusions to other works. Joyce, Rice reminds us, "consumes" other texts in making his books (71); he is himself an authorial cannibal. This is a particularly germane reminder for the *Wake*, where the corpse, feast, intertext, and hybrid words come together and are laid upon the same textual table.

A stereoptic consideration of Arcimboldo's paintings and Joyce's writing works, therefore, not only because Arcimboldo's way of composing figures is similar to Joyce's or because the questions posed by this process about the constitution and definition of the human are pertinent to each, but because, for both of them, this method of characterization extends into a formal process and questioning of the limits of their media. Both use similar rhetorical or poetic strategies of hybridization, recombination, or *bricolage*. Yet here, the stereopsis begins to reveal the parallax between Arcimboldo and *Ulysses*, for Joyce's characterization is often dependent not only on composition by atomic details but composition also by puns. One could think of Molly, for instance, as being composed of figurative flowers. The novel ends with her imagining herself as a mountain flower on Howth Head, claiming "so we are flowers all a womans body yes" and drawing Bloom down to the earth over her (*U* 18.1576-77). It is a punning evocation both of a pollinating, deflowering sexual act and of the transformation that takes place in her name as she marries Bloom, changing from Marion Tweedy to Molly (or *Moly*—the white-flowering *pharmacon* given to Odysseus by Hermes) Bloom.

Alongside this, Arcimboldo's image of a person made up of flowers, *Flora* (Figure 4), is almost grossly literal. As with the *Cook* beside Bloom, the impression created is one of bathos. The temptation is to

say that *Flora* simply cannot achieve the same level of sophistication in its characterization as *Ulysses*, because painting is inherently less flexible in this sense than language, and yet one feels that this *Flora*—for all her bad taste—would be more than at home among the flower girls of *Finnegans Wake*. This, of course, is not because Arcimboldo's painting and Joyce's last work are dumb in any real sense, nor is it because Arcimboldo's paintings lack a capacity for rhetorical play. As Roland Barthes points out in his brilliant semiotic analysis of the painter, Arcimboldo's canvases are in fact a "real laboratory of tropes":

A shell stands for an ear: this is a *Metaphor*. A heap of fish stands for *Water*—in which they live: this is a *Metonymy*. *Fire* becomes a flaming head: this is an *Allegory*.

To enumerate peaches, pears, cherries, raspberries, and ears of wheat in order to signify *Summer*: this is an *Allusion*. To repeat the fish in order to make it here into a nose and there into a mouth: this is an *Antanaclasis* (I repeat a word while making it change its meaning).¹⁹

The list continues, including "agnomination" (evoking "a nose by a rabbit's rump"), analogy, and multilingual puns (the "prunelle" of Vertumnus's eye is both a pupil and a small plum in French).

The reason Arcimboldo's paintings seem almost too grossly material for *Ulysses*, but are appropriately so for the *Wake*, is not because of the lack of rhetorical play but, rather, because of its overwhelming excess. Neither Arcimboldo's composites nor the *Wake* ever resist a joke, always insisting on the double entendre. Indeed, Barthes suggests as much by comparing Arcimboldo's paintings to those of François Rabelais and specifically to his comic artificial languages (*baragouin* and *charabia*), his "parodies of language itself" (137).

But while Arcimboldo's Rabelaisian paintings might seem closer to the *Wake* than *Ulysses*, they are still not a perfect match. Here again, I underline Arcimboldo's *propaedeutic* utility not only as a point of comparison but a point of subtle contrast—a handy illustration of the *Wake*'s extraordinary overdetermination. For the language that Barthes describes is "doubly articulated" on the model of the traditional pun, where two meanings are intended in a given word or object (134). If *Vertumnus* were a Rorschach test, there would be only two sane answers: a cornucopia or a face (both of which Arcimboldo intended). Joyce's "puns and reedles," on the other hand, are rarely only double articulations, rarely only "two thinks at a time" (FW 239.35-36, 583.07).²⁰ Indeed, with *Finnegans Wake*, we cannot be sure if a word ("shuit" for example—FW 620.04) is one thing or two or many, because, as Attridge explains, Joyce's words are not so much puns as "failed puns," or "portmanteaux": puns with residues and, hence,

without closure (148).²¹ The intention of any given passage is thus always left unresolved, and we are led not into one interpretation or another or two superimposed views but into a discomfiting field of possibilities, finding ourselves face to face with our own agendas and cognitive processes. "Joyce," writes Attridge, "has set in motion a process over which he has no final control. This is a source of alarm for many readers, conjuring up as it does images of Frankenstein and his monster" (152).

2. Decomposition by Arcimboldo

Although the portmanteau quality of *Finnegans Wake* is far more salient than it is in most texts, Attridge stresses that it does not make the *Wake* essentially different from any other text.²² Rather, what we have with Joyce is a greater degree of self-consciousness about his renunciation of control. The first steps towards a similarly deliberate opening out of artwork to a realm of monstrous possibility and play are evident in Arcimboldo's paintings. Not only does authorial control seem relaxed (why paint this face in particular unless as a result of the felicitous tessellation of fruits or flowers or fish?), but so are one's expectations for what can enter the feast (why use these specific objects to do it?), and how those things behave once they are there. Both Joyce and Arcimboldo, at various moments, present us with tableaux, "still lives" or "*natures mortes*." Yet these still lives refuse to remain within given bounds, to stay still or to be dead. Indeed, in the mind of the viewer, these tableaux become spuriously animated and suspiciously like *tableaux vivants*. The more closely we scrutinize their objects or words, the more alien they grow, decaying, morphing into other objects, coming to life, and developing peculiar relations with each other. It makes sense, therefore, to think not only about the similarities of *composition* shared by Joyce and Arcimboldo but also to consider their common interest in *decomposition*: the point at which assumed wholes fall apart.

At its simplest, the way Joyce wrote the *Wake* was a form of such decomposition. Beginning with a given excerpt from another text, breaking it into hundreds of paratactic jottings in the *Wake* notebooks, and then subsequently recombining them in the drafts, Joyce's writing was as much a process of destruction as creation. Often one can see single words treated in the same manner, taken apart according to their etymology or cognates and recombined with different words to produce a strange, hybrid form of speech. Any one thing is divided into a kaleidoscopic spectrum of itself in slightly altered forms. Similarly, if Canon G. P. Comanini was correct when he suggested that *Vertumnus* was, in fact, a coded portrait of Rudolf II,²³ a genetic reading of Arcimboldo would start not just with a collection of spe-

cific fruits but with a specific face into which these had to be fitted as a mosaic. Further, decomposition is not only an artistic mode for either Joyce or Arcimboldo but is thematized throughout their works as an abdication in favor of an underlying natural order: a following of the natural process of matter to the point of absurdity. The content of both of the paintings and texts dramatizes this process.

Earlier in *Ulysses*, while walking on Sandymount Strand, Stephen imagines the body of the drowned man mentioned by the sailors: "Bag of corpsegeas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain" (*U* 3.476-79). Stephen asserts a fluidity between the body and its fishy environment. Unlike Bloom's composition, we begin here with an assumed human body and take it apart. Rather than being made up of food, the drowned man is reduced to food: he is "fat of a spongy titbit" and then becomes fish, a "barnacle goose," and a "featherbed mountain." He moves down the ladder of the orders from being divine (a reference to Stephen's earlier thought about the *anastomosis* of navel cords leading man back to Adam and Eve) to human, to animal, to vegetable and ends as mineral—the featherbed mountain south of Dublin.²⁴ What we see here is a weird narrative of decay with no sudden passing from life into death, humanity to minerality, but a protean metamorphosis of life into other forms of life: "a variant" of what Stuart Gilbert called "the kabalistic axiom of metempsychosis."²⁵

Similar Ovidian transformations happen throughout the *Wake*, a book that is full of the "water of life" (or whiskey), which both kills and resurrects. Thus, for instance, HCE turns into an eel inside a longer passage writhing with fishy portmanteaux:

—*There's an old psalmsobbing lax salmoner fageyboren Herrin
Plundehowse.
Who went floundering with his boatloads of spermin spunk about.
Leaping freck after every long tom and wet lissy between Howth and
Humbermouth.
Our Human Conger Eel! (FW 525.21-26)*

He is both human and fish (salmon, herring, flounder, eel), one and many (a congeries), food (lax) and not food (sperm): a different kettle of fish.

The reader may compare these miniature narratives to Arcimboldo's depiction of *Water* (Figure 5). Again, unlike the *Cook*, this is a division not into one pure, dead element but into many living creatures. The first thing we see is the outline of a head, before moving closer to watch it split into a writhing mass of aquatic vertebrates and inver-

tebrates (a combination of creatures that literally embodies the sickening divide between inside and outside). Like the barnacle goose, there are also species that do not quite fit here: mammals such as the monk seal above the figure's ear, European frogs and newts, fictional and semi-fictional creatures, pearl jewelry, and red coral.²⁶ And like Joyce's "titbit," there is also food: pink, hence, cooked crayfish and prawns. Neither Joyce nor Arcimboldo satisfy themselves with the simple legerdemain of turning a human into a fishy feast but present visions that destabilize Linnaean natural categories and systems of identification as well.²⁷ The act of interpretation in both cases involves drawing imaginative connections between discrete forms, reconciling one into another, creating new families. A giant starfish is to a miniature shark as hair is to a chin. A turtle is to a flatfish as a neck is to a cheek.

In both Arcimboldo's painting and Joyce's writing, this method of decomposition brings with it a similar affect. On the one hand, premised as it is on a kind of punning, it is a joke. *Water* is a funny painting; HCE's fishy transformation into a "*Human Conger Eel*" is comic; Stephen's narrative of decay is so far-fetched as to be laughable too. On the other hand, the laughter that these chimeras (or chimaeras) evoke has a nervous edge, much like the feeling described among readers by Attridge. It is a symptom of being unsettled, revealing in us rigorous preconceptions about the way things should be, about order in its most general sense. To an extent, these decompositions are not funny at all but, on the contrary, a complete breaking down, a destruction of all that is comfortable: a setting of one's own being against itself. Where water, according to Barthes, should be fluid, and a "maternal theme," Arcimboldo makes it "a whole heap of hard, discontinuous, sharp, or swollen shapes: Water is in fact monstrous" (146). Barthes elaborates on this theme:

The effects stirred up in us by Arcimboldo's art are often repulsive. Consider *Winter* [Figure 6]: that fungus of the lips looks like a hypertrophied organ, cancerous and hideous: I see the face of a man who has just died, an asphyxiating gag thrust into his mouth. This same *Winter*, composed of dead bark, has a face covered with pustules and scales; he seems to be in the grip of a disgusting skin disease, pityriasis or psoriasis. . . . Arcimboldo's heads are monstrous because they all refer, whatever the grace of the allegorical subject (*Summer*, *Spring*, *Flora*, *Water*), to a *malaise* of substance: *seething* or *swarming*. The swarm of living things (plants, animals, babies) arranged in a close-packed disorder (before joining the intelligibility of the final figure), evokes an entire larval life, the entanglement of vegetative beings, worms, fetuses, viscera which are at the limits of life, not yet born and yet already putrescible. (145-46)

"[T]he limits of life"; "a *malaise* of substance": Barthes recognizes in Arcimboldo a kind of portraiture degree zero, where life and not-life come together, where our illusions about the human body are broken down, and where substance itself is revealed in all of its repulsive yet compelling glory.

The process of decomposition has at least three different avatars here. First, it is the ludic, punning quality of dividing and evoking the body by non-bodily parts. Second, it is an aging process, a disease that attacks Arcimboldo's human bodies, turning them into individual *lusus naturae*. And third, it is this putrescence pushed a step further into a *mobile* multiplication. These are not just still lives or corpses rotting before us, but still lives that, as we look at them, moving between the hypermetropic and myopic perspectives, begin to churn with individual vital entities.

Joyce seems to have enjoyed investigating all of these possibilities for decomposing both the book form and the characters, scenes, or narratives in *Finnegans Wake*. He himself referred to this work several times as a "monster" (JIII 716, 723), and one might think of it in this light as also an encyclopedia of monsters, a *liber monstrorum*. Consider Shem's description of HCE in comparison with Arcimboldo's *Winter*: "He was down with the whooping laugh . . . the whooping first time he prediseased me. He's weird, I tell you, and middayevil down to his vegetable soul. Never mind his falls feet and his tanbark complexion. That's why he was forbidden tomate and was warmed off the rice-course of marrimoney, under the Helpless Corpses Enactment" (FW 423.25-31). Laughter, disease, vegetables, fruits, body parts, bark, a face, a platter of food which "was warmed" or "swarmed" off the "ricecourse." All of these words compose and decompose HCE at the same time, creating a "weird" compound being that is simultaneously always striving for multiplication, as hinted at in the punning evocations of reproduction ("tomate," "marrimoney"). Like the sterile and yet spawning figure of Arcimboldo's *Winter*, HCE is a helpless corpse being enacted.

Of course, unlike *Winter*, HCE is not sterile but simply "forbidden tomate," and nothing else in the *Wake*, in fact, is sterile. One aspect of Joyce that Arcimboldo does not quite emulate is his dirty mind—his "cloacal obsession."²⁸ Where Arcimboldo's jokes turn on food, human vanity, and scientific curiosity, Joyce's almost invariably include sexual innuendo, such as the "*spermin*" in HCE's eel transformation. In his world, the dynamic of decay and multiplication is much more obviously twinned with copulation, with fusion and mitosis, a very material coming together and dividing of bodies.

This chimerical falling-apart and hybridization achieves its most complete vision in Joyce's presentation of the Ondt—his philosophico-entomological miscreation. While a lot of ink has been spilled decod-

ing this fable of Joyce's—be it about the “entire theme of the fable itself,”²⁹ “incest,”³⁰ Shem and Shaun,³¹ Wyndham Lewis,³² or “the emptiness of conformity to social norms and ethical principles”³³—what has gone unobserved is the composite creature itself. What does it look like? “His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his Papylonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial brunt of Hosana cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkableables, swarming of himself in his sunnyroom” (FW 417.11-14). Insects teem upon the page, and one can almost hear the ring of cicadas and the leisurely flap of a butterfly's wings, as the Ondt swarms himself. Hiding in the polylingual puns that describe him are his minions, parts of himself: a little like the frontispiece to Thomas Hobbes's *Leviathan*,³⁴ the Ondt's throne is a drone. Covered in parasites, all “[a]s entomate as intimate could pinchably be” (FW 417.20-21), the Ondt is thus himself the greatest host, a being multiple and moving in all directions. He is, like Christ, the body that the mass feeds on at Mass:

The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was making the greatest spass a body could with his queens laceswinging for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything in formicolation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and marypose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse, I hope too, and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance it with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible Gracehoper. (FW 417.24-33)

The Ondt is a vision of a crawling multitude on a body. He is like a miniature version of the geography of *Finnegans Wake* as a whole. Bishop writes, “Buried everywhere beneath the *Wake's* letters lies the form of a sleeping body” (Book 198). This is a body inside which everything in the book takes place.³⁵ It is, he notes, a body at once Viconian, Foucaultian, and Freudian (Book 145), yet, unlike a sleeping or dead body, there is nothing still about this image: it is dancing, spizzing, formiculating, tickling and tackling, eluding determination. Like Arcimboldo's figures, it has no strict border but emerges from the interaction of many parts. It is both hilarious and fascinating and, yet, also nightmarish, almost nauseating. This is something that Joyce was well aware of, when writing the Ondt's own reaction to his composition: “The thing pleased him andt, and andt, *He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses/The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces*” (FW 418.09-11). Breeding, laughing, eating, punning, multiplying, swarming, and puking: this is the Joycean/Arcimboldian mode of being, this their ondtology.

3. Signatures of All Things, or the Limits of the Arcimboldean

There is an encyclopedic urge in both *Finnegans Wake* and Arcimboldo's paintings. When we look at *Water*, we are confronted with an almost exhaustive spectrum of creatures and other strange objects found in water. According to Kaufmann, many of Arcimboldo's paintings are like Rudolf II's *wunderkammer* (cabinet of curiosities), which he used as a source for his assemblages: a miscellany of peculiar objects stored together (196). Unlike ordinary collections, however, Arcimboldo's objects are sorted by a common, often allegorical, theme and positioned according to the place they suit best in the head being painted. Similarly, when writing the passage of the Ondt, Joyce had a finite number of insects and the names used for them in various languages and a given text into which to arrange these names. If Joyce's works are encyclopedias, if this passage is an entomology, then it is one not in the modern mode but in the Arcimboldean vein. Its closest literary equivalent may be the famous Chinese encyclopedia described by Jorge Luis Borges, in which the position and status of individual entries is determined by highly unpredictable parameters.

When Michel Foucault, in his introduction to *The Order of Things*, describes his discovery of Borges's encyclopedia, his reaction is one of laughter. It was a "laughter that shattered," he writes:

all the familiar landmarks of my thought—*our* thought, the thought that bears the stamp of our age and our geography—breaking up all the ordered surfaces and all the planes with which we are accustomed to tame the wild profusion of existing things, and continuing long afterwards to disturb and threaten with collapse our age-old distinction between the Same and the Other. (xvi)

This laughter is similar to that found in Arcimboldo's and Joyce's works: it is both relieving and disconcerting or what Kaufmann calls the quality of a "serious joke." Yet if we continue with Foucault's analysis of Borges's encyclopedia, it offers us an insight into the potential common anti-structural agendas of Joyce and Arcimboldo and begins to show us the outer limit of the comparison and, hence, the limit of the heuristic proposed in this essay.

What is truly remarkable about Borges's Chinese encyclopedia is that it dispenses with what Foucault calls the *common locus*. To illustrate, Foucault compares it to a statement by Eusthenes: "'I am no longer hungry,' Eusthenes said. 'Until the morrow, safe from my saliva all the following shall be: Aspics, Acalephs, Acanthocephalates, Amoebocytes, Ammonites, Axolotls, Amblystomas, Aphislions, Anacondas, Ascarids, Amphisbaenas, Angleworms, Amphipods,

Anaerobes, Annelids, Anthozoans" (xvii). Here we have a sure example of the Arcimboldean mode. Eusthenes's character is constructed simply from a catalogue of food and insects. It is not difficult to imagine him in a portrait created precisely of all the things he says he will not eat (at least until tomorrow). Yet unappetizing as this picture is, the very possibility of putting all the creatures in a single place, placing them all on a single entity, contains them. Foucault comments:

all these worms and snakes, all these creatures redolent of decay and slime are slithering, like the syllables which designate them, in Eusthenes' saliva: that is where they all have their *common locus*, like the umbrella and the sewing-machine on the operating table; startling though their propinquity may be, it is nevertheless warranted by that *and*, by that *in*, by that *on* whose solidity provides proof of the possibility of juxtaposition. It was certainly improbable that arachnids, ammonites, and annelids should one day mingle on Eusthenes' tongue, but, after all, that welcoming and voracious mouth certainly provided them with a feasible lodging, a roof under which to coexist. (xvii-xviii)

This, I claim, is also the limiting constraint of Arcimboldo's work. The simple demand of producing a portrait containing a set of objects, each with distinct coordinates, ensures that, however wild the content of that portrait, it will always ultimately be reconcilable under a spatial rubric—whether it is paint or a geometrically sound realm of reference. Like the Surrealism of which he became the grandfather, Arcimboldo was the master of bizarre encounters in a single space, a single frame. By contrast, however, Foucault observes,

The monstrous quality that runs through Borges's enumeration consists . . . in the fact that the common ground on which such meetings are possible has itself been destroyed. What is impossible is not the propinquity of the things listed, but the very site on which their propinquity would be possible. The animals "(i) frenzied, (j) innumerable, (k) drawn with a very fine camelhair brush"—where could they ever meet, except in the immaterial sound of the voice pronouncing their enumeration, or on the page transcribing it? Where else could they be juxtaposed except in the non-place of language? Yet, though language can spread them before us, it can do so only in an unthinkable space. . . . Borges adds no figure to the atlas of the impossible; nowhere does he strike the spark of poetic confrontation; he simply dispenses with the least obvious, but most compelling, of necessities; he does away with the *site*, the mute ground upon which it is possible for entities to be juxtaposed. (xviii)

The comparison to *Finnegans Wake* is irresistible. Unlike *Ulysses* or Arcimboldo's paintings, here is a world where language is no longer in the service of spatial relations, where our usual categories are no longer sovereign, and where there is no inside or outside to any given

character. Where does HCE end in the *Wake*? When is he not being composed and decomposed? He, and indeed all the others, have no place as such in the book beyond that of the language itself. In this sense, one could never hope to illustrate *Finnegans Wake*, for its spaces, to use Foucault's term, are "heterotopic".³⁶ they do not only occur in one set of coordinates. It is a moveable feast.

And yet this is not to say that the comparison to Arcimboldo is ultimately unavailing. His paintings do offer a way of describing a first step towards picturing a space that cannot be fully represented, and they also offer a way of visualizing, however imperfectly, the inhabitants of this space. Although Howth Castle and Environs, the Liffey, Phoenix Park, and the Dublin of *Finnegans Wake* cannot be set down in any normal map, Arcimboldo's way of painting portraits offers us terms and processes for imagining this world. Unlike more direct attempts at mapping the *Wake*, which reduce it to a few lines, Arcimboldo's paintings capture something of the vital multiplicity and absurdity of the book. One could even attempt to delineate the underlying Viconian body that Bishop describes in Arcimboldo fashion, but that is for another essay. It suffices now to say that these ostensibly real places are never present alone but always part of a conglomerate character. Joyce composes them and decomposes them at the same time, doing with places what Arcimboldo did with faces and fruits. Hence, ALP is not just the Liffey but is made up also of a catalogue of hundreds of rivers in the world (FW 196-216), and HCE is not only Dublin but every city (FW 523-54). We recognize Arcimboldo's method here, but Joyce takes it into areas where the painter could not go because he was constrained by his medium and dealing with space-bound objects. Joyce depicts what Arcimboldo does in a virtual, hypertextual space. *Finnegans Wake* thus presents to us glimpses of an Arcimboldo world filled with figures that we can never quite capture in one frame but can, nevertheless, begin to imagine.

NOTES

¹ I am not the first to propose a similarity between James Joyce and Giuseppe Arcimboldo. The connection was hinted at by Gustav René Hocke in his encyclopedic study, *Manierismus in der Literatur: Sprach-Achimie und esoterische Kombinationskunst* (Hamburg: Rowohlt Taschenbuch Verlag, 1959). Although Joyce and Arcimboldo never quite meet on the same page, Hocke offers many suggestive possibilities for thinking about them alongside each other under the rubric of "Kombinationskunst." Joyce and Arcimboldo do meet very briefly in Jean-Michel Rabaté's genetic analysis of the "Here Comes Everybody" section in *James Joyce and the Politics of Egoism* (New York: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2001), p. 192—a meeting that provided the inspiration for the current study. Rabaté provocatively suggests that one could think

of Joyce's Dublin here as a kind of "'Arcimboldo City,' . . . made up of all the cities in the world summed up by a few basic names" (p. 192).

Joyce also has cameos in a number of art-historical studies of Arcimboldo, like, for instance, Giancarlo Maiorino's *The Portrait of Eccentricity: Arcimboldo and the Mannerist Grotesque* (University Park: Pennsylvania State Univ. Press, 1991), p. 8, where he is cited (alongside Francesco Colonna, François Rabelais, Michel Leiris, Giorgio de Chirico, and René Magritte) as one who uses the language of "the Grotesque muse." The only reading of *Finnegans Wake* that I have found providing more than passing mention of Arcimboldo is Claude Gandelman's "Finnegans Wake and the Anthropomorphic Landscape," *Journal of Modern Literature*, 7 (February 1979), 39-50. I am indebted to this work for the possibilities it presents in imagining Joyce's world. Unfortunately Gandelman's reading of Arcimboldo—which rests on the "landscape head" (p. 40)—is based on Benno Geiger's early book on the painter, *Die skurrilen Gemälde des Giuseppe Arcimboldi 1527-1593* (Florence: Vallecchi, 1960), which reproduces a number of images now considered not to be by Arcimboldo. It is highly doubtful if Arcimboldo ever painted a landscape head.

² See László Moholy-Nagy, *Vision in Motion* (Chicago: Theobald Publishers, 1947), p. 347.

³ See, for instance, Noel Sheridan's 1966-1967 three-paneled *HCE*, Hannes Vogel's 1999 "Finnegans Wake": *School of Seeing*, or Robert Motherwell's 1972 *Riverrun*, in Christa-Maria Lerm Hayes, *Joyce in Art* (Dublin: Lilliput Press, 2004), pp. 131, 172, 199.

⁴ For Joyce's schemata, see Joyce, *James Joyce: "Ulysses,"* ed. Jeri Johnson (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1993), pp. 734-39.

⁵ Samuel Beckett, "Dante... Bruno. Vico.. Joyce," *Our Exagmination Round His Factification for Incamination of "Work in Progress,"* ed. Beckett et al. (New York: New Directions, 1929), p. 3.

⁶ See, for instance, Paul Saint-Amour's intriguing comparison of *Ulysses* to Marcel Duchamp's box, "Over Assemblage: *Ulysses* and the *Boîte-en-Valise* from Above," *Cultural Studies of James Joyce*, ed. R. Brandon Kershner (New York: Rodopi Press, 2003), pp. 21-58, and Ira B. Nadel, "Travesties: Tom Stoppard's Joyce and Other Dadaist Fantasies, Or History in a Hat," *JJQ*, 45 (Spring-Summer 2008), 481-92. For older studies of visual art and illustration in *Ulysses*, see Archie K. Loss, *Joyce's Visible Art: The Work of Joyce and the Visual Arts, 1904-1922* (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1984); Irene A. Martyniuk, "Illustrating *Ulysses*, Illustrating Joyce," *Joycean Cultures/Culturing Joyces*, ed. Vincent J. Cheng, Kimberly J. Devlin, and Margot Norris (Newark: Univ. of Delaware Press, 1998), pp. 203-15; and Nadel, "Joyce and Expressionism," *Journal of Modern Literature*, 16 (Summer 1989), 141-60.

⁷ Notable exceptions include Harry Burrell's discussion of the parallels between Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations for *Lysistrata* and the *Wake* in "The Illustrator in the *Wake*: Aubrey Beardsley," *A "Wake" Newslitter*, 17 (December 1980), 95-99, and Gandelman's two articles on *Finnegans Wake* from the 1970s: "Joyce, Pre-Raphaelism, Art Nouveau: Pictorial Influences on *Finnegans Wake*," *Orbis Litterarum*, 30 (December 1975), 277-85, and "Finnegans Wake and the Anthropomorphic Landscape."

⁸ See John Bishop, *Joyce's Book of the Dark: "Finnegans Wake"* (Madison: Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1986), pp. 34-35, 162-63. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text as *Book*.

⁹ Morton P. Levitt, "Joyce and Vuillard: 'The Music of Painting,'" *JJQ*, 30 (Spring 1993), 379.

¹⁰ See, for instance, two articles dealing with Joyce and Surrealism in a recent *Journal of Modern Literature*: Catherine Flynn's "'Circe' and Surrealism: Joyce and the Avant-Garde," and Jonathan P. Eburne's "A Work Whose Importance Still Escapes Us: Joyce After Surrealism," *Journal of Modern Literature*, 34 (Winter 2011), 129-38, 139-53, respectively.

¹¹ See Thomas DaCosta Kaufmann, *Arcimboldo: Visual Jokes, Natural History, and Still-Life Painting* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 2009), p. 6. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text. Although such a statement probably is not the most accurate way to interpret Arcimboldo in terms of his own time, it is how he was considered in the twentieth century. For a discussion of the issue, see Kaufmann's "Introduction" to his book (pp. 1-14).

¹² See, for instance, Maiorino's *The Portrait of Eccentricity: Arcimboldo and the Mannerist Grotesque*, and see <www.tuttartpitturasculaturapoesiamusica.com/2011/04/giuseppe-arcimboldo-1527-1593.html>.

¹³ The term "rediscovery" is commonplace in discussions of Arcimboldo in histories of visual culture. See, for instance, Ann B. Shteir and Bernard Lightman, *Figuring It Out: Science, Gender, and Visual Culture* (Hanover, N.H.: Dartmouth College Press, 2006), p. 167.

¹⁴ See Alfred Barr, ed., *Fantastic Art, Dada, Surrealism* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1936).

¹⁵ See Pontus Hultén's commentary on Olof Granberg's *Inventaire general des trésors d'art (General Inventory of Art Treasures in Sweden)* (Stockholm: Cederquist, 1911), in *The Arcimboldo Effect: Transformations of the Face from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century* (Milan: Bompiano, 1987), p. 242. Hultén also points out the presence of a visual pun here, "for in 1910 Kahnweiler began his second profession, adding that of publisher to that of art dealer by publishing his first Apollinaire texts" (p. 242).

¹⁶ Tim Conley, "Finnegans Wake: Some Assembly Required," *James Joyce: Visions and Revisions*, ed. Sean Latham (Dublin: Irish Academic Press, 2010), p. 139.

¹⁷ Derek Attridge, "Unpacking the Portmanteau, or Who's Afraid of *Finnegans Wake*?" *On Puns: The Foundation of Letters*, ed. Jonathan Cullen (Oxford: Blackwell Publishers, 1988), p. 153. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

¹⁸ See Thomas Jackson Rice, *Cannibal Joyce* (Gainesville: Univ. of Florida Press, 2008). Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text. Rice links this phenomenon to the modernist reappraisal of mass culture, arguing that, "[i]n effect, to call James Joyce's dismemberment, digestion, and reprocessing of the English language, literary topoi and forms, together with his incorporation of popular culture into his works, 'cannibalization' is neither a category error nor an anachronism" (p. xiv).

¹⁹ Roland Barthes, "Arcimboldo, or Magician and Rhetorifiqueur," *The Responsibility of Forms: Critical Essays on Music, Art, and Representation*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1985), p. 136. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

²⁰ I have borrowed both of these quotations from Bishop's introduction to a 1999 edition of *Finnegans Wake* (New York: Penguin Books, 1999), pp. vii, xvi.

²¹ Attridge writes, "The portmanteau has the effect of a *failed* pun—the patterns of language have been shown to be partially appropriate, but with a residue of difference where the pun found only happy similarity" (p. 148).

²² Attridge observes, "But *every* text, not just this one, is beyond the control of its author" (p. 153).

²³ Canon G. P. Comanini, "Il figino, ovvero del fine della pittura," *Trattati d'arte del Cinquecento*, ed. Paola Barocchi (Bari: G. Laterza, 1967), pp. 368-70. Kaufmann quotes Comanini on this topic (p. 199).

²⁴ Barnacle geese classify as vegetables here, since, in the medieval tradition with which Stephen is conversant, they were believed to grow on trees before landing in the water and eventually turning into geese: hence, the feathers. See, for instance, the fourteenth-century book by Sir John Mandeville entitled *Mandeville's Travels*, ed. M. C. Seymour (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1964), p. 204:

I told them of as great a marvel to them, that is amongst us, and that was of the Bernakes. For I told them that in our country were trees that bear a fruit that become birds flying, and those that fell in the water live, and they that fall on the earth die anon, and they be right good to man's meat. And hereof had they as great marvel, that some of them trowed it were an impossible thing to be.

Don Gifford and Robert J. Seidman's *"Ulysses" Annotated: Notes For James Joyce's "Ulysses"* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 2008), p. 65, also points us towards Giraldus Cambrensis's *Topography of Ireland*—see *The Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis, Containing "The Topography of Ireland" and "The History of the Conquest of Ireland"* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1863).

²⁵ Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's "Ulysses": A Study* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1952), p. 128.

²⁶ For a microscopic breakdown of which species appear in this painting, see Kaufmann's analysis in *Arcimboldo: Visual Jokes, Natural History, and Still-Life Painting* (pp. 96-97).

²⁷ One might recall the impossible denominations of creatures in Jorge Luis Borges's Chinese encyclopedia in "The Analytical Language of John Wilkins," *Other Inquisitions, 1937-1952*, trans. Ruth L. C. Simms (1942; Austin: Univ. of Texas Press, 1964), pp. 101-05—the discovery of which gave so much pleasure to Michel Foucault—see the beginning of *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of Human Sciences* (London: Routledge Publishers, 2002), pp. xv-xix. Further references to the Foucault work will be cited parenthetically in the text.

²⁸ H. G. Wells, "James Joyce," *The Nation*, 20 (24 February 1917), 710.

²⁹ See Mary-Agnes Taylor, "The Literary Transformation of a Sluggard," *Children's Literature*, 12 (1984), 101.

³⁰ See Jen Shelton, "Issy's Footnote: Disruptive Narrative and the Discursive Structure of Incest in *Finnegans Wake*," *ELH*, 66 (Spring 1999), 217 and note.

³¹ See Larry Smith, "A Mirror of the Whole: Shaun in Book III, 1-3," *Modern Fiction Studies*, 32 (Winter 1986), 561: "The Ondt and the Gracehoper is, like Mutt and Jute or the Mookse and the Gripes, a dialogical confrontation and therefore evokes, not HCE, but yet more of the brother polarity."

³² See Maud Ellmann, "Joyce's Noises," *Modernism/modernity*, 16 (April 2009), 386: "The ballad of the Ondt and the Gracehoper is Joyce's riposte to

Wyndham Lewis.”

³³ See Philip Kitcher, “‘Collideorscape’: *Finnegans Wake* in the Large and in the Small,” *Joyce Studies Annual*, ed. Moshe Gold and Philip Sicker (2009), 195.

³⁴ Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan, or, The Matter, Forme, and Power of a Common Wealth Ecclesiasticall and Civil* (London: Andrew Crooke, 1651).

³⁵ According to Bishop, “[t]he body lying dead to the world at the *Wake* is the form outside of which nothing known to humanity ever happens and inside of which everything ordinarily set aside as external in fact only ever comes to life” (p. 145).

³⁶ On 14 March 1967, Foucault delivered a lecture entitled “Des Espace Autres” on “heterotopic” spaces of “otherness,” both physical and mental—see “Des Espace Autres,” *Architecture/Mouvement/Continuité* (October 1984), 46-49, and translated by Jay Mickowiec as “Of Other Spaces” on this website: <foucault.info/documents/heteroTopia/Foucault.heteroTopia.en.html>.

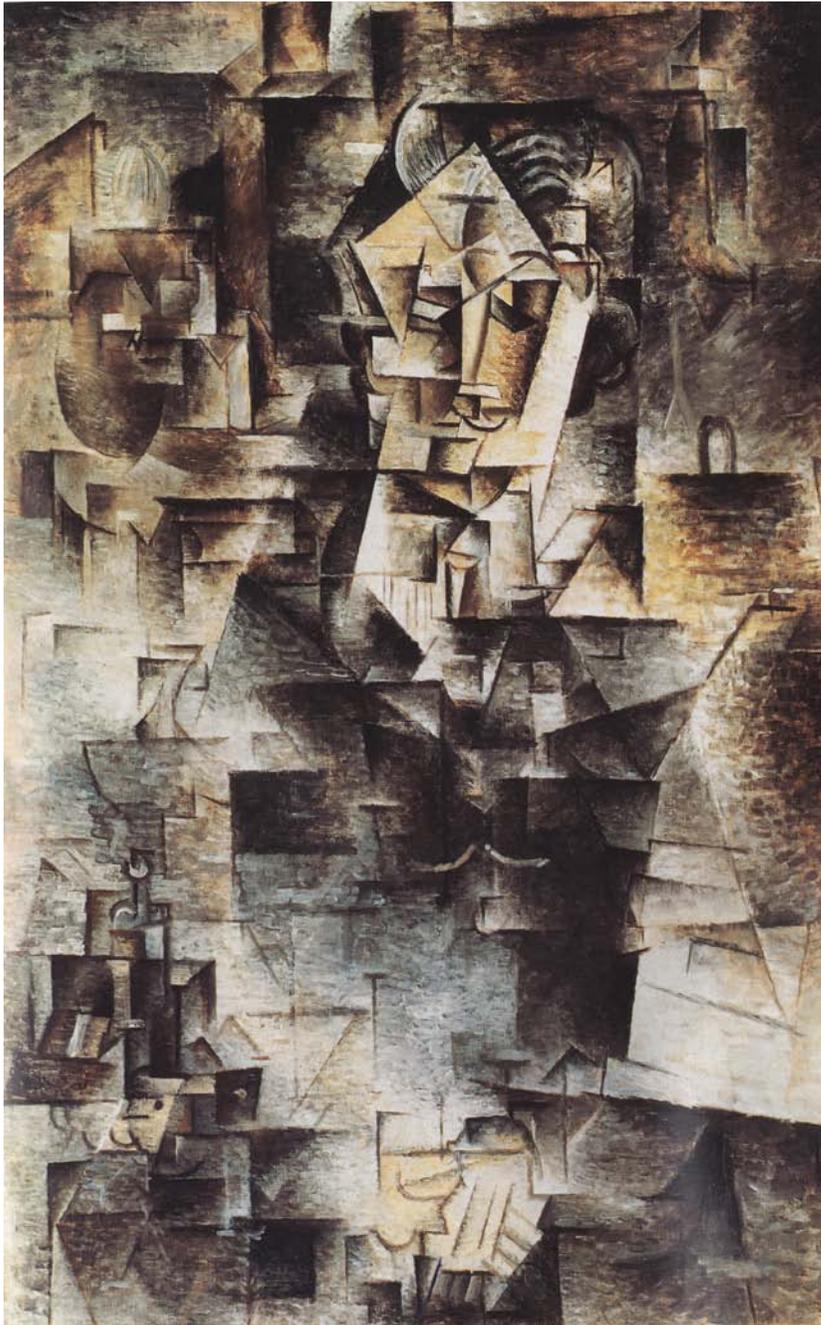


Figure 1. Pablo Picasso, *Portrait of Daniel Henry Kahnweiler*. 1910. Oil on canvas. 100.6 x 72.8 centimeters. The Art Institute of Chicago.



Figure 2. Giuseppe Arcimboldo. *The Librarian*. 1566. Oil on Canvas. 71 x 97 centimeters. Skokloster Castle, Sweden.



Figure 3. Giuseppe Arcimboldo. *The Cook*. circa 1570. Oil on panel. 52.5 x 41 centimeters. National Museum, Stockholm.



Figure 4. Giuseppe Arcimboldo. *Flora*. circa 1591. Oil on wood. 73 x 56 centimeters. Private Collection, Paris, France.



Figure 5. Giuseppe Arcimboldo. *Water*. 1566. Oil on limewood. 67 x 52 centimeters. Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna, Austria.



Figure 6. Giuseppe Arcimboldo. *Winter*. 1563. Oil on limewood. 66 × 50 centimeters. Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna, Austria.