



MAKING TIME

IN STANLEY KUBRICK'S *BARRY LYNDON*

ART, HISTORY, AND EMPIRE

MARIA PRAMAGGIORE



B L O O M S B U R Y

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Barry Lyndon

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Maria Pramaggiore

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Introduction

Ireland mustn't be such a bad place so, if the Yanks want to come to Ireland to do their filming.

Johnnypateenmike, *The Cripple of Inishmaan*

In an interview aired on May 2, 2013 on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" program, David Chase, the creator of the popular HBO television series *The Sopranos* (1999–2007), shared his list of "must-see" movies with host Steve Inskeep. During their discussion, Inskeep mentions that Chase has included several famous film directors on his list, but has not always recommended their best-known films. A case in point is Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* (1975). Chase agrees with Inskeep, then expresses his admiration for the film's Victorian complexity and explains his particular fondness for its protagonist: "the guy is a rapsallion, and a rake, and a kind of a scumbag" (Chase and Inskeep). Remarking upon the importance of duels in *Barry Lyndon*, Chase continues: "what's great about it is that, with all this violence, there's this overlay of the most civilized conduct, you know, with the handkerchief inside the sleeve" (Chase and Inskeep).¹ At this point in the interview, Inskeep proposes a comparison: Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* and Chase's *The Sopranos* both depict an "elaborate code of honor that is laid on top of a basically violent existence" (Chase and Inskeep). After confessing that he has never thought about his work in this way, Chase endorses Inskeep's comparison, admitting that what he loves most about the Soprano family milieu is that "there were rules; there was a mafia code that you

¹ This motif has been duly noted by film scholars Marvin D'Lugo, in "*Barry Lyndon*: Kubrick on the Rules of the Game" and James Naremore, in *On Kubrick*.

had to go by. But of course, the code is ridiculous: it's a code among sociopaths" (Chase and Inskeep).

Having spent several years thinking about Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, I listened to this exchange with great interest. The discussion brought into relief some of the political and aesthetic questions that initially drew me to the film. One central question that the film raises for me is: what does the world look like when an entire society, indeed a burgeoning global empire rather than a troubling, self-destructive gangster subculture, is governed by a "code among sociopaths"?

While many films, novels, and television programs made before and after *Barry Lyndon* envision this scenario as an apocalyptic breakdown of social order, Kubrick's unique contribution to the cinematic discourse on humanism—not only in *Barry Lyndon*, but also in *Lolita* (1962), *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* (1964), and *Eyes Wide Shut* (1999)—may be his elaboration of a potentially shocking concept: that culture may, in some circumstances, be synonymous with sociopathic violence. In a well-known interview with Michel Ciment, Kubrick made a pointed observation on this subject: "Hitler loved good music and many top Nazis were cultured and sophisticated men, but it didn't do them, or anyone else, much good" (163). Here Stanley Kubrick echoes the thinking of Walter Benjamin, who wrote in his unfinished *Arcades Project*, "Barbarism lurks in the very concept of culture—as the concept of a fund of values which is considered independent not, indeed, of the production process in which these values originated, but of the one in which they survive" (467–8).

Kubrick's intellectually challenging and emotionally rich films, created within the historical context of modernist cultural aspirations and against the backdrop of the industrialized slaughter of two world wars, the Holocaust, and numerous genocides, suggest that history is nothing but trauma—James Joyce's nightmare—and that social life continues to be governed by violence and domination. That violence is not masked by, but rather enacted through, the codes, gestures, and trappings of civility. Scholars have questioned whether Kubrick's films should be described as nihilistic (Shaw 221). To me, the more salient question is how to account for the power of Kubrick's work, given his self-professed doubts about the capacity of aesthetic experiences—which, if not inherently complicit, can be recruited to serve political ends—to intervene in what Nietzsche called the human will to power.

Barry Lyndon, like so many of Kubrick's films, is concerned with violence and social hierarchy. Unlike most other films of Kubrick's, the film mounts a critique of domination primarily through the language of aesthetics, addressing a variety of issues that are central to visual, and not merely cinematic, representation. The film's subject matter and production history speak to the transnational character of twentieth-century cinema. The narrative is based upon a mid-Victorian serial by Calcutta-born William Makepeace Thackeray, who revised that work, turning it into a fictional memoir and publishing it in novel form in 1856. More than a century later, in the early 1970s, Stanley Kubrick, an expatriate American director living in the United Kingdom, began shooting the film on location in Ireland. The story documents the adventures and misadventures of Redmond Barry, an insouciant Irishman who barely survives his stint as a reluctant foot soldier in King George II's army during the Seven Years' War (1754–63), a global imperial conflict instigated by European territorial expansion in the Americas. After the war, Barry finds his fortune, while failing to secure his patrimony, by marrying into the British aristocracy.

This project initially grew out of my interest in the politics of visibility and, more specifically, in the way Irishness has been figured in global image culture. It has been nurtured by my love of British and Irish literature and history, as Thackeray sets his tale in the eighteenth century, engaging on a formal level with writers such as Swift, Fielding, and Edgeworth.

The study of screen Irishness in all of its forms is necessarily a transnational and transmedial project. It encompasses the history of the early twentieth century, when Canadian Sidney Olcott and Kerry-born American James Mark Sullivan returned to their "native" Ireland to establish Kalem films and The Film Company of Ireland, respectively. It also touches on the careers and work of numerous Hollywood writers, actors, and directors from the silent era to the present whose understandings of Irish identity have informed their films and performances. Irish cinema studies—a field pioneered by Luke Gibbons, Kevin Rockett, John Hill, Martin McLoone, Ruth Barton, Diane Negra, Lance Pettit, and Brian McIlroy—not only addresses the construction of Irish identities across international screen cultures, but also examines Irish filmmaking as a project informed by ideologies and practices of national and cultural identity.

While I was working on a book about the films of Neil Jordan, the Irish director whose career grew out of his fiction writing in the 1970s, I became intrigued by that decade for several reasons. First, it was a time in which Ireland figured prominently in the imaginations and on the television screens in the

United States, where I was growing up, because of the Troubles in Northern Ireland. Furthermore, as I learned while conducting research on Jordan, Irish film took off during that decade: a new wave of “indigenous” Irish cinema (McLoone 131) flourished in the works of Bob Quinn and Joe Comerford, whose Irish language films *Poitin* (1978) and *Traveller* (1981), along with Comerford's *Down the Corner* (1977) and Thaddeus O'Sullivan's *On a Paving Stone Mounted* (1978), are considered precursors to the independent cinema that emerged in the 1980s, 1990s, and 2000s in the work of Cathal Black, Pat Murphy, Gerry Stembridge, Orla Walsh, Paddy Breathneach, John Carney, and Lenny Abrahamson, among others. Irish cinema scholars have considered the often politically and aesthetically challenging films of the 1970s and early 1980s within the context of Third Cinema (McLoone 123) and avant garde traditions (Barton 87). Colin McArthur has made the case for the desirability of a “poor Celtic cinema”: a local, low-budget filmmaking practice related to Italian neorealism and the *nouvelle vague* that would link disparate Celtic cultural zones across Europe (112).

Prior to the 1970s—and, some might argue, even since then—the dominant images of Ireland and of Irish identities were purveyed by filmmakers from the United States or the United Kingdom in what many scholars of Irish cinema consider an exercise in cinematic neocolonialism (Pettit 28–45), with filmmakers such as Robert Flaherty (*Man of Aran* 1934), John Ford (*The Quiet Man* 1954), and David Lean (*Ryan's Daughter* 1970) appropriating the Irish landscape both imaginatively and economically, and, in the bargain, reiterating colonialist tropes of Irish backwardness, lack of industry, and supernaturalism.

What specifically interested me about Ireland in the 1970s was the relationship between international productions and local culture, and the assumption that, during this decade, foreign productions thwarted the Irish film industry rather than helped it develop. My interest was informed by the “spatial turn” in the humanities (Warf and Arias 1) as well as the growing focus on material culture within film scholarship, which has spurred an interest in the archive as well as in the geographical and social spaces of film production and cinema industries.

My interest was piqued equally by the fraught dynamics of national and cultural identity in Ireland in the 1970s and by the political economy of location shooting. In 2007, I was fortunate to spend a semester teaching at University College Cork, and I began to develop a better sense of the lingering material impact of American film productions on the Irish cultural and physical

landscape. I visited *The Quiet Man* museum in Cong in County Mayo² and listened to my friends' stories about *Divine Rapture*, a 1995 film production that shut down after 2 weeks of shooting in the picturesque coastal town of Ballycotton in Cork. The screenplay for *Divine Rapture*, written by an American and based on an article published in *The Los Angeles Times*, revolves around the character of Mary Fitzpatrick, an Irish housewife who returns to life after the parish priest splashes her with holy water while delivering her eulogy. She is promptly dubbed a saint.

The case of *Divine Rapture*—recounted in Pavel Barter's documentary, *Ballybrando* (2009)—bears further examination because it speaks to the disruptive effects of location filmmaking, with its ephemeral infusion of capital and its longer-term impact on landscape and community. Developed by producer Barry Navidi with backing from CineFin, a company with a history of financial improprieties, the film was to star Marlon Brando as the priest; he persuaded his friend Johnny Depp to join John Hurt and Debra Winger in the cast. After production began, the funding never materialized, however, resulting in a string of unpaid bills, bounced checks, and a limousine literally abandoned in the middle of the street. The locals dubbed the experience "Divine Rapture" (Sweeney). Brando had secured \$1 million of his \$4 million fee up front (Barter, "Brando") and made a hasty departure, which prompted a headline in the *Independent* citing the actor's best-known role: the production was pronounced the "Godfather of all let-downs" (Murdoch). A sign of the tension surrounding the production was the publication in British tabloids of unflattering pictures of the corpulent Brando in his hotel room wearing only his underwear.

In addition to underscoring Hollywood fraud and excess, *Divine Rapture* highlighted the waning influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland in the 1990s. When the Bishop of Cloyne, John McGee, banned the production from filming in the Catholic churches in his diocese (Murdoch) and spoke out against the film from the pulpit, his fulminations prompted another snappy headline: "Bishop Defies Godfather" (*The Scotsman*). *Divine Rapture* also offers insight into the surreal ambiance of the boom and bust Celtic Tiger economy, a disastrous example of the consequences of a small economy's dependence on external capital.

² *The Quiet Man's* impact on the Irish landscape remains an ongoing saga in its own right, independent of the continuing scholarly interest in the film. Factions of preservationists in Ireland and in the United States have attempted to restore the ruined cottage featured in the film to its former glory. The two most prominent are the *White O'Morn Foundation* and *Save the Quiet Man Cottage*.

Remarkably, in 2012, Barry Navidi resurrected *Divine Rapture*—a rebirth not unlike that of its protagonist Mary Fitzpatrick—renamed it *Holy Mackerel*, and announced Geoffrey Rush as a possibility for the priest role (Jagernauth). In late 2013, IMDb Pro listed the film as in development and Barter's *Ballybrando* was re-aired on Irish television, featuring Navidi's sentimental return to Ballycotton to show footage from the original shoot to the residents.

My perspective on transnational productions such as *Divine Rapture* and *Barry Lyndon* is necessarily informed by my status as an American observer, and it is subject to the dynamic interplay between US and Irish cultural production. Perhaps, no one captures this tension better than another observer of Irish culture—British playwright and filmmaker Martin McDonagh—who gleefully satirizes stereotypes of Irishness in American cinema in his 1996 play, *The Cripple of Inishmaan*. The play is set on the Aran Islands during the making of Robert Flaherty's documentary film, *Man of Aran*, in 1934, where the locals openly mock the romanticized version of Irishness that Flaherty “documents,” including a shark hunt in waters where sharks have not been seen for decades. Treated as a second-class citizen, the play's title character Billy Claven decamps to Hollywood to become a movie star. After a screen test for a role as a doomed Irish immigrant, the role he is clearly playing in “real life,” Billy loses out to an American actor and returns home to die. Like Mary Fitzpatrick in *Divine Rapture*, he is given more than one death scene to play.

In this and in other plays and films by McDonagh, including the black comedy *Seven Psychopaths* (2012), the entanglement of Irish and American identities and ideologies becomes a source of radical satire that cannot be easily resolved through assertions of cultural or national authenticity. Still, these images are marked by relations of power, and, in particular, the persistent global dominance of American film and popular culture. Which returns me to the subject of *Barry Lyndon*, a film about British colonial power whose textual dynamics and production history, in part, reflect the power of the American and British film industries within which Stanley Kubrick worked.

* * * * *

What we have valued in film are our confrontations with time and time's passing.

D. N. Rodowick, *The Virtual Life of Film*

Having taught a course on postwar American cinema anchored by the figures of Robert Altman and Stanley Kubrick, I began to look more closely at their Irish productions of the 1970s. Altman's *Images* (1971) and Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* (1975) are two very different, very beautiful, and very idiosyncratic films. My interest in gender and sexuality initially drew me to Altman's *Images*, whose protagonist is a woman writer experiencing a sexually charged psychotic break while she is sequestered at a country house to write a children's book. The setting is a bleak, eerie landscape that is nearly unrecognizable as the Wicklow mountains south of Dublin. Although shot in Ireland, *Images* unfolds in an explicitly otherworldly place, the mythical land in which the writer sets the action of her children's tales. Indeed, Altman's first draft of the script refers to a somewhat generic space: "Rugged coastal country [. . .] it could be Big Sur, the Vancouver area, or even Maine" (22). Altman succeeds in conveying this deterritorialization by shooting some truly uncanny landscapes in the film, including the waterfall at Powerscourt, a location that epitomizes the Romantic sublime. There is one tangible caveat to the film's spatial indeterminacy: there are automobiles in the film with steering wheels on the right side of the vehicles.

In the final analysis, I found myself drawn to *Barry Lyndon* because it is a film that, unlike Altman's, seems to be trying to say something about Irishness, although this aspect of the film has not received as much attention as it might have. Mark Crispin Miller's essays from the 1970s, "Kubrick's Anti-Reading of *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*" and "*Barry Lyndon* Reconsidered," remain the strongest commentary on the film's Irish associations.

I was also intrigued by the fact that, amidst the growing number of scholarly books on Kubrick, many written or reissued after his death in 1999, *Barry Lyndon* remained a less-studied film than the others. My work on this book began about 2 years before the British Film Institute selected the film to run in repertory at the Kubrick season (2009) and also prior to its reappraisal by American critics and filmmakers such as Richard Schickel (one of the first to review the film at its 1975 debut) and Roger Ebert. As my UK colleagues have pointed out, *Barry Lyndon's* obscurity was far more pronounced in the United States than in Britain or Europe. Yet, in 2014, on the eve of the fortieth anniversary of its release, the only book devoted to *Barry Lyndon* remains Philippe Pilard's Italian monograph.

It may be possible that I deferred my rendezvous with *Barry Lyndon* and toyed with *Images* for some of the same reasons that even diehard Kubrick fans

have allowed the film to slumber in the annals of film history. At 3 hours and 4 minutes (plus intermission), *Barry Lyndon* might seem to be a daunting prospect, particularly in the post-YouTube era of instant audiovisual gratification. More important, with an average shot length (ASL) of about 13 seconds, the film's pace is slow: it is noticeably slower than its immediate contemporaries, films such as *Dog Day Afternoon* (5 seconds), *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (5.5 seconds), *Jaws* (6.5 seconds), and *Chinatown* (just under 9 seconds). For the record, *Barry Lyndon* is not Kubrick's "slowest" film: *Lolita's* ASL exceeds 17 seconds and *Eyes Wide Shut's* ASL is 15 seconds (all figures courtesy of the Cinematics database). Also, it should go without saying that slowness in cinema should not be considered synonymous with a lack of compelling material; I discuss the film's relationship to the phenomenon of "slow cinema" in Chapter 1.

The first time I saw *Barry Lyndon*, I was a member of one target demographic for the film. Before tweeners existed, there were teenyboppers. We were fans of Ryan O'Neal, fresh from his successes as preppie heartthrob Oliver Barrett IV in *Love Story* (1970) and nerd hottie paleo-musicologist Howard Bannister in *What's Up Doc* (1972). We saw *Barry Lyndon* because of Ryan O'Neal. My only recollections of that experience are first, a sense of cognitive dissonance arising from seeing contemporary jet setter stars like O'Neal and Marisa Berenson dolled up in period costumes and, second, a confusion regarding just what the lead character's name actually was, a failing which I attribute to an American unfamiliarity with the rules of the British aristocracy. Despite my embrace of feminism, it was hard to understand why Redmond Barry, after his marriage, changed his name to Barry Lyndon. I believe that I was part of one anticipated demographic for the film because of Kubrick's own comments about casting the lead role; he grants his daughters Katharina, Vivian, and Anya a large say in the process. Although Robert Redford, Clint Eastwood, and O'Neal were all considered for the role because of their box office clout, Kubrick's daughters, and particularly Vivian, who would become friends with Tatum O'Neal during the shoot, preferred O'Neal.

My second, adult encounter with the film left me in a fugue state that lasted for several days. I didn't feel transported *back* in time to the eighteenth century, a claim that some of the film's contemporary reviews forwarded. How would I know whether or not I had experienced time as it was felt in the eighteenth century? Instead, my post-*Barry Lyndon* experience felt like I had relinquished

all participation in time's forward march; I was marching to the tune of a different drummer. The experience may have "set off a trip wire," to quote Gregory Flaxman, paraphrasing Gilles Deleuze in *The Brain is the Screen*, resulting in a "synaptic frenzy through the faculties" (13). This Kantian "vibration" and Deleuzian sensation creates a situation where "something in the world forces us to think" (Deleuze quoted in Flaxman 13).

The film certainly made me think: rather than closing down possibility through its apparently overdetermined narrative of one character's rise and fall, *Barry Lyndon* "proliferate[s] disjunctions between the visible and the articulable, thereby catalyzing a kind of thought that diverges from strict determination" (Flaxman 26). In other words, Kubrick's film raises the specter of the failure of representation, which affords us the possibility of looking beyond its structures.

Deleuze's concern here is rethinking thought in Western philosophy; the ambitions of my project are not nearly as lofty. I became interested in the way *Barry Lyndon* produces temporality, and I began to think of the way emotions and critical judgments are intertwined in that process as the creation of *aesthetic time*. In contrast to Fredric Jameson's assertions in *Signatures of the Visible*, I am suggesting that the visual is not "essentially pornographic" having its end in "mindless, rapt fascination" (1), but can, under certain circumstances, afford viewers the possibility of both feeling and thinking, a chance to, perhaps, correct the Western tendency to subordinate emotions—which, like our aesthetic capacities, have come to be denigrated as superfluous, feminized, and inessential—to instrumental reason (Ahmed 3). I have specifically chosen the term *aesthetic time* to signal my desire to reclaim aesthetics not as an idealist escape but as a thoughtful and engaged social practice. The opportunity to feel and to think occurs, I am arguing, when the time, and the timing, are right.

So a project undertaken because of my assumption that *Barry Lyndon* might be productively examined within the context of Irishness expanded to encompass what has become, for me, its most compelling aspect: the film's enactment of and discourse regarding temporality. Many scholars and cultural critics, including Fredric Jameson, Jean Baudrillard, and Gilles Deleuze, have focused on the spatial aspects of *Barry Lyndon*, emphasizing and, in some cases, rejecting its visual beauty, its "achieved perfection" (Jameson "Historicism" 92), without, I think, fully grappling with the way the film's rendering of space is

dependent upon time, and thus becomes space-time. This concept from physics, which acknowledges the interconnectedness of the spatial and the temporal, corresponds to Mikhail Bakhtin's narratological notion of the chronotope and is a relationship that Maya Deren theorizes in her discussion of cinematography. Writing about the demise of film, not as a time-based form, but as a photochemical medium, David Rodowick suggests that what "most powerfully affects us in film is an ethics of time" (73). Drawing upon all of these ideas, this book became, in part, an examination of the ethics of time in *Barry Lyndon*.

My exploration begins from the premise that privileging the film's relationship to time provides access to its discourse on narrative, history, and aesthetic experience from new vantage points. In *Barry Lyndon*, Kubrick orchestrates various modes of temporality and, in particular, the time signatures of sequence, cycle, and stasis (or interval). In heightening the importance of temporal relations, I argue, the film offers viewers a way of thinking through the emotions provoked by aesthetic experience, rather than treating thought as an intellectual act divorced from affect. While this line of argument comes close to invoking Kantian notions of the sublime—a concept that has been thoroughly reexamined in postmodern theory—my ultimate aim is not to identify a single appropriate philosophical rubric for understanding Kubrick's film. Instead, I want to make the claim that aesthetic time, which is not the exclusive province of cinema and, indeed, is an experience I discuss in relation to Thackeray's writing in Chapter 2, is critically dependent upon the way literature and film evoke temporality.

In arguing for the film's emotional power, I diverge in emphasis from Kubrick scholar Robert Kolker who emphasizes the way the film withholds satisfaction and thwarts expectations. He writes, "the viewer is not permitted complete satisfaction of aesthetic or emotional desire" (167). I join the ranks of commentators who speak to *Barry Lyndon*'s emotional reach, including James Naremore, who directs his reader's attention to Kubrick as an "artist who was dealing in emotions" (24). I am interested in the way emotion and thought find a place in the rhythms of this film.

Another keen observer of Kubrick's work who emphasizes the emotional aspects of *Barry Lyndon* is director Martin Scorsese. In a 2001 interview with Charlie Rose, Scorsese states, "I'm not sure if I can say that I have a favorite Kubrick picture, but somehow I keep coming back to *Barry Lyndon*. I think that's because it's such a profoundly emotional experience" (Charlie Rose). Scorsese's response circles back to where I began, with David Chase and *The Sopranos*. In the hypermasculine screen worlds of Chase and Scorsese—and

Kubrick—violence and emotions are rarely divorced from but, rather, are embedded within, gestures of civility.

* * * * *

A radio is not a louder voice, an airplane is not a faster car, and the motion picture (an invention of the same period of history) should not be thought of as a faster painting or a more real play.

Maya Deren, “Cinematography, the Creative Use of Reality”

Stanley Kubrick’s *Barry Lyndon* asks what are, for me, searching and profound questions about the politics of organized brutality and about cinema, a medium that presents a world to us not merely through the indexicality of the photographic image and the fidelity of the sonic register, but also through a space-time of its own making. Theories on film time, from the work of Maya Deren and Andre Bazin to that of Philip Rosen, Mary Ann Doane, and Gilles Deleuze, as well as the ideas of philosophers and historians, guide my thinking about the way that *Barry Lyndon* creates and comments on multiple temporalities, including serial time, cyclical time, stasis, and rhythm.

In Kubrick’s film, each of these temporal modes corresponds to a set of formal and ideological problems. A close examination of serial form, for example, demands that we revisit succession both as it relates to structures of temporal order and sequence and also as it relates to filial inheritance or patrimony. Whereas serial form possesses an intrinsic relationship to film representation, which is based on sequences of images, cyclical time is not uniquely cinematic. In fact, temporal cycles are associated with pre-capitalist agricultural societies and, in the work of Fredric Jameson, with the empty repetition of postmodern pastiche. In my analysis of *Barry Lyndon*, historical cycles inform both the production history and narrative design of the film and also reflect certain cultural assumptions about Irish history and identity. The treatment of stasis—or, more properly, the interval—in *Barry Lyndon* revisits the concept of simultaneity, an important trope within modern art that is associated with cinema’s cross cutting and with the spatial juxtaposition of collage. Kubrick’s cultivation of stillness in *Barry Lyndon* inevitably directs the viewer’s attention to the formal relationships between and among paintings, photographs, and moving images, yet it also speaks to the political underpinnings of the periodization (or sequencing) of art history.

In Chapter 1, I look at *Barry Lyndon* in the context of Kubrick's enduring interest in temporality, examining issues of time in film and in film studies. Chapters 2 and 3 focus on the interconnected questions of adaptation and succession. Here I am not primarily concerned with Kubrick's appropriation of a literary text, a process thoroughly addressed in the voluminous scholarly literature on cinematic adaptation and on Kubrick as well. I am more interested in the way that William Makepeace Thackeray's and Stanley Kubrick's versions of *Barry Lyndon* share a fascination with the politics of narrating history and express this fascination through techniques that foreground expectations surrounding sequential time as well as the conventional relation between words and images. D. N. Rodowick speaks to the importance of sequence for cinema when he writes, "the quality of succession is at the heart of the mechanical nature of cinema. It catches us up in a peculiar temporality, a passing present of uniform instants over which we have little control" (65). It is equally clear to me that Kubrick's interest also lies in the human and organic aspects of succession, which adds to the emotional valence of his work.

Chapter 4 turns to the temporality of repetition and cycle, the voyage and the return, or the odyssey and the homecoming. Here *Barry Lyndon's* Irishness—in terms of its national, transnational, and colonial/postcolonial frames of reference—becomes especially relevant. Chapter 5 considers what is often called the visual surface of the film by exploring the film's use of paintings. Examining the temporality of rhythm and the interval (the rest) enables an investigation into the dialectical relationship between portrait and landscape painting and between painting and film. *Barry Lyndon* makes evident the way that visual and sonic rhythms can undermine the strict differentiation between stillness and movement, the very basis for cinematic representation. Chapter 6 takes up the matter of *Barry Lyndon's* timing, and potential untimeliness, as a film of the 1970s.

Barry Lyndon remains a somewhat less-studied work of Kubrick's, and yet there is no dearth of commentary on the film or on the director's work. I am grateful to have had so many voices to inspire my thinking along the way. This book is not an attempt to provide a definitive look at Kubrick, or even at *Barry Lyndon*, a film worthy of many essay collections and monographs. Instead, what occupies and preoccupies these pages is a fascination with the film's invitation to engage with multiple temporalities and its creation of aesthetic time—a time in which to both think and feel something about the idea of succession, the limitations of cause and effect logic, and the relation of narrative to history. This

is the case not only because this film merits an in-depth analysis on the subject of time, but also because *Barry Lyndon* has something important to say about image making, culture, and power, a nexus as relevant in 2015, when we find ourselves fully ensconced within the digital era, as it ever has been, and about which cinema studies has, and ought to continue to have, a good deal to say.

