

Dreaming Antithesis vis-a-vis Socius: A Deleuzean-Adorno Daedalic Aesthetic Experience in Chaucer's House of Fame (*read as an unfinished work*)

Abstract

This work is an antithesis of the contemporary socius and the firmament within which the work is intended. It is intentionally anachronic and makes no effort at accessibility. This work favors the work in becoming as the aesthetic experience being an immanent reading, this work itself is to reshape prior reading of Chaucer's *House of Fame* through the process of schizoanalysis to access those contraries which today are considered inert materia—Chaucer's penned work. In the wake of contemporary socius, the academic study of classical English language and literature is on all accounts in tail spin. The trends and missives of contemporary audiences, the social sensitivities to canon and identity, and the press for clear concise—if not overly simplified—delivery to a particular audience all burden the aspirant. Aspirant because Chaucer is no work of critical theory, his socius is one of alchemical relation, of myth given life. This work seeks to meet both the alchemical missive of the marriage of mercury and sulphur, the transit process of anima to animus, and the reflexive consideration of those machines of desire which separate and give instauration to the paranoid, to the schizo. Our guide, our eagle in this trace, is Adorno's aesthetic theory; a retort of opacity when content and clarity is reached for. When form and material occupy attention, it will be interpretation of its antithesis which drives us deeper into the Daedalic orphan of fame.

An acknowledgement on the interpretation of Middle English

A great thanks to the efforts of the work at eChaucer and Gutenberg Project in providing access to this work free of charge. Quotes and excerpts of *House of Fame* by Geoffery Chaucer are taken from the work as presented through the Gutenberg Project Oxford Press Second Edition of, *The Complete Works of Geoffery Chaucer*. The translation from Middle English to contemporary English available at eChaucer has been indispensable for guiding my reading and drafting this work. That translation can be found here, <https://echaucer.blogspot.com/p/house-of-fame-translation.html> and is also in the works cited section.

A note on form

I have structured this exploration of Chaucer's work on the form of the work itself. Although unconventional in academic work, this is meant itself as a reading and retelling of the *House of Fame* through psychoanalysis and critical theory. The extent of direct quotations from Chaucer offers a string of coherence through the commentary and relations explored throughout the work, the arc of the reader mirroring the arc of Chaucer in dream. This intentionally labyrinthine aesthetic is partly in opposition to the contemporary practice of minimal quotation and original work. I do not claim original work beyond that of the intersection of views and ontological which is beholden to any reading of the *House of Fame*. This is but one reading, a co-reading of Deleuze and Adorno, a conversation between poetics and prose which I hope accents the value of canonical works, not for their textual materiality but in spite of it. In reading the absence of the book, I follow Gillespie's path of reading beyond form toward Chaucer's allegories of Love, Sun, Wind, and Dream.

Quotations of Chaucer are right aligned—and recognizably in middle English. Line numbers are given at the end of each excerpt. Quotes are in-line cited with line numbers rather than page numbers. For the purpose of this project the original pagination of the work has been ignored. I will note however that there were significant transitions at pagination points which were used to seemingly deliberate effect and warrant a more thorough consideration at another time.

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The House of Fame

Book 1

Invocation to the God of Slepe
I wol make invocacioun,
With special devocioun,
Unto the god of slepe anoon,
That dwelleth in a cave of stoon
Upon a streem that comth fro Lete,
70
That is a flood of helle unswete;
Besyde a folk men clepe Cimerie,
Ther slepeth ay this god unmerie
(67-74)

To echo McGuinn, I echo Chaucer—who likely echoes Dante—in referencing form to consider “the priority of the object within a system which contradicts that priority.” (McGuinn 116). It is in crossing the river Lete—Lethe—in which a tale of sleep begins. By crossing the Hadean River of forgetful oblivion, the god of sleep is entreated to grant passage in the retelling.

Preye I, that he wol me spede
My sweven for to telle aright,
If every dreem stonde in his might.
(78-80)

The priority of object is to remember that which is already forgotten. “Oedipus presupposes a fantastic repression of desiring-machines.” (Deleuze and Guatarri 3). Our invocation is one of retrieval, of journeying across oblivion to find that power of all dream which sleeps within the cave. In the sobering truth of delirium that consumption will immediately become production, dream begets dream (Deleuze and Guatarri 4). “Art acquires its specificity by separating itself from what it developed out of; its law of movement is its law of form. It exists only in relation to its other; it is the process that transpires with its other.” (Adorno 3) By invoking dream Chaucer at once asks for safe passage from forgetting and declares

anew that which is to come, as much an invocation as it is a proclamation of movement. In crossing the river, the journey has begun.

The Dream

But as I sleep, me mette I was
Within a temple y-mad of glas;
In whiche ther were mo images
Of gold, stondinge in sondry stages,
(119-122)

Hit was of Venus redely,
The temple; for, in portreyture,
I saw anoon-right hir figure
Naked fletinge in a see.
And also on hir heed, parde,
Hir rose-garlond whyt and reed,
(131-136)

In seeking sleep on the 10th of December, Chaucer found himself met with a decorated temple of glass, recognized as the temple and body of Venus. Chaucer reads “I fond that on a wal ther was on a table of bras” (Chaucer 141-142) the entire story of Aeneas and the flight from Troy, “And tho began the story anoon, as I shal telle yow echoon.”(Chaucer 149-150). Upon reading, the story of Aeneas is experienced anew, lived again in details. McGuinn’s missive to, “think about the conditions of reading material in poetry, rather than to make any claims about the exemplarity of its poetic articulation.” (McGuinn 3) can be taken up by Chaucer the dreamer within the work itself here. What material boundary does dream impose upon the reader in the temple of Venus? There is no limit to the readability of brass in dream, to the character of Heros, to the deeds sung and unsung of events known and unknown. The table itself is unrestricted by convention of length or brevity, in dream it may stand in total symbol of all that Aeneas may represent to each reader and each reading.

The poetic value of Homeric epics is not a consideration for the Chaucer who is dreaming, the features of Venus's temple demand attention. In the production of attention to the allegory itself, the duration of aesthetic for reader is that of the watcher and reader, the paranoid. In watching Chaucer reading dream there can be a 'scrambling of the codes', "never recording the same event in the same way" (Deleuze and Guattari 15). In evoking the most famous, the most overtold story, there is an unmaking of what fame and acclaim may come to be, the reader is folded into Fame's retelling. By way of evoking the form of that which came before, the form is deployed as anti-thesis by which to achieve aesthetic sublimation and sink deeper into dream (Adorno 17).

With wind blowinge upon hir tresse;
How Eneas gan him to pleyne,
Whan that he knew hir, of his peyne;
And how his shippes dreynte were,
Or elles lost, he niste where;
235
How she gan him comforte tho,
And bad him to Cartage go,
And ther he shuldë his folk finde,
That in the see were left behinde.
(230-239)

"A truly materialist psychiatry can be defined, on the contrary, by the twofold task it sets itself: introducing desire into the mechanism, and introducing production into desire." (Deleuze and Guattari 22)

What material is there in dream? How does Chaucer give depiction of the material to form the dream? To remember the repressed and the forgotten in word without forgetting. The fleeing of Aeneas from Troy is recoded by Chaucer as by the grace of Venus, as a bestowal of charisma onto Aeneas the refugee, Aeneas the schizo. Family left asunder, desire not as a lack but as a missive of production, Aeneas is to rebuild. To build again, to dream again, to tell again the story of the Trojan sword. A story which begins anew with the blessing of Venus, with the shunting of Dido (Chaucer).

Ther saw I grave, how Eneas
 Tolde Dido every cas,
 255
 That him was tid upon the see.
 And after grave was, how she
 Made of him, shortly, at oo word,
 Hir lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord;
 And dide him al the reverence,
 260
 And leyde on him al the dispence,
 That any woman mighte do,
 Weninge hit had al be so,
 As he hir swoor; and her-by demed
 That he was good, for he swich semed.
 265
 Allas! what harm doth apparence,
 Whan hit is fals in existence!
 For he to hir a traitour was;
 Wherfor she slow hir-self, allas!
 Lo, how a woman doth amis,
 (253-270)

Chaucer, the dreamer, is bound to his reading; a retelling of the repressed reflections of love that he claims himself unworthy to remark upon yet obsesses over. "What books show is not what the work of literature is, but rather that literature is always being worked upon, is never just the author's, never entirely the reader's, and never quite finished." (Gillespie 173-174). We do not know if Chaucer speaks through the dream of fame, or the dream of Aeneas speaks through Chaucer, a dispersion of narrative. Does Chaucer meet Dido's lament in dream or merely read Aeneas's tragedy in play? In 270 to 293 we are pulled out of the dream, back to the writer Chaucer, to the socius itself. A kind of timeless commentary on the tragedy of Venus which continues on the winds of Aeolus.

To love him that unknowen is!
For, by Crist, lo! thus hit fareth;
'Hit is not al gold, that glareth.'
For, al-so brouke I wel myn heed,
Ther may be under goodliheed
275

Kevered many a shrewed vyce;
Therfor be no wight so nyce,
To take a love only for chere,
For speche, or for frendly manere;
For this shal every woman finde
280

That som man, of his pure kinde,
Wol shewen outward the faireste,
Til he have caught that what him leste;
And thanne wol he causes finde,
And swere how that she is unkinde,
285
(271-285)

Here Chaucer critiques the false appearances of love, the aesthetic hedonism of desire. "Happiness in artworks would be the feeling they instill of standing firm." states Adorno on the Kantian interpretation of aesthetic hedonism for whom poetic language is representative, "the disintegration of the materials is the triumph of their being-for-other." (Adorno 16). In encountering the shibboleth of lover spurned, a lamentation of love, Chaucer mirrors praise of Venus, the mother and guardian of Aeneas's betrayal of Dido. Protection coded in the material doting of Dido onto Aeneas, production not as lack but as process, desire not as lack but as process of abandoned insufficiency. The separation of life in Dido's agony, a consumption of sacrificial love for the production of power, fuel for Aeneas's fame. A violation for Chaucer the writer which arrests dream, the likeness of his own social production replayed in kind through Aeneas himself. A gap in continuity, Chaucer the writer takes to explaining to the dear reader

why there is not time or space to compose fully all of the deeds of Aeneas before delving further into dream, no longer Chaucer's dream, no longer a reading. An apology for time, Dido's name absent to all but the most attentive reader, her fame an unjust footnote to Aeneas. In exiting the temple of Venus and opening onto a wide field of sands, Chaucer enters the dream, embarkment to the House of Fame begins with the arrival of our guardian and guide, the golden eagle.

Myn yën to the heven I caste.
Tho was I war, lo! at the laste,
That faste by the sonne, as hyë
As kenne mighte I with myn yë,
Me thoughte I saw an egle sore,
500

But that hit semed moche more
Then I had any egle seyn.
But this as sooth as deeth, certeyn,
Hit was of golde, and shoon so bright,
That never saw men such a sighte,
505

But-if the heven hadde y-wonne
Al newe of golde another sonne;
So shoon the egles fethres brighte,
And somewhat downward gan hit lighte.
(495-508)

Material paradox in negative complement, "Hit is not al gold, that glareth." (Chaucer 277). An alchemical allegory of the sun and metal in flight, is our guide to the House of Fame fool's gold? Will Venus guide us to fame as she did Aeneas or must the dreamer bear witness to Dido's fate, a purgatory of desire ending in the suffocation of self and soul? Fame and sacrifice, the sun itself consuming.

Book 2

Proem

O Thought, that wroot al that I mette,

And in the tresorie hit shette

525

Of my brayn! now shal men see

If any vertu in thee be,

To tellen al my dreem aright;

Now kythe thyn engyn and might!

(523-528)

The previous piety and humility of Chaucer's invocation to dream is here abandoned for the invocation of all of Parnassus to bestow raw power, a poignant frame from which to take flight. "As the poem moves on, so does its idea of the book. For the reader who is willing, even eager to sacrifice the integrity of the stable, meaning-constitutive book in favor of the uncertain, disruptive, critical work of literature, the book always has something new to offer." (Gillespie 180). As the new book begins so too does a new depth of reading, having left the familiar story of Aeneas, the familiar grace of Venus, Chaucer the schizo now must find himself anew in this dream.

The real continues to flow. In the schizo, the two aspects of *process* are conjoined: the metaphysical process that puts us in contact with the "demoniacal" element in nature or within the heart of the earth, and the historical process of social production that restores the autonomy of desiring-machines in relation to the deterritorialized social machine. (Deleuze and Guattari 35)

Book two is the conjunction of demoniacal and the historical, a homunculus raised by the sun to take root in the sky, placed between worlds, a corpus to be processed. As Chaucer is clasped swiftly in the golden eagle's claws and takes flight our dreamer loses consciousness, a repression, a forgetting of a beginning. Throughout the eagle's flight it allays Chaucer's fears (lines 593-505) and introduces Chaucer's task as that which Jove has deemed fit to reward Chaucer for his diligent work in writing. By labors given labor

is the reward within the socius. In being taken to the House of Fame and allowed to freely roam its halls, Chaucer is to take note of what is seen, a boon or burden fixed in eagle's claw, as captive to dream Chaucer must accept.

And therfor Ioves, through his grace,
Wol that I bere thee to a place,
Which that hight the Hous of Fame,
To do thee som disport and game,
665
In som recompensacioun
Of labour and devocioun
That thou hast had, lo! causeles,
To Cupido, the reccheles!
(661-668)

By way of knowledge the eagle wins Chaucer's trust. In lines 706-822 the eagle provides natural philosophy explanations for the nature of sound as broken air, a foundational argument which then supports the location of the House of Fame. Here we find a new socius in this world away from Venus, of Jove, of Air, there is born a new logic from which to find footing in the clouds. The allegory of alchemical reasoning steadily informs the image of firmament and transformation. Reader is given knowledge *ex nilo*, an *a priori* order of nature which carries the law of the heavens within it.

"The recordings and transmissions that have come from the internal codes, from the outside world, from one region to another of the organism, all intersect, following the endlessly ramified paths of the great disjunctive synthesis." (Deleuze and Guattari 39). Chaucer is made to reckon with this new world view, to take or reject authority of the sun. He must accept the grace of the inescapable eagle clasp, must receive Jove's gift, the sky territorialized Chaucer the paranoid must consider and accept the socius. The reader is captive with him, in flight and dream, a benevolent violence of signs, forced as passenger.

There is a reading which is a writing in the eagle's flight, that through the creation myth of sound the House of Fame itself may be constructed, "writing that ceaselessly composes and decomposes the chains into signs that have nothing that impels them to become signifying. The one vocation of the sign is to produce desire, engineering it in every direction." (Deleuze and Guattari 39). A machinic heaven of the Father, Jove, is found through distance from the protection and guidance of mother Venus. This separation of spaces itself a new form territorialized, the abandonment of the historical to embrace the demoniacal, the rite of passage to the House of Fame is one of separation, of subservience. Fame becoming desire's desire, a feat of the recursive mind in disjunctive, a construct produced of abstractions.

To take up McGuinn's use of Adorno's negative dialect, the critical read, the immanent reading of this flight will not suffice to see Chaucer as the subject of this story nor the object of Jove's affection, nor the object of desire or subject of desire, "hypostasize the subject, indeed 'objectify' the subject, does not mean that criticism can do away with this difference by inverting it, by replacing the subject with the object." (McGuinn 116). The reification of epistemics to dictum as creation here is not enough, if the eagle speaks the demoniacal truth of law, is it Jove's law or the Eagle's law, if our author's warning to the infatuated that all that glitters is not gold is to be heeded, the golden eagle may be unreliable. Gold left untested is a ruse, the dream again revealed, the Morphic hand recovered from crossing Lethe's waters. A reading of truth and law of fame where, "relation between subject and object is not foreclosed but dynamic" (McGuinn 116), where boon and bane may be a turn of frame. This dialectic gives us space from which to experience Chaucer anew, Chaucer the schizo, an experience of art between horizontal worlds, horizontal times. A reading of earth and despot, the paranoid spectator and the schizophrenic encoder, the macro observed as firmament the micro encoded in absence of material certainty (Deleuze and Guattari 281). Fame as act of becoming, fame in flight, is a dance between dream and nightmare.

Lewedly to a lewed man
Speke, and shewe him swiche skiles,
That he may shake hem by the biles,
So palpable they shulden be.

But tel me this, now pray I thee,
 How thinkth thee my conclusioun?'
 [Quod he]. 'A good persuasioun,'
 Quod I, 'hit is; and lyk to be
 Right so as thou hast preved me.'
 (866-874)

Chaucer the paranoid accepts the socius and is persuaded, no counterargument. A reading pressed upon the reader, as the gift of flight is pressed upon the dutiful and meager poet himself. In negative dialectic a horror has begun, a foreshadowing of fate untold. Forgone is the schizo encoding the world, self-repressed to pay homage to the socius of Fame. Divested of lament for Dido, a toll to enter the lady's house, the eagle guardian of Fame, champion of air, the weapon of sound now to be Chaucer's boon. Chaucer's acquiescence is rewarded with further sights of wonder among the stars, a curtain of history itself (Chaucer 914-979).

Quod he, 'for half so high as this
 915
 Nas Alexander Macedo;
 Ne the king, dan Scipio,
 That saw in dreame, at point devys,
 Helle and erthe, and paradys;
 Ne eek the wrecche Dedalus,
 920
 Ne his child, nyce Icarus,
 That fleigh so highe that the hete
 His winges malt, and he fel wete
 In-mid the see, and ther he dreynte,
 For whom was maked moch compleynte.
 (914-924)

That on the wings of the sun itself, the golden eagle, Chaucer may soar higher than Icarus, may rival Dedalus through boon of the gods, again is dream, is desire transcending myth. Fame itself a wish of becoming, a suppliant to the beyond seeking bestowal, a subject and recipient of great wonder amidst the heights of those who produced great works. "Art responds to the loss of its self-evidence not simply by concrete transformations of its procedures and comportments but by trying to pull itself free from its own concept as from a shackle: the fact that it is art." (Adorno 16). The dream responds to dreamer, the dreamer to dream as writer to word and word to reader, furthering the art itself. As Chaucer exceeds even Daedalus' tragedy of Icharus' heights, the House of Fame itself is revealed.

See here the House of Fame, lo!

Maistow not heren that I do?

1025

'What?' quod I. 'The grete soun,'

Quod he, 'that rumbleth up and down

In Fames Hous, ful of tydinges,

Bothe of fair speche and chydinges,

And of fals and soth compouned.

1030

Herkne wel; hit is not rouned.

Herestow not the grete swogh?

'Yis, pardee,' quod I, 'wel y-nogh.'

'And what soun is it lyk?' quod he.

'Peter! lyk beting of the see,'

1035

Quod I, 'again the roches holowe,

Whan tempest doth the shippes swalowe;

And lat a man stonde, out of doute,

A myle thens, and here hit route;

Or elles lyk the last humblinge

1040

After the clappe of a thundringe,

When Ioves hath the air y-bete;

But hit doth me for fere swete.'
'Nay, dred thee not therof,' quod he,
'Hit is nothing wil byten thee;
(1023-1044)

Lines 1033-1044 are an excellent representation of rhythm and final 'e' of Middle English which gives particular cadence and grandeur to the cacophonous reveal of the House of Fame, a structure of broken air itself sound incarnate. Chaucer's use of form shapes the reading, a forgetting retrieved for the contemporary, reading the brass table on flight of golden feather, a pillar of fame claimed again. A horizontal portal of sound in absence of book which calls for oration, a clarion call announcing remembrance of Fame herself. Here Adorno may point to sublimation via immanence, the "negative throughout" without subject or object, not book nor reader, Fame alone is sounded through a dislocated observer, only analogy may paint its arrival (McGuinn 117).

But understood now right wel this;
Whan any speche y-comen is
1075
Up to the paleys, anon-right
Hit wexeth lyk the same wight,
Which that the word in erthe spak,
Be hit clothed reed or blak;
And hath so verray his lyknesse
1080
That spak the word, that thou wilt gesse
That hit the same body be,
Man or woman, he or she.
And is not this a wonder thing?
(1073-1084)

Chaucer is placed on a street and told to walk the palace at his ease. The eagle departs with a final foundational fact for Chaucer's travels in the House of Fame, all images are echos, visages, and continuations of the soundings of their earthly selves reconstituted. With this parting knowledge, Book 2

concludes as Chaucer makes his way on foot to the palace. “And gan forth to the paleys goon.” (Chaucer 1090). The grip of the paranoid is given freedom again, no longer the spectator, Chaucer is left to chart his own path in the palace. A shift in dynamic as the dream has shifted. The ruse of the book revealed again through form, the ruse of Fame through illusion of guide, the ruse of sound and image in fame. A desire-in-process with reader assumed anew, discontinuity reaching for steady opaque exit from airs by arriving at the hall of air’s breaking. Desire entrained to socius as talons release their hold, a dream still forgotten, left yet untold.

Book 3

Invocation

O god of science and of light,
Apollo, through thy grete might,
This litel laste book thou gye!
Nat that I wilne, for maistrye,

1095

Here art poetical be shewed;
But, for the rym is light and lewed,
Yit make hit sumwhat agreable,
Though som vers faile in a sillable;
And that I do no diligence

1100

To shewe craft, but o sentence.
And if, divyne vertu, thou
Wilt helpe me to shewe now
That in myn hede y-marked is—
Lo, that is for to menen this,

1105

The Hous of Fame to descryve—
Thou shalt see me go, as blyve,
Unto the nexte laure I see,
And kisse hit, for hit is thy tree;
Now entreth in my breste anon!—

(1091-1109)

In pleading to Apollo to speak through him, Chaucer begins the third book, Chaucer the paranoid territorializing Chaucer the writer, in conquest the Hous of Fame must be discovered. To eschew craft and display only meaning, only coded language is allowed in the House of Fame, each whisper quickened by the pulse of Other. Entreating that the sun god may continue to guide him through these unknown halls, Chaucer defrays from artistry. Seeking to ward off Dionysian maenads as dream deepens, to not fall trance to the house of fame but be clear of mind in this place between worlds. A culling call for the god of

music to give safe passage in this house of sound and broken airs. Within Adorno is an alternative invocation of betrayal for reader,

There is no denying the fatality that cultural phenomena cannot be interpreted without some translation of the new into the old, yet this implies an element of betrayal. Second reflection would have the responsibility of correcting this. In the relation of modern artworks to older ones that are similar, it is their differences that should be elicited. Immersion in the historical dimension should reveal what previously remained unsolved; in no other way can a relation between the present and the past be established. (Adorno 19)

This historical reading of differences is now also given as task unto this reader. Chaucer the paranoid, now Chaucer the schizo, a socius of Eagle and citizen forms of this House take shape in verisimilitudes, colloid is form in this hallowed Dedalian house. Does Morpheus still guide Chaucer's hand? Do we read the same book? Do we sleep the same dream, is eagle now memory in symbolic, mere referent a sign no more? "Whan I was fro this egle goon, I gan beholde upon this place." (Chaucer 1110-1111). Into the shadowed house Chaucer passes beyond the rays of sun, as the unfinished takes shape the absence of book affirmed.

The Dream

What maner stoon this roche was;

For hit was lyk a thing of glas,

1125

But that hit shoon ful more clere;

But of what congeled matere

Hit was, I niste redely.

But at the laste espyed I,

And found that hit was, every deel,

1130

A roche of yse, and not of steel.

Thoughte I, 'By Seynt Thomas of Kent!

This were a feble foundement

To bilden on a place hye;
He oughte him litel glorifye
(1123-1134)

An impossible material from which to build the majestic, unrecognizable yet apparent as alum glass and ice, a negative dialectic from which to suspend belief at entrance. A cryptic tone set in clear detail.

Adorno guides us here that, “after the catastrophe of meaning, appearance becomes abstract.” (Adorno 22). Chaucer the schizo deterritorializes the reading, an incomprehensible body of the earth, its composition indeterminate, the perversion of Fame as a territorial entity, the work of the despotic paranoid (Deleuze and Guatarri 282). A *structural unity* as a construct of mechanism which explains the function of organism (Deleuze and Guatarri 282). Fame does not support, it holds aloft. Invocation does not protect merely guide. Dream is not lived but is relived again, Fame as organism. By reading, Fame is alive.

Tho saw I al the half y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had y-been in mochel wele,
And hir fames wyde y-blowe.
1140

But wel unethes coude I knowe
Any lettres for to rede
Hir names by; for, out of drede,
They were almost of-thowed so,
That of the lettres oon or two
1145

Was molte away of every name;
So unfamous was wexe hir fame;

But men seyn, 'What may ever laste?'

(1136-1147)

As Chaucer explores the side of the structure, it is engraved with names fading with loss of renown on the north side burned and melted away by heat of the sun, looking as though freshly etched on the opposing cold crisp wall (Chaucer 1149-1154). "The new is akin to death." (Adorno 21). Territorializing, cold is the becoming of Fame. It is the warmth and welcome of the sun which leads those deeds to be forgotten, antithesis to life of Father sky, restored to material mother further forgetting of the Oedipal holy triangle family, fame a paradox of cold abandon to set foot on firm acclaim (Deleuze and Guattari 51).

Of olde tyme, and yit they were
As fresshe as men had writen hem there
The selve day right, or that houre
That I upon hem gan to poure.
But wel I wiste what hit made;
1160

Hit was conserved with the shade—
Al this wrytinge that I sy—
Of a castel, that stood on by,
And stood eek on so cold a place,
That hete mighte hit not deface.
(1148-1164)

Warmth unwelcome, the cold calling, the new no longer something of birth and creation but of the clarion call to be carried on the winds of Aeolus. Subject and object no more a negative space, inquiry suffuses Chaucer's depictions, no longer purely material, no longer purely dream. With this dialectic in becoming Chaucer the writer watches, Chaucer the dreamer remembers, Chaucer the reader eager to know what names remain. Chaucer the schizo scrambles to decode the socius by stumbling further into Fame, deeper into dream.

But natheles al the substance

I have yit in my remembrance:
For-why me thoughte, by Seynt Gyle!

Al was of stone of beryle,

1185

Bothe castel and the tour,
And eek the halle, and every bour,
Withouten peces or Ioininges.

But many subtil compassinges,

Babewinnes and pinacles,

1190

Imageries and tabernacles,
I saw; and ful eek of windowes,
As flakes falle in grete snowes.

(1181-1192)

McGuinn suggests that in the competing levels of literature reading requires “constructing or construing” materiality (McGuinn 1). In this core depiction of the materiality of the structure itself, Chaucer construes the solidity and timelessness of fame in the metaphor of stone and tower. Constructed all of beryl, crystalline halls of impossible subtle detail filled with faceted patterned windows. More grand than Venus’s temple of glass and reading of the brass table, this is the historical made demoniacal. No longer is Chaucer the dreamer merely dreaming but has well and fully set foot within the House of Fame. Welcomed by not just the story of Orpheus but the sound of his harp itself played through the calling visage of Orpheus himself, lesser harpers mimicking in miniature the eternal grandeur of Orphic song, the hall rings more real than nature.

And smale harpers with her gleës

1210

Seten under hem in seës,
And gonne on hem upward to gape,
And countrefete hem as an ape,
Or as craft countrefeteth kinde.

(1209-1213)

Object and subject now freely interplay without regard for time in these beryl halls. Chaucer as witness to the talents of the ages in refrain, self dissolves, Chaucer the schizo revels in halls of famous musicians. A parade of performers and learned magicians. Chaucer the writer takes the 'tyme' to 'ryme' these magi after passing over the many other musicians of praise. A break in praise of music to introduce an unlikely cast. Time is encoded by Chaucer the schizo with eyes anew, not bound by time but seeing across it, so too must the reading of dream scramble the codes of time and consider all that has come before in terms of its sign. The magus, the reveal of the alchemical reading as one worthy of 'tyme' and 'ryme' is repressed until within the crystalline halls. A reworking of image and sound questioning the signifier of all that came before on basis of their works. The anachronic in antithesis, chronos opposed is Kairos in praise, breaking the test of time.

Ther saugh I thee, queen Medea,
And Circes eke, and Calipsa;
Ther saugh I Hermes Ballenus,
Lymote, and eek Simon Magus.

1275

Ther saugh I, and knew hem by name,
That by such art don men han fame.
Ther saugh I Colle tregetour
Upon a table of sicamour
Pleye an uncouth thing to telle;

1280

I saugh him carien a wind-melle
Under a walsh-note shale.

(1271-1281)

The windmill under the walnut shell, air concealed within earth, performed upon a sycamore table. A pipe dream interpreted across time. More natural than Venus's brass yet stranger than history's Aeneas, wood in a place of beryl made entirely from disruptions of air. From this Chaucer the schizo enters the

socius of the magician, a new reading without author, death folding to paranoid a despot emerges, the inner castle approaches.

I gan forth romen til I fond
The castel-yate on my right hond,
(1293-1294)

A gate of gold worked images leads to the hall of the Lady Fame. Sun worked magics of the once molten now cold wrought finery, a timeless testament to the temperance of Chaucer's access, the sun god enters directly the heart, the breast, of fortress cold, "the subject constructs the object it negates." (McGuinn 118). "The new is longing for the new, not the new itself: That is what everything new suffers from." (Adorno 32).

But in I wente, and that anoon;
Ther mette I crying many oon,—
'A larges, larges, hold up wel!
1310
God save the lady of this pel,
Our owne gentil lady Fame,
And hem that wilnen to have name
Of us!' Thus herde I cryen alle,
And faste comen out of halle,
1315
And shoken nobles and sterlinges.
And somme crowned were as kinges,
With crounes wrought ful of losenges;
And many riban, and many frenges
Were on hir clothes trewely.
(1307-1319)

A clamorous din of nobility and postured material greets Chaucer the subject in the courtly hall. Filled with all manner of people seeking fame from around the world, the reified socius assemblage incarnate. Emblemed and embellished, the registers of fame filling the hall as emissaries of aspirations and regal apparitions. Sound turned sight, Chaucer marvels at the hall but a moment before lingering in gaze and prose upon the Lady Fame seated upon a ruby throne.

1360

But al on hye, above a dees,
Sitte in a see imperial,
That maad was of a rubee al,
Which that a carbuncle is y-called,
I saugh, perpetually y-stalled,

1365

A feminyne creature;
That never formed by nature
Nas swich another thing y-seye.
For altherfirst, soth for to seye,
Me thoughte that she was so lyte,

1370

That the lengthe of a cubyte
Was lenger than she semed be;
But thus sone, in a whyle, she
Hir tho so wonderliche streighte,
That with hir feet she therthe reighte,

1375

And with hir heed she touched hevene,
And ther-to eek, as to my wit,
I saugh a gretter wonder yit,
Upon hir eyen to beholde;

1380

But certeyn I hem never tolde;
For as fele eyen hadde she

As fetheres upon foules be,
Or weren on the bestes foure,
That goddes trone gunne honoure,
1385

As Iohn writ in thapocalips.
Hir heer, that oundy was and crips,
As burned gold hit shoon to see.
And sooth to tellen, also she
Had also fele up-standing eres
(300) 1390

And tonges, as on bestes heres;
And on hir feet wexen saugh I
Partriches winges redely.
(1360-1392)

Negative dialectic herself, the lady fame defies eye and imagination. Between worlds and sound, on throne of ruby, this supranatural creature beyond natures make holds court between heaven and earth, diminutive yet spanning the impossible. Cast beyond all opposites but defined only in oppositions, the lady fame is the Phoenix and the Aquila, Animus and Anima, the mercurial in manifest, all seeking the quickening of lead to gold and labor to fame. Through the uncountable eyes, ears, and mouths of her form it will be this wing heeled creature who casts decree from between worlds.

When the break between Freud and Jung is discussed ... Jung remarked that in the process of transference the psychoanalyst frequently appeared in the guise of a devil, a god, or a sorcerer, and that the roles he assumed in the patient's eyes went far beyond any sort of parental images.
(Deleuze and Guattari 46)

Chaucer the schizo codes the house of fame in sight and sound, in mouthed prayer and whisper, in word, image, and name. A golden feminine without silver or moon, protection sought from the father solar

gods and champions of air to confront earth and mother. A subversion of earth, walnut shell conceals the windmill occulta. Chaucer the writer as Chaucer the analyst interjection penned in gates of gold. A transference of dream and real, a transference of invocation, an absence of book in favor of form in paradox “after the catastrophe of meaning, appearance becomes abstract.” (Adorno 22). Chaucer the schizo reading between heaven and earth, the Hadean River Lethe now streams skyward to drown the sun god, the oblivion of gold sounding eternal in the court of Lady Fame. “From the very beginning Oedipus exists in one form and one form only: open in all directions to a social field, to a field of production directly invested by libido.” (Deleuze and Guattari 47). A timeless demoniacal desire across the historical socius, Lady Fame spans the heavens.

The halle was al ful, y-wis,
1515
Of hem that writen olde gestes,
As ben on treës rokes nestes;
But hit a ful confus matere
Were al the gestes for to here,
That they of write, and how they highte.
(1514-1519)

The pillars of the hall of fame are pedestals of metals upon which those champions of their virtue stand. Like adornments of busts in replay of their achievements, the socius turned toward itself in continued production of praise. The court of Lady Fame are all attendants who seek her boon.

Pore and ryche. And also sone
As they were come into the halle,
They gonne down on kneës falle
1535
Before this ilke noble quene,
And seyde, 'Graunte us, lady shene,
Ech of us, of thy grace, a bone!'

And somme of hem she graunted sone,
And somme she werned wel and faire;
1540
And somme she graunted the contraire
Of hir axing utterly.
(1532-1541)

In the gilded hall thick of desire and craven claim, the fickle ruby heart of fame passes judgement. Not for valor or for merit, not for moral resolve, hir grace is coded in the libidinal, wild and cruel or doting and affectionate Anima herself need not explain. The crystalline red mercurial commands the clarion pell of black wind and golden horn at her whim.

For Eolus, the god of winde;—
'In Trace ther ye shul him finde,
And bid him bringe his clarioun,
That is ful dyvers of his soun,
1575
And hit is cleped Clere Laude,
With which he wont is to heraude
Hem that me list y-preised be:
And also bid him how that he
Bringe his other clarioun,
1580
That highte Sclaundre in every toun,
With which he wont is to diffame
Hem that me list, and do hem shame.'
(1571-1582)

What can we know now of Laud and Slander? The disjunctive syllogism in the historical of these demoniacal powers pressed to Chaucer the writer across time, Fame as machine, Fame as simulacra. By questioning the unity of Fame, the schizo deterritorializes and decodes the opaque, seeking the point of dispersion of two arguments, of Laud and Slander (Deleuze and Guattari 285). The Lady Fame is court,

fame being a production of fame itself, harmony upon harmony, socius begets socius, nothing reproduced without origin. The uncountable sensory libidinal entity echoes in the cave of dream. Yet it is process not material which exists in negative dialectic of dispersion, the real existing between two states as chain of assembly (Deleuze and Guattari 286). A courtly procession and montage of forms, a symphony of broken air in clarion call, winged heel libidinal desire, fame pleads Fame on ruby throne; “the idea of a spontaneous reaction that is a norm defines a perennial paradox of art.” (Adorno 33).

The stage is set, fates pending judgement in refrain, the historical rendered again demoniacal. “Only works that expose themselves to every risk have the chance of living on, not those that out of fear of the ephemeral cast their lot with the past.” (Adorno 34). Fame is the socius as critic personified, projected onto demoniacal mother, Chaucer the paranoid watching as Chaucer the writer looks on court proceedings in vague horror.

Now go your wey, for ye be served;
And thou, dan Eolus, let see!
Tak forth thy trumpe anon,' quod she,
1625

'That is y-cleped Sclaunder light,
And blow hir loos, that every wight
Speke of hem harm and shrewednesse,
In stede of good and worthinesse.
For thou shalt trumpe al the contraire
1630

Of that they han don wel or faire.'
'Alas,' thoughte I, 'what adventures
Han these sory creatures!
For they, amonges al the pres,
Shul thus be shamed gilteles!
1635

But what! hit moste nedes be.'
(1622-1635)

Chaucer the paranoid defers to the socius though it bewilders and chafes in register. Chaucer is awed at the proceedings as Aeolus sounds horn to call of the Lady Fame, her jeers and praise with no sense of reason or game. The fourth, fifth, and sixth companies has their requests for Laud and fame granted while the seventh is cast to black horn. They are followed by a group who claims:

1830

We ben shrewes, every wight,
And han delyt in wikkednes,

(1830-1831)

Their request for fame is granted by Lady Fame, hers not being a court of justice. After this series of pleadings Chaucer is confronted again as character of dream asked if he “Artow come hider to han fame?” (1871), which Chaucer quickly rebukes, a discontinuity in the process of court generates movement. The interjection a break in the sound of the horns, with broken breaks from broken air Chaucer awakens again to his missive. Chaucer the schizo turns his back on the socius to encode the molecular details of the house of fame, a decent into Daedalic aesthetic.

Tho gan I forth with him to goon
Out of the castel, soth to seye.
Tho saugh I stonde in a valeye,
Under the castel, faste by,

1920

An hous, that *domus Dedali*,
That *Laborintus* cleped is,
Nas maad so wonderliche, y-wis,
Ne half so queynteliche y-wrought.
And evermo, so swift as thought,

1925

This queynte hous aboute wente,
That never-mo hit stille stente.

(1916-1926)

That twin jest of Dedalus in tragedy, Icharus and Labyrinth, fame and death both born from an infamy of craven libidinal desire in bloom, the historical and the demoniacal. As references superseded in dream surpassed in excellence again Chaucer the writer has only the names of fame from which to construct this Daedalic wonder. Movement is coded as constant, fragility as structure, made all of twigs whirring around at a great speed the house is full of holes and sounds which transfix Chaucer the dreamer. Doors always open day and night, no guard, a sleepless nest of tidings, rumors, and whispers, Chaucer the writer uses stark repetition seen nowhere else in the poem as form to draw the reader in.

And, over alle the houses angles,

1960

Is ful of rouninges and of Iangles

Of werre, of pees, of mariages,

Of reste, of labour, of viages,

Of abood, of deeth, of lyfe,

Of love, of hate, acorde, of stryfe,

1965

Of loos, of lore, and of winninges,

Of hele, of sekenesse, of bildinges,

Of faire windes, of tempestes,

Of qualme of folk, and eek of bestes;

Of dyvers transmutaciouns

1970

Of estats, and eek of regiouns;

Of trust, of drede, of Ielousye,

Of wit, of winninge, of folye;

Of plentee, and of greet famyne,

Of chepe, of derth, and of ruyne;

1975

Of good or mis gouvernement,

Of fyr, of dyvers accident.

(1959-1976)

By way of litany, the whirl of structure is painted in staccato, the abstract made material. Chaucer the writer seeks to press Chaucer the dreamer, to remember dream, to enter the libidinal pulse of life while turning away from Lady Fame, by beseeching Apollo for truth not aesthetic in this book's retelling Chaucer writes an account of number not of beauty. A warding of detail protecting that art which Chaucer the paranoid seeks to code without forgetting the original dream, reaching at once for and beyond the real.

The previous generation had already limited the pure immanence of artworks, which at the same time they drove to its extreme: by employing the author as commentator, by the use of irony, and by the quantity of detail artfully protected from the intervention of art. (Adorno 26)

Immanence is coded in the prepositional abstract, 'of' being without entrance or exit, Chaucer may only look on the whirring storm of whisper and its echo. "Through duration art protests against death; the paradoxically transient eternity of artworks is the allegory of an eternity bare of semblance. Art is the semblance of what is beyond death's reach." (Adorno 27). By allegory the eternal is made material, by litany the abstract is shaped into real structure, by alchemy the accent of occlusion is revealed. Again, Chaucer the writer must seek guidance in remembering. The paradox of Icharus, by way of seeking to touch the sun, his name persists beyond death, a shibboleth; Morpheus, Aeolus, Echo.

The eagle sits upon a rock near the house, the watchful paternal perched in the wings. A reinforcement from the external other that Chaucer the paranoid is allowed, by eagle's clasp, by sun's grace, Chaucer the dreamer may enter the Daedalic aesthetic Of structure. Chaucer the writer, champion of Love, requires aid, no temple is this place but a house of tricks, the libidinal coded violent, cold coded socius. Enter Chaucer the schizo, the anti-oedipal distillate of fame, the sexuality of dream confronts the socius itself in uncoded capricious squall, sublimation of the mercurial sexuality "it is through a restriction, a blockage, and a reduction that the libido is made to repress its flows in order to contain them in the

narrow cells of the type ‘couple’, ‘family,’ ‘person,’ ‘objects.’” (Deleuze and Guattari 293). Coded in the reading and rereading, Chaucer the dreamer and Chaucer the writer read Chaucer the schizo as the secret occultum of labyrinth and libidinal fame. The inversion of maiden and beast, ekstasis as process of entrance, an exegesis of dream, Lethe as antithesis of remembering. The eagle again takes Chaucer up and drops him in through a window of the house of rumors.

With this worde he, right anoon,
Hente me up bitwene his toon,
And at a windowe in me broghte,
2030

That in this hous was, as me thoghte—
And ther-withal, me thoghte hit stente,
And no-thing hit aboute wente—
And me sette in the flore adoun.
(2027-2033)

“To each its own sexes” (Deleuze and Guattari 296). Chaucer in sexuality is self-represented, self-evident aspirant of Venus questing to understand the music of the magicians. To remember the dream is to forget the original telling, to enter by flight of other through the window is to be without exit, the schizo must code their own machinations. A hot drop in the house of cold rumor without protection of castle guard, the minotaur consuming bodies without organs the schizo must note the molecular, the granular, by string, by strand, by crumb, the socius—the macro—is scrambled, undone.

But which a congregacioun
2035
Of folk, as I saugh rome aboute
Some within and some withoute,
Nas never seen, ne shal ben eft;
That, certes, in the world nis left
So many formed by Nature,
2040

Ne deed so many a creature;
That wel unethe, in that place,
Hadde I oon foot-brede of space;
And every wight that I saugh there
Rounded ech in otheres ere
2045

A newe tyding prevely,
Or elles tolde al openly
Right thus, and seyde: 'Nost not thou
That is betid, lo, late or now?'
(2034-2048)

Truth and lie mingle in equal company and compete for flight in this tempestuous house. All denizens across time seeking for the whisper of rumor which might carry their name to Lady Fame. Chaucer processes in reverse, errant magus, the schizo checks the walnut shells for windmills, reading 'bras' for Dido's breast, now in a house of twigs chasing whispers, dreaming in a state of unrest. Chaucer has left the form of Agon, allegory abandoned, fame has yet to take flight. Chaucer the writer listens closely as he writes, the scratch of twig and ink. Each visage by word with word fighting for exit to gain flight through shifting windows of Chaucer's entrance. Labor rewarded by belabored labors.

2110
Thus out at holes gonne wringe
Every tyding streight to Fame;
And she gan yeven eche his name.
After hir disposicioun,
And yaf hem eek duracioun,
2115
Some to wexe and wane sone,
As dooth the faire whyte mone,
And leet hem gon. Ther mighte I seen
Wenged wondres faste fleen,
Twenty thousand in a route,
2120

As Eolus hem blew aboute.

(2110-2120)

Here in the cradle of fame there is no birth and no death, only escape, only Icharus. Daedalic is the aesthetic register, neither horror, nor tragedy, nor boon exceeding the finest detail as an impossible reach,

... in process, I believe with each line I write that I am scouring the womb, giving it the *curette*, as it were. Behind this process lies the idea not of 'edifice' and 'superstructure,' which is culture and hence false, but of continuous birth, renewal, *life, life*. ... In the myth there is no life for us.

Only the myth lives in the myth. (Deleuze and Guattari 298)

In the alchemical marriage it is the union of the Phoenix and the Aquilla, the sun and the earth and its transit by which corpus is renewed with each passing. Alchemy as reading, is reading. Aeolus heels to Fame, whispers as clarion call. Myth of the word gives word the power of myth, by the sublimation of aesthetic, the Daedalic is read in dialectic. Icharus must drown to touch the sun. Dido's death is Aeneas' fame. The supranatural codes the human tame.

To embrace tragedy is to abandon its frame, "Dissonance is the truth about harmony. If the ideal of harmony is taken strictly, it proves to be unreachable according to its own concept. Its desiderata are satisfied only when such unreachableness appears as essence ..." (Adorno 110). By rejection of courtly process fame's molecular structure is stripped bare, Venus "Naked fleting in a see." (Chaucer 134).

And, lord! this hous, in alle tymes,
Was ful of shipmen and pilgrymes,
With scrippes bret-ful of lesinges,
Entremedled with tydinges,

2125

And eek alone by hem-selve.
O, many a thousand tymes twelve

Saugh I eek of these pardoneres,
Curroures, and eek messangeres,
With boistes crammed ful of lyes
2130
As ever vessel was with lyes.
(2121-2130)

As the trappings and structure of fame are forgotten the scale of rumor is realized. For all those who adorned the halls and pillars of Fame, here in rumor their number exceeds the minds grasp, “many a thousand tymes twelve”. The instable hollow nature of Fame’s structure and court further reveals itself as a house of lies, an over flowing vessel of rumor fuels fame. A mass grave of sacrificial Dido. Chaucer the schizo codes the Minotaur in plural, “... mythic representation does not express the element of the earth, but rather the conditions under which this element fades before the despotic element...” (Deleuze and Guattari 301). Chaucer the writer begins to drown in his own lies on flight to the sun, psychoanalysis codes object to subject through universal distillation of desire as libido, it is the world of representation which crumbles, the house of twigs whirring to the hum of its own rumor and lies (Deleuze and Guattari 301-302).

And as I alther-fastest wente
Aboute, and dide al myn entente
Me for to pleye and for to lere,
And eek a tyding for to here,
2135
That I had herd of som contree
That shal not now be told for me;—
(2131-2136)

Chaucer the writer foreshadows a forgetting of the dream, our narrator now to abandon us with the final image of Morpheus. The minotaur of the labyrinth revealed. The aggregate of fame personified before final flight of the unfinished forgotten. The immaterial materia of Laud and Slander, at the heart of

Venus' temple rests here and there. Amid the trampling horde of rumor on love's whispers as Chaucer's guide, the throng of the unformed socius coded molecular surges toward a final figure.

I herde a gret noise withalle

In a corner of the halle,

Ther men of love tydings tolde,

And I gan thiderward beholde;

2145

For I saugh renninge every wight,

As faste as that they hadden might;

And everich cryed, 'What thing is that?'

And som seyde, 'I not never what.'

And whan they were alle on an hepe,

(1060) 2150

Tho behinde gonne up lepe,

And clamben up on othere faste,

And up the nose on hye caste,

And troden faste on othere heles

And stampe, as men don after eles.

2155

Atte laste I saugh a man,

Which that I [nevene] naught ne can;

But he semed for to be

2158

A man of greet auctoritee....

(Unfinished.)

(2141-2158)

Conclusion

“Psychoanalysis and the Oedipus complex gather up all beliefs, all that has ever been believed by humanity, but only in order to raise it to the condition of a *denial* that preserves belief without believing it (it’s only a dream: the strictest piety today asks for nothing more).” (Deleuze and Guattari 304). As Deleuze and Guattari find in schizoanalysis that Oedipus himself has no Oedipal complex through the dispersion of myth, Chaucer the dreamer is found to have forgotten the dream while Chaucer the writer has read again the reading by writing. The dutiful devotee of Venus finds favor of the sun by abandoning himself to the eagle’s talon, fame rendered as commonplace call and response in the house of rumor. Chaucer’s world of word in dream is a sea of signifiers seeking flight, metaphor drowning metaphor for a chance at the window, fame suspended in suspense of its becoming.

McGuinn summarizes Adorno’s contradiction of reality as follows, “The artwork presents an objectification of reality that contradicts the positive constructions of reality in dialectics by working through that process of negation-as-construction in positing its own construction-through-reflection.” (McGuinn 120). By process and form of book and alchemy Chaucer presents the reader with the absence of book Gillespie speaks to. By invoking dream Chaucer tells of a dream while awake, no longer dreamer, a resident of rumor. Read horizontally without the materiality of book, there are three Chaucer’s and three “aventures” related only by linking couplet of sun and love, sound and sight, forgetting and remembering. The dream itself is forgotten in favor of reading, reading the brass table, reading the stars, reading the names etched into the foundations of fame, reading the sycamore, reading the signs of the magicians, reading the winds of Aeolus, reading rumor’s travels.

The psychoanalytic reading of Chaucer offers dispersion of alchemical codes to access Adorno’s negative dialectic. By dispersion of Chaucer’s time coded as alchemy, the historical and demoniacal dialectic of the work reads horizontally. Dream and Fame are timeless processes of the human yet accent

that which is not-human, the supranatural, works exceeding the diligent labor, dream as wish fulfillment exceeding even the greatest desire. Dream as the real remembered, always retold, fame as an echo of rumor, the schizo wandering the cave encoding the libidinal in isolate is the molecular substrate from which the socius aggregates. The oscillation of socius across time, across persona, through life, trampled and trodden, Fame embraces the Daedalic rumor. Without the labyrinth of writing there is no dream, without the labyrinth of rumor there is nothing from which to construct the House of Fame. For rumor to take flight, for the whispers of the schizo to reach the paranoid continuity must be established. For Venus to give boon to Aeneas the brass table must be read. To read the history of the stars the eagle must seem to persuade *ex nilo*.

“From the perspective of the philosophy of history, expression in art must be interpreted as a compromise.” (Adorno 111) and yet we cannot only interpret word as compromise, the process and production of word itself being a body to explore. To compromise is to require a libidinal encounter, to remember is to acknowledge the real has passed Hadean River and must be sublimated or frozen by process to be remembered. The limit of poetry is writing its reading, an act of defiance against the Lady Fame, a limit in becoming with each new reading which in turn defies its writer. The *House of Fame* can never be a finished work if it is ever read again. To finish the house of fame is for its last stone to melt in its flight to the sun, to finally drown in the river Lethe. Only when Chaucer’s name is forgotten will the *House of Fame* finally slay the minotaur of rumor.

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