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Club Med as Utopia: Antedating the Idyll

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> It is possible to suggest (with Hegel and Marx) that, in the history of every modern nation, wherever the argument can apply, there is never more than one single founding revolutionary event (which explains both the permanent temptation to repeat its forms, to imitate its episodes and characters, and the temptation found among the "extreme" parties to suppress it).
>
> —Étienne Balibar, "The Nation Form: History and Ideology"

In 1517, a year after Thomas More's *Utopia* was published at Antwerp, an Englishman named John Rastell set off from Bristol for the "new found lands" of the Americas. Not only did he intend to establish a colony there, but he brought a London printer on board with him in order to set up a press in the New World. His crew abandoned him before he reached Ireland, and the voyage was aborted; but Rastell did not give up entirely. Two years later he published a satirical play called *A New Interlude and a mery of the nature of the Four Elements*, proposing that the rich "new landes" lying to the west should be settled as an English colony. Rastell saw this continent, named for the shadowy figure of "Americus," as replete with valuable forests and native inhabitants who might be converted to a more "virtuous life." In its fertile abundance, America was there for England's taking.

Rastell has been called "precocious" in his desire to colonize America (Rowse 188; Penrose 388-9;

Andrews 54-5). But often Rastell is left out of studies of early modern colonialism or Tudor exploration. When his name comes up it is almost always in conjunction with his famous brother-in-law, Thomas More. Rastell married More's sister Elizabeth in 1504, and he must have discussed his expeditions to the New World with More in the decade preceding the publication of *Utopia*. *The Four Elements* is an unironic advertisement for colonization, whereas More's *Utopia* seems to idealize the impenetrable world of Utopia and to satirize the possibility of its annexation. Yet Rastell's text and More's are importantly connected. Utopia, like Rastell's America, overdetermines colonialism, linking industry, improvement, and imperial annexation with the dissemination of texts and knowledge. As this essay will suggest, *Utopia* inaugurates a narrative and ideological tradition in which utopian space is seen to construct itself on and around the rupture of warfare and colonial annexation. Louis Marin has usefully argued that the utopia neutralizes or displaces violence: "The positive and fictitious assimilation of Western culture and religion by the new world is a story that conceals the negative and real expansion of the old world by war and economic exploitation" ("Towards a Semiotic" 270). But as I will suggest, that neutralization coexists with violence in utopian narrative. Colonialism becomes one of utopia's borders — a shore or margin alluded to even as it is cast out. In order better to understand the connections utopian texts and practices establish between the "ideal" present and the violent past, I want to consider a utopia contemporary to our own world before turning back to More and to Rastell. Here, I will suggest, it becomes possible to understand the way in which utopia theorizes the idea of rupture.

The Antidote: Club Med in Danang

In 1950, a Belgian diamond cutter with the improbable name of Gerard Blitz opened what he called a "vacation village" in Mallorca. A champion swimmer, Blitz wanted Europeans "of all classes" to have access to the sea. But if Club Med had its origins in an egalitarian vision, that vision was to change. Four years later, Blitz formed a partnership with a French entrepreneur named Gilbert Trigano, a man who had already been a professional actor, drama critic, journalist, and Resistance leader during the Occupation. Over the next two decades Trigano helped to turn Blitz's modest "vacation villages" into the global empire now called Club Mediterranné.[1] In Trigano's terms, what he has been selling with such success — the phrase serves as slogan for Club Med — is an "antidote for civilization." This palliative metaphor borrows from a long tradition in which culture is associated with disease, for Club Med, like the European spa, promises to replenish the body, in part through the "antibody" of the "native."

In its glossy promotional literature, Club Med promotes the curative resources of its natural settings. (Not surprisingly, mountains and water play a large part in the photo design of each brochure.) Each Club Med village promises a location in a setting of supreme natural beauty: the best beaches, the most beautiful mountain views. Yet the views offered up by such brochures

— of Luxor, Marrakesh, Ixtapa — often appear largely indistinguishable. Here, as in Rastell's *Four Elements*, nature is seen as a precious commodity. In the Club Med brochure, nature is a panorama or view; the Club Med room or village looks out on the scenery of its habitat while remaining distinct from it. The location of the club facilitates the illusion that the tourist has been displaced from the workaday world. Club Med is usually a setting within a setting, its village set some distance from the nearest town, its buildings designed in Club Med's pan-colonialist style rather than reflecting local architecture. The Club's "famous Polynesian huts," as one writer observes, are still part of Club Med villages in Korba (Tunisia) and Corfu (Greece). Trigano defends the widespread use of grass huts. "You can breathe in them. They're ventilated. Perfect for hot weather." In response to an interviewer's query, Trigano denies that there is anything peculiar "about thousands of Frenchmen or Americans taking a vacation in Greece to live in a village of Polynesian grass huts." "Our entire concept is to offer a *rupture* — a break with normal life, a normal day," Trigano replies. "We break with the banalities and structure of the everyday. The Polynesian huts were an adventure that worked. The idea is to abolish real life — urban stress, routine, concrete, cars, even money" (Heilpern 189, 192). But the "rupture" offered by Trigano's clubs depends on the homogenization of desire — the turquoise sea, the grass hut — in which the tourist can step into a fantasy that has anticipated him. He can, in essence, play Crusoe for a week.

Moreover, like Crusoe, the tourist enjoys his or her sojourn only by recognizing that his or her club is a refuge. It is that forbidden "other side of the island" which gives the club's civility its value. Where is the wilderness to be found in Club Med's self-advertisement? In part, it is to be found in nature itself: the stupendous mountains, the sheer distance of the locale. More often, wilderness (or wildness) can be seen in the Club's discussion of what it ubiquitously refers to as the "native." "Native" culture is reproduced for guests through "folk pageants" inside the Club Med village. The exotic and the familiar are reworked in miniature pageants mirroring the pageant of the vacation itself. This theatricalized culture is offset by the homogenized European character of the clubs themselves, whose staff is usually French or English. The setting of each club thus becomes a backdrop for customs that are reassuringly European. Far from home (in Marrakesh, in Thailand), the tourist sits at communal tables with other tourists like himself and watches pageants in which the "native" is performed for his consumption. The Club Med brochure can thus promise tourists two very different things at once: "you'll come across people just like yourself, with similar backgrounds, as well as countless fascinating individuals from faraway lands." If Trigano's clubs are "antidotes," the bodies on stage are antibodies, their "nativeness" used to strengthen and make superior the body of the visiting tourist.

Part of the allure of Trigano's clubs, of course, is that they attempt to break down customary distinctions: between wild and civilized, native and culture, work and leisure. If plays become one way in which such binaries are nevertheless maintained, as I have been suggesting, playing becomes another. Playing — in terms of sport, activities, even pure relaxation — is described in Club Med's promotional materials in the familiar terms of skill sets and improve-

ment. Throughout Club Med's brochure can be seen the contradictory tenets of upwardly mobile capitalism. The very idea of the "vacation" is complex: what is it that is vacated, and why? In Club Med's brochures, self-improvement is assured at the same time as "complete relaxation," and a dizzying roster of lessons in everything from mastering the flying trapeze to waterskiing and windsurfing is somehow intended to add up to "total leisure." Trigano, whose most recent Club Med (Opio, near Nice) caters largely to corporate conferences, admits that the distinction today between work and leisure is breaking down. One in four Club Med villages now has a computer workshop, and Trigano has recently offered guests the chance to learn to conduct a symphony orchestra. Leisure as a value is reconstructed at Club Med so that what is offered is not the *antidote* to civilization but the essence of it. Civilization is not erased but confirmed. When a guest arrives at a Club Med village, he or she is welcomed as a "g.m." — *gentil membre* — by one of many arduously trained and enthusiastic "g.o."'s — *gentil organisateurs*. Solitude in the villages is discouraged, if not actually prohibited. In fact, Club Med built its reputation on the idea of bringing people together. In the 1970s Club Med was an idyll for young singles and couples. Since the late 1980s, however, the clubs have catered increasingly to families, with only a very few preserved for "couples only." Throughout the Club Med empire single tourists are paired off with roommates; there are no "single rooms" in Club Med villages. Meals are taken at tables of eight, and group activities are encouraged. Romance and pleasure, the guest is taught, are to be garnered through solidarity, community, and effort. The tourist here finds labor dramatized and displaced, made into theater in which he or she becomes a participant. Rather than dissolving the workaday world that the tourist is escaping, the Club Med village superimposes its own images on that world, creating a diptych in which teamwork can be refigured as leisure.

Values promoted by Club Med's "spirit of adventure and discovery" are in this way disguised, made palatable or even unrecognizable to guests. At the same time, they are belied by one of the club's greatest myths: that no money is exchanged in the "villages," and nothing costs. Tourists purchase plastic bar beads at Club Med's "banks" upon arrival — beads that have value at any Club Med village in the world, but nowhere else, and that are used for "extras" not paid for in the package: liquor, snacks, gifts from the well-stocked boutiques ("eight orange beads please!"). At the same time, the experience of Club Med, its value and values, is promoted as "free," in all senses of that word. Trigano's early careers as actor and drama critic have in this way allowed him to create a global theater in which prized cultural values — self-improvement, solidarity, intimacy — are advertised as attainable. But if Trigano's career in the theater has shaped the development of Club Med, so, though perhaps less obviously, has his earlier career in the Resistance. Club Med villages can be found in locations as varied as Luxor, Marrakesh, Thailand, Bulgaria, and Israel, but the "village" where each club is located is ubiquitously French and English, its staff carefully chosen to remind guests that Club Med is a French concern, with careful touches like French wine served at lunch as well as dinner, and French chefs preparing French meals. It is as if Trigano's mission here, as in the Resistance, is to defend what is French by pushing back what is not.

Since 1978, larger and larger percentages of Club Med's revenues each year have come from Japanese tourism. Expansion in the Far East seemed plausible, and in 1989 Trigano signed an agreement with the Vietnamese government to open a Club Med village in Danang. Trigano's son has acknowledged that people might find this location peculiar but insists that Club Med has obtained the "three best beaches in the country." Club Med will have a village in Danang within the next decade.

The port of Danang, as Susan Brownmiller puts it, has always been characterized by arrivals and departures (78). In the 1850s, Napoleon III sent a French man-of-war to enter Danang in order to open Vietnam up to European trade. Eventually Danang fell to the French, who were to control Vietnam for almost a century. In March of 1965, it was at Danang that US troops enacted the amphibious landing that marked the official beginning of US involvement in the Vietnam War. By the following year, the airport at Danang was the third busiest in the world (Brownmiller 80). Not far from the city lies China Beach, an area renowned as a "rest and recreation" site for soldiers during the war, as well as the home of the Ninety-Fifth Evacuation Hospital on which the television series *China Beach* was based.

Serge Trigano does not see the irony in building a French vacation idyll in Vietnam. But whatever else the construction of a Club Med in Danang might be, it is at the very least a kind of return. Cultural historians have begun to review the topoi of the "return to Vietnam" in American movies and television: both Rambo and Magnum P.I., for example, have been read as veterans' "returns" to the site of combat (see Jeffords; Morris and Ehrenhaus). For the French, who claimed possession of Vietnam from 1884 until 1954, the anticipated return via Club Med replicates an even earlier conquest and colonization. The three "best beaches" the Triganos claim they have "got" uncannily recall the three territories named and "created" by the French in the 1880s: Annam, Tonkin, and Cochinchina. Club Med's expansion in Vietnam, in other words, acts out a kind of repetition compulsion in which an artificial French village is reconstructed at the scene of an old French colony. To hear Club Med's anthem in Danang — "liberty! equality! fraternity!" — is to recognize the conjunctions between global business and global politics. Gilbert Trigano, who during the Occupation witnessed a time when France's identity as a nation was threatened, has found a way to reinscribe the Gallic as signature in every corner of the globe. The selection of Vietnam as vacation site, however, goes beyond imperialist visions. A French Club Med in Danang marks a nation's return to a site of its own violence. It is perhaps true, after all, as Dean MacCannell argues in his study of tourism, that there is always a connection to be drawn between armies and tourists. As MacCannell puts it, "What is an expeditionary force without guns? Tourists" (xviii).

Trigano's prediction that Vietnam is destined to become a "major tourist destination" may already be coming true. In May of 1992, a travel writer for *Vogue*, John Krich, claimed that Vietnam, the "scorched land that couldn't be conquered," was "staging its comeback as the world's next 'hot' destination":

> Now enough time has passed for Vietnam to pass from the domain of Hollywood agents to travel agents. With the lifting of travel restrictions last

> December — preparatory to the long-rumored end of the full economic boycott imposed back in 1975, expected to take place after this year's presidential elections — American companies are finally free to book Vietnam flights, hotels, and tours. . . . While some rebellious highland zones are still off-limits to foreigners, less-restricted travel will be a certain result of the forthcoming peaceful onslaught. (278)

While touring the Museum of War Crimes, Krich seems almost nostalgic for that lost "treacherous Vietnam." The beaches are indeed beautiful, he writes. But have all the land mines been cleared? While marketing Vietnam as a last wilderness ("Go before they start inventing things for you to see"), Krich is also acutely self-conscious of the peculiarity of American tourism in Vietnam. "Travel," he writes, "is essentially tragic. . . . [T]o paraphrase Norman Mailer's classic question, 'Why are we in Vietnam again?'" (284).

Why indeed? Krich describes Saigon as "one vast assertiveness-training session, a nonstop workshop in learning to say no" to the children who beg him for money or plague him with faded photographs of "some long-lost Lieutenant Bill or Jim." What Krich wants is to find a way "to wrench Vietnam out of the realm of the symbolic." Even if this should happen, however, the war will continue to be a conscious or unconscious part of Vietnam's attraction for Americans. As a recent article in the *Boston Globe* reported: "For the traveller, the war hangs over everything, like the thick morning mist in the Mekong Delta jungle. While the bomb craters are all fishponds now, it's hard not to gaze over the palm trees and rice fields and imagine the clucking of helicopter blades and machine-gun fire" (Flint B-27). In the most recent example of such "returns," the June 1996 issue of *Vogue* includes a photo session of Kate Moss "sent off to explore the new Vietnam" on one page modelling a "tiger-striped top" (about $320) in an "old French colonial house" (148). One caption over her blandly serene stare pronounces, "At peace in Vietnam" (147).

If the American desire to return to Vietnam is mired in one "realm of the symbolic," the French return has its own complicated history. What can it mean for the Triganos to return to Vietnam, which the French "lost" the year Gilbert Trigano started the empire of Club Med? Perhaps in the idea of Club Med in Vietnam, the Triganos have found the new realm of the symbolic desired by tourists like Krich. Club Med in Vietnam will enable the French to return to Vietnam, to rebuild French villages on the scars of the old colonies. If a visit to Vietnam will provide Club Med tourists with a "rupture," it will be in large part because of the paradoxical power of these villages set in the "scorched country" that France and America fought so hard (and so unsuccessfully) to control. Trigano, however, alludes to none of this. For him Vietnam is described as curiously new, unexplored, without history. It is less a country than a backdrop, a view — a beach and not a beachhead. But this is the peculiar work of utopia as praxis: both to erase and to reinscribe the colonialist origins of its past.

The Antedate

The island of Utopia visited by Raphael Hythlodaeus, More's fictitious explorer, is at once an "antidote" for the civilization represented by the disputatious courts of Europe in Book One and an anamorphic representation of that civilization. Here, too, the exotic and the familiar overlay each other so that the island at once resembles England and destabilizes the very possibility of resemblance. The whole center of the country is a harbor "which lets ships cross in every direction," thus inviting entry; but the mouth of that harbor is "rendered perilous" by hidden reefs, shallows, and crags (More, *Utopia* 111). Thus the figure of utopia as text and as space is both inviting and impenetrable: we are asked in, we are held at bay; and we are warned that the placid harbor is mined with possible danger.

In Utopia, Hythlodaeus tells Morus, everything is designed for the benefit both of profit and of pleasure. Rules are strict but simple, designed largely to prohibit idleness or waste. While the Utopian work day is short — only six hours — the distinction between industry and leisure is blurred so that hours "off" may be as arduous as hours "on." The Utopian timetable is strictly regimented: "Utopians . . . divide the day and night into twenty-four equal hours and assign only six to work. There are three before noon, after which they go to dinner. After dinner, when they have rested for two hours in the afternoon, they again give three to work and finish up with supper. Counting one o'clock as the first hour after noon, they go to bed about eight o'clock, and sleep claims eight hours" (127). To quote Hythlodaeus: "The intervals between the hours of work, sleep, and food are left to every man's discretion, not to waste time in revelry or idleness, but to devote the time free from work to some other occupation according to taste. These periods are commonly devoted to intellectual pursuits." Public lectures are delivered in the hours before daybreak, and while attendance is compulsory only for those selected as scholars, "both males and females flock" to hear them.[2] While this zeal for edification is widely acknowledged as More's paean to the "new learning," it is possible to see here, as in Club Med's popular computer workshops or intensive sports-training programs, a dissolution of the boundaries between labor and rest, a Foucauldian structure of improvement that keeps citizen or tourist under constant pressure to improve.[3] In Utopia, citizens constantly test one another. At mealtimes, which are taken communally (like Club Med's tables of eight), the elders deliberately draw out the young men "so that they may test each one's ability and character, which are revealed in the relaxed atmosphere of a feast" (145). Relaxation and testing become disguises for each other in a community predicated upon winning and losing. Utopian games, for instance, allegorize moral lessons, as Hythlodaeus describes: "They do play two games not unlike chess. The first is a battle of numbers in which one number plunders another. The second is a game in which the vices fight a pitched battle with the virtues" (129). Strikingly, Hythlodaeus describes these games as battles: "one number *plunders* another"; "the vices fight a *pitched battle* with the virtues." Utopian battles, conversely, are described like complex and intruiging games. Utopians use their wits to confound their enemies, employing the gold they devalue within their culture to

bribe foreign mercenaries, laying ambushes and avoiding them, using their keen minds to "invent war machines," and in actual combat fighting to the death, using battle-axes at close proximity to thrust or hack at their enemies. Once the enemy has been subdued the Utopians do not destroy the offending country but rather annex it, sending some of their own citizens under the title of Financial Agents "to live there in great style and play the part of magnates."

Though critics are often troubled by the military aggression of the Utopians, it is actually part of a consistent cycle in their history: the citizens "civilize" others as they themselves once were "civilized."[4] Their own history, after all, is one of invasion, transformation, and annexation.

> As the report goes and as the appearance of the ground shows, the island once was not surrounded by the sea. But Utopus, who as conqueror gave the island its name (up to then it had been called Abraxa) and who brought the rude and rustic people up to such a perfection of culture and humanity as makes them now superior to almost all other mortals, gained a victory at his very first landing. (113)

Utopus' division and renaming of this territory, like the French division and renaming of Vietnam, accompanies a moment of colonialist conquest.[5] The creation of Utopia is at one and the same time the destruction of Abraxa, whose natives are subsequently employed in the literal reformulation of their homeland. The isolated status of utopia is at once deliberate and imperfect; Utopia annexes Abraxa but cannot entirely forget the latter's surrender, instead incorporating it into collective memory. Thus utopia is the product of colonialism as much as its subject.

In More's Utopia, England is the absent presence; explicitly named only in passing, it is nonetheless an important subject of *both* books of More's text. In Book One, Hytholodaeus recounts a lengthy debate set at Cardinal Morton's table, in which England is threatened by the ravages of a hungry underclass that, according to Hythlodaeus, it is exploiting and worsening by turns. The violent poor threaten, literally, to consume the land, like the ravenous sheep to which Hythlodaeus compares them. Similarly, in Utopia neither violence nor inequity is eradicated. Certain offenses are considered capital, and the entire society is both patriarchal and acutely class-conscious, in true Platonic fashion. But violence is displaced, disguised, moved out to the margins of the cities, where the sick are kept in hospitals, where meat is decontaminated, where papers and permits are assiduously inspected. At the center of every Utopian city a spectacle of value is played out in the centralized markets, where all commodities are brought and necessities taken away without compensation. Indeed, the very terms used in Utopia for reward — "industry," "employment," "progress," "diligence," "advancement" — as well as those for punishment — "falsified," "reduced" — are market terms. But Utopia's moneyless markets can function only within the closed market of Utopia as system.[6] Beyond the island, a different currency is needed, and the "valueless" gold that the phylarchs secrete away from the people is melted down for trade. In the island's "other" economy, the economy that allows the commonwealth to import and export, to

make profits, to manipulate prices for its neighbors, gold has value indeed. The market thus destabilizes value by demonstrating that it can be endlessly altered, augmented or decreased, that it is not real but made up, constructed, fictional. The same ore that as a child's bauble or slave's chain or a chamberpot is a stigma is at other times "treasure not kept as treasure" (151). Like Club Med, in other words, Utopia operates on two distinct economies: an internal economy in which nothing costs, experience is free, and every need is answered; and an external economy in which one's bar-beads are worthless and a more legitimate currency must be tendered. Though Hythlodaeus explains that it is war that creates the need for this double economy, one might reverse his argument. Wars must exist to bolster the split Utopian economy, so that violence and value might be kept distinct.

More's Utopia, like Trigano's Club Med, masks the identity of its site of origin in a way that seems to dissolve nationalism but actually serves it. Written in Latin, published in the Netherlands, More's literary "nowhere" is, despite its nationlessness, an English space, an exploration of a "rude and savage people" civilized to the point of civilizing other "rude and savage peoples," on an island at once exotic and familiar.[7] More's "new world" was devised less than twenty years after Henry VII offered an award of ten pounds to "hym that found the New Isle" (of Brasil), an award won by John Cabot in 1497, though what land Cabot actually discovered on that expedition is still disputed. Though England's heyday in maritime exploration was still generations away, expeditions intensified after Cabot's "discovery." In August of 1502, three men were taken from the "New Found Isle Land" and were presented to the King, only to die later in captivity. It was during these years that Rastell began plans for his unsuccessful attempt to establish the first English colony in America. For Rastell's character Experience, America is a land of commodities:

> O, what a thynge had be then
> If that they be English men
> Might have been the first of all
> That there sholde have taken possessyon
> And made first buyldynge and habytacion,
>   A memory perpetuall! (762-7)

It would have been a great honor — "both to the realme and to the King" — to extend England's dominion, Experience argues. For in America there are great riches to be had: stores of copper, an abundance of fish, trees (pineapple and fir) from which "great riches might come." Intermingled with this description of the land's value are details of the natives' simplicity: their lack of clothes, their crude shelters, their ignorance of Christ. The English, Experience says, could teach them to live virtuously while mining their land of its ore. Thus Rastell sees in his "new world," as More sees in his, a land where nothing would "cost," where valuable property could be traded for beads.

Rastell's figure of Americus, like More's Utopus — and in a sense like Gilbert Trigano — represses or displaces the violence of the idyll. The acqui-

sition of land, the artificial construction of the antidote, the subjugation or eradication of one population so that "kind organizers" and "kind members" can be brought in their stead: none of this is visible in the *fiction* of utopia. But utopia is never seamlessly colonialist. Instead, its rendering of colonialism is unstable, for the utopian text is a site where binaries dissolve. It is not the escape that Trigano has so successfully marketed, but that elusive concept of the rupture, that "break with normal life, a normal day." Like the rupture of war, the rupture offered by utopia is reassuring as well as destabilizing. It becomes a tear or space that enables the master text to keep getting told.

Trigano's Club Med at Danang can be read another way as well: as yet another postmodern testimony to the end of novelty. For however hard Trigano may try to find a location beyond the reaches of the ordinary, civilization will have gotten there before him. What the tourist finds in Club Med — in Luxor, in Morroco, in Vietnam — is not the antidote to civilization but rather its antedate. To this extent, Trigano's Club Med in Vietnam — still only a blueprint — seems an uncanny postscript to More's romance. This may be why, to my mind, utopia as a literary form always feels familiar or retold. More built this sense of belatedness into *Utopia* in 1516, insisting that the narrative was not his own but part of a metonymic chain of telling and listening. Every utopia since More's has compounded this sense of déjà raconté. We have a disturbing sense that we have heard this before, that this is not new. We may, in fact, have already been here. But like the French in Vietnam, we may not be comfortable remembering why.

Notes

1. Information on Club Med in this essay has been culled from promotional materials from the company's corporate headquarters in New York and from John Heilpern's essay.

2. Edification is, in fact, one means of social mobility in Utopia. "Not seldom does it happen that a craftsman so industriously employs his spare hours on learning and makes such progress by his diligence that he is relieved of his manual labor and advanced into the class of the men of learning" (133).

3. For a discussion of the "New Learning" in England, see Simon 59-101 and Cressy. What Foucault identifies as the three methods of the *timetable* are deeply encoded in the Utopian system: the establishment of rhythms, the imposition of particular occupations, and the regulation of cycles of repetition (149-50). Like Cardinal Morton's table in Book One of *Utopia*, the schedule is a taxonomy of place and function, providing a grid which assures that order will not be disrupted and that every citizen will be functioning as usefully as possible at every minute. Like the map, the timetable imposes its own logic and direction, controlling and organizing down to the smallest detail. Interestingly, Hythlodaeus' dread of *waste* is linked in *Utopia* to the citizens' distaste for excrement, brought forward in the famous discussion of gold chamberpots. *Waste* in Utopia is abhorrent in any form.

4. Davis argues that the Machiavellian behavior of Utopians *outside* of

Utopia is appropriate, while it would be inconsistent at home. In the "Hobbesian state of nature" they must behave this way in order to defend themselves (56). Herbruggen is more critical, objecting to what he sees as an "intolerant, even brutal attitude towards . . . differently-minded neighbors."

5. There are two figures of the colonist in More's text, which takes as its starting point the fact that none of its characters is "home." In a letter to Erasmus dated December 4, 1516, More famously revealed his own identification with Utopus: "In my daydreams I have been marked out by my Utopians to be their King forever; I can see myself now marching along, crowned with a diadem of wheat, very striking in my Franciscan frock, carrying a handful of wheat as my sacred scepter, thronged by a distinguished retinue of Amaurotians and, with this huge entourage, giving audience to foreign ambassadors and sovereigns" (More, *Correspondence* 83-5). Hythlodaeus' position as colonist is more complicated and in some ways more interesting, as his role is to teach Utopia about Europe as well as vice versa.

6. Marin distinguishes these interior markets from exterior storehouses, which share with Utopian hospitals a position of marginality. He also argues that the spatial grid of Utopian cities negates the geographical loci of these markets, so that they exist, literally, "nowhere" (*Utopics* 132-5).

7. Marin argues that *Utopia* erases or neutralizes the violence of colonialism, projecting it into the distant past and rearticulating it as cultivation or improvement. See *Utopics* 109ff.

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