The Modern Novel
A Short Introduction

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Introduction: Modern *How*?

[I]n 1900, the continuity snapped.
Henry Adams

[O]n or about 1910, human character changed.
Virginia Woolf

The world broke in two in 1922 or thereabouts.
Willa Cather

The novel has always been modern – always concerned mainly with contemporary life, and, as the name suggests, always after the new thing. But some time around 1900 (or 1910, or 1922), to be modern meant something more, because suddenly modernity meant everything. It seemed to break the world in two, snapping all continuities with the past, putting human character and life itself into a state of constant change. To keep up, the novel also had to snap and to split – to change. And so it became "the modern novel," breaking with the past, making itself new, to pursue modernity into the future.

Why and how it did so is the subject of this book. The book is an introduction to the forms and functions of the modern novel – its motives, techniques, problems, and development. The book begins with a working definition and with short sketches of the main intentions of the first modern novelists. It then describes the traits that make a novel modern, through reference to some of the most important examples. Questions and criticisms follow, and then the book moves

on to see what has become of the modern novel since the days of 1910 and 1922 – how later developments have outdated or enhanced it, and how it has continued on into *our* modern times.

All this will be *truly* introductory. The book is a sketch, meant to map in bold and plain lines a territory readers might later explore more fully, over the course of a semester or over the course of years. Things are necessarily left out (full historical contexts, many important writers, novels in languages other than English), but all in the hope of drawing the clearest possible profile of the modern novel itself. And all in the hope of rendering it more accessible. To be modern often meant to be difficult; the result has often been daunting. This introduction hopes to make it less so – to explain the modern novel in such a way as to give everyone a way in.

Our first way in will be some leading moments – four of the modern novel's first breakthroughs, and what they might tell us about it. We start with the opening sentence of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916). Second is a story – the story of how Gertrude Stein came by the strange style of writing that made her infamous. Third is the fragmented form of Jean Toomer's *Cane* (1923), and fourth is a debate – the debate about the very nature of reality that led Virginia Woolf to say that human character (and with it, the novel) had changed forever.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man tells a familiar story: that of a boy growing to young manhood and finding a vocation. But the way the book begins is a surprise:

> Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo.

The first words here are familiar enough. What could be more traditional than beginning, "once upon a time"? But what follows was (in 1916) new and strange: the words seem to be said and heard directly from life itself, without planning or purpose; they let silly baby-talk cheapen the language of literature; they make a joke of storytelling customs, and they plunge us directly into an unfamiliar world, without the kind of preparation (scene-setting, introductory explanations) that might normally ease us in. Gone is any welcoming narrator, any clear or "objective" descriptions – any proper beginning.

Why would Joyce have wanted to do without these things? For the sake of the truth, the vitality, and the new eloquence he would get in exchange. Starting without preparatory narration makes *Portrait* more like life, which never prepares us for what is to come. Starting in the voice of someone involved in the story (rather than that of an objective narrator) makes us feel more present to the action, and allowing that voice its own strange lingo enlivens the language of literature. Joyce's improper beginning breaks with convention for the sake of these greater realities, this more intense engagement with life itself, which proper form would perhaps disallow.

Twenty years earlier, in 1896, Gertrude Stein was a student at Radcliffe College. As part of a course in psychology, she did some experiments, to test what people could do *automatically* – without conscious control over their actions. The experiment went like this: she gave her test subjects a book and a "planchette" (a glass plate mounted on metal balls); she then had them place a hand on the planchette and get engrossed in the book; and she found that as they read, her subjects moved their planchettes even while paying no attention to them at all. They moved their hands automatically. And not only that: when pencils were attached to the planchettes, as the subjects moved them, they *wrote*. Here was "spontaneous automatic writing," which probably should have been nonsensical, but was instead fairly cogent and very revealing. What it revealed (to the young Gertrude Stein) was the presence of a "second personality," a deeper self speaking some primal language from the bottom of the human mind.

Something very much like that language appeared a few years later in Stein's *Tender Buttons* (1914). The book was replete with sentences unlike any that had ever appeared in prose. Random and repetitious, baffling and abstract, Stein's new sentences came in part from that "automatic self," the self at work deep beneath the conscious mind:

> A kind in glass and a cousin, a spectacle and nothing strange a single hurt color and an arrangement in a system to pointing. All this and not ordinary, not unordered in not resembling. The difference is spreading.

These are utterly perplexing sentences, mainly because they do not seem to represent anything at all. They do not try to describe anything real, and they give us none of the information we typically expect from prose. They may express some "automatic self," but why would Stein

have wanted to let that self take over literature – especially if it meant deranging writing to this degree?

Stein liked automatic writing for its newness, its difficulty, and its impracticality. Like many modern writers, she wanted to see modern discoveries have an impact on literature, and she was eager to see experiment transfer over from psychology to fiction. She did not mind the strangeness of what resulted; much to the contrary, she wanted to challenge people's presumptions about meaningful language. And she wanted to see what would happen if language became useless – if it ceased to serve ordinary purposes and became instead something for us to wonder at.

To challenge presumptions: is this why Jean Toomer made *Cane* a jumble of fragments? Written amid the Harlem Renaissance (the explosion of African-American cultural activity in New York in the 1920s), Toomer's book jumbles together bits of stories, short and long, together with poems and songs and sketches. The title suggests that these fragments all pertain to the sugar-cane crop in the American South and its ties to racist exploitation, but the sense of coherence ends there, and for the most part the novel (if it is one) hardly tries to hang together. Why let things fall apart this way? Why would Toomer not try to make his book whole?

The Harlem Renaissance was a time both of excitement and of crisis, of opportunity and of regret, as centuries of pent-up creativity and anger together burst upon the cultural scene. The combination was particularly volatile for Toomer, who, as a biracial man, felt the strains of social change with peculiar intensity. And so he expressed the extremes of African-American modernity by making his novel a mercurial mix of elements. His fragments express the fragmentation of modern life – the way new freedoms and opportunities were breaking old rules, the way modern chaos was shattering traditional institutions and customs. So the formlessness of *Cane* is a meaningful reflection of an increasingly formless world. And when *Cane*'s main protagonist describes the state of his soul, we see how a "twisted" form might be needed to reflect a painful modern reality:

> Th form thats burned int my soul is some twisted awful thing that crept in from a dream, a godam nightmare, an wont stay still unless I feed it. An it lives on words. Not beautiful words. God Almighty no. Misshapen, split-gut, tortured, twisted words.

Here we have a kind of explanation for the writing of a fragmentary book like *Cane*: modern crisis has burned itself into the soul, making the soul a troubled thing that needs new words for its salvation – not the fine words that might once have done the job, but "misshapen, split-gut" ones, twisted forms of expression to match a twisted world. The shape of *Cane* is as "tortured" as the form of life it evokes. So the shape itself is significant – meaningful precisely because it seems incoherent, a broken mirror only better able to reflect a shattered culture.

Finally, one last example: the debate that followed publication of Virginia Woolf's *Jacob's Room* (1922). The novel was based on the life of Woolf's brother, who had died very young. But only loosely based, since Woolf did not really mean to tell any traditional life story. Jacob is not portrayed directly or completely. No narrator describes him fully, and he does not express himself in such a way as to give us an authoritative account of his character. Instead, we come to know him provisionally, as he appears to his friends and family, through his essential gestures, in terms of the impressions he makes. *Jacob's Room* circles around him and slowly builds gathered impressions into a new kind of characterization – one based on the belief that a person's character is always a mysterious thing, changing with time and circumstance, and impossible simply to sum up.

Dynamic and artful, the result was also, to some readers, too insubstantial. Arnold Bennett (a best-selling novelist of the day) accused Woolf of creating characters so elusive they seemed nothing like real people: "[*Jacob's Room*] is packed and bursting with originality, and it is exquisitely written. But the characters do not vitally survive in the mind."[1] To Bennett, Woolf's characters lacked "reality." But she answered back by saying that what "reality" itself meant had changed. Bennett's ideas about character were outdated, she wrote, because modern reality itself had become a question: "He says that it is only if the characters are real that the novel has any chance of surviving. Otherwise, die it must. But, I ask myself, what is reality? And who are the judges of reality?"[2] With reality itself now in question, Woolf felt characterization had to be a matter of speculation rather than assertion, of dynamic experiment rather than standard procedure. So despite Bennett's criticism, she continued to try to "catch the phantom" of modern personality.

But what made Woolf see "reality" this way? It was open to question, she felt, because by 1922 there was no consensus about what really mattered. Once, it had seemed that religion, government, and the rules of social life dictated a certain set of priorities, beliefs, and habits, and these in turn made people see the world similarly. Now, Woolf felt, all relations between people and their institutions had changed, had become diverse, so that there was no longer any common habit of seeing and thinking to keep "reality" clear. Always now reality would be a question – a matter of specific individual perspective and circumstance, something a novelist would need to inquire into rather than presume. Not only Woolf, but all modern novelists, would now make reality itself no longer a given background to fiction but the object of its speculations.

Putting reality in question and falling into fragments; "automatic" sentences and "subjective" voices: these were a few of the things that made the novel modern. What, then, do they tell us about the nature and purpose of the modern novel? First of all, that modern novelists start with the belief that modernization has changed the very nature of reality, and that fiction also has to change its very nature in order to survive. They tell us that the modern novel therefore does things differently – that it sets itself against literary norms and conventions. Experiment, innovation, and improvisation are its hallmarks. New styles and structures are the result, and these are often shocking, surprising, and difficult. But the difficulty has its reasons: often, it makes fiction more like life, or makes the modern reality more subject to awareness, scrutiny, and understanding. Or it aims at making fiction itself as complex, as interesting, and as strange as modern experience. These are some of the fundamental tendencies of the modern novel – some of the reasons for the strange first sentence we find at the beginning of *A Portrait of the Artist*, for the fragmentation of *Cane*, for the new kind of character we find in the pages of *Jacob's Room*.

"The modern novel," then, does not just refer to any and all fiction written in modern times, or to fiction that is recent or new. It refers to something more specific: fiction that experiments with ways to contend with modernity. It refers to fiction that tries for new techniques, new theories, new languages – for the kind of radical "formal" innovation we see in the sentences and structures of Joyce and Toomer, for the new philosophies and psychologies we see in Woolf and Stein. And it refers to fiction that tries for these innovations out

of a sense that modernity demands them. With the modern soul in fragments, with human character in question, with the mind a mystery, and with authority now uncertain, fiction had to change, and "the modern novel" refers to fiction that does so gladly, radically, and even with the hope of making a difference. So we might begin here with a simple, tentative definition: "the modern novel" means fiction that tries for something new, in the face of modernity, to reflect, to fathom, or even to redeem modern life.

Now this definition might seem too simple, or too vague. Don't all novels try for something new? Hasn't modernity been provoking them to do so all along? What *is* "modernity," exactly? Why would it make such a difference – and how could *fiction* really "redeem" it?

"Modernity" is the world of the present, adrift from tradition and bound for the future, traumatized by conflict and wracked by doubt; but it is above all a world of change. It is, as the poet Charles Baudelaire put it, "the transient, the fleeting, the contingent."[3] It puts life into perpetual flux, moving it ever onward to new inventions, new ideas, new ways of living, making any moment seem potentially critical. Science and technology every day create new ways to see, work, and think; shifting global politics creates ever new cultures and new conflicts; new generations gladly leave traditions behind. Stable forces are gone: God has died long ago, it seems, and aristocracies have vanished – leaving in place of their traditions only faith in change. Henry Adams – a late descendant of an important American aristocracy – summed up this transition when he wrote of himself, "when he came to ask himself what he truly thought, he felt that he had no Faith . . . That the idea of one Form, Law, Order, or Sequence had no more value for him than the idea of none; that what he valued most was Motion, and that what attracted his mind was Change."[4] This shift from order and stability to change and movement: this was mainly what modernity meant, and it was both alarming and inspiring. Would this new pattern for existence enrich human culture, or destroy it? Would it bring constant progress, dynamic freedom, pure possibility – or shocks and trauma, disaster, conflict, and war? Once it destroyed traditional practices, ceremonies, and habits, and once it broke the sequence of culture, what would replace them? What would follow?

In *All That Is Solid Melts Into Air: The Experience of Modernity*, Marshall Berman puts all this in a stark paradox: "To be modern is to find ourselves in an environment that promises us adventure, power, joy,

growth, transformation of ourselves and the world – and, at the same time, that threatens to destroy everything we have, everything we know, everything we are."[5] This environment is precisely what the modern novel tries to map. It charts that environment's new psychological adventures, its transformation of social classes, the joy of its dynamic urban life – but above all the very pattern of change and the new consciousness it creates. For "modernity" had been around for a long time; what was new was the way we now "find ourselves" within it, how "being modern" means keen and all-consuming awareness that life is change, that anything is possible, that destruction might be imminent, and that something new must be created through which to make sense of it all.

To make sense of it all – to celebrate the joy of transformation, to warn against the threat of destruction, to lament what has been lost – modern novelists felt they had to try for something new. Not just new plots and new stories, but new *forms*: not the *what*, but the *how*, is what sets the modern novel apart. As Stephen Spender put it in his *The Struggle of the Modern*,

> The moderns are therefore those who start off by thinking that human nature has changed: or if not human nature, then the relationship of the individual to the environment, forever being metamorphosized . . . This change, recorded by the seismographic senses of the artist, has also to change all relations within arrangements of words or marks on canvas which make a poem or novel, or a painting.[6]

Cultural change demanded also changes in verbal arrangements, in basic styles of expression, and more. The modern novel experiments with everything – and it does so perpetually, out of a sense that forms must keep changing in order to match modernity, to keep people freshly and actively aware of it, and to discover every new possibility modernity might create.

The "formal" difference here is clearest in the way the first modern novels were meant to differ from the norm. To the modern novelist, most of the fiction written around 1900 or 1910 had become stale and pointless, for many reasons. It seemed to take things at the slow and steady pace of a bygone way of life; it seemed to stay on the surface, never going into psychological depth; it seemed inefficient, larded over with verbiage that kept reality away; it told its stories from on high,

from the point of view of some impossible, all-knowing, godlike observer; it pretended to tell a seamless story from start to finish; and it always put a positive last spin on things, in neat and tidy endings. Modern novelists wanted to break with these stale traditions. They did not think that *all* novels of the past were pointless: "our quarrel is not with the classics," Virginia Woolf noted, but with the played-out novel of the recent past, since it had failed to keep up with real life. The general consensus among the younger novelists around 1910 was that fiction had to give up on its false coherence, its conventional complacency, its unmodern outlook, if it were to regain meaning and relevance.

So they took the novel and sped up its pace, or made it ebb and flow like real life; they made its sentences as slippery as the movements of the human mind; they let plot go random, told their stories from changing points of view, and began or ended them abruptly. They wrote things like the first line of *Portrait of the Artist*, where Joyce plays with the "once upon a time" beginning to give the feel of life in process, and they wrote books like *Jacob's Room*, which builds character through dynamic impressions rather than slow, objective analysis. They tried everything from automatic diction to bleak new philosophies, from untested narrators to hybrid genres to revolutionary theories of human psychology. All this they did to make the novel a match for modernity not only in its subject-matter and in its themes, but in its very "forms" of perception and expression.

To match modernity, however, was only part of the point, for the modern novelist also wanted to resist it – or even redeem it. The quintessentially modern novel tends to have some redemptive hope within it, some wish to restore meaning or wholeness or beauty to the modern world. Spender called this tendency a "pattern of hope," an "idea that modern art might transform the contemporary environment, and hence, by pacifying and ennobling its inhabitants, revolutionize the world." The hope was that new forms might become new public powers of seeing, new strong ways of feeling despite modernity's technological coldness, or new critical abilities, through which people might see through modernity's lies. Or the hope was that the novel's fine new forms might be a retreat or refuge from modernity – shelter from its destruction. Or perhaps that the novel's new linguistic vigor would give people the words to describe their modern predicaments, or ask for needed changes. What many modern novelists have in

common is a tendency to write as if lives depended upon it – as if truthful, meaningful life needed the novelist's imagination, as if true insight into the human mind depended upon the depths into which it can reach, and as if modern freedom could only fully emerge in the rushed and fragmented sentences through which fiction enacts it.

Such a "pattern of hope" is behind what D. H. Lawrence said about the "help" the novel gives:

> The novel is the one bright book of life. Books are not life. They are only tremulations on the ether. But the novel as a tremulation *can* make the whole man-alive tremble . . . To be alive, to be man alive, to be whole man alive: that is the point. And at its best, the novel, and the novel supremely, can help you. It can help you not to be dead man in life.[8]

This redemptive conviction is typical. Not universal: many modern novelists do not necessarily put the "pattern of hope" into their fiction. But for the most part to write modern novels meant to face modernity with a sense that literary form could redeem it – that it could make a supreme difference to the very life of human culture.

Thus our working definition: the modern novel tries for something new, in the face of modernity, with a "pattern of hope" for redemption. There remains much to say, of course, and it will take the rest of this book to begin to explore the modern novel's new forms and its designs upon modern life. But even then our definition might seem questionable, for as we will see, modern novels often fit the definition only in partial or peculiar ways. Some that try to make a difference to modern life hardly seem new in form at all; some that are new in form have little interest in providing the sort of "help" Lawrence describes. And still others are wildly experimental for reasons that seem to have little to do with "modernity." Moreover, as the years pass, some modern novels go unconventional by breaking the conventions of the modern novel itself – by refusing the terms of our preliminary definition. So our definition might at times seem too restrictive. Then again, it might also seem too broad. Perhaps these tendencies are not at all unique to the modern novel. Perhaps fiction of all kinds has always had such motives, and perhaps other forms of art (poetry, film) are even better at carrying them out. We may need more specificity, which can only come in the details of the chapters that follow. But we can

get some more specificity here, if we augment our conceptual definition with a historical one, and see what defines the modern novel's place in the history of culture.

As we have seen, the novel has always been modern, since it has always set its sights on the present moment, since it has always gone for novelty, and since it has always had strong practical impact on the way people live their lives. *Don Quixote* (1605), often called the first novel, questions reality, too, and Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740), an early novel told in the form of letters, immerses us in life's process at least as much as *Portrait* or *Jacob's Room*. But there came a time when such tendencies became more deliberate, more self-conscious, and more essential to the vocation and reputation of novel-writing. In *Portrait* and *Jacob's Room* there developed a more deliberate *modernism* – a concerted and widespread effort to "make it new," and to modernize the practice of fiction. Earlier novels may have been experimental and innovative, but now innovation became the priority, the requisite sign of a novel's contribution to the vital work of modern culture.

The modern novel begins in Modernism – but just *when* this beginning took place is open to debate. Some people make it as early as 1857, the year of two foundational works of French Modernism: Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal* and Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. Some make it 1901, the year Queen Victoria died, taking with her the allegedly stultifying traditions of Victorian culture. And some make it as late as 1914, thinking that World War I was the cataclysmic rupture that separated the civilized past from a future of chaos. Virginia Woolf dated the change to 1910, and Cather dated it to 1922, but in any case it is clear that Modernism (and the modern novel) was in full swing by the 1922 publication of *Ulysses*, the book that was Joyce's masterpiece and the very encyclopedia of modernist forms.

The "apotheosis" came in 1922: that was Modernism's high point, and the twenty years or so that followed saw the ascendancy the modern novel. The 1920s were its most dynamic moment of creativity and influence, as the most surprising and inspiring new works by Joyce, Toomer, Woolf, and others scandalized and inspired worlds of readers, scholars, and imitators. The 1930s saw a first backlash, as political demands called for more hard-headed realism, and writers scrambled to find ways to make fiction more publicly responsible. And then with World War II, the worst of modernity seemed to triumph,

leaving novels little recourse. So what peaked in 1922, some people say, did not last long. The "pattern of hope," with its faith in artful experiment, and its belief that modernity could be made subject to literary revision – some people think it did not make it past the horrors of World War II. For who could maintain confidence in the power of art, after what the war taught the world about the power of chaos? Or if the war didn't kill the modern impulse, the job was finished by the postwar culture of nuclear standoffs, rampant commercialism, and dizzying global diversity – all of which had to prove that fiction could hardly face modernity down. This view dates the end of the modern novel roughly to 1939, or 1965, and calls the fiction that follows by other names.

But did the modern impulse really die out around 1939, or 1965? Even if the time for Modernism passed (since Modernism was a specific historical formation, a juncture of specific events and opportunities), might it not be possible that modern fiction could have survived the change, and even drawn strength from it? These are important questions, because some people think that what seemed like endings (the war's horrors, global shifts, anti-aesthetic attitudes, new technologies, "post"modernism) may well have been corrections and new beginnings. Perhaps these things did not kill as much as correct the modern impulse – making it more fully effective, artistic, and responsive. For World War II also changed the map of the world, so that new novels from Africa, India, and elsewhere could begin to frame *their* modernity in new ways, revitalizing fiction and advancing the modern novel by other means. And postmodernism, whose very name seems to mean the end of the modern impulse, may also have meant its replenishment. At first sheerly negative and unserious, very much out of sync with the modern "pattern of hope," postmodernism soon became a resource for the most exuberant imaginings, and perhaps helped to complete projects modern fiction had left unfinished. Perhaps these and other endings were in fact new beginnings; perhaps the modern novel still exists today, not as the dominant thing it was when Modernism held sway, but still active, with many of the same motives, purposes, and effects that have characterized it from the start.

So was it 1857 to 1939 – or is it still going on even today? This book will test both possibilities, by striking a kind of compromise. We will

begin right around World War I, when it became fully clear to writers of all kinds that a changing world demanded a new kind of fiction. But to enter this world, we will see it first from the point of view of a writer who stood on the threshold of the old and the new. Henry James published some of the watershed works of modern fiction as early as the 1870s; in 1914, he wrote an essay called "The new novel," in which he surveyed the fiction of the day and predicted the problems in its future. We will begin with James – his foundations and his prognostications – and then widen out to take in the first "modernist" phase of the modern novel, which took it through to the middle of the century, in the works of novelists including Joyce, Woolf, Cather, Toomer, and Stein. These experiments, those done roughly 1914–31, will be our main focus. Once we have learned to appreciate the modern novel's vast array of possibilities, we will learn to question them. And then we will see how they are likewise questioned, transformed, and replenished in the novels of future moments. In the fiction of George Orwell, Christopher Isherwood, and John Steinbeck, the fiction of the 1930s and 1940s, we will see how politics questioned aesthetic hopes and stressed the novel's realism; in fiction by Jean Rhys, V. S. Naipaul, and Chinua Achebe, the fiction of the 1950s and 1960s, we will see how new political awakenings made the modern novel more fully responsive to whole worlds of change. We will see Modernism's technical and philosophical experiments redouble in postmodern writing by Samuel Beckett, Thomas Pynchon, Jeanette Winterson, Salman Rushdie, and others; and we will follow less extreme trends as well, in which the modern novel refined and renewed its powers of ethical exploration, its effects on social justice, its essential rebelliousness, and its powers to vie with modernity.

But before we begin, one last recapitulation of what it means for a novel to be modern. It means facing the problems and possibilities of modernity – the technological wonders, the social disorder, the psychological mysteries, the pattern of change – and making them fiction's main challenge and inspiration. It means facing modernity in new experimental forms of writing, and it tends to mean doing so with faith that aesthetic forms can make a difference to the way people see, think, and live. It probably means something now paradoxically old – something that began almost two hundred years ago (when modernity

first seemed to have become a total problem), peaked in 1922 with *Ulysses* and other modernist triumphs, and ended once aesthetic idealism proved no match for postwar modern life. But it may mean something still: as we will see, novels might yet be modern, or the forms of the old modern novel might yet be vital to culture today.

Notes

INTRODUCTION: MODERN *HOW*?

1 Arnold Bennett, "Is the novel decaying?," in *The Author's Craft and Other Critical Writings of Arnold Bennett* (Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1968), p. 88.
2 Virginia Woolf, "Character in fiction" (1924), in *The Essays of Virginia Woolf: Volume Three, 1919–1924*, ed. Andrew McNeillie (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1988), p. 426.
3 Charles Baudelaire, "The painter of modern life," in *Baudelaire: Selected Writings on Art and Artists*, trans. P. E. Charvet (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1972), p. 403.
4 Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams: An Autobiography* (1907; Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1961), p. 231.
5 Marshall Berman, *All That Is Solid Melts Into Air: The Experience of Modernity* (New York: Penguin, 1988), p. 15.
6 Stephen Spender, *The Struggle of the Modern* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1963), p. xiii.
7 Ibid., p. 84.
8 D. H. Lawrence, "Why the novel matters" (1925), in *Study of Thomas Hardy and Other Essays*, ed. Bruce Steele, *The Cambridge Edition of the Letters and Works of D. H. Lawrence*, eds James T. Boulton and Warren Roberts (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985), pp. 195, 197.