

Hardy and Joyce: *A Basis for Comparison*

JOHN PECK

ONE OF THE MOST USEFUL distinctions in novel criticism is that between the realist and self-conscious modes, the realist mode being identified as typical of the nineteenth century, whereas the self-conscious is more evident in eighteenth- and twentieth-century texts. It is a way of organizing the history of the novel, and investigating individual works, which Robert Alter uses to good effect in his book *Partial Magic*;¹ but the approach is sometimes less well handled. This is when the divisions are treated as absolute; of course, nobody suggests that self-conscious novels abandon all concern for realism, but it is all too frequently denied that there is any degree of self-consciousness in the Victorian realistic novel. A comment by Robert Burden illustrates the point: "The type of novel written in the mid-nineteenth century is marked by an acute sense of the deterministic force of history, a commitment to the individual as a cherished entity in the coming commercialization of life, and a zero degree of self-consciousness in the presentation of realism."² Any suggestion of reflexivity as a feature of Victorian fiction is also missing from R. M. Adams' view of the period: "in England, as late as the last years of Victoria, it is fair enough to say that the middle-class novel of love, class, and morality is the central literary phenomenon."³

Adams' comment is true up to a point; it would be futile to quarrel with the view that the most obvious feature of the Victorian novel is its concern with everyday life. In the words of Robert Alter, writing about the difference between eighteenth- and nineteenth-century fiction, "it is clear that the centre had shifted, broadly speaking, from consciousness and how it shaped

the world around it to the world around and how it impinged with its specific gravity, its full concreteness, on consciousness."⁴ But, even though the Victorian novel is outward-looking in this sort of way, it does not mean that the Victorian novelist never looked critically at his own activity as an artist; and it is one of the merits of Alter's book to recognize this point.

But it is no part of Alter's brief to illustrate this aspect of Victorian fiction; and generally there has been very little exploration of self-consciousness as a characteristic of the nineteenth-century novel. One of the few exceptions has been James Kincaid's book on Trollope, in which he convincingly demonstrates that Trollope's intrusions into the text, and admissions that the whole thing is make-believe, are not shortcomings (in that they undermine the realistic impression; the view taken by Henry James), but signs of his self-conscious artistic intelligence.⁵ But this sort of approach is unusual. Far more typical is Colin MacCabe's treatment of George Eliot. Using Eliot to illustrate the sort of tradition from which Joyce wished to dissent, MacCabe writes of her "conviction that the real can be displayed and examined through a perfectly transparent language . . ."⁶ and her "complete refusal to interrogate the form of the investigation. . ."⁷ He does admit that, "Within her novels there are always images which counter the flat and univocal process which is the showing forth of the real,"⁸ and mentions such things as Casaubon's key to all the mythologies and "the Hebrew language which rests uninvestigable at the centre of *Daniel Deronda* . . .,"⁹ but suggests that she does not face up to the implications of the questions about her own authority as a perceiver and recorder of experience that these occasional images raise. But, fairly clearly, it would be possible to treat Eliot in a different way, pushing these elements into a position of prominence, and arguing that she is greatly exercised with the problems inherent in writing a novel. It would also be possible to challenge the idea that her novels, particularly *Middlemarch*, are "univocal"; certainly one could argue for her uncertainty, rather than her confidence as a novelist.¹⁰

But, possibly, with Trollope and Eliot it is not all that necessary to emphasize self-referential elements in their works. Despite

all that might be argued, they are realists, and a denial of their self-consciousness does not so much distort the main impression their works offer as underestimate their subtlety and intelligence as novelists. An underestimation of the self-consciousness of some other Victorian novelists, though, particularly Hardy, is distorting; yet criticism until very recently has had little to say about Hardy as a self-conscious novelist. It is all the more surprising in that Hardy, coming as he does at the end of the century, could be expected to be seen asking an increasing number of questions about the assumptions inherent in the prevailing realistic tradition. But critics, by and large, have not been much concerned to investigate this as a possible feature of Hardy's work. That things are beginning to change is evident, perhaps in the very title of, and certainly in some of the essays in, Dale Kramer's *Critical Approaches to the Fiction of Thomas Hardy*,¹¹ yet not even this very useful collection contains an essay explicitly on Hardy's self-consciousness. It is this matter that this present essay concerns itself with; the approach is to stress how many connections can be made between Hardy and, perhaps the most celebrated self-conscious novelist, Joyce.

To suggest that the two novelists can be linked might seem perverse. Hardy is almost invariably fitted into a tradition which leads directly to Lawrence, and, whereas Lawrence was greatly interested in the earlier author, Joyce, as Richard Ellmann makes clear, found little of lasting interest in his work. He read *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* in the decade when they were published, but "in a few years he was bored by Hardy. . ."¹² But this need not pre-empt the possibility of connecting the two, for an author is not always the best judge of what other authors he might resemble, and the issue here is similarity rather than influence.

A comparison can begin with a look at the grand structures employed by the two writers. It is evident that Joyce leans upon, adapts, and acknowledges an heroic model, and that he also incorporates an awareness of the tragic tradition in the comparisons between Stephen and Hamlet. Hardy in several of his novels employs a tragic frame, with at times, and especially in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, references to an heroic convention. Both adver-

tise their debts, Joyce explicitly in the title and obliquely in the text, Hardy, in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, explicitly in a series of references to *King Lear*. It is, of course, impossible to sum up in a phrase why Joyce employs this frame, but critics are usually rather more economical in explaining Hardy's liking for tragic form. He is often discussed as if his greatest ambition, and highest achievement, were to write "a tragic novel," with all that is there implied about an extraordinary insight into the human condition. But it is possible that Hardy has mixed feelings about tragedy. There might be a prominent element of debunking the pretensions of a tragic view of the world through his novels.

The clearest evidence of this is to be found in his endings. In the penultimate section of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, Henchard, rejected by his family and wandering the heath, dominates as the tragic hero, but the last paragraphs of the novel cut away from Henchard to his daughter. In a final section beginning "What Henchard had written in the anguish of his dying was respected as far as practicable by Elizabeth-Jane . . ." ¹³ there is a shift of style from the inflated rhetoric employed to describe Henchard's last actions to a manner reflecting pragmatism and moderation. In some respects the ending is not unlike the ending of *Ulysses*, in that both novels could be said to end twice. The death of Henchard marks the end of the narrative history, but, outside the tragic structure, there is a fresh vein of material, which relates to the work as a whole, but which cannot be assimilated into its highly patterned form. In the same way, "Ithaca" completes a pattern in the text, but this is followed by Molly's soliloquy, which seems to exist outside the formal pattern of the work. "Odysseus" and "Telemachus" have been reunited, and "Odysseus" has returned home, so in the terms of "the story," no more needs to be said, just as the death of Henchard seems to complete the significant action of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, yet both books offer us fresh material which casts doubts upon the all-embracing nature of what has been presented so far. A convention has been employed, a pattern has been completed, but there seems to be an area of experience that the received form cannot incorporate. The same effect is apparent in *Jude the Obscure*. Jude, in his final stages, is presented in stylized terms sim-

ilar to those used in the death of Henchard. With Jude's death a tragic structure is complete, but outside this is Sue, the partner who lives on, and the novel ends in direct speech as Widow Edlin and Arabella discuss Sue's plight.

The effect of this, in both Hardy and Joyce, is to draw attention to how a literary model has been employed to impose a significant pattern upon experience. What both novelists seem to make explicit at the end is the opposition between the unregulated flow of life and the possibilities inherent in artistic form of imposing some shape upon life. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* makes momentous the insignificant life of one individual living in a small town by presenting his life in tragic terms. *Ulysses* makes momentous the insignificant life of one individual living in Dublin by presenting his life in heroic terms. But neither novelist gives his final assent to this fictional transformation. Each novelist at the end challenges the achieved shape of his work.

But the undercutting does not only become apparent in the final sections. Both novelists are self-conscious, and neither attempts to conceal the way in which art is being used to shape experience. As is true of each choice of style in *Ulysses*, the catechistic technique of "Ithaca" exposes the hand of the artist, and Hardy in his penultimate section also draws attention to the way in which a narrative manner is imposed from outside. The last chapter of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* begins, "It was about a month after the day which closed as in the last chapter" (p. 348), and Newson, the father who has supplanted Henchard, is referred to as "the returned Crusoe of the hour" (p. 348). We are openly reminded that we are reading a novel, and literary antecedents are found for the characters. This is again the case when Henchard in his dying words echoes Lear. The death of Henchard is assertively fictional, with all that is positive and negative about that. Positively, Henchard acquires tragic status, and appears awesome in his last moments, but, negatively, an artistic form simplifies, establishing a neat, almost consolatory, order and justice, which might be said to distort rather than reveal the world. It is of interest that the caged bird Henchard gives his daughter shortly before his death is "shrouded in newspaper" (p. 349). Reality is conveniently concealed by words. The text offers

us tragic significance, but also encourages us to be sceptical of it as just a creation of words. Joyce's attitude to the heroic convention is just as ambivalent. The mode employed forces us to feel that the meeting of Stephen and Bloom is significant, but we search in vain for a centre, so that, finally, we feel that, although in terms of the convention something important has happened, the text itself resists the neatness of the convention. Hardy gives us the significant moment, but stresses its fictionality, and so questions the achieved order of art. Joyce withholds the significant moment, but, as with Hardy, the convention is both utilized and questioned. Hardy indulges our desire for order and justice, but undercuts himself. Joyce exploits our expectation of order and meaning, but frustrates the reader by failing to provide it. What Hardy seems to be doing, no less than Joyce, is setting artifice against the chaos of the world, the patterns, such as they are, being valued for their own sake, but receiving ironic treatment insofar as their ability to contain the situation is shown to be incomplete.

This is not only apparent in the similar structures of the two novels, but also in the shared attitudes they reveal to style. Perhaps the only non-controversial thing that can be said about Joyce's narrative styles is that they force themselves upon our attention. It is, in fact, just as difficult to ignore the surface of a Hardy novel. But what might be less obvious, as it is less explicit than in *Ulysses*, is Hardy's attraction to a variety of different styles. The style in which he chooses to open *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is appropriate to a ballad-style. The style he employs at the close of the novel, when talking about Elizabeth-Jane, is one of middle-class moral sagacity, reminiscent of George Eliot. The variations in between are by no means as complex or as many as in Joyce, but nonetheless effective. For example, one of the central scenes of the novel, the encounter between Farfrae and Henchard in Lucetta's house, is played out in the manner of drawing-room comedy. As both men reach for the same sandwich it could be a moment from a play by Oscar Wilde. It is functional up to a point, in that it brings out the comedy of the encounter, but it seems more than functional in that it draws attention to how literature views the world through received styles.

This is most apparent in Hardy's use of the language of an heroic epic for the fight between Henchard and Farfrae. Battle, in fact, would seem a more appropriate term than fight. The right note is struck at the opening:

Without further reflection the fallen merchant, bent on some wild purpose, ate a hearty dinner and went forth to find Farfrae.
(p. 293)

Henchard has lost his individual identity. He has become a figure in an epic tale, and the sequence continues in a similar vein:

"Now," said Henchard quietly, "we stand face to face — man and man. Your money and your fine wife no longer lift 'e above me as they did but now, and my poverty does not press me down."
(p. 294)

It is impressive, but it is only partially true, for it neglects the kinder, more generous aspects of Henchard's personality. But the sequence really distinguishes itself in Hardy's readiness to point to the shortcomings in this imaginative treatment of his material. From the language of epic we move to a picture of the defeated Henchard:

So thoroughly subdued was he that he remained on the sacks in a crouching attitude, unusual for a man, and for such a man. Its womanliness sat tragically on the figure of so stern a piece of virility. (p. 297)

In this sentence the whole inadequacy of the heroic manner is exposed. In what has gone before there has been no room for anything feminine. "Womanliness" arriving, as it does here, so unexpectedly as the first significant word in the sentence forces us to see that life is more complex than any one style.

Surprisingly, this scene can be compared with Joyce's "Nausica." Both Gerty and Henchard accommodate themselves within a fictional convention. Henchard sees himself as an heroic figure of manhood, Gerty sees herself as the heroine of romantic fiction. In both there is a physical flaw in their images of self, as well as an underrating of themselves in their desire to conform to the stereotype. In both instances the novelist seems to give himself totally to the style the character demands, but both suggest more, Hardy by undercutting at the end of the scene, Joyce by the ex-

cess of his style. Both point to a far more complex figure beyond the self-imposed style. The characters live with fictions, the authors play with fictions and fictional style, but beyond the style it is possible to hint at something more.

Joyce and Hardy, then, build their novels out of a series of inherited styles. Both commit themselves to specific styles to such a degree that we cannot ignore them by just looking through to the events recorded, and both raise questions about the adequacy of any style to experience. But Hardy's juxtaposition of styles is, of course, far less developed than Joyce's. The important point, though, is that Hardy had identified the same problem as Joyce — that a chapter of a novel is not just a straightforward piece of reportage, nor should it rely on a personal voice which the author develops for himself, as in time this will become just another inherited style, full of all the limitations of insight and perspective that will characterize any individual style. Neither novelist is content to confront the world with a style of his own. Each takes one step back and considers the relationship between the world and the manner adopted to present it. But the play with styles, even though it may have the same thinking behind it as *Ulysses*, is far more circumscribed in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*.

In addition, and seemingly in contradiction of what has been said so far, Hardy can appear to have his own voice. It is most obvious in his presence as commentator. If Joyce pushes the novel to an extreme in his impersonal consideration of the relationship between manner and matter, Hardy, despite his limited experiments in the same area, does seem to surrender this particular debate in favour of his own solipsistic vision. Yet it can be argued that Hardy has seen the danger of solipsism, and is finding his own answer, an answer less radical than Joyce's, but prompted by the same worries about an author tying everything together with his own subjective ordering of the complex mass of material he has unleashed. It all comes down to whether we are meant to place our trust in Hardy's comments as narrator. Ian Gregor comments persuasively on the "calculated ambivalence . . ." of Hardy's intrusions into the text. He sees in these passages "a constant challenge to any authorial commentary which seeks to claim rights of privilege,"¹⁴ something which, to my mind, is most evi-

dent in the pretentious diction and phrasing of Hardy's own analysis. Rather than revealing the autodidact, what such passages seem to demonstrate is the difficulties the author gets into when he tries to sum up. Rather than the commentary putting the events into perspective, as might be the case in a George Eliot novel, the commentary dramatizes the impossibility of interpretation. The commentary does not make the novel coherent but sabotages coherence.

Hardy is responding to the same problem as Joyce, but offers a different formal response. Both novelists are aware of the strategies open to the novelist for organizing the world. Hardy, just as he simultaneously uses and questions inherited forms and styles, uses and questions the strategy of explicit authorial control. Joyce eliminates this obvious narrative voice. In its place he expands those parodies of styles which Hardy was beginning to use, but again the method is one of simultaneous using and questioning of ordering strategies. In defence of Hardy, it can be argued that the novel had to go through the stage of undermining the narrative voice before it could liberate itself into that zone where this possibility of a source of order could simply be ignored. The stage of questioning the narrative voice can be seen as the missing link between a certain sort of Victorian realistic novel, which places a lot of confidence in the power of fiction, and the twentieth-century novel, with its fuller awareness of the artifice of fiction.

If, though, the two authors begin to part company on the presence of the author's voice, a divergence becomes even more apparent as one turns to the page by page texture of their works. Here, clearly, Hardy has more in common with Lawrence than with Joyce, in that the individual page is given far more directly to the development of the story and the presentation of character than is the case in *Ulysses*. Similarly, dialogue, description, and imagery are used in a far more traditional way, in a way which Lawrence continues to employ. There is none of that piling up of multiple references that makes any page of *Ulysses* so distinctive, although it is fair to say that Hardy makes a more concentrated use of Biblical, classical, historical, literary and mythical references than most novelists. A host of other fictions are invoked,

but this stops short at the point where the web, to use one of Hardy's own metaphors, ceases to be a web and becomes Joyce's labyrinth.

Yet, when one comes down to the smallest details, there is one area in which Hardy can be seen to anticipate Joyce, which is in his concern with the nature of the individual written word. Hardy is often said to write badly, perhaps the most obvious "bad" quality of his writing being the use of difficult words. For example, Lucetta at one stage of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* "flung herself on the couch in the cyma-recta curve which so became her . . ." (p. 183). Cyma-recta is a startling word, referring, the ignorant reader discovers from the notes, to the moulding of a cornice. It could, therefore, be explained as a word reflecting Hardy's architectural training, and with application it could be fitted into a complicated network of architectural references running through his novels. But to respond to the word in this way would be foolish, for it is the word itself which halts the reader.

It is not unlike the use of difficult words in *Ulysses*. We are still on the first page of *Ulysses* when we come across the isolated word "Chrysostomos," which effectively halts the linear progress of the novel, leading the reader, as Roger Moss writes, "to a realism which incorporates among its proper objects the language applied to reality . . . we learn, in coming to terms with the difficulty, that the shape of language and the shape of the world are distinct. . . ." ¹⁵ Hardy's examination of this issue is not as complex, or as sustained, as Joyce's, but the prominence of erudite and esoteric words in Hardy's novels does seem to be a tentative experiment in the area subsequently explored by Joyce. In a Hardy novel the reader is repeatedly halted by bizarre words. It is patronizing to dismiss them as marks of the self-educated man. They exist as words which force us to consider the question of the relationship between the word and the world.

In three areas, then, Hardy can be argued to anticipate Joyce. They share an interest in how a large form, such as epic or tragedy, relates to life. They both scrutinize the various styles which can be employed in a narrative, with an awareness of these as strategies for structuring the world. And they both encourage us

to consider how the individual written word relates to the world. In this exploratory essay I have only offered an outline of the connections in these areas that could be made. A mass of detail could be added to substantiate these suggestions, but it would, of course, always be necessary to remember that Hardy stops well short of Joyce. What Hardy offers us is intermittent insights on such issues, whereas Joyce could be argued to make these issues the whole subject of his novel. If it is a valid question to ask why Hardy did not go further, the answer probably lies in the fact that he finally found the discrepancy between art and life intolerable. By the time of *Jude the Obscure* art was beginning to seem a senseless playing with patterns. The construction of a fiction began to seem a frivolous, even offensive, activity. It is most evident in the section of *Jude the Obscure* where Jude's son kills himself and the other children. This brutal scene, the sort of "story" which is common in newspapers, has a terrifying quality which makes it seem wrong to find it as an incident in a novel. The presumption of art to try and tackle something like this is, for Hardy, unacceptable. It is his imagination that has fabricated the event, but he seems to despair of the power, or even the right, of the literary imagination to handle it. He says farewell to fiction with an incident too extreme for his own art to handle. This does not, of course, mean that the scene is an aesthetic blunder, but rather that it is the vehicle for Hardy's most gloomy judgment on the value of fiction in the face of the worst that life has to offer. For Joyce, for whom, arguably, all history is "a tale like any other . . .,"¹⁶ there could never be the same sort of disenchantment with the imposing and disposing of structures. It is the texture of the individual page of *Ulysses* that makes this plain: the construction of webs of cross-reference was a delight which could be carried on without conclusion. Whereas Hardy was finally sickened by the futility of his art, Joyce revelled in the limitations and possibilities of fiction.

But, despite these variations, a consequence of both different periods and differing temperaments, the most striking fact is that, if we take the form of a Hardy novel seriously, he can be seen to be focussing on those questions of the difference between art and life which are more commonly felt to be the preserve of twen-

tieth-century novelists. But there is more to it than this, for Hardy complicates our whole notion of the relationship between self-conscious and realistic modes, in that his novels have an accessibility, and wide readership, which is not the case with more generally recognized self-conscious novelists. His novels clearly make a very direct impact on a great many readers; perhaps it is the very directness of this impact that has left critics unconcerned to explore the ways in which he looks at and examines his own art. But, if his self-consciousness is acknowledged, the most difficult problem in Hardy criticism becomes one of explaining how his novels can simultaneously be both so direct and indirect.

It is not within the scope of this essay to provide any sort of extended answer to this question, but one of his most frequently employed procedures can be identified. It is commonly accepted that Hardy's art is often "visual," in that he will draw the picture and allow the reader to form his own impressions from the intense pictorial representation. There is always something very direct and evocative in these descriptions, such as in the picture of Henchard as mayor presiding over a dinner in the King's Arms:

Facing the window, in the chair of dignity, sat a man about forty years of age; of heavy frame, large features and commanding voice; his general build being rather coarse than compact. He had a rich complexion, which verged on swarthinness, a flashing black eye, and dark, bushy brows and hair. When he indulged in an occasional loud laugh at some remark among his guests, his large mouth parted so far back as to show to the rays of the chandelier a full score or more of the two-and-thirty sound white teeth that he obviously still could boast of. (p. 64)

The reader could not go far wrong in piecing together an accurate impression of the man from these visual details; the picture suggests an impressive, dominating man, physically strong, possibly rather given to anger and emotional outbursts, who has got to his present position through hard work and sheer force of personality rather than through diplomacy and wile. On thousands of occasions Hardy's pictures have a similar directness and force.

But, just as commonly, the visual impression is followed by a paragraph characterized by polysyllabic awkwardness as Hardy attempts to analyze the character or situation he has just presented in such an uncomplicated way. In this instance, the following paragraph reads:

That laugh was not encouraging to strangers; and hence it may have been well that it was rarely heard. Many theories might have been built upon it. It fell in well with conjectures of a temperament which would have no pity for weakness, but would be ready to yield ungrudging admiration to greatness and strength. Its producer's personal goodness, if he had any, would be of a very fitful cast — an occasional almost oppressive generosity rather than a mild and constant kindness. (p. 64)

The conclusions drawn do match the impression the reader has probably formed, to the point where the paragraph might be felt to be redundant, but the most striking feature about the passage is not its content but its form. There is an air of pretentiousness about the paragraph, reflected both in the choice of vocabulary and in the literary balance of the central aphoristic sentence. The confidence of the "reading" of Henchard's personality is somewhat undermined by the previous sentence asserting that "many theories," rather than Hardy's one theory, might have been built upon the laugh. Both this gesture, and the uneasy construction and wording of the paragraph as a whole, render its conclusions somewhat suspect.

The effect of such "twin paragraphs," and there are many in Hardy's work, is to allow us direct access, but then to subvert and challenge that direct access. In the first paragraph the content is all important. In the second paragraph it is the method itself which seems central. It is a technique of giving with one hand, giving us an immediately accessible fictional world, and then taking away with the other, drawing attention to the role of language in the construction of a fiction, and the possible gap between confident literary language and the reality of a person or thing. One paragraph is realistic; the other is self-conscious.

It is this technique, apparent not only in "twin paragraphs," but in all those places where Hardy shifts from ease of expression to awkwardness of expression, that probably more than any-

thing else accounts for Hardy's novels managing to appear both very direct and extremely indirect. But a great many other factors remain to be explored before any sort of satisfactory explanation is reached of how Hardy's novels can be both self-conscious and yet extraordinarily immediate in impact. Currently, Joyce and Hardy are two of the most discussed novelists, yet criticism of Hardy's novels always seems slightly less successful than criticism of Joyce's. Recent critics concentrating on Joyce's reflexivity, critics such as Colin MacCabe and Marilyn French,¹⁷ have at last broken the tradition in Joyce criticism which found it necessary to assert that perhaps his experiments with technique were excessive. Hardy critics, though, even the very best,¹⁸ still refer to some of the formal characteristics of his work as aesthetic blunders. Possibly a wider recognition of the peculiar blend of Hardy's novels, in which he reconciles the self-conscious and realistic modes, might allow this last vestige of patronage and apology to disappear from criticism of his works.

NOTES

- 1 Berkeley, California: University of California Press, 1975.
- 2 "The Novel Interrogates Itself: Parody as Self-Consciousness in Contemporary English Fiction," in *The Contemporary English Novel*, ed. M. Brabury and D. Palmer (London: Edward Arnold, 1979), p. 152.
- 3 *After Joyce* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1977), p. 7.
- 4 *Op. cit.*, p. 87.
- 5 *The Novels of Anthony Trollope* (London: Oxford University Press, 1977).
- 6 *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word* (London: Macmillan, 1978), p. 18.
- 7 *Ibid.*, p. 18.
- 8 *Ibid.*, p. 21.
- 9 *Ibid.*, p. 21.
- 10 The most persuasive account of ways in which George Eliot can be said to discuss, and question, her own procedures as a novelist is to be found in J. Hillis Miller's "Optic and Semiotic in *Middlemarch*," in *The Worlds of Victorian Fiction*, ed. Jerome Buckley (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1975), pp. 125-45. Miller was also one of the first critics to indicate the possibility of regarding Hardy as a "self-conscious" novelist; in particular in his introduction to the New Wessex edition of *The Well-Beloved* (London: Macmillan, 1976), pp. 11-21.
- 11 London: Macmillan, 1979.

- ¹² *James Joyce* (London: Oxford University Press, 1959), p. 54.
- ¹³ New Wessex Edition (London: Macmillan, 1974), p. 353. All subsequent references are to this edition.
- ¹⁴ *The Great Web* (London: Faber, 1974), p. 203.
- ¹⁵ "Difficult language: the justification of Joyce's syntax in *Ulysses*," in *The Modern English Novel: the reader, the writer and the work*, ed. Gabriel Josipovici (London: Open Books, 1976), p. 135.
- ¹⁶ *Ulysses* (New York: Random House, 1961), p. 25.
- ¹⁷ Colin MacCabe's *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word* is referred to elsewhere in this essay. Marilyn French's book is *The Book as World: Joyce's Ulysses* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976).
- ¹⁸ For example, Ian Gregor in *The Great Web* (London: Faber, 1974), and John Bayley in *An Essay on Hardy* (London: Cambridge University Press, 1978).