SOME EXPRESSIONIST AND CUBIST ELEMENTS OF MODERNIST NARRATIVE FORM

> Around 1910 a certain space was shattered. It was the space of common sense, of knowledge, of social practice, of political power, a space hitherto enshrined in everyday discourse, just as in abstract thought, as the environment of and channel for communication. Euclidean and perspectivist space disappeared as systems of reference, along with other former "common places" such as town, history, paternity, traditional morality and so forth. This was a truly crucial moment.
>
> Henri Lefebvre (287)

> The impressions or psychic states released by an optical spectacle in the artist's mind generate signs or pictorial equivalents which can reproduce these impressions or states without necessarily copying the initial optical spectacle. Every state of our sensibility is matched by an objective harmony that is capable of transcribing it.
>
> Maurice Denis (Haftmann 83)

> The essence of modernism lies, as I see it, in the use of the characteristic methods of a discipline itself -- not in order to subvert it, but to entrench it more firmly in its area of competence.
>
> Clement Greenberg (74)

The modernist period stretches roughly from the late 19th century to the middle of the twentieth, encompassing the explosive economic and scientific revolutions now known as imperialist or monopoly capitalism and quantum physics. Together, they comprise the main points of reference for understanding a world of rapid industrial development, advanced technology, urbanization, and secularization, "a world from which many traditional certainties had departed, and a certain sort of Victorian confidence not only in ... onward progress ... but in the very solidity and visibility of reality itself" (Bradbury 57).

Two important changes across artistic practice involved: 1) the denial of an absolute and 2) the need to maintain a sense of subjective truth amid a complex of multiple truths. The clearly demarcated subject/object and space/time oppositions, the solidity of epistemological and ontological categories, the very order of

cognition itself were all questioned, as the fluidity, if not the chaos, of the phenomenal world was explored.

Although form cannot be abstracted or altogether separated from referential content across the whole spectrum of modernist aesthetics, a significant defining characteristic of modernism is its attempted (and paradoxical) representation of the subjective or objective world through the formalism of anti-representation. As Stephen Spender suggests, "modern art is that in which the artist reflects awareness of an unprecedented modern situation in form and idiom," a situation to which 'realism' is not an adequate approach" (421).

The modernist art object is the site where the chaos of experience is distilled, where the world is transformed into the objective correlative of an aesthetic equation. Furthermore, in focusing on their own formal structures, modernist works draw attention to readers' and viewers' cognitive processes and in so doing insist that art is not simply the Romantic expression of inner feeling or the musicalization of thought but the "creation of a structure that will allow us to understand what it means to perceive, and will thus, in a sense, give us back the world" (Josipovici 195). Modernism's essential utopianism is founded on reprojection and reconstruction, as the viewer's eyes are directed into the work, then projected back onto the world to see it anew.

In what follows, I will begin with an analysis of the modernist conflation of the subject/object opposition as a dereifying strategy, whereby art fortifies itself against the commodified nature of mass culture. Then, I will embark on a two-part discussion of narrative, focussing on: 1) the spatializing devices of juxtaposition and simultaneity, and (2) the relation between public and private space, especially as manifested in the interaction between form and content.

Subjectivity and Form

The subject/object antinomy resulting from reification involves the alienation of individuals from the products of their labour. Modernist impersonality appears something of the superstructural equivalent, insofar as modernist works deflect or redirect the emotions of their creators or do without them altogether. The distance between audience and work, the notorious opacity of modernist works, also exemplifies the opposition, as if only a passive superficial gaze connects them. But, as I will argue, the uniquely "modern" relation between subject, object and form characteristic of modernism is also one of conflation, the shift of this opposition onto the level of form, which becomes the central means of expression for that

relation of individuals and the phenomenal world.

An immediate distinction must be made, however, between modernist and romantic subjectivity. Modernism differs from romanticism on this count because it alters the category of the personal, suspending the effusive emotionalism which is romanticism's driving energy, transformative power and central theme, and exploring two different processes or structures: 1) the abandonment of unitary perception in favour of multiple subject positions, and 2) the use of objective correlatives to evoke emotion.

Thus, to take two examples from the visual arts, the genesis of cubist rotation and fragmentation of the object, and expressionist color and form usage. Cubism and expressionism exhibit varying degrees of a wider modernist movement away from the central emotive ego and from emotion in general. The former departs more radically by splintering the perceptual field in order to create an illusion of multivalency while the latter maintains an emotional component through the increasingly abstract intersection of shapes and colours. Cubist and expressionist vision may be distinguished by a kind of retinal *sight* on the one hand and personal *insight* on the other, a distinction sometimes made between the vision exhibited by photography and modernist painting (Kelly 89). This sight/insight distinction indexes a similar tendency in literature (although too rigid differentiations are not really possible): the so-called "materialist" tendency on the one hand, as Woolf identifies it in "Mr. Bennet and Mrs. Brown" (which might encompass, besides Wells and Shaw, Conrad, Eliot, and Lewis) and, on the other hand, the "spiritual materialist" inclination (including Whitman, Hopkins, Woolf, and Lawrence), in which concrete detail expresses or is focused primarily, though not exclusively, upon character psychology. But most modernists can be situated somewhere between the two poles, applying both types of subjectivity, and in either case no direct authorial self-expression is evident as it is in romanticism.

Romantic and modernist subjectivity also differ in their relation with the objective. The profound romantic unity or oneness of God, nature and the individual is no longer a necessarily given or viable framework, but becomes something of a utopian foil to the irrevocably secularized modern world. This is not to suggest a complete rupture at all points in the relation between the two aesthetics when it comes to subjectivity for it seems quite clear, for instance, that a sense of alienation remains relatively consistent in both. But it is to suggest a different way that subjects see and relate with the external world, undermining a formerly naturalized association, sundering the uncomplicated relation between word and thing.

For perhaps the first programmatic articulation of these concepts, we are indebted to Cezanne, and his statements describing his Euclidean method of perception. Rather than projecting emotion into his works, as the impressionists and symbolists tended to do, or relying on realist perspective lattices, he passed things "through the filter of line, tone, and colour, and with the help of the purely formal structure thus obtained proceeded to re-interpret the original datum" (Haftmann 31). He wanted to change the orders discovered in nature into an aesthetic form -- form being the result of a dialogue between a mind intent upon order and an object. The perceptual field was reconciled into an overall unity through the modulation of various geometric forms and colour zones in an essentially flat rendering.

This ultimately led to the cubist depiction of three-dimensional physical reality by means of rotation, the presentation of all views of an object within the painting's autonomous two-dimensional, non-referential pictorial space. The cubist picture is not simply the "representation of a segment of nature, but an architectonic formula expressing an abstract order. The shapes of objects serve as elements of construction.... Out of them the many-faceted crystal of the picture is pieced together in such a way that the images of things shine through its structure" (Haftmann 99).

The reaction to Cezanne and the cubists came by way of the expressionists, who felt that the former's methods and effects were too programmatic and mechanical, for everything seemed reduced to a mere sensation of the retina, that there was no vitality or dynamism, no current of emotional energy running through these paintings. Led by Matisse and Kandinsky, the expressionists sought to deform the object through the creation of a formal order based on the inter-relationship of colour, surface space and outline.[1] The interplay of these elements meant that an illusionistic, almost abstract space was created in which floods of pure colour dominate, generating an intense but pleasurable shock reaction in the viewer. Like the cubists, the expressionists sought to create an equivalent parallel world to the natural one, based on the notion that a painting is essentially a flat surface covered

[1]I have included fauvism in the category of expressionism, although there are some differences. Fauvism precedes and prepares expressionism, is generally less abstract, less intense and unrestrained, more given to a refined pictorial order rather than a passionate explosion of color. Both fauvism and expressionism should be subordinated to the central concept of *expression*.

with colours in a certain arrangement, and that it does not reproduce the object but represents it through pictorial equivalents. The sense one gets from looking at an expressionist work is of a decorative arrangement of elements to express emotion, a composition which achieves its meaning from the position, size, relationship and total impact of its components on the canvas's surface. In expressionism two essential paths seem possible: either to "transform the real object, the motif, until it corresponded to unexpressed feelings; or a freedom to create an entirely new motif-less object, which could also correspond to these same unexpressed feelings" (Read 231).

In literature the cubist and expressionist modes of subjectivity are manifested in two ways -- structural or narrative concerns on the one hand and stylistic concerns on the other. Thus, there are works like *Lord Jim*, *To the Lighthouse*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, *Ulysses*, *The Alexandria Quartet*, *The Waste Land*, *The Cantos*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying* and *Paterson*, which are either recounted by more than one narrative figure, have extended fragments recounted by figures other than a central one, contain tangential or parallel stories, or comprise a number of distinct units brought together within one whole. Then there are types of narration whose meaning is bound up with style, with the expressionist effects of the simplest monads of prose narrative and poetry, the sentence and the phrase, works by Perkins-Gilman, Conrad, Joyce, Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Henry Miller, the Imagists, Eliot, Pound and Jones, in which one may find the literary equivalent of expressionist gesture or passage -- the manipulation of painterly signs or signifiers "to trace a passage, to give evidence of an essentially human action, to mark the subjectivity of the artist in the image itself" (Kelly 89). Or, style is used to mark characters' subjectivity (as for instance, the so-called uncle Charlie principle in Joyce, or the near pathological control in Hemingway) and to mark with human praxis the surface of modernist works which are inclined towards the quality of reified end products, self-contained non-referential objects that suggest in their opaque isolation and inner fragmentation social relations under capitalism.

For a shorthand of the two modes of subjectivity we may turn first to Joyce and then to Pound. The movement in the novel away from omniscience or the sweeping gaze of an everpresent narrator does not begin in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, but its sharply limited perspective is a consciously symbolic act telling us that the old dispensation has irrevocably changed. This marks the beginning of modernism's "fractured and cellular narration and description" whereby things are seen through a "multiplicity of peep holes" rather than from a single expansive vista (Spiegel 240). The paradox of this limited perspective is that

it is also expansive and mobile, turning inward onto the vast terrain of conscious and unconscious thought. Stephen's outward and inward vision as he looks at the sea from the Martello tower in *Ulysses* is fragmentary and associative, a glance across his cuff edge and a suddenly awakened memory of a dream and his mother's death, brought on by Buck Mulligan's sea/motherhood metaphor, his reproach for Stephen's refusal to pray for her at her request, and the sudden almost cinematic fusion of bay and china bowl. In effect, three types of sight are juxtaposed: retinal cubist, romantic and surrealist.

> Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coatsleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedges he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile.... (5)

The experience of seeing is almost as striking as what is seen; to some extent, the "mode of perception now becomes the object of perception" (Spiegel 241). Here, however, self-reflexivity is not used to question the codes or ideologies of seeing, of knowing (as seems to be the case in "Nausicaa"), and this being the case, one may wish to consider the passage in the negative light of reification, for as Jameson tells us in *The Political Unconscious*, the forms of experience systematically broken up in order to be reconstructed more efficiently, those "now isolated broken bits and pieces of the older unities acquire a certain autonomy of their own" (63). The fall into fragmentation characteristic of the reification process is accompanied, Jameson suggests, by an interior "reorganization of the individual in which the sense of sight or vision separates off from the other senses and becomes autonomous" (Dowling 26). The natural setting of the phenomenal world is turned into a "sight" on a canvas, a kind of visually packaged commodity. Here I am iterating a point made earlier, when I related visual abstraction to the homologous spatial fragmentations of the modern city. But once again, it is possible to discern a counter movement of dereification which simultaneously redeems modernism, and which is particularly implicit in Pound's exegesis of vorticist aesthetics.

Pound explains the methods by which the emotional impact of an experience in a Parisian metro was translated into his famous imagist poem "In a Station at the Metro." He felt that to properly express the moment, to record the instant when "a thing outward and objective transforms itself, or darts into a thing inward and subjective," he required some kind of external equivalent or formula as a substitute, which he found in the "primary pigment" of colour, the "first adequate equation that came into consciousness" (Pound 150, 149). The resulting "vortex" is an energized "radiant node or cluster" which expresses the initial experience and which generates a parallel but different reaction in the reader (152). I see this technique as a literary equivalent of the expressionist passage on the painterly surface (as a sign of the labour and personal emotion that went into it, that constitutes it) whereby the self-contained abstract work retains a concrete transcendent component, and through the intensified language of colour and the glory of seeing restores "at least a symbolic experience of libidinal gratification to a world drained of it" (Jameson, *The Political Unconscious* 63). Pound's image of the metro, therefore, should be seen as a sign of the way that modernism, far from only being a reflection of reification (particularly in its affinity for fragmentation and abstraction) is "also a revolt against reification and a symbolic act which involves a whole utopian compensation for increasing dehumanization on the level of daily life," and how, furthermore, the practice of language in the literary work is related to the experience of standardization and compartmentalization in capitalist society, a potential symbolic resolution to the actual lived situation (41).

Modernism's Narrative Topography

(1) The Spatialization of Narrative

The multiple subject positions in cubism and Stephen Dedalus's fractured vision are examples of a much wider trend in modernism towards reified spatial form and away from linear temporality. A great deal has been written on this subject since Joseph Frank's classic essay "Spatial Form in Modern Literature"; it is not my intention to restate all the arguments over the years but rather to map out some essential points which will relate this spatial turn to modernist prose's expression of modernity.[2] I will begin by summarizing Frank's article, then examine the spatial

[2]For a comprehensive bibliography on space and narrative, see Jeffrey Smitten and Ann Daghistany, eds., *Spatial Form in Narrative* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell UP, 1981).

devices of juxtaposition and simultaneity, with special emphasis on Hemingway's *In Our Time* and the "Wandering Rocks" episode in Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Frank's first statements are a response to Lessing's *Laokoon*, in which Lessing distinguishes between the basic laws governing the literary and plastic arts. He holds that the former use articulated sounds in time and the latter use forms and colours in space; literature is a sequence of words moving through time, while the plastic arts are objects juxtaposed in space. Frank's purpose is to question this opposition by showing that modernist writers like Djuna Barnes, Eliot, Joyce, Pound and Proust move in the direction of spatial form. The prototype for all such forms may be imagism since it involves a "unification of disparate ideas and emotions into a complex presented spatially in an instant of time" (Frank 319). The powerful instantaneousness of its impact gives readers of imagist poetry the effect of seeing into the mystical essence of objects or moments, of extracting from the flux of experience a piece of pure, still energy. The anti-temporal aspect of imagism is also evident in longer works of poetry like Pound's *The Cantos* and Eliot's *The Waste Land*: the deliberate disconnectedness of the first and the structural relationships between "disconnected word groups" of the second (321). Meaning in these works arises from self-reflexive juxtaposition, such that internal references must be understood before references to a world outside the poems. The same principle, Frank believes, is true of modernist prose works, although the element of space is not so obvious because their units are larger and are more conducive to a linear reading. Joyce composed *Ulysses* out of an "infinite number of references and cross- references which relate to one another independently of the time sequence of the narrative" (323). The intended effect is the lived immediacy of a day in Dublin, which can only be experienced by the reader, paradoxically, through repetition, amalgamation: "Joyce cannot be read -- he can only be re-read" (323). Frank also detects spatial form in Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*, specifically at moments of revelation or epiphany. Proust wanted to seize for the duration of a lightning flash what he could normally not apprehend -- a fragment of time in its pure state. At the Princess de Guermentes' party, the long secluded narrator first becomes conscious of time's irrevocable passage when he is addressed in the polite form, a form frequently used in deference to the elderly. To become conscious of time he has had to be removed from it, and able to juxtapose the world he knew before with the one he sees now. By comparing these two images in an instant, the "passage of time can be experienced concretely through the impact of its visible effects on the sensibility" (327). This discovery gives the narrator an objective correlative "to the visionary apprehension of the fragment of "pure time" intuited in the revelatory moment" (327). Proust's "pure time," as described by Frank, is not

time at all but perception in a *moment* of time, and therefore space.

Frank's imagistic anti-temporal reading of modernism is incisive but not without its problems. The space he sees in literary form, as G. Giovannini rightly points out, is not the kind objectively present in a painting or a sculpture (except for shaped poems):

> rather, this literary spatiality seems to be an operation of the mind synthesizing data which may ... form a visualizable image with communicable spatial dimension but which ... does not necessarily cohere in any spatial way.... Thus, the spatial order of a painting and the "spatiality" of *The Waste Land* are of different ontological orders" (Holtz 274).

Following Giovannini's logic, it becomes apparent that literary space is partly a site of interaction, a theatre of production between text and reader in which the text offers itself as a complex incomplete network requiring the reader's organizing force. From this interaction a conceptual space emerges beyond the text itself, where fragments might cohere (Kawin 106). Such a reading clearly betrays a modernist longing for a space or utopia of calm and meaning, and also intimates a process of work towards that end; thoughtless consumption is not a suitable way of reading or engaging with these texts for they are often deliberately exacting as they attempt to make us transform our way of seeing. Modernist conceptual space depends on the work of astute readers patient enough to work through the text, to connect fragments, undercurrents, and different levels into one whole.[3] Another problem with Frank's definition of space is its unrealistic applicability to longer works of prose whose disparateness is highly resistant to imagistic unity. It is one thing to assemble sections or elements of a poem, even one as long as *The Waste Land*, but it is something else to conceptualize a unity for *Ulysses*. Temporary

[3]The work process might also be regarded as a component of modernist elitism. Many modernist works seem tailor-made for well researched exegis by academics. Although Joyce, for instance, was partly right in saying that he never wrote about anything but "common people" (most of them petit bourgeois, however, not working class), he hardly seemed to write *for* them. In general, modernism broke away from the popularized and commercialized forms of its past (the expressive realist novel, late romantic poetry) and its present (jingoistic war poetry, cheap detective serials) and in the process grew distant from the "masses," whose taste it held in some disdain.

suspension of external references before the system of internal references is stabilized is difficult with longer prose, if not unsuited to it. Furthermore, certain modernist works like *The Good Soldier*, which depend on the correlation between the reader's experience and the narrator's, which depend on an initial reading to provide an illusion of the narrator's or characters' "first time" experiences, lose their intended effect in this will to totalization. Some novels are specifically designed to mean the way we experience them the first time and Frank's concept of re-reading damages this immediacy of impact. It seems important, ultimately, to qualify the kind of space associated with literature, particularly prose narrative; prose might simply *aspire* to a condition of space, as Cary Nelson suggests,[4] and this aspiration hinges on the application of certain devices like juxtaposition, simultaneity, repetition, disconnection, epiphany, self-reflexivity, objective correlative, multiple perspective and attenuation (or widening of the present), flashes forward and back.

Roger Shattuck is only partly right when, in *The Banquet Years*, he writes that "the twentieth century has addressed itself to arts of juxtaposition as opposed to earlier arts of transition" (256). For though juxtaposition was clearly privileged over transition, it was precisely not a choice between firmly fixed and demarcated forms which characterized the modernist epoch. Everywhere one looked the so-called arts of *nacheinander* were pervaded by the *nebeneinander*. To some extent, this tendency must be seen as a widespread desire to shock, to defamiliarize naturalized categories and ways of seeing, and leave the old behind for the new, the pristine, the modern. In poetry, modernity frequently took the form of an urban sensibility for which traditional tropes drawn from romanticism or symbolism seemed inadequate and saccharine. Eliot's "Preludes" typify the hard unsentimental side of modernism's depiction of contemporary life in the metropolis. Here, the bleakness of modernity is rendered in sharp images which juxtapose the natural and the urban, the healthy and the sick, the spiritual and the secular in various combinations. The first three sets of images cited here are not spatial in the juxtapositional sense of Frank's word groups, but exemplify a general dialectical tendency in modernism (metaphor, ambiguity, paradox and irony). In the fourth example (from the fourth "Prelude"), juxtaposition is more in the line of emotional tone, as the speaker seems willing to "instill with sentiment a squalid urban scene," but cannot elide the reality around him (Quinones 133).

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[4]See Cary Nelson, *The Incarnate Word: Literature as Verbal Space* (Urbana, Ill.: U of Illinois P, 1973).

And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat
On broken blinds and chimney pots....

The morning comes to consciousness
Of faint stale smells of beer....
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand rooms....

His soul stretched tight across the skies
That fade behind a city block....

I am moved by fancies that are curled
Around these images, and cling;
The notion of some infinitely gentle
Infinitely suffering thing.
Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;
The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots. (12-13)

This modern urban world has been fragmented into the separate spheres and private hungers of people whose lives will never converge. There is only the inevitability, as Charles Ryder says in *Brideshead Revisited*, of the "centripetal force of our own worlds, and the cold interstellar space between them" (Waugh 236). As a device, juxtaposition seems both symptomatic of and corrective to modernist separateness since it sets things against each other, yet also encourages their connection. There is a sense of divisiveness, even a conflictual edge combined with an underlying volition towards wholeness.

We find this working successfully in Hemingway's collection of short stories, *In Our Time*. Here, juxtaposition takes the form of a series of stories centred on the pseudo-autobiographical figure of Nick Adams, interspersed with vignettes of the First World War and the bullfight. At first there seems to be no link between the two "word groups"; the first vignette, for instance, describes a drunken battery travelling to Champagne, and the first story ("Indian Camp") tells of a caesarian

section performed by Nick's father on an unanaestheticized native woman and the subsequent suicide of her husband. But soon it becomes clear that the vignettes and stories are related by the shared themes of death, violence and loss, if not proximity in space or similarity of action. The rural world of Nick's youth is not innocent or benign, without conflict (or even "war"). In "The Battler," Nick is knocked off a moving train by a brakeman and encounters a former boxer who is hostile towards him and has to be subdued by his companion with a blackjack. In "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," the argument between Nick's father and Dick Boulton over the logs the former has claimed as his own, and the unspoken tension between his parents seem ready to explode into something far more traumatic, suggested in a very subtle and disturbing scene: his father cleaning his gun. The contrast between this apparent innocent action and the brutal finality of shootings and bombardments in the following six vignettes adds an oppressive resonance to the story. Violence seems barely controlled, just ready to flare up from beneath still surfaces of normality.

Elsewhere, in comparatively calm narratives like "The Big Two-Hearted River," the continual shock of activity in the vignettes reverberates silently and powerfully. Nick's solitary fishing convalescence is a retreat from the war in which he was wounded; the vignettes constitute the repressed visions of his war experience, latent elements manifested outside the main body of the narrative like flood water finding a new level, memories he tries to "choke" off to prevent his mind from "starting to work" (Hemingway 347). Typically Hemingwayesque, meaning in "The Big Two-Hearted River" resides in silence and evocation, not statement;[5] a strong current of disturbance is projected simply through taut skeletally direct language. Style matches content perfectly as each sentence mimics the methodical actions used by Nick to control his thoughts. But it is juxtaposition which gives "The Big Two-Hearted River" its full meaning for it allows us to visualize the experiences Nick seeks to escape while still preserving the evocative power of mystery. This juxtaposition of openness and closure or transparency and opacity is somewhat like that in the works discussed above, since it plays out the relation between public and private space, surface and depth, yet differs fundamentally because it does so in two distinct narrative modes and sites. And as in Eliot's "Preludes," juxtaposition of private and public in the form of separateness

[5]This sense is neatly figured by Nick's own silence. "'I've got a right to eat this kind of stuff, if I'm willing to carry it,' Nick said. His voice sounded strange in the darkening woods. He did not speak again" (346).

is an important component of the nihilistic modernity Hemingway became associated with. His modern world, like Eliot's, is spiritually stripped and austere, void of real meaning and value, but unlike Eliot's seems designed to test or break down the strongest and noblest individuals, to such an extent that a personal code of conduct becomes the only adequate salvation.

Hemingway's masculinist ideals find little place or favour in Joyce's *Ulysses*, as both Blazes Boylan and the Citizen are contrasted unfavourably with Leopold Bloom. The technique of juxtaposition used in the "Cyclops" episode reflects this unconfrontational, almost pacifist stance. Rather than maintaining a conflictual view of things through juxtaposition, Joyce consistently undermines conflict through a devastatingly ironic clash of styles at the expense of virtually everyone and everything. Thus, at the height of the Citizen's fury, biscuit box sailing in Bloom's wake, the style suddenly changes (as it does throughout the chapter) from the anonymous narrator's barroom brogue to a pseudo officious "geographese":

> Begob he drew his hand and made a swipe and let fly.
> Mercy of God the sun was in his eyes or he'd have left him for dead. Gob, he near sent it into the county Longford. The bloody nag took fright and the old mongrel after the car like bloody hell and all the populace shouting and laughing and the old tinbox clattering along the street.
> The catastrophe was terrific and instantaneous in its effect. The observatory of Dunsin registered in all eleven shocks, all of the fifth grade of Mercalli's scale, and there is no record extant of a similar seismic disturbance in our island since the earthquake of 1534, the year of the rebellion of Silken Thomas. The epicentre appears to have been that part of the metropolis which constitutes the Inn's Quay ward and parish of Saint Michan covering a surface of fortyone acres, two roods and one square pole or perch. (281)

Although the narrative undermines the petty rage of this modern day Polyphemus, it does not spare the Odysseus/Christ figure of Bloom either. Like the Citizen, he is deflated through hyperbole; his departure from the pub in a cart is described as an ascent to heaven in a chariot amid clouds of angels. His philosophy of love seems no more respected or valued than the Citizen's shortsightedness and anger. Grand universals, whether they take the form of Irish nationalism or Christian piety, are easy targets in this chapter, and it becomes difficult to detect a position attributable

to Joyce himself. Ultimately, we are asked to choose among devalued philosophies, and inevitably we side with Bloom's, for his at least necessitates an end to the perpetual cycle of injustice, persecution and violence committed in the name of nationalism and race (although the Citizen would argue that this is precisely what cannot be done if British injustice to the Irish is ever to be redressed).

But it is not ideology as undermined through juxtaposition which I wanted to examine in *Ulysses*, so much as the spatial device of simultaneity. To this end, I have chosen "Wandering Rocks" as an example of the kind of simultaneity Frank refers to -- the result of cross-referencing -- as well as that actual referential simultaneity experienced in a modern, turn of the century city, represented in part by a smaller town-like version, Dublin. To some extent, this means forcing a wedge between text and world when much of *Ulysses* attempts to do exactly the opposite, but it allows me to make a slight distinction between simultaneity as a textual phenomenon and as a real one (*Ulysses* has frequently been called two works in one -- a novel about the *novel*, and one about a day in the life of a city and its citizens, unparalleled in its density of detail). I am suggesting a double reading of this chapter to remain true to this duality, and also to show the inevitable connections and translations from one level to another. What happens textually (in terms of form) is a kind of displaced rendering of what happens in the text's sphere of reality, and by extension, that actual urban world which one might call "modern."

Textually speaking, then, "Wandering Rocks" is made up of 19 sections centred on 19 characters or focalizing "units" whose thoughts are occasionally divulged. Fragments from other sections, or from out of nowhere, are included like chance notations the text has failed to properly arrange. These stray pieces of information which a linear narrative would have assimilated in an unproblematical sequence, foreground the difficulties and failures of teleological accounts or histories, particularly accurately depicting the complexity of modern experience. Instead, as Karen Lawrence rightly points out, the chapter depends on a kind of "lateral" or "paratactic imagination" which "catalogues facts without synthesizing them" (83). The indefinite article, for instance, is used twice to describe the one-legged sailor, and "illustrates a strange failing in the "narrative memory"" (84). Sentences are reiterated almost word for word as if to key themselves off in *our* memories, which can only fail to connect this excess of narrative information without clear markers. Linguistic tags are repeatedly used to describe certain characters ("Mr. Denis Maginni, professor of dancing, etc." or "Marie Kendall, charming soubrette"), sometimes with a slight change ("A listless lady, no more young;" "An elderly female, no more young"), sometimes appearing in other

chapters ("Bronze by gold, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head" [in "Sirens"]). In short, the "Wandering Rocks" episode is spatial in Frank's sense because it encourages a continual rereading or connecting instead of a temporal linear consumption. Rather than simply unfolding (although there is progression, forward movement), the episode *enfolds*, moves downward, seeks out depth, yet never quite stabilizes into a frozen imagistic whole.

At this point I would like to shift to that other type of space mentioned above -- the transcendent space of lived reality. I think the component of repetition constituting textual space is evident as the process which creates the effect of simultaneity characteristic of urban space, particularly in the early 20th century city. While the text quotes itself time and time again, many of the events reappear as well, in slightly emended or expanded form, as if paralleling the linguistic dissimilarities in which they are sometimes couched. For example, as the blond woman in the flower shop caters to Blazes Boylan, "a darkbacked figure scan[s] books on the hawker's cart." Three sections later (but occurring simultaneously) as Lenehan and M'Coy climb the steps under Merchants' arch, "a darkbacked figure" is again said to scan books "on the hawker's cart" (187, 192). But following the second reference, we learn from Lenehan and M'Coy the identity of the individual (it is Bloom, of course) and hear the former's bawdy story about Molly. In the tenth section we find out from Bloom himself what he is reading and why. From the first mention of the darkbacked figure to Bloom's purchase of *Sweets of Sin*, four or five minutes elapse over eight pages. Movement is limited temporally, but not spatially; the flower shop, the trajectory taken by Lenehan and M'Coy over the metal bridge and along Wellington Quay by the riverwall, and the used bookshop, are all connected to the Bloom fragment. The illusion is that these sites (sights) are shown simultaneously without the guidance of an overtly present narrator; the effect is of seeing all places at once, and more remarkably, of our merging with or actually *becoming* the city of Dublin itself. There is no real sense of any central agency completely controlling the objects, events or conversations described in these episodes, but only a feeling of unarguable presence or "thereness."[6] In this sense

[6]Such objectivity is not always consistent, of course. Sometimes Joyce's holographic-like presence behind the text is undeniable. Certain alien or disjunctive words or phrases key our attention to the mind that created them. In the first section of the chapter, for example, Father Conmee is described as thinking, "*but not for long*, of soldiers and sailors, whose legs had been shot off by cannon-balls..." (my emphasis; 180).

"Wandering Rocks" is not *about* Dublin life, it *is* Dublin life itself.

Unlike the modern city of Baudelaire, Simmel, or Benjamin, Dublin is not a dehumanized grid of reified relations, but something of a utopian foil to this negative modernity. For Jameson, it displays the qualities of the "classical" city; not a collection of buildings,

> nor even a collection of people living on top of one another; nor is it even mainly or primarily a collection of pathways, of the trajectories of people through those buildings or that urban space, although that gets us a little closer to it. No, the classical city, one would think -- it always being understood that we are now talking about something virtually extinct, in the age of the suburb or megalopolis or the private car -- the classical city is defined essentially by the nodal points at which all those pathways and trajectories meet, or which they traverse: points of totalisation, we may call them, which make shared experiences possible, and also the storage of experience and information.... (133)

But to talk about the city as an agglomeration of transit points is to begin to talk about the "mediation whereby these spatial forms are at one with collective experience," a discourse that is neither completely private nor publicly standardized, but one "in which the same, in which repetition, is transmitted again and again through a host of eventful variations," the discourse of gossip (133).[7] Gossip is one means by which the unity or totality of city life is maintained within normative human dimensions. A "darkbacked figure" is an identifiable subject with a publically owned history, a number of anecdotes repeated and changed over time. What is implied here, I think, is a direct link between the unifying repetitive acts or processes of gossip and cross-referencing, by which the transcendent space of Dublin and the immanent spatial form of the text achieve consonance. The lived experience of the city approximated in *Ulysses* is comprehensible and equated with the experience of rereading and amalgamation.

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[7]Gossip does not deserve unqualified adulation of course, because it can be as divisive as it can be unifying. One should not forget to mention, by way of an example, the false rumours of Bloom's pay off on the horse "Throwaway," which generate all sorts of resentment among the men in Barney Kiernan's pub, since it seems that Bloom is too cheap to share some of his winnings by buying a round of drinks.

(2) **Public versus private space**

From the start of the late 17th century to its flowering in the 19th, the novel had often been as much a public instrument gauged to the generally accepted standards and tastes of the ruling elite as a site of vigorous contestation of values. Changes in a character's personal situation were often conveyed by changes in social, economic or marital status. Some might argue that the modernist novel(ist) was born when the relevance of these public indices was increasingly put in doubt, when it no longer seemed possible to ascribe meaning to or have faith in such accepted public codes and institutions, and when the veneer of gentility grew thin enough to expose hypocrisy and depravity underneath.

The process of reification contributed to both the illusion of the naturalized public codes under capitalism and also created the public/private space opposition concealed or passed over by bourgeois works. Modernism's strategies to expose and explore this division (stream of consciousness, multiple subjectivity) must be seen as both a complicit reflection of reified abstraction and an attempt to trace the breakdown of societal truth value. The difficulty of seeing led these writers to fragmented and intricate narrative patterns which would duplicate through form the different levels of experience that could not be represented through content alone.

One does not have to look very far afield in the modernist canon for examples of this interaction between private and public space combined with the necessity for accurate vision. Conrad, Ford, and Woolf come immediately to mind. A representative early modernist story which works these components into one whole and considers, in addition, the ramifications of gendered space, is Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" (1892).

To say "The Yellow Wallpaper" is *about* a woman's near slide into insanity is to miss its total impact, for the narrative's duplication or imitation of the protagonist's mental state and the private/public spatial configuration of the world she inhabits permit us as readers to see, in approximate fashion, the way she herself sees. By inscribing content into narrative form itself Gilman concretizes her experience instead of emptying it of everything except personal statement and the shell of the events themselves. This is to suggest that a sophisticated translation of narrative content into narrative form makes this story an early example of modernist experimentation.

"The Yellow Wallpaper" is a diary-like account of Gilman's mental breakdown (and consequent breakthrough) during treatment for hysteria, a

condition characterized by depression, anxiety and excitability, generally thought by male doctors to be particularly prevalent among women. Administered by her patronizing doctor-husband, her treatment consists mostly of rest, inactivity and avoidance of excessive intellectual activity (like writing, which she does secretly). She is forced to live (not work) in private (not public) space, the space alloted to women. Her lack of strength and energy has nothing to do with mental exertion and everything to do with resistance from others: "I did write for a while in spite of them," she says, "but it *does* exhaust me a good deal -- having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition" (Gilman 650). She is ordered to spend most of her time in the nursery upstairs because it is well-aired and full of light, yet quickly finds herself obsessed with the hideous wallpaper poisoning her walls: "the color is repellant, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight. It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others" (651). Her fixation soon causes her to discover, under the coiled undergrowth of patterns, "a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to skulk about behind that silly and conspicuous front design" (653). Thus, she attempts to see beyond the wallpaper's facade, to acquire depth rather than surface perception.

The double motivation of trying to decipher the essential pattern of the wallpaper and to free the figure (a woman) from its prison takes up the rest of the story. It is difficult not to read this dual imperative symbolically as female entrapment within a patriarchal system. The narrator has displaced her sense of powerlessness in relation to the external order embodied in the form of her husband, onto the wallpaper and the figure jailed inside it. Her room and her writing are the only spaces she may call her own; one space is claustrophobic and confining, the other liberating. The tension between the two spaces, between confinement and freedom, is figured in the wallpaper's chaotic visual field. She cannot detect order in the wallpaper's chaos because she only possesses a fragmented vision, like that of reified subjects, but presented in terms of a medical condition like aphasia (loss of speech as a result of a cerebral affection) which was chosen by Foucault in *The Order of Things* to exemplify the madness resulting from the arbitrariness and failure of classification. Gilman's narrator is tormented by the wallpaper as Foucault's aphasiacs are by their lines of string.

> I lie here on this great immovable bed ... and follow that pattern by the hour. It is as good as gymnastics, I assure you. I start, we'll say, at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has not been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I will not

> follow that pointless pattern to some sort of conclusion. I know a little of the principle of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I have heard of.... Looked at in one way each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes ... go waddling up and down in isolated columns of fatuity. But on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror.... The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that direction. (653-4)

It seems that certain aphasiacs, when shown various different coloured skeins of wool on a table top, are consistently unable to arrange them in any coherent pattern; as though that simple rectangle were unable to serve in their case as a homogenous and neutral space in which things could be placed so as to display at the same time the continuous order of their identities and differences.... Within this simple space in which things are normally arranged and given names, the aphasiac will create a multiplicity of tiny, fragmented regions in which nameless resemblances agglutinate things into unconnected islets.... But no sooner have they been adumbrated than all these groupings dissolve again, for the field of identity that sustains them, however limited it may be, is still too wide not to be unstable; and so the sick mind continues to infinity, creating groups then dispersing them again... frenziedly beginning all over again, becoming more and more disturbed, and teetering finally on the brink of anxiety. (Foucault xviii)[8]

The irony of the title *The Order of Things* is that Order as such does not exist, that it constitutes various evolving mercurial orders of classification which are naturalized. Suppressed by any taxonomy, by the *sanity* of every order, is a state sometimes called madness; like the aphasiacs, Gilman's narrator teeters on the

[8] Foucault's discussion of aphasiacs appears in the context of an analysis of classification, in relation to which the spatial figure of the heterotopia becomes prominent. This postmodernist figure is not entirely related to the kind of alienation I am referring to here, though it shares some general effects like the subject's loss of place or orientation, sense of fragmentation and uncertainty. I use the aphasiac example in reference to that specifically modernist feeling of emotional alienation, of pain, depression and desperation, not that ahistorical postmodernist schizophrenia, the hallucinogenic intensities of disconnected presents.

"brink of anxiety" when she cannot decipher order in the pattern she is faced with, decipher according to principles she has inherited -- radiation, alternation, repetition, symmetry (which resemble the perspectivist component of modernity). She inhabits an aporia, oscillating between initial trust in the logic of the public domain of patriarchy embodied by her husband, which she seems to have internalized and with whose eyes she seems to see, and her own private vision of doubt. The wallpaper is the metaphorical site of resolution to this struggle as the order emerging from its chaotic patterns -- her own objectively correlated self in the form of a woman behind bars -- marks her final descent into madness and, hence, freedom. She becomes the freed figure, the pattern she tried to discern.[9]

These concerns are expressed in the fabric of the narrative itself. The oscillation between public and private is represented by degrees of narrative openness and closure -- things discussed and things repressed. She recalls mundane daily events that she might discuss with her neighbours; she retreats further into her private world when she analyzes her condition, as if she were confessing to a priest who took the shape of the "dead paper" on which she writes; finally, she withdraws so far into her privacy that gaps begin to appear, silences emerge between herself and her writing. In these curious paradoxical moments she is farthest removed from us and from herself, yet never so exposed. At all these points we are given privileged glances into her psyche, not merely through the move from third person omniscience to the first person of the diary form, but through the correlative of narrative form itself.

There is more to say about "The Yellow Wallpaper," but I would like to suggest other directions this treatment of space, vision and narrative form takes in the modernist novel. Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim* and Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier* are two good examples. The essential conflict in both is between public decorum and private morality (or immorality), and on another level between surfaces and depths, falsehoods and truths.

An important difference between "The Yellow Wallpaper" and *Lord Jim*, of

[9]One might interpret the story's conclusion in light of Elizabeth Wilson's interpretation of 19th century female sexuality; the narrator's seclusion corresponds to women's restricted sexual freedom. Such a reading is almost entirely dependant on equating artistic with sexual limitation, as if her need to write is really something else.

course, is the latter's concern with the public, male-dominated space of the frontiers of imperialist England. The initial judgement of Jim's moral character is the court's, which represents for him the world as a whole, or more specifically, an official gauge of approval according to whose standards he is found guilty of failing his duty. But public ignominy only partly causes his suffering because his impossibly high, romanticized, vainglorious ideals cause him to fail his own tests, which he must first meet in order to truly find peace. In searching for actual tests founded on idealisms that do not permit liveable solutions, he retreats along the ever expanding edges of "civilization" and ultimately to the island of Patusan, to prove himself according to his codes and to prove himself in the eyes of a European society. Notably, Jim's final redemption (in his own eyes if not in Conrad's) comes in his confrontation with some European privateers, as if his successes with the natives of Patusan have been merely preparatory.

This is Jim's character as we see it through the gaze of the narrator, Marlowe. The substance of the novel is his effort to capture a single image of Jim from the shifting impressions left by events and witnesses' commentaries. He plumbs the depths of Jim's character, but finally admits that "no magician's wand can immobilize him under [his] eyes" (Conrad 249). No doubt this condition is due to the difficulty of completely penetrating the opaque nature of identity, but it is also caused by the inconsistency inherent in cognition itself. Near the beginning of his narrative Marlowe points out the old discrepancy, in the person of Jim, between appearance and reality (or something which passes for it), between an initial and a later wiser judgement.

> I watched the youngster there. I liked his appearance; I knew his appearance; he came from the right place. He was one of us. He stood there for all the percentage of his kind, for men and women by no means clever or amusing, but whose very existence is based upon honest faith, and upon the instinct of courage. I don't mean military courage, or civil courage or any special kind of courage. I mean just that inborn ability to look temptations straight in the face ... a power of resistance ... an unthinking and blessed stiffness before the outward and inward terrors, before the might of nature, and the seductive corruption of men....
>
> I would have trusted the deck to that youngster on the strength of a single glance, and gone to sleep with both eyes -- and, by Jove! it wouldn't have been safe. There are depths of horror in that thought. He looked as genuine as a new sovereign, but there was some

> infernal alloy in his metal. How much? The least thing -- the least drop of something rare and accursed; the least drop! -- but he made you ... wonder whether perchance he were nothing more rare than brass. (38,40)

Since *Lord Jim* partly constitutes Marlowe's fluctuation between the poles of original perception (his steadfast faith in Jim) and revised, deeper perception, it is as much about *seeing* Jim as it is about Jim himself, and the narrative clearly registers this reality in its form. The linear omniscience with which the novel begins is abandoned in favour of an oblique multivalent structure whose swirling movement adds progressively more depth and scope to Jim's portrait. Instead of a single all-encompassing field of vision, Marlowe's limited point of view filters even more limited ones in a kind of looping progression around the subject. In addition to playing out the complexity of identity and perception, Conrad also foregrounds the element of repetition in the story-telling act; the novel is built upon "recurrences in which each part of the story has already happened repeatedly when the first reader encounters it, either in someone's mind, or in someone's telling" (Miller 223). There can be no pristine image of Jim, no simple complete explanation of his life because any attempt is "always already" marked by someone else's perception.

The Good Soldier's treatment of space, vision, and narrative form resembles that of "The Yellow Wallpaper" and *Lord Jim*, but differs on at least two points. First, public space represents the values of the high bourgeoisie, the very rich and careless set which figures in Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. Ford's "good people" belong to a class deeply devoted to superficial shows of propriety, to the niceties of public decorum founded on vague ideas about taste and value (which money conveniently replaces) clung to in a desperate assertion of their superiority. Dowell, the narrator, categorizes them this way: "you meet a man or a woman and, from tiny and intimate sounds, from the slightest of movements ... you know ... whether they will go rigidly through with the whole programme" (Ford 40). The *programme* is the foundation for the relationship between the two couples in the novel, the Dowells and the Ashburnhams, and proves to be exceptionally vacuous. "If for nine years I have possessed a goodly apple that is rotten at the core," Dowell asks, "and discover its rottenness only in nine years and six months less four days, isn't it true to say that for nine years I possessed a goodly apple?" (9). No, he ultimately suggests; appearance cannot redeem real underlying moral emptiness, nor can words like friendship, love, honour, duty and trust be saved once they have been violated with deception. All these matters are played out in the relation between public and private space; what happens in public is smoothly formalized and what

happens in private is not. Once personal events spill into sight they signal a new degree of breakdown in the relationship between the principal characters. As a result of this crossover, the categories of public and private are destroyed; almost everything becomes public and almost everything public seems to suppress a possible deception.

The translation of this fusion of spaces and the possibilities of deception into narrative form distinguishes *The Good Soldier* in a second way from the works discussed above. The novel depends much more on the device of the unreliable narrator; Dowell's ignorance, naivete and occasional tendency to repress information form the substance of the narrative. His position in this small circle of friends is both that of an outsider and an insider, the crossover point between public and private space, and the flickering quality of his vision is projected onto the story. While he seems to miss and unconsciously repress things like Gilman's narrator, his recurrent barbs of cynicism make us question his apparent blindness to events which swirled around him for nine years. On the one hand he describes Ashburnham as a man who, "coming into a room, snapped up the gaze of every woman in it, as dexterously as a conjuror pockets billiard balls," yet on the other is shocked to discover that the Ashburnham marriage is rife with infidelity (31). This situation must be deciphered by means beyond the sole argument of unreliability. I feel that the time frame itself provides a better understanding of the novel's structure. Most of the events have transpired when the story begins and what Ford attempts to do is balance the information-rich form of retrospection with the information-poor form of an experience ongoing in the present. To do so diachronically only means suppressing later perceptions or memories which clarify events; Ford deploys a spatial structure instead, moving into and around the complex of relations between the characters, and continually presenting new information. The story unravels both horizontally and vertically, nicely matching the fusion of public and private, surface and depth written out through the function of the unreliable narrator.

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