Contents

Preface v
Introduction 3

Part I
Consciousness in Third-Person Context

1 *Psycho-Narration* 21
- *Early Avoidance* 21
- *Dissonance and Consonance* 26
- *Summary and Expansion* 33
- *Narration of Sub-Verbal States* 46

2 *Quoted Monologue* 58
- *Modes of Quotation* 58
- *Narrative Context* 66
- *Psychological Implications* 76
- *Stylistic Tendencies* 88

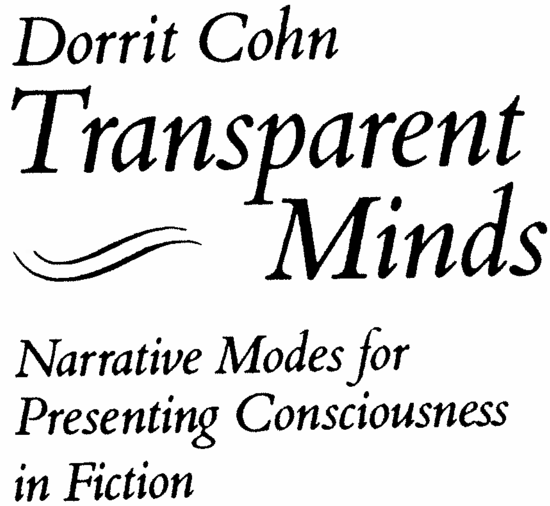
3 *Narrated Monologue* 99
- *Initial Description* 99
- *Theoretical and Historical Perspective* 107
- *Irony and Sympathy* 116
- *Dimensions and Conjunctions* 126

Part II
Consciousness in First-Person Texts

4 *Retrospective Techniques* 143
- *Dissonant Self-Narration* 145
- *Consonant Self-Narration* 153
- *Self-Quoted Monologue* 161
- *Self-Narrated Monologue* 166

5 *From Narration to Monologue* 173
- *Problematic Presentation* 175
- *Chronology and Memory* 181
- *Discourse and Monologue* 186
- *Evocation and Synchronization* 198
- *Diary and Continuity* 208

6 *Autonomous Monologue* 217
- *"Penelope" as Paradigm* 217
- *Variations of the Form* 232
- *Memory Monologue* 247
- *Epilogue: The Relation to Drama and Lyric* 255



Dorrit Cohn
Transparent Minds
Narrative Modes for Presenting Consciousness in Fiction

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but the within, all that inner space one never sees, the brain and heart and other caverns where thought and feeling dance their sabbath . . .

Samuel Beckett, Molloy

Introduction

The Greek god Momus, critic of his fellow gods and of created reality, is said to have blamed Vulcan because in the human form, which he had made of clay, he had not placed a window in the breast, by which whatever was felt or thought there might easily be brought to light. It is to this myth that Tristram Shandy refers when he sets out to draw his uncle Toby's character. Had Momus had his way, he tells us, "nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone softly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and looked in,—viewed the soul stark naked; . . . then taken your pen and ink and set down nothing but what you had seen, and could have sworn to." "But," Tristram adds in realistic resignation, "this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet; . . . our minds shine not through the body, but we are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncrystallized flesh and blood; so that, if we would come to the specific characters of them, we must go some other way to work."[1] This is when Tristram decides to "draw my uncle Toby's character from his Hobby-Horse"—choosing an emphatically behavioristic "other way," as befits a biographer (and autobiographer) in this planet.

A similar optical wish-dream shows up at the other end of the gamut of fictional genres, in a German Romantic fairy tale. In E.T.A. Hoffmann's *Master Flea*, the microscopic magician of the title gives to his human friend Peregrinus Tyss a tiny magic lens that, when inserted in the pupil of his eye, enables him to peer through the skulls of all fellow human beings he encounters, and to discern their hidden thoughts. Peregrinus soon curses this "indestructible glass" for giving him an intelligence that rightfully belongs only to "the eternal being who sees through to man's innermost self because he rules it."[2]

Both these fantasies, in their invocation of unreal trans-

parencies, can stand as metaphors for the singular power possessed by the novelist: creator of beings whose inner lives he can reveal at will. Hoffmann's image, by placing the glass in the eye of the beholder rather than in the body of his object, is the more suggestive of "omniscient" narrators. Tristram facing his opaque uncle, by contrast, can stand for all incarnated narrators who inhabit the fictional reality they narrate. Proust's Marcel, himself a member of this second class, can have only the first class of narrators in mind when he tells us that "the ingenuity of the first novelist . . . consisted in the suppression pure and simple of real people." He too resorts to optical imagery to explain how this is done and what advantages ensue: "A real person, profoundly as we may sympathize with him, is in a great measure perceptible only through our senses, that is to say, he remains opaque, offers a dead weight which our sensibilities have no strength to lift. . . . The novelist's happy discovery was to think of substituting for those opaque sections, impenetrable by the human spirit, their equivalent in immaterial sections, things, that is, which the spirit can assimilate to itself."[3]

That the distinction Proust draws between the people we know in real life and those we know in novels is a matter of common, if not commonly conscious, knowledge is illustrated by a statement on the back cover of *In Cold Blood*: "TRUMAN CAPOTE plumbed the minds and souls of real-life characters." The publishers evidently thought this sentence sufficiently sensational to place it amidst other, more lurid blurbs. And they were right. The technique Capote uses to present the "real-life" murderers Perry and Dick is sensationally contradictory. I quote a random example:

> Waiting for Perry outside the post-office, Dick was in excellent spirits; he had reached a decision that he was certain would eradicate his current difficulties and start him on a new road, with a new rainbow in view. The decision involved impersonating an Air Force officer. . . . By writing worthless checks right around the clock, he expected to haul in three, maybe four thousand dollars within a twenty-four hour period. That was half the plot; the second half was: Goodbye, Perry. Dick was sick of him. . . .[4]

This passage bears the unmistakable stamp of fiction. Dick's train of thoughts is known and conveyed by a voice that can only belong to a clairvoyant, disincarnated narrator. And by adopting this voice the reporter Truman Capote has taken on the pose of a novelist, has fictionalized his relationship to the real Dick Hickock and transformed this gruesomely real person into a realistic fictional character.

As E. M. Forster noted, the same process takes place when a novelist creates a fictional character who bears the name of a historical personage. Forster even insists that a novelist has no business writing a Queen-Victoria-novel unless he plans "to reveal the hidden life at its source: to tell us more about Queen Victoria than could be known, and thus to produce a character who is not the Queen Victoria of history."[5] Quite aside from the hidden *matter* such a novel may revealingly invent, it is its irreverent *manner* that gives piquancy to fictionalized biography, and adds shock value to a narrative episode that presents a famous mind by purely fictional techniques: for example, the monologizing Goethe waking from sleep in Thomas Mann's *Lotte in Weimar*.

If the real world becomes fiction only by revealing the hidden side of the human beings who inhabit it, the reverse is equally true: the most real, the "roundest" characters of fiction are those we know most intimately, precisely in ways we could never know people in real life. "I confess," writes Mann in an essay on a rival art, "that in everything regarding knowledge of men as individual beings, I regard drama as an art of the silhouette, and only narrated man as round, whole, real, and fully shaped."[6] But this means that the special lifelikeness of narrative fiction—as compared to dramatic and cinematic fictions—depends on what writers and readers know least in life: how another mind thinks, another body

feels. In depicting the inner life, the novelist is truly a fabricator. Even as he draws on psychological theory and on introspection, he creates what Ortega called "imaginary psychology . . . the psychology of possible human minds"—a field of knowledge the Spanish critic also believed to be "the material proper to the novel."[7]

The more surprising, then, that the novelists most concerned with the exact representation of life are also those who place at the live centers of their works this invented entity whose verisimilitude it is impossible to verify. Stendhal describes the novel as "un miroir qu'on promène le long d'un chemin" in the very novel where he observes a character's thought processes more closely than writers had done before him. And despite the elaborate realistic apparatus that attests to the "reality" of his fictional facts, he never bothers to tell us—nor are we at all moved to ask—in what mirror, along what pathway, he saw the reflection of Julien Sorel's psyche.

The mutual dependence of realistic intent and imaginary psychology is even more graphically illustrated in the work of Henry James. His most famous conceit for the novel—the house of fiction with a million windows—is no less realistic in its spatio-optical clarity than Stendhal's portable mirror, in line with the verisimilar conception of the genre he expressed more directly elsewhere: "The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it does attempt to represent life"; "the air of reality (solidity of specification) seems to me to be the supreme virtue of a novel."[8] But in the preface to *The Portrait of a Lady*, as he stands at his own window in the house of fiction, "a figure with a pair of eyes, or at least with a field-glass,"[9] these sober instruments of vision soon turn as magical as the lens Master Flea gave to Peregrinus Tyss. For he is now watching another house of fiction on a reduced scale, "a square and spacious house . . . put up around my young woman," and *this* house is so constructed that its center is "in the young woman's own consciousness," and even in "her relation to herself."[10] But beyond this, the ultimate sight and central site of this entire nest of houses and mixed metaphors

is the solitary and totally inward scene of "my young woman's extraordinary meditative vigil," the famous chapter 42, which James called "obviously the best thing in the book, but . . . only a supreme illustration of the general plan."[11] It is also a supreme illustration of the paradox that narrative fiction attains its greatest "air of reality" in the representation of a lone figure thinking thoughts she will never communicate to anyone.

This paradox lies at the very heart of narrative realism, and has important theoretical and historical implications. Most writers on the novel have taken the transparency of fictional minds for granted; a few—like Proust, Forster, Mann, and Ortega—have mentioned it in passing. But the first literary theorist who has fully explored its meaning is Käte Hamburger in *The Logic of Literature*.[12] For Hamburger the representation of characters' inner lives is the touchstone that simultaneously sets fiction apart from reality and builds the semblance (*Schein*) of another, non-real reality. She argues this thesis and explores its causes and results in two successive stages: 1) starting out from Aristotelian mimesis (understood as representation, not as imitation) she arrives at a theoretical differentiation between the language of fiction and the statement-language of reality; and 2) starting out from textual observations, she demonstrates that certain language patterns are unique to fiction, and dependent on the presence of fictional minds within the text. These language patterns are primarily the conveyors or signals of mental activity: verbs of consciousness, interior and narrated monologues, temporal and spatial adverbs referring to the characters' here and now. Hamburger concludes: "Epic fiction is the sole epistemological instance where the I-originarity (or subjectivity) of a third-person *qua* third person can be portrayed."[13] In approximate translation: narrative fiction is the only literary genre, as well as the only kind of narrative, in which the unspoken thoughts, feelings, perceptions of a person other than the speaker can be portrayed. Hamburger's statement pinpoints the representation (mimesis) of consciousness as the subject

that distinguishes narrative fiction from non-fictional narrative to one side, from non-narrative fiction to the other (i.e., from drama and film, the other genres populated by invented persons).[14]

Hamburger's *Logic*, as this summary barely suggests, gives a stringently argued theoretical grounding to the interdependence of narrative realism and the mimesis of consciousness. In light of her analysis, the "inward turn" of which Erich Kahler and other historians of the novel have spoken,[15] would signify a gradual unfolding of the genre's most distinctive potential, to its full Bloom in the stream-of-consciousness novel and beyond. Modern writers of Joyce's generation themselves thought of the history of the novel in this fashion. Thomas Mann postulated a "principle of internalization" that initially sublimated the outer adventures of the epic hero into the inner adventures of the *Bildungsheld*, then continued moving inward to greater passivity and complexity.[16] Virginia Woolf believed that "Modern Fiction" would be returning to its "circular tendency," with novels where "there would be no plot, no comedy, no tragedy, no love interest or catastrophe in the accepted style," but only "this varying, this uncircumscribed spirit . . . with as little admixture of the alien and external as possible."[17] More surprisingly, one can find similar statements in the earliest novel theorists, especially in Germany. Friedrich von Blanckenburg, in his *Essay on the Novel* of 1774 wrote (with his neo-classical tone nearly hiding the Hamburgerian insight): "A writer, lest he wish to dishonor himself, can not hold to the pretense that he is unacquainted with the inner world of his characters. He is their creator: they have received from him all their character traits, their entire being, they live in a world that he himself has fashioned."[18] Blanckenburg was so bent, in fact, on a novel's telling solely "the inner history of a man" that he wanted to exclude even the protagonist's death from fiction, on the grounds that it was an externally determined event. (On this last point he relented after reading Goethe's *Werther*.) Some decades later, Schopenhauer anticipated the moderns even

more clearly: "The more *inner* and the less *outer* life a novel presents, the higher and nobler will be its purpose. . . . Art consists in achieving the maximum of inner motion with the minimum of outer motion; for it is the inner life which is the true object of our interest."[19]

This same call, sounding from such different times and places (and many more voices could be cited), suggests the importance of the mimesis of consciousness for the history of the novel. One could probably argue for a theory of cyclical (or spiral) return of the genre to its inward matrix whenever its characters get hyper-active, its world too cluttered, its orientation too veristic. Woolf and her generation, reacting against the Edwardians, would then figure as just one such return in a series starting with Cervantes' reaction against the chivalric epic (as Thomas Mann suggests), and ending provisionally with the reaction of New Novelists like Nathalie Sarraute against the "behaviorism" of the Hemingway school. This sketch of a spiral suggests that the "inward-turning" of the stream-of-consciousness novel is not nearly so singular a phenomenon, nor so radical a break with tradition as has been assumed, both by critics who applaud it (Edel, Daiches) and by critics who deplore it (Lukács, Auerbach, Wolfgang Kayser).[20] To quote Ortega again, who has perhaps suggested the most accurate image for the relationship between the stream-of-consciousness novel and the Realist tradition: the Proust-Joyce generation, he says, has "overcome realism by merely putting too fine a point on it and discovering, lens in hand, the micro-structure of life."[21] This lens, another optical instrument to add to our collection, estranges as it magnifies. But what it estranges when it is trained on a fictional mind is something that had never been visible outside the pages of fiction in an earlier age either. Despite its scientific power, Ortega's lens is no less (and no more) magic than Stendhal's mirror or James' field-glass.

This view of the historical continuity underlies my typological approach to the presentation of consciousness in fic-

tion. Despite the theoretical and historical importance of the subject, previous studies of its formal implications have been disappointingly rapid and incomplete. They fall into two basic categories:

1. Studies (mostly published in the United States) that focus on the stream-of-consciousness novel, and especially on *Ulysses*, generally treating the subject as though consciousness had appeared in fiction only on Bloomsday. This limited orientation oversimplifies the formal problem by reducing all techniques to a single and vague "stream-of-consciousness technique," and at the same time overcomplicates it by association with broad psychological and aesthetic issues.[22] Leon Edel's influential historical study, *The Modern Psychological Novel*, for example, yields no clarity at all concerning formal devices.[23] Robert Humphrey's brief chapter on basic techniques in *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel* is the most differentiated discussion that has come out of this approach, but it suffers from characteristic limitations and confusions.[24]

2. Studies (mostly published abroad) that apply to the techniques for presenting consciousness the model of the techniques for quoting spoken discourse. They have generally applied simple correspondences between direct discourse and interior monologue, between indirect discourse and narrative analysis, and between the intermediary "free indirect" forms of both spoken and silent discourse (*style indirect libre* in French, *erlebte Rede* in German). This approach, which has a long and venerable history in French and German stylistics, has been updated by stylistic linguists in the last decade and applied in the context of modern fictional modes. An article by Derek Bickerton is of special interest in this regard, since it forges a bridge between literary and linguistic approaches to the subject: he translates the techniques Humphrey identified empirically in the stream-of-consciousness novel into the basic grammatical categories of quotation.[25] The same basic method is applied by the French literary structuralists, notably by Gérard Genette in his influential "Discours du récit."

Under the heading "récit de paroles," Genette pairs spoken and silent discourse according to degrees of "narrative distance," arriving at a threefold division between the poles of pure narration (diegesis) and pure imitation (mimesis).[26]

This linguistically based approach has the great advantage of supplying precise grammatical and lexical criteria, rather than relying on vague psychological and stylistic ones. But it oversimplifies the literary problems by carrying too far the correspondence between spoken discourse and silent thought. Speech is, by definition, always verbal. Whether thought is always verbal is to this day a matter of definition and dispute among psychologists. Most people, including most novelists, certainly conceive of consciousness as including "other mind stuff" (as William James called it), in addition to language. This "stuff" cannot be quoted—directly or indirectly; it can only be narrated. One of the drawbacks of this linguistic approach is therefore that it tends to leave out of account the entire nonverbal realm of consciousness, as well as the entire problematic relationship between thought and speech.

Though my own discussion of the modes for rendering consciousness will be more literary than linguistic in its attention to stylistic, contextual, and psychological aspects, I take simple linguistic criteria for my starting-point in naming and defining three basic techniques.

1. *Psycho-narration*. The most indirect technique has no fixed name; the terms "omniscient description" and "internal analysis" have been applied, but neither is satisfactory.[27] "Omniscient description" is too general: anything, not only the psyche, can be described "omnisciently." "Internal analysis" is misleading: "internal" implies a process occurring *in*, rather than *applied to*, a mind (cf. internal bleeding); "analysis" does not allow for the plainly reportorial, or the highly imagistic ways a narrator may adopt in narrating consciousness.

My neologism "psycho-narration" identifies both the subject-matter and the activity it denotes (on the analogy to psychology, psychoanalysis). At the same time it is frankly dis-

tinctive, in order to focus attention on the most neglected of the basic techniques. Stream-of-consciousness critics have acknowledged its existence only grudgingly, since all fictional psyches since *Ulysses* supposedly come at the reader directly, without the aid of a narrator; Robert Humphrey even declares that it is "something of a shock" to find writers like Dorothy Richardson "using conventional description by an omniscient author—without any attempt on the part of the author to disguise the fact."[28] And linguistic-structuralist critics, by reducing the technique to an unvoiced indirect discourse, disregard the ironic or lyric, reductive or expansive, sub- or superverbal functions that psycho-narration can perform, precisely because it is *not* primarily a method for presenting mental language.[29]

2. *Quoted monologue*. The tendency to polarize techniques historically has even more lastingly confused the technique that, from a purely grammatical point of view, is simplest to define. According to the post-Joycean canon interior monologue was supposed not to have existed before *Ulysses* (with the notable exception of Dujardin's novel *Les Lauriers sont coupés*). But what was to be done with direct thought-quotations in novels like *Le Rouge et le noir* or *Crime and Punishment*? Most critics accepted the thesis developed by Dujardin in his book *Le monologue intérieur*, where he draws a sharply divisive line between quotations of the mind found in stream-of-consciousness novels and those found in more traditional novels. Insisting that the term "interior monologue" should be reserved for the modern "flowing" variety of thought-quotations, they have suggested such terms as "traditional monologue" or "silent soliloquy" for thought-quotations found in pre-Joycean novels.[30] The tendency has been to distinguish between them on both psychological and stylistic grounds: the interior monologue is described as associative, illogical, spontaneous; the soliloquy as rhetorical, rational, deliberate.[31] Staccato rhythms, ellipses, profuse imagery are attributed to the interior monologue; more ordinary discursive language patterns to the soliloquy.

Even though this division has a certain historical validity, it is impossible to decide on the basis of such nuances whether a text is, or is not, an interior monologue: many quotations of fictional minds (in both pre- and post-Joycean novels) contain both logical *and* associative patterns, so that their degree of "fluidity" may vary from moment to moment (and from interpreter to interpreter). The interior monologue–soliloquy distinction, moreover, makes one lose track of the twin denominators common to all thought-quotations, regardless of their content and style: the reference to the thinking self in the first person, and to the narrated moment (which is also the moment of locution) in the present tense. This overarching grammatical structure clearly differentiates the most direct technique from the other techniques for rendering consciousness in a third-person context.[32]

As for the term "interior monologue": since the interiority (silence) of self-address is generally assumed in modern narrative, "interior" is a near-redundant modifier, and should, on strictly logical grounds, be replaced by "quoted." But the term "interior monologue" is so solidly entrenched (and has such a long and colorful history in the modern tradition) that more would be lost than gained in discarding it completely. I will therefore use the combined term "quoted interior monologue," reserving the option to drop the second adjective at will, and the first whenever the context permits.

3. *Narrated monologue*. The final basic technique in the third-person context is the least well-known in English criticism. Even such sophisticated genre critics as Scholes and Kellogg discern only "two principal devices for presenting the inner life": narrative analysis and interior monologue.[33] This dual division leaves a wide empty middle for the technique that probably renders the largest number of figural thoughts in the fiction of the last hundred years, but bears no standard English name. The French and German terms (*style indirect libre* and *erlebte Rede*) are sometimes used, as well as "free indirect speech," "indirect interior monologue," "reported speech," etc. I have previously tagged this technique "nar-

rated monologue,"[34] a name that suggests its position astride narration and quotation. Linguistically it is the most complex of the three techniques: like psycho-narration it maintains the third-person reference and the tense of narration, but like the quoted monologue it reproduces verbatim the character's own mental language.

In sum, three types of presentation of consciousness can be identified in the context of third-person narration, to each of which I devote a chapter in the first part of my study. In capsule formulation: 1. psycho-narration: the narrator's discourse about a character's consciousness; 2. quoted monologue: a character's mental discourse; 3. narrated monologue: a character's mental discourse in the guise of the narrator's discourse.

Strangely, the study of techniques for rendering consciousness has focused almost exclusively on third-person narrative texts (with the notable exception of texts cast entirely in interior monologue form). The fact that autobiographical narrators also have inner lives (their own past inner lives) to communicate has passed almost unnoticed. But *retro*spection into a consciousness, though less "magical," is no less important a component of first-person novels than *in*spection of a consciousness is in third-person novels. The same basic types of presentation appear, the same basic terms can apply, modified by prefixes to signal the modified relationship of the narrator to the subject of his narration: psycho-narration becomes self-narration (on the analogy with self-analysis), and monologues can now be either self-quoted, or self-narrated.

If it were merely a matter of surveying an analogous territory in which "he thought" is replaced by "I thought" the bipartite division of my study into third- and first-person narrative forms would lead to nothing but redundancies.[35] But the parallelism between them stops as soon as one goes beyond the definition of the basic techniques. There is, for one thing, a profound change in narrative climate as one moves between the two territories—a change that has been underrated in recent structuralist approaches.[36] It stems from the altered relationship between the narrator and his protagonist when that protagonist is his own past self. The narration of inner events is far more strongly affected by this change of person than the narration of outer events; past thought must now be presented as *remembered* by the self, as well as expressed by the self (i.e., subject to what David Goldknopf calls the "confessional increment").[37] All this substantially alters the function of the three basic techniques in autobiographical narration.

But there is another and far more important reason for the division by person: where the most direct method for the presentation of consciousness is concerned, a radical dissymmetry appears between third- and first-person forms. In third-person context the direct expression of a character's thought (in first-person form) will always be a quotation, a quoted monologue. But this direct expression of thought can be presented outside a narrative context as well, and can shape an independent first-person form of its own: the type of text also normally referred to as "interior monologue" (*Les Lauriers sont coupés*, "Penelope"). At this point it becomes clear that the term "interior monologue" has been designating two very different phenomena, without anyone's ever stopping to note the ambiguity: 1) a narrative technique for presenting a character's consciousness by direct quotation of his thoughts in a surrounding narrative context; and 2) a narrative *genre* constituted in its entirety by the silent self-communion of a fictional mind.[38] Though the technique and the genre share some psychological implications and stylistic features, their narrative presentations are entirely different: the first is mediated (quoted explicitly or implicitly) by a narrating voice that refers to the monologist by third-person pronoun in the surrounding text; the second, unmediated, and apparently self-generated, constitutes an autonomous first-person form, which it would be best to regard as a variant—or better, a limit-case—of first-person narration.

This terminological ambiguity too originated with Dujardin, who had a special reason to conflate the two meanings:

his claim that *Les Lauriers sont coupés* was the sole ancestor of *Ulysses* would have been weakened if he had drawn attention to the basic structural difference between the two works: the absence of a narrative context in his own novel, and its presence in Joyce's. But it is obvious on the face of it that *Ulysses* is not an interior-monologue novel in the same sense as *Les Lauriers* is. Joyce's awareness of this difference is apparent in his own description of Dujardin's novel, as reported by Valéry Larbaud: "In that book the reader finds himself established, from the first lines, in the thoughts of the principal personage, and the uninterrupted unrolling of that thought, replacing the usual form of narrative, conveys to us what this personage is doing and what is happening to him."[39] He could scarcely have meant this description to apply to *Ulysses*, since (with the notable exception of the final "Penelope" section) interior monologue is everywhere embedded in a third-person narrative medium. The "first lines" of most of its sections (including of course the first lines of the entire work), far from establishing the reader "in the thoughts of the principal personage," are clearly told in "the usual form of narrative."[40] Wherever the monologue technique appears in *Ulysses*, it alternates with narration, and these narratorial incursions, no matter how brief, permeate the self-locution with a discontinuous element, even as they relieve it of certain notorious difficulties of the autonomous form (e.g., the description of the monologist's own gestures and surroundings). No matter how untraditional their Joycean modulations, such sections as "Proteus" or "Hades" are therefore *structurally* analogous to the quoted monologues in the novels of Stendhal or Dostoevsky rather than to the autonomous form of Dujardin's novel.

It is probably no coincidence that Joyce's comment on *Les Lauriers* dates precisely from the time when he was writing "Penelope,"[41] the only section of *Ulysses* that does have a structure analogous to that of Dujardin's novel. The comment itself still stands today as the most accurate capsule description we have of the interior monologue as a separate fictional form: a first-person genre that, for the sake of clarity, I will call "*autonomous* interior monologue," a term that accurately reflects its same-different relationship to the quoted interior monologue.[42] For this autonomous form also, we can again safely drop the second adjective in most instances. An alternate term I will sometimes use is "interior monologue text" (or "novel").

Despite its notoriety, the autonomous interior monologue in its pure form is a very rare species, even if we count in (as we must) the separate sections from larger texts that take this form ("Penelope," or Mann's Goethe monologue). Yet it is a genre that is entwined with other first-person genres in far more intricate ways than has generally been understood. Both typologically and historically there are multiple intermediate stages between autobiographical and monologic texts, and the two categories can be separated only by closely examining these transitional variations. In this region, the study of techniques for rendering consciousness therefore necessarily spills over into the larger problem of narrative genres (and *the* narrative genre), with the autonomous monologue acting as an essential touchstone for defining what the "usual form of narrative" is—by what it isn't.

This review of my terminology has also served as a preview and preliminary charting of the terrain that will unfold in the successive chapters.

truth, and indeed to save their lives by reaching them: Hans Castorp's pivotal "*For the sake of goodness and love man shall not allow death domination over his thoughts*," though italicized by its author, stands in the middle of the long self-address that follows Hans' "Snow"-dream. Levin's marathon monologue, woven through the last eight chapters of *Anna Karenina*, starts with the contemplation of suicide, and arrives at a life-giving truth quite similar to Hans Castorp's. It (and Tolstoy's novel) ends with the words: "my life now, my whole life apart from anything that can happen to me, every minute of it is no more meaningless, as it was before, but it has the positive meaning of goodness, which I have the power to put into it." Less explicit, but no less intense, is Peter Walsh's final epiphany at Clarissa's party: "What is this terror? What is this ecstasy? he thought to himself. What is it that fills me with this extraordinary excitement? It is Clarissa, he said. For there she was."[59] Many other novels peak or close with such flourishes of monologic authenticity, even some where the technique is sparingly used on less climactic occasions.

Between the lies by which a character lives and the truths by which he dies or is revived quoted monologues run the gamut, often within a single work, and the degree of their authenticity is not always easy to determine. But one situation in which quoted monologue invariably acquires a candid air is when it is used against the backdrop of dialogue. For no matter how insincere we are with ourselves, we are always *more* insincere with others. Stendhal was one of the first to exploit this counterpoint between intimacy and social behavior, in the famous hand-grasping episode in *Le Rouge et le noir*, and many similar scenes. It has assumed thematic centrality in the stream-of-consciousness novel and the *nouveau roman*, where it is often worked with great technical virtuosity.[60] In conversational contexts interior monologues often stretch time out of all realistic proportions, as in this moment from Stephen's conversation with Mr. Deasy in the "Nestor" section of *Ulysses*:

> [Mr. Deasy is speaking]
>
> —*I paid my way. I never borrowed a shilling in my life.* Can you feel that? *I owe nothing*. Can you?
>
> Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks, one pair brogues, ties. Curran, ten guineas. McCann, one guinea. Fred Ryan, two shillings. Temple, two lunches. Russell, one guinea, Cousins, ten shillings, Bob Reynolds, half a guinea, Kohler, three guineas, Mrs. McKernan, five weeks' board. The lump I have is useless.
>
> —For the moment, no, Stephen answered.[61] [Joyce's emphasis]

The comic effect depends on the interpolation of the monologue between Mr. Deasy's question and Stephen's answer: the sheer number of Stephen's debts and his compulsion to silent itemizing, followed by the spoken understatement.

The drama of contrapuntal scenes of this type is greatly heightened when the monologizing character has a horrific secret to hide. In *Crime and Punishment* the quotation of Raskolnikov's thoughts during his interviews with Porfiry and others continuously secures the reader's sympathy for the murderer whose secret he shares. At the same time the contrast between Raskolnikov's silent and spoken words helps to build the almost unbearable tension, which can be relieved only when secret thought becomes audible speech in the act of confession. In a novella by Arthur Schnitzler, this counterpoint is epitomized when an interior monologue, by a special kind of *lapsus linguae*, leads directly to self-betrayal. Under the ironic title "Dead Men are Silent" ("Die Toten schweigen") it tells of an adulterous wife who survives a traffic accident that kills her lover. Returning home to her husband, and in his presence, her directly quoted thoughts revolve obsessively around the accident, finally finding relief in the idea that her affair will never come to light, since "dead men are silent." At this moment she hears her husband say: "Why do you say that?" and realizes that she has spoken these

words aloud. Interior language here becomes the agent of a faulty verbal gesture, revealing that conscious reflection is powerless against the unconscious compulsion to confess. Somewhat melodramatically this Schnitzler scene points up that language for oneself, caught between a threatening world within and a threatening world without, is an all too precarious refuge from both worlds.

In most of the instances we have considered to this point, quoted monologues have taken the form of an organized *suite des idées*, no matter whether rational faculties were put at the service of rationalization, of the discovery of difficult truths, or of self-defensive maneuvers. But the technique is most notorious, of course, for its ability to mime less controlled, more passive states of mind, for following the meandering current of random thoughts we associate with the stream-of-consciousness novel, and particularly with *Ulysses*. It has by now become a commonplace of literary history that many instances of such undirected thinking patterns can be found in both the spoken and silent language of pre-Joycean characters.[62] This long ancestral line is surprising only if one regards the difference between directed and undirected thinking as an absolute rather than a relative one, and believes that free association and inner flux were invented—rather than observed—by twentieth-century psychologists. Novelists, at any rate, had used fragmentary syntax, staccato rhythms, non sequiturs and incongruous imagery when quoting minds in a state of agitation or reverie long before Jamesian, Freudian, Bergsonian, or Jungian ideas became fashionable. Conversely, novelists who know all about mental incongruities continue to include moments of discursive rhetoric and logical reasoning in their monologues when their characters' minds or moods incline to such forms of self-address. This is not to deny the obvious shift in emphasis toward freely associative patterns in the quoted monologues of modern psychological novels, but rather to see this shift as occurring on a continuous range of possibilities inherent in the technique itself.

As several critics have noted, Tolstoy's quoted monologues on occasion move remarkably close to the pole of free association. The most famous instance is Anna's monologue during her carriage ride to and from Dolly's house, when she mingles in her thoughts the fleeting sights she passes and the obsessive concerns of her final hours.[63] But her brother Stepan Arkadyevitch's moment of drowsiness in Lidia Ivanovna's drawing room—introduced by the words "The most incongruous ideas were in confusion in his head"—contains even more discontinuous associations: "Maria Sanin is glad her child's dead. . . . How good a smoke would be now! . . . To be saved, one need only believe," and so forth.[64] Nicolai Rostov's somnolent battlefield thoughts, as Gleb Struve has suggested, even anticipate "Joycean verbal play," though probably without the implication of unconscious motivation underlying such language patterns in *Ulysses*.[65] Seeing a white patch in the distance, Nicolai freely associates as follows:

> "I expect it's snow . . . that spot . . . a spot—*une tache*," he thought. "There now . . . it's not a *tache* . . . Natásha . . . sister, black eyes . . . Na . . . tásha. . . . (Won't she be surprised when I tell her how I've seen the Emperor?) Natásha . . . take my sabretache. . . ." [Tolstoy's emphasis and ellipses][66]

Further verbal associations follow ("hussar with mustaches") clustering around *tache* in word plays that are only imperfectly translatable into English.

As the ellipsis marks in these passages indicate, Tolstoy seems to envision states of drowsiness as a spasmodic inner voice, periodically silenced. But the thought-fragments themselves are explicitly presented as verbatim quotations, as the verbal residue remaining in a mind that loosens or loses its control over logical syntax. Joyce clearly places the verbal threshold lower down in the psyche, so that language flows in a continuous stream even on the borderline of sleep. This is how Bloom's mind looks during a paragraph of somnolence (on the beach, following the long-distance love scene with Gerty):

> O sweety all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him pike hoses frillies for Raoul to perfume your wife black hair heave under embon *señorita* young eyes Mulvey plump years dreams return tail end Agendath swoony lovey showed me her next year in drawers return next in her next her next.[67]

Bloom momentarily loses his hold even over his customarily truncated syntax here, and Joyce renders this by abandoning the dense punctuation that paces most other passages of Bloom's monologue. But even at this moment of maximal undirectedness his consciousness is presented exclusively through the language it produces, without even an elliptic suggestion that his thought stream contains any other "mind-stuff" except words.

It would hardly seem necessary to insist that every quoted interior monologue, no matter how disjointed its syntax, attributes linguistic activity to fictional minds, were it not for the assertion found throughout the literature on the stream-of-consciousness novel that it renders primarily "preverbal" thoughts or the "prespeech level of consciousness." Applied to *Ulysses*, this view implies that Bloom's and Stephen's monologues are something on the order of prespeech speeches made of preverbal words.[68] These contradictions pervade Erwin Steinberg's recent study of the "stream-of-consciousness technique" in *Ulysses*. Since Steinberg conceives of this technique as a "simulation" of pre- or non-verbal psychic phenomena,[69] he understands the words of a typical Bloomian monologue as "symbolic printed analogues of Bloom's visceral sensations," rather than as direct quotations of Bloom's internal language.[70] His non-verbal conception of the stream of consciousness, in other words, blinds him to Joyce's primary purpose in choosing the quoted-monologue technique over the other available techniques for depicting the inner life, namely to record his characters' *verbal* responses to their experience. Joyce's protagonists, hardly ever speechless, may even be said to suffer from a kind of

chronic logorrhea. The term "stream-of-consciousness" therefore applies to the monologues of *Ulysses* only if one equates the word "consciousness" with interior language, as Joyce himself seems to have done. For in their entire range, from logical reasoning to stray associations, the thought streams he creates are plausible imitations of mental language, no less "in character" with the characters through which they run than is the language they speak to others.

A corollary and even more fallacious misconception has been that interior monologues in stream-of-consciousness novels present a character's psyche simultaneously at different levels of awareness.[71] This is an ambition the interior monologue technique is even less able to fulfill than any other, for reasons related both to the nature of the psyche and to the nature of literary texts. However many sensations, perceptions, or images we may imagine as coexisting in a mind at one moment in time, words can be thought only one at a time, no matter how asyntactically they are interrelated.[72] But since this consecutiveness applies quite as strictly to the language of fiction (the words a writer writes and a reader reads) as it does to the language of consciousness, the correspondence creates for the reader a peculiarly convincing illusion of reality: a sense that he is "mind-reading," which may amply compensate him for the linearity of the mental events he follows.

Moreover, despite its restriction to what is uppermost in fictional minds, the interior monologue can indirectly suggest the psychic depth beneath the verbal surface. In this respect the technique can be compared to—and may, in its post-Freudian phase, have been influenced by—the psychoanalytic technique of free association, the "method according to which voice must be given to all thoughts without exception which enter the mind."[73] It is as though the reader were placed in the position of a psychiatrist whose patient would execute the psychoanalytic compact to the letter, in a manner the person on the couch is rarely willing or able to do. But this analogy by no means implies that quoted monologues are recitations of unconscious thoughts. Even perfectly executed

free association would, in Freudian theory, reflect the unconscious only symptomatically, by way of revealing fissures and irregularities in the texture of the discourse—incongruous associations, slips of the tongue, repetitions, omissions, and other forms of over- or under-emphasis. It is well-known that post-Freudian novelists liked to lard their interior monologues with tell-tale lapses when, as Scholes and Kellogg put it, repressed thoughts "evade the censor and leap into the verbalized stream."[74] How intricately Joyce imprints Stephen's internal language in *Ulysses* with unconscious motivations and obsessions has recently been demonstrated by Margaret Solomon's Lacanian analysis of a passage from "Proteus."[75] In this indirect fashion the monologic technique can realistically suggest psychic depth, even as it draws attention to the shallowness of the language stratum it quotes directly.

The Freudian unconscious itself, by contrast, can never be quoted directly, since its "language" presents only features that are, as a modern linguist says, "both infra- and supralinguistic," and "absolutely specific and different" from verbal language.[76] Modern novelists who know their Freud, therefore, would be the last to resort to direct quotation in order to express their characters' unconscious processes. That Joyce, for one, was fully aware of the difference between interior discourse and the "language" of the unconscious is confirmed by his abandonment of the realistic monologue technique in favor of a distinctly surrealistic dramatic phantasmagoria when he ventured into the arena of the unconscious in "Circe." Most other writers, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, prefer to tell rather than to show those psychic happenings that their characters cannot plausibly verbalize, employing analyses, analogies, and other authorial indirections to penetrate the speechless nether realm.

Stylistic Tendencies

Since interior monologue purports to render a real psychological process, the mimetic norms that apply to its content apply

equally to its form: like the language a character speaks to others, the language he speaks to himself will appear valid only if it is "in character": if it accords with his time, his place, his social station, level of intelligence, state of mind, and other fictional facts and circumstances. But although the monologic technique shares in the "formal mimeticism" of all figural language in realistic fiction,[77] it occupies in this respect an entirely peculiar position. Everyday reality offers both writers and readers an almost unlimited empirical basis for assessing the verisimilitude of dialogues in fiction. But how can a writer know, or a reader judge, the plausibility of a language for which no audible models exist in his non-literary experience? This is perhaps why the greatest stylistic experiments with this technique had to come from writers who generally relied at least as much on introspection and imagination as on camera-eye and eavesdropping.

With the obvious exception of Joyce and his most important progeny, novelists have taken little advantage of the potential freedom interior monologue offers for stylistic experimentation. Instead, ever since the "Conversation which Mr. Jones had with Himself" at the beginning of the Realist era, countless characters in third-person novels have conversed with themselves in a volubly colloquial idiom.[78] This is as true for modern writers like Lawrence, Malraux, or Hemingway—no matter how avant-gardist they may be in other respects—as it is for nineteenth-century Realists like Austen, Stendhal, or Dostoevsky. One reason for this conservatism is obvious: the more the language of monologue deviates from communicative language, the less readily will it be communicable to readers. Novelists who do not want to take risks with the readability of their works will instinctively avoid this deviation.

Like the dialogic language that served as its model, monologic language did of course go through considerable changes as the Realist tradition evolved: it became progressively less formal, more spontaneous and "vulgar," even as it developed greater accuracy in reproducing dialects, jargons, and personal idiosyncrasies. We will never know whether middle-

class women in Austen's time talked to themselves as formally as they talked to each other: all we know is that Austen's women do. And if Hemingway's men monologize more frankly, this frankness reflects the altered norms of his society and the enlarged social compass of modern fiction rather than an altered conception of internal language itself. Stylistically, at any rate, interior monologue is interesting only to the degree that it departs from the colloquial model and attempts the mimesis of an unheard language.

Before we discuss the special style that comes into being with the modern monologue, we must consider a number of distinctive features that differentiate monologue from dialogue generally, even in texts that do not deliberately cast monologue in a special language.

The most important of these is a frequently noted semantic pattern peculiar to self-address: the free alternation of first and second person pronouns in reference to the same subject. Collapsing the normal dichotomy of speech, in which "you" always refers to the person spoken to, "I" to the person speaking,[79] monologic language makes these two persons coincide, each pronoun containing the other within itself. Paradoxically, therefore, when the grammar of monologue most resembles dialogue, its semantics are most characteristically monologic. This structure is most clearly in evidence when an interior monologue takes the form of a dialogue with an internalized partner. Here is a particularly clear example from *The Death of Ivan Ilych*:

> Then he grew quiet and not only ceased weeping but even held his breath and became all attention. It was as though he were listening not to an audible voice but to the voice of his soul, to the current of thoughts arising within him.
>
> "What is it you want," was the first clear conception capable of expression in words, that he heard.
>
> "What do you want? What do you want?" he repeated to himself.

> And again he listened with such concentrated attention that even his pain did not distract him.
>
> "To live? How?" asked his inner voice.
>
> "Why, to live as I used to—well and pleasantly."
>
> "As you lived before, well and pleasantly?" the voice repeated.[80]

This passage presents a dialogue-variant of a recurring pattern discussed earlier, where a buried truth emerges verbally in a consciousness approaching death. Ivan Ilych's mind is split between a familiar, habitual internal voice, and another, stranger "voice of his soul . . . arising within him" that he strains simultaneously to hear and to articulate. It is this alien voice that addresses socratic questions to the self as second person.

Such internal dialogues have not gone out of style in the stream-of-consciousness novel. When Stephen at Sandymount contemplates his aptitude for life-saving, the I-you alternation carries analogous (if less momentous) meaning:

> He [Mulligan] saved men from drowning and you shake at a cur's yelping. . . . Would you do what he did? A boat would be near, a lifebuoy. *Natürlich*, put there for you. Would you or would you not? . . . The truth, spit it out. I would want to, I would try.[81]

The immediately following association with his mother's death—"I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost."—proves that Stephen's central guilt lurks behind these jibes. Here again, then, as in the Tolstoy passage, the second-person form is associated with the voice of conscience.

This peculiar rhetoric of self-addressed chiding, judgment, or interrogation would seem to confirm Freud's notion that the voice of conscience (the superego) is constituted through the internalization of the parental voice, or the voices of other authority figures.[82] The second-person form in fictional monologues accords, at any rate, with a phenomenon widely known from self-observation and noted by many psychologists: that the self tends to take itself for an audience. It is im-

portant to distinguish this rhetoric of "an 'I' addressing its 'me' " (as G. H. Mead calls it)[83] from the audience-directed rhetoric of pre-Realist monologues: the latter jars with the norms of the Realist third-person novel, the former aims at psychological credibility.

This brings us to a second pervasive tendency of monologic language. As the Prague linguist Jan Mukařovskí has pointed out, the dialogic pattern of monologues in literature may be regarded as a special, and specially clear, stylistic display of the coexistence of "different semantic contexts" within the mind.[84] Vying for simultaneous linguistic expression, these many voices are forced by the temporal dimension of language to wait and take their turns. They cancel, support, variously interrupt, or interfere with each other, and generally shape for interior monologues a highly discontinuous syntax. Though this syntax, as long as self-address follows the colloquial model, does not differ in kind from the syntax of spoken address in dialogues, it tends to differ in its degree of fragmentation and variegation. The contrast is most pronounced between an extended monologue (say, Mosca's during his attack of jealousy in *La Chartreuse de Parme*) and an extended dialogue speech that shapes a persuasive argument. Monologues generally contain flurries of unanswered questions, exclamations, invocations, invectives, or curses addressed to various absent persons, human and divine. They also teem with unfinished sentences, graphically marked by suspension points—and although aposiopesis appears in the dialogues of Realist novelists as well, it tends to be more frequent and more radical in their monologues, where mental hesitation has less momentous causes and effects. Cumulatively, therefore, these various discontinuous speech patterns distance monologue from dialogue even before the laws of communicative language are broken in any single sentence. Nonetheless, there is little in the thinking idiom of Mosca or Raskolnikov to prepare us for Bloom and Stephen.

The monologues of *Ulysses* may be regarded as a particularly clear instance of the historical dimension of realism Roman Jakobson defined in his essay "On Realism in Art": the revolutionary artist deforms the existing artistic canons for the sake of closer imitation of reality; the conservative public misunderstands the deformation of the canon as a distortion of reality.[85] The first generation of *Ulysses* readers, conditioned by a long tradition of monologues modeled on dialogues, could only have experienced Bloom's and Stephen's mental productions as radical departures from realistic representation. Most "sentences" Stephen says to himself on the first pages of "Telemachus"—"As he and others see me"; "Cranley's arm. His arm"; "To ourselves . . . new paganism. . . . Omphalos"—or those Bloom produces at the beginning of "Calypso"—"Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry"; "Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it"—are not sentences at all, at least not in the usual sense of word-combinations spoken with "intelligible purpose."[86] Yet it seems likely that Joyce himself aimed at an accurate representation rather than an artful stylization of mental language. Today's reader is more likely than his grandparents to take Joyce's conception of verbal thought for granted, to accept the notion that it differs from communicative speech in a number of significant respects, and to accept the monologues of *Ulysses* as supremely convincing achievements of formal mimeticism.

One consequence of Joyce's break with the speech-minus-sound conception of verbal thought is that his characters speak to themselves a far more idiosyncratic language than they speak to others. Several recent studies have shown how Stephen's and Bloom's interior idioms reflect their complementary personalities, and have pointed out significant differences in their grammar and their vocabulary.[87] After following Stephen and Bloom through hours of self-communion, it almost comes as a surprise to find them speaking the same King's English when they finally commune in the cabmen's shelter. This high individualization of monologic language was emulated by many of Joyce's followers (Döblin

and Faulkner, among others), and resulted in a wide variety of different figural idioms. But despite this diversity, all interior monologues transform colloquial language along essentially similar lines. To a greater or lesser degree they all conform to two principal tendencies: syntactical abbreviation and lexical opaqueness.

It could be argued that the abbreviated syntax of Joycean monologues merely exaggerates the tendency to elision inherent in spoken language itself, and that they are in this respect more, rather than less, colloquial than realistic dialogues. But abbreviation has its limits in language aimed at communication, a limit beyond which it impedes the prime function of speech: communication of meaning. Both fictional and real characters who go beyond this limit become comic figures: Dickens' Mr. Jingle or Mann's Mynheer Peeperkorn. The former, as Harry Levin pointed out, may be regarded as a forerunner of Leopold Bloom.[88] But what is presented as an odd mannerism in Dickens' eccentric is presented as a standard manner in Joyce's everyman. Inner language as Joyce conceived it is a language freed from syntactical completeness, a language that suppresses elements that are customary, and often even indispensable, in language aimed at communicating meaning to an interlocutor. In Bloom's language the word classes most regularly eclipsed are articles, subject pronouns, prepositions, and copulas:

> Ba. What is that flying about? Swallow? Bat probably. Thinks I'm a tree, so blind. Have birds no smell? Metempsychosis. They believed you could be changed into a tree from grief. Weeping willow. Ba. There he goes. Funny little beggar. Wonder where he lives. Belfry up there. Very likely. Hanging by his heels in the odour of sanctity. Bell scared him out, I suppose.[89]

This reduction of sentences to bare bones has often reminded readers of the money-saving shortcuts of telegrams, or the time-saving shortcuts of diaries. Here, as so frequently in

Bloom's monologues, the most fully furnished sentence is the one in which he mounts a ready-made cultural reference into his language: "They believed you could be changed into a tree from grief"; and these longer, "cultured" sentences heighten by contrast the startling brevity and fragmentation, the almost atavistic freedom of Bloom's other sentences.[90]

This castrated grammar brings to mind early forms of speech, the single-word exclamations (Fire!) philologists attribute to primitive man, or the rudimentary sentences of small children. Could it be that child-language is a neglected source of *Ulysses*? One might almost think so when one reads the Russian psycho-linguist Vygotsky's study of egocentric speech, which Joyce could not have known.[91] This study provides the only empirical confirmation (outside personal introspection) that Bloom's silent language is indeed everyman's. Vygotsky's views seem to me so relevant to the stylistics of interior monologue that I shall summarize them briefly.

Continuing Piaget's well-known early experiments with egocentric speech—the "thinking aloud" of small children that gradually wanes and disappears completely around the age of six—Vygotsky arrived at results that tended to disprove Piaget's assumption that egocentric speech simply dies out as the child learns to use speech socially. By systematically observing egocentric speech in its waning phases Vygotsky found that it becomes increasingly differentiated from a child's developing social speech, and less and less comprehensible as its frequency decreases. He therefore concluded that Piaget had been wrong in assuming that egocentric speech simply becomes converted into social speech. Rather, he maintained, this linguistic activity becomes internalized as the maturing child develops a "new faculty to 'think words' instead of pronouncing them."[92]

But if the vocal egocentric speech of children evolves into the inner speech of adults, then it opens a window on a realm that had previously been totally closed to observation. This is

how Vygotsky sums up what he saw: "Our experiments convinced us that inner speech must be regarded, not as speech minus sound, but as an entirely separate speech function. Its main distinguishing trait is its peculiar syntax. Compared to external speech, inner speech appears disconnected and incomplete."[93] Vygotsky defines this syntactical peculiarity as "a tendency toward an altogether specific form of abbreviation: namely, omitting the subject of a sentence and all words connected with it, while preserving the predicate."[94] This radical ellipsis has the simplest reason: it is because we already know what subject we are thinking about that we can condense verbal thought to pure predication.

So that we may understand how accurately this description of interior speech fits Joyce's interior monologues, it must be pointed out that Vygotsky uses the words "subject" and "predicate" not in a grammatical, but in a psychological sense. The subject is the known, topically neutral part of a statement, the predicate is its "carrier of topical emphasis."[95] If predication is understood in this sense, all Bloom's abbreviated sentences conform to Vygotsky's description: the purely nominal sentences that focus on objects perceived, remembered, or imagined ("Creaky wardrobe." "Strings." "Metempsychosis."),[96] no less than the purely verbal sentences that focus on actions or states ("Seem to like it." "Looked shut." "Makes you want to sing after.")[97] Both types of sentences concentrate single-mindedly on the single *new* moment that comes to mind, building what Vygotsky paradoxically calls "speech almost without words."[98]

The correspondence between Vygotsky's findings and the Joycean monologue extends also to the second principal transformation of the technique from its colloquial model: its tendency to lexical opaqueness. Vygotsky observed that the impoverishment of syntax in the egocentric speech of children is counteracted by a semantic enrichment of each individual word. In inner speech words don't just stand for the common (dictionary) meaning they have in spoken language, but they siphon up additional meaning—he speaks of an "in-

flux of sense"[99]—from the thought-context in which they stand. Consequently words mix and match far more freely and creatively than in ordinary speech, forming heterodox clusters, neologisms, and agglutinations. Again the psycholinguist's empirical description sounds every bit like a stylistic analysis of the *Ulysses* monologues. The special meanings that tie certain common words into "knots of privacy"[100] for Bloom (home, sun, perfume, etc.) and for Stephen (sea, snotgreen, etc.) have often been noted, as have their obsessions with rare words (Bloom's parallax, Stephen's omphalos), their neologisms, word games, and agglutinations (portmanteau words).[101]

What are we to make of these remarkable correspondences? We can hardly suppose that Joyce listened to children talking to themselves, nor even that he consciously drew the analogy between endophasy and egocentric speech. But if we assume that Joyce, like William James, Freud, or other great pioneer psychologists, had extraordinary powers of introspection, we may suppose that he might well have derived from self-observation the same conception of inner speech that Vygotsky deduced from his experiments with children.

At the same time it is highly unlikely that Joyce addressed himself in an idiom like Bloom's—probably he used one closer to the more autobiographical Stephen's. Obviously, introspection cannot be the sole source for the stylistic invention of a characteristic monologic style. The second and equally important source of that style must be the mimetically crafted language a character is made to utter in conversations. It is this characteristic colloquial idiom that inner speech abbreviates and charges with private meanings, and with which it must dovetail when silent thoughts pass into spoken utterances (or vice versa). In respect to its genesis, then, Bloom's monologues might be regarded as a kind of confluence between Joyce's self-knowledge and his knowledge of the world, including Dubliners of Bloom's ilk.

For the creators of *post*-Joycean monologues one must, of course, add yet another model when one speculates on the

origins of their characters' monologic idioms: *Ulysses*. In this, as in all other aspects of the technique we have examined—the dropping of inquit signals, the devices for inducing consonance, the lowered verbal threshold—Joyce's novel brought crucial innovations. Their importance is not reduced when one relates them (as I have done) to the pre-Joycean history of the form, and understands them as brilliant exploitations of the potential inherent in direct thought-quotation. Still, no matter how far the technique has evolved from the simple "He said to himself" model, it has not overcome the basic limitations that quotation of language imposes in the presentation of the inner life. Compared to psycho-narration, what the quoted monologue gains in directness it loses in—depth? mystery? complexity? It is not easy to label the missing dimension. Musil's previously mentioned diary reaction to *Ulysses* hints at it: "Question: How does one think? His [Joyce's] abbreviations are: shortened formulas for orthodox speech formulas. They copy . . . the speech-process. Not the thought-process." As Musil knew all too well, the opposite approach through psycho-narration has the opposite disadvantages: what it gains in depth it loses in directness. The third, narrated monologue technique is, in this and other respects, a kind of synthesis of antitheses.

3 Narrated Monologue

Initial Description

In a German Naturalist story entitled *Papa Hamlet* (1889), which recounts the mental and physical decay of a Shakespearean actor, one finds the following passage:

> He had of late—but wherefore he knew not—lost all his mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it went so heavily with his disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seemed to him a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appeared no other thing to him than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work was a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to him, what was this quintessence of dust? man delighted him not; no, nor woman neither.[1]

* Er hatte seit kurzem—er wusste nicht wodurch—all seine Munterkeit eingebüsst, seine gewohnten Übungen aufgegeben, und es stand in der Tat so übel um seine Gemütslage, dass die Erde, dieser treffliche Bau, ihm nur ein kahles Vorgebirge schien. Dieser herrliche Baldachin, die Luft, dieses majestätische Dach mit goldnem Feuer ausgelegt: kam es ihm doch nicht anders vor als ein fauler, verpesteter Haufe von Dünsten. Welch ein Meisterwerk war der Mensch! Wie edel durch Vernunft! Wie unbegrenzt an Fähigkeiten! In Gestalt und Bewegung wie bedeutend und wunderwürdig im Handeln, wie ähnlich einem Engel; im Begreifen, wie ähnlich einem Gotte; die Zierde der Welt! Das Vorbild der Lebendigen! Und doch: was war ihm diese Quintessenz vom Staube? Er hatte keine Lust am Manne—und am Weibe auch nicht.