

Terry Eagleton, *The English Novel: An Introduction* (Wiley Blackstock 2005)

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Chapter 1: What is a Novel?

A novel is a piece of prose fiction of a reasonable length. Even a definition as toothless as this, however, is still too restricted. Not all novels are written in prose. There are novels in verse, like Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* or Vikram Seth's *The Golden Gate*. As for fiction, the distinction between fiction and fact is not always clear. And what counts as a reasonable length? At what point does a novella or long short story become a novel? André Gide's *The Immoralist* is usually described as a novel, and Anton Chekhov's 'The Duel' as a short story, but they are both about the same length.

The truth is that the novel is a genre which resists exact definition. This in itself is not particularly striking, since many things – 'game', for example, or 'hairy' – resist exact definition. It is hard to say how ape-like you have to be in order to qualify as hairy. The point about the novel, however, is not just that it eludes definitions, but that it actively undermines them. It is less a genre than an antigenre. It cannibalizes other literary modes and mixes the bits and pieces promiscuously together. You can find poetry and dramatic dialogue in the novel, along with epic, pastoral, satire, history, elegy, tragedy and any number of other literary modes. Virginia Woolf described it as 'this most pliable of all forms'. The novel quotes, parodies and transforms other genres, converting its literary ancestors into mere components of itself in a kind of Oedipal vengeance on them. It is the queen of literary genres in a rather less elevated sense of the word than one might hear around Buckingham Palace.

The novel is a mighty melting pot, a mongrel among literary thoroughbreds. There seems to be nothing it cannot do. It can investigate a single human consciousness for eight hundred pages. Or it can recount the adventures of an onion, chart the history of a family over six generations, or recreate the Napoleonic wars. If it is a form particularly associated with the middle class, it is partly because the ideology of that class centres on a dream of total freedom from restraint. In a world in which God is dead, everything, so Dostoevsky remarked, is permitted; and the same goes for a world in which the old autocratic order is dead and the middle class reigns triumphant. The novel is an anarchic genre, since its rule is not to have rules. An anarchist is not just someone who breaks rules, but someone who breaks rules as a rule, and this is what the novel does too. Myths are cyclical and repetitive, while the novel appears excitingly unpredictable. In fact, the novel has a finite repertoire of forms and motifs. But it is an extraordinarily capacious one even so.

Because it is hard to say what a novel is, it is hard to say when the form first arose. Several authors have been proposed as plausible candidates for the first novelist, among them Miguel de Cervantes and Daniel Defoe; but the game of identifying origins is always a dangerous one. If a lecturer proclaims that the paper-clip was invented in 1905, someone at the back of the hall will always rise to announce that one has just been unearthed from an ancient Etruscan burial site. The Russian cultural theorist Mikhail Bakhtin traces the novel back to imperial Rome and ancient Hellenistic romance, while Margaret Anne Doody in *The True Story of the Novel* likewise locates its birthplace in the cultures of the ancient Mediterranean. [1] It is true that if your definition of an automobile is fuzzy enough, it is not hard to trace the BMW back to the ancient Roman chariot. (This may also help to explain why so many premature obituary notices of the novel have been issued. What they usually indicate is that one kind of novel has died, while another has come into existence.) Even so, something like the novel can indeed be found in ancient times. In the modern era, as we have seen, it has been linked with the emergence of the middle class, but when exactly was that? Some historians would locate it as early as the twelfth or thirteenth centuries.

Most commentators agree that the novel has its roots in the literary form we know as romance. Indeed, these are roots that it has never entirely cut. Novels are romances – but romances which have to

negotiate the prosaic world of modern civilization. They retain their romantic heroes and villains, wish-fulfillments and fairy-tale endings, but now these things have to be worked out in terms of sex and property, money and marriage, social mobility and the nuclear family. Sex and property, one might claim, are the themes of the modern novel from start to finish. So the English novel from Defoe to Woolf is still a kind of romance. In fact, nothing less than the magical devices of romance will do it, like the Victorian novelist, you are going to conjure a happy ending from the refractory problems of the modern world. In the Brontës, George Eliot, Hardy and Henry James, you can find vestiges of 'premodern' forms such as myth, fable, folk-tale and romance, mixed in with 'modern' ones like realism, reportage, psychological investigation and the like. If the novel is a romance, however, it is a disenchanted one, which has nothing to learn about baffled desires and recalcitrant realities.

Romance is full of marvels, whereas the modern novel is nothing if not mundane. It portrays a secular, empirical world rather than a mythical or metaphysical one. Its focus is on culture, not Nature or the supernatural. It is wary of the abstract and eternal, and believes in what it can touch, taste and handle. It may still retain some religious beliefs, but it is as nervous of religious debate as a pub landlord. The novel presents us with a changing, concrete, open-ended history rather than a closed symbolic universe. Time and narrative are of its essence. In the modern era, fewer and fewer things are immutable, and every phenomenon, including the self, seems historical to its roots. The novel is the form in which history goes all the way down.

All this is very different from romance, as Cervantes' *Don Quixote* makes clear. *Don Quixote*, sometimes mistakenly called the first novel, is in fact less the origin of the genre than a novel about the origin of the novel. It is thus a peculiarly narcissistic piece of writing, a fact which becomes comically obvious when Quixote and Sancho Panza run across characters who have actually read about them. Cervantes' great work shows us how the novel comes about when romantic idealism, here in the form of Quixote's chivalric fantasies, collides with the real world. Cervantes was not the first author to challenge romance in this way: the picaresque novel, with its downbeat, streetwise antiheroism, had done that, at least implicitly, before he came to write. But *Don Quixote* is a work which actually takes this clash between romance and realism as its subject-matter, thus turning a formal issue into a thematic one.

If there is one place where romantic idealism and disenchanted realism meet, it is war. Few phenomena have provoked so much high-flown rhetoric along with so much bitter disgust. But Cervantes' novel runs war a close second. Quixote, who has been driven insane by reading too many romances, models his life on books, whereas realism models books on life. He lives, as they say, in a book, and talks like one too; but since he is a character in a book, this fantasy is also reality. The novel, then, starts life as among other things a satire of romance, and thus as a kind of anti-literature. It sends up rhetoric and fantasy from a hard-headed realist standpoint. But since a novel is rhetoric and fantasy, this is comically self-contradictory. Cervantes backs the world against the book, but he does so in a book. For a novelist to mock the language of literature is a classic case of the pot calling the kettle black. The kind of novel which speaks up for 'life' against 'literature' has all the bad faith of a count who speaks with a Cockney accent.

Cervantes assures us that he will give us this history 'neat and naked', without the usual paraphernalia of literature. But a naked and neat style is just as much a *style* as any other. It is a mistake to think that some kinds of language are literally closer to the real world than others. 'Nutter' is no closer to the real world than 'neophyte'. It might be closer to common speech, but that is different. The relationship between language and reality is not a spatial one. It is not that some words are free-floating, whereas others are jammed tight against material objects. Anyway, one writer's neat and naked may be another's ornamental. In a similar way, some realist fiction seems to believe that, say, hair-dryers are more real than hermeneutical phenomenology. They may be more useful, but the difference between them is not one of degrees of reality.

One of the first great novels, then, warns us off novels. Reading fiction can drive you mad. In fact, it is not fiction which leads to madness, but forgetting the fictionality of fiction. The problem arises from

confusing it with reality, as Quixote does. A fiction which knows itself to be fiction is perfectly sane. In that sense, irony is what saves us. Cervantes, unlike Quixote, does not expect his inventions to be taken literally, not least the invention known as Don Quixote. He is not trying to fool us. Novelists do not lie, because they do not imagine that we take them to be telling the truth. They do not lie in the same sense that the advertising slogan ‘Refreshes the parts that other beers can’t reach’ is not a lie, even though it is not true either.

The innkeeper in part 1 of *Don Quixote* remarks that it is fine for romances to be printed, since nobody could be ignorant enough to take them for true histories. Indeed, there is plenty of romance in *Don Quixote* itself. Yet romance is not as innocuous as the innkeeper suggests. It is really a kind of dangerous narcissism, in which (as Quixote comments at one point) you can believe that a woman is chaste and beautiful just because you want to. It does not need to take account of the way things are. Romantic idealism sounds edifying enough, but it is really a form of egoism in which the world becomes clay in your hands for you to mould as you wish. Fantasy, which sounds alluring enough, is at root a wayward individualism which insists on carving up the world as it pleases. It refuses to acknowledge what realism insists upon most: the recalcitrance of reality to our desires, the sheer stubborn inertia with which it baffles our designs upon it. Anti-realists are those who cannot get outside their own heads. It is a sort of moral astigmatism. It is just that Quixote’s own errant individualism, ironically enough, takes the form of a devotion to the collective rituals and loyalties of the feudal order.

There is something admirable about idealism – Quixote’s own ideals include protecting the poor and dispossessed – but also something absurd. So it is not just a matter of being a cynic rather than an idealist, but of upholding and deflating ideals in the same breath. Those who cannot see the world aright are likely to wreak grotesque damage upon it. Literary, moral and epistemological realism are all subtly interlinked. In Quixote’s case, fantasy is very definitely connected to social privilege. A man who can mistake an ordinary woman for a high-born maiden is also someone who assumes that the world owes him a living. Power is fantastic to the core. But fantasy is also commercial to the core – a ‘saleable commodity’, as the priest observes to the canon in part 1 of the novel. Marvels and the market are no stranger to each other. Fantasy manipulates reality for its own self-serving ends, and reality, in the shape of commercial publishing, manipulates fantasy for its own self-interest.

Realism, it would appear, is out of favour because the ordinary reader delights in the exotic and extravagant. The irony is that the novel as a form is wedded to the common life, whereas the common people themselves prefer the monstrous and miraculous. Quixote’s chivalric illusions are a kind of upper-class version of popular superstition. The common people do not wish to see their own faces in the mirror of art. They have quite enough ordinary life in their working hours without wanting to contemplate it in their leisure time as well. Labourers are more likely to resort to fantasy than lawyers. Cervantes’ priest recognizes that the labouring masses need circuses as well as bread, entertainment as much as work: they need to see plays, he believes, but the plays should be censored to strip them of their worst extravagances. It is really only the cultivated elite who prefer their art to be plausible and true to Nature. Cervantes thus wins himself serious literary status by insisting on the verisimilitude of his writing – on ‘probability and imitation’, as the canon puts it – while at the same time craftily serving up crowd-pulling fantasies by creating a hero who acts them out.

If the novel is the genre which affirms the common life, it is also the form in which values are at their most diverse and conflicting. The novel from Defoe to Woolf is a product of modernity, and modernity is the period in which we cannot agree even on fundamentals. Our values and beliefs are fragmented and discordant, and the novel reflects this condition. It is the most hybrid of literary forms, a space in which different voices, idioms and belief-systems continually collide. Because of this, no one of them can predominate without a struggle. The realist novel quite often throws its weight behind a particular way of seeing the world, but it is ‘relativizing’ in its very form. It shifts from one perspective to another, hands the narrative to various characters in turn, and wins our sympathy for cases and characters we find discomfiting by bringing them so vividly alive. In fact, this is one reason why the form was

originally greeted with such suspicion. Imaginative realism can make a convivial comrade of the devil himself.

For Mikhail Bakhtin, the novel tends to emerge and disappear again, like a river threading its way through a limestone landscape. You find it, he thinks, when a centralized literary, linguistic and political authority is beginning to crumble. [2] It is when the verbal and ideological centre can no longer hold, as in Hellenistic Greece, imperial Rome or the waning of the medieval Church, that Bakhtin finds the novel emerging. Monolithic political, linguistic and cultural forms are giving way to what Bakhtin calls 'heteroglossia' or linguistic diversity, and this is represented above all by the novel. In his view, then, the novel is inherently anti-normative. It is a maverick form, sceptical of all authoritarian claims to truth. No doubt this makes it sound too inherently subversive. There is not much of the maverick about *Mansfield Park*, or much linguistic diversity in *The Waves*. In any case, not all diversity is radical, or all authority oppressive. Yet Bakhtin is surely right to see the novel as emerging from the stream of culture dripping with the shards and fragments of other forms. It is parasitic on the scraps and leavings of 'higher' cultural life-forms; and this means that it has only a negative identity. In its mixing of languages and forms of life, it is a model of modern society, not simply a reflection on it.

Hegel saw the novel as the epic of a prosaic modern world. It has all the range and populousness of the epic, without, for the most part, its supernatural dimension. The novel resembles the classical epic in its consuming interest in narrative, dramatic action and the material world. It differs from it, however, in being a discourse of the present rather than of the past. For the novel is above all a *contemporary* form, as its very name suggests. To this extent, it has more in common with *The Times* than with Homer. When it turns to the past, it is often to treat it as the prehistory of the present. Even the historical novel is generally a coded reflection on the present. The novel is the mythology of a civilization fascinated by its own everyday existence. It is neither behind or ahead of its times, but abreast of them. It reflects them without morbid nostalgia or delusory hope. In this sense, literary realism is also moral realism. This refusal of both nostalgia and utopia means that the realist novel, politically speaking, is for the most part neither reactionary nor revolutionary. Instead, it is typically reformist in spirit. It is committed to the present, but to a present which is always in the process of change. It is a this-worldly rather than an other-worldly phenomenon; but since change is part of thisworldliness, it is not a backward-looking one either.

If the novel is a distinctively modern form, whatever its ancient pedigree, it is partly because it refuses to be bound by the past. To be 'modern' means to relegate to the past everything that happened up to 10 minutes ago. Modernity is the only epoch which actually defines itself, vacuously enough, by its up-to-dateness. Like a rebellious adolescent, the modern is defined by a definitive rupture with its parentage. If this is a liberating experience, it can also be a traumatic one. It is the form which breaks with traditional models. It can no longer rely on the paradigms offered by custom, mythology, Nature, antiquity, religion or community. And this is closely related to the rise of a new kind of individualism, which finds all such collective paradigms too constricting. Whereas the epic bears the signature of no one author, the novel bears the fingerprints of an individual writer, known as style. Its impatience with traditional models is also related to the rise of pluralism, as values become too diverse to be unified. The more values there are, the more of a problem value itself becomes.

The novel was born at the same time as modern science, and shares its sober, secular, hard-headed, investigative spirit, along with its suspicion of classical authority. But this means that, lacking authority outside itself, it must find it in itself. Having shed all traditional sources of authority, it must become self-authorizing. Authority now means not conforming yourself to an origin, but becoming the origin yourself.

This has the glamour of originality, as the word 'novel' would suggest. But it also means that the novel's authority is ungrounded in anything outside itself, which is what renders it precarious. In this sense, the novel is a sign of the modern human subject. It, too, is 'original', in the sense that modern men and women are supposed to be the authors of their own existence. Who you are is no longer determined by kinship, tradition or social status; instead, it is something you determine for yourself.

Modern subjects, like the heroes of modern novels, make themselves up as they go along. They are self-grounding and self-determining, and in this lies the meaning of their freedom. It is, however, a fragile, negative kind of freedom, which lacks any warranty beyond itself. There is nothing in the actual world to back it up. Absolute value has evaporated from the world in the modern age, which is what makes for unlimited freedom. But it is also what renders that freedom so empty. If everything is permitted, it is only because nothing is intrinsically more valuable than anything else.

We have seen that the novel and the epic differ in their attitudes to the past. But there is another key distinction between them. The epic deals with a world of nobles and military heroes, whereas the novel deals with the common life. It is the great *popular* genre, the one mainstream literary mode which speaks the language of the people. The novel is the great vernacular literary art, which draws upon the resources of ordinary speech rather than some specialized literary language. It is not the first literary form in which the common people stage an appearance. But is the first to treat them with unwavering seriousness. Our contemporary version of this is no doubt the soap opera, which we enjoy not so much for the occasional dramatic turn of plot but because we find the familiar and everyday a strange source of fascination in itself. The modern equivalent of *Moll Flanders* is *EastEnders*. The staggering popularity of Reality TV programmes which consist simply in someone pottering mindlessly around his kitchen for hours on end suggests one interesting truth: that many of us find the pleasures of the routine and repetitive even more seductive than we do the stimulus of adventure.

The value of everyday life is the theme of one of the greatest works of literary scholarship ever published, Eric Auerbach's *Mimesis*. [3] For Auerbach, realism is the literary form which finds the workaday life of men and women supremely valuable in itself. One of the earliest examples of this in English writing can be found in Wordsworth and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*, which, in however idealizing a form, speaks up for the common life as a source of creativity. The novel for Auerbach is an incipiently democratic kind of art, hostile to what he sees as the static, hierarchical, dehistoricized, socially exclusive art of classical antiquity. To adopt Walter Benjamin's terms, it is an art form which destroys the 'aura' of distance and majesty which clings to such classical artefacts, bringing life closer to us rather than raising it beyond our reach. Authors in *Mimesis* score high marks for being vulgar, vigorous, earthy, dynamic, demotic, grotesque and historically minded, and are rapped smartly over the knuckles for being stylized, elitist, idealized, stereotyped and non-developmental.

There is, so Auerbach argues, no serious treatment of the common people in the culture of classical antiquity. Contrast this with a text like the New Testament, which grants a humble fisherman like Peter potentially tragic status. According to the philosopher Charles Taylor, it was Christianity which first introduced the revolutionary notion that everyday life could be precious in itself. [4] As Auerbach argues, it is the Christian gospel, with its image of God as incarnate in the poor and destitute, its carnivalesque reversals of high and low, which provides the source of realism's elevation of the commonplace. For Christianity, salvation is a humdrum matter of whether you feed the hungry and visit the sick, not of some esoteric cult. Jesus is a kind of sick joke of a Messiah, a parody of regal pomp as he rides a donkey towards his squalid death as a political criminal.

With the advent of realism, then, the common people make their collective entry into the literary arena, long before they make an appearance on the political stage. It is one of the momentous events of human history, which we now take casually for granted. It is hard for us to think ourselves back into a culture for which, say, relations between parents and children, or everyday economic life, was of little artistic merit. Auerbach, a Jewish refugee from Hitler, was writing about the novel while in exile in Istanbul at the same time as Bakhtin was writing about it as a dissident in Stalinist Russia; and both men saw in it a populist strike against autocratic power. In Bakhtin's view, plebeian culture nourishes forms of realism in the classical, medieval and modern epochs; and these finally burst through into the mainstream of 'high' literature in the shape of the novel.

There are problems with these claims. For one thing, realism and the novel are not the same thing. Not all realism is novelistic, as Auerbach is aware, and not all novels are realist. Nor do all novels smack of a plebeian vigour. There is not much earth beneath the fingernails of Mr Knightley or Mrs Dalloway.

In any case, earthiness is by no means always subversive. A work of art is not radical simply because it portrays the experience of ordinary people. It is sometimes felt that the kind of realism which takes the lid off poverty and squalor, revealing the horrors of the social underworld to a sheltered middle class, is necessarily disruptive. But this assumes that people are insensitive to social deprivation only because they are unaware of it, which is far too charitable a view of them. Realism in the sense of verisimilitude – truth to life – is not necessarily revolutionary. As Bertolt Brecht remarked, putting a factory on stage will tell you nothing about capitalism.

If realism means showing the world as it really is, rather than how some ancient Egyptian priest or medieval knight conceived of it, then we are instantly in trouble, since how the world is is a subject of fierce contention. Suppose some future civilization were to discover a copy of Samuel Beckett's play *Endgame*, in which two elderly characters spend their time sitting in dustbins. They would not be able to tell whether the play was realist or non-realist simply by looking at it. They would need to know, for example, whether stashing old people away in dustbins was standard geriatric practice in midtwentieth-century Europe.

To call something 'realist' is to confess that it is not the real thing. False teeth can be realistic, but not the Foreign Office. Postmodern culture could be said to be realistic, in the sense of being faithful to a surreal world of surfaces, schizoid subjects and random sensations. Realist art is as much an artifice as any other kind of art. A writer who wants to sound realist might include phrases such as 'A florid-faced cyclist laboured unsteadily past them', when she could just as easily have written 'A carrot-haired boy crawled from under the garden fence, whistling tunelessly'. Such details can be perfectly gratuitous from the viewpoint of plot: they are there simply to signal 'This is realism'. They have, as Henry James remarked, the 'air of reality'. In this sense, realism is calculated contingency. It is the form which seeks to merge itself so thoroughly with the world that its status as art is suppressed. It is as though its representations have become so transparent that we stare straight through them to reality itself. The ultimate representation, so it seems, would be one which was identical with what it represented. But then, ironically, it would no longer be a representation at all. A poet whose words somehow 'become' apples and plums would not be a poet but a greengrocer.

For some commentators, realism in art is actually more realistic than reality itself, because it can show how the world typically is, shorn of its blunders and contingencies. Reality, being a messy, imperfect affair, quite often fails to live up to our expectations of it, as when it allowed Robert Maxwell to sink into the ocean rather than stand in the dock. Jane Austen or Charles Dickens would never have tolerated such a botched conclusion. In an unaccountable bit of bungling, history allowed Henry Kissinger to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, an event so outrageously surreal that no self-respecting realist novelist would have thought it up, other perhaps than as a piece of black humour.

It is dangerous, then, to talk about realism as representing 'life as it really is', or 'the experience of the common people'. Both notions are too controversial to be used so lightly. Realism is a matter of representation; and you cannot compare representations with 'reality' to check how realistic they are, since what we mean by 'reality' itself involves questions of representation. Anyway, what is so impressive about 'realist' representations? Why are we so struck by an image of a pork chop that looks exactly like a pork chop? Partly, no doubt, because we admire the skill which goes into forging the resemblance. But perhaps also because of a fascination with mirroring and doubling which lurks deep in the human psyche, and which lies at the roots of magic. In that sense, realism, which Auerbach sees as the most mature of forms, may also be the most regressive. What was intended as an alternative to magic and mystery may itself be a prime example of them.

Not all novels are realist, but realism is the dominant style of the modern English novel. It is also the yardstick of so many critical judgements. Literary characters who are not 'realistic', in the sense of being credible, animated, well-rounded and psychologically complex, are generally awarded low marks by the critical establishment. It is not clear where this leaves Sophocles's Teiresias, the Macbeth witches, Milton's God, Swift's Gulliver, Dickens's Fagin or Beckett's Pozzo. Realism is a kind of art congenial to an ascendant middle class, with its relish for the material world; its impatience with the

formal, ceremonial and metaphysical; its insatiable curiosity about the individual self; its robust faith in historical progress. In his classic study *The Rise of the Novel*, [5] Ian Watt regards all of these as reasons why the modern English novel emerged in the eighteenth century. He also adduces the middle-class interest in individual psychology, its secular and empiricist view of the world, and its devotion to the concrete and specific. As far as the ceremonial is concerned, it is also worth noting that the novel is not an 'occasional' form, like those masques, odes or elegies written – perhaps for an aristocratic patron – for special occasions. This, too, is a mark of its routine rather than patrician status.

For many eighteenth-century commentators, the answer to the question 'What is a novel?' would be: 'A trashy piece of fiction fit only for servants and females'. On this definition, Jackie Collins writes novels but William Golding does not. For these early observers, the novel was less like the *The Times* than the *News of the World*. It was also like a newspaper because it was a commodity you usually bought and read only once, as opposed to the more traditional practice of possessing a small clutch of edifying works which you perused over and over again. The novel belonged to a new world of speed, ephemerality and disposability, playing something like the role of e-mail to handwritten correspondence. 'Novel' meant sensationalist fantasy, which is one reason why writers like Henry Fielding and Samuel Richardson called their works 'histories' instead.

Eighteenth-century gentlemen did not by and large rate novelty very highly, believing as they did that the few truths necessary to a well-ordered human life had long since been apparent. The new was thus bound to be either bogus or trivial. Whatever was valid was also venerable. The novel was not 'literature', and certainly not 'art'. To pretend that your narrative was a real-life one – that you had stumbled across it in a pile of mouldy letters or manuscripts – was a way of indicating that it was not romantic garbage. Even if your claim was not taken seriously, simply making it was a way of being taken seriously.

In the end, the English novel would wreak its vengeance on those who dismissed it as fit only for females by producing some magnificent portrayals of women, from Clarissa Harlowe and Emma Woodhouse to Molly Bloom and Mrs Ramsay. It also produced some distinguished female exponents of the craft. As a form, it would grow in importance as poetry became increasingly privatized. As poetry gradually ceases to be a public genre somewhere between Shelley and Swinburne, its moral and social functions pass to the novel, in a new division of literary labour. By the mid-nineteenth century, the word 'poetry' has become more or less synonymous with the interior, the personal, the spiritual or psychological, in ways which would no doubt have come as a mighty surprise to Dante, Milton and Pope. The poetic has now been redefined as the opposite of the social, discursive, doctrinal and conceptual, all of which has been relegated to prose fiction. The novel takes care of the outer world, while poetry copes with the inner one. It is not a distinction which Henry Fielding, let alone Ben Jonson, would have found all that intelligible. The very distance between the two modes reflects a growing alienation between the public and the private.

The problem for poetry is that it seems increasingly remote from 'life' as an industrial capitalist society is coming to define it. There is no obvious place for the lyric in a world of insurance companies and mass-produced meat pies. The phrase 'poetic justice' really means the kind of justice we would not expect to see done in real life. There is, however, an equal problem with the novel's very closeness to social existence. If the novel is a 'slice of life', how can it teach us more general truths? This is a particular problem for devoutly Protestant eighteenth-century authors like Samuel Richardson, for whom the artifice of fiction is only really justified if it conveys a moral truth. Otherwise it is idle, even sinful, fantasy.

The dilemma is that the more graphic you make your realism, the more this drives the moral truth home; but the more it simultaneously undermines it, since the reader becomes more attentive to the realist detail than to the universal truth it is meant to exemplify. There is a related problem here. You cannot, as a novelist, argue that the world should be changed in certain respects unless you dramatize what is wrong with it as compellingly as possible. But the more effectively you do this, the less

changeable the world may come to seem. Dickens's later novels portray a society so false, warped and stiflingly oppressive that it is hard to see how it could be repaired.

Richardson knew that in reading the realist novel, we believed and disbelieved in its discourse at one and the same time. We surrender ourselves imaginatively to the narrative, at the same time as another part of our minds appreciates that this is simply make-believe. Richardson speaks in his private correspondence of 'that kind of historical faith, which fiction itself is generally read (with), even tho' we know it to be fiction'. It is as though the part of our mind that is not taken in by the story is free to reflect on it and draw a moral lesson from it. In this way, realism can be preserved, but it can also serve a broader, deeper function. Writing of his novel *Clarissa*, Richardson comments that he wants nothing in its Preface which would *prove* that the work was fiction, but that he does not want it to be thought genuine either. This captures the realist quandary exactly. The reader must not be told that the book is fiction, since this might undermine its power. But if readers genuinely take it to be real, this in turn might diminish its exemplary force. *Clarissa* then becomes like a newspaper report of an actual rape, rather than a reflection on virtue, vice and sexual power in general.

It is not just moralistically minded authors like Richardson who confront this dilemma. Part of what we mean by a work of fiction is one which invites the reader to draw some general reflections from its story. This is why the sign 'No Exit' is not a work of fiction, though you could turn it into one easily enough by reading it, say, as a comment on the solitary confinement of the self. As far as drawing general implications goes, a real-life story will do perfectly well. So 'fiction' does not exactly mean 'not true'. It means something like 'a story (either true or false) treated in such a way as to make it clear that it has a significance beyond itself'. This may not be the snappiest of definitions, but it makes an important point all the same. This may help to explain why fiction often (though by no means always) uses language which calls attention to its own 'literary' status. It is as though such language is signalling by its very self-consciousness: 'Don't take this literally'. To say that outright, however, would be to risk blunting the impact of the story. It also helps to explain how fiction may be a potent source of ideology, since one function of ideology is to present a specific situation as though it were a universal truth. If a particular bunch of schoolboys collapse into internecine warfare when washed up without prefects and cricket bats on a desert island, this goes to demonstrate that all human beings are savages beneath the skin.

Realism and the exemplary would thus seem hard to reconcile. If *Oliver Twist* is just *Oliver Twist*, we feel the full force of his character. Yet this character does not seem to have any deeper symbolic dimension. We know him in the same way we know the serial killer next door – a man who like all serial killers looks utterly normal and nondescript, keeps himself to himself, but always has a polite word for you when you meet. Yet if *Oliver* is a signifier of heartlessness and oppression, then this deepens his significance only at the risk of thinning out his particularity. Pressed to an extreme, it would turn him into a mere allegory. Exemplariness without realism is empty, whereas realism without exemplariness is blind.

What we call fiction is the place where the two are supposed to converge. If you set out to paint a portrait of, say, the workings of the legal system, then fiction is probably the most effective way of doing so, since it allows you to edit, select, transpose and rearrange, in a way which most fully highlights the typical features of the institution. Real-life accounts of trials, juries and the like would probably contain too much that was trivial, irrelevant, repetitive or incidental to your purpose. It is in this sense that fiction is sometimes claimed to be more real than reality. If you are to outline the chief aspects of an event or individual in as cogent and economical way as possible, you may well find yourself veering spontaneously into fiction. You may find yourself inventing situations in which those aspects are most illuminated.

In his classic study of the novel *The Great Tradition*, [6] the critic F. R. Leavis defines a truly great novel in two chief ways: it must display what he calls 'a reverent openness before life', and it must reveal an organic form. The trouble is that these two requirements are not easily compatible with each other. Or rather, they would only be truly compatible if 'life' itself were to reveal an organic form. The

novel could then be 'reverently open' to it without going baggy. It could be both representational and formally unified. The history of the novel, however, is bedevilled by the problem of being both at the same time. In the modern era in particular – the period of the novel's finest flourishing – human life seems less and less to have an inherent design to it; so how are the designs imposed upon it by novels not to be implausibly artificial? How are they not to falsify the novel's realist or representational functions? How is the very phenomenon of the novel not to be a monstrous selfcontradiction? Novels present us with what look like objective images of the world, yet we know for a fact that these images are subjectively shaped. In this sense, the novel is an ironic, self-undoing genre. Its form seems at odds with its content. Its reflection of a contingent, haphazard world continually threatens to undercut its coherence as a piece of fiction.

The English novel is to be found struggling with this difficulty as soon as it emerges. Authors like Defoe and Richardson tackle the problem by sacrificing form to representation. Defoe scarcely even tries to shape his fiction into a significant whole; instead, the formlessness of the narration reflects the dishevelledness of its subject-matter. The gap between form and content is closed by effectively ditching the former. Richardson takes a similar path in his celebrated 'writing to the moment', a technique which involves his characters recording their experiences as they happen. A Richardson character who was giving birth would most certainly have a pen and notebook in her hand. Here, once again, 'content' is what gives shape to 'form'. Richardson's novels are by no means as loose and baggy as Defoe's, but they must be scrupulous about not falsifying lived experience by foisting too obtrusive an artistic shape upon it. The pious puritan is naturally suspicious of all such artifices. He is also suspicious of any set of forms or conventions which might interpose themselves between him and his inner life. His inner life is where he finds signs of his salvation, and so must be accessible to him in all its raw immediacy.

Henry Fielding takes the opposite way out, cheerfully acknowledging the rhetorical artifice of his novels, and drawing ironic attention to the gap between form and content rather than seeking to conceal it. With commendable respect for his reader's gentlemanly good sense, Fielding does not allow us to forget that we are in a novel, or attempt to pull some cheap contrick on his customers. He is aware, for example, that while the requirements of formal design requires that his villains meet a sticky end and his heroes are granted happiness, this form is comically at odds with the actual state of the world. In an unjust society, you cannot represent things as they are and achieve a harmonious design at the same time. Human viciousness, in other words, is one reason why this gap between form and content cannot be resolved.

Or rather, you can resolve it, as Fielding and his successors often do; but you must make the reader aware that this reconciling of form and content can only come about because you are in a novel. It is not to be mistaken for everyday existence, which is why the novel is an ironic form. In reflecting everyday life, it also signals its essential distance from it. In the actual world, Fanny, Joseph and Parson Adams would probably have ended up in a ditch with their throats slit. All the same, the fact that we have a glimpse of such reconciliation, even if it is purely fictional, represents a kind of utopian hope. The novel is a utopian image – not in what it represents, which can be gruesome enough, but in the very act of representation – an act which at its most effective shapes the world into meaning with no detriment to its reality. In this sense, to narrate is itself a moral act. [7]

Laurence Sterne spots the impossibility of reconciling form and realism, and plucks from the discrepancy one of the greatest anti-novels of all time, *Tristram Shandy*. Tristram, the narrator, cannot give a true account of his chaotic life-history and at the same time fashion a shapely narrative. His story thus falls apart at the seams, to make the point that realism is a self-deconstructing enterprise. As Roland Barthes comments:

The real is not representable, and it is because men ceaselessly try to represent it by words that there is a history of literature... literature is categorically realist, in that it never has anything but the real as its object of desire; and I shall say now, without contradicting myself... that literature is quite as stubbornly unrealistic: it considers sane its desire for the impossible. [8]

If the novel is the modern epic, it is, in Georg Lukács's famous phrase, 'the epic of a world abandoned by God'. [9] It must strive for sense and unity in an age when things no longer seem to harbour any inherent meaning or value. Meaning is no longer written into empirical experience. 'Lucky the man who can say "when", "before" and "after"', Robert Musil observes in volume two of *The Man Without Qualities*. As soon as such a man is capable of recounting events in chronological order, Musil goes on, he feels content even if a moment ago he was writhing in agony. In their relationship to their own lives, Musil considers, most people behave like narrators: they like an orderly sequence of events because it has a look of necessity about it. The only problem is that the modern world 'has now become non-narrative'.

One way in which the novel seeks to overcome this difficulty is by the idea of character. 'Character' gathers into unity a varied range of events or experiences. What holds these diverse experiences together is the fact that they all happen to you. Another way is through the act of narrating itself, which involves pattern and continuity but also change and difference. Narrative implies a kind of necessity, as cause and effect, action and reaction, are linked logically to each other. Narrative orders the world into a shape which seems to emerge spontaneously from it.

Yet every narrative implies that one could always have told the story differently; so that despite its air of necessity, every narrative is contingent. Reality will accommodate a whole number of tales about itself, and will not pipe up itself to sort the true from the false. There could never be just one story, rather as there could never be just one word or number. For many modern artists, there is no longer one big narrative embedded in the world itself, which we simply need the skill to decipher. And as this becomes clearer, plot becomes steadily less important to the novel. The fact that so many novels centre on a search, quest or voyage suggests that meaning is no longer given in advance. By the time of Leopold Bloom's pointless perambulations in *Ulysses*, there is no longer even a search for anything. Motion is now pretty much for its own sake. Narrative gathers fragments of the world together, as in biography, which is a way of shaping the individual life into a significant whole. History writing does the same at a more collective level. Yet history and biography also represent a constant struggle against time, which defers and disperses meaning. Time is history or narrative struck empty of significance, as one event follows on the heels of another with no real connection between them. Defoe's novels are a case in point.

The novel is a sign of our freedom. In the modern world, the only rules which are binding are those which we invent for ourselves. Politically speaking, this is known as democracy. We are set free from being mere functions of the grammar of God. It is we who give form and meaning to reality, and the novel is a model of this creative act. As the novelist conjures a new world into existence, in a profane parody of God's creation, so each individual shapes his or her inimitable life-history. For some commentators, in fact, this is where the novel is most truly realistic. What it reflects most importantly is not the world, but the way in which the world comes into being only by our bestowing form and value upon it. The novel on this view is most deeply realistic not because we can almost hear the sausages sizzling in Fagin's den, but because it reveals the truth that all objectivity is at root an interpretation.

This is not unqualified good news. If the only world we know is one which we have created ourselves, does not all knowledge become a pointless tautology? Aren't we simply knowing ourselves, rather than a reality independent of ourselves? Don't we only get back what we put in? Anyway, if form is what we impose, how can it have authority? The fact that I help to bring the world into existence makes it more precious; but it is also what threatens to undermine its objective value. We will see something of this irony at work in the fiction of Virginia Woolf.

If value and meaning reside deep inside individuals, then there is a sense in which these things are not really 'in' the world at all. This leaves value arbitrary and subjective. It also reduces reality to a realm of objects which have been drained of meaning. But if the world is drained of meaning, then human beings have no place in which they can act purposefully, and so cannot realize their value in practice. And the less they can do this, the more they begin to disintegrate from the inside. As reality is bleached of value, so the human psyche begins to implode. What we are left with is a human being who is valuable

but unreal, in a world which is solid but valueless. Meaning and value are driven from the public world, which is now just a soulless expanse of neutral facts, and thrust deep into the interior of the human subject, where they all but vanish. The world is thus divided down the middle between fact and value, public and private, object and meaning. This, for Georg Lukács in *Theory of the Novel*, is the alienated condition of the modern age, which the novel reflects in its inmost form.

How can you tell a story in such a situation? It seems less and less possible to pluck a narrative from a world of lifeless, disconnected objects. So the novelist can turn instead to the inner life. But this life has been driven in upon itself, beating a retreat from a soulless world; and it has become so subtle and densely textured in the process that it resists anything as straitjacketing and steamrolling as narrative. We shall see this in the sentences of the later Henry James, which try to say everything at once without simply logjamming. So the external world is becoming too poor for narrative, and the internal one too rich. Narratives of the inner world are a problem because the human psyche no longer seems a linear affair, as it did when what mattered was who your ancestors were and whether you would transmit their beliefs intact to your own children. Instead, it is a place where past, present and future interlock, with no clear frontiers between them. Nor will the inner life provide you with any sure way of distinguishing between what is significant and what is not, since what both have in common is that they happen to you. The interior monologues of Leopold and Molly Bloom in Joyce's *Ulysses* are a case in point. This deepens the general crisis of value, as all experiences seem to be mixed promiscuously together.

For Lukács, then, the novel is the product of an alienated world. Yet it is also a utopian response to it. Alienation is the condition in which men and women fail to recognize the objective world as their own subjective creation. Yet the very act of writing a novel offers an alternative to this condition, since a novel's 'objective' vision of the world is one rooted in the subjectivity of its author. The act of writing crosses the border between subjective and objective. The novel is one of the few objects in a reified society which manifests in its every objective detail the subjective freedom in which it was born. In this sense, its very existence can be seen as an imaginary solution to the social problems which it poses.

The situation which Lukács depicts in *Theory of the Novel* is truer of the twentieth-century modernist novel than of the nineteenth-century realist one. The great works of nineteenth-century realism, from *Pride and Prejudice* to *Middlemarch*, are still able to relate fact and value, objective and subjective, inner and outer, individual and society, however much these relations may be under strain. As such, they spring from a buoyant, dynamic episode of middle-class history. It is this history which Lukács's later work on literary realism is concerned to investigate. It is only when middle-class civilization enters upon a major crisis, one which is at its height from the close of the nineteenth century to the end of the First World War, that literary modernism arises, and the novel shifts from being a primarily comic to a predominantly tragic form.

Then, indeed, the early Lukács's description of the novel form becomes more and more apt. It is an art which can no longer shape the contradictions which plague it into a coherent whole. Instead, as we shall see in the case of authors like Henry James and Joseph Conrad, those conflicts are now beginning to infiltrate the very form of the novel itself. They reflect themselves in the break-up of language, the collapse of narrative, the unreliability of reports, the clash of subjective standpoints, the fragility of value, the elusiveness of overall meaning. 'Organic form' is now so unattainable, or so flagrantly arbitrary, that it is either thrown to the winds or, as with a work like James Joyce's *Ulysses*, grotesquely parodied. The modern world is too fragmentary for the novel to mould it into a totality; but it is also because there is simply too much of it, too many specialist jargons and domains of knowledge, that this is no longer feasible. What the modernist novel tends to give us instead is a kind of empty signifier of a totality which is no longer possible: the silver of Conrad's *Nostromo*, Stevie's scribbled circles in *The Secret Agent*, E. M. Forster's Marabar caves, Virginia Woolf's lighthouse.

The realist novel represents one of the great revolutionary cultural forms of human history. In the domain of culture, it has something like the importance of steam-power or electricity in the material realm, or of democracy in the political sphere. For art to depict the world in its everyday, unregenerate state is now so familiar that it is impossible to recapture its shattering originality when it first emerged.

In doing so, art finally returned the world to the common people who had created it through their labour, and who could now contemplate their own faces in it for the first time. A form of fiction had been born in which one could be proficient without specialist erudition or an expensive classical education. As such, it was especially available to groups like women, who had been cheated of such an education and shut out from such expertise.

Women also bulked large among novel writers because the novel was supposed to be as realistic about the inner life as it was about the outer one. Women, stereotypically viewed as custodians of the feelings or technicians of the heart, were thus obvious candidates for producing it. This was not, however, simply a matter of stereotyping. Like all social groups under the unlovely sway of authority, women needed to be adept in finely detailed observation, vigilant in their reading of a potentially hostile world. They were spontaneous semioticians, who needed for their own sake to be skilled in deciphering signs of power, symptoms of dissent, and fruitful or dangerous areas of ambiguity. All this lent itself to the writing of fiction, even if the same set of talents lends itself to being a successful tyrant.

In this sense, the novel fostered a resistance to authority at the very time that it was becoming a resourceful medium of middle-class cultural power. If it served middle-class society so superbly, it was not in the first place because it championed the cause of mill-owners or fashioned demeaning stereotypes of striking workers. It was because it became the supreme arbitrator, in the sphere of cultural representations, of what was to count as real in the first place. And this version of reality involved an enormous amount of editing and exclusiveness. It also involved a certain organized violence wreaked on language. Part of the novel's appeal was that it seemed able to accommodate every jargon, argot and idiom, yet spoke no specialist language of its own. Instead, it conformed its discourse to what counted as the common language of its specific place and time. And this represented a genuine democratic advance. Rather than simply reflecting everyday speech, however, the novel also helped to draw up the rules for what was linguistically acceptable; and like all such rules, this involved a good deal of prejudice and coerciveness.

In some sectors of the novel, it also involved a certain hard-nosed, macho dismissal of 'literariness' – one still much in evidence in the kind of US creative writing courses which nurture sub-Hemingwayesque sentences like 'And he was still howling and blubbing and writhing on the slimy unforgiving wreck of the car hood and his teeth were all smeary with his own blood and I took a slug of the brandy and it felt like the sirocco blasting hot and dry and gritty right down into my heaving guts'. What is striking about this kind of language is its prissiness – its puritanical horror of the effete and extravagant, its suspicion that the 'literary' is somehow unmanly. Realism has been responsible for a massive impoverishment of language as much as for an enrichment of it, as the average novel published nowadays in the USA or UK bears dismally uneloquent witness. The use of language as a pick and shovel is one of the least endearing aspects of contemporary realism.

The tradition recorded in this book is rather different. In some ways, the story of the English novel from the see-through style of Defoe to the lushly metaphorical Woolf is the story of a form of writing which becomes progressively more rich in texture. As reality grows more complex and fragmented, the means of representing it become more problematic as well; and this forces language and narrative into a more elaborate self-consciousness. There is an immense distance between the bluff assurance of Henry Fielding and the fastidious obliquity of Henry James. Even so, the finest English novels manage to combine a convincing representation of the world with a verbal virtuosity which is neither too sparse nor too self-regarding.

Notes

1. Margaret Anne Doody, *The True Story of the Novel* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1997).
2. For Bakhtin on the novel, see Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist (eds), *The Dialogical Imagination: Four Essays by M. M. Bakhtin* (Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1981). The best

- general study of Bakhtin is Ken Hirschkop, *Mikhail Bakhtin: An Aesthetic for Democracy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999).
3. Eric Auerbach, *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*, trans. W. R. Trask (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1953).
 4. See Charles Taylor, *The Sources of the Self* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1989), Part 3.
 5. Ian Watt, *The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson and Fielding* (Harmondsworth, UK: Penguin, 1966).
 6. F. R. Leavis, *The Great Tradition: George Eliot, Henry James, Joseph Conrad* (Harmondsworth, UK: Penguin, [1948] 1983).
 7. On this and other points in this commentary, see J. M. Bernstein's excellent study *The Philosophy of the Novel* (Brighton, UK: Harvester, 1984).
 8. Roland Barthes, 'Lecture in Inauguration of the Chair of Literary Semiology, College de France', *Oxford Literary Review* (Autumn, 1979), p. 36.
 9. Georg Lukács, *Theory of the Novel*, trans. Anna Bostock (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, [1916] 1990).