UCLA
Carte Italiane

Title

Henry IV: Hero or Anti-Hero? Luigi Pirandello and Marco Bellocchio Interpret History

Permalink

Journal

ISSN

Author

Wirth, Petra

Publication Date

2003

DOI

Copyright Information

HENRY IV: HERO OR ANTI-HERO?
LUIGI PIRANDELLO AND MARCO BELLOCCHIO INTERPRET HISTORY

Luigi Pirandello's play *Henry IV* is about madness, time, masks, aging, acting, the relationship of the human personality, the relationship between the individual and society, and the blurring line between illusion and reality. However, the depiction of the insanity and the critique of the fragmentation of modern life—those pivotal thoughts of an epoch usually called modern—do not alone make *Henry IV* a tragic play in the modern sense. Bellocchio's cinematographic version of Pirandello's play takes on the very same problems. And yet, Bellocchio's *Henry IV* turns out to be a postmodern man.

In this paper I attempt to perform two tasks: First, I will undertake a critical analysis of Pirandello's tragic hero in a fragmented analogy with some thoughts of Nietzsche, and the nietzschean *Versucher*—his concept of history and his "will to power." By choosing to freeze himself in a fictive moment of the historical to realize his full potential of being, Pirandello's Henry IV does not only remind us of Nietzsche's *Versucher*, but ultimately proves himself to be a tragic hero in the modern sense. Second, I will identify the postmodern elements in Bellocchio's *Henry IV* by the terms of Jean Baudrillard.

I

Perceiving his own times as profoundly chaotic, Pirandello's Henry IV sees himself deprived of any possibility of self-realization. By creating a fiction of his own, he desperately tries to hold the crumbling universe together. Not willing to give up, he is obsessed to find some kind of structure and/or ideal in his world. We see the tragic hero attempt to escape from one reality and substitute it with another of his own making—the one of his fictitious madness. In this substitution we see him then struggle to control his life as well as his environment. In this sense, Pirandello's stage distinguishes itself as a modern one. It represents, above all, consciousness: consciousness as a structure composed of fictions; and self-consciousness as consciousness reflecting on

itself—that means, realizing its own (vane) attempt to give itself form despite the unstable nature of the human identity (Caputi 98-9).

From the very first stage direction onwards, the historical past and present are put in a sharp contrast to each other:

> A large room in the villa, furnished to represent as accurately as possible the throne-room of Henry IV in the imperial palace at Goslar. But among the antique furnishings are two life-size modern portraits in oils, standing out from the back wall. (*Henry IV* 137)

Whereas the historical past seems to be a well-defined and concrete entity, the present lacks any precise definitions—it is, at best, a play, a masquerade:

> The two portraits represent a man and a woman, both young and dressed in carnival costume....

> As the curtain rises the two SERVANTS, caught by surprise, leap down from the ledge on which they've been sprawling, and take up positions like statues on either side of the throne. They carry halberds. A moment later, from the second entrance on the right, enter ARIALDO, LANDOLFO, ORDULFO and BERTOLDO. They are young men employed by the Marchese CARLO DI NOLLI to play parts of 'Privy Councillors', royal vassals from the low aristocracy at the court of Henry IV. They are dressed, therefore, as eleventh-century German knights. The last of them, BERTOLDO, whose real name is FINO, is taking up his duties for the first time. The three old hands are briefing him, and taking the opportunity to enjoy themselves in the process. The whole scene would be acted with animation and vivacity. (*Henry IV* 137)

It is in fact a farce, as we learn when the play within the play— significantly a comedy of errors, finally begins. Bertoldo, the newly employed actor-councilor, has erred: instead of preparing and dressing himself for his role at the court of Henry IV of Germany, he has done so for the court of Henry IV of France of the middle of the sixteenth century. While already between 1597 and 1598 Shakespeare had

written a play also entitled *Henry IV*, Pirandello plays a double game here. On the one hand, he lets the interplay between the verbal signs and their referents take its course. On the other hand, he contrasts the historical past and present: in opposition to the irritating, unstable and inaccessible character of the present, the historical past is still re-presented as a stable system with a finite number of vertical and horizontal coordinates. Places, names, dates, and facts seem to make history an accessible, univocal and self-explaining reality, as indicated by the actors-councilors' rather subordinated observations:

> ARIALDO. At Goslar!
> ORDULFO. Schloss Hartzburg, if you prefer it!
> ARIALDO. Or Worms!
> ...
> ORDULFO. Saxony!
> ARIALDO. Lombardy!
> LANDOLFO. On the Rhine!
> ...
> LANDOLFO. Henry the Fourth of *France*!
> ...
> ARIALDO. Henry the Fourth of Germany, old boy! The Salian dynasty!
> ORDULFO. The great and tragic Holy Roman Emperor!
> LANDOLFO. Henry the Fourth of Canossa! We're engaged here, day in, day out, in the most frightful war between Church and State! ...
> ORDULFO. The Empire versus the Papacy! Tantara!
> ...
> BERTOLDO. All the preparation I've done, the history!
> (*Henry IV* 137-8)

As the three old hands help out the new one to get his facts straight, the historical characters are introduced, and even their relationships to each other begin to take shape. When then the real characters are about to enter the scene, we are, of course, not surprised to find the four hands to be confused: the historical past is about to give away to a much less determined and much more disturbing present. Through the Marchesa Matilda's encounter with her portrait from eighteen years ago, historical past and present are once again set

off against each other. Matilda no longer identifies with her own image but sees in it her daughter, Frida:

> MATILDA. It's a portrait of *me*. And it *did* astonish me to
> find her there instead of me. And my astonishment was
> genuine, and I forbid you to doubt it! (*Henry IV* 148)

As the doctor puts it, the historical past is "always fixed in one particular moment of time—long ago in this case" (*Henry IV* 148), whereas the present consists "of so many things which aren't there … gestures, movements, glances, smiles" (*ibid.*). According to the doctor's determinism, the historical past neither changes its form nor its content. The historical present is instead deprived of such qualities: it is a constant flow without any fixed coordinates. What causes the marchesa to wonder and the doctor to rationalize, makes Henry IV choose twice—and both times deliberately, the identity of the historical figure over his own. In other words, it is Henry IV's perception of history as such that makes him favor the historical king's identity over his own. His concept of history distinguishes him also from the other characters.

Through the coordinates of the historical past, Henry IV had learned that his first choice would guarantee him the opportunity to live up to his ideal—to be near the woman of his affection even if only for a short moment. In reality and/or by destiny, he had to experience that only by making a second time the very same choice, could he free himself from the limits imposed on him (and others) by the occurring historical present: the big lie from an actual reality, unity, harmony, permanence and rational purpose when none of such idealities do exist; but are the mere tools of a hierarchical structured society. In other words, he is a *Versucher* by the terms of Nietzsche. As Thomas Harrison puts it:

> A partial solution to the philosophy of nonrealization came
> with Nietzsche …. While agreeing with Schopenhauer's
> basic perception of experience as self-trying, Nietzsche
> reversed the judgment his predecessor had placed on it. Such
> experience offered a fruitful rather than futile condition. The
> aim of willful strife was not the accomplishment of being but
> the adventures of becoming, not survival but power. And

power meant the enhancement of present condition. Will was not eternally frustrated but boundlessly productive, not incapable of achieving its goal but on the way, not empty but pregnant with future. A universe of absurd and irrational conflict now appears as a vast laboratory of experimentation.... We can already spy an emerging ethos in this Nietzschean revision of the philosophy of realization. To live in accordance with the transformative nature of history is to act as a furtherer of concrete potential, to operate in the manner of an experiment. Nietzsche calls a person who lives in this way a *Versucher*. The word *Versucher*, literally "tempter" or "attempter," comes from *Versuch*: an attempt, a trial, a test, an act of research or experimentation. A *Versucher* is a searcher and researcher, tempted by the goal of determining the "whither" and "for what" of humanity.... [C]haracter is portrayed as an open existential project within a world of relatively closed actuality. (Harrison 5-7)

Pirandello's Henry IV is in fact Nietzsche's *Versucher*, experimenting in a laboratory set up in a frozen moment of the historical past.

Eventually tired of the masquerade within the masquerade— his own script, staging and production, Henry IV reveals himself as simulating his own madness, the corrupting *maladi* of his times, and the reason for his preference of the historical figure's identity over his own. Between the following lines of Pirandello's Henry IV we can hear again the voice of Nietzsche himself:

And every moment of the day, them wanting everyone to be as *they* want ... *that's* not persecution, of course ... oh, no! that's just their way of thinking, feeling, seeing ... well, to each his own! You've got yours, no doubt, though God knows what it is. You're just a flock of sheep ... paltry, ephemeral, hesitant sheep. And they take advantage of that, they make submit and accept *their* way, so you'll feel and see like them! At least they delude themselves they do! But what do they actually succeed in imposing on you? Words! Which they all interpret and use in their own ways. Which is precisely how so-called current opinions get formed! And it's just too bad if someone wakes up one morning and finds himself labeled with one of these fashionable words! 'Mad', for instance. ... Tell me, can you stand quietly by, knowing

there's someone doing his damnedest to persuade people you're what he says you are, trying to fix his opinion of you in their heads? 'Mad'! 'Mad'! I'm not telling you now I'm doing it for a joke! Before … before I banged my head falling off that horse…. Oh, I see! Well, what a revelation! Am I or aren't I? Oh, have it any way you want… all right, I'm mad! … Come on, sheep! Up! Why did you obey me? You could have put me in a strait-jacket…. To crush someone with a single word is nothing … it's swatting flies! The whole of life is crushed to death like that, with words! Dead-weights…. Well, here I am. Do you seriously believe that Henry IV is still alive? But then … I'm speaking to you, I'm giving you orders, and you're alive. Which is how I want you! Do you think this too is a practical joke, that the dead go on making life? Yes, it is a joke, in here. But go outside, into the living world. Day is breaking. Time lies before you. Dawn. This day before us, you say … let's really live it! You do that, don't you? Well, say hello to all the old traditions for me! Say hello to all the old customs! Start talking … use all the words that have ever been said! You think you're living? You're just chewing over the life of the dead! (*Henry IV* 183-4)

Speaking almost literally of "slave" and "master" moralities, the infuriated king reminds us further of Nietzsche's "On Truth and Lying in an Extra-moral sense." The illusionary labeling of everything and everyone is anchored in an irresponsible abuse of words and has its mere purpose in the attempt to fake a hierarchical structured stability of a so called truth when the only truth that there is, is that there is no identical truth. Only by choosing madness over sanity, only by choosing the fiction of his own consciousness over a quotidian farcical present, only by freezing himself and the world around him in a moment of the historical past, could he avoid the dictatorship of a relatively closed actuality. A hierarchical structured actuality in which one is made to believe in one's the ability choose freely when one is not capable of doing so; and instead forced to give in to the conventional fiction of the Trinity of reality, truth and harmony. When we subsequently learn about the logic of the so-called madman that "shakes the foundations, the logic of the whole [hierarchical] structure of everything you've built around yourselves" (*Henry IV* 186), we might as well define it as subversive in nature; and therefore, in the

nietzschean sense. And Nietzsche's *Versucher* himself could have drafted the next lesson that we learn from the "madman":

> You should have played the whole thing for your own sakes
> … not just acted it out in front of me and anyone who
> happened to drop in; but like this, as you are now, naturally,
> day in, day out, for no one…. [F]or yourself, do you see? …
> [S]o that in this imaginary world of yours you could eat,
> sleep, scratch your back if you felt an itch … feeling
> yourselves alive and truly living in history of the eleventh
> century, here at the court of your Emperor Henry IV! You
> should have imagined from here, from this remote, colourful,
> sepulchral period, you should have imagined that at a
> distance of eight hundred years, far, far away, men of the
> twentieth century were meanwhile quarrelling and striving in
> ceaseless anxiety to know how their affairs would turn out, to
> see how the things which kept them in such anguish and
> agitation would be resolved. While you, on the other hand,
> were here with me in history! However sad my lot, horrible
> my deeds, bitter the struggles and grievous the vicissitudes …
> they're all history, they can't alter, and they can't be altered
> … do you see? They're fixed forever. So you can gently settle
> into them, gazing in wonder at the way every effect
> obediently follows from its cause, with perfect logic, and
> every event unrolls itself as it should, coherent in every detail.
> The satisfaction … oh, the satisfaction of history is really
> something!
> …
> Yes, marvellous; but done with. (*Henry IV* 188-9)

In other words, Pirandello's Henry IV does definitely not choose the historical past over the present for the former's linear and univocal stability—no, this notion of history is definitely "done with." As already mentioned, Pirandello's choice of the title for his play, *Henry IV*, carries the conventional notion of history easily *ad absurdum*. Later on in the play it becomes clear that what started out as a free play between the verbal sign and its referents is transformed into a play on the signifier and the signified. In other words, even Pirandello's Henry IV from Germany has not one but (at least) two identities. At the same time, we can once more recall a Nietzschean concept. Not a past and linear chronology, historical past and present are, above all, a possible

ground for "becoming"—the "realization of one's will to power;" an eternal recurrence of the hero's struggle for his self-realization. This struggle is a "test of one's own ability to affirm one's own life and the general character of life in this world as they are, without reservation, qualification, or appeal to anything transcending them" (*The Cambridge Dictionary* 534). According to Harrison:

> For Nietzsche … unity, permanence, and rational purpose were not "reality principles" at all; they were ideality ones, in contrast to which historical occurrence could only be wanting. What, then, does one do with the question of ethical justification, which seems always to be on the counter of some ideal? Now the justification for historical occurrence no longer consists in how well it approximates an ideal but in how well it produces one. Actual experience becomes the exclusive ground for every ideal (including unity, permanence, and those others it fails to fulfill). In the context of becoming, the value of history can now be measured by the amount of idealism it succeeds in fostering, or by the resolution with which it shapes and reshapes the conditions for existential possibility. Theoretically speaking, "what should be" already depends on a prior sense of "what could be." The actual is not justified by its agreement with a predetermined potential but by its self-disagreement, or the degree to which it continues to reassess such potential. (Harrison 6)

And that's exactly what Anthony Caputi points out, when he writes that Pirandello's Henry IV chooses precisely

> that period in Henry's life when the conflict with Pope Gregory VII was at its height. At that time Henry was most emphatically both rebel defying the central figure of order in the Middle Ages and the penitent unable to live without that order. He waged war against Gregory, he conspired against him, he even tried to supplant him with another pope; and yet he also kneeled in the snow outside Canossa and begged his forgiveness. Pirandello used these traits in the historical Henry to sharpen the image of modern anxiety in his scapegoat hero. Like him the modern Henry rebels at the structures of this world, the world of words: he knows them

to be fictions, and they sicken him; yet he too cannot do
without them because he also understands their value. Rebel
and penitent: both the historical Henry and his modern
impersonator are torn apart by these conflicting sides of their
nature, tormented essentially by the same tension. (Caputi
97)

Pirandello's Henry IV chooses exactly the moment in which the
dilemma of the historical figure is at its peak: the irresolvability of his
multiple human natures and identities as well as the insurmountable
conflict between the oppositions. Only by simulating madness, could
Henry IV live out the fictions of his own mind and consciousness and
realize the full potential of his "divided" being. At the same time,
Pirandello's Henry IV laments profoundly the lack of any ethical ideal:

> Idiot! Don't you understand? Why? Why play a joke behind
> the back of a poor man who comes here out of love for me?
> LANDOLFO (*to* ORDULFO). It must be for real, don't you
> see?
> HENRY IV. Exactly! For real! Because that's the only way
> reality is not a joke! (*Henry IV* 189-90)

Pirandello's infuriated king succeeds in pointing out the quotidian lies
about the accessibility of historical occurrence and its immorality.
However he does not succeed in finding a solution—ethical or not, and
an alternative to the chaos of his own historical present and its verbal
system of representation. Exactly the same tension is one of the focal
points in Nietzsche. And in both Pirandello's play and Nietzsche's
thoughts, the problematic stance of the image as such as well as the
triangular relationship of signifier, signified, and referent play an
essential role. The normative rigidity of the image—of words in
general used in an abusive way, transforms human interactions into a
static relation that is based on preconditioned and inflexible roles.
While Nietzsche in his "On truth and lying in an extra-moral sense"
points out this dilemma on a theoretical level, Henry IV practically
begs in the following lines to be liberated from his own image:

> (*He points to his portrait, as if afraid.*) I can never be free of this
> magical picture! I'm repentant now, and shall remain so ... I
> swear to you I shall remain penitent till he receives me. But

> then, once the Pope has lifted my excommunication, you two
> must beg him … he's the only man who can do it… to set
> me free from *that* … (*He points again to the picture*)… and let me
> live my poor live properly, which now I can't. I can't be
> twenty-six for ever, my lady! (*Henry IV* 167)

We already know that he will not get rid of his famous image.

No longer twenty-six years old, but still a believer in the aesthetics of the humorist, Henry IV kills Belcredi. The mad king's ultimate tragedy consists then in the fact that this time he is no longer free to choose. On the contrary, he finally is doomed to seclude himself forever in his illusionary madness; and give in to a fixed image that others have coined long before he actually fell from the horse. "Here together … here together … and for always!" (*Henry IV* 200). The historical past does not represent any longer a "potential ground for becoming" but historical fate—the hero's struggle to realize his "will to power" and his tragic defeat are destined to an eternal recurrence—exactly the same aphorism can be found, again, in Nietzsche. Ultimately Pirandello's hero fails and has to give in to the system. In a spontaneous act of real passion and/or confusion he stabs his enemy because the latter lacks any "humoristic" compassion and respect for his ethical code. Thus forced to seclude himself forever in his fictive madness, he does not succeed in overcoming the conventional system of infinite bipolar oppositions. Pirandello's Henry IV experiences the absence of a solution to the dilemma of the opposing system as tragic: and it is exactly this that makes him a truly modern hero.

The conflict of the differences remains unresolved, they cannot be overcome; one cannot be mad and sane at the same time— Pirandello's modern hero is forced to take sides by choosing one fiction and one fiction only.

II

In 1985, with Bellocchio's cinematographic version of Pirandello's play, Henry IV trades his modern stage for a postmodern one. The Pirandellian hero—in his eternally recurring struggle for the potential realization of his full being, becomes a farce of himself: he has come to terms with the fact that his tragic search is a futile one. He fully accepts that there is no solution in the end. In his interpretation of

Henry IV, Bellocchio purposely blurs the historical past and present in favor of the free play of the signifiers and the signifiers only—the actual props, that is, detached from any referent in a so-called reality. Language—human consciousness and its verbal representative system, is no longer an essential and/or existential problem. We are instead captivated by the idioms of the objects themselves and an ever-increasing implosion of every sense and the universal indifference in the realm of the simulacrum.[1]

In his "The System of Objects," Jean Baudrillard observes:

> If the artisanal object is at the level of speech (*parole*),
> industrial technology institutes a set of expressions (*langue*).
> But a set of expressions (*langue*) is not language (*langage*): it is
> not the concrete structure of the automobile engine that is
> expressed but rather the form, color, shape, the accessories,
> and the "social standing" of the object. Here we have the
> tower of Babel: each item speaks its own idiom. Yet at the
> same time, through calculated differences and combinatorial
> variations, serial production demarcates signification,
> establishes a repertoire and creates a lexicon of forms and
> colors in which recurrent modalities of "speech" can be
> expressed: nevertheless is this language? This immense
> paradigm lacks a true syntax of needs: floating from one to
> the other like an extensive repertoire, reduced, models,
> where incoherent needs are distributed (*ventiler*) without any
> reciprocal structuration occurring. Needs disappear into
> products which have a greater degree of coherence. ...[I]t is
> in this way that people define themselves in relations to
> objects. But this also shows that it is not a language, but
> rather a gamut of distinguishing criteria more or less
> arbitrarily indexed on a gamut of stereotyped personalities.
> (Baudrillard 412-413)

And Bellocchio in his opening shots shows an elegant Mercedes Benz. A silver-grey Mercedes Benz—cruising through a dreamy landscape at dawn, filled with the feminine and bewitching voice of the stock market—establishes immediately the status-quo of the upper-class marchesa (played by the icon Claudia Cardinale) and her lover as well as their simulated universe. In contrast to that, we see then Di Nolli go to relieve himself in the bushes, and hear him recite strange verses

from a time long passed. In other words, Di Nolli is the strange guy—the "poor" guy that is, who does not have a Mercedes of his own—yet. He has to put up with the role of the chauffeur. From the beginning the director builds a

> society, categories or "status groups," recognizable in a specific collection of objects. The hierarchical gamuts of objects and products play exactly the same role as the set of distinguishing values played in previous times: the foundation of group morality. (Baudrillard 413)

Even the main protagonist and his somewhat different morality are introduced by the means of another object, a photo-album—another virtual world. While the young Henry IV is a false copy of the young idol Marcello Mastroianni, Bellocchio further points out that his story is not anymore about the consciousness, composed as a structure of fictions and/or the problematic fixity of the image. On the contrary, he tells us right away about the making of fictions, and that means, "fake" fictions. The whole photo-album simply translates into photographs taken on the set, and as it is, for the mere purpose of publicity, continuity, or "just for fun." Already the original masquerade is a simulacrum, especially on the social level, and in the very first flashback we see then the simulacrum/simulation of the simulacrum/simulation. And this is exactly what fascinates the characters themselves: as soon as they enter the madman's castle, they are overwhelmed by the detailed reconstruction of the throne-room and the antique furnishing; that is, by the set itself—the perfection of the simulacrum. The whole demystification of the spectacle is based on the idioms of the objects themselves: one only has to think of the symbolic clock, the truly charming image of the mechanical birds, the life-size rocking-horse, the visual realizations of Michel Foucault's *Panopticum* by the means of set building and the cinematographic medium, and the jewelry literally declared as fake. In other words, all these objects ultimately point to the fiction within the fiction and not anymore to any referent in a so-called real world.

In Pirandello's play Belcredi—the cold-blooded and mere intellectual antagonist of the ethical responsible and therefore tragic humorist—definitely has to die. In Bellocchio's interpretation, the very same villain survives: while the retracting theatrical sword as murder weapon is a farce itself, the little fake rocks with which Henry IV

bombards his antagonists serve merely as its decoration. The anti-hero is driven rather by his appetite than by his hunger for the realization of aesthetics of his own; and that reminds us once again of Baudrillard:

> Wenn für die strukturalistische Sicht distinkte Oppositionen grundlegen waren, so hat Baudrillard dargelegt, daß sich Differenzen heute zunehmend aufheben und daß es so zu einer gigantischen Implosion allen Sinns, zu einem Übergang in universelle Indifferenz kommt. (Welsch 149)

In fact, the victim, Belcredi, soaked in ketchup, plays along all the way by faking his own execution.

For Pirandello's Henry IV, the images, words, and their referents, originated in a so-called reality, are the essential and/or existential problem. For Bellocchio's Henry IV, the very same tension of opposing systems resolves itself in a rather serene play between the signifiers only. The search becomes more important than the solution. The solution has lost its urgency, and even more importantly, its sense. The absence of the solution is already the solution; and Henry IV of Bellocchio fully accepts this. This is not tragic anymore, but mostly tragicomic: even Gregorius VII confirms this with his jovial grin when his enemy, Henry IV, in a virtuous throw of a snowball deprives him of his papal hat.

Pirandello's modern play and Bellocchio's postmodern interpretation of it depart from the same premises: the ideals propagated in the historical past have not come true and reality is nothing but chaos without any fixed reference point. However, Pirandello's modern play begins significantly as a comedy of errors and ends ultimately in a tragedy. It follows a certain linear development and is fairly conventional in the sense of temporality. We only have to think of Pirandello's Henry IV being reminiscent of his childhood and when it was still easy to believe in an actual relationship between words and their referents or the image as a reflection of reality itself. Bellocchio's post-modern interpretation is instead one big farce, from the beginning to the end. The director generates simultaneity throughout the entire movie: Henry IV is simultaneously seen as a child and as the aging man. The film has neither a beginning nor an end: the opening sequence is a masterfully executed virtual car-ride back in history, achieved through meticulously planned camera composition and

editing. There is no conclusion: the anti-hero wants to know what's for dinner (at least in the original Italian dialogue). The spectator is left with an open ending.

The reason for the two different approaches is the result of the contrasting perspectives of the modern and the postmodern on the same puzzle: how to deal with the absence of the solution. Although he knows better, Pirandello's modern (tragic) hero is not ready to accept this thesis. Bellocchio's postmodern anti-hero does not even start to seek: he sees the solution in the absence of a solution. He demystifies the modern hero's tragedy as a mental bottleneck that can easily be doubled by a change of image. Simply switching his old-fashioned crown for a pair of cool sunglasses that give his king-outfit all of a sudden a certain pop culture touch, Marcello Mastroianni easily deals with the shock of electrical light and simply adapts to his new artificially enlightened environment.

<div align="right">

Petra Wirth
University of California, Los Angeles

</div>

NOTES

[1] Although Welsch does not mention Bellocchio's *Henry IV*, his interpretation of Baudrillard as the theorist of simulation and "Hypertelie" seems quite adequate here.

WORKS CITED

The Cambridge Dictionary of Philosophy. General editor, Robert Audi. New York: Cambridge University Press, 1995.

Caputi, Anthony. *Pirandello and the Crisis of Modern Consciousness*. Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1988.

Enrico IV. Directed by Marco Bellocchio. Rocchetta Mattei di Poretta Terme, 1985.

Harrison, Thomas. *Essayism: Conrad, Musil, and Pirandello*. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1992.

Pirandello, Luigi. *Henry IV*. In *Luigi Pirandello. Three Plays*. Translated by Robert Rietty and Noel Cregreen, John Linstrum, Julian Mitchell. With an Introduction by John Linstrum. London: Methuen Drama, 1985.

-----. *Sei personaggi in cerca d'autore. Enrico IV*. A cura di Roberto Alonge. Milano: Arnaldo Mondadori Editore, 1993.

Welsch, Wolfgang. *Unsere postmoderne Moderne*. Weinheim: VCH, Acta Humaniora, 1991.