

profoundly simple one—namely, that God's ways are always mysterious. In fact, Golding's choice of 'the black lightning' as an image of God proves to be no more than a variation on the medieval poet's image of God as 'the Sun'. In each instance too, the rays of both are charged with everlasting mercy.

St Augustine once wrote of a man falling into a river: 'The mercy of God may be found between the bridge and the stream.' In the case of Pincher Martin, it would seem, the bridge was that of H.M.S. *Wildebeeste* and the stream was the mid-Atlantic.

Realism, Allegory and Symbolism

Some Speculation about the Novel*

by David Lodge

I begin with a number of propositions, which I shall try to develop in detail:

First, that allegory and symbolism are modes of analogy, that both present one thing or concept in terms of another thing or concept, even though the ways in which they do so have been contrasted and seen as vitally different.

Secondly, that the novel is, as a literary form, generally characterized by realism, and that realism as a literary technique would appear to be opposed to analogical modes.

Thirdly, that this opposition is only apparent because all literary discourse (and in a sense all language) is analogical, in so far as it is meaningful: and that this is confirmed by critical practice.

Fourthly, that the development of the novel therefore reveals a continuing compromise in which overtly analogical modes are allowed to permeate the apparently non-analogical mode of realism in the interests of meaning.

Fifthly, that in the modern period the value of realism as a technique begins to be called into question, and consequently the point of the compromise begins to be called into question, with significant repercussions on the form of the novel.

In putting forward these ideas, particularly the last one, I have been much influenced by *The Nature of Narrative* (1966), by Robert

*This article is a revised and shortened version of a paper originally read to the Conference of University Teachers of English at York in 1967. It is continuous with, and in part overlaps, a later essay, 'The Novelist at the Crossroads', published in the *Critical Quarterly*, Summer, 1969.

Scholes and Robert Kellogg. Surveying the whole range of Western narrative literature, they suggest that the primitive oral epic was a synthesis of two antithetical types of narrative, one which they call *empirical*, whose primary allegiance is to the real, and the other *fictional*, whose primary allegiance is to the ideal. Under the pressure of various cultural circumstances, chiefly the transition from oral to written literature, this synthesis breaks up into its component parts; and the fragmentation occurs twice, once in the classical languages and again in the vernacular languages. Empirical narrative subdivides into history (which is true to fact) and 'mimesis' (which is true to experience); fictional narrative subdivides into romance (which cultivates beauty and aims to delight); and fable or allegory (which cultivates goodness and aims to instruct). In late classical and medieval literature, these modes are developed independently, or in partial combinations. But in the late middle ages and renaissance there is a gradual movement towards a new synthesis of the empirical and the fictional modes which culminates in the novel. In the experiments of modern novelists, however, and in the advent of new media such as motion pictures, Scholes and Kellogg see some evidence that the precarious synthesis of the novel is about to dissolve once more.

This scheme seems to me to have much to recommend it; in particular the idea that a novel is a new synthesis of existing narrative traditions rather than a continuation of one of them, or an entirely new phenomenon, seems a useful one, because it accounts for the great variety of the novel, its capacity for being pushed in the directions of history or romance or fable while still remaining somehow a novel; it explains why the novel appears in Raymond Williams' words 'not so much a literary form as a whole literature in itself' (*The Long Revolution*, Penguin edn., 1965, p. 304). What I want to stress is that if the novel is a synthesis, the synthesizing element is realism; and that the break-up of the novelistic synthesis coincides with a distrust or rejection of realism. (The point is made more emphatically by Professor Scholes in his book *The Fabulators*, 1967.)

Now I am not so foolish as to suppose that I can define realism to anyone's satisfaction, but I should try to make clear the sense in which I am using the term. I am using it to describe a certain technique for representing reality, the criterion of which is that it seeks to give an illusion of life, that it presents fiction as continuous with actuality. Invented characters and events are given, in realistic fiction, a pseudo-historical authenticity, to which is added an interiority, in the treatment of the characters' thoughts and motivations, more intimate and complete than the orthodox historian can provide. As Clara Reeve put it, in her celebrated definition of the novel: 'The novel gives a familiar relation of such things as pass every day before our eyes, such as may happen to our friends or

to ourselves, and the perfection of it is to represent every scene in so easy and natural a manner as to make them appear so probable as to deceive us with a persuasion (at least while we are reading) that all is real, until we are affected by the joys or the distresses of the persons of the story as if they were our own' (*The Progress of Romance*, 1785). The characteristic formal means by which the novel achieves this effect is the provision of a mass of circumstantial detail which defines the characters, actions and objects of the fiction in ways which correspond for the audience to the appearance of people, actions and objects in actuality. This is not the source of the value of realistic fiction, but it does seem to be the necessary prior condition for generating value in such fiction. It is not peculiar to the novel, we find it in literature before the novel, but Scholes and Kellogg, who call it (rather confusingly) *mimesis*, do point out that it is the slowest of the narrative modes to develop; while its full development certainly coincides with the emergence of the novel in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This suggests that at this point in cultural history the shift to the 'realistic' treatment of experience in literature was a response to some general shift in perceiving experience. And Ian Watt in *The Rise of the Novel* has made and documented just such a case, relating the rise of the novel to 'that vast transformation of Western civilization which has replaced the unified world picture of the Middle Ages with another very different one—one which presents us essentially with a developing but unplanned aggregate of particular individuals having particular experiences at particular times and particular places' (*The Rise of the Novel*, 1957, p. 31).

Orthodox literary theory was, however, slow to adjust to the cultural shift of which the rise of the novel was the chief literary symptom. Imlac's famous definition of the poet in *Rasselas*¹ must be inverted to apply to the novelist. The business of the novelist, we may say, is to examine not the species but the individual, to ignore general properties and large appearances. He numbers the streaks of the tulip and describes different shades of the verdure of the forest. And Johnson, naturally enough, was one of the first critics to question the point of the exercise. A propos of the novel he remarked:

If the world be promiscuously described, I cannot see of what use it can be to read the account; or why it may not be as safe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as upon a mirror which shows all that presents itself without discrimination.²

Behind this criticism is the implication that meaning is analogical: that literature delivers meaning by creating an artificially ordered version of reality which bears an analogical relation to reality itself; and that realism of the novelistic kind, dedicated to honouring the random particularity of experience, is therefore hostile to meaning.

¹Samuel Johnson, *Rasselas*, 1759, chapter X.

²Samuel Johnson, *The Rambler*, No. 4, 1750.

The extent to which this argument is valid can be measured more interestingly by reference to the French *nouveau roman* than by reference to Johnson's contemporaries. However fervent their allegiance to realism—and it varied a good deal—the eighteenth-century novelists were committed to the discovery of meaning in experience. But in Alain Robbe-Grillet we find the assertion that experience is meaningless, and a programme for a new realism that will recognize this. His theory carries my proposition that realism is hostile to analogical modes to its extreme; while his attack on traditional realism and the contradictions inherent in his own aesthetic position confirm, I believe, my suggestion that this hostility is only apparent. Essentially, M. Robbe-Grillet's argument is that traditional realism has distorted reality by imposing human meanings upon it. That is, in describing the world of things, we are not willing to admit that they are just things, with their own existence, indifferent to ours. We make things reassuring by attributing human meanings, or significations, to them. In this way we create a false sense of solidarity between man and things.

In the realm of literature this solidarity is expressed mainly through the systematic search for analogies or for analogical relationships. . . . Metaphor is never an innocent figure of speech . . . the choice of an analogical vocabulary, however simple, always goes beyond giving an account of purely physical data . . . setting up a constant *rapport* between the universe and the human being who inhabits it.¹

Naturally enough M. Robbe-Grillet concentrates his attack on the pathetic fallacy, though he doesn't use that term. But he says, 'all analogies are equally dangerous. Perhaps the most dangerous of all are those crafty ones in which man is not even mentioned' (*ibid.*, p. 369).

It is therefore the whole literary language that has to change . . . the visual or descriptive adjective—the word that contents itself with measuring, locating, limiting, defining—indicates a difficult but most likely direction for the novel of the future. . . . To record the separation between an object and myself, the distances pertaining to the object itself (its exterior distances, that is, its measurements) and the distances between objects; to insist, further, on the fact that these are only distances and not heart-rending separations—all this amounts to taking for granted that things are 'there' and that they are only things, each limited to itself. . . . But we must refuse first of all the vocabulary of analogy (*ibid.*, p. 377).

Now, although M. Robbe-Grillet is asserting the discontinuity of his programme with that of traditional realism, there is a very obvious continuity. His hostility to metaphor, his favouring of a vocabulary that contents itself with measuring, locating, limiting, defining, remind one of critical commonplaces concerning the style of one of the earliest English writers of realistic fiction, Defoe.

¹*The Modern Tradition*, ed. Ellmann and Feidelson, 1965, pp. 367–8.

Alain Robbe-Grillet is merely carrying one of the assumptions underlying traditional realism to an extreme conclusion, and with a good deal of sophistication.

In so far as he claims to be absolving literature completely from order, meaning, analogy, he is I think involved in a contradiction which arises from the nature of language. Language is a human construct designed precisely to make experience humanly meaningful by placing an order, an order of words, in an analogical relationship to experience. I think this is true even of language on the barest level of denotation. It is implied in our description of language as a symbolic system. The word 'table', either as a sequence of sounds or as a sequence of written signs, symbolizes the actual thing, table. In connecting the sounds or signs with the thing to form the concept, table, are we not making a kind of analogical equation? Of course, in such a case, the equation is so simple, direct and habitual, that we are not aware of the concept as an analogical one; but the signs or sound table can never *be* a table. The way in which syntax enables us to connect different concepts engenders overt forms of analogy such as metaphor and simile. Language and conceptualization indeed seem inherently analogical. As Wordsworth says in the Preface to Lyrical Ballads, 'The perception of similitude in dissimilitude . . . is the great spring of the activity of our minds and their chief feeder'.

The literary use of language is analogical in a further sense. Because literature is fictive—that is, it describes not an actual state of affairs but a possible state of affairs—the total statement which constitutes a work of literature bears a very obvious analogical relationship to reality. Works of literature are vast metaphors or similes applied to reality. Shakespeare is saying reality is 'like' *King Lear*; Milton is saying reality is 'like' *Paradise Lost*. Where the conventions require that fiction be disguised as fact, as in the novel, the analogical relationship of art to life is also disguised. However, realistic novels are, like all fictions, still metaphors or similes applied to reality. Richardson is saying reality is like *Pamela*, Jane Austen is saying reality is like *Emma*, even M. Robbe-Grillet is saying reality is like *Jealousy*. And it is both a consequence and a confirmation of this fact that in responding critically to realistic fiction, we find ourselves inevitably stressing its analogical dimension. I now want to consider this question of critical response to realistic fiction.

I quoted just now Clara Reeve's definition of the novel: 'the perfection of it is to represent every scene in so easy and natural a manner as to make them appear so probable, as to deceive us with a persuasion (at least while we are reading) that all is real.' But the only tribute we can make to this effect is to go on behaving as if the story were real *after* we have finished reading.

Criticism which offers to give a more satisfactory account of meaning and value in realistic fiction finds itself inevitably going beyond tributes to the illusion of life; indeed it finds itself having to break down the illusion of life so carefully constructed by the novelist, to treat its characters not as individuals but as types, its actions not as unique circumstances, but as familiar paradigms, its objects not as random particulars but as symbols; in short, to treat the relationship of the novel to life as analogical and to interpret it more or less allegorically.

That all interpretative criticism is allegorical, or quasi-allegorical, deriving its methods from allegorical interpretations of Homer in classical times and from patristic and medieval biblical exegesis, is not, of course, a new observation. It has been made in the form of an accusation, by Miss Susan Sontag, in the title essay of her book *Against Interpretation* (1967), where she denounces interpretation as 'the revenge of the intellect upon art. To interpret is to impoverish, to deplete the world—in order to set up a shadow world of meanings' (at p. 7). There seems to be an obvious debt here to the theories of M. Robbe-Grillet, whose new novel is designed specifically to resist interpretation. In my view, the notion that criticism can renounce the pursuit of meaning is as contradictory as the idea that literature itself can. I have not, however, sufficient space to dispute Miss Sontag's theory of criticism here—I merely invoke her, like M. Robbe-Grillet, as a kind of adversary witness to the paradoxical relationship I assume between realism and analogy.

In this connexion I want to glance briefly at some criticism of Jane Austen's *Emma*. She is often regarded as the realistic novelist *par excellence*. In fact she compromises with realism by exerting the right to authorial comment, for the presence of an omniscient narrator will always tend to modify the realistic illusion of life and to indicate the analogical relationship of the fiction to reality. But within the limits set by this narrative method no novelist has given her fictions a more impeccable illusion of life, or attracted more tributes on this account.

Jane Austen's language, as Mary Lascelles and other critics have pointed out, is conspicuously bare of figurative—i.e. overtly analogical expression—indeed the use of obvious figures of speech is generally associated with objectionable characters like Mrs Norris or Mrs Elton. But Mark Schorer has shown in examining *Emma* (and also *Persuasion*), how Jane Austen's language is saturated with dead or buried metaphors drawn from commerce and property, the counting house and the inherited estate, creating the sense of a world of peculiarly *material* values against which the world of the action, concerned with refinement of sensibility and moral discrimination, is ironically juxtaposed.¹ This is, I think, a genuinely

¹'The Humiliation of Emma Woodhouse', *Literary Review* II (1959), pp. 547–63.

useful insight, but it involves stressing analogical significance which Jane Austen, presumably intuitively rather than deliberately, played down. The same might be said of Schorer's discussion of the design of *Emma* in terms of the heroine's 'symbolic' relationships with other characters, when the art of the novelist is obviously devoted to depicting these relationships not as symbolic but as occurring naturally in the world of the novel . . . 'three or four families in a country village'.

A more extreme example of interpretative criticism ignoring the techniques of realism in order to draw out meaning is an article by W. R. Martin called '*Emma*: a definition of virtue': '*Emma* . . . is similar to a Morality Play. Emma is Any Lively and Intelligent Young Woman. . . . Many of the other characters, besides having the naturalistic "life" that has often been remarked upon, are types and personified qualities. . . . The novel presents characters in different states of being. Each is a signboard for Emma on her pilgrimage, and has an important place in the composition' (*English Studies in Africa* III (1960) pp. 21-34).

While Mr Martin interprets *Emma* as Morality, another critic, Joseph M. Duffy, has interpreted it in what would seem to be the even more alien mode of romance and myth: '*Emma*, throughout, is luminous with the immanence of life. This central and essential confidence endows the characters and incidents in the novel with an Olympian remoteness and clarity that we often associate with epic tales of demi-gods and heroes.'¹

We may feel that the kind of interpretations of *Emma* I have been discussing violate the intentions and misrepresent the quality of the novel. My point is that this is a risk criticism must inevitably take. Criticism cannot avoid seeing the novel as an order of words which stands in an analogical relationship to reality; the special problem of novel criticism is to clarify this relationship while at the same time doing maximum justice to the art which conceals it. And this problem is a reflection of a corresponding problem in the creation of novels: how to give an ordered account of experience which at the same time honours the disorderliness of experience, how to reconcile the analogical pursuit of meaning with realistic specificity. This is what I meant when I said earlier that the development of the novel reveals a continuing compromise in which overtly analogical modes are allowed to permeate the apparently non-analogical mode of realism in the interest of meaning.

One such compromise is the pathetic fallacy condemned by Alain Robbe-Grillet. He is not, of course, the first novelist to have misgivings about this device. Thomas Hardy, for instance, is constantly vacillating between drawing analogies between man

¹Joseph M. Duffy, 'Emma: the Awakening of Innocence', *Journal of English Literary History*, XXI (1954), pp. 39-53.

and nature on the one hand, and on the other stressing the falsity of imposing human meanings upon nature; so that one finds in his work both elaborate exploitation of the pathetic fallacy and 'realistic' exposures of it. Hardy never quite hit upon a happy compromise between realism and analogical modes.

Another common compromise between realism and analogical modes, rather less subtle than the pathetic fallacy, is the use of dreams in novels. Dreams are a common human experience which can properly be introduced into a realistic narrative; but at the same time they are free from the laws which govern the phenomenal world. They can therefore be easily manipulated into patterns which bear explicitly analogical meanings. Defoe and Richardson use dreams in this way; at the other end of the realistic tradition, Thomas Mann in *Death in Venice* uses a dream for his most explicit evocation of the Dionysian spirit. Where, however, dream becomes the primary mode of the fiction, with a flimsy or non-existent realistic 'frame', as in *Alice in Wonderland* or *Finnegans Wake*, the compromise is broken, and the work positively invites analogical interpretation.

As the example of Lewis Carroll suggests, the dominance of realism in the nineteenth century often pushed writers with adult interests but a bent towards non-realistic narrative into writing ostensibly for children. It was perhaps because realism did not have such a strong grip on American literary culture that the nineteenth-century American novelists, particularly Hawthorne and Melville, are notable for the very bold exploitation of analogical modes in fiction. At least, their displacement of the novel away from realism is often related to the slower progress of secularization in New England puritan bourgeois culture, compared to Europe, and the survival of a genuinely spiritual world view receptive to analogical modes. Hawthorne took the extra precaution of setting many of his stories back in the period of puritan theocracy, and in this Ivor Winters sees the secret of the success of *The Scarlet Letter*. 'In the setting which he chose, allegory was realism, the idea was life itself.'¹ But says Winters:

Once Hawthorne had reduced the problem of sin to terms as general as these, and had brought his allegory to perfect literary form . . . there was nothing further to be said about it. . . . The only alternative remaining was to move away from the allegorical extreme of narrative towards the specific, that is, towards the art of the novelist. The attempt was made, but fell short of success (*ibid.*, p. 165).

Even in the *Scarlet Letter*, however, many critics have felt that the art of the novelist is in uneasy harness with the art of the allegorist—that Hawthorne makes too much fuss about providing for objec-

¹Ivor Winters, 'Maule's Curse; or Hawthorne and the Problem of Allegory', *In Defence of Reason*, 1960, p. 165.

tions to his narrative based on 'realistic' criteria, and hence involves himself in inconsistency and contradiction.¹ And it is also difficult to see Melville as always reconciling realistic and analogical modes with complete success. I for one, have given up *Billy Budd* in despair. It is possible to accept the profusion of analogies which present Billy alternately as Adam, Christ, a barbarian, a Greek god, various animals, and so on, as the expression of an ironic and ambiguous vision of experience, but it is difficult to square this with the presence of an erratically omniscient author who establishes the story in a realistically particularized setting, and insists upon its being a true one.

In fact, the awkwardness, the uncertainty of the balance Hawthorne and Melville strike between realism and analogical modes can usually be traced back to an unresolved problem of narrative method. In both *The Scarlet Letter* and *Billy Budd* an omniscient author is implied. Now there is no incompatibility between omniscient narration and the exploitation of analogy—quite the contrary because, as I have suggested, the presence of an omniscient author tends to stress the fictive and hence analogical character of narrative. But where there is an omniscient narrator, should he not take responsibility for the patterns of analogy that are created, mediating them to the reader to convey a coherent and consistent meaning—as Dickens does, for instance, in handling the prison symbolism of *Little Dorrit*? The whole point of having an omniscient narrator is that he is reliable, and that the analogies he draws have reliable meanings. Hawthorne and Melville however seem to be using narrators with claims to omniscience and reliability to mediate a vision of reality as ambivalent, problematical, paradoxical, and these narrators are therefore shifty about taking responsibility for the analogies they draw. The result is often a rather unfruitful ambiguity.

The mention of Hawthorne and Melville brings me, briefly, to the question of allegory versus symbolism, a question which tends to be raised frequently in discussion of these authors. Ivor Winters, as we have seen, sees Hawthorne's strength as that of an allegorist. Charles Feidelson, on the other hand, sees him as a forerunner of modern symbolist writers, and as hampered by his allegiance to allegory: 'Allegory was the brake that Hawthorne applied to his sensibility. The symbolistic and the allegorical patterns in Hawthorne's books reach quite different conclusions; or, rather, the symbolism leads to an inconclusive luxuriance of meaning, while allegory imposes the pat moral and the simplified character' (*Symbolism and American Literature*, Phoenix edn., 1953, pp. 14-15).

Behind Feidelson's comment there is of course the familiar Romantic and post-Romantic distinction between allegory or fable or Fancy, and Symbolism or Vision or Imagination, made by Blake, Coleridge,

¹Martin Green, 'The Hawthorne Myth: a protest', *Reappraisals*, 1965.

Yeats and others. A good deal of cold water has been thrown on this distinction, especially its evaluative bias in favour of symbolism, by modern critics. Scholes and Kellogg assert that it is certainly not relevant to narrative literature, even if it is to lyrical: 'In narrative any recurring symbol, whether it is an object, a gesture or a character, becomes defined and limited by its contexts. Narrative requires an irreducible minimum of rationality, which inevitably tames and limits the meanings of the vaguest of images' (*The Nature of Narrative*, p. 107). They therefore use the word 'symbol' to refer to any illustrative image, and 'allegory' to 'the kind of narrative which emphasizes the illustrative meaning of its images'.

This is a very reasonable position. But it would seem that the kind of narrative which 'emphasizes the illustrative meaning of its images' will to that extent sacrifice its realistic illusion, and that the method of romantic symbolism, which allows its images to imply or suggest or reveal meaning, is a more satisfactory way of giving the realistic presentation an analogical dimension. Edgar Allan Poe seems to be making this point when he attacks Hawthorne for his use of allegory: 'One thing is clear, that if allegory ever establishes a fact, it is by dint of overturning a fiction. When the suggested meaning runs through the obvious one in a *very* profound undercurrent so as never to interfere with the upper one without our own volition, so as never to show itself unless called to the surface, then only, for the proper uses of fictitious narrative, is it available at all.'¹

This recommendation could be condensed into the axiom, 'the novelist must make his spade a spade before he makes it a symbol', and indeed this has been the slogan for most efforts to incorporate analogical modes in realistic narrative.

One of the paradoxes of the subject is that the post-Romantic doctrine of symbolism is apparently just as hostile to analogy as realism. Both seek to escape or disguise the essentially analogical nature of language, realism by creating the illusion of a non-verbal world, symbolism by creating the illusion of a purely verbal world. M. Robbe-Grillet is surely saying of a novel what Archibald McLeish famously said of a poem, that it should not mean but be. This paradox perhaps helps to explain why the effects of realism and poetic symbolism seem to combine happily in the work of certain modern novelists and, particularly, short story writers. I am thinking especially of Hemingway's short stories, where he applies to the American vernacular (the characteristic medium of American realism) an elaborate but cunningly disguised verbal craft, so as to give his writing something of the magical, incantatory quality of symbolist poetry, without losing the effect of sincerity, of authentically observed experience, of, in his favourite phrase,

¹*Selected Poetry and Prose of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. T. O. Mabbott, 1957, p. 378.

'the way it was'. Consider the opening paragraph of *In Another Country*:

In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty and small birds flew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.

On one level the repetition of the words *fall*, *cold*, and *wind* seems merely to imitate the clumsiness of casual speech, to reflect a sensibility which registers only, and unreflectingly, what the senses perceive. On another level, however, these words are manipulated to form a verbal pattern which, in the absence of any logical continuity or syntactical subordination, binds the paragraph together. One notes that all three words are combined for the first time in the last sentence. The emphasis on *fall*, *cold* and *wind* suggests death and destruction; and these suggestions are made concrete in the dead birds and animals that hang outside the shops. To call these dead creatures 'symbols' would seem to distort the quality of Hemingway's art, for our attention is directed to what they are, not what they represent. The immediate justification of their introduction seems documentary rather than literary: 'this is how it was', the narrator seems to be saying, 'I was in Milan in the fall, and there was all this game hanging outside the shops.' Yet out of the combination of these concrete details and the restless repetition of *fall*, *cold*, and *wind*, Hemingway creates a complex analogy for a certain emotional state, announced in the carefully arranged words of the opening sentence: 'In the fall the war was always there but we did not go to it any more.' As the story goes on to show, the narrator and his comrades do not go to the war in the physical sense any more, but the war is always with them, in their minds and in their wounds. All this is intimated in the apparently casual description of the season and the shops. This is not an example of the pathetic fallacy, though the effect is not dissimilar.

This three-dimensional quality Hemingway imparts to realistic narrative without apparently tampering with the randomness of actual experience is paralleled in the epiphanies of James Joyce. But whereas Hemingway never broke his allegiance to realism, Joyce did; and his literary career illustrates very well the fragmentation of the novelistic synthesis, the abandonment of the compromise between realism and analogical modes. In *Dubliners* the compromise is made in favour of realism: in these stories Joyce made his spades such solid spades that for some time no one sus-

pected they were symbols. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* the illusion of life is very precariously maintained under the pressure of an increasingly elaborate symbolism. The hero's very name, Dedalus, is an index of how far Joyce is prepared to sacrifice realistic plausibility to analogical meaning. In *Ulysses* the compromise is abandoned; though of course realism itself is not abandoned. *Ulysses* in some ways represents the highest achievement of realistic fiction. We can apply to its characters the criterion of realism—they may be returned hypothetically to the continuum of actuality—indeed it is difficult to think of any novelist who took more pains to ensure this. But they can also be returned to the continuity of Homeric legend, and we cannot appreciate the book fully without being aware of this. Language, particularly in parody and pastiche, plays over the realistic world of the novel so as to place it in all kinds of analogical perspectives—historical, mythical, and literary. Finally, in *Finnegans Wake*, analogy is all. Nothing is unique, particular, new. Everybody is everything at every time and in every place. A comic work, *Finnegans Wake* offers us one consolation in a world devoid of moral and metaphysical certainties: we have been here before. The break with realism, and with the novel, is complete.

Taking some hints from Scholes and Kellogg we can suggest that realism is under pressure from two sides in the modern period. In so far as it seeks to do justice to the common perceptual world of unique particulars it competes with new media, such as motion pictures and tape, which can do this more directly and easily—Alain Robbe-Grillet's invocation of cinematic images in his definition of the new novel is highly significant; on the other hand, modern advances in knowledge have tended to throw doubt on the reality of the appearances which realism imitates. The claims of art to imitate reality had always been open to question from Plato onwards, but the insights of modern psychology, for instance, have raised the question in a way which presses directly on the novel's traditional undertaking to explore individual experience. If the reality of individual experience is to be sought in the individual or collective unconscious, it cannot be adequately represented by the methods of realism—it naturally invites the use of analogical modes. As Scholes and Kellogg say, 'Thus the mimetic impulse towards the characterization of the inner life dissolves inevitably into mythic and expressionistic patterns upon reaching the citadel of the psyche. . . . Thanks to Freud and Jung, in the heart of the labyrinth the minotaur lives on.'

Thus Joyce's literary development is entirely logical. Few writers—or readers for that matter—have been able or willing to follow him to the point of *Finnegans Wake*, but he has obviously encouraged a number of writers to exploit the use of analogy openly in fiction:

The Tin Drum of Günter Grass, Malamud's *The Natural*, John Updike's *The Centaur* and John Barth's *Giles Goat-boy* are some random examples which come to mind. But although these novels decline to subordinate analogical patterns of meaning to realistic illusion, they all use the techniques of realism to some extent.

In fact, the idea that individual experience of a common phenomenal world is meaningful persists in spite of all the doubts raised against it. In Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* the heroine, a novelist suffering from a writer's block, attacks her psychiatrist in these terms:

'You talk about individuation. So far what it has meant to me is this: that the individual recognizes one part after another of his earlier life as an aspect of the general human experience. When he can say: What I did then, what I felt then, is only the reflection of that great archetypal dream, or epic story, or stage in history, then he is free . . . [but] I want to be able to separate in myself what is old and cyclic, the recurring history, the myth, from what is new, what I feel or think that might be new . . .'

(Penguin edn, pp. 461–2).

Translated into literary terms, this amounts to an attack on the method of *Finnegans Wake*, on analogical modes, and a commitment to realism, to the rendering of what is particular, individual, new.

The Golden Notebook in fact represents a very interesting response in modern narrative to the difficulties of sustaining the realistic novel—and that is to make these difficulties the subject of the novel itself. In *The Golden Notebook* we are given a bewildering number of versions of the same experience, alternative efforts of the novelist-heroine to represent reality; we are invited to contrast fiction with fact only to discover, or be reminded, that what we thought was fact is fiction. Gide is doing something very similar in *The Counterfeiters*, of which he says, 'What I want is to represent reality on the one hand, and on the other the effort to stylize it into art'. All such novels might be traced back to one which I have conspicuously omitted to mention till now because it is apt to undermine any attempt to theorize about the novel; I mean *Tristram Shandy*. It is characteristic of such novels that they show that literary realism is doomed to failure, but that the effort is worth making. They offer their failure as a kind of success.