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Rear-View Mirror *Hitchcock, Poe, and the Flaneur in America*



As many of the essays in this volume make clear, the films of Alfred Hitchcock's American period are shaped by his direct and imaginative experience of America and his interest in American films. While little can be known with certainty about Hitchcock's familiarity with American literature, one thing that is known is that Hitchcock acknowledged a significant imaginative debt to an American writer, Edgar Allan Poe. In a 1961 essay entitled "Why I Am Afraid of the Dark," Hitchcock described how he discovered the works of Poe at the age of sixteen, after reading an account of Poe's life. "Very likely," Hitchcock wrote,

it's because I was so taken with the Poe stories that I later made suspense films. I don't want to seem immodest, but I can't help comparing what I've tried to put in my films with what Edgar Allan Poe put in his novels (*sic*): a completely unbelievable story told to the readers with such a spellbinding logic that you get the impression that the same thing could happen to you tomorrow. . . . I believe Poe has a special place in the world of literature. He's at the same time certainly a romantic and a herald of modern literature.¹

As a herald of modern literature, Poe's influence on him was, Hitchcock wrote, indirect as well as direct. Poe, Hitchcock suggests, was responsible for Baudelaire, whom Hitchcock calls, in this essay, "the French Edgar Allan Poe."² Surrealism, a major influence on Hitchcock, was also, in Hitchcock's words, "born from the work of Poe as much as Lautreamont."³

Some of Hitchcock's best work in America is clearly influenced by Poe. The first two episodes directed by Hitchcock for his television series were relatively straightforward modern adaptations of Poe's stories "The Premature Burial" and

"William Wilson." *Strangers on a Train*, as Spoto has suggested, owes much to "William Wilson,"⁴ and it seems to me that the plot and atmosphere of *Vertigo* owe a great deal to Poe's story "Ligeia." Like *Vertigo*, "Ligeia" is set in a world of towers, mists, and high rooms suffused with strange light. Anticipating *Vertigo*, it deals with the obsessive effort of its narrator to reincarnate his magnificent, mysterious first wife into the body of his unloved and more prosaic second wife. In the final sentences of the story, the apparent and unexplainable success of the narrator's effort is represented by his "observation" that the corpse of his second wife has returned to life, with the distinctive hair color of the first wife. Even in films that do not owe as clear a debt to Poe as these, one is frequently reminded, throughout Hitchcock's films, of situations and images familiar from Poe's work (e.g., suggestions of "The Tell-Tale Heart" in *Rope*, "The Raven" in *Psycho*, etc.).

In this essay, I will explore an aspect of Hitchcock's interaction with Poe. I will argue that the setting, images, and preoccupations of *Rear Window* echo those of Poe's stories "The Man of the Crowd" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Like these Poe stories, *Rear Window* is concerned with the dynamics of a kind of urban spectatorship that was a prominent feature of the fiction and periodical essays of Poe's time. By considering Hitchcock's film in relation to these Poe stories and the urban cultural context in which they were produced, I hope to offer a new perspective on *Rear Window*, a perspective that may help to identify the place of the film within the culture of modern cities and within Hitchcock's own implicit analysis of American civilization.

Like *Rear Window*, "The Man of the Crowd" opens with the introduction of a convalescent who, bored with his enforced inactivity, entertains himself by observing the people he sees outside his window. Poe's narrator sits in the bay window of a London coffee shop, and as the story opens, he seems entirely confident of his ability to read the crowd that passes, to determine the character and profession of individuals by recognizing certain unvarying and unmistakable signs. At times, it even seems to him as if he can "read the history of long years in a single glance."⁵ His extraordinary assertion of power, his distance, and his casual composure would have been very familiar to readers of English, French, and American periodicals in the first half of the nineteenth century.⁶ In France, writers who adopted this persona were known as flâneurs. As the French word implies, such writers conventionally presented themselves as idlers who, while strolling or observing a crowd from a panoramic vantage, offered an image of the crowd as a friendly, predictable, and easily legible text. Celebrating randomness, while creating the impression of order, the fluid yet composed consciousness of the flâneur was identified by Charles Baudelaire, in his essay "The Painter of Modern Life," as the ideal consciousness of modernity. It was this form of consciousness, Baudelaire argued, that was most suited to the observation and representation of the spectacle of nineteenth-century commercial and metropolitan life.

The figure of the flaneur is most familiar to contemporary cultural critics from Walter Benjamin's writings about Baudelaire.⁷ Benjamin's treatment of the flaneur focuses on the social and political meanings of the flaneur's reassuring image of urban life. As Benjamin writes, the flaneurs offered a form of literature that achieved the same effects as a panorama or diorama.⁸ Enjoying their greatest degree of popularity at the same time as panoramas and dioramas, the flaneur's urban scenes offered, like these other forms of representation, a view of urban life as a harmonious collection of rational and predictable processes that could be understood and encompassed at a glance. Sharing the flaneur's perspective, bourgeois readers could enjoy a sense of the urban crowd, Benjamin suggests, as a collection of unthreatening, "harmless oddballs"⁹ whom one could regard with a kind of paternalistic affection. The flaneur, in other words, would seem to say, as L.B. Jeffries says to Stella when she reproaches him for his invisible surveillance of his neighbors: "It was only a little bit of innocent fun. I love my neighbors like a father."

In the way that he feels and the way that he acts, L. B. Jeffries is a traditional flaneur. Like the narrator of Poe's "The Man of the Crowd," Jeffries has no difficulty reading his neighbors at a single glance. Sharing his perspective, we immediately seem to understand the situations of Miss Lonelyhearts, Miss Torso, the newlyweds, and so on, just as Poe's narrator claims to be able to divide the crowd into professional and moral types on the basis of easily recognizable signs. In addition to being transparent, the city of L. B. Jeffries has the dioramic regularity typical of the literature of the flaneur. In the opening sections of *Rear Window*, Hitchcock achieved, more than in any of his other films, an ideal of a dioramic film that he once described to François Truffaut: "I'd like to do twenty-four hours in the life of a city," he said, "and I can see the whole picture from beginning to end. It's full of incidents, full of backgrounds, a complete cyclic movement. It starts out at five A.M., at daybreak." Hitchcock goes on to describe how he'd show the cyclical process of the day: "the way fresh food is turned to waste. . . . You could take it through the whole city, look at everything, film everything, and show all of that."¹⁰ When we see, in the opening frames of *Rear Window*, the cat, the milkman, the alarms going off one by one, the uncovering of the birdcage, Miss Torso doing her morning exercises, we see a process that we imagine is the same every single morning. We feel we have a handle on such a world, a world that, like the London of Dickens's "The Streets-Morning,"¹¹ goes through the same emotions every day. We are, as with any flaneur's sketch, reassured. And Hitchcock reinforces our sense of clockwork regularity by offering shots of measuring devices, clocks, watches, thermometers. Things are so predictable in the early portions of the film that everything we see appears to be a visual elaboration of the reading we have just made of the measuring device. This is 9 A.M. This is midnight. This is a 92-degree day. This is an 80-degree evening. The particular importance of these measuring devices is

suggested by Hitchcock's appearance in the film as someone winding the songwriter's clock.

The dioramic qualities of Jeffries's courtyard place it within the tradition of the flaneur. It is also, however, part of another pattern present throughout the film. The clockwork courtyard may also be connected, in Hitchcock's conception, with other American systems of regularization. The film contains several references to the stock market. Lisa asks Jeff to guess how much her dress cost. Ignoring the personal meaning of the fact that she's worn such an expensive dress for him, Jeff tries to arrive at an actual figure, figuring in the airplane flight, import duties, hidden taxes, and profit markup. When she tells him that the dress is a steal at \$1,100, he says it ought to be listed on the stock exchange. This exchange immediately follows Stella's account of how she predicted the stock market crash by observing how often the president of General Motors went to the bathroom in the course of a day. This peculiar prominence of the stock market in the opening scenes of the film, accompanied as it is by all of the imagery of quantification, suggests that in constructing his portrait of America, Hitchcock was influenced not only by Poe but by a conception of America he may have encountered in Baudelaire's writings on Poe.

As Hitchcock's previously quoted comments about Poe make clear, he had, in 1961, something more like a French than, at that time, an American understanding of Poe's importance. Hitchcock even claims to have read Baudelaire's translations of Poe into French. If he had read Baudelaire's prefaces to these translations, and in fact, if he had read, as he says, any account of Poe's life around 1915, when virtually all available accounts of Poe's life were influenced by Baudelaire's interpretation of it, he would have been familiar with a model for understanding Poe as a critic of American culture that might have some relevance for understanding Hitchcock as a critic of American culture. Poe was an implicit critic of American culture, according to Baudelaire, because in so many of his stories he unravels specious systems for understanding reality. American culture, according to Baudelaire, was a network of such systems. It was, according to Baudelaire, "a vast cage, a great counting-house,"¹² whose relentlessly calculating and naive reduction were in large part responsible for Poe's self-destruction.¹³

In the opening scenes of *Rear Window*, everything in this little corner of American certainly seems to be measurable, quantifiable, and predictable. Like Poe, Hitchcock was fascinated by systematic efforts to impose regularity upon the irregular. Again, like Poe, he devoted much of his artistic energy to exploring the tendency of such systems to collapse. As Poe does in "The Man of the Crowd," Hitchcock in *Rear Window* undermines the flaneur's confident, paternalistic sense of power over his field of vision. In doing so, he offers, like Poe, a complex analysis of some of the inadequacies of this form of urban spectatorship. At the same time, he offers a corresponding analysis of some of the inadequacies of the

naive and narcissistic systems with which Americans, and particularly American men, try to establish control over reality.

Easily legible and behaving like a diorama, the courtyard of *Rear Window* not only exemplifies the process of reduction typical of the flaneur and the diorama. It also exemplifies the typologizing and reductive devices of an American ordering system that owes something to these nineteenth-century forms. The cinema, and particularly the American cinema, has always and inevitably made use of the same typologizing devices as the flaneur and the dioramas. Film is the legitimate successor to these earlier forms of image culture, and as twentieth-century viewers, we accept the absurd transparency and regularity of this courtyard not because we are familiar with the conventions of the flaneur but because we have seen so many Hollywood movies. We are always aware that what we see on the screen is not Greenwich Village but a highly artificial Hollywood set of a courtyard in Greenwich Village. Jeffries's world is a colorful and cleaned-up bohemia, half of whose inhabitants are artists and half of whose inhabitants are the sort of ordinary people that artists need to have around to watch. In the manner of the typological urban pastorals of the 1930s and 1940s, everyone really can be summed up in a sentence or so. In any case, this is just half of *Rear Window*'s New York. The other half is the world of Lisa Fremont, which is also familiar from Hollywood films. This is the glamorous Hollywood image of New York as the capital of fashion, of dinners at Twenty One, of dresses that cost over a thousand dollars. And surely we can accept the premise that one of our New York types, the glamorously adventurous bohemian, has fallen in love with another, the beautiful fashion model. There is a nostalgia built into the texture of this world that is as potent as the rural nostalgia of *The Trouble with Harry*. And like that rural idyll, and like all of the specious systems in Poe's stories, it is set up to be undermined.

In "The Man of the Crowd," the flaneur narrator becomes bored with the regularity and predictability of the diorama to which he has reduced the urban crowd. To relieve his boredom, he imagines that there is something extraordinarily anomalous about one of the passing faces, that of an old man. He quickly, and with no evidence whatsoever, convinces himself that the old man is guilty of some terrible crime. Though he is recovering from a serious illness, he leaves the coffeehouse to pursue the old man, to see if he can discover his secret. The narrator's effort becomes compulsive, and he follows the old man through cold and rainy streets for two days, at the end of which he has still seen nothing to vindicate his assumption that a crime has been committed. Finally, the narrator abandons his quest, declaring simply and unconvincingly that the old man is the type and genius of deep crime. Though the narrator finds nothing to convict the old man of a crime, his pursuit does enable the reader to observe that the narrator has in fact found in the old man a mirror of his own obsessive activity. The old man is unable to be alone. Terrified of boredom, he is compulsively curious. He



The narrative elements of Rear Window: the flaneur, the female, the diorama

seeks oblivion in the perpetual rush of urban stimuli. He interacts with nothing, but he must fill his consciousness with every scrap of movement, light, and color he can find. In this way, he provides an image of the impersonal, compulsively curious spectatorship of the flaneur narrator, an image of the process taken one step further, to the point where nothing but the detachment and curiosity remain, to the point where the intellectual control has been lost.¹⁴

By finding a repressed image of himself in the old man, the narrator of "The Man of the Crowd" is doing something that Baudelaire recognized as part of the essence of the flaneur's sketch. In the poem "Crowds" in *Paris Spleen*, Baudelaire describes how a crowd offers a spectator the opportunity to "relish a debauch of vitality at the expense of the human species." The creative mind in the crowd "enjoys the incomparable privilege of being able to be himself or someone else, as he chooses. Like those wandering souls who go looking for a body, he enters as he likes into each man's personality" and so enjoys the "singular intoxication" of "universal communion."¹⁵ For the spectator, as Baudelaire writes in "The Painter of Modern Life," the crowd is a "vast mirror,"¹⁶ a projection of one's own life upon the faces of others. The truthfulness of the projection is irrelevant, as Baudelaire asserts in a *Paris Spleen* poem entitled "Windows." After making up a story of

an old woman he observes from his rear window, Baudelaire's flaneur anticipates a reader's objection: "Perhaps you will say 'Are you sure that your story is the real one?' But what does it matter what reality is outside myself, so long as it has helped me to live, to feel that I am, and what I am?"¹⁷

In "The Man of the Crowd," the flaneur's tendency to turn a face in a crowd into a mirror acquires a much more sinister meaning than it traditionally has. The flaneur in this story cannot recognize what he himself is doing, but he feels that what he sees in his mirror is some sort of crime. His process of self-projection is unselfconscious. All the narrator knows is that a "criminal" mystery suddenly appears in the middle of his pleasantly predictable city, causing him to lose the satisfied yet slightly bored composure he had been enjoying. As the narrator obsessively pursues the old man through the streets of London, Poe is able to offer an analysis of the narrator's complacency, suggesting that the crowd is not in fact legible and the narrator's spectatorship is not in fact innocent. The dynamic of *Rear Window* is strikingly similar to this.

Like the narrator of "The Man of the Crowd," L. B. Jeffries becomes bored with the transparency and accessibility of his text, and he imagines the sudden appearance of an anomaly. Like the narrator of "The Man of the Crowd," his spectatorship changes from amused and diffident regard to an obsessive desire to solve a mystery. Like Poe's narrator, he decides, without any evidence, that someone is guilty of a serious crime. I state the issue in this way because I think that the film makes perfectly clear to us, through Doyle's interrogation, that Jeffries is simply having a stationary imaginative adventure, on the order of what the speaker of the *Paris Spleen* poem enjoys as he watches the old woman from his window.¹⁸ Although our identification with Jeffries's point of view obscures the fact, no one can see what Jeffries has seen and reasonably conclude that Lars Thorwald has murdered his wife.

Having reached an unfounded conclusion, and waiting for its confirmation, Jeffries, like the narrator of "The Man of the Crowd," wishes to change from a flaneur into a detective. His motivations are no different from the motivations of Auguste Dupin, Poe's detective. Dupin solve mysteries for the same reason that the flaneur looks into faces: to satisfy a morally detached curiosity. As Dupin says of the murders in the Rue Morgue: "As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us some amusement."¹⁹ What distinguishes the detective from the flaneur is that he seems to undertake a more challenging task. Unlike the flaneur, he acknowledges the mystery and the destabilizing or threatening character of what he originally confronts. Often, in the genre of the detective story, the mystery to be solved is, like the mystery of "The Man of the Crowd," an emblem of something that the detective cannot see within him or herself. *Rear Window* has the same projective structure as "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Just as Auguste Dupin constructs, as Hitchcock would say, a "completely unbe-

lievable" explanation of a crime that mirrors, in certain ways, his own "crime" and situation,²⁰ what L. B. Jeffries sees across the courtyard is a reflection of the emotional sterility and figurative violence of his spectatorial narcissism.

Thorwald, Jeffries imagines, has murdered his wife and cut her into pieces. Jeffries is doing everything he can to avoid having a wife, and in several of his activities, as well as throughout the film in general, there are numerous references to the literal and figurative dismemberment of women, as there are throughout "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." The central event generating "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is the brutal murder and dismemberment of two women, one of whom has been thrown out of the window of her apartment into an interior courtyard, where her head falls off. Jeffries regularly observes three women across the courtyard. He calls one of these Miss Torso and another Miss Lonelyhearts, and the third is literally cut into pieces. When Lisa asks Stella if she ever takes off her wedding ring, Stella replies that the only way the ring would ever be separated from her is if someone were to cut her finger off. Of course, the burial of Mrs. Thorwald's head in the garden is entirely gratuitous and really very unconvincing in terms of anything we can see about Thorwald's motivation. Why would he bother to bury it? Why would he expose himself to the possibility that the dog might discover it? There are no convincing answers to these questions. But we don't ask them as we're watching the film. As we wonder, however, what piece of Mrs. Thorwald is buried in the garden, we remain aware of this fundamental paradigm of dismemberment.

Jeffries's spectatorship, like that of the flaneur, is a form of dismemberment. He sees little pieces of people's lives and imagines that these pieces are the whole. This process is characteristic of his profession, which tries to pass off striking images of something at a particular dramatic moment as a representation of the totality of what is being photographed. It is clear, from early on in the film, that Jeffries is only concerned with the pieces into which he can fragment the world. The figuratively violent character of his photography is suggested, I think, by the obscure prominence, in many of the shots of the apartment, of a framed negative of a photograph of a woman's head, much like the one Thorwald has in the hatbox, which, as the opening narrative shot instructs us, is a photograph Jeffries took for the front cover of *Life* magazine. This negative, in which, of course, the woman appears ghostlike, corpselike, is visible during much of the scene in which Lisa originally presents herself, and in which we see how indifferent Jeff is to her. She stands in front of it, and beside the magazine, when she introduces herself as Lisa Carol Fremont, and this may remind us of the astonishing shot in which she first appears, in which she smoothly approaches the awakening Jeffries, like a woman's head on the cover of the magazine. Lisa's white filmy shawl is placed in front of the negative, as we see when she picks it up to wrap herself in it, preparing to take her disappointed departure. Later, Lisa places her open overnight case, containing her filmy nightgown, directly in front of the negative. In this

gesture, it is as if Lisa becomes the negative, a white, filmy, shrouded image, part of Jeffries's collection of images, but definitely, and if he has his way, permanently on the other side of the camera lens.

Not having any success as an image, in spite of all of her efforts to make herself into a well-lit visual spectacle, Lisa finally figures out that the only way to win the love of a male spectatorial narcissist is to get on his side of his various phallic lenses. Although Lisa originally puts up perfectly reasonable resistance to the Thorwald theory, she pretends to be converted to it after seeing Thorwald securing a large chest with rope. This bit of "proof," which is even less convincing than those she has just rejected, becomes her pretext for saying to Jeffries: "Tell me everything you've seen and what you think it means." From this point on, she is joined to Jeffries by her commitment to his theory. She proudly and, I think, ironically announces to Doyle, "We think Thorwald is guilty," and using her "feminine intuition," she begins, within the parameters of Jeffries's theory, to invent evidence as creative and unconvincing as his own. (There are, after all, all sorts of reasons why a woman might take off her wedding ring.) Becoming part of Jeff's creative activity, Lisa becomes a party to the act of dismemberment. The nature and degree of her involvement is suggested by the fact that she offers to go out and dig where the little dog had been digging, in the expectation that she will in fact encounter the dismembered remains of Mrs. Thorwald. Her offer to do this, her insistence that she "always wanted to meet Mrs. Thorwald," is of course absurd for such a fastidious woman, but it shows how comfortable she has become with Jeffries's act of dismemberment. From here, it's just a small step to actually climbing the fire escape into Thorwald's apartment, in the nylons and heels and high-fashion dress Jeff had scorned, in order to demonstrate that her otherness and her femaleness do not in fact prevent her from becoming the physical extension of Jeff's imaginative desire. When this union is complete, Jeff finally shows some response to her. His creative act has brought them together, but only by making her a part of him.

To suggest the sterility of Jeff's creative accomplishment, Hitchcock inserts, into the background of the film, two alternate images of creative representation. There is, first of all, the songwriter who works throughout the film to perfect the song that will save Miss Lonelyhearts and enable her to meet the songwriter. Then, there is the only female creator of images in the film, the sculptress, who is shown at one point working, beneath Miss Torso's apartment, immediately to the left of Miss Lonelyheart's apartment, on a sculpture of a female torso with a large hole where the heart should be. When someone stops and asks the name of the sculpture, she says that it's called *Hunger*. This hunger can certainly be associated with the hunger felt by Lisa and by her two reflections across the courtyard, Miss Torso and Miss Lonelyhearts.

These two alternate possibilities, of representation for the sake of expression and representation for the purpose of bringing people together, are off to the

side, present but not prominent in this film. At the center of our attention has been a creation that has come into being for its own sake, something born of a desire to play, something interesting and compelling, and very much a part of a venerable tradition of urban spectatorship in the Western world over the past three centuries. At the same time, however, Hitchcock's American flaneur exemplifies the callous, lonely, and figuratively violent narcissism that Hitchcock, in so many of his films of the 1950s, from *Strangers on a Train* to *Vertigo*, found at the core of the idealized personality of the American male. This is a narcissism born of both an obsessive desire for mastery and an obsessive fear of stasis, and it is found, Hitchcock suggests, in all quintessentially American environments and in all quintessentially American venues for adventure.

Hitchcock, of course, wipes away the implications of what he's created by actually producing a corpse at the end of this film. Hitchcock had to end the film in this way, of course. If Lars Thorwald had not killed his wife, the characters with which we have been sympathizing would indeed be "ghouls," as Lisa Fremont suggests at one point. The bizarrely inappropriate ending returns the courtyard to the dynamic order it had at the beginning, and it reinforces this order by resolving everyone's love problems in what appears to be a satisfactory comedic way. This apparent surrender to the conventions of Hollywood film would seem at first to suggest the power and the inescapability of the reductive systems that enclose American life and art. But Hitchcock, like Poe, always finds a way of suggesting the speciousness of apparent order. He comments on the character of his ending by showing, in the final scene, some painters "whitewashing" the walls of Thorwald's apartment. And Lisa, in spite of her new attire and reading matter, has hardly been turned into Jeff's reflection, as she affirms when she reaches for her copy of *Harper's Bazaar*. The world, in the end, cannot be made into a mirror, by a flaneur or any other kind of male narcissist. It is unknowable, intractable, and irregular. Any apparent reduction of it to a clockwork mechanism is as artificial as the extraordinary and self-consciously artificial set upon which *Rear Window* is filmed.

Notes

1. Cited in Donald Spoto, *The Art of Alfred Hitchcock: Fifty Years of His Motion Pictures* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company, 1979), 39.
2. *Ibid.*, 40.
3. *Ibid.*
4. *Ibid.*, 329.
5. Edgar Allan Poe, *Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. Thomas Ollive Mabbott (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1978), 2: 511.
6. From the writings of Baudelaire, Benjamin, and others, the flaneur has been understood for some time as an important part of the literary culture of early- to mid-nineteenth-century Paris. In the first four chapters of my book *The Spectator and the City* in

Nineteenth-Century American Literature (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1991), I discuss the evolution of the flaneur in the English-speaking world, demonstrating that by the time Poe was writing, the flaneur was as important and influential in the culture of Great Britain and the United States as he was in France.

7. Benjamin first discussed the flaneur in an essay entitled "The Flaneur," which was originally intended to be the second of three essays in a work entitled "The Paris of the Second Empire in Baudelaire," which was itself intended to be the second of three parts of a work on Charles Baudelaire that Benjamin decided, in the late 1930s, to produce from the materials he had collected for his projected "Paris Arcades" project. This work was to have offered an image of the culture of commodity capitalism by exploring the connections between such cultural products as the flaneur, the arcades, the panoramas, dioramas, world expositions, etc. In response to Adorno's critique of his essay, Benjamin wrote "Some Motifs of Baudelaire" to replace "The Flaneur" as the second essay of "The Paris of the Second Empire in Baudelaire." Both of these essays have been published in Benjamin's *Charles Baudelaire; Lyric Poet in the Era of High Capitalism*, trans. Harry Zohn (London: New Left Books, 1973).

8. Though panoramas and dioramas came in a variety of forms, most panoramas were 360-degree cylindrical paintings, and most dioramas were series of interacting flat painted surfaces that were movable and that would reveal different features depending upon changes in lighting. Both were extremely popular in the early nineteenth century, and both were used most frequently to provide schematic reductive representations of urban environments or exceptionally dense nonurban environments (like battlefields). For the fullest account of their development and vogue, see Richard D. Altick, *The Shows of London* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1978). For a discussion of their relationship to the flaneur, see Brand, *Spectator*, 7–8, 51–55, and 74–75.

9. Benjamin, *Charles Baudelaire*, 39.

10. François Truffaut, *Hitchcock*, with the collaboration of Helen G. Scott (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1966), 241.

11. This essay, in Dickens's *Sketches by Boz*, is one of the best examples of the genre of the flaneur's sketch in English. It describes, in panoramic fashion, all that might be seen on a typical morning in London.

12. Charles Baudelaire, *Baudelaire on Poe*, trans. and ed. Lois and Francis E. Hyslop Jr. (State College, Pa.: Bald Eagle Press, 1952), 39.

13. In *ibid.*, see "Edgar Allan Poe: His Life and Works (1852)," 38–40; "Edgar Allan Poe: His Life and Works (1856)," 92–94; and "New Notes on Edgar Poe," 129–32.

14. For a fuller discussion of this process, see Brand, *Spectator*, 79–90.

15. Charles Baudelaire, *Paris Spleen*, trans. Louise Varese (New York: New Directions, 1970), 20.

16. Baudelaire, *Baudelaire on Poe*, 9.

17. Baudelaire, *Paris Spleen*, 77.

18. Hitchcock's own sense that Jeffries's activity is simply a fantasy motivated by boredom and curiosity rather than a serious effort to bring a criminal to justice is indicated by the following exchange from the interviews that he gave to François Truffaut: "(Truffaut): At the end of *Rear Window*, when the killer comes into Stewart's room, he says to him 'What do you want of me?' and Stewart doesn't answer because, in fact his actions are

unjustified; they're motivated by sheer curiosity. (Hitchcock): That's right, and he deserves what's happening to him" (Truffaut, *Hitchcock*, 162).

19. Poe, *Collected Works*, 2: 546. As a professional photographer, Jeffries seems to be motivated by the same morally distanced, adventurous curiosity as Dupin. He is extremely disappointed that his injury will prevent him from recording images of Kashmir going up in smoke.

20. The fact that Dupin is mirrored in the mystery he solves has often been noted in the criticism of this story. See, for example, Richard Wilbur, "The Poe Mystery Case," in *Responses: Prose Pieces, 1953–1976* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Jovanovich, 1976).