Introduction
The Remainders of Realism

Near the beginning of *Backwater*, the second volume of Dorothy Richardson's monumental *Pilgrimage*, we find our heroine Miriam anticipating, in "an extremity of happiness," a dance that will be held in her home.[1] "To-morrow," she thinks, "the room would be lit and decked and clear [. . .] Amongst the crowd of guests, he would come across the room" (*P* 206).[2] The reverie continues:

> Perhaps he would look wretched and miserable again, as he had done when they were alone by the piano [. . .] To-morrow would be another moment like that. He would say her name suddenly, as he had done last week in the Babington's dance, very low, half-turning towards her. She would be ready this time and say his name and move instead of being turned to stone. (P 206)

The reader can be forgiven for not knowing who "he" is, though we have, in fact, been told only a few pages before. And yet despite learning his name – Ted – and the fact that Ted is "simply no good" when Miriam's not there, this moment still surprises us (*P* 201). For Richardson, here, turns to a scene straight out of Jane Austen: the anticipation of a dance and the match-making that might occur there. Thus, when Ted shows up while Miriam is playing the piano she thinks that "yesterday's dream had come more than true" (*P* 217). Richardson continues:

> Her music held them all, protecting the wordless meeting. Her last night's extremity of content was reality, being lived by all three of them. It centred in herself. Ted stood within it, happy in it. (P 217)

Miriam savors the moment. Thinking that she would "put off her dance with Ted until later," she dances once or twice with Ted's friend

[1] Dorothy M. Richardson, *Pilgrimage I: Pointed Roofs, Backwater, Honeycomb* (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1979), 206, referred to parenthetically as *P*.
[2] Since Richardson often uses ellipses in her prose, I will place my own in brackets.

Max (*P* 218). Soon she finds herself walking with him along the avenue outside her house: "She tasted a new sense of ease, walking slowly along with this strange man without 'making conversation'" (*P* 219). Suddenly he flings "his arm across her shoulders" (*P* 220). At first, Miriam is "horrified" but then she wonders "why was Ted not bold like this?" (*P* 220). Returning home, she thinks that "her eyes were ready for Ted. She was going to meet his for the first time – just one look, and then she would fly for her life anywhere, to anybody. And he would find her and make her look at him again. Ted. He was not there" (*P* 221). She walks again with Max and Ted returns asking in a "new, eager frightened voice. 'Aren't you *ever* going to dance with me again?'" (*P* 223). Miriam doesn't answer but she realizes now that "Ted would never leave her" (*P* 223). But then he does, the chapter ends, and Ted is hardly mentioned again. Richardson seems, here, to temporarily engage the machinery of the realist novel only to jettison it a few pages later.

For Joseph Beach, whose 1932 text *The Twentieth Century Novel* is one of the first full-length studies of the modernist novel, Richardson's novel as a whole, and this scene in particular, illustrates a truth universally acknowledged: that modernism is constituted, fundamentally, by its rejection of realism. "Nothing is more remarkable than the complete disappearance of the unnamed *him* [Ted] after the first section of Chapter 1 in 'Pointed Roofs.' . . . Real events are almost invariably brought in indirectly or incidentally."[3] Beach gets his details wrong – the scenes with Ted occur, as I have indicated, in *Backwater*, and he is, in fact, named – but he sums up a point that virtually defines the earliest reception of modernist texts. "There is certainly no story," Beach argues, "in the sense of some relationship developing, some plot engineered, some opposition overcome."[4] Instead we encounter the "Daphnean furtiveness of a woman's mind," in an entirely subjective account, one devoted to registering the "impressions" of its central heroine.[5] "This is probably," Beach concludes, "because the author believes that life comes to us in sensation and mood . . . Here is a new order of truth: life as unanalyzed and not wholly differentiated dream stuff. And being so extremely natural, and at the same time so novel, it strikes us as a realism such as we have seldom known."[6]

With this account, Virginia Woolf more or less agrees. Richardson, Woolf argues – with admiration, where Beach condescended – "has

[3] Joseph Warren Beach, *The Twentieth Century Novel: Studies in Technique* (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1932), 387.
[4] Ibid., 386. [5] Ibid., 388, 389. [6] Ibid., 393.

invented, or, if she has not invented, developed and applied to her own uses, a sentence which we might call the psychological sentence of the feminine gender... It is a woman's sentence."[7] *Pilgrimage* proceeds by excision:

> So 'him and her' are cut out, and with them goes the old deliberate business: the chapters that lead up and the chapters that lead down; the characters who are always characteristic; the scenes that are passionate and the scenes that are humorous; the elaborate construction of reality; the conception that shapes and surrounds the whole. All these things are cast away, and there is left, denuded, unsheltered, unbegun and unfinished, the consciousness of Miriam Henderson.[8]

Once again, we see a rejection of realism in favor of subjective consciousness, and yet, in Woolf's estimation, we never, throughout Richardson's work, find ourselves "in the reality which underlies these appearances."[9] A rejection of realism, then, alongside the desire for a deeper reality. We encounter here a fundamental paradox of early modernism: a supposedly formal art that critiques existing forms for their inability to capture reality.

In all of this we can hear echoes of Woolf's most famous remarks on the art of fiction. "Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind," Woolf declared, "in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness."[10] These lines, from "Modern Fiction," are often taken as a kind of manifesto for the modernists and their critique of the writers directly preceding them, of a piece with Woolf's more pointed comments in that cluster of essays written in the middle 1920s just after the breakthrough of *Jacob's Room*: "Mr Bennet and Mrs Brown," "How it Strikes a Contemporary" and "Character in Fiction." Addressing the difficulty facing modern novelists in the latter essay, Woolf puts the blame squarely on her materialist predecessors. "There was no English novelist living from whom [the modernists] could learn their business," Woolf proclaims, "to go to these men [Mr Wells, Mr Bennett, and Mr Galsworthy] and ask them to teach you how to write a novel – how to create characters that are real – is precisely like going to a bootmaker and asking him to teach you how to make a watch."[11] The Edwardians "have

[7] Virginia Woolf, *The Essays of Virginia Woolf: Volume Three: 1919–1924*, ed. Andrew McNeillie, 6 vols., vol. 3 (New York: HBJ, 1988), 367.
[8] Ibid., 10. [9] Ibid., 12.
[10] Virginia Woolf, *The Essays of Virginia Woolf: Volume Four: 1925–1928*, ed. Andrew McNeillie, 6 vols., vol. 4 (New York: HBJ, 1994), 161.
[11] *Essays Vol. 3*, 427.

made tools and established conventions which do their business. But those tools are not our tools, and that business is not our business. For us those conventions are ruin, those tools are death."[12] And as nearly all studies of modernism inevitably remind us, this is because "on or about December 1910 human character changed."[13]

Generations of critics have followed Woolf's polemical lead in reading modernism as a rejection of realism. It is no surprise, of course, to find the earliest critics of modernism using these terms, as their goal was precisely to define what was new about a literature with which they were, more or less, contemporary. Emphasizing modernism's aesthetic innovations was one way to distinguish it both from its realist predecessors and, as many scholars have noted, from the realist novels that continued to be written throughout the period.[14] Thus, Joseph Frank's famous description of spatial form describes an aesthetic "occupied with questions of form," which, in turn requires a criticism "no longer overawed by the bugbear of historical method."[15] "Instead of depicting natural appearances in all their overwhelming vitality," Frank continues, "the will-to-art turns toward their spiritualization, towards the elimination of mass and corporeality, towards an approximation of the eternal ethereal tranquility of other-worldly existence."[16] Spatial form creates a "continuum in which distinctions between past and present are obliterated."[17] Edmund Wilson, despite claiming in *Axel's Castle* that the "literary history of our time is to a great extent that of the development of Symbolism and its fusion or conflict with Naturalism," nevertheless reads in *Ulysses* a turn to transcendence: "This gross body, the body of humanity, upon which the whole structure of 'Ulysses' rests . . . is laboring to throw up some knowledge and

[12] Ibid., 430. [13] Ibid., 421.

[14] This distinction was often gendered, a familiar feature of aesthetic discourse from Nathaniel Hawthorne's complaints about "scribbling women" to George Eliot's more nuanced "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists." The reexamination of realist writers in the period has, then, often been tied to feminist projects of reclamation as in the recuperation of middlebrow fiction of the last thirty years, about which more below. A parallel path has been the revision of the modernist canon to include women such as Djuna Barnes, Mina Loy and Gertrude Stein writing in recognizably modernist forms. And, of course, men continued to write realist novels as well, suggesting that the links between gender and aesthetic form are tenuous, built into our canon-making procedures, which have typically failed to represent the full range of writing current at any particular historical moment, rather than inherent in the literature itself. The greatly expanded canon of early-twentieth century literature illustrates the success of both of these critiques.

[15] Joseph Frank, "Spatial Form in Modern Literature: An Essay in Two Parts," *The Sewanee Review* 53, no. 2 (1945): 221.

[16] "Spatial Form in Modern Literature: An Essay in Three Parts," *The Sewanee Review* 53, no. 4 (1945): 648.

[17] Ibid., 653.

beauty by which it may transcend itself."[18] Harry Levin argues, in "What was Modernism," that it is the "projective power of the imagination, which confers value and significance on the stuff of our everyday apprehension."[19] His example is also *Ulysses*, where "the apparent sordidness and purposelessness of our day with Leopold Bloom in Dublin are transmuted into a symbolic reenactment of Homer's epic."[20]

Perhaps the clearest and most succinct statement of the assumptions guiding much of this work can be found in José Ortega y Gasset's 1925 "The Dehumanization of Art." Ortega begins with a hierarchical distinction between modes of apprehending literature. "Preoccupation with the human content of the work," he declares, "is in principle incompatible with aesthetic enjoyment proper."[21] These two ways of reading literature are quickly located in the works themselves, and then arrayed in a historical sequence which emphasizes progress:

> During the nineteenth century artists proceeded in all too impure a fashion. They reduced the strictly aesthetic elements to a minimum and let the work consist almost entirely in a fiction of human realities. In this sense all normal art of the last century must be called realistic . . . Works of this kind are only partially works of art, or artistic objects.[22]

"For the modern artist," however, "aesthetic pleasure derives from such a triumph over human matter."[23] A clear set of ideals emerges. Modernist art is fundamentally formal in nature, believing, Ortega claims, "that the work of art is nothing but a work of art."[24] If it must engage with the everyday world it does so in order to transform or redeem it from its debased materiality. In doing so it elevates art both from mere representation and from history itself. Modernist writers are sylvan historians, emphasizing the superiority of formed experience over the gross body of material life.

No doubt this captures one aspect of modernist literature, but it does so at the cost of ignoring two equally important elements – ones threaded even through Woolf's most severe critiques of realist fiction. The first is that the need for a new aesthetic is typically understood in historical terms, even if those are often vague. History, it seems, cannot be so easily dismissed. The second point – one crucial to this study – is that modernist

[18] Edmund Wilson, *Axel's Castle: A Study in the Imaginative Literature of 1870–1930* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1950), 25, 224.
[19] Harry Levin, "What Was Modernism?," *The Massachusetts Review* 1, no. 4 (1960): 625.
[20] Ibid.
[21] José Ortega y Gasset, "The Dehumanization of Art," in *Literary Modernism*, ed. Irving Howe (Greenwich, CT: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1967), 84.
[22] Ibid., 85. [23] Ibid., 89. [24] Ibid., 87.

innovations were often articulated as a heightened form of accuracy, an idea pointed out by no less an authority than Eric Auerbach, who found in Woolf "something new and elemental . . . nothing less than the wealth of reality and depth of life in every moment to which we surrender ourselves without prejudice."[25] Recently critics have begun to pay closer attention to precisely this element of Woolf's work. Here is Pam Morris: "Contrary to this general opinion of her fiction, I suggest that Woolf does not abandon realism."[26] Rachel Bowlby goes further, calling "Modern Fiction" a "manifesto for realism" whose main point is that "literature should convey real life."[27] "And, like all manifestoes for realism that I have seen," Bowlby continues, "this one in fact makes its case by the use of a caricature of what passes for literary reality at present but is evidently to be seen as inadequate."[28] Indeed, if Woolf's essays give us, in Christopher Baldick's words, a "distinctively modern voice declaring itself self-begotten from willed obliviousness to its origins, uncompromisingly severed from any allegiance to the past," we must also hear, as Baldick notes, the undertone by which she shows this declaration to be an interested one.[29] Here is Woolf in "How it Strikes a Contemporary": "No age can have been more rich than ours in writers determined to give expression to the differences which separate them from the past and not to the resemblances which

[25] Erich Auerbach, *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*, trans. Willard R. Trask (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1953), 552.

[26] Pam Morris, "Woolf and Realism," in *Virginia Woolf in Context*, ed. Bryony Randall and Jane Goldman (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012), 40.

[27] Rachel Bowlby, "Untold Stories in *Mrs. Dalloway*," *Textual Practice* 25, no. 3 (2011): 402.

[28] Ibid. Critics invested in recuperating the Georgians have made similar points. Maria di Battista, for instance, argues that "In thus challenging the most obdurate and venerated institutions of the British social system – Family, Property, Religion, Class, Sexual Idealism – whose laws often made it hard, if not impossible to cultivate the good 'life within,' Edwardian and Georgian realists were as subversive of tradition as the most militant avant-gardist. That we seldom think of them this way, that we might be surprised to see Edwardian luminaries (Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy) coupled with less conventional Georgians (the modernists Lawrence, Woolf, Joyce), is largely due to an historic myth about the advent of modernist literature that was crafted, with less ambivalence than the facts required, by Virginia Woolf." Similarly, David Bradshaw writes "The most obvious problem with this withering put-down, however, is that its implied emphasis on severance and exceptionality, on their being a categorical distinction between the modernists and those who flourished just before them, occludes crucial debts and continuities. Modernism did not burst forth in full bloom 'about the year 1910' but grew organically yet aberrantly from its Edwardian mulch." See Maria di Battista, "Realism and Rebellion in Edwardian and Georgian Fiction," in *The Cambridge Companion to the Twentieth-Century English Novel*, ed. Robert L. Caserio (Cambridge Cambridge University Press, 2009), 43; David Bradshaw, "Bootmakers and Watchmakers: Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Woolf, and Modernist Fiction," in *A History of the Modernist Novel*, ed. Gregory Castle (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015), 139.

[29] Chris Baldick, *The Oxford English Literary History: Volume 10: 1910–1940: The Modern Movement* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), 1–2.

connect them with it."[30] It is to these resemblances that this study directs itself.

One of the contentions of *The Persistence of Realism in Modernist Fiction*, then, is that we have allowed the modernists' programmatic statements of difference to obscure their investment in the forms and structures of realist fiction. Realism, that is to say, persisted not only in the realist texts that continued to be written in the period, but *within modernist works of literature themselves*.[31] Furthermore, though critics habitually note the ways in which the modernist novel rejects realism, they rarely do so with any specificity nor do they accord realism any real weight, allowing it to be a straw man overcome by the innovations of modernist form. Stephen Kern's 2011 *The Modernist Novel: A Critical Introduction* provides a representative instance of this tendency. Its goal is to offer a "comparison of modernists' formal innovations with the preceding realists' rendering of the same formal elements."[32] But the deck is stacked against realism from the start, as it is understood to adhere to a set of assumptions the modernists continually reject. "Realist characters . . . are what they are inside to outside and remain so throughout the story . . . Such existential plenitude was resisted" by modernist fiction.[33] Similarly, modernists dismiss the "organic model" by which realist characters are understood to develop, as well the "deterministic causal integration of events" in realist plots.[34] If "realists such as Tolstoy posited multiple causes for human affairs and saw them operating deterministically . . . Modernists resisted strong deterministic explanations of behavior."[35] In each case, and there are many more throughout the book, realism appears as the naïve

[30] Woolf, *Essays Vol. 4*, 238.

[31] A parallel argument to mine, though one that moves in the opposite direction, is made by Nick Hubble, when he locates modernist experiments within proletarian literature. "Much British proletarian literature," Hubble suggests, "took the form . . . of an expansion of modernist techniques and scope rather than a rejection of them." See Nick Hubble, *The Proletarian Answer to the Modernist Question* (Edinburgh University Press: Edinburgh, 2017), 1. The result, according to Hubble, was the development of a "proletarian-modernist outlook rooted in a politicised aesthetics of self-realisation and commitment to a post-scarcity society" (48). As will become clear, I am less certain that modernism shares quite this level of political commitment with proletarian writers of the period, nor do I think the presence of aesthetic techniques from one form of literature in another makes the two types of work commensurate in quite the way Hubble suggests. Nevertheless, his readings of individual texts are compelling, and I agree that modernism is as focused on the question of community as other writers of the period, though they take the question up in ways that seem distinct from the proletarian writers that are Hubble's main focus.

[32] Stephen Kern, *The Modernist Novel: A Critical Introduction* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011), 1.

[33] Ibid., 24. [34] Ibid., 40, 56. [35] Ibid., 56, 57.

predecessor of a more sophisticated modernism, whose literary innovations are repeatedly cast in the heroic language of resistance.[36]

Nevertheless, as I have already indicated, some critics have begun to reconsider not only Woolf's relationship to realism but modernism's more generally.[37] Gregory Castle's 2015 *A History of the Modern Novel* is perhaps the fullest attempt to re-imagine this inheritance and his introduction marks a good place to take the measure of the volume as a whole. "On the evidence" the volume presents, Castle argues, "we can say confidently that the modernist novel was *always in an experimental mode* and it was *always engaged with realism*, and in this double-barreled way it sought narrative access to the Real (i.e. to the irreducible materiality of lived experience) and to the temporal and geographic coordinates of our experience of it."[38] Holding "in creative tension two different worlds," modernism connects "the *expressed* world, the diegetic level of fiction that constitutes the 'world' of the artwork" with the "*represented* world, the non-diegetic level of lived experience that mimetic art seeks to imitate."[39] This "represented world" is "manifested most effectively in realist styles" which are "inevitably and voluntarily mutilated" by the modernist work.[40] Castle continues:

> If realist styles and techniques of notation are used, they serve primarily to augment an anti-mimetic world that does not strive to reflect or resemble

[36] We can observe a similar problem in Michael Levenson's 2011 book *Modernism*. Noting how "older typologies continue to inform modernist narrative" and, specifically, recognizing the ways in which Joyce "(intermittently) accepts the claims of realism and its crystallization in Naturalism," he nevertheless returns to a narrative based fundamentally on an interiority built on skepticism about the real world and a generalized crisis of faith in representation as such: "The logic that drives Modernism from realism toward subjectivism is deep within the epoch ... the attempt to record the world-as-it-is changed steadily into an effort to express the world-as-it-appears. This circuit of ideas is familiar in philosophy, as it is in the fine arts. What gave it force in the later nineteenth-century was that a skeptical subjectivism coincided with the crisis of faith." See Michael Levenson, *Modernism* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2011), 77, 89–90, 93.

[37] An excellent example is Toril Moi's *Henrik Ibsen and the Birth of Modernism*, whose main argument is stated succinctly at the outset: "The true aesthetic antithesis of modernism is not realism, but idealism." See Toril Moi, *Henrik Ibsen and the Birth of Modernism: Art, Theater, Philosophy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), 5. Moi's argument is thus broadly consonant with mine, but, as this sentence suggests, her focus is on the latent idealism defining nineteenth-century aesthetic criticism, an idealism modernism, represented exclusively in her text by Ibsen, rejected. Nevertheless, I have learned a great deal from her account of Ibsen's simultaneous critique and defense of everyday theatricality.

[38] Gregory Castle, "Introduction: Matter in Motion in the Modernist Novel," in *A History of the Modernist Novel*, ed. Gregory Castle (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015), 3.

[39] Ibid., 4.

[40] Ibid. The phrase "inevitably and voluntarily mutilated" comes from Mikel Dufrenne, *The Phenomenology of Aesthetic Experience*, trans. E. S. Casey et al. (Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 1966), 175.

> the 'given' state of things. In its tactical, notational use of realism, the modernist novel augments an expressed world of anti-mimetic richness by providing narrative points of purchase for reflection and action . . . Realism is at once an inheritance and an opportunity, a practice to be appropriated in the service of an aesthetic agenda that is inimical to its underlying mimetic impulse.[41]

On the one hand, this is a significant advance over Kern's claims. Realism no longer appears here as epistemologically naïve, and Castle is able to do justice to the basic distinctions between the two literary forms without condescension. At the same time, however, modernism's fundamentally negative relationship to realism is retained.[42] The two modes are inimical. Thus, Todd Kontje notes that Thomas Mann "adapted and subverted" realism, while Anne Fernihough finds Rebecca West "inhabiting these 'realist' modes in order to defamiliarize them and to show how oppressive and hollow they have become."[43] We are not very far from Woolf's ruin and death.

My point is not to denigrate this work. No doubt West finds certain conventions of realism oppressive while Mann does, indeed, subvert realism. What interests me instead are moments of continuity: the persistence of scenes of sentiment in the work of James Joyce and Samuel Beckett, the continuation of the domestic novel in Woolf's *The Years*, Henry James' reliance on melodramatic plots in his investigation of the peculiar class blindness of the elite, the surprising retention, given how often Ralph Ellison spoke against it, of naturalist determination in *Invisible Man*. In each of these cases, realism means something other than ruin; its structures are not always oppressive, nor are they particularly hollow. To be sure, realist forms are transformed by these modernist works. But this transformation is never a simple rejection. Whatever use they make of realist forms remains, in some measure, central to the main work of the novels they write.

[41] Ibid.

[42] The same issue plagues Philip Weinstein's closely argued 2005 work *Unknowing*, a fact signaled by the title which counterposes a realism which believes "that the representational field of space and time and others that its protagonist moves through corresponds to the objective world itself" to a modernism in which "the narrative props that underwrite the subject/ space/time drama of coming to know are refused." See Philip Weinstein, *Unknowing: The Work of Modernist Fiction* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2005), 2. Thus, though Weinstein develops a sophisticated reading of the intellectual coordinates of realism, his reading practice aims to reveal "the unemphatic protocols . . . that regulate realist fiction," which modernism is seen to refuse and subvert (3).

[43] Todd Kontje, "Mann's Modernism," in *A History of the Modernist Novel*, 312; Anne Fernihough, "Modernist Materialism: War, Gender, and Representation in Woolf, West, and H. D.," ibid., 237.

Part of what has obscured this relation is the terms themselves. Frederic Jameson has observed that realism "is a hybrid concept, in which an epistemological claim (for knowledge or truth) masquerades as an aesthetic ideal."[44] But just as no area of cultural production can truly evade social content – it being "an impossibility for beings like ourselves who are 'condemned' to history and to the implacable sociability of even the most apparently private of our experiences" – so too it is impossible for a literary text to exist without form.[45] Form and life, to simplify the worlds of Castle's summary and make an exceedingly obvious point, are essential components of the work of art. Nevertheless, the realism/modernism debate most often comes down to us as an opposition between these two terms, even if their usage is alarmingly inconsistent. On the one hand, realist literature's social engagement is favorably contrasted to the merely formal games of modernist art; on the other hand, realism becomes a disciplinary apparatus that can only be countered by modernism's formal disruptions. The Victorian novel is either the paragon of a closed form, having primarily "the ideological function of adapting its readers to bourgeois society as it currently exists" or a formless mess, the loose baggy monsters of James's ground-breaking polemic.[46]

A return to James's original ideas is instructive for it established a pattern followed by generations of critics. Baldick summarizes its main contours:

> the campaign he had been conducting for decades against the inartistic clumsiness of the English novelists survived him, and the battle-lines established between him and Wells remained in place, with the champions of novelistic 'art' ranged against partisans of messy 'life.' Later skirmishes between Arnold Bennett and Virginia Woolf, between E.M. Forster and Percy Lubbock, and between Forster and Woolf tended to be fought over the same ground.[47]

[44] Fredric Jameson, *The Antinomies of Realism* (New York: Verso, 2013), 5.
[45] "Reflections in Conclusion," in *Aesthetics and Politics*, ed. Ronald Taylor (New York: Verso, 1977), 202.
[46] *Antinomies*, 5. Jameson is, here, disputing this claim. D. A. Miller offers a representative instance of the argument for ideological closure, showing how the critical tendency to treat the novel as formless disallows "the possibility of a radical *entanglement* between the nature of the novel and the practice of the police." For Miller, of course, the realist novel works "relentlessly . . . to confirm the novel-reader in his identity as 'liberal subject,'" thus disproving the consensus that "literature exercises a destabilizing function in our culture." This consensus is a version of the "modernist form disrupts ideology" claim I address below. See D. A. Miller, *The Novel and the Police* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), 2, x, xi.
[47] Baldick, *The Modern Movement*, 156.