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ABSTRACT:

"Changing Concepts of Time in the Modern Novel, with Particular Reference to Ulysses and Petersburg"

by Virginia Hines; thesis submitted for M. Litt., 1981.

The thesis explores the way a fundamental shift in concepts of time which had largely determined Western art and culture since the seventeenth century, is manifested in modern novels and finds full embodiment in the crucial modern works of national literatures which excelled in the novel genre in the nineteenth century; here, particularly Russian and English. Novels are the natural genre wherein to discern changes in concepts of time because they arose concomitantly with and specifically to provide a literary embodiment for the view of time which predominated in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. As this view collapses in our own century, novels are threatened with the seeming necessity of either contradicting their reason for being, or losing their integrity.

Criticism treating "time" has been popular for over thirty years; major arguments are briefly discussed. Time's traditional meaning in literature is summarized: as a constant and absolute value it was enshrined as a determinant when "eternity" collapsed in the face of eighteenth century science and scepticism. Empirical ideas of time as irreversibly linear and historical prescribed character, plot, realism, and language. Ultimately truth became a function of time; thus was born Historicism, the nineteenth century trend which bases all learning on a historical model. But the inevitable product of Historicism is an oppressive determinism, so many writers sought to free themselves altogether from a philosophical bondage to time. In a more complete and integral way than their predecessors, Joyce and Bely provide examples by succeeding at the

task. But even those twentieth century writers who do not imitate their particular innovations find other ways to deny the authority time formerly exercised.

Joyce's and Bely's roles in their respective literatures are often equated, and not without reason. Both took an initial inspiration from Symbolism, the movement which most effectively displaced time in the nineteenth century. It provides them with common interests in the latent communicative powers of language, in synthesis, and in simultaneity, as well as with a model for abandoning empirical, time-determined realism. Neither writer subscribes to traditional dramatic, historical ideas of plot, or to conventional ideas of character or identity. But there are also significant national and philosophical differences which cannot be overlooked. Nevertheless, when Ulysses and Petersburg are examined in their literary contexts it becomes clear that they are the first full embodiments in each language of all the new ideas about time, and that the doubts they cast on the old views ensure that traditional approaches to novels can no longer go unquestioned by serious novelists.

Changing Concepts of Time in the Modern Novel

With Particular Reference to

Ulysses and Petersburg

by

Virginia Hines

Submitted for the degree of
M. Litt. in the University
of St. Andrews.
May 1981.



DECLARATION

I hereby declare that this thesis is my own composition and none of the material contained herein has been submitted for any other degree.

Virginia Hines

*Admitted as M. Litt.
Candidate, October, 1979.*

CERTIFICATE

I certify that Miss Virginia Hines has spent 3
terms at research work on this thesis concerning
time and modern English and Russian literature.

R.F. Christian
Supervisor

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CHAPTER ITHEORETICAL INTRODUCTION

There are surely few topics more frequently discussed and, in one way or another, dispensed with in contemporary criticism than that of the relationship between 'time' and fiction. If nothing else, the concern betrays what is so often claimed, that 'modern literature is obsessed with problems of time'.¹ But one wonders why this should be, and whether the proliferation of interest points to the profundity or the triviality of the question. Obviously such tautological answers as are most frequently served up (for example by A. A. Mendilow: 'It would seem to be not unlikely ... that what is widely referred to as the 'time obsession of the twentieth century' is conditioned by the increased pace of living, by the wider-spread sense of the transience of all forms of modern life, and more particularly perhaps by the rapidity of social and economic change.')2 yield nothing beyond an insight into how far the influences of a new ability to conceive of time differently have reached.

The novel is an appropriate genre in which to study the role of time : in literature it was the one category especially propelled into a generally admitted 'crisis' by the time problem. Poetry, drama, even short stories (none of which depicts the passage of a 'historical' length of time) find no comparable dilemma. The novel alone, after a few spectacular convulsions in the first quarter of the century, has simply been unable to regain its former vigor, and this despite the appearance over the past fifty years of volume after volume of diagnosis and prescription from the world's most learned doctors. Like the patients of so many of its own children - of Dr. Herzenstube

or Dr. Bovary, for example - the novel has yet to recover, several decades of intensive therapy notwithstanding. The question continually asked about it is whether it can make the considerable adaptations necessary to accommodate modern views, or whether some other form will prove more capable. But that is a problem for future literary historians, not contemporary critics, to answer. The present study is confined to an attempt to come to a better understanding of some of the issues at hand, specifically those somehow related to the concept of time.

No one has ever doubted the connection between time and novels. 'The novel is in nothing so characteristic of our culture as in the way it reflects this characteristic orientation of modern thought', Ian Watt tells us in The Rise of the Novel,³ where by 'modern' he means simply post-Renaissance. Yet critical debates treating time as a separate element in fiction extend back only to about the beginning of this century. Not until the 1950's, perhaps delayed by the influence of the poetry-oriented formalists, did serious literary criticism turn full attention to time and the novel.⁴ After the works of Poulet (1950), Mendilow (1952), and Meyerhoff (1955), time-oriented studies multiplied dramatically and continue to appear with frequency up to the present. The tremendous volume of books and articles with the word 'time' in the title alone is a more serious indication of the complexity of the problem than it is a suggestion of any answer.

Before we draw our own conclusions about time, it will nevertheless be helpful to examine the order others have made from the primordial chaos of the subject. Therefore we will briefly discuss

several of the major arguments advanced in the case heretofore, in hopes of laying a clearer groundwork of alternatives upon which we may base any thoughts of our own.

Georges Poulet's Etude sur le temps humain (1950) is considered the first comprehensive modern enquiry into time and literature. It set the tone and model for a major branch of time studies, that which approaches the subject more from a philosophical than from a literary point of view, and is particularly concerned with 'the self'. For Poulet ideas of time in literature come exclusively as ideas of 'duration' or 'human time'; time is always a subjective element in fiction. He sets aside the first chapter to give his view of the philosophical progress in ideas of 'human time' since the Middle Ages. It is to this aspect of his work that time-critics most often refer.

A. A. Mendilow's work Time and the Novel (1952) develops another attitude towards time, that of its 'manipulation' in the texts. Claiming that a view of time is reflected in 'every aspect of fiction', he constructs a history of the novel as more or less a linear process of 'decay of plot' since the eighteenth century, and argues that throughout its history the novel in all its aspects has become increasingly 'inward', to the point in the present day of being virtually formless. A later critic, Theodore Ziolkowski, has rightly faulted Mendilow for an insufficient awareness of the philosophical questions which bear on his argument, a lack of awareness of foreign criticism and literature, and the tendency to oversimplify the connections between modern and eighteenth century literature as rigidly linear.^{4A}

Hans Meyerhoff's Time in Literature (1955) is the third of the original trio of time criticism books to which most modern time critics pay homage. Like Poulet, Meyerhoff is interested in defining the 'self'. He finds the central problem in subjective versus objective - 'interior' as opposed to 'exterior' - time. The latter reached its pinnacle of development in nineteenth century ideas of historicism, whereas the former has come to the foreground in modern times in an effort to counteract the crushingly deterministic attitude Historicism eventually led to. Once again, he considers the modern state to be merely a heightened version of a situation which is to be found throughout the history of literature, not a result of any uniquely twentieth century circumstances. Because modern literature is especially subjective, it undercuts the causal development of time in which one traditionally finds one's identity : this is the cause as Meyerhoff sees it of the twentieth century crisis in literature and in life. But the problems can often be overcome by an exertion of memory, which provides a continuous identity outside of time, as with Proust.

Ian Watt's discussion of realism in the context of the genesis of the eighteenth century novel (The Rise of the Novel - 1957) throws light on significant aspects of the meaning and role time had in early novels. While his general argument is familiar as a cornerstone of contemporary novel theory, his observations regarding time nevertheless bear repeating in the present context. He approaches his subject with a 'working definition of the characteristics of the novel'; he discovers six : the first is a sceptical and individualistic

approach to truth, which arose mainly thanks to Descartes. This is the basis of the novel's emphasis on originality as is reflected, for example, in its non-traditional plots, and its continual drive to innovate.

Previous literary forms had reflected the general tendency of their cultures to make conformity to traditional practice the major test of truth ... This literary traditionalism was first and most fully challenged by the novel, whose primary criterion was truth to individual experience.
(13)

But before novels could embody the new empirical reality of Locke and Descartes other literary elements also had to undergo change. For one thing, 'the plot had to be acted by particular people in particular circumstances', by analogy with the new rejection of universals. Thus the novel is distinguished by the detail with which it individualizes characters and depicts their milieu.

To achieve these goals the novelist must probe deeper: 'philosophically the particularizing approach to character resolves itself into the problem of defining the individual person'. Of course this is a very complicated undertaking, but one of its practical manifestations in novels was the new use of completely realistic, individual, unsymbolic names as 'the verbal expression of the particular identity of each individual person'. This usage rapidly became standard, and by the nineteenth century 'the novelist can only break with the tradition at the cost of destroying the reader's belief in the literal reality of the character concerned'.

At this point Watt brings eighteenth century ideas of time to bear, since following Locke's definition of 'personal identity as an

identity of consciousness through duration in time', questions of defining the man necessarily require a definition of time. Time is also related to the similar 'but more external approach to the problem of defining the individuality of any object'. Again following Locke, things have a particular identity only when time and place are specified.

Before the Renaissance thought was 'deeply influenced by Plato's view that the Forms or Ideas were the ultimate realities', which led to a general belief 'that nothing happened or could happen whose fundamental meaning was not independent of the flux of time'. This is quite the opposite from the post-Renaissance outlook 'which views time, not only as a crucial dimension of the physical world, but as the shaping force of man's individual and collective history'. The portrayal of the new sense of time is 'the distinctive role which the novel added to literature'.

Uniquely in novels, 'a causal connection operating through time replaces the reliance of earlier narratives on disguises and coincidences'. The influence of the new ideas can be seen in every aspect of fiction, and the effect on characterization is especially important: 'the novel in general has interested itself much more than any other literary form in the development of its characters in the course of time'. Furthermore, the new realism 'directly depends upon its employment of a much more minutely discriminated time-scale than had previously been employed'.

Watt notes how different is the role of time in ancient, medieval, and Renaissance literature from its role in the novel. An exterior restriction like the 'unity of time' really just denies time's

importance to the societies which impose it and 'implies that the truth about existence can be fully unfolded in the space of a day as in the space of a lifetime'. A similar effect is found in the various personifications of time, which ultimately 'focus attention, not on the temporal flux, but on the supremely timeless fact of death; their role is to overwhelm our awareness of daily life so that we shall be prepared to face eternity'. Even in Shakespeare history is not 'far enough back to be very different from the present'. Instead, in this regard he is seen as much closer to medieval ideas like the 'wheel of time'.

But by the late seventeenth century 'the modern sense of time began to permeate many areas of thought'. History was studied more objectively, Newton's and Locke's theories redefined the temporal process. Time became 'minutely enough discriminated to measure the falling of objects or the succession of thoughts in the mind'. Watt finds all the new ideas of time in Defoe, and the 'impression is much more strongly and completely realized in Richardson', whose work uses 'an unprecedentedly detailed time-scheme'. Fielding, on the other hand, 'approached the problem of time in his novels from a more external and traditional point of view', and seems actually to have used an almanac in order to verify the time in Tom Jones, just as he apparently took character names for his last novel Amelia from a list of actual names of his contemporaries.

Since time is closely related to space, the latter too had to assume a particularized form in order to fit the novel's realism. New ideas of time made the two practically inseparable : it became virtually impossible to conceive of a 'when' without a 'where'. So

although there is nothing in the eighteenth century novel' which equals ... the importance Stendhal and Balzac attach to the environment in their total picture of life, there is no doubt that the pursuit of verisimilitude led Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding to initiate that power of "putting man wholly into his physical setting" which constitutes for Allen Tate the distinctive capacity of the novel form.' (29)

Finally, all the 'technical characteristics' Watt discusses are seen to contribute to the novelist's chief aim - 'the production of what purports to be an authentic account of the actual experiences of individuals'. Among the alterations this required in the conventions of literature, one of the most important was 'the adaption of prose style to give an air of complete authenticity'. In order for this to occur it was necessary for literature to address the problem that 'words did not all stand for real objects, or did not stand for them in the same way'. Previously ornament had been valued for its own sake rather than considering language 'a purely referential medium', in direct contrast with early novelists where 'the writer's exclusive aim is to make the words bring his object home to us in all its concrete particularity'. This reflects Locke's definition 'as the proper purpose of language, 'to convey the knowledge of things''. And so yet another hallmark of the novel emerges as directly related to the general revolution in thought Watt analyzes, to underscore his premise that novels are a unique literary product of their unique and innovative milieu.

Frank Kermode's The Sense of an Ending (1967) is another example of criticism with a more literary and theoretical emphasis which still depends on a particular understanding of time for its argument. He is concerned with defining 'fictions' (which he uses in Wallace Stevens's sense) and how literature should be understood in relation to them. 'Time cannot be faced as coarse and actual, as a repository of the contingent; one humanizes it by fictions of orderly succession and end', because in truth we are surrounded by chaos 'and equipped for coexistence with it only by our fictive powers'. Thus to perceive pattern in time is to create a fiction : one's imagination changes 'the structure of time and the world'. And therefore 'it is ourselves we are encountering whenever we invent fictions'. Fictions are not bad, they are even, to use Stevens's word, 'necessary'. But it is important that we always remember they are artificial, otherwise they 'degenerate into myth', or 'bad faith'.

Literary fictions offer us the plot, 'an organization that humanizes time by giving it form', as 'consolation'. But our twentieth century view of the situation:

is marked by an understanding that this play of consciousness over history, this plot making, may relieve us of time's burden only by defying our sense of reality. To be really free of time we should have ... to be totally ... indifferent to what we normally call real.(57)

Thus he asserts 'all general assumptions concerning crisis and transition' should be dealt with sceptically, for 'we can think of them as fictions, as useful', but 'if we treat them as something other than they are we are yielding to irrationalism'. We must never forget how

the real is at odds with the patterns we impose on experience.

To see everything as out of mere succession is to behave like a man drugged or insane. Literature and history, as we know them, are not like that; they must submit, be repressed ... The question of how far this submission ought to go - or, to put it the other way, how far one may cultivate fictional patterns or paradigms - is one which is debated, under various forms, by existentialist philosophers, by novelists and anti-novelists, by all who condemn the myths of historiography.(57)

Some people find literary fictions to be 'perhaps better than history, perhaps better than theology, largely because they are consciously false'. These individuals (and Kermode seems to include himself) who place the highest value on an absolute truth, even one which only promises to reveal that which is not true, 'know that if we want to find out about ourselves, make sense, we must avoid the regress into myth which has deceived poet, historian, and critic', a tendency of myth-making, or 'apocalyptic thinking' so deep-seated in humans as to be a virtual archetype. These universal ideas can be traced, as Kermode does in his first chapter, by the history of apocalyptic ideas, apocalypse being a common and particularly transparent form of fiction in the way its grand finale casts a special meaning and significance back on all the history which is seen as leading up to it. And again, 'all plots have something in common with prophecy, for they must appear to educe from the prime matter of the situation the forms of a future'.

In the twentieth century a reconciliation between fact and fiction remains a deeply desired objective, but it is hard to achieve when the beginning is lost in the dark backward and abysm of time, and the end is known to be unpredictable. This changes our views of the patterns of time, and in so far as our plots honor the increased complexity of these ways of making sense, it complicates them also.(30-31)

He recognizes 'it is obviously relevant that the novel developed as the time of the world expanded, and that the facts are related', and this in turn means there was 'an historical transition, related to this protraction of time, from a literature which assumed that it was imitating an order to a literature which assumes that it has to create an order'. 'It happens that in our phase of civility, the novel is the central form of literary art'.

For Kermode the history of the novel is that of a genre which attempts to avoid anything remote from reality, it is fiction not only 'capable of coping with present reality', but also necessarily treating the collapse of the fictive. The 'history of the novel is a history of anti-novels'. From this point of view, La Nausée is the crucial novel, for in wrestling with the inevitable question 'are all fictions bad faith?' it must reflect a philosophy which by virtue of being a novel it denies. Most novels pose the problem less explicitly, but 'in every plot there is an escape from chronicity, and so, in some measure, a deviation from the norm of 'reality''.

A desire to manipulate time is seen at the root of all fictions, and novels, because of their interest in realism, have a special place in the history of these: 'temporal realism ... belongs to the modern novel, not to Homer or Greek Romance or Elizabethan drama before Shakespeare'. But as the poles of real and ideal move farther and farther apart in modern times, so novels find it more problematic to 'be' at all. One reason for the problem:

for the growing difficulty of access to the paradigms, is simply that it is much harder now than it was even quite recently to imagine a relation between the time of a life and the time of the world ... The sudden and enormous

lengthening of the scale of history has been far more worrying than the Copernican revolution of which one hears so much in literary discussion. The six-days world was still perfectly acceptable to intelligent contemporaries of Jane Austen. When it collapsed, the sciences were liberated.(166-167)

So 'the sciences one after another turned to the temporal ... For literature and its criticism this created problems we have not yet solved'. With the larger examples of beginnings and endings - creation and apocalypse - both out of sight, we live in an age of eternal transition characterized by 'our lack of confidence in ends' which means our native intuition of apocalypse becomes 'immanent rather than imminent'.

Kermode's argument then, in the final analysis, is a reiteration of the idea that literature finds its particular value for man as a bridge between the real and the ideal - an especially sordid real and particularly inaccessible ideal as they have become in the twentieth century. To live, as most of us do, somewhere in between, it is necessary to create fictions : these create community and give form and order to experience by idealizing and universalizing everyone's discrete 'real' experiences. But we must always beware that our fictions do not 'regress into myth', we must always remember that the undifferentiated time is at least as real, if not more so, than the fiction which casts a comforting significance back on everything we do.

Theodore Ziolkowski's Dimensions of the Modern Novel (1969) is first of all a study of twentieth century German novels, several of

which he analyzes in the first section. Then he proceeds to separate essays on general themes particularly relevant to the novels in question; among the topics is a chapter on time, 'The Discordant Clocks'. For the purposes at hand, only his observations regarding time are to be considered.

Ziolkowski notices 'the modern novel is a riot of clocks'. At first, as 'for Kafka and Joyce, human time is often out of step with public time, but the clocks are still intact'. The situation deteriorates however : soon:

the clock is summoned forth as a negative symbol by the subjective consciousness of an individual who wishes to assert his own private time against the claims of public time. Clocks in modern literature seem to exist only to be ignored, dropped, shattered, deformed, or improved upon. To this extent they reflect admirably the attitude of modern man toward the objective time in which he is destined to live.(188)

But there is an important qualification: 'it is not this general preoccupation with time in itself that distinguishes our age - time has long been a problem for writers - but rather the particular form that this obsession assumes in the twentieth century'.

Ziolkowski believes questions of time in the modern novel arise from the dichotomy of interior and exterior time. He recapitulates the main arguments about time from the early twentieth century : Wyndham Lewis's 'sometimes almost hysterical' polemic in Time and Western Man against the emphasis on subjective time on the one hand, and the enthusiastic efforts at systematizing and revaluing the subjective on the other, especially as represented in Existentialist tracts such as Heidegger's Sein und Zeit. 'Only in the recent past has

the dichotomy between public and private time been aggravated into a central conflict in man's consciousness. For it was not until the twentieth century that man sought the very meaning of his existence in the fact of his temporal duration. Earlier ages had been able to look elsewhere for meaning and value.?(191)

He defines three stages of development since the Middle Ages, according to Poulet and Meyerhoff : at first, 'there was no conflict between human time and eternal time' because of the belief in an overriding theological structure. Then 'in the seventeenth century man discovered that his own consciousness was somehow isolated from all other creation'. This led to a stage where, quoting Meyerhoff, 'historical time became the only medium in which human life unfolded and fulfilled itself'.

But when the world of history, toward the end of the nineteenth century, became so vast and complex that no unified order could possibly be read into or out of it, history was fragmented into a set of pluralistic systems of value which defied survey. In the face of this virtually meaningless pluralism, the individual was hurled back upon himself in his search for meaning, value, and duration.(192-193)

Thus the time was ripe for philosophics which gave all authority to subjective time. Such theories aggravated the alleged tension between public and private time, for despite claims for the absolute authority of the subjective, 'during the past hundred years, public or scientific time has become an increasingly dominant factor in human life and activity'. Following Forster Ziolkowski concludes 'we would be unable to understand a work that failed (at least by subtle hints) to refer to standards of time exterior to the subjective consciousness' and cites the concept elaborated by Husserl that 'temporality provides

the form for human perception'.

In fact, 'it is the regular movement of public time that makes possible and emphasizes the suspension of time characteristic of private duration'. There is apparently something approaching a consensus as to how best to portray the character of subjective time: 'in the foreshortened world of today, reality thrusts itself upon us as one instantaneous simultaneity. And it is precisely this simultaneity that ambitious novelists ... are anxious to capture in their works'. The new view of time requires a new concept of character akin, he says, to Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*. And the quest for simultaneity has also produced new fictional techniques: 'those that achieve the effect of vertical simultaneity in time, and others that aspire to horizontal simultaneity in space'.

Finally, there is the understanding that the moments of heightened perception in modern novels:

reveal their meaning only in counterpoint to the knowledge that time is moving inexorably toward death ... The entire discussion of time must be seen, in the last analysis, in connection with the theme of death. The search for the duration of private time reveals itself as a reaction against the realization that time leads toward death ... It is the awareness of death that makes the individual cling to the experienced moment, in which he seeks meaning and duration ... It is the threat of death that causes men to rip the hands off their watches and to throw away their clocks. It is the fear of death that causes the conflict between private time and public time. Yet inevitably man must return, at the end of his life or at the end of his novel, from the realm of duration to the realm of public time, from the irresponsibility of simultaneous perception to the ethical arena of time. For it is only in reality that the clocks function. (213-214)

Ziolkowski's book, with its perhaps excessive emphasis on such themes as guilt and death, is necessarily colored, somewhat to its detriment as a general study, by the eccentricities of the twentieth century German novels it seeks to explain. An unquestioning belief in 'public time' is all-important for his argument; it is the necessary background for any less objective portrayals. So as with Meyerhoff and Higdon, among others, Ziolkowski sees the dynamics of modern novels arising from the tension between 'public' or 'private' views of time, a conflict he traces ultimately to the necessity of facing death in 'real' time. The modern view of time is therefore more a spirit of the times than the result of any explicit philosophical realignment.

There have been numerous other studies of time. Margaret Church's Time a Reality (1963) approaches the question from the perspective of Bergson and philosophy rather than by formal analysis. Basing her judgments on the values of Bergson and Proust, she reads and misreads many classic modernist novels. More recently, David Higdon's Time and English Fiction (1977) defines 'time shapes', or narrative configurations. His work is most useful for its extensive bibliography purporting to cover all the works in English on time for the past fifty years. Angel Medina's Reflection, Time and the Novel (1979) is interested in novels as 'communicative documents': curiously, he chooses to discuss his subject, novels, by way of analysis of three writers who were not novelists, Johnson, Kierkegaard, and Poulet. The meaning of time for him is largely taken from Poulet.

Samuel Macey is our most recent time critic. He states his intentions in the preface to his book Clocks and the Cosmos : Time in Western Life and Thought (1980) : 'My main purpose is to provide the reader with a broad spectrum of evidence demonstrating the impact of horology on Western and in particular on English life - and hence on literature too - during the period that traditional critics have called neoclassical (or Augustan) and Romantic! Only a brief chapter at the end of the book treats the question of novels, and this strictly from his central perspective of the attitudes expressed in the use of metaphors involving clocks, watches, and other clockwork devices such as automata. Post Industrial-Revolution-era authors are not considered; Macey's interest is primarily confined to the direct influence of the 'Horological Revolution' (1660-1760); his most modern example is Melville.

He outlines the values associated with clock imagery: 'Many of the earliest illustrations of clocks were associated with the cardinal virtue Temperance. In the more secular society of the horological revolution ... clocks themselves become the symbol of regularity and order'.

In order to counteract the potential for social and political chaos inherent in scientific progress, theologians and poets alike sought a new symbol for order and regularity. At the same time, astronomers, who were in the vanguard of science, needed more accurate clocks to forward their work. The revolution in horology was a direct outcome of the astronomers' demands, and the more accurate watches and clocks that it produced provided the necessary symbol for order, so long as this was required. (180)

Mechanistic philosophy, especially Descartes's, raised clockwork order to such an absolute status that it metaphorically worked the

universe, and the 'Watchmaker God' analogy became frequent. Objections to this view would later arise, but rather than wishing violently to destroy clockwork, people simply wanted to keep it in its place, and emphasize the authority of more humanistic, natural analogies in creating any overview. The clockwork metaphor declined in popularity after about 1760, and by the nineteenth century was passing out of use.

This is not to say however that clocks passed out of the literary imagination. Clocks and watches had occupied an important position in novels since the eighteenth century when, as tangible status symbols, they were constantly stolen from or by characters in books and plays, and 'in the century before Dickens, novelists tend to favor the order inherent in clockwork'. Generally, novelists were not consistent in disparaging clockwork 'until after the early nineteenth century. And even then the reaction of a novelist like Dickens was frequently ambivalent'. Even an unconventional spirit like Lewis Carroll displays in his books 'carefully structured horological imagery', which Macey explicates at length.

The only wholeheartedly negative reaction against clockwork in fact and in image came from the Romantic movement, especially from poets and writers such as Hoffmann, Poe, and Melville who would become the precursors of Symbolism. In 'The Sandman', 'The Pit and the Pendulum', or Frankenstein, for example, clockwork creations acquire a specifically demonic nature and 'in Melville's universe the clockwork regularity of natural order vies with an irrational power moving behind things', which proves to be the greater force. Macey notes other examples of how for Melville 'the eighteenth century image of

the watchmaker God and the divine clockwork of his universe ... rather than guaranteeing order, ensures confusion'. He concludes that 'much of what we are now derives from our time-oriented technology and the related clockwork metaphor that dominated our thought-processes for so long'. But as he admits, his book is more descriptive than analytic of the phenomenon.

Yet the documentary value of Macey's study is not to be underestimated. He establishes the moral values that were attached to clocks as symbols of time from their earliest appearance, and demonstrates the way the same technology and related philosophy which caused many problems in society and philosophy since the seventeenth century was looked to both directly and metaphorically as an ultimate means of salvation from the dilemma. Time changed from a contingent to an absolute value as social and philosophical forms changed in response to the technology which had enshrined it. This in turn helps to illuminate the complex interrelationship between faith in time and faith in God in the nineteenth century, a connection often erroneously misrepresented as somehow causal or dependent. Macey's claim that 'we have allowed our desire for material progress to transform us into time-oriented automata' is surely an overstatement, but it nevertheless is valuable to have a concrete record of the progress this desire has made in the past three centuries.

So if on nothing else, critics agree that time and novels are inextricably linked to one another. The study of time will not lead to any ultimate 'solution' of the problem of novels, but since it is a common factor in them all, it stands as a useful critical yardstick

against which the individual variation and development of authors may be measured. And since an author's sense of character, plot, and realism all necessarily issue from his view of time, these measurements can be taken very precisely, and the subtle shifts in perspective from generation to generation recorded more accurately than against most standards.

The new sense of time we share in the post-Renaissance world, and its literary embodiment the novel, arose together. But what is the exact nature of the correspondence which everyone agrees exists; just how and why is there such a connection between novels and time? A foundation for one understanding of the problem is laid in Macey's book, though he himself is concerned not with novels, but with clocks. There was a new sense of time born into the mind and the life of the western world in the sixteenth century. Like most births, it did not, on the one hand come unanticipated, nor, on the other, were all its ultimate consequences recognized immediately. Nevertheless, profound changes in thinking about time occurred between the years 1500 and 1600 which were immediately reflected in literature.

Macey tells us clocks, hourglasses, and similar mechanisms which could potentially create their own time (as opposed to devices for reflecting a 'natural' division of time, e.g. sundials) were developed in the fourteenth century. But the implications of these mechanical timepieces were not immediately pursued: the 'unequal hours' of sundial time continued to be the standard for several more centuries, and 'the methods suited to measuring equal hours seem to have been of subsidiary importance. Either the sundial or the nature of society demanded the use of unequal hours'.⁵ In fact, for many years the

development of horology was greatly hindered by a desire to create mechanisms which would preserve the inequality of hours as they were given by the sun. As late as 1516, Thomas More in his Utopia felt the need to stress that the Utopians used equal hours.⁶

But by the mid-sixteenth century, equal hours were the generally acknowledged form of public time, as is evidenced in the invention about 1550 of watches, personal devices for keeping equal hours always at hand. The adoption of equal hours, 'so important as a prerequisite for further horological development', led almost immediately to watches and clocks of greater and greater accuracy, and to a society ever more geared to punctuality. Pope Gregory XIII reformed the Julian calendar in 1582. And Don Quixote, so often acknowledged as the 'first novel', appeared in 1605 and 1615.

At first, 'clocks and watches were expensive and decorative toys'.⁷ 'Before 1657 clocks could not generally keep time more closely than to about fifteen minutes per day', but due to the development of the pendulum in that year, 'within twenty years they could frequently be relied on to vary by less than ten seconds per day'. The history of horological development in the latter half of the seventeenth century shows just 'how ready the tempo of technology was for increased acceleration';⁸ the spring balance was invented in about 1675 and 'gave both portability and accuracy to the earlier portable clocks and watches'.⁹ Repeating mechanisms to strike the hour on demand - especially useful for learning the hour at night or in the dark - were invented in about 1676 and first used in watches about 1687. By 1757 there were repeating devices able to signal the exact minute.¹⁰ Macey argues that 'in the domestic and urban sphere the

advent of the pendulum clock is decisive';¹¹ 'the accuracy of the pendulum clock led to the general adoption of the mean rather than the solar day'.¹² By the late seventeenth century clocks and watches began to be mass-produced and to lose their individual look.¹³ 'By the time Adam Smith wrote The Wealth of Nations in 1776, he could point out that better watches were being produced than a century earlier, and for one-twentieth of the price.'¹⁴

So clearly by the end of the seventeenth century the standard form of clocks and of time which would dominate western life in coming generations had been established. After 1660 the horological revolution was underway, and it 'influenced most levels of urban society from kings on down. For a period that is brief by historical standards, a relatively modest trade enjoyed a level of publicity something akin to that which has been achieved by space technicians in our own time'. 'In the eighteenth century, the leading men of the age were proud to be associated with watchmaking' - examples include kings, artists, philosophers, and statesmen.¹⁵

And it is during exactly the same period that the novel arises in Europe, and especially in England which, coincidentally or not, occupied the preeminent position in European watch and clock manufacture during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Macey's remark on the development of watchmaking into an industry invites a comparison with novels of the same period: 'there is an individualism about early watches that both derives from and imparts some of the excitement of overcoming individual problems. The individualism, however, slowly disappears into the monotony of imitation and repetition'.¹⁶ To the extent that they are works of art and not manufactured

commodities, novels are able to avoid this encroaching dullness; nevertheless it is true that regarding form and structure, the novels which came after about 1760, when Macey dates the end of the horological revolution, like the watches of the same period, are much more uniform than those appearing previously.

Macey goes a step farther in his argument, to claim that Britain's dominance of the clock making industry led her as well to the foremost position in the Industrial Revolution, because of the skilled workers and examples of division of labor clockmaking provided. The Protestant ethics central to a flourishing industrial society (and which subtly underlie many of the values in realism and novels as well)¹⁷ had also been associated with clocks, in their traditional relationship with Temperance, so not surprisingly, 'one is impressed by the number of clockmakers who are Dissenters'.¹⁸ It is important to note, in understanding the relation between clocks and literature, that clocks and watches seem always to have been endowed with a moral value. Aside from their popular use in metaphors, which Macey documents, and in addition to their earliest representations as an attribute of Temperance they, as repositories of time, are often associated with death. Some of the very earliest portable timepieces were in the form of memento mori,¹⁹ complete with highly allegorical engravings on cases shaped like human skulls.

Clocks, watches, 'equal hours', 'clock time' - none of these is the 'cause' of the novel. But the two phenomena are the result of the same cultural impulses, and the ideas men attached to clocks embody the spirit of these impulses well enough, it seems, to have created public demand for a genre of literature that reflected the particular

point of view which was projected on life 'through' clocks. We see, in the work of almost every 'time critic', the way this new sense of time affected the novel's plot. Crucial events do not turn (at least not in the best novels) on a deus ex machina or on a stroke of fate. Regardless of the presentational order, of Higdon's 'time shapes', the emphasis is on causal development. Time brings change, and change is the traditional subject of the novel - as we see in such categories as the Bildungsroman.

Something irrevocable happens between the first and last pages of the book : this is the classic definition of the novel, perfectly in accord with the Lockean assurance of time as a linear, one-way flow which dominated Western thought by the eighteenth century. These views are summed up in Kant's theory of causality, developed in response to Hume's sceptical contention that 'habit explains the causal connections, and therefore accounts for the apparent orderliness and structure of nature'.²⁰ Kant wanted to give these concepts objective validity, as Meyerhoff tells us:

Kant tried to show that causality was indispensable for an objective ordering of events in time. What we mean by saying that A is 'earlier' than B, speaking objectively, i.e., independently of the way we experience or remember the sequence of events, is that we can construct a causal relationship between the two events. If A is the cause of B, then A must be 'earlier' than B; A must 'precede' B; or A belongs to the past, B to the future. Only by presupposing the principle of causality, therefore, can we distinguish between an objective and subjective ordering of temporal sequences in the world; and since this distinction, in turn, is presupposed in all our knowledge about nature, Kant concluded that causality itself must be an objective principle in nature. 21

Thus causality and the new 'objective' time are bound together indissolubly as natural law : when novels recognized and incorporated such principles, saw in causality the ultimate consequence of the new view of time, they had, as a form, reached maturity.

In the completely evolved novel, ideas of time dictate the plot as they determine the form of the characters; obviously the change of character in time is what most interests the novelist. In order for development to seem realistic and interesting, they must be described in sufficient detail; we must learn many traits of each major character so that we may draw relevant generalizations from the way time alters some of these but not others. Characters in novels depend personally on time - it is the element in which they find their identity, and to which they look for the fulfillment of their aspirations. In this way, as implicit models, they are subtle propaganda for the 'chronocentric' universe traditional novels project.

Three-dimensional characters acting and responding in a clearly defined, causally ordered time-frame are hallmarks of modern realism. Auerbach traces the early origins of this in his study of Shakespeare: 'in the sixteenth century, the Christian-figural schema lost its hold in almost all parts of Europe'.²² According to this earlier view, connections were:

established between two events which are linked neither temporally nor causally - a connection which it is impossible to establish by reason in the horizontal dimension ... It can be established only if both occurrences are vertically linked to Divine Providence, which alone is able to devise such a plan of history and supply the key to its understanding. The horizontal, that is the temporal and causal connection of occurrences is dissolved; the here and now is no longer a mere

link in an earthly chain of events, it is simultaneously something which has always been, and which will be fulfilled in the future; and strictly, in the eyes of God, it is something eternal, something omni-temporal, something already consummated in the realm of fragmentary earthly event. This conception of history is magnificent in its homogeneity. 23

Clearly modern realism would have no significance in such a world view. But 'the sixteenth century had attained a comparatively high level of historical consciousness and historical perspective'.²⁴

'The sphere of life represented in a particular instance is no longer the only one possible or a part of that only and clearly circumscribed one.'²⁵ This is reflected in literature:

With the great variety of subject matter and the considerable freedom of movement of the Elizabethan theatre, we are in each instance given the particular atmosphere, the situation, and the prehistory of the characters. The course of events on the stage ... covers conversations, scenes, characters, which the action as such does not necessarily require. Thus we are given a great deal of 'supplementary information' about the principal personages; we are enabled to form an idea of their normal lives and particular characters apart from the complication in which they are caught at the moment. 26

In Elizabethan times these ideas are new; it would never have occurred to Shakespeare to write a novel, and his plays do not find their meaning in a novelistic sense of time. Instead:

We are in most cases confronted not with purely natural character but with character already formed by birth, situation in life, and prehistory (that is, by fate) - character in which fate has already had a great share before it fulfils itself in the form of a specified tragic conflict. The latter is often only the occasion which releases a tragic situation prepared long before. This is particularly apparent in the

cases of Shylock and Lear. What happens to them individually, is individually predestined for them. 27

The sixteenth century was a time of transition. All the seeds of modernism are planted, but they have only begun to sprout. John Gunnell notes 'only with the development of the individual and collective memory and notions of mortality and history does the temporal dimension begin to take shape'.²⁸ We see each of these separate elements in the literature of Shakespeare's time, but only a few of their ultimate consequences are recognized. Others will not fully evolve until the seventeenth, and even the eighteenth centuries.

One consequence which was recognized and exploited in Elizabethan drama, however, was the pluralism inherent in the new ideas of time. To mark time by clocks, whose 'equal hours' are in their own way as abstract and idealized as the Platonic celestial spheres, is ultimately to recognize the separation between self and other, one of the central tenets of modern philosophy, which poses among other problems that of finding some sort of reintegration of the two. It is in striking contrast to the 'magnificent homogeneity' of the medieval view. Disintegration and reintegration were frequent themes in the sixteenth century - for example Marlowe's Faustus is literally torn to bits as a result of his overenthusiasm for modern attitudes. Shakespeare is rarely so melodramatic, but the same concerns are clearly present, for example, in his interest in madness.

The comic side of the coin is represented by the reconciliation and integration of marriage. This somewhat less problematic aspect of the question proved most fruitful for novelists for a number of reasons, among them a distaste for 'ultimate' experiences which seemed

unnaturally to seal off the eternal flow of possibility in time. The problem of disintegration within a single character frequently found its novelistic resolution in the often-noted phenomenon of paired protagonists, each embodying a slightly different view of human nature which might otherwise have appeared as one of several attributes which divided the mind of a single tragic hero. The personal applications of pluralism most troubled Elizabethans, but these were sublimated in the novel, while the physical possibilities - which we see reflected in Shakespeare in such devices as his wealth of subplots - were emphasized and exploited in the innumerable details of novelistic reality.

Consistent with the exteriorized, 'objective' aspect of time on which it depends, this reality presents an empirical version of the world, relying on the multiplicity of concrete details to provide the setting for events. Literary phenomena enter the mind of the reader along channels as similar as possible to those which admit data from the real world. David Paul reminds us, 'narrative found its way into prose because only prose will deal with the dimension of time as we accept it and are controlled by it in daily life'.²⁹ Novelists from Cervantes to Hardy have claimed their books were documents of real events. It is usually considered a grave technical error if the author allows his fabric of apparent truth to be breached.

Facts from literature mingle with facts from life in the imagination and memory of the reader, and the 'exteriorizing' influences of time-centered realism are undercut somewhat as the artistically pre-shaped forms insinuate their hierarchical organization into the randomness of actual experience. In this way 'interior' states, those of the

personal imagination and memory of the reader, are given special significance, heightened by the similarity between organized and unorganized data. But these techniques necessarily emphasize personal at the expense of collective meaning : in order to mix effectively with objective material the literary information must appear to be 'free'. The reader must to some extent be free to choose for meditation what particularly appeals to him as an individual, ignoring other details in which others might find more resonance. This freedom, preserved by a wealth of seemingly insignificant details, is a crucial concept in modern realism in marked contrast to earlier forms where, by the very nature of the universe, every detail made specific reference to part of the system which enforced the collectivity. Implicit in it, although not usually developed, is an exacerbation of the crisis in relationship raised by questions of modern disintegration.

By working to some extent to validate subjective impressions, realism can paradoxically mitigate some of the crushingly negative influences inherent in the sense of time it otherwise sustains. When, in the sixteenth century, this idea of time first came into being, its implicit emphasis on time as the element of personal decay was immediately recognized and embodied in *memento mori*. Of course people had always been aware that life would lead them into decline and finally death. But reminders of death in the Middle Ages usually took the more general, impersonal form of the 'wheel of time' or the 'dance of death', or else were somehow restricted, as in the vanitas theme.³⁰ *Memento mori* as a personal, individual sentiment only developed in the sixteenth century,³¹ bringing with it a host of grotesque artistic representations and horrific virtu, including, quite significantly as

we have seen, memento mori watches. But after the advent of the novel, by the eighteenth century, memento mori ceased to be popular. Although one might have predicted just the opposite result, the new realism repressed and sublimated time as memento mori. Instead of dying, characters usually got married - emphasizing, incidentally, their individual over their collective similarities - and even those who did die, did so with apocalyptic significance : the accent was still on life as they lived until the end of the book, and then made their life seem all the more meaningful by giving it, in death, an artistically shaped conclusion.

Briefly examining a few early novels helps to illustrate the literary situation as it adapted to the new ideas of time. Don Quixote is often called the 'first novel', and with good reason. Cervantes, as Auerbach says, took 'an opportunity to present the world a play in that spirit of multiple, perspective, non-judging, and even non-questioning neutrality which is a brave form of wisdom'.³² It was also, at least in literature, a new form of wisdom. The freedom Cervantes is willing to give his characters in a book where 'he does not judge and draws no conclusions',³³ 'is no longer the play of Everyman, which provides fixed norms for the judgment of good and evil'.³⁴ 'It is not unrelated to the neutral attitude which Gustave Flaubert strove so hard to attain',³⁵ yet it is even more free, for whereas 'Flaubert wanted to transform reality through style',³⁶ 'it would never have occurred to Cervantes that the style of a novel ... could reveal the order of the universe'.³⁷

The willingness to grant such freedom to a portrait of life can only arise from an exteriorized, particularized world view, a world

where secular hierarchies have lost much of their authority and divine judgment is confined to the celestial realm. Auerbach shows that Cervantes looks to the literature of the future, not of the medieval past, even though the latter is much nearer in time. However it would be remarkable to find, at the very beginning of the seventeenth century, that a completely modern novel had sprung fully armed from the head of Cervantes. It is exactly in the domain of the sense of time, still in the process of change in 1600, that Don Quixote reveals its transitional status.

Cervantes's novel is mainly organized by an episodic plot that does not develop, but exploits endless variations on the original theme. Few single events are more 'meaningful' or 'true' than others, or contribute in a necessary way to important things which follow them. Its conclusion is not necessitated by all the events which precede it, but comes about almost by chance (in fact, Don Quixote dies mainly to prevent further imitation and plagiarization of Cervantes's idea).³⁸ Cervantes was not ignorant of the new ways in which time was shaping life. Characters in isolated instances learn from their experiences, see time as a medium of potential and of inevitable change. But such ideas were new enough that he did not adopt them wholeheartedly and unquestioningly as the premises of his literary order. In fact, to have done so would have been unfaithful to the truth of the world as he found it.

By the eighteenth century, the era of Richardson, Fielding, and a clock on every mantel, this was no longer the case. The epistolary arrangement of Pamela is completely dependent on time as the dynamic element; each letter points to its unique moment in the unfolding plot

as precisely and unerringly as the hands of a clock indicate the passing hours of the day. Similarly in Tom Jones, every chapter heading gives the action an exact chronological locus. Everyone lives in time : that which was yesterday probably will not be tomorrow, whether this is due to the character's own free acts or just to the nature of life and time. Every act has its motivation and its consequence, and is concretely placed both in time and in fully realized three-dimensional space. Characters are individuals, and as the genre evolves they become even more so. By the early nineteenth century - the time of Stendhal - 'the serious realism of modern times cannot represent man otherwise than as embedded in a total reality, political, social, and economic, which is concrete and constantly evolving'.³⁹

For the most part, these changes in literary attitudes came about suddenly and in rapid succession. Not all authors were content merely to have their ideas assimilated by osmosis - some set about deliberately to reeducate readers into the new mode of fiction, using parody and its concomitant self-consciousness : Cervantes, Sterne, and Fielding distinguish themselves in this regard. To parody a genre is of course to call attention to its most characteristic features and devices by playing on the readers' expectations. Manipulations of character, plot, and time itself are important to the parodies of all these writers, emphasizing both the elements they plan to discard and those they hope to add to the emerging category of fiction. To cite three from almost innumerable examples, there are the layers of fiction imposed between the allegedly true story of Don Quixote and the version Cervantes manages to present, the complications introduced into the character of Tristram Shandy, who among other things is not

born until near the end of the third book of his 'Life and Opinions', and Fielding's parodies of Richardson's present-tense immediacy, for example the passage from Shamela cited by Watt:

Mrs. Jervis and I are just in bed, and the door unlocked; if my master should come - Ods - bobs! I hear him just coming in at the door. You see I write in the present tense, as Parson William says. Well, he is in bed between us. 40

By the nineteenth century conventions of novels were well enough established that overt self-consciousness and parody were no longer necessary. Of course writers never lost sight of the fictiveness of their work, and there were those, for example Thackeray, who opposed the general current by actually calling attention to it. But by and large the modern novel of the nineteenth century was a pseudo-history staking the most part of its reputation on its verisimilitude. The extreme lengths to which authors would go in this regard, presumably because they valued the principles on which it was based, are illustrated in such feats of authenticity as War and Peace.

A particular subcategory of literature, not actually fictional but nevertheless a close cousin to the novel, helps point up some of the changes in attitude which encouraged the novel's rise. This is, of course, autobiography. To conceive of the life of another - the usual plot of a novel - is merely, in one sense, to recast an understanding of one's own life. To this extent the fundamental concepts of autobiography and novel merge, and the form of the one may be compared with that of the other. Frederic Bogel has shown, in his article on eighteenth century autobiographies, the distinct change that occurred at that time as autobiographies based on the Augustinian

model, positing a view of time as 'kairos' (oriented towards a transformative movement) gave way to a new form in the manner of Rousseau or Benjamin Franklin, where time is chronos (the usual, linear, day-to-day flux) and progress comes as a matter of will or chance. Tristram Shandy is a variation on the theme : for Sterne, Augustinian points of transformation, what Kermode would call 'apocalypse', fail to occur because of the essential disorder inherent in experience perceived (Kermode would say 'reality' divested of any man-made 'fictions'). For others the idea of climaxes which transform either appears totally artificial, or, as for Rousseau, is repeated in so many 'crucial times and influences' as to be rendered individually insignificant; in all events, the formalized and anti-novelistic idea of kairos - time is roundly 'discredited' and considered obsolete.⁴¹

And so we see how new ideas of time which began to assume form as early as the sixteenth century were, by the eighteenth, immanent in all manner of art and life. Throughout history realism in art has corresponded to a certain view of time. Realism of the classical cultures coincided with a new temporal consciousness that contrasted with the earlier mythic outlook, as Gunnell discusses:

The discovery of the self and the experience of temporality occurred simultaneously since it is the self that posits, separates, and mediates the dimensions of past and future ... The condition of timelessness and selflessness in the mythic Weltanschauung was supported by a static social order; myth and society were reciprocally sustaining. It is unnecessary to establish causal relationships between the consciousness of the self, the consciousness of human time, and the dissolution of the mythic mode; they were contiguous experiences which in turn were bound to the loss, or the threat of the loss, of an

ordered social space. The consciousness of the self and its temporal plight emerged with the loosening of the bonds of social order ... With the dissolution of the unity of the myth and the initial differentiation of the orders of existence with their respective temporal dimensions, there emerged a search for a new vision of order, the appearance of conscious speculation on man's home in the world ... With the eclipse of the myth, the self became an object of reflection and the inner distance or time became not only a condition of thought but a problem of existence. 42

Realism in antiquity is not the product of a secular society; it is never so 'real' that it does not retain some element of 'separation of style' (and this is true even of the literature produced before that doctrine was specifically instituted). Furthermore, as Auerbach notes, 'its formulation of problems is not concerned with historical developments ... but with ethical judgments'.⁴³ In Homer, for example:

separate phenomena themselves, their relationships - temporal, local, causal, final, consecutive, comparative, concessive, antithetical, and conditional limitations - are brought to light in perfect fullness; so that a continuous rhythmic procession of phenomena passes by and never is there a form left fragmentary or half-illuminated, never a lacuna, never a gap, never a glimpse of unplumbed depths.

And this procession of phenomena takes place in the foreground - that is, in a local and temporal present which is absolute. One might think that the many interpolations, the frequent moving back and forth, would create a sort of perspective in time and place; but the Homeric style never gives any such impression. 44

Though there were many additions to and variations on Homer's example during the many phases of classical culture, 'on the whole ... the basic tendencies of the Homeric style, which we have attempted to work out, remained effective and determinant down into late antiquity'.⁴⁵

Antique civilization was succeeded by a number of cultures in which the question of time was not problematic, so not surprisingly its realistic art was ignored for many centuries. But when the interest in time reemerged in the modern era, classical examples were immediately sought out and reinstated as predecessors. By now we are not surprised to recall that Neo-Classicism reached its peak in exactly the years of the 'horological revolution', and was the dominant trend in the arts immediately prior to the rise of novels. Classical and modern realism have their differences, however, at least in part for the reasons which interest Auerbach : by the time of Shakespeare, 'antique models ... and antique theory reappeared ... It was, however, unavoidable that this influence should at times have been at odds with the new forces which, arising from contemporary conditions and the autochthonous culture, were driving toward the tragic'.⁴⁶

The idea of destiny in Elizabethan tragedy is both more broadly conceived and more close linked to the individual character than it is in antique tragedy ... All this is based upon the way in which antique drama arose and on its technical requirements... In particular, the ... strict limitation to the given tragic conflict is based upon the fact that the subjects of antique tragedy are almost exclusively taken from the national mythology, in a few cases from national history. These were sacred subjects and the events and personages involved were known to the audience. The 'milieu' too was known, and furthermore it was almost always approximately the same. Hence there was no reason to describe its special character and special atmosphere. 47

Thus modern realism, while finding a certain kinship in the realism of antiquity as it could discover parallels between its own and Classical models of time, developed its specific forms more in response to the problems of the moment than in mere imitation of the lofty

examples provided by the past - which it, for the first time, was able to view with genuine historical perspective: 'humanism with its program of renewal of antique forms of life and expression creates a historical perspective in depth such as no previous epoch known to us possessed'.⁴⁸

After the eighteenth century, the new sense of time was very rapidly enshrined as the only absolute quality. This followed upon the 'virtual collapse of the dimension of 'eternity''⁴⁹ on all fronts : religious, philosophical, social, and anagogic. Ideas of time were manipulated in such a way - e.g. by Kant in his causality argument cited earlier - that while they were on the one hand now inescapable, on the other they offered hope of replacing some of the connections between things abolished by thinkers like Descartes and Hume, and by the collapse of eternal systems in general. As Ziolkowski puts it 'the discontinuity of existence, which was noted by ... thinkers of the age, posed no problems as long as life's meaning could be found in a history that transcended the individual'.⁵⁰ Inevitably, 'truth ... was now a function of time in the ... pejorative sense of being relative to the historical process'.⁵¹ And 'thus the ground was laid for the different varieties of 'historicism' which made their appearance in the modern world and reached their full maturity in the nineteenth century'.⁵²

If truth can only be found in time, obviously time - as history - must become the foundation of all knowledge. Since stasis is an illusion, change itself must be systematized and harnessed in the pursuit of understanding. Time may be beyond man's control, but at least if it can be arranged and comprehended it seems less awesome and

hostile. And so historicism, perhaps the last great attempt to view the universe in the benevolent image of man, established itself as the guiding light of the social and natural sciences for the greater part of the nineteenth century. Marx, Darwin, Comte, whatever names one associates with the movement, all share the conviction that while the individual minutiae of history may be relative and transient, the whole is greater than the sum of the parts; theirs is a confidence, in a word, in Progress. Of course a belief in progress is not in itself new - a recent historian of the idea traces it back, as a hallmark of Western culture, for nearly three thousand years.⁵³ But in the nineteenth century progress came to reside uniquely under the aegis of history, to the exclusion even of individual influence in the matter. Time was so much greater than any one man that its domination soon acquired deterministic overtones.

The novel faithfully paid homage to history as well, and - perhaps because they were all organized by the same values - began to reflect the new ideas of 'science' which were emerging to explain phenomena in historical terms. Auerbach sees Stendhal as the first of the great nineteenth century novelists. The Red and the Black exhibits his contributions:

The characters, attitudes, and relationships of the dramatis personae, then, are very closely connected with contemporary historical circumstances; contemporary political and social conditions are woven into the action in a manner more detailed and more real than had been exhibited in any earlier novel, and, indeed in any works of literary art except those expressly purporting to be politico-satirical tracts. So logically and systematically to situate the tragically conceived life of a man of low social position (as here that of Julien Sorel) within the most concrete kind of contemporary history

and to develop it therefrom - this is an entirely new and highly significant phenomenon. 54

For Stendhal and the classic nineteenth century novelists who followed his lead, 'temporal perspective is a factor of which he never loses sight'.⁵⁵ In fact it is central to his world view that things as they are cannot help but change:

The reality which he encountered was so constituted that, without permanent reference to the immense changes of the immediate past and without a premonitory searching after the imminent changes of the future, one could not represent it. 56

Stendhal's view of development in time was specific, not general; he was not concerned with the 'discovery or premonition of historical forces',⁵⁷ and thus did not belong to historicism in its strictest sense. Balzac would take things farther: not only are his characters placed precisely in history and society, they are even seen as 'organically united' with their milieu. 'The spirit of Historism ... is the spirit of his entire work'.⁵⁸ A 'chronocentric' view of the universe was elevated virtually to the level of religion in literature as in other disciplines, and by the latter half of the century deterministic ideas began to weigh increasingly on the consciences of many writers. As the rule of time became more and more despotic, as history was ever more clearly the master and not the slave, perhaps it was in any case inevitable that art and science and all the learning which lay somewhere in between would begin a revolt. Realism arises, and so does it fall. After having been ascendent in modern times for nearly four hundred years, including, significantly, the era we in the twentieth century look to for our sense of personal and

especially cultural history and identity, there are almost unmistakable signs that least to some degree it is losing its hold on the popular mind. We do not need a Bergson or an Einstein to tell us our sense of time has changed, we can see it in the art of our times.

For whatever reasons, by the late nineteenth century new theories were arising to explain without reference to conventional ideas of time phenomena which previously had been considered wholly dependent on them. It is a vestige of our chronocentricity, sometimes perpetuated even by those who would discredit the view, to say that time has been either 'abolished' on the one hand, or on the other that authority has only shifted to 'interior time'. In fact, for practical purposes 'time' remains much the same as ever except that it has almost completely lost the authority to embody truth, and in consequence its leading role in literature has been greatly diminished. In 1905, with his theory of relativity, Einstein proved what novelists had begun to sense nearly a half century earlier : that time was a relative, not an absolute quality, and in that sense no more qualified to govern a literary genre than any other aspect of everyday life. When we speak of 'interior time' we hardly mean time at all, but experience ordered around an altogether different model, a universe with different values (in the case of what is called 'interior time' usually patterned by various projections of the individual personality) where time as a quality has little or no more significance than other qualitative factors such as color or shape. Like these other qualities, time of course continues to exist in life as well as in literature. But it is no longer used to bestow meaning and structure on experience.

Therefore novels have had to find a principle other than time to order and validate data, and the question remains whether they can contradict their reason for being in this way yet continue to be satisfactory and synthetic replicas of life. Form and world view in the classic novel arose together as perfect complements; necessarily, if the whole is to maintain its integrity, when the one is displaced, as time has been, the other must, at the very least, be somewhat modified to adapt to the successor. But although the devolution from a theocentric universe to one ordered by time came in the natural process of things, no similar, single absolute principle has been forthcoming to replace time since its fall from glory. Virtually the only model to emerge with any claim whatsoever to a general application is the rather unhelpful concept of absolute chaos, and even this idea does not really provide an accurate reflection of experience, as even the most scrupulously enforced attempts at 'random' or 'chaotic' art and literature reveal. A part of the problem lies in the pluralistic reality a time-oriented view encourages, and which, as we have seen, Ziolkowski among others considers to be the cause of the collapse of Historicism.

In all events, without a common view of time, novelists in the twentieth century have turned to their own individual systems - ranging from science and mathematics to myth and psychology - to order their books. Although for the sake of tradition (which has itself taken a place among twentieth century 'relative absolutes') most modern novels at least superficially resemble their nineteenth century prototypes, their only ostensible point in common with one another would seem to be the rejection of the authority of time in their books, to a greater or lesser degree. Before the later nineteenth century no

novel was satisfying which did not thoroughly and consistently rely on time, but now exactly the opposite is true : novels that fail somehow to flout time's authority fall short of our expectations of realistic rendering of experience and do not satisfy us as art, although such conventional fictions often find a large popular audience. Unlike a century ago, today critics must speak of the 'classic' novel in the past tense.

And literary criticism itself has undergone profound changes as a result of the alterations in its subject. It too has left the historic approach behind and entered into its own succession of 'isms' in the search for an absolute approach to a medium which has become relative. How does one begin to approach something which is not definite - this is the problem set to modern critics (as well, of course, as to modern novelists), and they have often responded to it with a reductive approach, for the purposes of discussion reducing the subjects to their least common denominators and confining analysis solely to these elements whether they be linguistic, grammatical, syntactical, archetypal, dialectical, temporal, or whatever.

Such critical attitudes often have the unfortunate results of, on the one hand ignoring or deemphasizing the synthetic and aesthetic value of literature and, on the other, encouraging works which are written 'for the critics', which unnaturally exaggerate to the detriment of the whole a particular literary element presently receiving critical attention. And this leads (ironically, in view of the avowed reason for criticizing literature) in turn to an even greater gap between the current literature and the reading public, a gap with serious implications for readers in search of moral and other

orientations to what is surely if nothing else one of the most disorienting ages in history. Furthermore, in its search for literary absolutes, modern criticism has occasionally suffered a curious confusion of purpose which has led some critics to believe it is their task to discover more generally applicable absolute principles. This pseudo-philosophy, arising not out of direct experience but from the abstracted depictions thereof in fiction and poetry, all too often bears faint resemblance either to life or to literature, but continues to contribute to the confusion in all quarters.

In the nineteenth century the remaining latent consequences of domination by an externalized sense of time became evident. When the idea reached maturity there were inevitably negative along with the positive effects, and, while the sovereignty of time itself was rarely questioned much less threatened, there were numerous reactions against its more unpleasant individual results. Not surprisingly, in the twentieth century after time had lost its authority, it was precisely these movements against time which were often chosen as the predecessors of modernism.

Romanticism was perhaps the first collective effort at making inroads on time. Macey has shown how Romantics unanimously denounced the clockwork metaphor as an image of life, and it is surely significant that there were relatively few attempts at Romantic novels. The chief name associated with Romantic novels is of course Scott's, and significantly his books, like those of his more successful imitators, emphasize the way that the imagination can counteract an everyday sense of time by 'time-travelling' with such ease back to the romantic, mythic past. With their cult of 'self' Romantic writers had little need of

the opportunities a common standard of time offered in building a sense of democratic connection and community, and they found more metaphysical solace in nature than in history. But their reaction against time was selective. While they rejected elements they considered restrictive, they eagerly took full advantage of such aspects as its historical perspective and its pluralism, which gave an exotic appeal and authority to all the varieties of life and culture the new approaches to learning were bringing to light. In this respect Romanticism was just a variation on, rather than a turning away from, the general drift of the times.

Symbolism, another movement originally more interested in poetry than in novels, found different threats in a universe ordered by time. The extreme fragmentization of reality which constantly threatened to annihilate meaning and being was the target to which Symbolist art of all kinds was directed. Writers fixed their attention on a search for the literary equivalent of ideographs, symbols which could express their meaning literally and directly without the necessity of intervening and potentially confusing layers of interpretation. Inherent in Symbolism were serious reservations about the efficacy of language (which modern linguistics tells us is the 'semiotic system incorporating time')^{58A} in communicating 'truth'. The Symbolists were also among the first writers in the modern age to be deeply concerned with what has become a hallmark of twentieth century literature, the search for simultaneity.

For the Symbolists, in reaction against all the analytic tendencies of the past two centuries, synthesis was the order of the day. As we have seen, the realism the new sense of time brings can also

help to mitigate its most pessimistic implications, but at the expense of undercutting group identity. The Symbolists sought a reintegration back into the whole, and so they tended to abandon both exteriorized time and realism, and were often in its place attracted by ideas of myth-making which would define the community and set out a series of commonly apprehended symbols to facilitate understanding. And when the desire to communicate was uppermost in the minds of writers, and empirical realism was no longer valued as a particular means of finding truth, the emphasis on form rather than content in writing, a tendency greatly exploited and exaggerated in our own century, was almost inevitable.

From the mid-nineteenth century on, Symbolism posed the most serious challenge to the time-dominated view of life. It is perhaps the single movement to which modern literature is most indebted in its search for ways to order and communicate experience without the authority of time. But at first, when it was confined largely to poetry, Symbolism was no such threat to time; it only became so when novels, time's literary bastion, began to be affected. Symbolism has not replaced time, and provides no single absolute value with which to do so. It only offers alternatives to the separate problems of the chronocentric outlook. But even the most committed Symbolist, in an age when the Symbolist perspective has become perfectly respectable, will admit, as Wallace Stevens does, that there still remains the search for a 'supreme fiction', and most of the techniques and concerns of Symbolism proper are only tools to assist in the undertaking. It is a way of seeing, but it provides nothing definite, of itself, to look at; in a popular Symbolist image, it is a mirror, rather than a picture.

Though typical nineteenth century novels did not question time, they nevertheless developed certain techniques to counteract within a time-determined framework some of the negative consequences the poets had protested by turning away from time. One of these, as Alan Horsman has noted,^{58B} was the way they developed the traditional 'paired protagonists' approach into an outright clash of viewpoints : the reader is forced to choose sides, and is thereby drawn personally into the fictional dialectic (Horsman's examples come from the novels of the Brontes); such direct reader participation enhances 'communication' and helps to bridge the natural gaps between things, for example between real and fictionalized life. But it does not intrude on the novel's structure, on its realism or any of its component parts. It is only the vaguest foreshadowing of techniques such as Dostoevsky's 'polyphony' which would, on the contrary, with its extreme freedom and abandonment of authorial, 'exterior' authority, seriously challenge the time-ordered novel.

Similarly, as Nicola Chiaromonte has shown, some nineteenth century writers rejected the depersonalizing 'religion of History' and its claim to be a whole greater than the sum of its parts. But again we do not find in Stendhal, Tolstoy, or similar authors any serious affront to clock time as a model for life or literature, so long as it keeps its place. Neither of these novelists would question the irrevocability of acts in time, nor the uniqueness of any given moment. It is only their extreme fidelity to empirical realism which leads them to doubt that time or any other impersonal force can be the sole determinant for life on earth. Their sense of setting, and even of plot and character, is finally all dictated by the unquestioned realism which can only result from faith in the objectivity of exterior time.

In its earliest form, the novel depicted irrevocable changes wrought by time. People, places, and things were set before the reader, and the novelist developed them through time to show how they would change. But this process was somewhat subject to the author's whimsy : 'fate' in the form of unexpected turns of events could and often did intervene. However, as a rigid sense of historic time - Historicism - came to dominate all the disciplines of knowledge, elements extrinsic to the direct flow of time, those such as fate which seemed to arise from outside of it, were increasingly omitted. And so, at least in the more conservative novels which did not question the truth of the time model, the emphasis shifted from the irrevocable to the inevitable. Determinism began to color novels, since if the flow of time was absolute, and forces external to it were denied significance, then the outcome of any event must depend exclusively upon some combination of constant time plus the factors present in the situation from the beginning. Freedom and chance were increasingly denied.

Determinism, the underbelly of Historicism, was the last aspect of that movement to present itself to readers, and it is most consistently active in late nineteenth century novels such as Hardy's or Conrad's. Its world view was sufficiently pessimistic and out of keeping with what was empirically judged 'real' that it was always controversial and never gained the currency of previous views of time. Yet insofar as it was consistent with the evolution of ideas of time, its conclusions were indisputable, and so to disagree with it as many thinkers did, is unavoidably to bring into question all the ideas of time which formed the basis of the novel.

But there was yet one last attempt to salvage time-oriented realism. As irrevocable happenings had become inevitable happenings, and these subsequently proved untenable, so were they succeeded by the literature where there were no happenings : the plots of Chekhov (both in the stories and especially in the plays) or of James, which preserve empirical realism as they preserve empirical time, but a time completely stripped of all its problematic aspects; in other words, the only kind of time contemporary audiences would accept. Time is still supreme insofar as it determines all the elements of the story's form and content. But it has been emasculated by the introduction of the principle of inertia. There is time, but it is not the element of significance, nothing happens in it, nothing changes or becomes more or less true as the result of the test of time. It has become a puppet dictator, but no one even bothers to pull the strings. From such a situation it is only a short step, and one much less difficult than earlier, to conceive of a new literature where time is dethroned altogether.

Since novels had come into being, at least somewhat to embody the post-Renaissance sense of time which found its full expression after the seventeenth century, it is not surprising that when this view lost currency by the twentieth century, the novel was the literary genre which evidenced the most profound 'crisis'. After all, as we have seen, all the defining elements of the novel had developed specifically in conjunction with the new sense of time. Its characters, plot, sense of realism, style of presentation - in short, everything which distinguished it from other types of literature and gives it a

unique identity - had arisen as an integral expression of the new ideas. Traditionally the novel was a consistent system in which all elements in some measure reflected and were derived from the single time outlook. When this changed, it was inevitable that novels would change, but since the genre was for practical purposes defined by the defunct system, one or the other, its identity or its integrity, would have to be seriously threatened by the new approach.

Some equally resonant value had to be found to replace time in novels, a principle which could direct and tie together the particular literary qualities which coalesced in them. Of necessity, the author's view of characterization, plot, setting, style, and other elements were determined by a new standard. But since there was no one absolute principle, these suddenly became very diversely portrayed. Previously in this regard the novel was virtually a homogeneous genre. There had been no need for 'theories of the novel', since its identity seemed self-evident; these only arose later when the diversity introduced by the various systems attempting to replace time continually brought into question the limits of conventionality within which a fiction could still be called a novel. There were novels ordered by myth (usually ironized), for example Ulysses or The Master and Margarita, by primitive forms in a less literary configuration, such as the archetypes which inform Women in Love, or by psychological patterns as were used by Djuna Barnes and the Freudian school.

Furthermore mythology, folklore, medieval literature, children's stories, fantastic tales - any prose or fiction which did not find its primary meaning in the conventional sense of time - became sources of inspiration for the twentieth century novelist. Of course mythology

as subject was not a new idea : it had been a staple of Neo-Classicism and, along with folklore, of Romanticism. Meyerhoff compares modern use of myth with Goethe's use of the Faust legend.⁵⁹ But in fact the emphasis is completely different : Goethe turned Faust the myth into Faust the man, but in the modern incarnations - Bulgakov's, Mann's, Joyce's and others - it is an ordinary man who becomes myth, one who would be traditionally portrayed (even by Goethe) in time. The modern use of myth removes the particular man to the timeless realm of the general - it does not seek to humanize and specify myth, but just the opposite, to mythologize what would seem to be otherwise prosaic.

New theories of psychology redefined identity and complicated character : characters in the new novels now found their motivations, their change, their unique being outside of time, and therefore had to be described in a completely different way. Furthermore, as Meyerhoff among many others says, 'what we call the self, person, or individual is experienced and known only against the background of the succession of temporal moments'.⁶⁰ Thus to lose time is to lose individuality, and individuality indeed breaks down in twentieth century novels, as in Joyce's 'Blephem and Stoom' concept, or in Virginia Woolf, where one character can complete a thought begun in the mind of another, or again in Proust where the 'truth' of any one person's being lies in how Marcel wants to perceive it in his own mind. Watt tells us 'the early novelists ... made an extremely significant break with tradition and named their characters in such a way as to suggest that they were to be regarded as particular individuals in the contemporary social environment'.⁶¹ It is equally significant that many twentieth century novelists have reverted to the practice of

symbolic names, and even those, for example Joyce in Ulysses, who retain realistic names threaten by puns and other allusions and associations to destroy the illusion of specifics at any time.

Plots change too as confidence in causality and progress is eroded. Kant showed how causality is the only objective criterion for establishing temporal order. Thus when causes are questioned, and believed to be - if they exist at all - probably not what is apparent, time order becomes much freer. Novels no longer seek to discover cause as a principle of truth, but have turned their attention to entirely different matters, often finding truth in anything enduring despite time, as is the case with archetypes, myths, or axioms. Few things in modern novels are irrevocable, and even those which are, are likely to be repeated again and again. Proust's Marcel may grow old, but the young Marcel never dies. Literature's ability to endure beyond its author, and to reiterate its experience endlessly is recognized and exploited in modern novels. The traditional novel found its meaning in the irreversibility of what happened between the first and last pages. The idea has been completely turned around in this century, where, as in Finnegans Wake, the book leaves off at precisely the point where it began.

We have seen as well that a view of time implies an attitude towards realism. As Kermode says, 'it is only in reality that the clocks function'.⁶² When empirical time loses its validity, empirical realism loses its reason for being. Of course the ultimate question about realism is 'what is real' - no literature of any time would have been considered by its author not to be 'real', or true. But in times when empirical criteria fail to satisfy as standards for truth, as in

the modern period, it often happens that things which seem empirically false are nevertheless considered the potential repositories of a higher truth. Truth apparently cannot possibly reside in the realm of the prosaically real, which is too transitory and insubstantial. There is among modern authors in general, as Ziolkowski has said specifically about German writers, a new 'willingness, in their fictional worlds, to transcend the reality of everyday life in order to render the reality of metaphysical unity'.⁶³ The resulting 'hyper-realism' is a theoretically more accurate reflection of enduring truth; instead of revealing time as the medium of truth, the new literature seeks its veracities among those things which seem best to defy time.

Just as earlier all the elements of novels had acted as propaganda for a time-centered world view, so now do they all work against time and, to a lesser extent, encourage the particular system of organization which governs their novel. When books began to portray a universe where no element depends on time for its definition, they supported a general turn of thought and imagination towards atemporal understandings of all phenomena. But not all authors are content only to reject time implicitly : it is a distinctive characteristic of modern novels that they almost invariably contain clocks, especially broken ones, and often it is the protagonists themselves who do the violence. Ziolkowski lists a few examples,⁶⁴ but there are many more; it is a ubiquitous phenomenon which knows no national or literary boundaries. And, as he further notes, the attack on clocks is not confined strictly to literature, but is also manifested in paintings and films from the early part of the century : he cites the German film Waxworks,⁶⁵ but it is in Lang's Metropolis that workers are

symbolically crucified on the hands of an enormous clock before being saved by modernizing forces from the twin threats of the clockwork factory and the automaton pseudo-Maria. Almost identical themes are pursued in numerous other German, French, British and American films of the period.⁶⁶

Some novelists openly attacked time, and thereby made it their subject, but this is not to say that an overt interest in time necessarily produces the best or most 'true' novels. Time could not help but be a major concern for twentieth century novelists - its recent upheavals had left their craft on the brink of potential chaos. But like most other things which are of the greatest importance to writers, time is usually treated most thoroughly, truly, and expressively when the questions surrounding it are asked and answered by symbol and analogy rather than in a blunt, didactic fashion. And so it often happens that the books most explicitly 'about' time are the least satisfying as literature, while novels which may seem very little concerned with time as subject in fact have the most to say about it as a quality of life.

In eighteenth century novels, clocks and watches were often prominently featured as attributes of characters, especially to confer on them a certain social prestige. In the nineteenth century this value had largely disappeared, and clocks and watches were so taken for granted as to be used to ascribe a certain everyday status to their owners.⁶⁷ And in the twentieth century, characters smash their time-pieces in terror, disgust, or simply as a caprice. But in all events, clocks retain a distinct moral quality, whether positive or negative, that is used to convey attitudes towards the theory of time they represent. Not coincidentally, the values traditionally associated

with clocks such as temperance, rationality, and consistency suffer a decline in popularity in twentieth century literature. And it is surely significant as well that while Protestant novelists flourished in the nineteenth century, in the modern literature which has rejected the sense of time that so well suited Protestant ways of thinking, it is consistently non-Protestant writers who make the most successful contributions.

Time no longer is in any sense an absolute in novels but it has not disappeared from them. Ziolkowski quotes Forster, 'it is never possible for a novelist to deny time inside the fabric of his novel ... otherwise he becomes unintelligible, which, in his case, is a blunder'.⁶⁸ This is true in a limited sense, but only because some sense of 'time' (as opposed to simultaneity which, although novelists are interested in it - as Ziolkowski notes: 'No matter where we turn, we find major writers of pre-twentieth century obsessed with the problem'⁶⁹ - they can never really achieve), of events succeeding one another is a necessary element of the identity of a novel. These events are no longer necessarily connected by cause or logic, but they are unavoidably juxtaposed; regardless of its length, a book which contained no events, or only one thing out of any other context, could not be a novel. There cannot be a novel without 'time' in this sense of mere succession, but the time of modern novels is vastly different from what was intended in the eighteenth century.

If the traditional time development is what is expected, readers' expectations are continually disappointed in the twentieth century. And so we are not surprised to see modern literature often resume the didactic burden of self-consciousness and parody it shares with some

early novels, once again to reeducate its audience into what is being done differently and why. The traditional view of time absolutely fails to satisfy in modern novels; no twentieth century works which take their place in literature neglect to replace the former views. This is not to say that older novels are no longer pleasing or true to modern readers, yet they are inevitably seen as a reflection of their own time and not ours; unquestionably their truth for the contemporary reader is not the same as was perceived by the original audience. They are seen in the perspective of history, as documents; their concept of the universe is not expected to compete with the one we now know. It is the typical modern attitude to read these older books with an eye to the things which, despite the time passed since they were written, have remained much the same in people or society, and to contrast these with those which have not.

Thus at least to this extent, even in novels written completely to revolve around clock time, modern readers discover a 'timeless' element. Furthermore, the traditional books - especially because of their empirical realism - enter into the reader's mind in such a way as to contribute to his 'vicarious memory', and because he is aware of their perspective in history, for the reader this 'past' mingles with present memories, and the overall effect is to make his own consciousness more 'ahistorical' in its almost Joycean all-inclusiveness. This effect was not available to the earlier reader, who had no such tradition of realistic literature which he could see in perspective as from an era fundamentally different from his own. So modern readers find traditional novels in no way a contradiction of the present view, but instead manage to make them contribute to it.

However the contribution works precisely because of the gap in time between the old and the new literature, and the same effect would not be possible from a modern book written according to the old ideas. Similarly, we must remember that while today's readers enjoy Sterne and look to him as a literary ancestor of modernism, the audience which first greeted Tristram Shandy with enthusiasm would have no appreciation whatsoever for the likes of Ulysses.

Looking at traditional novels in an atemporal way has also encouraged the modern tendency to emphasize form over content, since form - at least in its aspect of 'craft' - is 'timeless' while realistic content often finds a great deal of its meaning in the ephemeral (and therefore to the modern mind less interesting) problems of the moment. There is more immediate identification with the 'how' than with the 'what' of old-style novels, reinforcing the tendency of modern criticism to turn away from the historical approach, a description of the milieu of 'whats' within which novels are situated, to a form-oriented, analytic attitude. And so it happens once again that in a case where one element formerly dependent on time becomes atemporal, others seem automatically to follow suit.

Since modern literature is controlled by time, it is free to deal in new ways with problems posed by the time-centered view. One of the most serious of these is the pluralistic reality the old outlook decreed, a world composed of discrete particles which could not be objectively connected. This in turn brought into question the relationship between the inner and outer 'self', and between the self and others. Without a dependable, concrete, for practical purposes commonly perceived 'reality' to which they could anchor their books,

modern writers found it imperative that an answer be found for the dilemma. One of the most popular solutions was an extension of Symbolist ideas, whereby the aspect of works of literature as emanations from a single consciousness is emphasized : the unity of art, and thus by implication of the universe, comes from the inherent and necessary unity which is perceived as the self. Appearances and rational arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, insofar as reality is a projection of our own integral being, it is synthetic and continuous. And so in a very great number of modern novels, 'reality' is consequently subjectivized to bestow this pattern and meaning upon it. Literary organization finds its archetype in the organization of the self, and various novels - not least among them Bely's, Joyce's and Proust's - have in this way reflected the many theories of personality in the twentieth century.

Concepts of determinism and an impersonal Fate were closely connected with the former views of time,⁷⁰ and therefore are greatly diminished in forward-looking modern literature. The closest parallel Joyce can provide in Ulysses to Homer's divine supervision is his theory of coincidence. Characters have never been so (at least theoretically) free as in the twentieth century, and those who are not should have only themselves to blame. Yet freedom is a mixed blessing, and the burden of its responsibility creates other literary problems both for writers and their characters which are arguably hardly less oppressive than the determinism they supersede. The nineteenth century man paralyzed by Fate is in many cases only replaced by a man in the twentieth century paralyzed by his freedom.

Language, as the 'semiotic system embodying time',⁷¹ had practically unquestioned authority to evince truth throughout the nineteenth century. But now of course modern literature has cast nearly as much doubt on it as on time itself. Manipulation of language is virtually as much a hallmark of modern literature as the manipulation of time. This applies not only to language as grammar and syntax, that is, in its primary conveyance of meaning, but also to secondary uses such as figures of speech : formerly in novels these, whether they were merely decorative or thematically relevant, were strictly subsidiary to the more usual, literal language which was, as Watt notes, 'a purely referential medium'.⁷² But in twentieth century literature, without a rigid sense of time to enforce empirical understanding, what Lodge calls 'realization ... the art which exploits the resources of language in such a way that words 'become' what in non-literary discourse they merely represent',⁷³ begins to be emphasized, as we see so clearly in Joyce's 'Circe' chapter or in Bely's evocation of Petersburg. Of course this technique is not new : it was present in Shakespeare, for example in Macbeth, and appears again in Dostoevsky, as in the scene with Ivan's devil in The Brothers Karamazov. Intimations of the same idea can be found in Cervantes and in Dickens, as well as in fantastic fiction such as Hoffmann's or Gogol's. In all events, it is significantly absent from the archetypal novels of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and can only be found in literature either on the fringe, or totally outside of the mainstream in the era in history ruled by clock time.

We find in modern literature a return to the view of 'language as a source of interest in its own right',⁷⁴ which Watt considers a characteristic of pre-novel, hence pre-'time' literature. To be sure

there are usually few overt similarities between twentieth century prose and its rhetorically embellished predecessors from before the era of the novel; nevertheless, the underlying view of language as free from the pressures of a rigidly exteriorized time encouraging a straightforward, empirical meaning is the same. Furthermore, in modern literature in general there is a new reliance on metaphor, simile, metonymy, and other analogies to convey meaning in the absence of a basis for more concrete denotation. Margaret Mein shows in her discussion of Proust that 'in literature, metaphor and analogy confer a kind of unity on style by extracting the essence from experience and placing it in a sphere outside the laws of time and contingency'.⁷⁵ And Auerbach notes that ideas of metonymy inherent in the medieval figural view of history helped support that society's atemporal perspective.⁷⁶

Watt tells us the novel arose in part to embody a new theory of language, and just as it developed in conjunction with ideas of clock time, so, in the modern era, has it been necessary to find an explanation of language not related to time. Thus we are told that 'the example of linguistics, Levi-Strauss argues, teaches ... [one] that he should try to understand phenomena by considering them as manifestations of an underlying system of relations',⁷⁷ not 'versions of a single reality called history and based on causation'.⁷⁸ Tzvetan Todorov, on the other hand, following Jakobson and the Russian Formalists, sees a parallel between narrative and grammatical structures,⁷⁹ with the implication that if the one is independent of the conventional sense of time, so must be the other.

We have seen how the traditional novel served to repress the gruesome memento mori aspect of the post-Renaissance sense of time, how memento mori disappeared from literature, other arts, and from clocks themselves when the time-determined realism which occasioned them asserted itself with even more vigor, on the one hand to dwarf the importance of an individual life or death in comparison with the grand march of History, and on the other to throw the emphasis on what endured in spite of time rather than on what did not. In all events, in modern literature we are not surprised to find that the dissolution of the former view of time is in many instances accompanied by a renewed concern with death. Ziolkowski remarks that 'a catalogue of the important works of modern German literature reads like a necrophile's delight',⁸⁰ but the new morbidness is hardly confined to the Germanic nations. He continues:

Around the turn of the century writers all over Europe were gravitating toward this compelling theme. The somber preoccupations of the aging Tolstoy in such late masterpieces as The Death of Ivan Ilych (1886) were matched by the mysterious presentiments of Maeterlinck's Pelleas et Melisande (1892). Joyce's Dubliners (1904) opens with the death of a priest and closes with 'The Dead'. Proust, in search of time past, repeatedly came face to face with death, and these encounters prompted some of his most memorable scenes and reflections. 81

But the often unpalatable idea of a personal memento mori understandably met a certain amount of resistance to being reestablished, even when the view of time which had kept it in abeyance disappeared. New means of repression arose, usually operating by denying that things that happen in, or are governed by, time are more significant than those for which this is not so. Thus Ziolkowski states that 'from the psycho-analytical point of view, there is a great deal of

truth in the implication that the generation of Joyce, Mann, and Proust was enacting in its works a rite of aesthetic sublimation of death'.⁸²

For while modern ideas undermined the authority of time by proving it as relative as other empirical data, they also brought to light the fact that if everything is relative, it is also ephemeral : in the end time conquers all, and not even the world or the universe, much less anything made by man, can endure through the billions of years which constitute the modern time scale. Thus there is a strong current of escapism in modern writing, especially in that which lacks the intellectual capacity to deal seriously and directly with the inevitable problems of the modern view. There is a proliferation of so called 'children's books' which exploit the infantile atemporality Kermode mentions: 'young children ... think of all the past as 'yesterday''.⁸³ Illustrating the 'regression into myth' he warns against elsewhere are the self-consciously nostalgic or 'fantastic' books such as the fiction of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, or Richard Adams.

A large percentage of contemporary 'popular novels' are based on a nostalgic or unrealistically escapist sense of time. And science fiction, though it might seem to promise to embrace the latest scientific theories of time, places itself equally outside of modern concerns. It offers, in its fiction, perhaps a temporary relief of the symptoms, but no hope whatsoever of curing the disease. Ziolkowski remarks:

J. B. Priestley is undoubtedly correct when he attributes the astonishing popularity of 'time-travelling' in science fiction, from H. G. Wells's

The Time Machine (1895) right down to the current paperbacks in every drugstore, to our unconscious desire to 'escape from relentless chronology'. 84

But one can hardly agree with his conclusion 'Ray Bradbury becomes the Proust of the 1960's'.⁸⁵ Rather, the comparison brings out the contrast between authors who do and do not approach modern problems with time with any hope or intention of offering a serious and practicable alternative. While Proust's answer may be difficult, not for everyone, Bradbury's is patently impossible; Proust stands against time but Bradbury retreats from it. Proust's novel finds its reason for being in a search for a solution to the questions inherent in the twentieth century view of the universe; Bradbury is concerned with imaginary universes of the future, and by casting his imagination in this hypothetical realm he incidentally prevents his work's acquiring any resonance from contributing to the reader's memory of a vicariously experienced past. Therefore, at least for the reader whose education and experience of life has led him to recognize the same problems of being which Proust sees, A la recherche du temps perdu is valued as literature while Bradbury's books remain in the domain of lesser fiction, perhaps diverting but never satisfying.

This raises another question often asked in modern criticism, just why the twentieth century has brought such a separation between what is received as literature and 'popular novels'. The categories would seem to be mutually exclusive. As long as literature arises from problems posed by an empirically defined universe, it remains accessible to any more or less observant and thoughtful reader. But while the practical effects which follow from the principles demonstrated by Newton's apple may become evident to anyone who falls asleep

in an orchard, the full implications of Einstein's theories for a proper understanding of gravitation can remain obscure without years of specialized study. Admittedly few novelists or critics understand Einstein any better than their pulp-novel-reading contemporaries. But his thought is typical of much modern thinking in the way its abstraction from the empirical leads to seemingly fantastic conclusions which nevertheless prove to be the most accurate descriptions of phenomena. So the question remains, how can a literature which finds its major concerns in a world more akin to Einstein's than to Newton's, and is organized not by conventional time, but by various systems whose only point in common is their rejection of this, expect to find a popular audience, much less to express for them any values or even problems they may have in common?

The difficulty is exacerbated by so many twentieth century writers abandoning any attempt to preserve traditional intelligibility, turning their attention instead to 'art for art's sake'. Since art is the only hope for even the least extension of mortality, it becomes more important than merely mortal readers. Novels are often written as much theoretically to enhance the tradition of literature as to address individuals in our all too ephemeral milieu. The tendency is encouraged by literature's release from time which, as we have seen, often led to a concentration on formal values at the expense of literal content, and to books, in the search for absolutes, finding their meaning in recondite and sometimes spurious views of the world. Suddenly readers seeking to comprehend critically accepted novels were required to have a specialist's knowledge of science, philosophy, the entire tradition of literature, and whatever other systems it might have struck the fancy of a writer to use to organize his book. The

situation is rather similar to that in the Middle Ages, when again a vast gap of understanding separated 'popular' literature from the subtle argumentation of learned writers. The important difference is that medieval literature all found its organization and meaning in a single set of images and beliefs, while in modern times, lacking absolutes, there is not even this element of homogeneity to connect the discrete spheres.

Modern literature is written to question precisely the empirical data from which the 'average' reader derives his identity and sense of purpose in life. Since it seems unlikely that the majority of readers would suddenly be willing to renounce their most fundamental convictions for the relative point of view maintained in avant garde novels, it appears reasonable to conclude that if the gap between popular and 'literary' works is ever to be closed, it must be accomplished through more positive, constructive principles than are presently imagined or possible. In the meantime, it is significant to note that even the very few modern novels which win popular as well as critical support invariably flout the authority of time; one thinks, for example of Sholokhov's Quiet Don, which expands on Tolstoy's doubts about history in War and Peace to deny Grigory any meaningful character development and to undercut causal explanations of events, or of Dr. Zhivago, which also finds its model in Tolstoy's work, where the protagonist also fails to develop in life, and where a network of bizarre coincidences constantly expose 'vertical' as well as 'horizontal' dimensions in time. Furthermore Pasternak's prose itself, rich in imagery and symbols, is always working to belie the traditional novelistic idea of language as functional and transparent -

a window on empirical reality not intended to inflict or distort that which it reveals, nor to draw attention to itself.

At this point we will turn to examine individual modern novels in order to see how the theory we have discussed is put into practice. We choose two novels, Bely's Petersburg and Joyce's Ulysses, which stand as landmarks of modernism in languages which produced some of the most outstanding novels in the nineteenth century. Each of these works, in its respective national literature, marked a point of no return : no conscientious novelist who followed these writers, whether or not he agreed personally with their conclusions, could afford to ignore the objections their books raised to the conventions of their predecessors, or the new problems of being in the modern world which they addressed. There are of course many other novels from this period which treat the same topics from more or less the same point of view. But the books analyzed here are generally recognized as among the fullest and most articulate demonstrations of the possibilities open to novelists after the collapse of the conventional sense of novel time. They are satisfying explorations in search of a new system to organize and validate modern literature.

They have also proven a hard act to follow : not even these writers themselves were able to surpass or even equal, in subsequent undertakings, the achievement represented by their crucial works. The dilemma being so thoroughly and eloquently stated, it is as if there is nothing more to be said until an absolute solution is offered - which no one in the present age feels capable of doing. Among all the very best novels of the twentieth century, there is little which is

not in some way merely a recasting of the situation as stated by Bely, Joyce, or Proust. By now everyone knows the problem, which by its very nature would seem to preclude a definite answer. Yet a solution is required for progress, and in its absence everything grinds to a halt amid fruitless repetition.

Of course time is a central concern of these novels, even overtly so. Modern novels suffer from a crisis in meaning : they are compelled by the modern understanding of phenomena to abandon their former framework, empirical, causal time. Yet since no absolute replacement has offered itself, again and again they return to the empty shell of time as a point of reference in their search for something to take its place. Furthermore, since they represent a radical departure from the conventional approach, modern novelists return to a self-conscious technique which helps to guide and reeducate readers when they find themselves in unfamiliar surroundings. Previous novels had cast many shadows of doubt on time's authority, but they had not renounced it entirely, nor found their purpose in pursuit of its replacement. To do so was to declare a new age in literary history, as the writers of the time were well aware. It was the unique task of novelists in the first quarter of the century - and the writers we are examining here were among the very best to accomplish it - both to sum up the whole tradition of the novel and conventional, time-ordered literature, and to lay the foundation for a future literature with a completely different orientation.

We have seen that eighteenth century autobiographies provided a useful reflection of the changes in attitude which shaped eighteenth century novels. Thus we are not surprised to note how many twentieth

century authors preceded their landmark novel with a highly autobiographical work of fiction - Bely's Silver Dove, Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Proust's Jean Santeuil, Lawrence's Sons and Lovers, Bulgakov's White Guard, for example - from which the later novel was a significant departure. The end of chronocentric novels marked the end of the period of the Bildungsroman, of the era in which the simple story of one's life unfolding in time-as-chronos could serve as a truthful paradigm of the universe. The two novels of the writers in question both contain a great deal of autobiographical information, but unlike their immediate predecessors they are in no sense conventionally autobiographical. The single hero of the earlier books gives way to a large cast who present fully developed alternatives to the hero's way of being, and time ceases to be the medium in which he finds his identity - whether this is because, as in Joyce, the time the novel covers is too short to give meaning, or simply as in Bely, that any external idea of time is subordinate to an apparently more truthful subjective order.

The whole of literature in the twentieth century is often seen as a projection of the author's personality, and from this perspective conventional autobiography is simply too limited and partial to carry the weight of meaning. Conventional autobiography was as much about time as about the man; if it could do justice to the one, justice was done to the other. Without time in the modern novel, a total comprehension of the man became more complicated, and much more important. It was necessary to find in the one man all men - and we see in our two novels that the identity of the most autobiographical character is deliberately confused with that of other characters, whether in Joyce's mixture of Stephen and Bloom and all the Homeric parallels, or Bely's

confusion of Nikolai Apollonovich and Apollon Apollonovich or of the narrator and Morkovin. The transformation in understanding is akin to Dostoevsky's innovative 'polyphony' where, as Bakhtin tells us, characters who formerly were determined by their relationship to a single authorial, 'monological' point of view, are now free to embody their individual concepts without necessary reference to one another; ⁸⁶ nevertheless, the whole is still confined to the limits of the author's imagination, from which it arises.

With these points in mind, then, we turn with no further ado to the novels in question, examining them especially in regard to how they are organized since they have rejected the order of time, and what role time plays in them since, though it has lost its authority, it has no more disappeared from modern literature than clocks have vanished from our modernistic mantels.

CHAPTER II

TIME AND THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL

In his essay 'Time and the Novelist', David Paul judges Forster's The Longest Journey the first novel in English fully to embody the new ideas about time : there 'the nineteenth century clock came to a stop, and time became a machine which refuses to work smoothly anymore'.¹ The sense of 'predestination' in, for example Melville, Conrad, and Hardy, to his mind prevents their being completely modern, for although it undercuts the sense of causal development through time, there is nevertheless some sort of linear connection between events which disappears in the twentieth century when literature is unmoored from time once and for all.

But Paul overstates the case for Forster when he fails to recognise there are at least three lines connecting literature to time, since the traditional view of time is, as we have seen, tied to novels not only through the structure of their plot (the line Forster attempts to cast off), but also by their sense of characterization and their approach to realism : Forster's fiction challenges the traditional view of neither of these other elements. Conversely, though Melville or Conrad may not absolutely detach their plots from progress through time as Forster aims to do, they both have a much freer sense of character and identity than Forster. Moby Dick, for example, is narrated by a man who only identifies himself with the suggestion 'call me Ishmael', though it soon becomes clear 'Ishmael' is not in fact his name; when we reach The Confidence Man we cannot even feel certain the novel's central character continues to be the same person. Conrad insistently mocks the impenetrability of identity as well : his

Razumov is a pathetic parody of a 'man of reason', while Nostromo's name, as we are often reminded, is a corruption of the words nostr
omo, and is 'properly no word' at all.

Traditional realism too is challenged by these novelists. Mendilow quotes Ford that he and Conrad 'agreed that the general effect of a novel must be the general effect that life makes on mankind'² : significantly they found this primary effect not in empirical information but in a series of memories and purely mental associations which are Ford's justification and explanation of his and Conrad's 'time-shift in fiction'. The narrative order of Nostromo, especially in Part I, which erratically regresses backwards by memories triggered by almost chance details, cannot be understood as the result of any progress through time or history - unless the novel is seen as a self-conscious attempt by Conrad to 'remember' his book into existence (which of course has nothing to do with Conrad's personal memories), to take it out of his subjective consciousness rather than out of a hypothetical objective past, its eccentric structure remains opaque.

For Conrad to found his fiction upon subjective criteria is for him to admit two important beliefs which, coincidentally he shared with Melville : first a profound distrust of allegedly 'objective' experience in fact to have something even remotely approaching the same meaning for different people, and second, somewhat to compensate for this, placing what little faith he had in the ability of anything to be adequately communicated in the Symbolists' search for 'objective correlatives', through which for example as Leavis comments, Heart of Darkness 'achieves its overpowering evocation of atmosphere'.³ The reader of that book does not 'see' or 'hear' Marlow's experience as

much as he 'feels' it thanks to Conrad's almost archetypal evocation of emotion. The shared feeling, this most fundamental sympathy relatively unclouded by futile and confusing attempts at articulation, is the only communication Conrad even begins to trust. Melville is equally pessimistic, and like Conrad flirts with the concept that the least rational experience is the most universal (as Conrad says of his Costaguana, 'everything merely rational fails in this country'), an idea that in both writers threatens at any minute to plunge everything into chaos.

Hardy is another transitional figure. Lodge notes the way, for example in Tess, he uses the present tense to give 'an effect of timelessness rather than of immediacy'.⁴ Hardy tells us himself his central character 'was conscious of neither time nor space',⁵ surely a new orientation from that of traditional nineteenth century protagonists. Lodge says:

We are often made to feel that Tess's story is not taking place in a continuum in which author and reader keep pace with the action and, so to speak, discover its outcome with the protagonists; but that it is already finished ... and is being reported to us by someone ... whose account is one of imaginative reconstruction. 6

Thus the effect is in a way similar to Conrad's : it is not significant that Tess's story is allegedly 'remembered' - this of course is a recurrent premise in much of literature - but that its having been so internalized before being retold seriously affects the formal and structural approach.

In typical nineteenth century novels, supposed narration from 'memory' is only a realistic excuse for the omniscient narrator - such

is the case even in a forward-looking book like The Brothers Karamazov. The action is presented as if it were occurring in the present, and while there may be more or less broad hints as to how things will turn out, nothing is certain until events have run their course at the story's end. As in the medieval theology Poulet describes,⁷ time is only an imperfection in the earthly element where dwell the characters and the reader; it does not inhibit the divinely seated author who, knowing all at any moment, in his superior wisdom chooses what he will reveal and when and how he will do so. Modern literature is more democratic : the implied author becomes subject to his own unconscious processes which use criteria other than chronology to rearrange remembered events, processes necessarily reflected in the way he tells his story. Thus when the modern novel is 'remembered' it is often an excuse not for the author's detachment from his fictional world, but to emphasize or exaggerate the influence of the subjective on his creativity, to the detriment of the authority of empirical criteria (as we see in Proust). With this in mind we are not surprised to find in such a transitional figure as Hardy the 'state of uneasy coexistence' Lodge notes between the 'voice of the author as local historian' and that of 'the author as creator and maker, as one acquainted with the deepest interior processes of his characters' minds'.⁸

Henry James is another writer poised between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, more modern than Hardy and certainly no less so than Conrad. Unlike the latter he retains, in Lodge's words, 'a logically ordered discourse',⁹ but shares with him an affinity with the Symbolists (especially, for example, in his concern for just how language communicates), although 'he draws back at the brink of a

total commitment to it'.¹⁰ On the other hand, his formal experimentation could be wholeheartedly avant garde, as is his deliberate omission of commas in The Ambassadors which 'anticipates the attempts of later experimental novelists like Joyce and Gertrude Stein to impose simultaneity upon the linear medium of language'.¹¹ And James, too, was concerned 'with a mental rather than with a physical continuum, which frees the narrative from particular time and place, and tends to 'express states of being rather than particular actions affecting objects''.¹² Lodge's comments on James help to place him in relation to burgeoning modernism. His:

method is, characteristically, to impose logical order - and therefore chronology - upon mental processes that are intuitive and partly synchronized. He spreads out lineally the over-lapping responses and actions of the characters involved so that we are able to distinguish clearly between them and follow the sequence of cause and effect. The passing of time is registered, but the words and phrases denoting time - moment, sudden and rapid, instant, within the minute - emphasize the brevity of the time span. The passage achieves lucidity without any dissipation of immediacy, and the principal agent of this success is James's subtle manipulation of tense. 13

Thus James takes a very brief moment in time - Lodge's example is Strether's chance encounter with Chad and Mme. Vionnet at the inn by the river - and expands it enormously by dwelling on an infinity of details presented so as to convey every aspect of the experience separately, in its own light. In this way James's analytic vision shatters reality into dozens of pieces, but everything is brought back together again in the synthesis he effects stylistically. He does not question meaning, but it arises exclusively from the way concepts are arranged according to the rules of grammar; distribution in times does

not shape events, for James is interested in things which happen virtually simultaneously. In fact, he is particularly interested in bestowing an artificial, grammatical chronology on things which, by the clock, happen at the same time.

James was too interested in obliterating the intervention of the author's subjectivity to allow it to order his narrative, and too modern to look for a truthful sequence of experience in events which merely follow clock time. Thus he chose to frame his story according to the infallible laws of grammar. Although they may not be general enough to serve as universal principles, these rules are still the necessary absolute standard of literature which like any other verbal communication must be subsidiary to them. Literature must be ordered by some absolute principle : James sidesteps the twentieth century dilemma of finding a general truth by appropriating rules only applicable to the task at hand. But if for no other reason than that he realized nineteenth century solutions must be replaced, he looks more to the future than to the past, and in the way he seeks out for literary treatment moments such as the one Lodge elucidates, where there is a minimum emphasis on the passing of time and generalizations manifested thereby, he explicitly foreshadows the concerns and techniques of modern novelists.

And so, after Hardy, Conrad, and James, we arrive at twentieth century novels proper. We remember from Macey that at the time of the rise of the novel in England, it was especially there that the phenomena of clock-making, a desire for rational 'clock' time, and a Protestant society coincided, from which we have speculated that these qualities served as something of a catalyst that, added to the

philosophical and literary climate of the time, led to the particular development and flourishing of what we think of as the traditional novel in England. At its greatest heights, the English novel especially has traditionally been supported on the twin pillars of empirical realism, in which clock time figures prominently, and Protestant morality. More than in any other literature, the novel-in-England, as differentiated from the novel-in-English, finds its very soul in ideas which in the twentieth century pass out of fashion. And so we are not surprised that when Lodge notes 'as far as English literature is concerned, the important modern novelists were James, Conrad, Joyce, Lawrence, Forster, and Virginia Woolf',¹⁴ half of his list - arguably the better half - is not English and thus perhaps take their identity from a ground less prejudiced in favor of anti-modern ideas.

We recall, for example, Watt's remark that Lawrence, like Richardson, Defoe, or George Eliot has:

inherited of Puritanism everything except ~~its~~ religious faith. They all have an intensely active conception of life as a continuous moral and social struggle; they all see every event in ordinary life as proposing an intrinsically moral issue on which reason and conscience must be exerted to the full before right action is possible; they all seek by introspection and observation to build their own personal scheme of moral certainty; and in different ways they all manifest the self-righteous and somewhat angular individualism of the earlier Puritan character. 15

Forster, as we have seen, undercut time in his plots, but not in other aspects of his fiction. Virginia Woolf, on the other hand, explicitly worked to create 'modern' characters and plots, and to infuse all her writing with twentieth century ideas of time. But the results were not

always happy and often seem forced and unnatural : as Lodge says, 'we do not always think of eternity while serving potatoes; sometimes we just think of serving potatoes. Virginia Woolf's characters never do'.¹⁶ His other criticisms of her writing - the implication that she has not perfectly resolved her attitude towards her characters or her fictional technique - underscore the fact that she no less than her fellow English writers remains uncomfortable and somewhat out of place in a thoroughly modern world.

Thus we turn to Joyce, the final name on Lodge's list, to find the fullest embodiment of twentieth century principles, particularly ideas about time, in literature in English. Neither English nor Protestant, with his watch more likely in a pawn shop than in his pocket, Joyce had no qualms - conscious or otherwise - about creating new ideas of plot, character, and realism all in accord with the latest theories which overthrew time and demanded some new absolute principle in its stead. Ulysses is the first English novel effectively and consistently to abolish time's authority, and it is also an examination of the changes this requires and their necessary implications. Joyce aspires to evoking an entire universe organized around his particular concepts, with a thoroughness not attempted by his predecessors nor attained by those who were to follow him. In this at least his success is unique, and it is original - a virtue lacking in his many imitators.

Many of the problems Joyce was addressing are familiar : they were recognized in the past and exacerbated in the twentieth century by the final demise of time as a way of connecting things in meaningful patterns. Joyce of course knew the works of Bergson, Vico, Freud,

and Einstein (the scientific aspect of whose theories may have remained obscure, but their practical meaning was popularized by remarks such as Margaret Mein quotes: 'what for one man on one planet constitutes past time, may be rightly regarded by another man on another planet as present space. All is relative to position both in time and space');¹⁷ his interest in modern science in general is documented in Bloom's musings, and in the knowledge of a chapter like 'Ithaca'. Joyce set out to do for literature what these and other thinkers had done for their respective disciplines. As Richard Ellmann notes, Ulysses 'makes the major works of western culture, beginning with the Odyssey, tributary to it as it is tributary to them'.¹⁸ Joyce was completely conscious of the momentous step required in twentieth century literature to keep pace with modern thought, and he intended to get credit as the novelist who made the move, just as Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare were deemed the major innovators of their respective eras.

Following the Symbolists, Conrad said 'the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses'.¹⁹ Ironically, in an age like Joyce's which approached empirical data with increasing scepticism, this was especially true: without an unimpeachable philosophical basis for making his artistic world concrete, Joyce had to rely on language's evocative power to act on the reader's imagination and fill in logical gaps. So the world of Ulysses is supremely sensuous - everything has its own smell, sound, taste, color, texture, etc. - and the novel as a whole is even partly organized by a chapter-by-chapter scheme of colors and of organs of

the body. Without time both to define reality and to connect events, we are thrown back on our own resources however much or little these can be trusted. Joyce attempts as complete an appeal to the senses as is possible in literature. But he recognises the tentative ground on which such a view stands : Richard Ellmann argues in Ulysses on the Liffey that the first half of Ulysses sets up an empirical Aristotelian world, while the second half, beginning with the 'Wandering Rocks' chapter, represents what he calls the 'vicious intromission of an uncertainty principle',²⁰ a universe more akin to Hume's than to Aristotle's.

But if there is a danger in over-valuing empirical perspectives, a much greater and more unqualified threat for Joyce is always that of relapsing into a vague mysticism like that of the theosophy clique, 'those literary etherial people ... Dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic',²¹ whom Bloom rejects in contrast to his own (admittedly rather unschooled) pragmatic, scientific orientation. The 'swirling deeps of Platonist metaphysics in which Russell and the librarians are whirled',²² is contrasted in 'Scylla and Charybdis' with the rock of Jesuit-trained Stephen's Aristotelian logic. In a world where understanding and meaning are already severely hampered by the dissolution of absolute or objective principles, the cultivation of an effete, subjective individualism only contributes to the problem.

In the absence of time as a certain continuum, Joyce undertook to affirm the value of the present moment; Ellmann sees this almost didactic concern as one of the main points of 'Nestor'.²³ But in Joyce's universe there is nothing new, he 'was interested in variation and sameness in time',²⁴ and 'unexpected similarities are the rule'.²⁵

The present is not valuable for its uniqueness but because it contains and is made resonant by all of the past, and so although 'in all his books up to Finnegans Wake Joyce sought to reveal the coincidence of the present with the past',²⁶ it is no contradiction that in the last novel we find him 'implying that there is no present and no past, that there are no dates, that time - and language which is time's expression - is a series of coincidences which are general all over humanity'.²⁷

But time as past history can so easily become a trap, Stephen's 'nightmare from which I am trying to escape', and from which Mr. Deasy and most other Dubliners 'will never awake'. Thus Eliade among other critics sees Ulysses as 'saturated with nostalgia for the myth of eternal repetition and, in the last analysis, for the abolition of time'.²⁸ Such a desire is unrealistic, however - time cannot be 'abolished' in any novel which purports to be realistic. In Joyce it merely loses its rigid linear form : there are few proper endings to provide a convenient 'retrospective arrangement' of happenings; instead we have an almost endless succession of the 'non-events' Michael Hollington sees as 'distinctive features in Modernist writing',²⁹ since Chekhov. And in a way Joyce poses in Ulysses a situation similar to that in a short story or in drama (and here of course we recall that the book was originally only planned to be a story), the portrayal of events occurring over a short period of time. The traditional reader expects the special moments selected for literary treatment to contain a climax or other 'significant event' by Joyce emphatically thwarts one's preconceptions, Hollington notes, whether by such minor incidents as Bloom's voyeurism frustrated by the tram, or the more significant failure of the meeting of Stephen and Bloom to produce a lasting

relationship. Glimpses of significance are only half-hearted, and uncertain. Joyce refuses to affirm history in its aspect of progress from possibility to actuality, and the images of frustration and unactualized possibility introduced in 'Nestor' recur throughout the novel.

In denying his story neat climaxes, Joyce was furthering his aim to continue the Aristotelian tradition of debunking 'Ideal' forms. He considered himself the quintessential realist; his artistic byword was 'Describe what they do',³⁰ in opposition to the 'idealism as rampant as Plato's',³¹ by which he felt surrounded in the Dublin of 1904. As Ellmann tells us, 'what he liked about Aristotle was that he had demoted Plato's Ideas, had denied that universals could be detached from particulars, and in short had set himself against mysticism'.³² Joyce's undercutting dramatic tension, his interpretation of Flaubert's prescription 'ne pas conclure',³³ was less akin to Conrad's than to Chekhov's (Ellmann notes regarding Dubliners 'the closest parallels to Joyce's stories are Chekhov's, but Joyce said he had not read Chekhov when he wrote them',³⁴ according to Gorman). There are objectively 'great events' in a book like Nostromo but they are ironically reduced and dissipated in Conrad's literary reconstruction, similar to the way in which, as Chiaromonte has shown,³⁵ Tolstoy or Stendhal undercut the 'greatness' of Napoleonic battle in War and Peace or the Chartreuse de Parme. But in Ulysses, as in Chekhov's works, potential 'events' are defused before they even occur. There is not the faintest possibility that the happenings they depict will be misconstrued into 'history'. Yet, especially for Joyce, this insignificance is the most 'epic', and in no way devalues experience. In fact, his stories are more 'true' and thus more artistic precisely because they are so typical.

In order for this to be so, for ordinary events to have more resonance than so called 'great' ones, a new theory of history was required, a history that advanced not linearly, from peak to dramatic peak, but in ever-repeating cycles that ensured that no action was new or unique, or disconnected from the mainstream of events. According to this view, which Joyce discovered in Vico's philosophy, things accumulated significance from their very commonness, which caused them to be infinitely repeated and thereby gain the resonance of all time; unique, 'momentous events' did not engender history, which moved in Vico's prearranged cycles, nor did they have the layers of meaning shared by more general actions. Therefore they were aberrations in the process not, contrary to what was thought earlier, its main object and motive, of less value and interest than everyday occurrences. As Ellmann tells us, it was for Joyce 'as if events were the most superficial manifestations of underlying energies'³⁶ - the energies were most truly revealed when they were most frequently manifested.

Joyce's reading of Vico was naturally selective. Ellmann notes that:

he was particularly drawn to the ... use of etymology and mythology to uncover the significance of events ... He admired also Vico's positive division of human history into recurring cycles, each set off by a thunderclap, of theocratic, aristocratic, and democratic ages, followed by a ricorso or return. ³⁷

But he 'did not share Vico's interest in these as literal chronological divisions of 'eternal ideal history', but as psychological ones, ingredients which kept combining and recombining in ways which seemed always to be *deja vus*'.³⁸ The 'Circe' chapter is the fullest

realization of the important idea of the 'interchange of inner and outer reality'³⁹ which Joyce inferred from Vico's general theory that 'history was the actualization in time of possibilities that could be deduced by study of the individual mind; it moved in patterns discoverable in that mind',⁴⁰ therefore 'what we experience is only what we are'.⁴¹

Ellmann quotes Croce's restatement of the idea, echoed, as he shows, in Ulysses:

man creates the human world, creates it by transforming himself into the facts of society : by thinking it he re-creates his own creations, traverses over again the paths he has already traversed, reconstructs the whole ideally, and thus knows it with full and true knowledge. 42

Among the conclusions Joyce drew from such opinions was that the nature of his writing and thus his 'universe' was explicitly the product of his individual consciousness. Ellmann tells us regarding Ulysses:

he conceived of his entire book as a silent, unspoken portrayal of an archetypal man who would never appear and yet whose body would slowly materialize as the book progressed, linguafied as it were into life. 43

Thus 'the enclosing framework in Ulysses is in part the body, which supplies an organ to preside over each episode'.⁴⁴ Again, 'Ulysses is not the work of Stephen, any more than Hamlet is the work of Hamlet; it issues from that mind of which Stephen, Bloom, Molly, and even Mulligan and Boylan are only aspects'.⁴⁵ And he quotes a letter by Joyce:

My intention is not only to render the myth sub specie temporis nostri but also to allow each adventure (that is, every hour, every organ, every art being interconnected and inter-related in the structural scheme of the whole) to condition and even to create its own technique. Each adventure is so to speak one person although it is composed of persons - as Aquinas relates of the heavenly hosts. 46

These ideas cleared the way for two of Joyce's central assertions, first, in accordance with Bruno's theory of 'the kinship of contraries as facets of the same entity',⁴⁷ that nothing is ever isolated, and second, that since history and meaning are circular rather than linear, 'whatever has been is not lost and will be reincarnated in yet a finer form with each turn of the wheel'.⁴⁸ Absolutely nothing is lost in Ulysses: Blamires even suggests the 'l' lost from Bloom's name ('Boom') in the newspaper account of Dignam's funeral may be 'compensated for by the superfluous 'l' which crept into Martha's typewritten letter - 'I do not like that other world''.⁴⁹ The theme of reincarnation underlies the whole book; it is introduced with Molly's query about metempsychosis in 'Calypso', but of course the idea is implicit in the central concept of the Homeric parallels. Joyce's view of his role as artist in this process is suggested by Stephen's remark in 'Oxen of the Sun':

you have spoken of the past and its phantoms,
Stephen said. Why think of them? If I call them
into life across the waters of Lethe will not the
poor ghosts troop to my call? Who supposes it?
I, Bous Stephanoumenos, bullockbefriending bard,
am lord and giver of their life. 50

Joyce specifically invited comparison between God as Creator and himself as author of the universe of Ulysses. Blamires remarks:

Joyce's created world, Ulysses, is like God's world - a world which one explores, seeking a pattern and a meaning, finding clues and threads which hint at an overall design and purpose, and ultimately realizing that it is a world into which its own creator has entered, in which he has suffered, and from which he has been raised up. 51

But if divine Creation required six days, Joyce - ever one for a tour de force - evoked his world in one, a single twenty-four hour period intended to contain all things and all time. Much as analogies with body and mind give some inner order to Ulysses, so does the structure of 'Bloomsday' provide a rigid exterior grid which helps to place events in relation to one another; furthermore, as Ellmann notes, the day 'interacts with the minds of the characters, certain hours encouraging certain moods'.⁵² But it is important that it is only a day, not a longer time-span: the hours act as a concrete backdrop to the subjective concerns of the novel, but their passage never thrusts itself into the foreground, nor do they collectively effect any significant changes nor evince truth. They have been demoted from a theme to a decorative motif. And most important, what happens in them is by no means irreversible; in fact, quite the opposite: Ulysses for the most part depicts everyday happenings.

The Homeric parallel provides a similar framework, bestowing the connections and significance which formerly arose from the linear passage of time. Blamires emphasizes that 'the importance of the Homeric parallel is primarily structural',⁵³ an organizational tool quite unnecessary earlier, when time had the authority to arrange phenomena and relate them to one another. The irreversible aspect of the time which has passed between the time of the Odyssey and that of Ulysses does not concern Joyce; it is insignificant compared to the

coincidences between the two eras. Ellmann underscores Joyce's interest in presentness even regarding the 'historical' aspects of Ulysses:

In writing a new Odyssey Joyce superimposed elements of the medieval upon elements of the classical mind. But both are drawn into modern experience so that they have a present rather than an atavistic life. 54

In this respect, the parallels and all the other elaborate schemata of correspondences Joyce concocts can be seen as replacements for time, attempts at filling the void which remains now that traditional ideas of time have been evicted from literature.

Joyce was aware of the problems of credibility he would encounter in offering his ingenious plans for a system perhaps even more laden with 'significance' than that dictated by the old idea of time. The touchstone was always a sense of 'realism', but by the twentieth century the eternal puzzle 'what is real?' had begun to press its uncertainty upon literature with annoying persistence. Thus it is not surprising that Joyce would occasionally carry his innovations to extreme lengths, which lead Ellmann to speak of the 'harsh geometry which formed the marrow of Ulysses',⁵⁵ and note:

the sense that he had used so complicated a structure sometimes troubled Joyce. 'I may have over-systematized Ulysses', he remarked in an unguarded moment to Samuel Beckett. Having attempted a work comparable, in complexity at least, to The Divine Comedy, he could not be sure that his novel, or any novel, might bear such freight. He oscillated between attesting elaborateness and minimizing it. 56

As Stephen himself thinks in 'Proteus', 'we don't want any of your medieval abstrusities'.

But Joyce never questioned whether to replace time : Ulysses is less an exploration than an application of the process. In this sense, in the way it accepts the classic form of some system ordering its meaning and does not even really threaten to abandon this (Joyce may apply his correspondences with frequent irony, but he never seriously undercuts them : there is no Sancho Panza to his Don Quixote in search of Homeric helmets of Mambrino, although he does qualify his novel to the extent of avowing its necessary subjectivity), Ulysses is a very traditional work of literature completely in keeping with the tradition from Homer forwards to which Joyce intended to contribute. Joyce realizes his systems can never have the authority formerly enjoyed by time; that is part of the reason he feels compelled to use so many, disparate plans. According to Hollington:

Ulysses shows ... a radically sceptical attitude to all absolutes. I take its version of Modernist relativity to be (as Ellmann and others have held) a humanistic 'wise passivity', its formal experimentation being the means of conveying the state of affairs where such an attitude exists. 57

So, a relative outlook notwithstanding, for Joyce the investigation does not center on the latch so much as on finding the proper key, which will unlock meaning in any given situation.

A central theme in Ulysses is synthesis : by overcoming the problem of rampant analysis which had threatened as an irritating concomitant of the chronocentric outlook almost from its inception, Joyce could actually offer his solution not just to replace, but actually to improve on the old perspective. What a universe ordered by coincidence lacked in objective definition, it compensated for by bestowing

a resonant significance on things by virtue of their unexpected connections to one another. Synthesis and reconciliation were among Joyce's chief objectives; Ellmann sees the structure of Ulysses as 'six triads' of chapters, the third of each being devoted to synthesis.⁵⁸ It was the synthetic nature of comedy which particularly appealed to Joyce : 'he liked comedy ... in its larger sense of negotiating the reconciliation of forces'.⁵⁹ So we are not surprised by his enthusiasm for Bruno's ideas of the 'coincidence of contraries', by his book where 'Jewgreek is greekjew. Extremes meet'.

Perhaps the supreme vehicle for Joyce's synthesis is, as it is for the central affirmation in his novel, love. Ellmann detects three propositions underlying Ulysses, that art frees, that it affirms, and thirdly that:

love - the mainspring of art as of life - makes possible the joining of first and last things (Proteus), of death and birth (Hades), of nature and art (Scylla and Charybdis), of real and ideal (Cyclops), of body and soul (Circe), of art and nature (Penelope). 60

Love creates and maintains connections between things where philosophy cannot. Its synthesis can be purely physical or only mental, concrete or abstract, but in all cases a real bond is made, the singleness of the individual is breached.

Closely akin to the synthesis of love is that effected by nature. Characteristically, both principles find their major embodiment in the same character, Molly. Nature has always been synthetic, never knowing the abstract, arbitrary dissolution imposed on experience only with the application of human reason. In this context Ellmann recalls Hume: ''tis happy, therefore, that nature breaks the force of all sceptical

arguments in time'.⁶¹ Joyce explicitly wanted to give Ulysses the complexity, variety, and ultimately the integrity of nature : this was among his motives for the curious biological analogies which help to organize the book. In his schema for the 'Wandering Rocks' chapter, Ellmann demonstrates Joyce's values : he sees the opposition of 'sequence/simultaneity' coinciding by 'achronicity' to produce the 'labyrinth of the spirit' for which the antidote is the 'body'.⁶²

But if he is everywhere against a sterile and analytic abstraction, nowhere is Joyce anti-intellectual. Bloom no less than Stephen is interested in ideas, though his approach may be more pragmatic than theoretical. As Blamires says, 'the coming together of artistic and intellectual Dedalus ... and emotional, commercial Bloom represents a Hellenic-Hebraic synthesis necessary to health and balance in our civilization'.⁶³ Although few of the problems which engage Joyce would exist in such a world, it is unrealistic to imagine or advocate a modern culture populated exclusively by the natural, spontaneous, unanalytical type embodied in Molly. Therefore synthesis cannot be taken for granted, it must be made : this is the creative process of art. But the scepticism of an intellectually conscious culture is not without its compensations : Joyce once said 'life is suspended in doubt like the world in the void', but because of this, doubt 'was the greater power in holding people together'.⁶⁴

Molly, as Joyce's 'great mother' image, represents an appealing but comparatively primitive psychological perspective : her wholeness is enforced by her specific lack of interest in recognizing or coming to terms with intellectual problems. Her life therefore does not require or revolve around an exteriorized sense of time any more than

do the lives of any primitive or naive people; instead it is ordered by recurring natural phenomena - especially the satisfaction of physical needs and biological functions - and traditional duties and obligations (among which can even be included her giving money to the begging sailor). Even the 'literature' she reads is not time oriented, does not find its meaning or appeal in structures of time, but in more fundamental unconscious patterns. In its own ironic way the appeal of Sweets of Sin as a literary structure is analogous to the appeal to its original audience of a folk tale or even of an epic such as the Odyssey. But it is by no means the rational pleasure elicited by the novelistic portrayal of time, nor even of Matcham's Masterstroke which we must suppose from the title is a traditional narrative centered around the masterstroke climax. Erich Neumann, in his analysis of the great mother archetype, defines the timeless, traditional, essentially unconscious frame of mind in which Molly lives:

In a purely psychological sense ... psychic life is predominantly static and constant and ... all processes of variation and transformation keep leading back to the original situation from which they arose. We therefore find the elementary character of the feminine, e.g., as dogma or as church, at work in the background of all tradition-bound psychic states. 65

A part of the synthesis of Ulysses is of course purely literary - Joyce's twentieth century novel is synthesized with Shakespeare, with Goethe, with Dante, and particularly with Homer. So complete is his feeling of identity with the earlier writers that, as Ellmann remarks, 'in a sense, then, Ulysses must have seemed to him to be the further adventures of Odysseus'.⁶⁶ There were many reasons, both literary and personal, for Joyce's choice of the Odyssey as his model, and among them was undoubtedly the fact that Homer's story was not based on the

sense of time Joyce rejected. Auerbach's description of Homer is illuminating in this regard:

Externalized, uniformly illuminated phenomena, at a definite time and in a definite place, connected together without lacunae in a perpetual foreground; thoughts and feelings completely expressed; events taking place in leisurely fashion and with very little of suspense. 67

Furthermore:

Achilles and Odysseus are splendidly described in many well-ordered words, epithets cling to them, their emotions are constantly displayed in their words and deeds - but they have no development, and their life-histories are clearly set forth once and for all ... Even Odysseus, in whose case the long lapse of time and the many events which occurred offer so much opportunity for biographical development, shows almost nothing of it. 68

But in a novel where 'Jewgreek is greekjew', it is only to be expected that we would find as well elements of Jewish literature such as the Old Testament (not surprisingly also not ordered by clock time), the character of which Auerbach contrasts with Homer's:

Certain parts brought into high relief, others left obscure, abruptness, suggestive influence of the unexpressed, 'background' quality, multiplicity of meanings and the need for interpretation, universal-historical claims, development of the concept of historically becoming, and preoccupation with the problematic. 69

Finally, to complete the Jewish-Greek literary synthesis, there is the example of the Bible as a whole, which must have occurred to Joyce as a model for his book along with all the other compendia such as dictionaries and encyclopedias he hoped to emulate; Blamires, for instance, states his own interest 'in the theological patterns of

Ulysses'.⁷⁰ In this context Auerbach's characterization of the Greek New Testament points to yet another model for Joyce from outside of the tradition of literature arranged on the model of historical time:

What we see here is a world which on the one hand is entirely real, average, identifiable as to place, time, and circumstances, but which on the other hand is shaken in its very foundations, is transforming and renewing itself before our eyes. 71

Like these and other 'ahistorical' examples, the plot of Ulysses is organized by values other than those of the clock or calendar. It is true the action is almost all easy to locate in a specific hour of the day June 16, 1904, but the location is superficial, and even arbitrary. It has little or no thematic significance, and when anything even hints at having a meaning with exterior reference, it is due to Joyce's theory of coincidence, not to any intrinsic qualities of his time grid, the sole purpose of which is to help make things concrete by giving them a definite locus. History has a similar role: it is the backdrop for much that happens in Ulysses, but under closer scrutiny it has no weight, as for example when Haines says 'it seems history is to blame' for the bad relations between Ireland and England. We see the most authority history can muster when Stephen, in 'Nestor', determines it is 'an actuality of the possible as possible'.

Vico's theories in many ways serve for Joyce as history served his nineteenth century predecessors. They do not, however, offer a particularly effective means for organizing his plot, such as it is. Vico's ideas give characters' lives 'vertical' significance, but some form of horizontal connection, however superficial, is necessary to

transform the events of Ulysses into a novel. Completely aware that he believes in no one system to do this, Joyce capriciously uses a different pattern in almost every chapter in his book, somewhat supplemented by his overall correspondences with various arts, colors, organs, etc. Thus there are the two journeys which tie together 'Wandering Rocks', the ideas of genesis and evolution in 'Oxen of the Sun', the pedantic and encyclopedic 'Ithaca', the 'parallax' of the two narrators in 'Cyclops', and so forth. It can be seen that some of these devices introduce thematic considerations, while others are merely mechanical. But in all events, whatever orders one chapter is certain to be discarded in favor of something new in the next. This fact encourages the phenomenon of abrupt changes in scene Ellmann comments on: 'we are not to be put in possession of every detail in this eighteen-hour day; the narrative has many gaps, and the scene shifts more rapidly than in other novels'.⁷²

Therefore, more than other novels, Ulysses is always recapitulating and summing itself up. This technique was not necessary when linear development through time made the interrelationship of all events clear. But a sense of simultaneity is among Joyce's goals, and in order to evoke the simultaneous one must emphasize the variety of things happening at once. Of course 'Wandering Rocks' is the grand example, when the entire chapter is a microcosm emphasizing both simultaneity and the way all things can be extrapolated from a single example. In 'Wandering Rocks', as in the whole of Ulysses, traditional ideas of time do not apply, in fact are deliberately perverted; as Ellmann says, 'the space-time nose is put out of joint by an element of almost total inconsequence, a one-legged sailor ... Sequence, and with it the natural order of things, is suddenly inapplicable'.⁷³ At

the same time it is a rather ironic assertion of insignificance.

But there are many other summaries and microcosms. Each of the nine sections of 'Oxen of the Sun' refers to a previous episode in the novel. In 'Circe', 'Bloom's doings this day are being reenacted in a grotesque fantasy dominated by the themes of his guilt and his isolation'.⁷⁴ At one point the 'daughters of Erin', in Bloom's mock-'crucifixion', recite 'a litany which, clause by clause, rehearses the dominant themes of the previous episodes'.⁷⁵ Again in 'Ithaca', 'as a last reflection before retiring, Bloom recapitulates the events of the day in terms of Jewish ritual'.⁷⁶ We see the same events over and over again, always from a different perspective. In a sense Joyce's universe is composed of only one thing, but it is manifold. Later chapters are recastings of the concerns of earlier ones (Ellmann argues), as well as of the overall creation. Joyce is concerned with the relationship of the part to the whole.

If the whole is to be inferred from any one part, there cannot be a great qualitative difference between the two. Thus there can be no real climaxes to interrupt the uniformity of the structure. Molly's adultery is one such potential climax; it is deflated by Bloom's forgiveness, just as Bloom's rescue of Stephen is undercut by their parting without Stephen's having spent the night. The climax in 'Circe' when Stephen smashes the chandelier is defused by Bloom's quick thinking, but it also precipitates more complicated literary results. In 'Oxen of the Sun' Joyce traced the English language from its inception to the twentieth century; thereafter all meaning and connection is especially 'modern': vague, tenuous, and subjective. 'Circe' is the climax of this 'withdrawal of the rational element',⁷⁷ and the

chapter itself climaxes in Stephen's act. Thereafter order and rationality gradually reassert themselves, but not in the easy natural way they appeared earlier. There is a change, but if it were to something entirely new it would betray the novel's principles. Therefore the later chapters, though the most different in tone, explicitly parallel the first ones. As Blamires notes about 'Eumaeus', 'the discipline of alert sobriety is withdrawn'⁷⁸ - it is after all the twentieth century - nevertheless it, 'the first episode of Part III, parallels Telemachus, the first episode of Part I'.⁷⁹

In 'Ithaca' rational order is restored to the point that it threatens to get out of hand and overwhelm the content. The main unity in the chapter comes from its catechetical form, whose rigid, exhaustive, categorizing approach to phenomena puts the subjective vicissitudes of 'Circe', from which 'Eumaeus' had yet to recover, completely out of mind. By virtue of its form it also creates a surface of uniform texture that dominates the individual character of events, preventing any one from asserting itself in opposition to others. From this pinnacle of reason we are plunged without warning into the stream of Molly's consciousness, which again asserts its form - or perhaps its formlessness - over the experiences it contains. Form is not necessarily or even usually more important than content in Ulysses, but Joyce occasionally resorts to using it to enforce the democracy of events in his book.

Since there is no interest in historical time in Ulysses, there is no interest in that which goes beyond what the novel portrays or suggests. Joyce intended his book to say all; although he by no means wraps up all the loose ends by the conclusion, there is no hint,

nor any need, of a sequel. He literally meant his characters to enter eternity at the end of the novel⁸⁰: Bloomsday is all days, there is no need to depict June 17, 1904 or any other day. Joyce completely denies the reader's right to take a historical interest in the characters or events in Ulysses; there simply is no 'what comes next?' In Finnegans Wake, however, he would carry ever farther his ideas of exorcising the historical in favor of the eternal, even more drastically undercutting expectations and presentations of characters and their lives as phenomena ruled by time.

For the traditional novelist, time evinced truth and was the medium of 'reality'. Traditional realism could not even begin to occur before everything was situated in time. Thus for novelists a crisis in time precipitated a crisis in realism, and Joyce expends a considerable amount of didactic energy in Ulysses puzzling over the question of what is real. Stephen initially tackles the problem in 'Proteus'; perhaps as a result, at the end of the chapter 'logical consequentiality disintegrates'⁸¹ in the novel's first extended stream of consciousness passage. Things seem unreal to Bloom in 'Lestrygonians'. Questions of realism are brought to a head in 'Cyclops', with its two-narrator view - of course neither of them is identified - which underscores how relative is any one man's perspective on events.

On a more purely literary level, the technique of using headlines in 'Aeolus' rudely interrupts the smooth flow of 'uninflected reality' sought by the traditional novelist. The headlines':

distortions ... blatantly and ludicrously contrast with the efforts of Bloom and Stephen to undistort. By whomever composed, the headlines serve as a warning that the view of reality so far presented may not suffice independently. 82

They also somewhat prefigure devices such as what Joyce called the 'mathematical catechism'⁸³ of 'Ithaca'. Other typographical devices, especially the intermittent omission of punctuation, cut through the traditional idea of the pages of a book as windows onto, not mirrors of, reality. But invariably Joyce introduced his innovations in the name of a higher, if more subjectively defined, realism.

The same is true of his presentation of events - whether as in 'Circe' the subjective is as concretely depicted as the objective, or as in 'Ithaca' every act acquires cosmic resonance, or again in 'Penelope', where Molly's stream of consciousness casts everything in a subjective structure beyond the influence of space of time. Joyce's schematic manipulations have the same goal - not to impinge on reality by artificially limiting it, but to evoke more direct and true responses from readers by appealing to what is most real to them, and this is not, according to Joyce, merely that which seems empirically real.

Thus we are not surprised to find a new sense of character in Joyce. Perhaps most striking is his denial of the principle of individuality which, we remember from Watt, was a hallmark of the novel. Suddenly this uniqueness, so carefully cultivated for two centuries, evaporates as Bloom is Ulysses, Faust, Christ, Stephen, etc., while Stephen is Daedalus, Icarus, Hamlet, Shakespeare, Christ, Telemachus, and Bloom just to name a few. Of course the two and other characters are highly individualized as well; nevertheless the key to their

identity lies not in a unique character, but in the way they coincide and overlap with others. This 'consubstantiality' is not necessarily permanent, but if nothing else it can be the basis for the creation of a sense of connection and community. It also provides an identity for characters independent of their historical biography.

Ellmann's contrast of Joyce's idea of character with James's brings out the former's more modern attitude towards time:

Unlike Henry James, who worked by analysis of great trends in moral life, he had begun to evolve in Dubliners and A Portrait a synthetic method, the construction of character by odds and ends, by minutiae. He did not allow his characters the sudden, tense climaxes towards which James ushered the people of his books, and preferred instead to subdue their dramas. His protagonists moved in the world and reacted to it, but their basic anxieties and exaltations seemed to move with slight reference to their environment. 84

From this perspective, it is not such a dramatic step to enter Molly's mind in 'Penelope', to plunge into it as into a river, a microcosm of a cosmic sphere whose workings and logic are not yet understood.⁸⁵

One of Joyce's favorite ways of presenting character is to show thought processes, from which may be inferred the whole identity. But he was aware of alternatives, for example the 'involuntary memory' which was the key for Proust. Involuntary memory is present in Ulysses, and it fills in important information about characters; for example there is the way watching Bloom light the fire serves for Stephen as 'a point of reference around which his past life takes shape afresh',⁸⁶ or how smelling his toenail recalls his childhood for Bloom, and leads him to thoughts of his 'Bloomusalem'. But Joyce was less willing than Proust to allow so much of his theme to depend on a

single technique. His sceptical orientation constantly encouraged a multifarious approach or, as Ellmann puts it, 'whenever confronted by a choice between two possible things to include, Joyce chose both'.⁸⁷

Ulysses seeks to free literature from the restrictive framework of linear time, and so, as Hollington tells us, it aims 'to exorcise the enslaving structures language imposes upon experience'.⁸⁸ We have seen how theories of language reflect current theories of time, and how the sense of clock time arose in conjunction with ideas of establishing a serious prose literature. Thus it is hardly surprising to find new ideas of language, and frequently a breakdown of traditional prose, in Joyce. He needed to look no farther than Symbolism to find a tradition of dissatisfaction with language as a means of communication. Furthermore, there was the example of turn-of-the-century writers like Chekhov, where we find:

the mutual unintelligibility and strangeness of human beings, who cannot and do not want to understand each other. Each character speaks only of what interests him or her, and pays no attention to what the other people in the room are saying. Thus the dialogue becomes a patchwork of disconnected remarks, dominated by a poetic 'atmosphere' but by no logical unity. ⁸⁹

Language was not wholly satisfactory to Joyce - for one thing, as Hollington says, 'language, for Stephen, is tainted by the fall'.⁹⁰ The fall corrupted an original divine unity into the irremediable imperfection of earthly plurality; instead of a single language perfectly in accord with that which it describes, there became, as Bloom himself thinks, 'more languages to start with than were absolutely

necessary'. Thus the connection between words and what they signify is dissolved forever, and language as a means of expression becomes a makeshift operation. Joyce humorously refers to this lack of necessary meaning in scenes such as that in 'Eumaeus' where Bloom compliments the beauty of Italian only to be informed by Stephen that the conversation in question was a petty argument over money. Frustrated attempts at communication abound in Ulysses, they particularly plague Bloom, although even the more articulate Stephen can run into problems, as he does at the hand of Privates Compton and Carr. Not only do people have difficulty communicating with one another, but written communication too is questioned, for example in the way Joyce parodies popular journalism in 'Aeolus', or women's magazines in 'Nausicaa', or on another level Bloom's deceptive correspondence with Martha.

But on the other hand, as a writer, he realizes language is the medium he can use to convert raw experience into art. Given its dubious nature, it is crucial for Joyce to be able to control his language perfectly at all times; he shows that he can do this in 'Oxen of the Sun' by carrying both language and literary style from their most inchoate origins all the way through to a twentieth century form. An incidental effect is the way language, unexpectedly brought to the foreground, actually predicts and motivates the 'Circe' chapter, enters, as it were, into the 'plot' of Ulysses, another substitute for the old view of time as the medium of realization. But more to the point is Joyce's insistence on the breakdown of order - especially order that could in some way be enforced by linear ideas of time - as the twentieth century approaches, a disorganization which carries over into 'Circe'.

Since language is unreliable, Joyce takes the opportunity to explore substitutes. We have already noted his Symbolist tendency to try to evoke objects by description, as opposed to merely by the word alleged to signify them. Another Symbolist device is his exploration of the connotative meaning of individual letter-sounds, used in choosing the most effective - or least misleading - diction. Ellmann notes how in 'Lotus Eaters' 'liquid consonants are ... favored, l sounds - for languor, lolling, floating - as opposed to strong consonants and purposive acts'.⁹¹ Later, in 'Circe', Stephen will reject language and declare 'that gesture, not music, not odors, would be a universal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible not the lay sense but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm'.⁹² But his example of gesture is not particularly successful - Joyce continues ideas from 'Sirens' (where the theme is that 'all music aspires to the condition of language'⁹³ and not, as was the popular nineteenth century opinion, vice versa) to the effect that although language leaves much to be desired, music and other such 'substitutes' for communication 'had to work with relationships which words had already established'.⁹⁴ Thus while the time-element of language and grammar, as of other things, was necessarily brought into question, Joyce's solution to the problem was not to be found in a reduction from language, but in as complete a control as possible over its ambiguities which, after all, could prove as suggestive as they were frustrating.

Thus we see how Joyce dealt with novelistic phenomena in a novel which could no longer rely on traditional ideas of time. But time -

admittedly greatly demoted - continues to be a part of daily life, and insofar as Joyce wanted to depict this in its fullest complexity, he needed to include some kind of time in his book. He did more to accomplish this than nominally assign an hour of the day to each chapter. Margaret Church reminds us that 'in all Joyce's works imagery of clocks, of watches, is never far to be sought. These symbols of clock time were for Joyce a foil against which other attitudes toward time could be clearly seen'.⁹⁵ Of course clocks frequently appeared in novels for the same reason ever since the genre arose. But to realize how different Joyce's ideas are from those predominant in the nineteenth century, we only need to compare the thematic value of Bloom's watch stopping at the alleged moment of Molly's infidelity, with a nineteenth century example of a similar phenomenon such as we find in Great Expectations. The modern instance is far more understated and ironized, but at the same time more 'cosmic' in meaning - the manipulation of time is more legitimate, possible under much more normal circumstances. Time is always present as an objective grid behind the events in Ulysses, but, like lines of latitude and longitude on a map, it is only an abstract reference, not a binding force : the passage of time does not mean anything.

Because this is so, time as the agent of death and decay becomes especially oppressive in modern literature : everyone is helplessly at the mercy of what has become a totally meaningless force. Although it is an essentially comic book, Ulysses contains numerous instances of memento mori : Joyce's characters are no less mortal for all their correspondences across the barriers of time. After brooding on death and decay throughout 'Proteus', Stephen concludes 'yes, evening will find itself in me, without me. All days make their end'. Old women

as reminders of death constantly appear in the book. And of course the entire 'Hades' chapter focuses on questions of mortality.

The dissolution in 'Circe' is accompanied by various reminders of the inevitable decay in time. Stephen, somewhat recognizing his self-destructive bent, remarks 'Jetez la gourme. Faut que jeunesse se passe'. This chapter brings to the foreground his obsession with his dead mother which is never far from his mind; he performs the grisly 'dance of death' which culminates in the apparition of her body rising from the floor. Bloom, in his turn, is haunted by memories of his dead father and dead son - and the death of Rudy even intrudes on Molly's essentially fertile, vital consciousness. In 'Ithaca' he will meditate on:

the parallax or parallactic drift of so called fixed stars, in reality evermoving from immeasurable remote eons to infinitely remote futures in comparison with which the years, threescore and ten, of allotted human life formed a parenthesis of infinitesimal brevity. 96

But Joyce brings his imaginative arsenal into action to counteract, or at least counterpoint, the gloomy attitude which threatens to prevail. Ulysses is, after all, an affirmation; nothing could have been more important to Joyce than to end his book with Molly, the great symbol of life and fertility, and her 'Yes'. Thus there are schemes as frivolous as Bloom's idea of travelling backwards around the earth, or as serious as Vico's theories of cycles and all the corresponding ideas of 'reincarnation' Joyce derives from it. A very large portion of the novel is spent outside of time, inside the minds of characters, in their memories and thoughts which are not so subject to decay - although motifs of madness and senility - Stephen remembers even Swift

went mad - echo as a realistic reminder of the fragility of the psychological bastions which are built against time.

His affirmation is a final reason the epic model appealed to Joyce, for, in its freedom from historical ideas of time, epic is intrinsically affirmative. Its fundamental message is that much happens but nothing essentially changes; as Bloom goes out so does he return home, as there is death so is there life and birth. Epics pose no real problems - Joyce was adamantly opposed to tendentious fiction - and so their conclusion is not a resolution, it does not represent a situation qualitatively different from any other part of the story. The purpose is instead descriptive, as we know from Auerbach, and by infinitely detailed description epics - no less Ulysses - underscore the similarities between what they present and all that they do not show. In this way they affirm that nothing is overwhelming, nothing will overcome the essence of the life they depict. Joyce confirms this optimism in the way his novel emphasizes the vitality of Homer's work : life as Homer portrayed it three thousand years ago is as viable in 1904 as ever - so, Joyce hopes, will Ulysses endure and console through the millennia in which his own life is 'a parenthesis of infinitesimal brevity'.

The average reader needs considerably longer to read Ulysses than is required for its events to occur; this indicates both Joyce's disregard for time as the main criterion of realism, and his acceptance of events outside of time on at least an equal footing with those within it. Ulysses is a novel of synthesis : Joyce wanted to combine the temporal and the eternal rather than assert one in favor of the other. Ellmann notes a quotation from Blake which appealed to him:

'eternity is in love with the productions of time'.⁹⁷ All the characters and events of Ulysses are productions of time, indissolubly linked with June 16, 1904. But Ulysses itself is Joyce's eternity, not quite subject to earthly limitations, into which by the means of art they have all been admitted. The superimposition is not perfect - the rules of eternity can clash strangely with those of the temporal world - but all in all it is indeed a loving relationship, and one which Joyce and a great many of his admirers considered a satisfactory reconciliation between time and the timeless.

CHAPTER IIITIME AND THE NOVEL IN RUSSIAN

It could be argued that Russian literature had a peculiar anti-time bias from the beginning. For reasons often debated, such as the influence of the Eastern church or economic backwardness, Russian culture was never so single-mindedly oriented towards an empirical and time-centered realism as in the west. Perhaps this is part of the reason Russian literature has been so influential in the twentieth century although, as Gilbert Phelps shows, it was much less sought out or appreciated earlier abroad, especially in England. The nineteenth century was the great age of Realism for Russian writers, but it was not the realism almost for its own sake which we have come to know in English writing. Instead, as Mirsky tells us, 'it was their message that signified and not their art'¹ : more than any other national literature, Russia's was concerned with moral value, to the frequent exclusion of a historical sense of time.

Thus we find in each of the greatest nineteenth century novelists except perhaps the most Westernized - Turgenev - a failure ever to embrace wholeheartedly the time-determined views which were axiomatic for many of their contemporaries in other countries. Pushkin, whom Mirsky calls 'the center and the symbol of Russian literature as a whole',² concentrated on stories and poems, neither of which derives its message through a novelistic sense of time. Similarly Gogol, despite being 'Russia's first great novelist',³ wrote mainly tales and plays, and even his novel was actually called 'poema'.

Tolstoy is everyone's quintessential Russian Realist novelist, but his attitude towards linear, 'historical' time is far from that of his western counterparts. Marc Slonim describes War and Peace and Anna Karenina from this perspective:

They have no beginning or end; and they avoid the devices of suspense or dramatic climax, of which Dostoevsky made such large use. Each episode stands out in its own right, complete in itself. No climaxes highlight the unrolling of the narrative.

What Tolstoy is interested in is not a plot, but the representation of the life process. 4

Chiaromonte has undertaken a more detailed study of Tolstoy's anti-historical ideas in War and Peace. The novel, he says, was born of the desire to depict the inherent falsehood in ideas of history, of the way history fails in 'giving an account of facts and events in wholly concrete and rationally adequate terms'.⁵ Tolstoy's opinions were a:

radical rejection of the nineteenth century idea that since the truth about human life could no longer be found in religion, in nature, or in the individual, it had to be looked for in the historical adventure of man. 6

Instead, Tolstoy's work has a unique, classically epic character:

There is in War and Peace a mind which, for the first time since Homer, has been able to rise to the level where it can perceive in the drama of human vicissitudes the world of Force, thereby leading us from the superficial notion of a historical process controlled by human knowledge and will to a new conception of fate. 7

But it is these ideas of fate which prevent Tolstoy's being a truly modern writer, for 'fate is made up of everything man does not know and has no way of knowing'⁸ - things, in short, in the province

of God. Chiaromonte quotes Tolstoy:

Only the expression of the will of the Deity, not depending on time, can relate to a whole series of events that have to take place during several years or centuries; and only the Deity, acting by his will alone, not affected by any cause, can determine the direction of the movement of humanity. Man acts in time, and himself takes part in the event. 9

Thus man's 'mistake' comes not so much a belief in time as it is a misdirected attempt at shaping it, at overstepping the necessary limits imposed on mortal life. Tolstoy's novels do not repudiate the idea of order in time, but they embody arguments about the right and wrong attitudes towards it. On the one hand time is the traditional medium where characters mature and fulfill their destiny, as do Natasha Rostova or Anna Karenina; on the other, it is the element where in the best epic tradition much happens but nothing changes : this is so for Pierre or Levin.

Tolstoy takes the separate approaches and grafts them together, unites them in a single novel reflecting the way they exist side by side in real life. His realism is so overwhelmingly evocative it cannot be ignored, yet being the writer he was, it was impossible for him not to weight the moral balance in favor of his other views. Insofar as these rejected causal time as a model (he said 'the conception of cause is not applicable to the phenomenon we are examining')¹⁰ they served as an example to twentieth century writers, usually the most conservative ones who also valued the unquestioning empirical realism. Mirsky's comments reveal the changing western attitude toward Tolstoy as the twentieth century, and with it an ever more fervent rejection of time, advanced. He wrote in 1927:

Twenty years ago there was no difference of opinion outside Russia as to who was the greatest of Russian writers - Tolstoy dominated Russian literature ... Since then the wheel of fashion, or the laws of growth of the occidental mind, has displaced Tolstoy from his place of ascendancy and substituted for him the idols of Dostoevsky and, in these last years ... of Chekhov. 11

Dostoevsky and Chekhov affront time more flagrantly, but there is another way in which Tolstoy flouted its conventions. Fielding, we know, wrote Tom Jones almanac-in-hand to ensure precise calendrical accuracy; Tolstoy took no such pains in his novels, as R. F. Christian shows in an article analyzing the chronological schemes in Anna Karenina : according to which family one follows, the novel begins in one of several years. Tolstoy is not even consistent about the day his story commences - it is Friday as the book opens, but a few pages later it has become Thursday.¹² These minor inaccuracies of course in no way mar the book's thematic content, but they do emphasize the relative value Tolstoy placed on its moral message over its realistic one, always at the expense of time.

Dostoevsky retained even fewer vestiges of chronological hierarchy than did Tolstoy. All of his plots occur in the shortest possible time : it is the moment which interests Dostoevsky. His novels rely on dramatic climax, but they also depend on the ubiquitous 'vdrug', to the virtual exclusion of any causality in time. Acts in Dostoevsky are never unmotivated, but the impetus is always a product of psychology, not history. Authority is removed from the realm of objective time to the subjective, timeless minds of the characters : mental, not temporal, events shape Dostoevsky's plots. Fyodor Karamazov's murder, Raskolnikov's conversion, Stavrogin's suicide -

all are highly dramatic, yet none is inevitable in the usual way. It is popular in some circles to say Dostoevsky's characters are 'free', and it is true they have risen above the ordinary restraints of causality and history. But, as Rene Girard has shown,¹³ none of them has been able to transcend himself, to escape the commands of psychological cause and effect. These laws become for Dostoevsky the absolutes which replace time as a system around which his fiction may be arranged.

E. J. Simmons's remarks on Dostoevsky's approach in A Raw Youth are also more generally applicable:

The method is essentially dramatic. He likes to begin with the action, avoiding long, careful buildups. Little attention is paid to chronology or logical sequence. Incidents are described before the conditions governing them, and relations between people are explained before the characters themselves are introduced. The action develops swiftly and often in an atmosphere of mystery. 14

Dostoevsky substituted his 'field of action' for a linear plot, by analogy with his transference of potentiality from the historical to the psychological arena. Thus his novels are implicitly dramatic embodiments of the author's subjective consciousness (rather than of an 'objective' force like history), and this in turn results in his 'raznogolositsa', 'polyphony', that Bakhtin defines and sees as the central characteristic of modern literature - of which Dostoevsky is therefore the chief progenitor.

It would be difficult to overstate the extent to which Dostoevsky's particular formulation of all these literary elements has influenced modern thought. Einstein remarked 'he gives me more

than any thinker', and Freud expressed similar sentiments. Dostoevsky does not feel compelled to attack time or a time-centered outlook - after all, he retains a fairly traditionally empirical approach to realism - but he completely undercuts its authority when he removes the dramatic sphere from the objective, historical world into his own mind. According to the theory of 'polyphony', each character exists to express a different aspect of Dostoevsky's thinking, not, as was believed earlier, to evidence an exterior force such as history. Thus each finds his reason for being in the embodiment of a system which by its very nature does not record the passage of time. This is not to imply that the characters do not change - given the brief duration of the plot they can do so as easily or with as much difficulty as Dostoevsky can change his mind. But the process is not historical : however much he may argue with himself, for Dostoevsky there is no in between. Transition between beliefs - as well as between individual thoughts - is 'vdrug', and events in his novels follow in the same manner. So Dostoevsky based not only his plot but also his characterization on a model free from linear causality, and provided an example for his countless imitators to do the same.

Dostoevsky's modernism, incidentally, was recognized by some of his earliest twentieth century critics. Middleton Murry, in his 1916 monograph, remarks 'whether by deliberate purpose or by unconscious instinct, Dostoevsky set himself in his works to annihilate this [traditional] sense of time'.¹⁵ Murry discovers dire consequences in the innovation: 'there is in his works neither night nor day; the sun neither rises nor sets. Therefore Dostoevsky's novels are not novels at all. They have not that element in their being upon which the novel itself depends'.¹⁶ His unwillingness to deviate from the

most traditional definition of novelistic time is adamant : he declares 'Dostoevsky is not a novelist'.¹⁷ More forward-looking thinkers disagreed; it soon became clear the ideas of time so dear to Murry were simply untenable, and if there were to be twentieth century novels written at all they had of necessity to look for models more in the sense of time Dostoevsky embodied than in that which he was compelled to reject.

Finally we come to Chekhov, who like Pushkin did not need to write novels in order to make a terrific impact on the novelistic tradition; he concentrated on the stories and plays which by their very nature could not depend on traditional development in time. But Chekhov was not content merely to avoid the traditional guidelines in this way. He confronted them directly, pioneered the fiction and drama where 'nothing happens' - there are no climaxes and virtually no plot. As Andrey Bely remarked:

Chekhov has split the fabric of time into its individual components - moments. Here he is the consummator of genuine realism (the world of momentary images and experiences). Symbolism and realism, like beginning and end, come together at one point, and that point is the moment; but they approach it from different sides. 18

Chekhov was conscious of the fact that it was no longer possible to write as he said 'po starinke', and made a habit of deriding the old conventions, especially as they were unimaginatively manifested in the bad literature of his time.¹⁹ Instead he turned his attention to short fiction, which as a genre 'began to increase startlingly in popularity from about the middle of the 1880's'²⁰ - not coincidentally at approximately the same time that the truly modern reaction against

time began to gain momentum, although tales and stories have traditionally been more popular among Russian writers than in Europe, perhaps in part as testimony of an intrinsic orientation of Russian thinking away from exteriorized, time-determined ideas. Merezhkovsky has pointed out how Chekhov's concentration on short works with their 'narrower compass ... and their necessary emphasis on thematic concentration, was bound to result in a greater concern for formal coherence in fiction'.²¹ So Chekhov, like Flaubert and James, came to emphasize form over content (if this is taken in its most rudimentary sense of 'plot interest'), the 'how' more than the 'what' which was to encourage writers in the twentieth century to do such radical violence at least to the surface of literature.

Chekhov is often called 'impressionistic'; in this regard Tolstoy's remarks are illuminating:

Chekhov as an artist cannot even be compared with earlier Russian writers - with Turgenev, Dostoevsky or even myself ... Chekhov has his own form, like the impressionists. You look - and the fellow seems to be indiscriminately laying on whatever colors come to hand, and the strokes of his brush appear to bear no relationship to each other at all; but if you stand away and look, then you gain an amazing overall impression : before you is a brilliant, fascinating painting.²²

What is missing in Chekhov, then, are the obvious connections, those which formerly time supplied. Keys tells us that details in Chekhov only 'take on a wider connotation when seen as the far from random co-ordinates of a character's mental processes'.²³ Thus once again we find structure and order strictly as functions of subjective consciousness. From Chekhov's point of view coherence comes from the unity of his characters' psychologies; from the reader's perspective,

as Tolstoy showed, it must arise from resonances within his own mind - not, as was the case formerly, by reference to any external form such as historical or causal development in time. Insistently in Chekhov, with far more regularity and thoroughness than in earlier writers who would resort to the device, 'the fictional world is largely filtered through the prism of the main character's consciousness'.²⁴

Chekhov's 'realism' is his hallmark, but it is by no means the realism of the nineteenth century classics. He 'was proceeding, in Gorky's phrase, to 'kill' realism by exploiting its extremist tendencies'.²⁵ Bely notes that although 'nowhere is the web of the phenomenal world broken',²⁶ nevertheless 'Chekhov in refining reality happens unexpectedly upon symbols'.²⁷ Chekhov himself once said 'I can only write from memory and not directly from nature'.²⁸ Like, for example, Conrad's, Chekhov's world is mental, not physical. Everything originates in the mind of the author, not in some external reality which he perceives; for this reason Chekhov's realism is highly personalized - it is his own and no one else's.

But it is a decisively modern innovation. In keeping with his naturally passive literary attitude unrelated to chronological development, Chekhov's characters display his frame of mind, rather than enacting it as is the case in Dostoevskian 'polyphony' : perhaps in this connection with time we see part of the reason polyphony, although considered by Bakhtin a hallmark of modernism, has not been a more prominent feature in twentieth century literature.²⁹ In all events, Chekhov had created a new sense of character in conjunction with his new ideas of plot and realism not centered around the external

passage of time. As Merezhkovsky put it, 'by destroying the conventional forms of the long story or the novel, by the naked simplicity and compression of his prose, which resembles poetry ... Chekhov belongs to the modern generation of artists'.³⁰

Thus we enter the mainstream of the twentieth century, where in Russia a single novel, Bely's Petersburg, stands as the best synthesis of all these (admittedly forward-looking) nineteenth century ideas with the more radical modernism born in the present century. For previous writers the rejection of time's authority was intuitive, but by Bely's age, it had been documented and canonized in all the arts and sciences : modern thought had come of age and reshaped thinking in an atemporal mold. To reject time earlier had been a free, almost eccentric, choice, but in the twentieth century it was virtually a logical necessity.

It has become commonplace virtually to equate Bely with Joyce in terms of their relation to modernism in their respective national literatures. Although the two in fact had very different interests and intentions, there are nevertheless a number of useful comparisons to be made. Joyce had read widely among the nineteenth century Russian classics³¹ (in translation, although he later studied the language); he even regarded Tolstoy, along with Dujardin, as a prototype for his 'interior monologue'.³² Bely, for his part, did not know English and was less familiar with the English tradition.³³ But ironically both writers found an early inspiration (hence much of their similarity) in another influence, Symbolism.

The Symbolists' interest in more directly meaningful expression particularly concerned both Joyce and Bely. Both analyzed all the elements of language in their efforts to communicate more effectively, and consequently in the novels of both we find such devices as the attempt to convey meaning through individual letter sounds. We have already noted this phenomenon in Ulysses; it resembles what happens in Petersburg when, as Bely says, the sound 'u' 'travels along the entire distance of the novel'.³⁴ Mochulsky even speaks of 'the birth of the novel from sound',³⁵ and quotes Bely to the effect that 'the origin of the content of Petersburg' is the sequence and supposed meaning of the sounds in the names of the characters.³⁶ Similarly, both authors exploited the evocative power of words. Joyce's novel has an intricate chapter-by-chapter scheme of color symbolism, just as in Bely's we find an elaborate complex of associations with colors such as red, yellow, white, and grey, which connects various events and images in the book that would otherwise seem discrete. The ability of language to suggest meaning is probed in other ways by each novelist - their books contain numerous neologisms, puns, interrupted syntax, transcriptions of typical urban sounds, and so forth, all of which explore the capacity for communication in language on a sub-verbal level.

Ideas of identity and literary character are particularly important for Symbolists, who by and large attempt to arrange the world on a model of shared subjectivity. Once again, Joyce and Bely reveal their common literary heritage in this regard. Joyce's ideas of 'reincarnation' are derived from Vico's, thus are outside of Bely's interest. But there are other concepts of character and of literature as a whole which the two novelists have in common. In a letter to

Ivanov-Razumnik Bely remarked:

My Petersburg is essentially a picture of the subconscious life of people, fixed for a moment in time ... The action of the work is really taking place in the soul of some character not given in the novel, a character overstrained by the play of his brain; and the heroes are mental forms which, so to speak, haven't yet swum to the threshold of consciousness ... The novel might well have been called 'Mozgovaya igra'. 37

This raises several points Bely has in common with Joyce. The idea of his book occurring in the 'soul' of a greater character who is not in, but is the whole novel directly recalls Joyce's remarks to the same effect about both Ulysses and Finnegans Wake. Joyce was also interested in creating a 'picture of the subconscious life of people', and like Bely chose to do so within a very brief and rigidly defined period of time; coincidentally, the dates they selected were only a few months apart. As a result of the necessary subjectivity of a world arising from a single consciousness, both authors' distinctions between individuals begin to blur. The main characters in each novel, all looking for (among other things) fulfillment of their archetypal role in a father-son relationship, begin to fade into one another. We have seen how this is so in Joyce; a sentence Mochulsky quotes illustrates one of the ways it is at work in Petersburg: Nikolai Apollonovich 'was unsure where he himself ended or where the senator ... began ... in him'.³⁸

The confusion of Morkovin's identity with the narrator's and all the other uncertainties surrounding the narrator are further examples of the same phenomenon, just as is the humorous and almost Gogolian incarnation of 'Macintosh' in Ulysses. Like Joyce, Bely also was fascinated with the concept of the coincidence of opposites in a novel,

just as conflicting ideas can coexist unreconciled in a single mind. Mochulsky notes 'Bely loves the compatibility of incompatibles, truth in untruth, good in evil; he enjoys the tragism of opposites'.³⁹ Once again the unity of the organic self is a model for the unity of a life which seems hopelessly shattered by disparate opinions. Because subjective consciousness is the model for order, it is emphasized : both writers go to great lengths to depict the way their characters' minds work. But because, with a necessary lack of objective reference, there is always the threat of losing touch with reality, during moments of the most subjective portrayal language, imagery and other particularly evocative devices always move to the foreground as compensation. It is true, as Woronzoff says, that 'Bely's experimentations with novel technique in Petersburg are always narrower and more restricted than Joyce's in Ulysses'.⁴⁰ In this respect he had not quite, as Eliot said of Joyce, 'killed the nineteenth century'.⁴¹ Nevertheless, Bely's and Joyce's innovations were along the same lines, and were directed to the same end.

There are other resemblances between the two. Both writers consciously summarize a literary tradition and place themselves conspicuously at the end of it. Literary history provides not only predecessors, but prototypes : just as Ulysses takes present structure and meaning from the Odyssey, so does Petersburg find form in the Petersburg myth. Joyce continues Homer and Bely enhances Pushkin, as well as Gogol and even Dostoevsky. But significantly, while Joyce's resurrection of Odysseus is meant to be taken seriously and almost literally (irony notwithstanding), Bely's reincarnation of the Bronze Horseman clattering into Dudkin's room and smoking a pipe is hallucinatory. There is not in Joyce the pathological element, the

'overstraining by the play of his brain' we find in Bely. Joyce's parallels, thanks to Vico, are superimposed upon 'reality', while Bely's are merely juxtaposed. Joyce asserts his theories are universally applicable, but Bely limits his extraordinary world to the bizarre confines of pre-revolutionary Petersburg and Russia. Both novels are concerned with national identity (in conjunction with their interest in identity in general), but Bely's is the more limited by the concept.

In each of the books the city where the story is located plays a crucial thematic and even structural role. Its geography gives another objective reference to help anchor the work's fundamental subjectivity to reality. As the national capital, it also provides a focus for the author's investigation of specific national traits, especially, in these cases, negative ones. In books so anxious over identity, there is a serious threat of being trapped by a false one : thus in Ulysses people are always misapprehending Stephen and Bloom, and there is always the necessity of renouncing the false national, religious, or ethnic identities thrust upon them. In Petersburg, in a world full of masks, aliases, disguises, and spurious ideology, where a man becomes his uniform or his medals and many men (Lippanchenko, Morkovin, or the crowds thronging the streets) seem to have no faces at all, characters - most notably Nikolai Apollonovich and Dudkin - are hopelessly trapped by their Russian identity, torn between the Eastern and Western impulses which particularly converge in Petersburg as they converge in the Ableukhovs. Joyce may find Ulysses in Bloom or Daedalus in Stephen, but Bely's Apollo (perhaps tinged by Apollyon) is woefully ironic.

It is somewhat surprising to find Bely as much as Joyce mercilessly attacking the fashionable mysticism which had invaded their cities, and whose completely unphenomenal orientation exacerbated all the problems of abstraction which the writers encountered. Thus Bely's counterpart for Joyce's vegetarian coterie is the group around Sofya Petrovna, with her passionate interest in 'Anni Besanson' (which name, incidentally, confirms Bely's acquaintance with Bergson as well, of course, as with theosophy). The abstract, 'Ideal' world has no correspondence with reality (unlike Sofya, Solovyov's Sophia surely lacks a moustache), and therefore no validity in either novel. The two authors debunk other topical preoccupations as well, including such serious false 'identities' as revolutionary activity. But if their respective cities are important to Bely and Joyce, it is not because of the sense of identity or history they bestow on their occupants. Joyce's heroes are a Hungarian Jew, an Irish exile, and a woman from Gibraltar; among Bely's characters the ostensible origins of Dudkin, Lippanchenko, Shishnarfne and Morkovin are either tangled or completely obscure, while the Ableukhovs are of eastern extraction. The hostile urban setting only emphasizes each character's lack of context.

The renunciation of time values implicit in an anti-climactic plot is important in Petersburg as well as in Ulysses. Bely's plot does not lack suspense in the way Joyce's does - the denouement of the time bomb episode is highly dramatic - but neither does it lack anti-climax. The daring domino escapades conclude in a ridiculous and humiliating unmasking, Likhutin's suicide attempt ends ludicrously in a room full of broken plaster, and when the bomb itself finally explodes no one is injured and nothing is resolved : Apollon

Apollonovich's heart attack is an anemic finale to the long period of suspense when the bomb was ticking so ominously. Bely and Joyce share another way of confounding the authority of time in their novels, that is by depicting a given act repeated from different perspectives. Thus in 'Wandering Rocks' we see Molly give the sailor money several times, just as we are presented with Sofya's and later Likhutin's perspective on the events at their front door after his suicide attempt. The overall effect is to deny a horizontal development in time in favor of the extended emphasis of theoretically 'significant' moments.

These are some of the concerns Bely and Joyce have in common, but there are also many differences, chief among which is their attitude to realism. We have seen how in many ways the two writers' ideas of character and plot coincided, but on the question of realism their opinions completely diverged. It was crucial for Joyce to reproduce Dublin in infinitesimal detail. But Bely freely admits, as he says in a letter to Ivanov-Razumnik, 'in the novel there probably are very gross errors of fact in regard to everyday life, knowledge of milieu, etc. Revolution, everyday scenes, 1905, etc., entered the plot accidentally, unintentionally'.⁴² Nothing could be more foreign to Joyce's views of coincidence and significance. But while Joyce's scepticism prevented his renouncing the empirical world entirely, and encouraged him to ground his subjectivity in the concrete whenever he could, Bely's mystical beliefs allowed him almost entirely to renounce the apparent in favor of the symbolic. As he said, 'the external is sometimes more internal than the internal'.⁴³

Colors, sounds, textures all exist for their connotative, not their denotative associations. Apollon Apollonovich's ears are 'green' or 'grey' not so much because of an unusual pigmentation, but because the images of the colors green and grey conveyed attitudes Bely wished to associate with Apollon Apollonovich. Similarly his characters' names were not chosen for their realistic value or even for their historical or symbolic associations (as is the case with Joyce); instead they were selected exclusively for the connotative value of their arrangement of consonants : Nikolai Apollonovich's name, for example, is from:

'l-k-l-pp-pp-ll' where 'k' is a sound of stuffiness, suffocation from 'pp-pp' - the pressure of the walls of Ableukhov's yellow house, and 'll' is the gleaming reflection of the 'laquers', 'glosses', and 'lusters' within 'pp-pp' - the walls or the covering of the 'bomb' (Pepp Peppovich Pepp). And 'pl' is the bearer of this glittering prison - Apollon Apollonovich Ableukhov. 44

A comparison between Joyce and Bely is useful in some respects, but ultimately each author must be studied in his own right. Although they shared many stylistic approaches and symbolistic concerns, the two writers finally approached life, and thus literature, from almost diametrically opposite perspectives : Joyce was committed to the idea that in the last analysis life always retains the same character, whereas Bely was devoted to a radically apocalyptic, transformative view. Joyce's model, like Vico's, was the circle; Bely's was a spiral which, as Bernice Rosenthal notes, is more in keeping with the eschatological outlook because it 'implies direction rather than the endless cycles of nature'.⁴⁵ Bely followed one tradition - and

attempted to demonstrate it in his prose - which maintained that music is the ultimate form of communication to which all others aspire; Joyce held the opposite opinion, claiming (as he showed in 'Sirens') music was actually less expressive than language. Bely 'sought both psychic and social wholeness through some sort of eschatological resolution',⁴⁶ no less than Joyce looked for the same values in precisely the assurance that this would not happen. Ulysses ends in Molly's circular monologue, but anticlimactic though it is, the explosion of Bely's bomb is a miniature apocalypse : 'Grokhnuilo : ponyal vse'.

Apocalyptic thinking undercuts historical ideas of time in its emphasis on transformation to the exclusion of evolution. Whether or not the events leading up to the ultimate revelation are significant, they are not related to one another, as is the case in a time scheme, but only to the central event : rather than being arranged linearly, they are dispersed in a circle, all for practical purposes equidistant from the only moment in history which matters, the apocalypse. In the context of this analogy it is perhaps useful to recall Bely's diagram of Petersburg as a 'wheel',⁴⁷ although one must bear in mind that while Bely may have used this image in describing the structure of his novel, it was not his general model for time. In all events, although Petersburg has a plot - at times even a suspenseful one - Bely constantly emphasizes that the book in no way depends on a linear chronology.

What motivation there is in his novel 'works not to make the story humanly plausible, but rather to make it symbolically coherent and expressionistically valid'.⁴⁸ Events are not arranged causally, but

thematically, almost by a kind of free association. Typically they only begin to be explained, or their background colored in, after they have occurred. The immediate effect is of a somewhat bewildering pastiche, enforced by the constant interruption of titles and subtitles, typographical innovations, and abrupt narrative shifts. These techniques are also, of course, continual reminders of the weight of the author's artistic hand. Bely is never willing to leave the world he has created to its own devices : without his guiding intelligence everything threatens to be permanently swallowed up in the Petersburg mists.

As it is events are related almost at random so that the sense of cause and effect, although not totally absent in the novel as a whole, is minimized at any given moment. The temporal surface is further fractured by the introduction through literary references, especially to Pushkin, of a historical dimension. There are thus vertical as well as horizontal correspondences to be reckoned with, and the intermingling of eras also undercuts the feeling of a definite temporal milieu. The treatment of time in Petersburg even in its most prosaic application is far from consistent. Many events will be described at great length, and frequently it is impossible to reconstruct a useful sense of them before having seen them from the perspectives of several characters. On the other hand, Bely can practice an effective condensation, recalling and reconstructing the past in only a few suggestive strokes - for example the way we learn of Dudkin's past activities through a series of brief flashbacks, each revealing slightly more detail.

Even a single scene can be hopelessly disjointed by the anti-temporal forces in Petersburg. Thus early in the novel we see Apollon Apollonovich in his carriage, subsequently seen by Dudkin. Dudkin then goes into an unpleasant little restaurant and the narrative is broken by 'vdrug' as Lippanchenko (as it turns out) enters. At this point, rather than continuing with the story, Bely embarks on a number of digressions concluding with a discussion of the word 'vdrug'. What vestiges of causality and horizontal connection which may remain in Bely's plot are repeatedly undermined in this way. The more seemingly important an event is, the more Bely confounds it : the night of the masquerade where Nikolai Apollonovich is unmasked is a particular opportunity for manipulation of the temporal scheme. But complications notwithstanding, a plot does emerge. Petersburg is a step back towards accessibility from the Symphonies where 'the subjective element had assumed such importance that the plot all but disappeared'.⁴⁹ Bely wants to underscore the subjectivity of the consciousness that guides his novel, but it is equally important to him that this should not prove insurmountably opaque.

To this end, Bely applies his own version of realism and we are reminded of Dostoevsky's claim to be a 'realist' not in the traditional, but in a 'higher sense' of the word. Of course Symbolist realism is hyperrealism : the artist is the mythmaker who can only find truth in forms too general to conform to ordinary standards of 'realism'. Bely once claimed that 'synaesthesia was not a literary invention, but the actual manner of cognition'.⁵⁰ Again, he had ranked all the arts according to whether they were temporal or spatial,

and claimed that movement was the basic element of reality.⁵¹ In relation to these and other beliefs, Bely could justify his eccentric approach as actually the most real. Hart quotes him regarding his intentions: 'in writing my novel Petersburg, I attempted, for the most part, to describe events which occur in our minds and the picture of the world in 'conceptual' terms'.⁵² Thus all the conventionally 'realistic' details of life which, as we have seen, play a very minor role in Bely's book, simply do not matter to him; they are too 'exterior' to be real. Donald Fanger describes Bely's sense of realism in this way:

All this is irreducibly real, Bely insists, in the only way that matters. Hauntings and hallucinations acquire objective existence; just like the Red Domino in the novel which, once it had appeared in a newspaper column, 'unravalled into a series of events which had never occurred (but which were able) to threaten (the general) tranquility'. In this disturbed world, fictions are facts. And within the novel, the concentric levels of consciousness lose their confusing relativity as they take up existence in the reader's mind. 53

Mochulsky remarks on another aspect of the lack of objective description in Petersburg:

By freeing it from the turmoil of detail, he only strengthens the plot's fundamental lines : Bely really saw the world as senseless and with unusual literary skill he demonstrates its monstrous absurdity. 54

Furthermore, Bely was concerned with demonstrating how it is only the subjective consciousness which establishes and defines reality : the imagination is the source of everything, especially of his novel. Thus although realism may seem to be attacked when the narrator

constantly intrudes in Petersburg, once again the device confirms that which Bely actually holds to be the most fundamentally real. A traditional, uninflected realism fails to represent the process of cognition and subjectivization that is an inescapable aspect of experience. Events in Bely's novel are insistently predigested by the narrator before they ever reach the pages of the book. The only question remaining for the reader is whether this artificial digestion is able to satisfy as well as his own.

Of course by removing events from the objective to the subjective realm Bely denies the significance of any connection they might have with an exteriorly determined idea of time. Pierre Hart notes that 'by asserting his prerogative to intervene, the narrator calls attention to his artifice at the same time that he is promoting the sense of simultaneity'.⁵⁵ Thus in one blow he both renounces the old sense of time, and works to reeducate readers into his version of its replacement. Like Proust, and more so than Joyce, Bely was willing to lodge all authority in the mind of the artist, to the exclusion of external determinants.

Thus Bely's characters do not realize their potentials by progressing through time as a sequential medium. There are in Petersburg three discrete temporal realms : past - Nikolai Apollonovich's childhood, when the family was united and seemed to love one another; present - the substance of the book, characterized by alienation, misunderstanding, and ill will (and ushered in by Anna Petrovna's leaving the household); and future - the Epilogue, where the irreversibility of events is emphasized : Bely's ending 'roditeli ego umerli' is a harsh contrast to Joyce's 'Yes'. There is no connection

between these realms, they hardly seem to involve the same characters (who look, sound, and act completely different in each one), and Bely deliberately avoids revealing anything which would encourage speculation about evolutionary transition between the phases. In keeping with his apocalyptic vision, he asserts that qualitative change is a result of catastrophe, not growth; a catastrophe that of necessity obliterates that from which it arose.

In his essay 'The City of Russian Modernist Fiction', Donald Fanger remarks on 'the growing presence in the last third of the book of normal psychology'.⁵⁶ 'The senator's runaway wife returns; he accepts her; and even the shadowy son is shown unable to resist her ... We are, in short, back in the world of 'normalcy''.⁵⁷ But he fails to note how short-lived and even artificial is this equilibrium : Bely's point is in fact that things cannot return to a former 'normalcy', because the fundamental situation which made it possible has been annihilated. What Fanger interprets as a move back to stability is in fact only another symptom of the total disorder and confusion presaging the inevitable catastrophe towards which the whole of Petersburg has been leading. Disaster is unavoidable since it is not subject to a development of causes through time. Characters in the novel are complete in their present form from the beginning : they are therefore unable to influence events and are simply swept up in the trends of the times as results, not causes, in keeping with their status as emanations of an unspecified consciousness.

The situation is as Hart describes it, 'the dependency of character upon this controlling subjective vision'.⁵⁸ There is certainly, as Bakhtin himself as well as many others recognized, a 'polyphonic'

atmosphere in Petersburg, but it is not exactly identical to Dostoevsky's. The great mind out of which issue all the individual minds of the characters has left more of its imprint than was the case earlier. Everyone speaks his own separate and irreconcilable opinion in true polyphonic fashion, but Bely is less willing to grant his characters a truly independent life than is Dostoevsky; each of them is followed by a shadow more resembling Bely's than his own. Perhaps in part this is due to the heavily autobiographical aspect of the story which Mochulsky points out.⁵⁹ In many ways the specific conflicts dramatized in Petersburg are Bely's own, from his own unhappy upbringing. But it was equally important for Bely to insist on an overall subjectivity which did not bear on Dostoevsky's novels.

All aspects of the characterization of Bely's protagonists - for example colors and shapes associated with them - are not merely descriptive but relate them to their specific environment, and by the same token descriptions of the city, houses, and so forth harmonize with those of the characters; the two are integrally connected. As Hart observes:

the physical objects may be so completely involved as metonymic expressions of personality that it is difficult to distinguish between the individual and the object. Apollon Apollonovich, who epitomizes the bureaucratic center, has literally absorbed its physical properties into his personality. 60

The city and its inhabitants are Bely's image for the twentieth century pluralism, and the antidote is his Symbolist use of language as the medium of synthesis - not analysis, as was the case in traditional

realism where it was used to discriminate and define phenomena. Language has a special role in Petersburg. On the one hand it obscures as much as it reveals (Bely subscribed to the mystical tenet that although 'the writer is a mythmaker ... the point from which the myth originates is mysterious and sacred and must remain hidden from the reader'),⁶¹ but on the other it is the sole means of literature : no matter how abstruse or innovative he is, a writer can never escape it. Bely took unique advantage of his relationship to language in Petersburg, with the result that it becomes the vehicle not only for formal, but also for thematic exploration.

We have already noted the many unusual uses Bely makes of language - as sound, rhythm, a medium for 'realization', for connecting things which might otherwise remain discrete, for suggesting meanings or for obscuring them. He even uses various typographical devices to suggest that language can be unnecessary. It can exist of its own accord, as it seems to in the city streets. Many characters have difficulty with language : everyone in the Ableukhov family, for example, suffers from an inability to communicate with the others. Nikolai Apollonovich cannot adequately communicate with Sofya Petrovna : his absurd attempt to convey his feelings as the Domino is especially ridiculously misunderstood and ineffective. Dudkin, whose mind is full of revolutionary ideology, is inarticulate, and later incoherent.

Bely bestows a certain articulation on his characters through interior monologue (which is usually, however, conveyed by way of the narrator); in this he could look to both Tolstoy and Dostoevsky as prototypes, although of course no nineteenth century novelists were so thorough with their application of the technique. But the right

of understanding is not extended to individual characters, who invariably, in addition to being unable to voice their own feelings, misjudge those of others. Bely jealously guards the divine privilege of insight - not even his readers are allowed to approach too near the mystical mysteries allegedly at the heart of his work. He has created a novel which requires a narrator with an overview to act as a guide. Thus he sets himself up as a dictator in his miniature universe, for as Woronzoff says, 'in Petersburg, although many of the visual, auditory, and memory perceptions originate in the characters' minds, it is the narrator who serves as intermediary and relates them to the reader'.⁶²

Bely's interest in language was a natural outgrowth of his pre-occupation with Symbolist concerns for veracity. Fanger speaks of 'the varieties of inauthenticity in the book'⁶³ which are perhaps its most distinctive characteristics - and all of them are perpetrated in the medium of language. We have already discussed the characters in Petersburg who have spurious or patently false identities and uncertain backgrounds, but it may be asked who in the book has an identity that is revealing in any way? According to Mochulsky, 'Petersburg is a theatre of grotesque masks';⁶⁴ his example is as innocent as the list of 'Angel Peri's' admirers: 'Graf Aven, Ommau-Ommergau, Shporyshev, Vergefden, Lippanchenko'.⁶⁵ The city itself is constantly masked by fog and mist. We have already quoted Bely to the effect that 'the novel might well have been called 'Mozgovaya igra'', but this remark becomes less helpful in view of his comment in Petersburg: 'Mozgovaya igra - tolko maska'. The Russianness of Bely's Symbolist

bent is unmistakable - for whatever reasons, 'the all-pervasive irony of Russian Symbolism'⁶⁶ sets it distinctly apart from the other national movements of the same name.

In cases such as Bely's, it also helps to extend the traditional Symbolist goal of synthesis into apocalypse which, after all, is little more than an especially transformative and violent sort of synthesis. Bely wants to bring things together, but always in his own eccentric way. Form and content were inseparable for him; they were literally identical in the Symbolist view. He was interested in prose rhythms and music. Art was the ultimate profession because it was the most synthetic. For Joyce, Ulysses was the synthesis that drew together and made sense of all the threads of objective life which he as author recognized and depicted. But Bely saw Petersburg - the city and the novel - as evocations of modern pluralism, and he himself, as the work's guiding consciousness, was the sole agent of synthesis : things were or were not brought together, only according to his treatment of them. As in Joyce opposites coincide, but Bely has no interest in revealing the exact nature of the correspondence. Instead he cultivates a grand mystery : thus for Joyce an interest in a synthesis between male and female is realized and analyzed in 'Circe', whereas for Bely the identical curiosity is embodied in bizarre, mysterious images like the bearded caryatids.

Hart quotes Bely 'no unitary Ableukhov existed - that is just why everything had happened'. This is exactly the opposite of Joyce, whose characters are supremely synthesized, due to which fact everything - or at least everything important - happens. Bely's view is the more ironic. We have remarked that Joyce never admits a completely

different perspective on his theories : his method is not dialectical. But Bely for practical purposes opposes his individual position to that of the state of the world. His self-consciousness is of his own mission to attempt to impose a 'humanized' form (as Kermode would call it) on so much raw material - a difficult task which he knows can never be fully or permanently achieved - where Joyce's results from the attempt to promote his book as a whole as an alternative outlook on life. Joyce, who never manifests himself in Ulysses (except, of course, by implication in the partially autobiographical characters), invests his confidence in a mechanical system which, once set in motion, will continue to run smoothly of its own accord. But Bely maintains that only by the active assertion of this personality - or that of the implied author constantly interjecting 'chitatel!' in Petersburg - in order to transform reality into something recognizable, only by, in short, mozgovaya igra, is there the faintest hope of acquiring a synthetic reconciliation with life.

It is for this reason that 'cerebral play' is as crucial to the structure of Bely's novel and of his world, as Vico's theories are to Joyce's. It is also, needless to say, equally free from the constraints of a historical sense of time. We have noted that in the twentieth century it is necessary for each author to create or resurrect a system to order his novel in lieu of the traditional ideas of time. Like Proust, Bely chose a rather Romantic projection of his subjectivity, but his mystical and apocalyptic ideas cast a sharply dualistic element into the homogeneous reality of the worlds of either Proust or Joyce.

As did most modern writers, Bely used a number of smaller, less authoritative or thematically significant, systems to underpin his narrative and hold together all the parts of the novel regardless of whether or not they were influenced by 'cerebral play'. As a result of his irony (among many other things), Bely was not a Proust whose assertion of his consciousness was so intense that it created a smooth, translucent surface to cover equally all the events of his novel. He is not so confidently nor so consistently distanced from the events of his book : Proust's work is completely retrospective no less than Bely's is emphatically occurring in the perpetually contingent present. Thus Bely, much more than his French counterpart, requires additional organizational models to augment the control he exercises over his book not with anything as important as 'memory', but merely with 'igra'.

Foremost among these supplementary systems is perhaps Bely's use of literary history, especially the Petersburg literary tradition. Literary history as a model has many of the advantages of conventional history in addition to the important qualification that it does not depend on linear time. The Bronze Horseman can live in the present, or in Petersburg, 1905, in a way, say, Napoleon never can. Literary history is not, as is conventional history, a testimony to and document of the ephemeral : it is a canon of immortals. Historical events follow a predictable curve of rise and decline of influence on the present as they recede into the past, but genuine literary 'events' rarely see such fluctuations. Literary history is then a peculiarly ahistorical version of history, one where moral, stylistic, and other internal values take precedence over time. Herein lies its appeal to the modern writer, not just to Bely, but also to Joyce and many others.

Fanger describes something of the effect of Bely's use of the literary tradition:

the tempo is Dostoevskian, as are many of the squalid indoor settings. But the street scenes are Gogolian, one of the sub-plots is Tolstoyan, and a series of ubiquitous Pushkinian motifs condenses into a central scene which is a reprise of the tragic crux of The Bronze Horseman, staged in terms that recall the confrontation of Ivan Karamazov with his devil. 67

There are in addition the literary epigraphs from Pushkin which head each chapter. Just as history is reinterpreted from time to time in light of recent events, so must the literary tradition occasionally be redefined. Thus, as Hart notes, 'Bely sought to relate the literary tradition to the subjective experiences of his generation'.⁶⁸ It was necessary to recast the old classics in this way, to emphasize their continued viability, in a time such as when Bely wrote, which for whatever reasons felt especially cut off from the past. The fact that the works could so easily be revived in an era with a totally different philosophical orientation testifies to their status as enduring literature. Mochulsky writes of the appearance of the Horseman in Dudkin's room:

Bely here is a worthy heir of Pushkin; for a moment in his hero Dudkin the poor Evgeny of The Bronze Horseman comes alive and 'the ponderous clangor of galloping hooves' of the mounted czar fills the novel with its triumphantly majestic rhythm - and it seems that Bely's Petersburg is the brilliant continuation of Pushkin's brilliant poem. 69

There are other minor systems in addition to the literary tradition which Bely uses to inform parts of his novel, for example ideas of geometry related both to character and to setting (for example to

Apollon Apollonovich and to Petersburg), anthroposophy (needless to say much more significant in the edition revised before Bely renounced anthroposophy), sets of dualities such as 'real/unreal', 'West/East', 'rationality/irrationality'. There are also a number of autobiographical motifs, especially regarding family conflicts, and of course Bely's schemes of sounds, colors, and shapes and their meanings. All of these work in Petersburg to give empirical information a significance it lost when an empirical understanding of science was undermined, and to give a concrete anchor to an abstract novel occurring in an abstract city as the product of a subjective consciousness - an extra dose of generality to help prevent its lapsing into the subjective incomprehensibility which plagued many of Bely's other prose works.

There is a final element to be considered in Petersburg, namely, the extent to which conventional, clock time still has a place in Bely's universe. The most obvious way of course, is in the bomb, the 'sardinnitsa uzhasnogo soderzhaniya' ticking remorselessly through the last half of the book, spoiling Anna Petrovna's return which had inspired so many hopes in the characters. The bomb is time both in its most prosaic, linear aspect, and apocalyptic time - a time ever ripening towards radical transformation. Both these sorts of time make a mockery of life in its mortal aspect. As Bely says:

Soznanie Apollona Apollonovicha est tenevoe
soznanie, potomuchto i on - obladatel efemernovo
bytiya ... nenuzhnaya, prazdnaya, mozgovaya igra. 70

The bomb ruins the lives of all the Ableukhovs, it brings out the corruption of their relationships before it explodes, and afterwards it seems to lead the parents to an early death and Nikolai Apollonovich

to a lonely and unhappy exile. In short, as time, it is both inescapable and uncontrollable.

For all his mysticism, Bely has no illusions about death; Petersburg is not the 'aesthetic sublimation of death' one finds in Ulysses or A la recherche du temps perdu. On the other hand, it does not fall into a Decadent meditation on death such as led Kornei Chukovsky, as Fanger records, to describe the literary scene as 'metafizicheskaya offenbakhovshchina'.⁷¹ Like so many other writers, Bely replaced time as an element of significance in his fiction, but he did not and could not truthfully deny it as an element of life. A ticking clock has a central place in Bely's novel as in many other works of modern fiction, and just as in them it is destroyed. But this does not alter the inescapable effects of time on life, predictions of the end of history to succeed the apocalypse Bely believed was imminent notwithstanding. To emphasize this Bely added his epilogue, which concludes by noting that Nikolai's parents have died. He himself ages rapidly: 'shapka volos vydelyalas otchetlivoi sovershenno serebryanoi pryodyu'. Bely's characters may only exist as a result of his authorial 'cerebral play', but as he has remarked on this phenomenon:

Raz mozg ego razygralsya tainstvennym
neznakomtsem, neznakomets tot-est, deistvitelno
est : ne ischeznet on s peterburgskikh prospektov,
poka sushchestvuet senator s podobnymi myslyami,
potomu chto i mysl-sushchestvuet.

I da budet nash neznakomets - neznakomets
realnyi! I da budet dve teni moego neznakomtsa
realnymi tenyami! 72

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER I

1. Stephen Spender quoted in A. A. Mendilow, Time and the Novel. London : Peter Nevill, 1952, p.14.
2. Ibid., p.6.
3. Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel. London : Penguin Books, 1974.
4. See, for example, the comprehensive bibliography of time-criticism in English since 1925 in David Higdon, Time and English Fiction. London : Macmillan, 1974.
- 4A. Ziolkowski, p. 208, n.36. See note 50 below.
5. Samuel Macey, Clocks and the Cosmos. New York : Archon Books, 1980, p.23.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid., p.33.
8. Ibid.
9. Ibid., p.29.
10. Ibid., p.30.
11. Ibid., p.33.
12. Ibid., p.42.
13. Ibid., p.33.
14. Ibid., p.17.
15. Ibid., p.45.
16. Ibid., p.42.
17. Ibid., p.40.
18. Cf. Watt, p.94: 'The positive contribution of Puritanism ... to the rise of the novel, and to its later tradition in England, must not be underestimated'.
19. See appendix, which example can be dated from before 1560, the date of the death of the Dauphin, if evidence in the article is accepted. Cedric Jagger, Curator of the Collection of Worshipful Company of Clockmakers, Guildhall, London, plans the imminent publication of a book treating the phenomenon of memento mori watches.
20. Hans Meyerhoff, Time in Literature. Berkeley and Los Angeles : University of California Press, 1955, p.92.
21. Ibid., p.19.

22. Eric Auerbach, Mimesis. Princeton, N.J. : Princeton University Press, 1953, p.317.
23. Ibid., pp.73-74.
24. Ibid., p.320.
25. Ibid., p.321.
26. Ibid., p.319.
27. Ibid., p.320.
28. John Gunnell, Political Philosophy and Time. Middletown, Ct. : Wesleyan University Press, 1968, p.24.
29. David Paul, 'Time and the Novelist', Partisan Review XXI (Nov.-Dec., 1954), pp.636-649.
30. The 'Dance of Death', often confused with the 'danse macabre', reached the 'culminating point in its pictorial evolution' in Holbein's woodcuts, executed 1523-26, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, and 'the concept lost its awesome hold in the Renaissance'. Holbein's 'Ambassadors' (London), where we find a memento mori in the large perspective skull, is ten years later (1533). The NED gives the first citations of 'memento mori' from the late sixteenth century. In this context it is perhaps also significant to note the numerous attributes personifications of Death share with Father Time, for example the cloak, scythe, and hour glass. Another interesting and not unrelated development from the visual arts is the way the vanitas theme, in the seventeenth century, came to be embodied almost exclusively in still life painting; this genre stripped of its allegorical connotations later became a major impetus to realistic painting 'for its own sake', but it is significant to note that such realism originally required to be 'justified' by an interpretation emphasizing its falseness to an earthly sense of time.
31. Cf. Auerbach, p.317: 'In the course of the sixteenth century the conscious distinction of the categories of tragic and comic in human destiny had to come to the fore again', with an emphasis on the individual nature of the tragic hero.
32. Auerbach, p.357.
33. Ibid., pp.355-356.
34. Ibid., p.358.
35. Ibid., p.357.
36. Ibid.
37. Ibid., p.358.

38. Although of course there are other critics who see his death as a thematic necessity - see, for example, Rene Girard, Deceit, Desire, and the Novel. Baltimore, Md. : The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976.
39. Auerbach, p.463.
40. Watt, p.27 (quoting from Letter Six).
41. Frederic Bogel, in an article to be published summer, 1981: 'Crisis and Character in Autobiography : The Later Eighteenth Century', Studies in English Literature XXI, No.3 (Summer, 1981).
42. Gunnell, pp.11-12.
43. Auerbach, p.38.
44. Ibid., pp.6-7.
45. Ibid., p.23.
46. Ibid., p.318.
47. Ibid., p.319.
48. Ibid., p.321.
49. Meyerhoff, p.89.
50. Theodore Ziolkowski, Dimensions of the Modern Novel. Princeton, N.J. : Princeton University Press, 1969, p.192.
51. Meyerhoff, pp.94-95.
52. Ibid., p.95.
53. Robert Nisbet, History of the Idea of Progress. New York : Basic Books, 1980.
54. Auerbach, pp.457-458.
55. Ibid., p.462.
56. Ibid., p.463.
57. Ibid.
58. Ibid., p.477.
- 58A. See below, n. 71. 58B. In an unpublished lecture.
59. Meyerhoff, p.83.
60. Ibid., p.2.
61. Watt, p.20.

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER II

1. Paul, p.642.
2. F. M. Ford, Joseph Conrad A Personal Remembrance. Of course Ford's account is considered highly unreliable, but this particular remark does not seem to contradict one's own reading of the novels.
3. F. R. Leavis, The Great Tradition. London : Chatto and Windus, 1967.
4. Lodge, p.172.
5. Ibid., p.180 (quoting Hardy).
6. Ibid., p.170.
7. Georges Poulet, Studies in Human Time. Baltimore Md. : The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1956.
8. Lodge, p.170.
9. Ibid., p.190.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid., p.193, n.
12. Ibid., p.204 (quoting Ian Watt, 'The First Paragraph of The Ambassadors').
13. Ibid.
14. Ibid., p.243.
15. Watt, p.95.
16. Lodge, p.86.
17. Mein, pp.4-5.
18. Richard Ellmann, Ulysses on the Liffey. New York : Oxford University Press, 1972, p.xii.
19. Joseph Conrad, preface to 'The Nigger of the Narcissus'.
20. Liffey, p.92.
21. James Joyce, Ulysses. London : Penguin Books Ltd., 1969, p.165.
22. Harry Blamires, The Bloomsday Book. London : Methuen and Co., 1966, p.76.
23. Liffey, pp.184-185.

24. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce. London : Oxford University Press, 1959, pp.562-563.
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid., p.563.
27. Ibid.
28. Michael Hollington, 'Svero, Joyce, and Modern Time', Malcolm Bradbury, ed., Modernism. London : Penguin Books Ltd., 1974, pp.439-440; quoting Eliade, n.8.
29. Ibid., p.430.
30. Liffey, p.16.
31. Ibid., p.13.
32. Ibid.
33. Ibid., p.162.
34. Joyce, p.171, n.
35. In The Paradox of History.
36. Joyce, p.565.
37. Ibid.
38. Ibid.
39. Liffey, p.141.
40. Ibid.
41. Ibid., p.142.
42. Joyce, p.351, n.
43. Liffey, p.73.
44. Joyce, p.370.
45. Liffey, p.159.
46. Ibid., p.xvii.
47. Ibid., p.54.
48. Margaret Church, Time and Reality. Chapel Hill, N.C. : University of North Carolina Press, 1963, p.26.
49. Blamires, p.217.

50. Ulysses, p.412.
51. Blamires, p.84.
52. Joyce, p.370.
53. Blamires, p.x.
54. Liffey, p.xvii.
55. Ibid., p.57.
56. Ibid.
57. Hollington, p.438.
58. Liffey, p.184.
59. Ibid., p.xi.
60. Ibid., p.185.
61. Ibid., p.96.
62. Ibid., p.119.
63. Blamires, p.185, n.
64. Joyce, pp.567-568.
65. Erich Neumann, The Great Mother. Princeton, N.J. : Princeton University Press, 1972, pp.29-30, n.8.
66. Liffey, p.34.
67. Auerbach, p.11.
68. Ibid., p.17.
69. Ibid., p.23.
70. Blamires, p.x.
71. Auerbach, p.43.
72. Liffey, p.126.
73. Ibid., p.97.
74. Blamires, p.179.
75. Ibid., p.183.
76. Ibid., p.243.
77. Ibid., p.166.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

1. Mirsky, p.303.
2. Ibid., p.257.
3. Marc Slonim, An Outline of Russian Literature. New York : Mentor Books, 1958, p.84.
4. Ibid., p.110.
5. Chiaromonte, p.31.
6. Ibid., p.46.
7. Ibid., p.47.
8. Ibid., p.41.
9. Ibid. From War and Peace.
10. Ibid.
11. Mirsky, p.256.
12. R. F. Christian, 'The Passage of Time in Anna Karenina', Slavic and East European Studies XLV, No.104 (January, 1967).
13. In Deceit, Desire, and the Novel.
14. E. J. Simmons, Introduction to A Raw Youth. New York : Dell (Laurel Edition).
15. J. M. Murry, Fyodor Dostoevsky. London : Secker, 1916, p.26.
16. Ibid., pp.27-28.
17. Ibid., p.28.
18. Quoted in R. J. Keys, 'Andrey Bely and the Development of Russian Fiction, 1900-1914'. (Unpublished, 1980), p.11.
19. Ibid., p.8.
20. Ibid.
21. Ibid.
22. Quoted in ibid., p.iv, n.19.
23. Ibid., p.9.
24. Ibid.

25. Donald Fanger, 'The City of Russian Modernist Fiction', in Bradbury, p.468.
26. Keys, p.10.
27. Ibid.
28. Quoted in Slonim, p.124.
29. Bely is the only Russian writer Bakhtin considers to have inherited Dostoevsky's legacy. He cites the examples of several other European writers, for example Camus, but none of these, in turn, has inspired a particularly fruitful school of imitators, and what imitators there are rarely retain an interest in polyphony. See Keys, p.22.
30. Quoted in Keys, p.8.
31. A letter revealing Joyce's early opinions of several of the great Russian novelists is quoted at length in Joyce, pp.217-218.
32. Joyce, p.368.
33. Nina Berberova, from Gerald Janecek, ed., Andrey Bely. Lexington, Ky. : University Press of Kentucky, 1978, pp.119-120.
34. Konstantin Mochulsky, Andrey Bely. Ann Arbor, Mi. : Ardis Press, 1977, p.147.
35. Ibid., p.155.
36. Ibid., p.156.
37. Quoted in Keys, p.24.
38. Mochulsky, p.153.
39. Ibid., p.156.
40. Alexander Woronzoff, 'Andrey Bely's Petersburg, James Joyce's Ulysses, and the Stream of Consciousness Method'. Russian Language Journal (1976), p.101.
41. Joyce, p.542.
42. R. J. Keys, in Janecek, p.195.
43. Mochulsky, p.155.
44. Ibid., p.156.
45. Bernice G. Rosenthal, in Janecek, p.188.
46. Ibid., p.183.
47. See *ibid.*, pp.115ff.

48. Fanger, p.470.
49. Ibid., p.3.
50. Ibid., p.200.
51. Ibid., p.211, n.10.
52. Ibid., p.112.
53. Fanger, p.472.
54. Mochulsky, pp.148-149.
55. Pierre R. Hart, Petersburg and the Myth of the City. Unpublished dissertation, University of Wisconsin, 1969, p.172.
56. Fanger, p.474.
57. Ibid., p.475.
58. Hart, p.120.
59. Mochulsky, p.154.
60. Hart, p.iii.
61. Janecek, p.121.
62. Woronzoff, p.105.
63. Fanger, p.473.
64. Mochulsky, p.150.
65. Ibid., p.159 (although the Russian spellings have been retained).
66. Janecek, p.101.
67. Fanger, p.470.
68. Hart, p.2.
69. Mochulsky, p.152.
70. Andrey Bely, Petersburg. Letchworth : Bradda, 1967 (reprint of 1916 edition).
71. Fanger, p.474.
72. Petersburg, p.55.

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