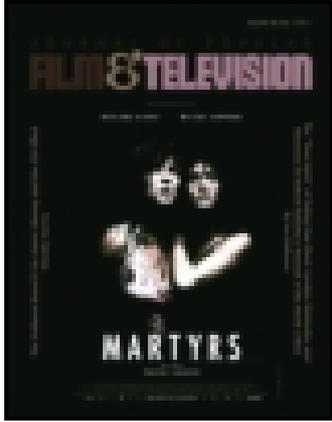


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The Transvestite as MonsterGender Horror in The Silence of the Lambs and Psycho

Julie Tharp^a

^a University of Minnesota, USA

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The Transvestite

Gender Horror in *The Silence of the*

The close relationship of sex and gender problematics to the flourishing genre of horror films can perhaps best be traced to the groundbreaking *Psycho*, in which Norman Bates struggles with his horror of the feminine by alternately performing it and destroying it. At the end of the film, a psychiatrist hastens to assure everyone that Norman is not a transvestite, that Norman thinks he *is* his mother.¹ The use of the word “transvestite” in pre-Donohue 1960 and Anthony Perkins’ performance of Norman as a less than masculine “Mama’s boy” who occasionally wears his mother’s clothes, however, suggest that the subject of gender cannot be so easily dismissed. Although most serial killer films since *Psycho* have focused largely on masculine killers and their feminine victims,² Jonathan Demme’s film, *The Silence of the Lambs*, features a transvestite dressmaker, who has been rejected for transsexual surgery, serially killing large women for their skin. He wants to make a “girl suit.” Many of the elements that made *Psycho* a horrific experience for its original audience have been magnified and in some cases collapsed into one another in *The Silence of the Lambs* in order to similarly horrify the more sophisticated (or jaded) audience of 1991. The film’s popularity (it surpassed the \$100 million mark by the twelfth week), the expected Academy nominations for two of its actors—Jodie Foster and Anthony Hopkins—and its filmic quality suggest that it marks a new point on the trajectory leading off from *Psycho*.



Carol J. Clover, in “Her Body, Himself: Gender in the Slasher Film,” carefully catalogs key components of most slasher films, noting *Psycho* as the benchmark: the male killer in “gender distress,” the “Terrible Place”—either house or tunnel of some kind—the “pretechnological” weapons, the alluring female victims, and

the “Final Girl”—last would-be victim who survives to be saved or to escape. Gender play is everywhere apparent in these components. Clover concludes that the “killer as feminine male and the main character as masculine female” may be a product of contemporary “massive gender confusion” and a consequent loosening

as Monster

Lambs and Psycho

By JULIE THARP



Clarice Starling is frequently shown as operating within the male environment in *The Silence of the Lambs*.

of the categories of sex and gender.³ Although most of the “lower” films in the horror genre simply put the formula to work with few variations in

order to achieve their shock effects, films like *Dressed to Kill* and, I would argue, *The Silence of the Lambs* more directly comment on the gender problematics at work in the genre by exaggerating the components Clover has outlined.

The Silence of the Lambs, furthermore, locates the arguably greater problem of its transvestite killer in a world altered by feminist thought. As women’s power increases, the Freudian paradigm on which most slasher films are based, and, consequently, their villains, degenerates. The masculine female, after all, is freeing herself from the Freudian view of gender and emulating what Freudians would venerate in any case—masculinity. The feminine male is still, in horror films if not also in reality, perceived to be caught in the Oedipal dilemma, compelled and repelled by “uncanny” femininity. Clover claims that the feminine male killer represents in part (quoting Linda Williams) “‘the power and potency of a *non-phallic* sexuality.’ To the extent that the monster is constructed as feminine, the horror film thus expresses female desire only to show how monstrous it is.”⁴ Any attempt to move beyond that horror, for the feminine male, must include a grappling with the sex and gender problematics of Freudian thought because it is utterly interwoven in the fabric of the horror genre.

The Silence of the Lambs, like *Psycho*, expressly announces its connection to the field of psychology. The female protagonist’s task in the film is to collect a psychological profile from

a psychiatrist turned cannibal so as to profile another killer for an FBI psychologist. To get to her interview with the psychiatrist, she must first get past the sexually harassing prison psychologist Dr. Chilton. Perhaps like all of the psychologists in *The Silence of the Lambs*, Hannibal Lecter has made a career out of drawing out and ingesting people’s pain. If *Psycho* ends with the psychiatric authority undermined by Norman’s “wouldn’t hurt a fly” reflections, *The Silence of the Lambs* begins with psychology utterly bankrupted in Lecter. This overdetermination of the psychological narrative parallels Hitchcock’s melodramatic use of stock Oedipal characteristics; both films announce their self-consciousness. And consciously or not, the male psychologists in *The Silence of the Lambs* parody the psychiatrist in *Psycho*, whose theatrical description of Marion’s murder is sadistically addressed to the stunned and bereaved Lila Crane.

There are, in fact, so many common threads between *Psycho* and *The Silence of the Lambs* that I cannot imagine the latter to be subconsciously imitating the former. Although many of the similarities in character and plot structure are obviously functions of the novel by Thomas Harris, many of the filmic devices exploit the connection. In addition, to the “transvestite” murderers, Lila Crane is doubled by Clarice Starling; the psychologist in *Psycho* is expanded in the character of Dr. Frederick Chilton; Sheriff Chambers gets a slick, though still paternalist, makeover in Jack Crawford (played by Scott Glenn);

and perhaps the most grim transformation is that of Sam Loomis⁵—male protagonist and Lila's helpmate—to Anthony Hopkins' Hannibal Lecter, Starling's mentor. Lecter acts as Clarice's psychoanalyst just as Norman Bates helps Marion Crane in her decision to return the stolen money.

Gender announces itself as the central topic of concern in this film from the opening scene when we find Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster) running through a forest, threatening music rising. Suddenly, she comes upon an obstacle course and the music shifts. This is not a female victim evading capture but a woman in training. She is not to be associated with nature; she conquers it. In scene after scene, Demme imposes on the viewer the spectacle of the petite Clarice operating within her masculine environment. She enters an elevator filled with large men in red shirts. She must wait in a funeral parlor surrounded by large police officers with prominent guns and later with the same men crowded into the autopsy room. She must make her way past the psychologist, the prison guards, and nasty, filthy inmates to speak to Lecter. All of the men she encounters obviously feel compelled to remind her that she is different. They gender her as female through their gaze and their comments. Although small and frequently wearing dresses, Starling is not especially "feminine." She can repeat Miggs's offensive remark without blinking or blushing, speak of her father's death without crying, and conduct an autopsy on a mutilated corpse without gagging. She is truly the New Woman, a modern, professional counterpart to Lila Crane, the dauntless female of *Psycho* who insists on taking Arbogast's place as investigator and even sidelines Sam Loomis into stalling Norman so that she can search the house. Like Lila, Clarice has to fight to be taken seriously as an investigator, but Clarice at least has the sanctioned right to do so. Both women feel themselves to be operating on behalf of their missing and mutilated sisters—Lila her blood sibling, Clarice her sisters in spirit.

Nonetheless, Starling is perhaps too masculine, as she learns in the course of the film. She must resist her FBI training and follow her own empathic feelings for the victims in order to track down the killer. When she is unknowingly closing in on Buffalo Bill, at the same time that her superior thinks he is, Demme cuts back and forth between the two characters, Starling standing in a homely, working-class kitchen and Jack Crawford sitting at a computer in an army transport plane. Starling has discovered the last clue to the murders in a dress-making pattern; Crawford thinks he has solved it through the computer. The male gender principle as represented by technology and the institutions of law and order fail here as they do in *Psycho*. In both films, the gender-balanced women who act from "masculine" initiative and logic as well as from "feminine" concern and empathy succeed in finding the male killers who have not had as much success with their own gender dilemmas. How could they, when their femininity is a source of horror and disgust for others?

One may argue that Norman Bates's character exploits general anxiety over the Freudian Oedipal paradigm so well fostered by the 1950s' focus on the perfect family and Betty Crocker/Donna Reed/June Cleaver moms. The totalitarian grip of the nuclear family in that decade also mandated strict gender roles and unquestioned adherence to heterosexuality. Norman's is a cautionary tale. Although love of mother is certainly desirable, those apron strings had better be cut before the boy loses his urge to "be a man." (Norman's impotence is noted by many *Psycho* critics, an impotence he, and most of the critics, blame on his mother.)

In the 1980s, two phenomena coincided to bring homosexuality into the American living room: Talk shows such as Donahue, Sally Jesse Raphael, Geraldo, and Oprah (among numerous long- and short-lived others) began exploring every imaginable permutation of sex, gender, and sexuality in the effort to boost ratings. The gen-



eral public was confronted for the first time with female impersonators and male to female transsexual lesbians, and, perhaps the most disturbing to some, ordinary gays and lesbians who were open about their lifestyles. The other phenomenon, of course, is AIDS/HIV. About the same time that a substantial number of people became aware of gay rights, gays became associated, often by the media, with disease and death. Not coincidentally, "gay bashing" was a term soon added to general vocabulary. Can we argue that the character of Buffalo Bill functions like Norman as a warning? Homosexuality is cer-



Drawn to and repulsed by the feminine (above), Norman reacts to Marion's murder (right) in *Psycho*.



tainly dangerous to Bill's lover, whose head Starling discovers in Lecter's old car. Bill's transvestism is not healthy for the women he skins either. At the very least, Bill's character exploits contemporary anxiety over gender and sexuality. His confusion and dissatisfaction with his own nature are expressed, as most dilemmas seem to be in America, in violent terms.

Bill's desire to be a woman is not developed in the film; indeed, it is only presented sensationally through Bill's posing in filmy scarves. Harris develops it in only slightly more detail in the novel when he reveals Bill ritually viewing videotapes of his mother in the Miss Sacramento beauty contest of 1948. Bill wants to be "beautiful" like his mother, emulating an older version of female gender that was obviously as much a performance for the women in question as it would be for Bill. His conviction that he needs the skin of a woman to perform gender in this fashion derives from the same time period. Bill is influenced by the same construction of sex, gender, and sexuality as Norman Bates.

The source of Bill's nickname is, Starling explains to Lecter, a bad joke from Kansas City homicide, who, after discovering the first victim, had quipped, "he likes to skin his humps."⁶ The sexual assumptions of the police force are particularly obvious because the victims are never sexually assaulted. Instead, the police officers are the assaultive ones in their characterization of brutally mutilated women as "humps." If homosexuality is coded as dangerous in this film, heterosexuality fares little better. Dangerous in a more insidious way, at best it is unappealing. Dr. Chilton harasses Starling, implying that if she wants to see Lecter she should show him a little warmth, after suggesting that Crawford only chose her for the interview in order to arouse Lecter. Ironically, Lecter is a gentleman, remarking only on her perfume, unlike his prison mates. An entomologist "makes a pass" at Starling, but clearly we are to take him as comedic because one of his eyes is crossed and he plays checkers with live beetles in the basement of a museum. What is more, all of the men Starling encounters assume her to be heterosexual, when in fact her only apparent relationship of mutual warmth is with another woman.⁷

What may be generically unique about this film is its lack of overt sexuality. Unlike the serial sex killers that Jane Caputi discusses, Buffalo Bill kills because he wants to *be* a woman, not to *have* a woman nor as an alternative to *having* women; significantly, he kills large women, the ones that never even appear in slasher movies, much less attract Jason's attention.⁸ Lecter kills out of revenge, self-preservation, and sometimes just for amusement. In the film, the total body count stands at five women *and* five men. And we never see women killed, only men. The autopsy of a female victim seems respectful and realistic; the camera modestly avoids a full body shot until the coroner has turned the body on its stomach. The film tells us that murder is not sexy (although read from a slightly different angle, it might suggest that respect for women is not sexy). The closest

thing we get to see is Buffalo Bill posing in front of his own video camera, penis tucked between his legs, filmy scarf about his shoulders. He's making love to his own image.⁹ In this scene, Demme gives us an obvious image of non-phallic sexuality; given its context, we cannot help but find it disturbing. Instead of objectifying women, the film objectifies "feminine" performance, doubly so because Bill is framed within the studio camera lens and the video camera lens.

The issue of narcissism intersects with that of control, initially over such variables as sex and gender, but ultimately with control over death. The narcissist cannot confront his own death. Norman Bates's preoccupation with a power over life and death flux is established by his hobby of taxidermy, which reveals a static, pornographic mind that denies change, denies the flux of real sexuality, of eroticism. The posing and stuffing of birds and the mother express a desire to control death, to create a semblance of life from dead matter, but it also expresses a particular relation to the body. Susan Griffin, in *Pornography and Silence*, describes what she calls the pornographic mind that opposes itself "in violence to the natural, and takes revenge on nature."¹⁰ The taxidermist commits violence to the natural integrity of the animal: Norman needs needles, chemicals, and sawdust to effect the change. "But it is not simply dead flesh which is punished by this cultural mind, the mind of pornography. Rather, this mind would deaden flesh which is not dead, but is alive and feeling."¹¹ That Norman should have deadened his mother's living, feeling flesh and, further, preserve it in that state becomes the ultimate anti-erotic, pornographic statement, particularly because the mother is the source of *his* living flesh.

Buffalo Bill too seeks to control nature, to alter the natural integrity of his own body. In a macabre reversal, Bill skins rather than stuffs, to eventually stuff himself into others' skin. In effect, he would deaden his own feel-

ings by covering himself with dead flesh. This is Norman's obsession gone tortuous, albeit with a kind of egomaniacal sanity to it. Even though much has been made of Norman Bates's similarity to Ed Gein, in point of fact Gein's penchant for skinning human corpses to make jackets he would actually wear bears a much closer resemblance to Buffalo Bill's hobby. Gein was also a cannibal.¹² Both Norman Bates and Buffalo Bill (and perhaps Gein as well) are interstitial in yet another way. They are psychologically dead/undead, unlike the physically dead/undead monsters of film and legend. Both characters dispose of the bodies of the victims in nature,¹³ with the exception of the stuffed birds in Norman's parlor and the women in Bill's basement tableaux.

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One such tableau is revealed in a brief shot toward the end of *The Silence of the Lambs*. It features a woman's head sticking up out of a sludgy bathtub containing her decomposing body. The corpse rests in the basement like Mrs. Bates, also wears her hair pulled back in a bun, and is an unlucky discovery for Starling who, like Lila Crane, plunges into the room, takes a closer look and recoils in horror and disgust. If the swamp behind the Bates Motel functions as a metaphor for feminine sexuality—the very sexuality that so horrifies Norman that he must kill his adulterous

mother and the mysterious Marion Crane, among others—in this gruesome bathtub, Demme has collapsed the swamp and mother into one, offering us a shorthand account of the killer's sexual dilemma.

A brief, almost buried, line early in the film, to the effect that Bill was denied transsexual surgery because of some childhood trauma, also prompts a psychoanalytic reading. In the novel, we find that Bill's mother had actually abandoned him at age two, leading the authorities to say that "this unhappy childhood was the reason he killed women in his basement for their skins."¹⁴ The transvestite in the mind of the popular culture is still considered in Freudian terms to be mother-obsessed and so both covetous of and repulsed by femininity. Further, situating Norman Bates and Buffalo Bill in such frankly psychological environments suggests that we are to understand their gender dilemmas, as they apparently do, as pathology, as aberrations of nature. In separate scenes, however, we are invited to deconstruct psychology as sexist and heterosexist.

Daniel R. Harris argues in his essay "Effeminacy" that it is far easier for women to cross gender boundaries than for men. Whereas women are perceived to be exercising their assertiveness, men who behave in an effeminate manner are thought to be imitating women.

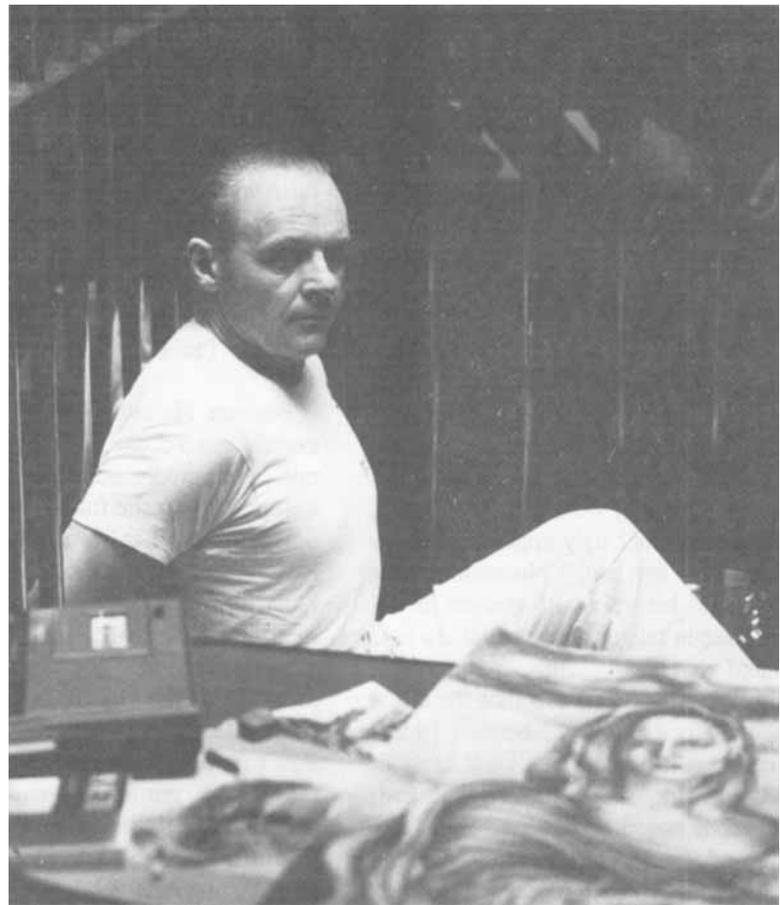
Because it is almost impossible for people to view effeminacy as an entirely separate form of behavior with an integrity of its own, it is pigeonholed in popular culture as a ridiculous waste product of gender conflicts, the province of endearing grotesques and colorful transsexuals who strive unavailingly, with all of the attendant absurdities, to transform themselves into the opposite sex.¹⁵

In *The Silence of the Lambs*, effeminacy is no longer a "ridiculous waste product of gender conflicts" but rather a dangerous one. Bill seems "absurd" and even "grotesque" in his application of makeup and jewelry, in his devotion to his poodle while a woman starves in his basement. Their roles as

protagonist and antagonist aside, Clarice Starling is attractive in her tough, self-controlled manner, whereas Bill is shocking and, I think intended to be, repugnant in his effeminacy, at least in part because her gender crossing is perceived as natural and his imitative. Femininity and “non-phallic sexuality,” however, are also dangerous commodities in a world where women are victimized and gays and lesbians attacked, presumably for their monstrous femininity.

Hannibal Lecter invites a different response. He appears to have reconciled any gender conflict he may have had. His mannerisms are “natural” in the way that Harris describes the effeminate man as “not so much imitative of women as he is *non-imitative* of men, for the state of effeminacy is characterized by complete inattention to gender, a kind of forgetfulness of one’s duty to uphold the rituals of the fellowship.”¹⁶ The film is coded for the spectator to join with Lecter in his dislike of Dr. Chilton; and we are encouraged to applaud Lecter’s plan to have the man “for dinner,” even though Chilton’s worst offenses are self-aggrandizement and sexual harassment. In short, Chilton is the stereotypical Traditional Male. The viewer, with Starling, is invited to take chagrined pleasure in Lecter’s vengeance on the male bigot.¹⁷ In killing a heterosexual psychiatrist, however, Lecter is also taking revenge on the field that has historically defined sexual and gender diversity as abnormal.

Hannibal the Cannibal, in fact, steals the show from Buffalo Bill, committing bone crunching, flesh ripping murder with his bare teeth, and leaving one victim ironically displayed in a position of flight, his entrails serving as wings. Lecter kills in the tradition of slasher films in the “primitive, animalistic embrace,”¹⁸ using his teeth and bare hands. Bill, on the other hand, shoots his victims, a traditionally masculine, distancing gesture, the phallic gun his means to achieving non-phallic status. The character we know and look to for assistance in finding this uninventive killer eventually horrifies us, and that



Lecter challenges cultural boundaries between the civilized and the savage, but he also challenges the boundary between male and female gender.

is precisely what makes him such a good monster. Lecter is articulate, cultured, learned, professional, and utterly savage. Noel Carroll, in trying to determine the “nature of horror,” argues that monsters are not simply threatening; they are also disgusting: “threat is compounded by revulsion, nausea, and disgust.”¹⁹

Cultural taboos against cannibalism aside, the source of our revulsion for Lecter’s character may relate to Carroll’s argument via Mary Douglas that “things that are interstitial, that cross the boundaries of the deep categories of a culture’s conceptual

Hannibal Lecter “is articulate, cultured, learned, professional, and utterly savage.”

scheme, are impure.”²⁰ The impure or interstitial character is “unnatural relative to a culture’s conceptual scheme of nature” and so is “cognitively threatening.”²¹ Lecter challenges cultural boundaries between the civilized and the savage, but he also challenges the boundary between male and female gender. The epicurean, classical music aficionado, and artist capable of rendering a Florence street scene from memory is already dangerously feminine. In the final scene of the film, moreover, Lecter is shown “in disguise,” wearing a long, blond wig and a flowing white suit, the trousers of which flare out as Lecter strolls with a pronounced swish pursuing his next meal.

Lecter’s cannibalism seems consistent with masculine gendering—aggressive, violent, indelicate to say the least. The notion of the devouring man-eater, however, has historically been associated with women’s (and “primitive” peoples’) supposedly boundless sexual appetites, boundless

because of their close connection to nature.

The issue of feminine appetite is well explored in *Psycho*, the opening frame of which focuses on Marion Crane's "lunch hour." That women hunger for far more than a tuna sandwich in Norman's mind is confirmed by "Mrs. Bates's" tirade at Norman upon learning that he is bringing dinner to a young woman in the motel, "appeasing her ugly appetite with my food and my son." Norman further confirms his vision of women as devouring in telling Marion that she eats "like a bird," only to stumble through an explanation that the cliché is actually a "falsity," because "birds really eat a tremendous lot." He tells Marion this, sitting beneath the owl, which is posed and stuffed in a position of attack. Only after their discussion does Marion reveal to Norman that her real name is "Miss Crane," apparently confirming the appropriateness of his comparison. The fact that Marion does "not have much of an appetite," neither on this night nor during her tryst with Sam Loomis, who remarks that she "never did eat" her lunch, reveals Norman's fear of femininity. In psychological terms, Norman is afraid of his own femininity devouring his manliness, and so he projects that appetite onto actual women, against whom he must defend himself.

Hannibal Lecter too possesses a bird of prey stuffed in a position of attack, but it sits in storage. Lecter has a healthy relationship with his own appetite, having embraced himself as a man-eater. He never attacks a woman in the film (although we are told that he disfigured a female nurse). Because he does not project any personal inner conflict onto women, he does not perceive them as threatening. Lecter embraces his own "feminine" appetite, and in doing so recategorizes it as human. He is a rounded human being, albeit an evil one. Significantly, Lecter is an accomplished psychiatrist. He has the training and the intelligence to move beyond the gender trap of Freudian thought. Both the film and the novel

open with the FBI's attempts to access a psychological profile of Lecter, indicating their inability to fathom the man. Lecter, of course, refuses, asking Clarice if she thinks she can "dissect [him] with this blunt little tool."²²

Because Hannibal Lecter does not exactly cross-dress and because he is not committedly sexual in any fashion, he escapes the full disgust for sexual deviancy that we are to level at Buffalo Bill. In her reading of several films in which cross-dressing plays a major narrative role, Anne Herrmann suggests that while gender can be read as performative by film critics and that in fact the visual level of a film may support such a reading, "the narrative level reinforces gender differentiation by resolving gender contradictions through conventional marriage."²³ Neither *The Silence of the Lambs* nor *Psycho* is a comedy, as are the films she examines, so each is not constrained by comedic expectations. Nonetheless, we expect a survivor from horror films, as Herrmann and Clover label her, "the Final Girl," who "is regendered 'masculine' in the process of saving herself."²⁴ And we expect a subdued killer who is gendered feminine in his defeat. In most horror films, the narrative level reinforces gender differentiation throughout, only to contradict it in the ending. Lecter, however, an androgyne of sorts throughout the film, is gendered feminine upon his liberation from prison.

Starling too confounds the expected resolution because she is already gendered "masculine" in her hunt for Buffalo Bill. If anything, her fearful, prolonged search for him through the labyrinthine basement regenders her as "feminine" but with the weaponry to render the monstrous transvestite dead. Her genuine "femininity" is harnessed to control the artificially "feminine." Concurrently, Bill, after having cut the lights, relies on masculine technology in the form of infrared binoculars to track the blinded Clarice. Demme focuses an almost intolerable time on Bill's hands reaching out for Clarice in the dark, only to

draw back, reach forward, draw back, while Clarice blindly gropes around. Demme invites us to ponder during this moment the "masculine" woman lost in the dark and the "feminine" man hesitant to use his technological advantage. In this moment, gender becomes utterly confounded and defamiliarized. Partly because we are seeing through Bill's eyes and partly because the gender confusion is uncomfortable, we almost wish Bill would grab Starling and get it over with so as to reorient their genders to "normality." When Clarice finally shoots Bill, she reifies the "natural" approach to gender. She shoots him and a window simultaneously, dousing his "artificial" light and letting in "natural" light. We are returned to the world we know: Jack Crawford rushes to Clarice's aid and men lead the stunned Catherine from the house, even though the two women could obviously take it from here on their own.

In *Psycho*, Hitchcock focuses in the final shot on the devouring swamp, feminine symbol of imaginative horror. *The Silence of the Lambs* leaves us with a hungry Hannibal, the "naturally" effeminate man, a far more invincible monster than the "artificial" one precisely because he is non-imitative, nonconformist. The horror genre thus survives its feminist critics by allowing the liberated woman to kill the traditional monster and creating for itself a new monster out of feminist insistence upon the artificiality of gender boundaries. Hannibal is the New Man as surely as Clarice is the New Woman. He even befriends Clarice, talking to her about her feelings and paying attention to her perfume and handbag, unlike the Traditional Male. The film suggests that Clarice may be able to overlook Lecter's slight character flaw in order to maintain this new friendship.

Is it coincidental that the New Man is a sociopathic murderer with respect for few boundaries? Probably not. Lecter's cult status seems likely because he penetrates male gender anxiety and offers an alternative to perceived loss of power.²⁶ Moreover,

Hopkins' intensity and theatricality in the role, the muzzle, straightjacket and dolly used to transport Lecter, the grotesque "old friend for dinner" clichés, as well as the affectionate nickname, Hannibal the Cannibal, almost guarantee cult status. The ending of *The Silence of the Lambs* flirtatiously invites the viewer back to the theater for sequels in which the New Man will, presumably, aid the New Woman in her murder investigations. Together they will wreak vengeance on Traditional Males, the law on her side, bearnaise sauce on his.

NOTES

1. A male transvestite is, however, by Freudian definition, expressing a desire to be one with his mother.
2. Two notable exceptions are William Castle's *Homicidal* (1961) and Brian De Palma's *Dressed to Kill* (1980), both of them self-conscious emulations of *Psycho*. Carol J. Clover argues that the gendering of the killer and victims is not nearly as absolute as it may at first seem. She notes that most slasher film murderers have some unresolved family issues, like Norman's, that keep them from attaining adult male status. Violence, according to Clover, is an alternative to sex for these men. See Carol J. Clover, "Her Body, Himself: Gender in the Slasher Film," in *Misogyny, Misandry, Misanthropy*, ed. R. Howard Bloch and Frances Ferguson (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1989).
3. Clover, p. 220.
4. Clover, p. 209.
5. A curious connection between *Psycho* and the *Halloween* series lies in the character of the psychologist, played by Donald Pleasance. His name too is Sam Loomis, surely not a coincidence.
6. This comment and an "Enquirer" headline that shows up on both Jack Crawford's and Buffalo Bill's bulletin boards—"BILL SKINS FIFTH"—illustrate the very mythicization that Jane Caputi attributes to such publications. That the FBI agent and the killer should be linked in this way suggests both the wide-reaching impact of such press and the similarities in their characters. See Jane Caputi, "The New Founding Fathers: The Lore and Lure of the Serial Killer in Contemporary Culture," *Journal of American Culture* (Fall 1990), pp. 1-12. Also, the irony of giving an effeminate homosexual male a nickname from the masculine, American West tradition of rough riders is never really explored in the film.
7. Starling's fellow student and friend is also a woman of color, suggesting that women in general and people of African origin are both absolved of the charge of man-eating.
8. Caputi, p. 1.
9. This clip suggests not only the popular film *sex, lies and videotape*, but also the recent trend of couples creating their own erotic videotapes either for themselves or for rent. At least one implication is that sex, particularly in such a dangerous age, is more acceptable as a spectator sport. It limits the threat and the mess.
10. Susan Griffin, *Pornography and Silence* (New York: Harper & Row, 1982), p. 2.
11. Griffin, p. 55.
12. John McCarty, *Psychos: Eighty Years of Mad Movies, Maniacs and Murderous Deeds* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986). McCarty notes other films that explore Ed Gein's psychosis as *Deranged* (1974) and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1975).
13. Caputi points out that the dead but everpresent mother is almost predictable in accounts of real and fictional serial killers. For instance, Jason (from *Friday the 13th*) keeps a shrine for his mother's head. McCarty also notes that Ed Gein kept his mother's mummified corpse in the dining room. For Caputi, the mystery of the killers' paternity is necessary, "for their true father is indeed a collective entity—the patriarchal culture that has produced the serial killer as a fact of modern life" (p. 8). Robin Wood's discussion of the monster as a product of repression, and therefore also oppression, suggests that the son who identifies with and even idolizes his mother is by definition a monster within patriarchal cultures; "An Introduction to the American Horror Film," *The Planks of Reason*, ed. Barry Keith Grant (Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press, 1984), pp. 164-200.
14. Thomas Harris, *The Silence of the Lambs* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1988), p. 357.
15. Daniel R. Harris, "Effeminacy," *Michigan Quarterly Review* 30, No. 1 (Winter 1991), p. 75.
16. Harris, "Effeminacy," p. 75.
17. Lecter's indirect murder of Miggs is clearly in retaliation for Miggs's obscene comment to Clarice. Somehow Lecter gets Miggs to swallow his tongue.
18. Clover, p. 198.
19. Noel Carroll, "The Nature of Horror," *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism* (1987), p. 53.
20. Carroll, p. 55.
21. Carroll, p. 56.
22. Harris, *The Silence of the Lambs*, p. 21.
23. Anne Herrmann, "Passing Women, Performing Men," *Michigan Quarterly Review* 30, No. 1 (Winter 1991), p. 71.
24. Herrmann, p. 66.
25. Clover cites a number of film authorities to support her claim that the majority of horror film patrons are young males. See her essay for a more detailed analysis of viewer response.

JULIE THARP is a Ph.D. candidate in English at the University of Minnesota, concentrating on the writing of contemporary American women of color. She suffers from a lifelong fascination with horror films.
