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THE NOVEL AS JOURNAL:
A GENERIC STUDY

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate
School of The Ohio State University

By
Juliet Willman Kincaid, A.B., M.A.

The Ohio State University
1977

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To Ross Macdonald, yoga, and "nevertheless," without whose help this dissertation could not have been written.
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DEDICATION</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VITA</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. PARADIGMS</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of the Novel</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of the Journal</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of the Novel as Journal</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. THE DIARY DEVICE</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Implement Plot</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Add Verisimilitude</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Shift Point of View</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. &quot;THE SOUL IN ACTION&quot;</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spiritual Diary</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Confession</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Psychological Novel</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Change as a Common Denominator</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. THE INTELLIGENTSIA</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philosophical Novels</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Novelists on the Novel</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conclusions</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A diary-novel is not a rare thing. People around the world have written them and have been writing them almost since the novel itself came into existence. But critically the hybrid form has been neglected. To be sure, there are articles on individual diary-novels, studies of diary-novels written by a single author, and indeed one study of selected French nouveau vague novels, many containing diaries. Still, no one has written a systematic study of the diary in the novel. To redress the neglect of this special type of fiction, I have therefore written this dissertation.

Here, in the initial chapter, I will establish the foundation for the rest of the study. Specifically, through presentation of a set of abstract qualities, or paradigms, for the novel and for the journal, I will build a third set of paradigms for the novel as journal in order to establish that it is a legitimate sub-genre of the novel, as worthy of study as the frequently discussed epistolary novel. The conclusions of this chapter will form the foundation
for the rest of the dissertation which concerns itself with the functions of the diary in a broad range of novels and generally with the relationship of form and content in fiction. In the second chapter, for instance, I will concentrate on the mechanical uses of the diary in the novel and deal with such works as Richardson's Pamela, Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, Camus' The Plague, Joyce's The Portrait of the Artist, and Stegner's The Spectator Bird. In the third chapter I will deal with the frequent association of the diary-novel with assorted types of psychological novels including Gide's The Pastoral Symphony, Updike's A Month of Sundays, Dostoyevsky's Notes from Underground, Kaufman's Diary of a Mad Housewife and numerous others. In the fourth and final chapter, before stating conclusions, I will focus on the special use of the diary-novel for philosophical and theoretical purposes. Important works discussed include Sartre's Nausea, Bellow's Dangling Man, Gide's The Counterfeiters, Huxley's Point Counterpoint, Lessing's The Golden Notebook, and Moravia's The Lie. Without further introduction, then, I shall begin my examination of the diary in the novel.

Of the Novel

Perhaps the idea of establishing paradigms or patterns for two such sprawling genres as the novel and the journal is presumptuous for, like all
abstractions, these paradigms do not bear much resemblance to the individual novels that you and I read. But these paradigms are, like the novels themselves, convenient fictions, not at all real but with a lot of truth in them.

I will begin with the end. In the terms of Frank Kermode, the novelist like the prophet of apocalypse proceeds with a sense of an ending, if not perfectly defined in advance then at least approximate. Fictions are "in concord" with their endings. Just as the prophet interprets history in the light of his foregone conclusion—the precise date of the second coming—so the novelist operates in such a fashion that his completed work operates within the framework established by its ending. To be satisfying aesthetically the book should hang together; all preceding action must get the reader to the end which, once read, is seen as the logical outcome of all that went before, no matter how surprising it may seem upon the initial reading of it. For example, the reader is perhaps saddened by the death of Catherine at the end of Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, but the reader does not reject that conclusion because it is in the nature of fiction, especially fiction about war, that the worst possible thing will happen. In addition, Hemingway has never permitted us to forget Catherine's
narrow hips. He has built foreshadowing into the middle of the book (indeed, the very tone of the work from the start communicates to the reader that this is a sad book, one likely to end in sadness) which makes the conclusion fitting, which ties the novel into a coherent, logical structural whole. In other words, with the novel often the tail wags the dog.

To clarify further: just as the prophet interprets history in such a way as to predict his particular version of the apocalypse, as Kermode notes, so the novelist creates a history for the reader. Actually, most writers, not just novelists, proceed in the same way. A learned colleague of mine whose studies focus on documentary writings of the Early American period has pointed out that nearly every kind of writer—the biographer, the autobiographer, the historian, the novelist—every kind but the true diarist, fills in the middle in terms of the end. Even when his subject is alive and kicking, a biographer works towards the conclusion of his subject's achievement. The autobiographer works towards making sense of what he is. The historian is out to prove that we are all going to hell in a handbasket—or he shows us how we have already arrived. Every writer seems to know how everything turns out and so he writes accordingly. Only the diarist does not know how things
will turn out. But more of that later.

On the basis of the preceding point, that the novel moves toward an ending consistent with its parts, I would also like to restate the truism (having, of course, exceptions like all generalizations, but useful in setting up abstractions like these paradigms) that a novel has its structure imposed on it by the God-novelist from some sort of reference point outside the world of the novel. That is, the writer knows what he wants to say, more or less, and says it, more or less clearly, depending on his ability. What he says depends partly on what he has selected to include. And where those selections come depends on where the writer has chosen to put them. And his frame of reference is outside the time and space of events and characters within the novel.

Developing further what is inherent in this discussion, I state that the novel often has a plot. The usual technique of the novelist is to make sensible his conclusion by presenting events, actions, interchanges, and thoughts leading to it. Something happens, then something else happens after that, often because of that. Many times the relationship between events in a novel rather than simply being sequential is causal; one thing leads to another instead of one thing after another. For example, a novel like An
American Tragedy is just a web of reasons why. (Deterministic novels do, I grant, provide especially apt examples in this area, but a book like Tom Jones might do almost as well.) Pull a certain thread hard enough and the whole plot unravels. Clyde would not have been electrocuted if he had not killed Roberta and he would not have killed her if he had not wanted Sondra and he would not have met either woman if he had not gone to Lycurgus and maybe he never would have gone there if he had not been discontented in Chicago and surely he never would have been in Chicago in the first place if he had not gotten into trouble with his hotel associates in Kansas City and he never would have been working in a hotel in the first place if his father had not preached the gospel in dirty streets and made Clyde go with him to the streets where Clyde dreamed of better things. And that of course is where the book begins. I have perhaps overstated my point in order to make it emphatically. Still, this novel, like many, is a book upon which a novelist has imposed a pattern which makes sense of the life displayed in it. This is frequently the case with the novel. Even in A Farewell to Arms in which Frederick Henry says that life is not fair and makes no sense, Hemingway presented a world in which such a statement could be justifiably made.
From the point about plot follows the conclusion that in the novel action is stressed. Even a novelist like James, who has his characters think a great deal and at great length, still presents actions which seem to loom larger than the thoughts generating the actions or generated by them. Take *The Portrait of a Lady* for example. James spends a great deal of time in the head of Isabel Archer, but her actions rather than her thoughts are what the reader tends to remember. They represent and demonstrate her character with a clarity and finality her thoughts do not. Despite the fact that this is a cerebral novel, action at the end looms large: Isabel goes to England, to her dying cousin; she returns to Italy, to her husband.

A further implication of the preceding points is the fact that in the novel the basic movement is linear; from beginning through middle to end. Such seems almost inescapable because, given the nature of the written word, plots must be presented word after word, from line to line, page to page. Although in certain novels like *Finnegans Wake* circularity is suggested, usually plots move linearly. Even when a sense of simultaneity is desired—as in parts of *Ulysses* and of Ford Madox Ford's novels—the reader is stuck with sequence. For instance, in *Parade's End* supposedly
Val is on the phone at the same time that Tietjens is hocking furniture so he can throw an Armistice Day celebration. Nevertheless, the reader must learn about those things one after the other. Perhaps the only medium that can give a true sense of simultaneous action is the cinema with its split screen technique. All writing proceeds in a linear fashion, even, I admit, the journal.

However, in the novel not only is the action sequential but time is often thought of in the same way. Frequently in the novel, time is seen as process, progressive. Characters change or they find out something they did not know before. Miranda in *Pale Horse*, *Pale Rider* does both. Times change. In the novel time is change. In *The Good Soldier*, even though the reader gets information out of the order of the events' occurrence, he is led to believe that the events did in fact happen in a certain order, an order comprising a small history for the characters. Basically time accompanies the events of the novel, its actions set down in the small scale of beginning, middle, and end along the larger scale in the middest, as Kermode would say, between the tick of creation and the tock of apocalypse. Time in the novel takes things away irretrievably, buries them. That is why, although one can read and reread a novel, go through
its process again and again (as indeed Joyce invites the reader to do at the end of *Finnegans Wake*), the natural tense of the novel is past.

So far I have been discussing theoretical matters of weight. Now I will turn to smaller matters which matter a great deal to the novelist.

In so far as the physical format of the novel is concerned, its basic unit is the chapter. Many novels, even most perhaps, are divided into chapters, with each chapter or unit often comprising a sort of miniature of the whole action. That is, a chapter is just a single part of the whole, one step in a series. But often it is developed with a coherence analogous to the unity of the novel itself. For example, chapter seven of *The Great Gatsby* begins with Nick pondering the unusual Saturday night darkness of Gatsby's mansion and ends with Gatsby keeping vigil in the dark near Daisy Buchanan's house. In between in a series of smaller actions, climaxes and conclusions, all with tight causal links, the reader hears about the whimsical trip to a New York hotel undertaken by the Buchanans, Jordan Baker, Nick Carraway and Jay Gatsby which accomplishes the latter's disillusionment, his departure with Daisy, and the hit-and-run killing of Myrtle Wilson. Other novels, though not formally divided into chapters or divided
into chapters either smaller or larger than those of *The Great Gatsby*, still often are composed of series of discrete actions tied together in dramatic ways. Physically printed up, then, the novel is divided into chapters; dramatically, it is divided into scenes; but whichever the terms, the basic unit of the novel is quite different from that of the journal.

As for point of view, that is, the particular point in space (physical or metaphysical) from which the story teller tells the story, the novel has many possibilities. For example, there is the Victorian favorite, third person omniscient, aped by Fowles in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. There is, for another example, third person limited point of view in which only the experiences of a single person or character are directly presented. The story presented may be fully that of the character focussed upon or the story of someone else. That is, *The Old Man and the Sea* on the one hand; *What Maisie Knew* on the other. Then there are novels of the first person. "I" tell my story or "I" talk about somebody else: I am Huck Finn talking about my adventures on the river or I am Nick Carraway talking about my sort-of friend, Jay Gatsby. I am presenting in a very cursory way what is a complex matter, the subject of many long and very technical books. But the point is that the
novelist has many options of perspective available to him; the diarist, as will be demonstrated later, does not.

In addition to the variety of choice of point of view, the novelist can shift points of view. All types of novelists, both English and American, have bounced point of view from persona to persona, from Louis to Rhoda to Jennie to Neville to Susan to Bernard and round and round again, or from Benjy to Quentin to Jason to that cool omniscient narrator who keeps an eye on Dilsey at the end of *The Sound and the Fury*. The novel, then, offers many possibilities for variety and experiment with point of view.

Another thing about the novel is that it is a finished product; even when only crudely polished it is not generally considered to be a stepping-stone or prefatory stage to something else. It is the product rather than the production line. It may be part of a larger whole like *That Hideous Strength* of C. S. Lewis' trilogy or *A Sleep of Reason* of C. P. Snow's *Strangers and Brothers* series, but a novel is complete and independent of the author, who is not expected to fool around with it anymore (though some writers, like James, do). Basically what I am attempting to say is that the novel has been published; the journal as a rule has not been. What's more, the novelist writes and publishes his work with an
audience in mind, usually a definite and public audience of size sufficient to provide good return to both publisher and writer for their efforts. The journal, on the other hand, besides being unpublished as a rule, has a very small and private audience if it has one at all, a trait I will examine more thoroughly later.

And, as a standard literature handbook might commonly state, a novel by definition is an extended prose fiction narrative. I have already discussed narrative, or plot, at length so the next part of the discussion begins with a consideration of size.

While "extended" denotes considerable length, still the size of a novel is finite; the novel is bigger than either a story or a novella but not so long as a trilogy, unless it happens to be a nineteenth-century triple decker. The matter of length is hard to be precise about, I say while contemplating the 887 pages of Gravity's Rainbow in the small print edition. Nevertheless, the size of the novel is finite and discernible, since the novel by nature has some sort of beginning, often selected and arbitrary (even though perhaps in medias res, as Ford's The Good Soldier begins for example), and much middle and some sort of ending, however ambiguous or vague. A novel ends somewhere, with some sort of intention,
riot usually by accident. That latter point cannot be made about the diary.

The novel is a piece of prose--on the face of it anyway. Actually many fiction writers use poetic devices. Think for example of the "pinewiney silence of an August afternoon," creating mood in the opening of Light in August, or the "serenity of still and exquisite brilliance" of the sunset described at the beginning of Heart of Darkness. These quotations exhibit a control of sound effects that would make any poet proud. Think too of English lecturers' habit of describing as dramatic all stories containing a great deal of dialogue. The plot lines of both novels and plays can be described by Freitag's pyramid. The genres simply are not as rigidly compartmentalized as one would suppose. Suffice it to say at this point that whereas a novel may contain poetic effects still it is a piece of prose in the way most lines march out to the right hand margins. Novelists may wax poetic, but scholars still call their works prose.

The novel is fiction. It is not real; the author made it up. He perhaps used his own experience, but he embroidered it, adding imaginative touches, taking away things from the real event that he was ashamed of or modest about, stressing some aspects, coloring...
the whole with his perceptions, attitudes, and considered opinions. Perhaps "A Very Short Story" of In Our Time is closer to what really happened to Hemingway in Italy during the First World War than the long, romanticized story of A Farewell to Arms. My speculations, however, are somewhat beside the point because Nick Adams and Frederick Henry are equally fictional. A man in a novel is a character, not a person. Fact does not equal fiction; life does not equal art. But that is not to say that a work of art cannot be true to life, have verisimilitude, please its audience by its resemblance to life, the pleasing imitation. But the relationship of fiction to truth is complex, and a topic that will be explored fully later.

Of the Journal

In many ways the journal is not anything like a novel.

Indeed, in the matter of truth and reality just mentioned, the journal is not like the novel—nominally at any rate. Traditionally, for example, Pepys' Diaries and Boswell's Journals are classified as non-fiction. A journal is not a piece of fiction. Usually the writer has not made up anything that he records there; he generally retains the order of occurrence from life in his journal as well. The diarist describes what really happened as far as he could see, as best
as he could write, about as much as he cared to record, leaving some things out. And there of course is the rub. Just as the novel which is fictional partakes of truth and the possible, so the journal which is non-fictional partakes of the selected, the approximate, the myopic. A selection cannot equal a whole. The portrayal is contingent upon the accuracy of the perception of the original subject. Nevertheless, the word is not the thing.

To be completely accurate, I should point out that not in all traditions is the diary classified as non-fiction. In fact, in Japanese literature the art diary (as opposed to the natural diary) has for centuries been a fictional mode, as Earl Miner explains in his introduction to *Japanese Poetic Diaries*. Usually the art diaries differed from the natural ones in being more artful and literary, having "an artistic reconstitution of fact participating in or paralleling fiction." A striking example of such fictionalization of the diary is found in the tenth-century Tosa Diary, written by a male poet Ki no Tsurazuki but from the point of view of a female persona; as such it was probably the first Japanese work of prose fiction. Nevertheless, the work seems to be based on the poet's own natural diary and reflects with fair accuracy the lifestyle, travel routes, and scenery of the times.
The Western reader of fiction is also becoming more sophisticated in his perceptions of fiction and non-fiction. He sees that fiction and non-fiction indeed do not oppose each other. Instead of two rigidly bounded, mutually exclusive classes, fiction and non-fiction are two ends of the same stick, with a place somewhere near the middle where they run into each other. My learned colleague in Early American studies has told me about the inveterate fictionalizing that autobiographers perform upon their lives. Or, consider Wallace Stegner's example. In the spring of 1974, while on a lecture visit to Ohio State, Stegner said that he has written biographies which in all honesty he has had to call novels not because he was aiming at fiction but because he had to fill in so many gaps in order to make the narrative coherent that his non-fiction slipped into fiction. As a rule, then, the journal is non-fiction and usually taken for truth (often novelists take advantage of that association, a use of the diary which will be much studied later); but inevitably it partakes of the fictional not so much for what is included as for what has been left out. Journal keeping, like novel writing, is a matter of selection. One would neither care to nor be able to record it all. In addition to this, transmogrifying things into words removes them
irrevocably from reality.

Another way in which the journal is like the novel is that both are mostly prose. Note that I say "mostly." I have already pointed out how novelists, writers of good solid prose, supposedly, sneak poetry into their lines. Diarists have even more blatant habits. Thoreau, for example, included whole poems in early sections of his journal (a habit which he had sufficient wit to outgrow). Looking over Miner's selected Japanese art diaries I conclude that sometimes the prose in such works exists only to provide a framework for the poetry. Basho's *The Narrow Road Through the Provinces* provides support for that point. It sometimes seems that Basho only wrote prose long enough to get the reader to the next scenic point he wanted to write some poems about. It seems to me, then, that the journal form is basically and inherently eclectic, even elastic; it is permissible to use many different modes of expression in it. Your journal is your book; you can do whatever you damned well please in it— to it.

Another way the journal differs from the novel involves its potentially infinite length. Nothing really can be infinite that is human, but the journal has no definite length dictated to it by its ending. The novel on the other hand should hang together in all
its parts. It seems to me, too, that you can make a novel only so long, put so much material in it, before you lose its coherence and unity. The journal, however, begins and ends by happenstance and just wanders on incoherently. For example, a student of the journal calls Kafka's Diaries (but the statement can be made about most diaries) "the most un-Aristotelian art ever written. . . . They are all middle." The journal begins at some point, often by accident, when the writer chooses to begin, and goes on and on, often sporadically, until he drops dead or develops permanent writer's cramp or, stimulated by his journal, decamps into the kingdom of fiction forever. He can go on and on because he is not going anywhere in particular. He is not out to prove a point with his life as an autobiographer is because he is still searching for the point. The journal is not informed by a sense of an ending. There is no way it could be unless the journalist, like Yukio Mishima, plans his death as a fitting conclusion to his life.

Basically, then, the journal is contingent on what actually happens to the journalist. He is not like the novelist who knows what he wants his book, overall, to say and then figures out the best way to say it. Because he usually has a notion of the point
of his work and a sense of its ending, the novelist can impose upon the work a structure which will make that point clear, which will work coherently towards a conclusion. In contrast, what goes into a journal is the product of the interplay of mind and mundane existence. Take *A Writer's Diary*, for example. One day Virginia Woolf visits her sister Nessa down in the country. An account of that goes in the journal. Over in Oxford, soon thereafter, Virginia gets angry because she is told that unescorted women cannot visit the Bodleian. She writes about that. She keeps getting ideas for books, books that become *Mrs. Dalloway* and *Orlando* and *The Waves*. The ideas go in one by one and are refined one by one. She does not impose an overall pattern on the journal from a framework outside its time and space. She puts down what she wants to keep, what impresses her. She has no idea of how she will end so she has no criterion for selection which will produce a coherent story. Her diary then is like most twentieth-century ones: a form which "allows artistic statements without the constraint of a complete composition, requires no thread, no leitmotif, no plot." To say that a diary has no plot is not to say that it has no structure. All the journals that I have studied do have patterns; Bingham too has
noticed this. "The notebook, when it is written by a great artist, has an unconscious pattern, a rhythm, ... ." What occurs in the journal is that in response to certain recurring thoughts or concerns or consistent responses to happenstance, the journalist develops organically a structure in his writing. That structure grows from within the journal itself rather than being imposed from the outside. In other words, the diary is given pattern by the mind reflected in it. (Emotion, by consequence, tends to be clearer than in the novel which by all its elements distorts feeling.) Just as the person has recurrent concerns and consistent responses, so will his journal display these. The difference between the structure of a novel and the pattern of a journal is like the difference between a glassblower's lily and the garden variety; the former is a product of artifice and the latter has developed organically, from within, from bulb to root, stem, leaves and bloom.

It is the mind displayed in the journal which is of prime importance. A journalist witnesses many interesting events, but he does many ordinary things as well. What helps make public and private events equally interesting is the perspective given by the mind taking in the data and recording it in the
diaries. Take for example Thoreau who, having observed that "Shoes are commonly too narrow," goes on to a brief exposition on the wise man, and ends with a friendly, though rather irrelevant, piece of advice: "When your shoe chafes your feet, put in a mullein leaf." Sometimes the quality of the perceiving mind is illustrated not by such direct statement but simply by what is selected for inclusion in the book. Consider the fellow feeling in this brief entry: "As I was going by with a creaking wheelbarrow, one of my neighbors, who heard the music, ran out with his greasepot and brush and greased the wheels." Life is interesting, and the journal is a fine lens for presenting life filtered through a certain perspective and for presenting the life of that mind. The diary also permits free examination of ideas. As such, it can also deal well with solitude, perhaps more adequately than the novel with its demands for conflict.

I will conclude this point, then, by saying that the journal is a fine psychological form. The novel often stresses action; the journal often stresses thought.

Like all other kinds of writing, the journal cannot present simultaneity adequately. Inevitably it too must have one line after another, one page after another page, so that both the writing and the reading of journals are processes to go through.
Nevertheless, time often seems to operate in a different way in the journal than it does in the novel. Time is process, history, change. But time also can be thought of in cyclical terms. The journal, although not actually outside the scheme of time as process, does reflect cyclical time in a very real way. There is immense comfort for a journalist watching the fall season color up the leaves on the sweetgum trees from left to right around the court in which she lives. Out by the corner that sweetgum turns a deep red, almost maroon, the next one turns a light red shortly thereafter, the third one becomes pumpkin-orange, the fourth yellow; the fifth stays green until very late in the season. Why that sequence? Then all leaves fall. But that is not sad because next year they will do much the same thing. The reader finds similar comfort in the words near the end of Walden, a book drawn in part from Thoreau's journals and in many ways still showing the diary impulse. "Thus was my first year's life in the woods completed; and the second year was similar to it." The same cycle which takes things away brings them back again. And they will reappear in the diary, as like as not.
The preceding statement brings me to the ruling passion of the journal-writer. Time does operate both progressively and cyclically so that for everything that nature will return to the diarist next year, there is something else so individual and unique that it only appears once. In consequence, the journal-writer becomes a kind of "time-keeper" who memorializes the current by keeping record of it in his books. Thoreau repeatedly mentions this habit. For example, in 1841 he said, "My Journal is that of me which would else spill over and run to waste, gleanings from the field which in action I reap." In 1850 he said, "My Journal should be the record of my love. I would write in it only of the things I love, my affection for any aspect of the world, what I love to think of." Or more prosaically in 1851: "I would fain keep a journal which should contain those thoughts and impressions which I am most liable to forget that I have had; which have in one sense the greatest remoteness in another greatest nearness to me." Somewhat later he remarks that perhaps the major profit of diary-keeping is "so we remember our best hours and stimulate ourselves. My thoughts are my company."

The passion of the diarist is to seize the day, squeeze it of its significance, put life on paper so it cannot get away. Journal. Diary. The Day's Book. Alfred
Kazin, referring to Gide's life-long journal habit, said: "Each writer starts with his own need, but surely the reasons are always the same—the struggle against death and for time, the need to use one's life to the uttermost. Recording one's days somehow saves them from extinction, and if one is a writer, there is always the hope that they will be reused in the tasks that lie ahead." That is really what journal-keeping is about, to so record the events of the day or of the immediate past that they will remain fresh. And even more importantly, the mind's encapsulation of those events remains living.

From the preceding point follows the next point. Whereas the prevalent tense of the novel often is past, as with all things historical, so with the journal the prevalent tense seems to be the present. Boerner says that modern diaries especially "can be so filled by the spontaneous moment that even years later the reader perceives the tick of the second hand in them." The journal, unlike any other form, being a recording of immediate experience, allows the writer to speak naturally in the present tense. Or as Thoreau said, "The charm of the journal must consist in a certain greenness, . . . ." And a journal entry he made earlier illustrates the journalist's use of the present tense: "I am glad to remember to-night, as I sit by my
The metaphysical implication of this statement is that Henry is still there at his window in his house by Walden Pond. At least, the present tense forces the reader to see Thoreau there, as he will always be. Now is forever in the journal. If time is serial after all, then in the journal time is a series of present moments.

A more mundane matter is the basic unit of the journal, the dated entry. The day's entry may or may not be coherent and unified, may or may not be complete in itself. The diarist may simply jot down little bits of this and that. Boerner, indeed, argues that a trait of the twentieth-century journal is its fragmentary, therefore open-ended, nature. I do have two reservations about his statement: even early diarists included short, incoherent jottings from time to time, and modern diarists do develop entries which are completed set pieces. Virginia Woolf's diary, published in an edited version called A Writer's Diary, has many entries which are merely short, passing references to books she is working on, but it also contains longer entries which are practically essays unto themselves. Her entry for July 25, 1926, for instance, describes a visit with Thomas Hardy. Occasionally it takes the diarist more than one diary entry to work out a topic; for
example, Woolf picks up a discussion of her reading begun on February 15, 1922 on the next day. These examples illustrate several facts: the daily entry is indeed the basic unit of the journal; this basic unit is quite variable in length; it does not always correspond to a narrative line, as do the chapters of most novels.

Earlier I discussed the flexibility and wide range of choices of point of view in the novel. But the diary, however variable its basic unit, is highly restricted in its point of view. Most often for one diary there is but one diarist who speaks in the first person. That is, the journal has available to it, within the framework of the true, non-fiction form, only a single spatial point of view. In the diary it is usually "I did this," or "I think that," or "I witnessed a strange occurrence today."

As indicated during the discussion of the stylistic eclecticism of the journal, it is a loose form. This freedom of style rather balances out the limitation of the journal to a single point of view. In addition, this looseness says something further about the diarist: he likes to mess around with words. The journal writer is a kind of verbal doodler, frequently unconscious of what he is doing. He writes this down, that down, this way, that way, just for
the fun of it, to see what little designs he can make. Most diarists are quite informal and relaxed. That is not to imply that they are sloppy. Virginia Woolf, for example, enjoyed journal-keeping. She felt it was good for her; "loosens the ligatures," she said, but she also wrote that she wanted to be neither censorious nor slovenly while doing it. There is an underlying seriousness to the habit of keeping diaries. Besides the concern with time, a reason for the seriousness is that often the journal prepares for other writings. It is a place to practise in and a repository for notes. Thoreau kept his journals with special care, even going so far at times as to write out entries beforehand to be copied in a revised form into the journals themselves. To the young Thoreau these journals were particularly important because he mined them out and beat the extracted material into the gold of *Walden* and his essays.

The major purpose of the preceding paragraph is simply to show that while the novel is a finished work, the journal is usually unfinished, often a preparation for something else. Journals of famous people, especially noted writers like Gide and Camus, frequently are published, but the prospect of such publication usually is not the force guiding the writing.
Just as the journal is an unfinished work, that is, not tailored for publication while it is being written, so its audience, unlike the large, public audience the novel seeks, is small and private. Often the only audience is the diarist himself. Occasionally, the audience is more public and general than merely the writer himself. For example, a student might keep a journal of readings and observations for a course or a patient might keep a record of dreams for a psychiatrist; but, compared to that of a novel, the audience of a diary is basically private and severely limited. Sometimes the diarist actually seems to be writing for no one and gradually arrives at an audience. A Writer's Diary illustrates this process nicely as well as demonstrating the qualities of the diary's audience. At first, in a manner not untypical of diarists, Woolf seems to be addressing no one in particular. Gradually, however, she comes to speak of her audience as female. Very soon after that she refers to that audience as her future self, the Virginia who some day would be reading the passages she wrote. This is frequently the case of the journal: to address one's future self, who indeed may turn out to be the book's sole reader. Something especially striking happens with Woolf's audience, for the journal itself, personified, becomes the audience. She once
spoke of her diary as "a kindly blankfaced old con-
fidante."\textsuperscript{28}

Having come to the end of the paradigm for the
journal, I will summarize and compare the two para-
digms I have established so far before proceeding
to the third, that of the novel as journal. For one
thing, whereas a novel is a piece of prose fiction
of finite length, a journal is usually prose non-
fiction of indefinite length. The novel works towards
an ending the sense of which often causes the novelist to
impose structure on it. Plot and action are impor-
tant. The journalist has no sense of any ending;
the structure of the journal is organic; and it is with-
out overall plot. Thought rather than action is
stressed. Usually in the novel the procedure is linear;
time is a process; the tense is past. In the journal the
procedure often is cyclical; the moment is stressed;
the tense often is present. The basic physical unit
of the novel is the chapter; that of the journal is
the dated entry. The novel has great possibilities
for multiple, shifting points of view; the point of
view from which a journal's contents are presented
is limited to first person singular. Although both
the journal and the novel nominally are prose and
although the novel stylistically often quietly sub-
sumes poetic modes, the journal writer experiments
freely with other modes, the journal being by nature often the basis for something else. The novel is a finished product written to a large and public audience. The audience of the journal, when defined at all, is single and private. Often the journalist is just talking to himself; he knows it too.

Of the Novel as Journal

I will start the paradigm for the novel as journal with some obvious characteristics. First, this sub-genre, simply by definition, includes works which are both novels and journals. But, in my study of about forty of these works, I have found that they range from the extremely novel-like book to the book which is much like a journal. The length too varies. Although most works discussed here are novel-length, still the diary form has been used effectively in shorter works of fiction. Gogol's "Diary of a Madman" and Clark's "A Summer in Puerto Rico" provide examples of polished stories in the form. Most of the subjects are novels in length; that is, they are finite, though they may, as The Golden Notebook does, give an impression of having been culled from longer, potentially infinite real diaries. I hesitate to include many examples at this point for fear of pouring all my materials into the mold of the first chapter. Control can be maintained, I believe, by following
the approximate order of the preceding paradigms and by limiting examples to a few for each point. Most comments from scholars, too, will be left for later chapters, my purpose here being to characterize the novel as journal rather than to fight about it.

By definition my subjects are classified as fiction. By so designating them, I am eliminating from this study certain barely fictionalized natural diaries as Rilke's *The Diary of Laurids Malte Brigge* and Gissing's *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*. These are on other counts not novels, as well. But I am including such works as Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* because it, though highly documentary, still has a clearly fictionalized persona in H. F., the saddler. This is a pertinent example of a book which, while still being fiction, lies close to non-fiction on the scale mentioned earlier. Vidal's *Myron*, in contrast, lies far over towards fiction.

In addition to being fiction of finite length rather than the infinite length of the diary, these works are all written in prose. Nowhere have I found the persona of a diary-novel launching off into out-and-out poems as his non-fiction counterpart does occasionally. Indeed, the styles of many of these books are quite prosaic, befitting their personae. For example, the opening and closing sections of
Flowers for Algernon, in which Charlie is a moron, are not even quite literate. On the other hand, the diary-novel in the hands of a persona with literary pretensions (and an author who lets him strut his stuff) can be positively flashy. Updike's A Month of Sundays comes to mind here. Also, while stopping short of writing in verse, Updike's persona Marshfield does produce an occasional sermon or skit.

The scale metaphor set up earlier continues to be convenient. Not only do individual diary-novels fall near to the novel end or the journal end in length, fiction, and mode, but they vary in plot too. Diary-novels may range from highly plotted, quite novelistic narratives to rather aimlessly developed, journalistic series of accidents and observations stressing thought. On the novel extreme there is a book like Kaufman's Diary of a Mad Housewife in which the protagonist pretty much sticks to what happens to her and what she does. She does stop to meditate occasionally but much of what she puts in the book involves action, the unraveling of the plot about her affair and readjustment to life with Jonathan. At the other extreme, there is Bellow's Dangling Man, who does not do much nor go anywhere in particular. Thinking and smoking in his room, he awaits the draft. Whereas Tina's affair happens in consequence of meeting
a guy at a party at a time when she is unhappy with Jonathan, Joseph's attendance at a party provokes little action but much thought. As in the diary one thing after another happens to Joseph more than one thing because of another.

Nevertheless, though these two books seem to be at opposite extremes in relation to plot, both, like all novels, operate in a way to make sensible the ending. The novelists have selected material with their conclusions in mind and have given their books the economy of coherent, unified narratives, no matter how aimless they may appear on the surface. Despite his hesitations and meditations, Joseph all along was heading towards the army. With a true diary this outcome— at least Joseph's volunteering for the draft— could not be so certain. One critic, in fact, has pointed out that Joseph's diary runs from midwinter through spring so that he is reborn when the year is.29 That is, this novel has a structure imposed on it from the outside, by Bellow, rather than one immanent and organically developing from the inside out.

The novelistic plotting of Diary of a Mad Housewife is more obvious.30 The entries read like chapters; they are developed as scenes in novels with preparation, rising action, climax, and conclusion.
For example, the Monday December 18 entry involves only the story of the Balsers' party given two days before. This entry has no material extraneous to the presentation of this party. The entry begins with a description of Jonathan's quiet nervousness in the morning, rises through that day's preparation for the bash to climax in Charlotte Rady's telling Tina to look to her husband, and falls away to the conclusion. Kaufman throughout her novel writes with similar economy; she allows Tina none of the doodlings and irrelevant, casual observations of the real journalist. In other words, everything in the book adds up to Tina's realization of what is wrong with her (he is) in just the same way that everything adds up to the end of *A Farewell to Arms*.

Just as I excluded from this study real diaries which are only thinly disguised as fiction, before discussing in detail time in the novel as journal, I would like to exclude as well novels which are strictly imitative of memoirs, like *Moll Flanders*, for instance. On the basis of timing, an obvious distinction can be made between them: the persona writes his memoirs given hindsight. But the diary-novelist, though he may begin by presenting his past history, still at some point is caught up in the present and carried into the future. "The fiction in a diary novel is
both narrated and experienced gradually" as one critic puts it. So, for example, though Tina spends parts of early entries taking stock of her present condition by reviewing her past, she is continually besieged by harassment from children and husband in the present and soon she launches into her future. In other words, the story unfolds forward in time from the present rather than backwards from the present or from one past moment to the other. Gide's Pastoral Symphony and Nabokov's Despair work in time similarly to Kaufman's novel. The nice thing about such novels in journal form is that such a book "gives the author the opportunity of letting the narrator and the reader come up against the action of the novel simultaneously or at least experience its future happenings with the same degree of uncertainty." Though time in the diary-novel usually is presented as progressive as in the novel rather than as cyclical as in the true diary, it does differ from most novels (mock-histories in past time) in stressing the present tense and unfolding into the future in the manner demonstrated above. Perhaps the best example of such operation in present tense is the meditation scene of Sartre's Nausea. It is all in present tense as if Roquentin were writing and experiencing at the same time. The reader knows,
upon reflection, that Roquentin could not be entranced by the chestnut tree and writing at the same time. The present tense is faked. But by presenting this scene in present time as in a diary, Sartre lends a marvellous immediacy to the experience, or "green-ness," as Thoreau would say.

On a more mundane level, many, though not all, journal-novels mimic the one abiding feature of the diary: the dated entry. Instead of chapter one and chapter two as in the novel, they have units headnoted by June 24 or October 10. These books often look like diaries—at least in part. In fact, in the novels which are only partly journal in form, like Huxley’s Point Counterpoint, the dated entry is used to help distinguish the diary sections from the rest of the narrative. Sometimes dates are used even when we are told that the diaries are reconstructions after the fact. Poe, for example, has Arthur Gordon Pym from time to time present material in diary form as a sort of shorthand. These sections are dated in spite of the fact that they have been written long after the event by Pym, supposedly, and are in the past tense. Gogol has fun with the device of dating entries in his story “Diary of a Madman.” As the protagonist goes mad, he loses his orientation in time. One entry is dated "86th Martober, between day and night."
Some diary-novels do not have the dated entry feature of the journal. Updike in *A Month of Sundays*, for example, does not have Marshfield date the entries because he is supposed not to know the dates or days. He is, however, very conscious of time, taking care always to write a sermon whenever his counting brings him to a Sunday. Although this novel provides another example of a diary-novel in which the persona at first looks back at what he has done, nevertheless, each chapter is like a diary entry, numbered corresponding to the day in Marshfield's stay. Always the reader has a sense that he is reading what one man wrote on one day, as in a journal. Updike, in fact, occasionally has the narrator comment on a typographical error to heighten one's sense of reading what Marshfield put down on a certain day. For example, early on, Marshfield remarks about the slip of the finger that produced "dry throughts" for "dry throats."34

A few of these novelists do not present their works by dated entry. Dostoyevsky, for example, constructed *Notes from Underground* in blocks. First the protagonist talks about himself and then he presents his memoirs which help explain why he is the way he is. Nevertheless, the reader gains a sense that the first part of the book has been written in the present time about a present state of mind so that it is like
the diary in spite of its lacking one common feature of that form, the dated entry.

Just as the novel as journal usually in some way imitates the diary's daily entry structure, so too it uses the first person point of view of the diary. In every instance but one there is first person point of view in the diary sections of the novels, although other parts may be presented as conventional third-person narratives. The Free Women sections and the novel Anna Wulf is writing in The Golden Notebook come to mind as do the objective parts of Point Counterpoint. Nevertheless, when the reader is in the midst of Anna's actual blue notebook or Philip Quarles' journal, he is reading material written from a first-person perspective. In the diary such is nearly inescapable. The one exception I have noted is The Plague. Only at the end does the reader discover that the narrator, who has been speaking of Rieux in the third person, is indeed the doctor himself. However, his third person narrative has been more chronicle, as he describes it, than journal. By contrast, Tarrou's diary is all first person.

The fact that the diary is almost by definition first person does not mean that the novelist in diary form is confined to a single point of view. Of course, it is easier for the novelist whose work has mixed
modes anyway to shift point of view. The Plague, as noted above, includes both the first hand and objectified accounts by Rieux plus the diary of Tarrou. Gide in The Counterfeiters tells his story through Edouard's diary, and through a rather objective narrator sometimes removed into the third person and sometimes chatting with the reader in first person. Still, novels written entirely in diary form also offer options for variety of point of view in a rather simple way. Point of view in diary-novels may be multiplied by presenting the diaries of more than one character. Thus, in The Key one story is presented from the fascinating perspective of two personae in conflict. Vidal, too, has told stories through diaries of two characters in conflict. Much of the fun of Myra Breckenridge, for example, comes from the counterpoint of the "Buck Loner Reports" sections. Though they are housed in the same body, Myra and Myron of the sequel write diaries which produce precisely the same effect. Nor is there any need to stop at two. Dracula is a pastiche of letters, newspaper accounts, and the diaries of four different personae, one via a primitive recording device. But I am getting ahead of myself. I will leave a further discussion of multiple point of view in the diary-novel until the next chapter and will continue now with paradigms.
The novel as journal is like the novel it basically is, a finished product. The author is not going to fiddle around with it anymore, unlike the true journal to which the writer may return. Nevertheless, often the diary-novelist mimics the habits of the true diarist in order to heighten the impression that the book actually is a diary. Again Marshfield's commentary on his mis-typing and Charlie's ungrammaticality come to mind. The occasional incoherences of The Golden Notebook work in the same way.

As for the question of audiences, these novelists in diary form have it both ways. All these books have been prepared for a public audience, but each has an interior, private audience as well, if not directly identified then at least implied. Marshfield, for example, writes for the approval of Ms. Prynne. The two personae of The Key write for each other while steadily carrying on the pretense of secretiveness. Towards the end, though, Ikuko completes the story, partly to be neat, partly to sort things out in her own head. In so doing she is behaving like a diarist while the novelist completes the narrative satisfactorily for the public audience. Anna, too, ostensibly writes in her notebooks so that she can sort things out; they are very private, as witnessed by her dismay when Tommy looks at them.
But, on the novelistic level, the audience for the notebooks can be as wide as the world. Kaufman's novel illustrates well the double audience of the journal-novel. In the early entries, Tina gives her autobiography. This can be better justified in a novel to fill in information for a public audience than in a journal to one's self. Tina knew all about her past already. Still, the inclusion of such material may be justified on the basis that she is taking stock. Certainly she behaves like a true diarist in the way she vents her spleen in her journal; the journal is the confidante of the fictional character just as much as it was for Virginia Woolf.

There is another sub-genre of the novel which is also in the first person with a double audience, a single, private one and the larger public one. I refer to the epistolary novel, from which many a novel of the Western world has developed. In many ways the diary-novel and the letter-novel are similar. In fact, certain letter-novels inadvertently drift into journals when the writer can no longer put letters in the mail. The best example of this is Richardson's Pamela, who while locked up nevertheless so loathes to cease writing that she keeps a journal. Such accidents of plot aside, however, there is a basic difference, at least of intent, between the
diary-novel and the letter-novel. The letters which compose a book like *Humphrey Clinker* are directed towards specific readers. But usually diaries are truly private, intended many times only to be read by the writer. And so the diary-novel partakes of this privacy. The reader of Matthew Bramble's letter to his physician does so in lieu of that physician, but face-to-face, as it were, with the sender. The reader of the diary-novel does so over the shoulder, seemingly, of the diarist or a person sneaking a peek at it. In other words, both the letter-recipient and the reader of the epistolary novel are somewhat more public than the double audience of the diary-novel, the writer or the person viewing the work privately and the member of the reading audience who is often put in the position of a voyeur. This impression is especially heightened by the intimate sexual detail of many diary-novels.

This trait just discussed may be the most important distinguishing feature of the diary-novel because it serves to differentiate it from its closest cousin, the letter-novel. This trait, too, serves to establish the novel as journal as a distinct sub-genre; otherwise, the group would remain a mere hodgepodge of novels with diaries in them, some much like novels, others more like journals. The voyeur's
position that the reader must take when responding to such a novel is a unique trait arising from the combination of the other traits. The novel as journal sub-genre is, then, as all good things are, more than the sum of its parts.

I end this chapter with a definition. First, however, what the journal-novel is not: not a fictionalized true diary, nor a novel written as a memoir, nor an epistolary novel. I will study only novels written entirely or partly in journal form. As such, they are prose fictions of finite length as all novels are. Some of them present plot with stress on action as many other novels do; others are more like journals in stressing thought. Often the diary-novelist takes advantage of the present tense immediacy of the journal. Almost always this kind of novel has dated journal entries for units. The point of view is usually, though not always, first person. These novels are completed works, finished products, intended for a typical reader who is put on the spot as a voyeur because of the seemingly private nature of the diary in whose form such books are written.

In the chapters which follow I will consider implications of these introductory statements.
NOTES

1In this study the terms "journal," "diary," and "notebook" will be used interchangeably, primarily contingent on the choice of the writer being discussed. And to avoid creating a polyglot text, I will translate all titles into English.

2I had hoped originally to make this an exhaustive study of novels written in diary form. However, having now about forty primary works to present and hundreds of secondary works, I find I must be selective. Besides, the diary-novel is a vital form. For example, A Month of Sundays came out in 1975, The Spectator Bird in 1976, and rumor has it that Barth will produce a diary-novel any month now.

3Because they are complex, certain works appear several times in this study. I have tried to limit their use, however, to places where they are especially effective.


10. Peter Boerner, "The Significance of the Diary in Modern Literature," Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature, 21 (1972), 44.

11. Ibid., p. 55.

12. Ibid., p. 36.


15. Boerner, p. 44.


17. These references are to my own housewife's diary kept in 1969.


23. Boerner, p. 44.

24. Woolf, pp. 91-96; 49-51.


28 Woolf, p. 39.


32 Ibid.


35 In contrast to the modern Japanese novel which developed from the art diary tradition. See Miner, p. 11.
CHAPTER II -- THE DIARY DEVICE

At the simplest, most obvious level, the diary operates in the novel in mechanical ways. It may aid in physically implementing the plot or completing the narrative, add the illusion of truth to the narrative, and increase facility in shifting spatial or temporal point of view. These three major types of mechanical functions will be explained through the use of selected examples.

To Implement Plot

An irony of the diary's use in the novel is that while being basically plotless itself—as seen in the first chapter—it is often used to implement plot in fiction. An advantage the diary gives to the novelist is that as a physical object it can be passed from hand to hand, thus materially cross-cutting circumstance. Often it allows one character to find something out about another who would not for the world dream of telling him outright. Sometimes the diarist's point of view is desired when his physical presence is not desirable or possible. (Often he is dead.) The diary in the hands of another character then becomes
an implementer of plot. That is, the diary, providing new information, may drive a character to perform a certain action and so push forward the plot. Or it may be necessary to have a diary to present or complete the narrative of a character no longer physically present in the fictional world of the novel. The following survey of such uses of the diary in the novel is structured around selected examples, analyzed into relevant sub-groups, and presented in more or less chronological order.

Perhaps the clearest use of a diary to push forward plot is one of the earliest; that is, the diary which Pamela keeps when she is unable to mail letters to her parents because Mrs. Jewkes has locked her up. As stated earlier, Pamela's journal is rather accidental, created by circumstance. Actually the diary continues her letter-writing and includes copies of letters received as well as her own. As such, it works "as a highly strategic letter." When Pamela's private papers, seized by Mrs. Jewkes and given to Mr. B., are read by him, he changes. "His acquisition of her letters and journals is the turning point of the novel; after he has seen her character thus unself-consciously revealed, his genuine affection cannot be stifled." And so, because he has read her diary and seen into her heart to learn that she is
worthy of any man's love, B.'s interest changes from lustful to loving. The reading of the diary has made possible the happy outcome of the book: Pamela will marry B, who from her diary knows what she really is like. Virtue will be rewarded and all will live happily ever afterwards into four more volumes. Pamela's journal, both as object and for its content, has done much to precipitate this happy ending.

Even in a sophisticated modern work like The Counterfeiters, the diary, among other uses, operates at this mechanical level to implement plot. For example, Bernard, having claimed Edouard's baggage and read the journal that he found inside, feels he must rescue Laura, Vincent Molinier's abandoned, pregnant mistress. In other words, Edouard's diary gives Bernard some facts to put together that otherwise he might not have known. Becoming better acquainted with Laura, Bernard falls in love with her. The diary, as a physical object moving from hand to hand and so communicating secrets, paves the way for this love. In addition, this book helps lead to Bernard's coming of age. Through the diary Bernard learns "to appreciate Edouard," who thus becomes at first Bernard's indirect and later his direct mentor. The reading of the diary, therefore, is instrumental in facilitating not only the later relationship between Bernard and Laura but the
friendship of Bernard and Edouard as well. In ways Bernard is so directed by Edouard through the agency of this journal that the diary becomes an instrument in his growth. The development of Bernard as a mature character is one of the central concerns of this complex novel.

In addition to acting as an inanimate ficelle in The Counterfeiters, Edouard's diary serves neatly to fill in past action essential for the reader's comprehension of the present plot. Several critics make this same observation. Once his past diary is lost and found by Bernard, Edouard continues, however, to write privately. This continuation serves to push forward the plot in the present time of the novel. In his diary Edouard not only records his theories of the novel and presents background essential to a clear understanding of the plot, but he also records observations about Gide's other fictional characters. Supposedly Edouard is taking notes for his novel when he writes about George's thievery, for example, but such observations do function actively in developing the plot of the novel. In fact, Edouard's diary, however much some scholars criticize Gide for relying so heavily on it in telling the story, actually gives pattern to the novel. Edouard is "at the center of the web" made of all the coincidental connections
of the story line. And it is through his diary that Edouard's presence continues throughout the novel. Just as the diary welds together Bernard, Laura, and Edouard, so too it ties together all the assorted story lines of the novel: the apparently unconnected stories of Bernard, George, and little Boris which lead to the latter's death. In fact, "Edouard's Journal is the only real connection between the two worlds of La Pérouse and Bernard." Because of their juxtaposition in Edouard's diary, the events of the novel take on a pattern. The reader can see that this jumble of events is connected by the common denominator of duplicity; all persons here counterfeit, even the diarist himself. In fact, Edouard is more of a counterfeiter than the other characters since the novel he takes notes for may be seen as a wrong-headed lampoon of Gide's novel. Thematically, structurally, and narratively, then, the journal functions crucially in this novel. It may, indeed, be the very center of it.

The preceding discussion illustrates the way in which a journal in a novel works as a device to implement plot, complete the narrative, and function structurally for coherence. At a simpler level of discussion, in Tanizaki's The Key journals again operate physically. The diaries of the two protagonists are physically
hidden, moved around, taped shut, left cunningly available by one character for the other to find. The handy thing about the diary, as noticed before and as many novelists have discovered, is that it can pass from hand to hand either accidentally or by design and so communicate ideas from one character to another and from them to the reader. Such juggling of books pushes forward the plots of Pamela and The Counterfeiters. In The Key, the wife's diary may even be a murder weapon. At the end of the book it becomes apparent that Ikuko doctored her diary for pornographic effect in order to excite her husband to the point of apoplexy.

British, French, Japanese, and American writers of fiction have used diaries to spur on plot. An American instance is J. D. Salinger's Raise High the Roofbeam, Carpenters. Here Salinger used the diary to get himself out of a "bind." Perhaps he used the diary by habit; he often uses first person approaches to narrative.  

After all, "It is by now a commonplace that Salinger's main characters reach one another by every means—diary, letter, mirror notes, phone calls—except face-to-face conversation." Be that as it may, the diary neatly solves a problem. Buddy tells the story of what he did on the day Seymour, his older brother, did not appear at the church where he was to be married. Despite the fact that Seymour himself
cannot put in an appearance, Buddy needs to know why his brother does not show up for his own wedding and the reader needs to be convinced that it is not because of insanity or homosexuality, the theories of the shrewish Matron-of-Honor. Fortuitously, just at the point in the narrative when everyone needs to know what is really going on, Buddy goes to the bathroom of Seymour's apartment and there comes upon Seymour's diary which tells all. Through the diary "we see Seymour as a man not deprived of, but rather surfeited with, the joy of life." Seymour is indeed in love with his bride and love is a bit much for the sensitive creature that he is. Buddy's finding and reading Seymour's diary pushes the story towards its suitable denouement. Through the diary the reader discovers the kind of man Seymour really is and is gratified to learn that suitably (for him) Seymour left the wedding guests waiting at the church for a meaningless ceremony, but not the bride. Her he swept off to an elopement in wedding dress.

The preceding paragraphs cover novels in which the diary pushes forward plot. However, I did extend beyond that topic when I discussed the ways Edouard's diary fills in background and supplements the narrative line. By doing so, I did not mean to say that Gide's is the only novel in which the diary so operates. Far
from it. Many diaries do fill in the plot lines of the novels in which they appear. And some of these books can be grouped under the title, "Voices from the Dead." This category can be further broken down. For example, some diary-novels from the outset let the reader know that the entire narrative, or the larger part of it, represents the thoughts of a character who is dead and speaking from the grave to his survivors. I will discuss this sub-group later on. In other instances the dead speak through diaries only at crucial moments in the narrative. Often what the diary provides is information essential to the completion of the plot, as well as one of the few ways a character could communicate from beyond the grave. Coming from the dead, as such information does, it can often produce quite a nice little thrill similar to the chill at the end of a ghost story.

A relevant example is Ambrose Bierce's story, "The Damned Thing," (about 1891). The major action of this story takes place at a coroner's inquest into the death of Hugh Morgan, whom his friend William Harker says was killed by a mysterious, invisible creature. The jury, however, rules that the victim was killed by a mountain lion. Then, at the crucial moment in the plot, and in a chapter called "An Explanation from the Tomb," Harker produces the diary
which records Morgan's observations of the footprints of an animal he could not see and his theory that "the Damned Thing" was of a color invisible to the human eye. Thus a voice from the dead neatly sews up a thriller in the scientific style.

Another novel by André Gide, Strait Is the Gate (1909), also has its denouement "from the tomb," though to an effect richer in irony than was Bierce's use of it. Two speakers tell the story of Strait Is the Gate, Gide's account of a religion so ascetic it destroys its devotees. Actually, Jerome in the opening, longer section of the book, recites with hindsight the story of his love for his cousin, Alissa. He writes that he loved her and thought she loved him throughout much of their youth. However, enigmatically she turns cold and then completely away from him, immersing herself in acts of piety and self-denial. Finally, though she is Protestant, she incarcerates herself in what amounts to a nun's cell where she dies apparently of deprivation, regretting her actions. Only after her death and through the device of reading her diary does Jerome discover that she never quit loving him. Instead, she found herself trapped in the narrow way to heaven. Her childish ambition to seek salvation with Jerome gave way to the adult realization that the road to heaven is so narrow that only
one can go at a time, that one can only work one's own salvation, and nobody else's. 20 Thus, her voice from the grave tells Jerome that she really loved him but that her religion would not allow her to show that love. 21 So the second narrative deepens the reader's emotional responses to the first. 22 And the first narrative presents facts that clear the way for the more emotional development of Alissa's journal. 23 Also, Jerome's story builds suspense for Alissa's diary. This diary not only solves the mystery of the girl's behavior but reveals her character from within. For example, the reader learns from the diary that Alissa's motive for self-sacrifice is less holiness than a self-centered wish to prove that she could do it. 24 At any rate, her voice from the grave which tells of her awesome self-sacrifice serves as an example to Jerome who remains faithful to her memory throughout the rest of his life. Besides the other uses described above, the diary here also triggers the denouement, so completing the story of a "dreadful asceticism destroying the life not merely of the woman but of her partner." 25

I would like to break my general chronological order at this point to skip forward in time to another example of a novel containing a diary by a woman who gives up her beloved for God. I do not know if Graham Greene borrowed the diary device from Gide for The End
of the Affair (1951) for no earlier critics have seen the similarities in the books. There is no need, however, to accuse Greene of plagiarism, for his story, though resembling Gide's in some ways, turns out quite differently. Specifically, both stories initially and mostly are told by men looking back at their relationships with women who gave them up for no apparent reason. Both men's narratives build suspense and prepare for the diaries. As in Strait Is the Gate, in Greene's novel from the woman's diary comes the solution to the enigma of her behavior. And Sarah, for one, turns out to be a more serious person than her lover credited her with being. Both men, through the agency of the women's diaries, eventually find out that they were loved after all, but sacrificed for religious considerations. But those reasons differ in each case. Gide's novel tends to be a critique of a too demanding religion whereas in many ways Greene's novel is a defense of Catholicism. Specifically, Sarah Miles gave up her lover, Maurice Bendrix, to keep her bargain with God for bringing Bendrix back from the dead. In return, God apparently makes her into a saint performing holy works, one of which is to bring Bendrix to belief in God at last, though hating Him. Only through Sarah's stolen diary does he find out about Sarah's continuing love for him and growing
love for God. Jerome's mind is never changed about religion, but Bendrix undergoes a conversion of sorts; yet, as in Gide's novel, the diary of the woman in *The End of the Affair* performs an act of persuasion essential to the plot.

Another sub-group of voices from the dead can be found in narratives which to a great extent are told from beyond the grave rather than by having the diary brought in at crucial or climactic points in the story line. Not infrequently, such a posthumous diary has an editorial preface or frame which sets the reader up to expect the voice from the dead, as well as adding the feeling of the actual to the story, a function to be discussed in great detail later. At any rate, a friend or professional editor purports to present the last papers of the dear departed. Actually, the diary constitutes an essential part of the story in most of these works, for without the diary, letters, and memoirs of the dead person there would be no story at all.

Not at all coincidentally, some of these voices from the dead are those of young men dying of love or an associated malaise, like Goethe's Werther who is their prototype. *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (about 1773) is not a diary-novel but an epistolary one and so technically outside the confines of this study. Its influence, however, produced a number
of diary-novels. In addition, though the letters which Werther writes are directed to specific persons, they are like journal entries in several ways. For one thing many of these dated letters are very short, occasionally only a line or two in length. For another, most of them reflect Werther's private thoughts and highly charged feelings. For a third, unlike many epistolary novels which have the letters of several persons, Werther only presents those of the protagonist, like a diary. At any rate, Werther, like some later diary-novels, has an anonymous fictional editor who, outside the frame of the actual narrative, introduces the diary and completes the story. The brief introduction to "poor Werther," inviting the reader to give the dear departed his "admiration and love," much influences his reading of the book. He tends to take it as truth from beyond the grave, brought to him through the agency of Werther's diary-like correspondence.

Goethe's Werther, one of the most popular books of all times, thus established a cliché much imitated, though with variations, by later writers. An important off-shoot was the Russian novel by Lermontov, with its rather ironic title, A Hero of Our Time (1840). Again, the reader knows before he reads the protagonist's diary that the hero is dead, and so the reader is perhaps inclined to charity. Lermontov's novel, however,
presents the diary within a longer narrative frame than Goethe's. Thus the preparation for the hero's own expression is longer and more suspenseful than in the German prototype. There are other differences. For one thing, although Lermontov definitely was acquainted with Werther, indeed having helped to translate it into Russian, and although the form of the German work definitely influenced the Russian book, nevertheless Pechorin is not much like Werther but is similar to Goethe's Faust in several ways. Also, though critics do not so indicate, Pechorin is a Byronic hero. For example, in the initial description of Pechorin prominent are his handsomeness and nervousness and his melancholy, all Byronic traits. Like Don Juan, Pechorin is a seducer of women, soon overcome by boredom and ennui. Indeed, Pechorin, like some of Byron's heroes, sees himself as "a moral cripple," hiding despair and emptiness behind good manners and a smile. Despite the differences between the two characters, because the reader gets inside Pechorin through the diary of the "Princess Mary" section, he tends nevertheless to sympathize with Pechorin in a way Goethe invites the reader to do with Werther.

Just as Lermontov's novel was influenced by the works of Goethe and Byron (and Pushkin as well), so too it affected works to follow including a diary-novel
by Turgenev which gives by name the type of man written about. Turgenev's *Diary of a Superfluous Man* does not begin as Goethe's novel does with an editorial aside admonishing the reader to take the dead writer's example positively, perhaps because Turgenev's attitude towards his subject differs from Goethe's towards his. However, both novels do end with editorial comments completing the narratives after the protagonists die. As Dukas and Lawson point out, there are other resemblances. The books have similar first person points of view and their protagonists have similar characters. They share "similar elements of despair, jealousy, and social revolt." And both young men are isolated, death wishing, and doomed lovers. Both associate nature with death rather than making the more commonplace association of nature with life. Finally, Dukas and Lawson demonstrate that stylistically the books are similar. On the other hand, Turgenev shades his character so deeply with irony that he seems rather absurd; he pines away for love—and tuberculosis—rather than actively seeking death as Werther does. In form there are differences also. Werther, of course, writes letters which reflect his daily concerns. Tchulkaturin, in contrast, sets out to retell the story of his life to explain why he is "utterly superfluous in this world." Despite this memoir-like
approach, the book is a diary, written in daily entries and with intrusions of current events. Towards the end, too, the narrative catches up with events contemporaneous with the writing; the book becomes a record of the character's decease, that death which will cure him of his superfluity.38 Both in Werther and Diary of a Superfluous Man the posthumous papers allow the heroes to communicate to the world after death.

The next example, though much later in the nineteenth century and of another nationality, presents yet one more sentimental young man who dies for love. The Notebooks of André Walter (1891) was Gide's first published work and the first in his long series of diary-novels. (Altogether, Gide wrote six such novels most of which, critics say, are inherent in the first.39) Gide's imitation of aspects of Werther is, in ways, self-conscious. For example, André Walter quotes frequently from Goethe.40 Furthermore, after reading Werther in 1891, Gide changed his hero's name from Allain (which remains the title of the protagonist's novel) to the more Germanic Walter.41 Also, Goethe and Gide seem to have thrown off the temptations of extreme romanticism by first creating hyper-romantic heroes and then killing them off.42 Although André Walter, like Diary of a Superfluous Man, lacks the prefacing editorial commentary which sets up expectations for the sad end
of the hero, nevertheless, from the diaries the reader
gains a clear sense of Walter as a personality too
fragile and sensitive to survive.

Not all the voices from the dead are those of
emotional young men, however. Sometimes the man, for
example, is somewhat older like Humbert Humbert of
Nabokov's *Lolita* (1955). This novel, like many of its
ilk, begins with a preface by a fictional editor,
"John Ray, Jr., Ph.D.," who tells the reader that
the writer of these literary remains died of a heart
attack while imprisoned and that the criminal's be­
loved died in childbirth. Thus, the reader knows
from the start what the hero's fate is. Sometimes
such a preface is designed to create tears, but writers
with an ironic bent often undercut the sentimentality
of the voice from the dead with satire, as does Na­
bakov. Ray, the forthright editor, is a caricature
of the academic, seeking tenure on a flood of docu­
mented trivia and jargon. This initial parody sets
up the rest of the book which is in part "a burlesque
of the confessional mode, the literary diary, the
Romantic novel that chronicles the effects of a de­
bilitating love, . . . ." In his death by heart­
break for a lost love Humbert Humbert is a Werther
satirically drawn, but also he is Poe mourning his
Annabel Lee and, Appel notes, a ridiculed Underground
The sophisticated reader can enjoy the lampoon of the sincere modes in which *Lolita* ostensibly is written, the fake memoir based upon and including an equally fake journal. Nevertheless, ironically, the very preface which establishes the parody convention in the book, so that the reader will supposedly take its hero with a gain of salt, also makes the reader see him sympathetically. Ray is so obviously an ass in the way he puts down Humbert ("He is abnormal. He is not a gentleman."^46) that my reaction, at least, is to conclude that Humbert cannot be so bad if that moron Ray dislikes him so. As Appel points out, Nabokov skillfully combines parody and pathos."^47

So, though without excess sentimentality, the reader greets Humbert's voice from the dead with a humorous sympathy.

Like *Lolita*, Gore Vidal's *Julian* (1962) is in mixed modes. Nabokov's novel is composed of a fake memoir interspersed with fake diary entries and prefaced by a parodied scholarly introduction. *Julian*, though in large part a fictional memoir, is completed by a journal kept by the protagonist. Also, a commentary runs throughout the work. These editorial comments in letter form are provided by Libanius and Priscus, the latter who within the context of the book's fiction stole the papers of the murdered hero, thus making
the voice of the dead available to everyone. Because they were his friends, these editors tend to make Julian a sympathetic character. Because, on the other hand, they sometimes criticize Julian and they often squabble between themselves, they help the reader see him as an imperfect hero. Nevertheless his character, expressed by his voice from the grave and refracted through the writings of his friends, seems to transcend the chaos of his life.

These novels in journal form, specifically The Sorrow of Young Werther, A Hero of Our Time, Diary of a Superfluous Man, The Notebooks of André Walter, Lolita, and Julian, all present the entire narrative with the premise that their writers are dead. Frequently, therefore, the device of diaries, along with other posthumous papers of fictional characters as well as fake prefaces and editorial commentaries, permits the dead to speak to the living. Indeed, as I indicated earlier, the use of a diary of a dead person can add drama and emotional color to the narrative. Some writers like Goethe and Gide in his first novel exploit the sentimentality of the situation while others like Turgenev and Nabokov cut the tearfulness with irony. Nevertheless, often the knowledge of the reader that the protagonist died in a way associated with his problem tends to create sympathy for the
man. The very difficulties which agitated the diarist in his private writings finally killed him. The reader feels somehow sorry for the dear departed; often, the reader is impressed by the fact that the dead writer felt so deeply for his love (frequently it is love) that he laid his life on the line.

And his death tends to validate what he said in the diary. For example, the reader is invited to feel that Werther must have really loved Lotte if he could not have lived without her. Quite possibly, the reader feels, Pechorin must have been spiritually damned to give up life when so young. Tchulkaturin seems superfluous indeed as he died practically unnoticed by all but the readers of the diary. (And the editorial prefacing by witnesses to these lives—and to Humbert's in *Lolita*—helps to validate the fiction.) His death makes the conflicts of spiritual and carnal love within Andre Walter seem real, and deadly. Furthermore, Alissa dies of her internal conflicts. The cost of Sarah Miles' love for God is her life, but that love seems great and real to some readers because she does pay the price. Julian's suspected assassin gets him in the end. Even in Bierce's story the death of the diarist validates his subject which was so real it killed him.
To Add Verisimilitude

Not only does the death of the diarist lend credibility to what he has said in his "posthumously published works," but the very form of the diary in the novel tends to heighten the illusion of truth. In Chapter One I discussed the way fiction and non-fiction flow together; perhaps it does not matter how "real" a novel seems. Nevertheless, a novel can fail or succeed depending upon the degree to which the writer can persuade the reader to willingly suspend his disbelief. It is important, then, that a novel seem plausible and believable, at least within the context of its own premises. And one of the ways traditionally novelists make their fictions believable has been to give them the feel of real life by adding apparently authentic documents including the diary which, being "a form of trustworthy reporting," tends to be accepted as an objective statement of fact. 49

I could name many examples of novelists' use of the diary to lend "the ring of truth" to their fictions. For example, the diary in "The Damned Thing" causes the coroner "to accept the apparently cock-and-bull story!" of the diarist's death. 50 The diary seems designed to operate similarly upon the reader's credulity. Furthermore, apparently one of the things Gide tried to do by using the diary so
frequently was to give the feeling of the actual to his works. For example, *Strait Is the Gate* and *The Pastoral Symphony* gain such a "resemblance to truth" by the use of the diary form.\(^5\) Another critic notes that "In *The Counterfeiters*, Gide uses Edouard's journal to gain varied and complex effects having to do with degrees of verisimilitude and reality affecting the novel's impact."\(^5\) Yet another critic agrees with this statement.\(^5\)

I could continue listing such examples, but I prefer now to focus on novels which for various reasons especially need their credibility gaps narrowed. For one thing, at times the writer wishes to convince the reader that he has in hand a genuine document. At other times a novelist may feel the need to give an especially lifelike feeling to a book. In other instances the premise of the novel is so far outside the norms of reality, is so truly fantastic, that the diary becomes useful in lowering the credulity of the reader until he becomes involved with the fiction.

Starting a discussion with *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) invites danger: to support my arguments must I explore the rise of the novel? To avoid doing so, I will simply assert that *Robinson Crusoe* is a novel, therefore involving fictionalization; yet in the manner of early
novels it is close to true life accounts, derived as it is from Alexander Selkirk's adventures while marooned on an uninhabited island. Defoe was aware of this dualism; he always "insisted on Crusoe's autonomy, on the historical authenticity of the book, but he would not give up the opposing claim that the book reflected his own life." At any rate, the diary section of the book is, as Zimmerman points out, so weakly maintained in form that one might wonder why Defoe bothered with the device in the first place. But several critics have discussed advantages in having the diary in the book. Zimmerman, for example, points out the religious antecedents, and therefore religious functions, for such a journal. G. A. Starr too sees a connection between Crusoe's diary and the keeping of spiritual diaries by the religious of the times. Yet he also notes that Crusoe's diary recounts his illness: "Thus the chart of Crusoe's case history, which he is made to record in his journal . . . , has a thoroughly clinical verisimilitude; this gives the dream and its consequences a plausibility which they might have lacked had they come, for instance, in a season of callous, bustling prosperity." So the diary helps sell the reader on the genuineness of Crusoe's religious experience. More mundanely, Defoe used the "journal to provide a more authentic
refraction of the experience." 57 Yet another critic sees the functions of the diary in this book as threefold: "Thus the diary method takes hold of the story of the stay on the island, giving it, after the initial calculated turmoil, a clean direction and an impetus. It also serves to account satisfactorily for the supposed author's remembrance of such minute details, writing some forty years after the event. And it also helps aesthetically, by breaking up and giving variety to the account. . . ." 58 (This critic also points out that by putting the diary in the past tense, an act Zimmerman considers sloppy, Defoe can summarize entries and work smoothly in and out of the general past tense narration.) 59 Finally, the diary presents all the bad things that happen to Crusoe and his emotional upsets played down in the previous narrative. 60 Considering the great purpose to which Defoe used the diary device, one should conclude that its inclusion certainly was not accidental. An important role of the diary in Robinson Crusoe undeniably is to add a sense of reality, by explaining how Crusoe could remember specific occurrences so precisely and by reflecting authentically his experience.

In A Journal of the Plague Year Defoe also used the diary, along with other techniques, for authenticity. Interestingly, Defoe took pains to establish this work
by title as a journal, written by a survivor of the plague, as if it were an actual documentary source, when it has no dated entries and is written with hindsight, unlike a true diary. Why this insistence on the book's being taken for a journal? For one thing and perhaps the most important, Defoe wanted to make A Journal of the Plague Year convincing so that it would effectively act as propaganda for an embargo on ships from plague nations along the Mediterranean at the time of the book's writing. As Starr says, "By showing what has happened, Defoe not only establishes the possibility of its happening again, but employs matters of fact to gain acceptance for what are at best matters of belief." Even when fictional, pieces of propaganda profit from appearing to be genuine.

Besides using the journal for authenticity, Defoe built credibility into A Journal of the Plague Year by using real facts. Bastian in his article on the book has demonstrated how carefully Defoe used accounts of the plague year, among other printed sources, and possibly first hand accounts. Bastian points out that Defoe had to be especially careful because survivors who could set him straight still lived; he did so well that for a long while the Journal was accepted as a genuine first-hand account of the events.
described. Making his task more difficult was the fact that large parts of London burned shortly after the plague, a problem Defoe minimized by focusing on parts of London which survived the fires of 1666. This device also helped make the Journal seem irrefutably factual and therefore plausible.

Another device for authentication besides the diary and real facts is a favorite of Defoe's: "to overwhelm us with details so trivial, and so apparently irrelevant, that we feel the only possible reason for being given them at all must be that they are true." In many ways A Journal of the Plague Year is a plotless compendium of figures and anecdotes for which the diary is a felicitous form. As another critic suggests, "even the mistakes were part of the machinery of illusion, as are the natural hesitations, the self-corrections, the repetitions, the cautious processes of recollection." These errors, along with the trivia of daily experience, give the audience the feeling of reading a real account by a real person. Consequently, the story itself "must" be true.

The final major device Defoe used for verisimilitude in this book is the very feature that removes it from non-fiction and into fiction: that is, the creation of H. F., the narrator, who ties all the strings together. Defoe worked very hard at making
the narrator, probably based on his uncle, Henry Poe, a saddler, totally believable as well as completely sensible. For one thing, like a real person he does not believe everything he hears. For another, the very way he expresses himself, in a loose, artless style, makes H. F. seem real and his story believable. Finally, A Journal of the Plague Year "is not merely a record of the transactions that happened during the calamity, nor even of private circumstances that would escape the public eye; it is rather the familiar recital of a man's own observations upon all that passed before him, possessing all the minuteness of a log-book, without its dullness. The advantage derived from this mode of telling the story is, that it prepossess the reader in a full belief of its reality." Thus, from A Journal of the Plague Year the reader gains very strongly a sense of a real story told by a real man. And it is a first-person account labeled a journal, a form good for such purposes.

To me there is some irony in the fact that whereas the epigram used by Camus at the start of his novel The Plague (1941) is from Daniel Defoe's writings and the novel's title makes the reader think of Defoe's A Journal of the Plague Year, that quotation in fact comes from the third volume of Robinson Crusoe. That is not to say that Camus was not familiar with
A Journal of the Plague Year. Indeed, one critic has pointed out many similarities between the two books including more than coincidental items like similar descriptions of the plague and reactions to it. For example, the narrators in both books comment on the poor methods used by their respective cities to slow the disease, on reactions of the clergy, on the use of medical quackery. Camus included specialized medical texts in his preparatory study for his novel and, like Defoe, used accurate medical descriptions, thus adding credibility to his story. Structurally the books resemble each other; as in A Journal of the Plague Year, the action of The Plague follows the rise, height, and decline of the disease. Nevertheless, Camus' work is not an imitative update, partly because it is rather more sophisticated than Defoe's book. It involves not merely an organization of raw fact around the narrator to present a city besieged by plague, but has further a transmutation of the material into symbol, as will be shown later.

One of the areas in which Camus' book is more sophisticated than Defoe's is in the manner of telling. Later in this discussion I will explore more fully uses of diaries to shift point of view, but it is important now to note that by using two narrators, Rieux in his "chronicle" as he calls it from the start.
and Tarrou in the diary the doctor quotes, Camus adds credibility to his narrative. The calculated effect on the reader is to increase believability because two sensible men have given first-hand accounts, independently, of the same events. Additionally, Tarrou's diary expands the arena of Rieux's perspective. Richard Lehan in fact has noted that "Dr. Rieux is Camus' public voice; he discusses how the town works, loves, and dies—and how the plague interrupts and changes their lives. Jean Tarrou is Camus' idiosyncratic voice," whose jottings and meanderings present a private view. Thus, a full picture, with a greater angle of refraction, of the plague city is presented by the first-hand accounts of two separate men. Nevertheless, Camus maintained overall unity in the narrative by using Rieux as the primary narrator.

Even in this basic narrative method The Plague differs from A Journal of the Plague Year. H. F., though retaining a degree of anonymity, nevertheless tells his story in a straightforward, first person manner. Not until near the end of Camus' book, however, does the narrator reveal that he is indeed Dr. Rieux. H. F. stands before the reader in his own person, a rather chatty, emotional man. In contrast, Dr. Rieux, besides removing himself into the third
person, always speaks in an even and objective tone. Several critics observe the "bare, factual and unemphatic" tenor of Rieux's chronicle. Although one of these critics sees this objectivity of tone as mandatory for a writer and natural to a physician, also the objective tone and depersonalization of the narrator have purposes similar to the personalization of Defoe's narrator giving his reservations about certain events he heard about in the 1665 plague; that is, to convince the reader that the narrator presents an accurate account of the events.

Questions arise about the reasons for Camus' splitting his point of view and for having Rieux speak of himself in the third person. At least one critic finds these manipulations somewhat confusing. Already I have demonstrated some of the merits of adding Tarrou's voice to the narrative and having Rieux speak so objectively, but in addition there are advantages gained by having the narrator identify himself as Rieux only towards the end of the book. One advantage is that the particular device of hiding the narrator's identity until the end allows Camus "to have it both ways." Germaine Brée notes that the usual first person narration tends to focus too strongly on the individual telling the story, making a hero of him. But Camus wished to focus on the experience
of a group of people. On the other hand, "a completely objective recording would lack the immediacy of testimony." Besides, a position completely external to the action, in addition to lacking immediacy, would make the narrator into a sermonizer. Therefore, Rieux's not revealing himself as the narrator allows Camus to play down the role of Rieux as any sort of special hero during the plague. He is not the hero, but one individual among many, all fighting the plague as best they can.

The first-person narration, on the other hand, does give immediacy, therefore color and believability to the narrative. Like Defoe, Camus uses mistakes to add to the illusion of reality; Rieux's are artless slips of identity, and so on. Or as Camus described the technique in his working notes: "Show throughout the book that Rieux is the narrator by a detective's means. In the beginning: cigarette smell." Also having "Rieux try to be an objective reporter, but fail," helps Camus make the book "not a factual account of what men actually learn from plague, but a hopeful account of what they can learn: a drama of human potentiality, fulfilled in Rieux, still to be fulfilled in mankind at large." In addition, Rieux's closing admission to what the reader has suspected from time to time emphasizes just what he has lost because
it is not, finally, a remote Dr. Rieux who has lost friend and wife. Though the narrator who is Rieux continues to speak of himself as "Rieux" in the third person right until the end, now the reader sees that this narrator-character has suffered with the city at the public level and personally within himself as well. As a human being Rieux knows that the plague bacillus maybe someday "for the bane and the enlightening of men . . . would rouse up its rats again and send them forth to die in a happy city." The manner of telling brings that lesson home to the reader.

I have discussed at length the doctor's perspective and its effects upon the story, which Camus called a chronicle. Although in the precision of its dating Rieux's part of the story resembles a diary, only Tarrou's writings are truly in journal form. Tarrou, like most diarists, has "a visible penchant for the insignificant detail, his observations, reflections, and considerations as to people and things." This sort of thing, as previously noted, adds verisimilitude to a novel as a rule; and in this particular instance the diary serves to expand the material covered.

Furthermore, the veracity of an account increases in proportion to the number of credible versions given of it. It is a mark of Camus' improvement on A Journal of the Plague Year, which in several ways he imitated,
that he both uses Tarrou's diary to bolster Rieux's chronicle and distinguishes one narrator from another. Tarrou's notebooks are diffuse whereas Rieux's observations are organized and controlled. Also, Tarrou's journal illustrates the use of "the exploitive 'I'" putting distance between subject and object, the patients he nursed, that Camus avoided in Rieux's chronicle; this difference in tone thus enhances the doctor's role as truly concerned with the plague victims. It is a mark of Camus' skill that while using some direct first person narration for immediacy, verisimilitude, and so on, he strictly subordinated it to Rieux's self-effacing account.

 Upon starting, I said that this section would concern novels in which diaries fulfill special needs. And I have said that Camus' manner of presenting this story, including variations of point of view and use of the diary, makes it seem an objective account of a real occurrence. I must now ask this question: why did Camus work so hard, why did he so need to make the plague real? A glib answer might be that he wished to convince the reader that plague can extensively run through a modern city. Indeed, that could be part of the answer. A fuller answer, however, comes from considering that the plague may stand for something else. At least three critics connect the book
with the German Occupation of France during World War II.\textsuperscript{92} Indeed, Camus' \textit{Notebooks} which stress the theme of separation in the novel substantiate that view.\textsuperscript{93} But to say merely that the plague equals the Occupation still limits the book. Rather, the plague resembles the Occupation in certain ways and both of these are objective corollaries for something more abstract. Specifically, the plague is a symbol for the absurdity of existence, the inherent meaninglessness of life.\textsuperscript{94} As Camus said, "Moral of the plague: it was of no use to anything or anyone. Only those who were touched by death directly or in their families learned something. But the truth they arrived at concerns only themselves. It has no future."\textsuperscript{95} The moral of the plague is there is no real moral. Furthermore, "The rôle of the plague is not \textit{simply} to evoke the world of 'the absurd': its rôle is also to bring men to a recognition of the true character of their predicament."\textsuperscript{96} The function of the plague is to make the reader face and feel the absurdity of existence. By making the plague seem real Camus aided the reader in experiencing through his imagination the absurdity of life. And the diary is one of the devices Camus used to that end.
Compared to Camus' use of the form, the following writers' employment of the diary to give the novel a semblance of actuality is rather pedestrian. Still, these next examples further illuminate my point.

Edgar Allen Poe's only two extended narratives, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* and *The Journal of Julius Rodman*, were both hoaxes containing diaries to give the appearance of being true accounts of travel adventures. Apparently, Poe frequently resorted to such documentary devices as the diary to lend an aura of truth to his works. In *Pym*, for example, the dated entry convention is used, supposedly as an economical method of covering certain materials. What is ridiculous about this use of the device is that the narrator states beforehand that the dated entries are reconstructions. Furthermore, they all are in past tense. Nevertheless, the form tends to add a certain documentary veracity to the whole book. Poe also begins *The Journal of Julius Rodman* by saying the book is based on an outline diary kept contemporaneously with the events, specifically, travels in western parts of the country covered "later" by Lewis and Clark.

But both books are in fact outrageous plagiarisms. I do not care to go deeply into the real sources for them, but I would like to note that Poe was not
behaving in a totally reprehensible way. Defoe, too, used real facts gathered from real documentary sources to give a flavor of the actual to his fiction. At least one critic does see a resemblance between Poe's methods in Pym and those of Defoe. Nevertheless, there is something undeniably cheeky about the fictional editor's implication that Julius Rodman's travels resemble Lewis and Clark's because the latter plagiarized the former. In fact, many passages of The Journal of Julius Rodman were lifted from Washington Irving's Astoria and from The Adventures of Captain Bonneville. Because of the nature of the book, however, the narrator--not the author--could be blamed for the thievery.

Practically it served Poe well to make these hoaxes as real as possible through the use of real facts and fake diaries because thus they would profit from the current popularity of travel writings, the very sort of materials from which they were plagiarized. Furthermore, these books are also parodies, making fun of the contemporary travel books they imitated, of the mentality of the people who write such books, and of the audience that reads them. By extension, besides using the diary and other devices to pull off hoaxes, Poe also tried to use them to lampoon the type of reader attracted to detailed, objective
records of great horrors.\textsuperscript{106} And he lampoons the person so gullible that he will accept the unlikely as fact simply because it is written in a plausible, true-to-life form. Again is seen the diary's appropriateness to the specific purposes of a writer.

Similarly, Bram Stoker used documentary forms in \textit{Dracula} (1897) to make the impossible seem real. Like other works of the supernatural (as for instance, Bierce's "The Damned Thing"), \textit{Dracula} includes newspaper clippings, letters, phonograph recordings, and last but by no means least, diaries to render believable the whole fantasy of a being who kills by sucking blood from the necks of beautiful women. One critic has remarked that these were "documentary devices imitated from Collins."\textsuperscript{107} Indeed, Collins' \textit{The Moonstone} (1868) does rely on first-hand accounts for its narrative, though most of them are not diaries, but Stoker apparently took Collins' basic idea and applied it with a vengeance. Mostly through journals, he presents the accounts of at least seven different witnesses to the existence of the vampire. By having just two separate first person accounts of the events Camus added credibility to \textit{The Plague}; Stoker's reasoning seems to be that the more eye-witness accounts the better.
Not only does Stoker use multiple point of view to lend credence to his book, but he also works hard to make his witnesses seem reliable. Dr. Seward, for example, is a physician and presumably therefore reliable. Van Helsing is a man of science. Newspaper reports, such as the account of Dracula's arrival in England, are usually considered to have a factual basis. Furthermore, Stoker spends several pages at the start of the book in establishing Jonathan Harker, a principal narrator, as a sensible, pragmatic young man keeping a short-hand journal. He researched Transylvania in the British Museum before embarking on his business trip, writes reminders to himself to get recipes for his fiancee Mina, and describes the costumes of the natives he sees. These irrelevant details, nicely presented by a diary, create a picture of a perfectly sane young man going abroad. He might even be a Palliser. Once Stoker has established Harker's credibility as a witness by the opening travelogue, "the commonplace details of the journey gradually give way to the hinted terrors of the wild country in which the hero finds himself." The diary among other functions works well to build suspense by an accumulation of foreshadowing details.
In summary, the diary helps in Dracula to make the fantastic seem fairly plausible through its documentary, and consequently, verisimilitudinous form, and Stoker further heightens the effect of truthfulness by using the first-hand and immediate accounts of several reliable witnesses. But he is by no means the only author to try to render the supernatural believable by the use of the diary. I have already discussed Bierce's "The Damned Thing" fully, but I still have something to say about Greene's The End of the Affair, a book in which a perfectly ordinary, somewhat licentious woman becomes a saint, healing a hideous birthmark by a kiss, saving a young boy from death by means of a relic, and converting an atheist by her diary. You have probably deduced from the sarcasm that I for one do not accept the message of Greene's book. Actually, I am not the only person dissatisfied with the diary. One critic finds it "a rather forced contrivance." Another, while not seeing it as an unneeded device, finds it rather trite; he, like I, does not feel that Sarah's holiness is brought off well.

Nevertheless, Greene must have found the diary a useful convention in this book. For one thing, Sarah's diary functions as a device whereby Maurice Bendix comes to believe in God's existence though
he never likes Him much. For another, the diary, by multiplying the first-hand witnesses to this religious drama, helps validate it. Probably that is also the reason why Bendrix is represented as hating God. If a man who begrudges God His existence nevertheless becomes convinced about His reality, then He must be real. Furthermore, the diary serves to present Sarah's side of the story and presents her objectively, undistorted by Bendrix's love and needs. And it is through her journal only that "the reader becomes aware of the spiritual struggle which is the chief concern of the novel." Bendrix, the principal narrator, cannot present this topic because it would not occur to him; he is much surprised that Sarah has not taken a lover but has gotten religion instead. The inside view of Sarah must be presented and the diary is, as usual, the vehicle for a first-hand, truthful, reliable account. The major reason for the diary's importance in this novel is that the reader, like Bendrix, must witness the process by which Sarah goes from loving mistress to dying saint. If the reader can see this process in action, he can be persuaded that indeed it happened in her, so it can happen to others—because God truly exists. I dislike novels of propaganda; thus, I am not predisposed to accept the message in this one, But I am convinced that
Greene consciously used the diary as a agent of persuasion in this novel.

Defoe's two books, Camus' *The Plague*, Poe's hoaxes, Stoker's thriller, and Greene's religious tract (plus other works too trivial to mention) all illustrate the use of the diary form to the novelist's advantage, primarily in adding verisimilitude to fiction. I have said repeatedly that the diary, because it is a documentary form, tends to be taken for real and thus adds to the illusion. I would seem naive to say that this is the sole way in which the diary gives the ring of truth to the narrative. I have also discussed the apparent veracity given to a narrative through the use of several first-hand accounts. I have not really explored, however, how the use of the diary adds to the illusion of truth. I think that it is the immediacy of the form that catches the reader up into the fiction. For example, right before his eyes, the reader sees Sarah Miles becoming a saint. No matter how much the intellect reminds the reader that Sarah's story is merely Greene's exemplum, still the fictional confrontation between reader and character actually exists. The diary as a first person form thus makes real its speaking voice. In the first chapter, I discussed at length the diary's focus on present time and its lack of a sense of an ending.
These traits of the diary when used in fiction give
that fiction immediacy as well, for the events of the
work unfold simultaneously for both actor and reader.
There is greater excitement than the usual novel's
sense of pre-ordained course often gives. Through
the diary the reader gains "the form of experience
as it comes and is felt in the flux, in the midst
of adjustments that have to be made without foreknow­
ledge of the outcome." The reader is swept into
the world of fiction by the diary through this illusion
that even the narrator does not know what will hap­
pen next. And so the narrative has verisimilitude.
In real life nobody really knows what time will bring.
The diary works excellently to pull the reader into
the fiction, no matter how outrageous or far-fetched,
because of this immediacy.

To Shift Point of View

A third major way that writers have used the
diary mechanically to the advantage of their novels
involves the shifting of point of view from narrator
to narrator or from one time to another. I believe
that the use of several narrators' diaries (as in
Dracula, Strait Is the Gate, and other works) allows
the writer to give a greater perspective on the ma­
terials of the fiction, as well as a heightened
veracity. And the diary allows a shift from one
narrator to another or from one time to another to be clearly and obviously made. It has been said that modern writers really have not concerned themselves with making reading easy. And it is true that certain stream of consciousness novels like Joyce's *Ulysses*, Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, and William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* shift from persona to persona in fashions requiring great alertness on the part of the reader. Sometimes the writers ease reading by labeling the speakers and varying the style to fit the persona, as Faulkner in *As I Lay Dying* and Woolf in *The Waves* both do. Be that as it may, novelists in the diary mode are by and large even more accommodating to the reader. Perhaps this bending to the reader's needs has something to do with the aims of many of these writers to put out popular books which will sell well. Art is involved, of course, in many and experimentation in several; but clarity and ease of reading seem to count a great deal to diary-novelists. In many of these books "art for art's sake" should perhaps be revised to "art for money's sake."

A number of books that I have discussed in preceding pages involve shifts of point of view from one persona to another. Analysis reveals that these shifts fall mainly into three categories: a shift from general third person narration, either restricted or omniscient,
to the first person of the diary; a shift from a first person narrative not of diary type to the diary; the shift from one diary to another. Rather than trying to be exhaustive in this section, I will survey the three categories, presenting selected examples.

Most students of the modern novel know that after many pages of objective third person narration about Stephen Dedalus, his fictional alter ego, James Joyce completes *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1919) with a few pages from Stephen's diary. The shift from third person to first person is not hard to follow because it has been preceded by much dialogue, of course full of first person references; and the diary, though unlabeled except for a date at the left which clearly announces its intention, begins with a direct reference to the argument with Cranly presented just before. The real questions center on just what Joyce gained by moving into the diary mode so late in this novel and what effect this new method of presentation has upon the reader's perception of Stephen.

Critics seem pretty much agreed that one way the diary works here is to summarize the major concerns of the novel.\(^{115}\) As one critic says, "the diary completes the structure as a whole and its images function as 'clues' to the labyrinth made by Joyce."\(^{116}\) Thus
in an economical way, Joyce brings together for the last time people and problems that he has been concerned with throughout much of the book: Stephen's father, his mother, his friends, the girl he is interested in, and associated with these people the problems with family duty, religion, patriotism, literature, sex, and through his dreams, his own troubled psyche. The diary is a highly appropriate form for such economical summary. In the first chapter of this study I pointed out how a diary gets a pattern from its writer's recurrent concerns. This same fact allows Joyce to summarize smoothly major issues of the book. By presenting finally the content of this mind whose development the reader has followed throughout the novel, Joyce demonstrates not only its present state but all its constituents which are also those of the novel.

In a technical way the use of the diary looks not only backward to methods used in this book and in its predecessor, *Dubliners*, but also forward to *Ulysses*. One critic sees the diary as the last in the series of epiphanies in the book. Numerous critics, on the other hand, see the diary in this novel as "a move towards the new technique, interior monologue, or stream of consciousness" used so extensively in *Ulysses*.119
Despite the fact that the diary is a sort of interior monologue aligned with the confession (a subject to be explored in the next chapter) and consequently a subjective expression of the persona, when used in the novel it can seem "objective," for the diary allows the character to speak for himself directly, untouched by authorial commentary. This trait may be one of the reasons why Joyce used the diary in the closing pages of *A Portrait*, that is, to show Stephen's mind in action without intervention. In addition to this inherent objectivity, these sections, in some critics' views, are fairly impersonal and detached, end products of a process of developing detachment within the chapter, indeed, within the entire book from start to finish.\(^{120}\) Ironically, when for the first time telling his story directly, Stephen is presented most objectively and with the greatest distance from many of the subjects passionately engaging his attention earlier. Indeed, the diary has a tone of leave-taking as Stephen becomes detached from mother, God, country, the better to facilitate going away from them.

Perhaps the biggest controversy about the end of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* concerns a proper interpretation of it. Is Stephen's triumph complete, missing altogether, or partial? Some critics
do indeed see the end of the book as an utter triumph for its protagonist. For example, Peter Manso in a stylistic study of the book notes like other critics that the diary section is "depersonalized" and continues by saying that the final entries, though somewhat incoherent, "are governed by and reveal an almost ineffable intelligence which expresses a universal order of things and events a relational web which includes All."121 Irene Hendrey is somewhat less enthusiastic. Like Manso she sees the work's end as an end point of the process within the novel, but she sees that much more mundanely as part of Stephen's move "from passive receptivity to the self-conscious will."122 Yet another critic says "The ending of A Portrait is not, of course, the anticipation of failure. The novel ends on a high note with Stephen's commitment to art and his acceptance of exile."123

Other critics do not consider the novel's diary conclusion as at all triumphant. Ryf, for example, says that in the end Joyce heavily undercuts Stephen through irony. For one thing, Stephen thinks of himself as Dedalus but actually he is Icarus preparing to singe his wings through over-vaulting ambition. Stephen pompously associates himself with St. Stephen the Martyr (and presumably implies that martyrdom means leaving home). So Ryf concludes, "We view him as
a youth assuming a mission for which he is not yet qualified. Tindall is even more negative in his view of Stephen:

Fragments from a diary, no form for a triumph, are a form for disorder and despair—like the fragments from literature that end The Waste Land. Always aware of what he was about, Joyce chose this significant form to suggest his solipsist's condition: all in pieces, all coherence gone, at loose ends at last—. . . . This feeble ending, the very form for Stephen, shows what he lacks. To become more than diarist the "artist" must have not only a forger's cunning but humanity and love. Stephen gets away, but he does not know himself or all mankind as an artist must.

Not ever, having been very fond of Stephen Dedalus, whose cold intellect and fervent aesthetic sense I find unattractive, I am tempted to adopt Tindall's view without reservation. His view, however, I do not find accurate. True, the book's end has the diary's fragmentary structure, but that very looseness works effectively and economically to present the major concerns of the novel. Perhaps it is no artistic triumph but neither is it "a form for disorder and despair." More accurately, the book's end has a mixed quality to it. Stephen is at the end point of the process of maturation presented throughout the book. Nevertheless, he has a piece to go before he is the sort of artist who could write A Portrait.
And he does sound like a bit of an ass when he calls. St. Stephen's his square or when he exclaims, "Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead." 126 But at the end of the book Stephen demonstrates self-awareness; 127 and he shows doubts about himself, especially when he describes his dreams. 128 Also, he is restless and not totally self-satisfied. 129 For example, he records in his diary—that confidante to which he can confess his ambitions no matter how callow and his limitations, no matter how embarrassing—a conversation with his mother during which he implied that he has "read little and understood less." 130 These reservations about himself make the reader consider the young artist more gently than he might had Stephen's triumph been arrogantly presented. As Murillo says, "the diary entries are directed simultaneously to the reader as an affirmation of the young artist's quest and sense of liberation as he experiences them and an exposure of his limitations due to his immaturity." 131

And the diary works very effectively to demonstrate Stephen's mixed triumph. He is excited and anxious, promising and callow, bent on leaving home, yet ambivalent about that departure. Joyce selected perhaps the most effective form possible to show the confusion in Stephen's mind at this crucial point in his life.
The diary allows the major motifs of the book to be gathered into an organizing receptacle, yet paradoxically it communicates the idea that Stephen has not gotten all these things together in his head. And the diary form allows Stephen finally to speak for himself without the intervention of the narrator who has functioned variously as nursemaid and critic throughout the novel. Arnold Goldman notes perceptively, "By altering his point of view on the last pages of the novel to the direct record of Stephen's diary, Joyce contrives to let up on Stephen at the very end, to suspend his irony. On the other hand, the very absence of qualification which follows on the shift from indirect discourse withholds any final approbation from Stephen." At the end Joyce lets Stephen through his diary speak for himself so it is clear that he is still a young man aspiring to be an artist.

Another sort of move from one point of view to another involves a shift from a first person narrative, often a memoir, composed by one character to the diary of another. I have discussed how the use of a diary to supplement and complete another narrative adds greater breadth, verisimilitude, and emotional color to the whole. Rather than going back over works discussed earlier, in this section I will focus primarily
on one example of a shift from a first person narrative to a diary.

Gore Vidal, like André Gide, has used diaries in many of his works. There is, for example, "Pages from an Abandoned Journal," a story published in 1956. In *Julian* (1962) he used a number of quasi-documentary forms, including letters, literary commentary, a memoir and a journal, to tell his story. Both *Myra Breckenridge* (1968) and its sequel *Myron* (1974) are mostly written in diary form, the effect of which is to give life to an outrageous parody in human form. In *Burr* (1973) and its recent sequel *1876* (1976), as with the earlier *Julian*, Vidal uses pseudo-documentary forms to resuscitate history.

Take *Burr*, for example, which is aided in its workings by the inclusion of a diary. Brackets are useful in explaining the construction of this diary-novel. The outer frame of *Burr* is composed of the diary kept by Charlie Schuyler, a struggling journalist trying to get the scoop on Martin Van Buren. If Schuyler can prove that Van Buren is Aaron Burr's bastard and write a pamphlet about it, then Schuyler will ruin Van Buren's political chances and reap fame and fortune for himself. These ancient political intrigues are given immediacy and excitement by the diary format. Within the diary framework and therefore
the on-going narrative of Charlie's research (at the end he discovers what the reader has suspected all the time: Burr sired Van Buren and Charlie) are a portrait of Aaron Burr and his memoirs dictated to Charlie or transcribed by him from old papers. The diary thus organizes and conflates the otherwise rambling memoirs of Burr, an old man in 1833, within a forward-moving narrative. And it gives first-hand perspective on an historical figure, thus breathing life into him so he seems especially real. The best history comes alive for the reader and Vidal skillfully uses the diary to create both a living portrait of Burr and the times in which he lived. In addition, credibility is added to Burr's (and Vidal's) outrageously deflating presentations of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, et al by the fact that these lampoons come from a pseudo-historical document, Burr's memoirs, whose veracity is further heightened by being discussed by Charlie in his diary.

Rather than again going extensively into the use of a diary to add to the illusion of truth in a novel, I want to point out the skill with which Vidal manipulates his material, smoothly moving from one first person narrative (Charlie's journal) to another (Burr's memoirs) and back again. For one thing, right from the start Vidal establishes that the narrative
from Charlie's pen is a diary. Although entries are not dated as a rule, Charlie—except when he is transcribing Burr's writings—writes about the present or the immediate past. For example, the novel begins with a newspaper article broken off in the middle because as Charlie observes immediately thereafter, "I don't seem able to catch the right tone." Burr's memoirs, on the other hand, seem to have the right tone always; and that irreverent, nothing-to-lose, polished, urbane tone helps distinguish Burr's writings from his son's halting, harried journal. (Ironically, Charlie's history duplicates his father's, at least in siring illegitimate offspring.) Also, Vidal carefully distinguishes the prevailing time frame of each persona. That is, while Charlie usually writes about current events, reflecting the attitudes of his contemporaries, Burr always writes about the past, often about people who are dead. Although he talks about the past, Burr infuses that past with a witty sense of the actual and a disinclination to allow his colleagues among the founding fathers of our country to be promoted into gods. Thanks to the double perspective given by irreverent memoirs and admiring diaries, skillfully distinguished, this fictional apologia for one of the figures that time has made a villain convincingly recreates history.
Another way that a writer can shift point of view by the diary is to move from one diary to another. The inherent problem in any shift from one first person narrative to another is distinguishing one "I" from another "I" so that the reader is not confused by the change in speaker. This problem has been solved in various ways. The simplest way is merely to label the different narratives appropriately to their writers. Thus, in *Dracula* each unit is designated as being "from the Journal of Jonathan Harker," and so on. Another method is to confine one first person narrative within another. Thus, Gide in *Strait Is the Gate* prepares for Alissa's diary through Jerome's *récit*. Once Alissa's diary has ended, Jerome again picks up the narrative and finishes it. Similarly, Greene has Bendrix tell most of the story, introduce Sarah's diary into the plot by reading it, and complete the story. He also labels Sarah's diary as such to help distinguish it from the rest of the book. That perhaps is just as well, for one critic at least sees that Bendrix "is so much the stronger figure that Sarah's diary talks his language."\textsuperscript{135}

A more skillful, subtler method of distinguishing one first person narrative from another is internally through texture. For example, Vidal distinguishes Burr's memoirs from Charlie's diary through tone,
style, and time references. Tanizaki in _The Key_ also distinguishes the content of the two different diaries in the book. Actually, he labels the diaries, too, though slightly. Careful observation reveals, beneath the dates of all entries, either a single asterisk for the husband or a double asterisk for the wife.\textsuperscript{136} In truth, however, the reader could probably manage without these mechanical designations, for the husband's diary differs from the wife's radically, and obviously. That is, their diaries' contents differ greatly. They talk about the same events, but from different perspectives. Tanizaki always has the husband early in the entry refer to Ikuko, his wife. The wife always begins her entries with an early reference to "my husband." It could be said that Ikuko and her husband, like Bendrix and Sarah, sound similar, but Tanizaki skillfully identifies the speaker each time. And there is fittingness in a husband and wife who have lived together intimately for years—and who indeed conspire tacitly to similar ends—talking alike.

Perhaps of all these writers who use the diary in moves from one first person point of view to another, Gore Vidal had the biggest problem in _Myron_ because the two speakers live in the same body. Nevertheless, it is always obvious when Myron has been supplanted by Myra because most of Myra's entries begin with angry
references to Myron while his, after initial confusion at finding himself within the 1948 movie Siren of Babylon, usually begin with railings against his female alter ego. In fact, not only are the two characters within the same body but they are writing within the same book. However, Myra writes in a code broken by Myron at crucial moments. Also their styles differ. Myra's is hyperbolic, melodramatic, monomaniacal whereas Myron's diction is distinctly slangy. For example, compare "Myra Breckenridge lives!" with "I must've passed out or something." Actually, Myron involves both the battle of the sexes occurring within a single body and a comedy of multiple personalities, one warring against the other, each humiliated by the actions of the other upon their mutual body and world. As such, the book succeeds by being in the form of the diaries of the two personalities. Changes in costume, mannerisms, and attitudes make visible to other characters the personality change within, and through the changing styles of their mutual diary the trading off of the mutual body is shown to the reader.

Just as the diary can work in the novel to facilitate shifts of point of view from person to person, so too it is used to move from one time reference to another. In the first chapter I talked about the way the diary often dwells in the present tense so that,
no matter when it is read, it always has a sense of freshness, of having just been written. Novels using the diary often gain immediacy from this present tense convention, pulling the reader into the story in such a way that he feels the "realness" as well as the "greenness" of the events depicted. Such events, being presented in the present tense, become in a true sense timeless. My purpose, however, now is to focus primarily on how the novelist uses the diary to manipulate time for assorted purposes.

Early in the chapter I talked about the way a diary may move from hand to hand in such a fashion that one character finds out what another has been thinking without face-to-face communication. Sometimes the diarist is even represented as having died, thus he has been caught up irretrievably by time. In some books discussed earlier the passing from hand to hand matters most while in others the diary is useful in the mechanics of changing point of view; but with the novels to be discussed at present, the diary functions crucially to crosscut time. The diary's dated entry trait allows the novelist to shuffle accounts from widely separated time spans without confusing the reader. An especially striking example of the diary's use in this way occurs in a science fiction novel called *A Choice of Gods* (1972) by Clifford D.
The world depicted in this novel is an earth barely inhabited by a few remnants of mankind, some served by robots who are becoming human. One, the delightful Hezikiah, is continually occupied by theological questions, for example. The humans left on the earth after most of the race has vanished into the universe tend to be very long-lived. That is where the diary comes in. To fill in background on the disappearance of most human beings and the extreme longevity of the remainder, Simak includes the diary of the protagonist's grandfather who wrote some three thousand years before. Thus, in this novel, the diary is used as a mechanical device to bring together events separated in time by thousands of years.

Often, the amount of time itself is not as crucial as what happens to a diarist in the interim between one time span and another. Sometimes a writer, for example, juxtaposes diaries written by a single character for ironic contrast. Vidal's "Pages from an Abandoned Journal" is constructed of a diary kept by a young man and resumed five years later. Peter, the diarist, changes a great deal between spates of journal-keeping. The tone and style of the two sets of diary entries differ greatly, but most important, in the five years omitted from the narrative, Peter has become what he scoffed at before: an effete
dilettante.

Sometimes, diaries introduce background information from the past into the current narrative and portray ironically the contrast between the protagonist as he was and as he has become. Unlike the persona discussed above, however, some diarists learn about themselves by reading their old journals. A case in point is Joe Allston, the protagonist of Wallace Stegner's recent novel, *The Spectator Bird* (1976). Joe, a retired literary agent, begins his present time narrative by describing the mundanity of retirement life with his spouse, Ruth (surely named for mercy). A post card from Astrid Wredel-Krarup, a woman that the Allstons met while traveling in Denmark twenty years before, provokes Joe into digging out his trip diary which is "like a letter from a dead Joe Allston to the one who survives." Thus, the diary device allows Stegner to bring into the present-time narrative the past which, because it is in the present time of the diary, carries with it great freshness. Also, the "surviving" Joe can look at his diary with a sense of how everything turned out and so clearly see in his past the seeds of his future. Ruth persuades Joe to read his diary to her, and by his doing so over several successive evenings the past, undistorted by hindsight, infuses the present and affects Joe's way of looking
at his current life.

For example, the first section of the diary that Joe reads concerns the trip to Copenhagen during which a returning Danish immigrant dies. Within the context of the diary this death reminds Joe of his son's death, either by accident or suicide; but within the context of the narrative written when Joe is old and retired, both these deaths contribute to Joe's continuing preoccupation with aging and death. By spreading the reading out over several evenings and by interspersing the past-time narrative with present-day concerns Stegner both adds suspense to the past-time narrative and enlivens the present in which the most exciting event is a visit on a rainy day by one of Joe's former clients, an Italian novelist who resembles Moravia. Indeed, the trip to Denmark, described by Joe as a "pilgrimage into the Gothic," is something like a mystery story with the reader pulled from revelation to revelation, each altering his view of the case. Specifically, Astrid, the countess with whom the Allstons lodge, though of high birth, is snubbed by members of Copenhagen society. Gradually, through several diary entries--nicely foreshadowed by Joe's commentary in the present--it is revealed that Astrid is ostracized not because her husband collaborated with the Nazis during the war but because Astrid herself
was used by her father, a famous geneticist and later a suicide, in an unsuccessful incestuous in-breeding experiment. Undeterred by the family tragedy, her arrogant brother, whom the Allstons meet on a weekend trip to the village from which Joe's mother emigrated, continues the experiment by mating both with his half-sister, a Miss Weibull, and with their daughter. This nauseating eugenic approach to the male-female relationship and family life is given ironic contrast by being juxtaposed with the view of marriage as companionship in old age which Joe and Ruth have attained. The diary allows this juxtaposition to be presented without heavy-handed authorial commentary. But Stegner is a subtle writer so the Allston marriage is not represented as perfection. Although Ruth sees in the diary-story their own good fortune in old age, Joe thinks wishfully about what might have been had he really had the affair with Astrid that Ruth suspected him of. Joe ends up in the present time feeling gypped by the past. Still, through examination of the past brought to his attention in the present by the diary, Joe has become somewhat reconciled with death and the dullness of life as an aging married man.

Within the book there is a moment in time which stands as an objective correlative for the workings of the diary in this novel. After he has finished
reading the diary to Ruth, which she finds anti-cli-
mactical because she had hoped to hear about an affair
between Joe and Astrid, Joe completes the story in
private and in past tense. On Midsummer Night twenty
years before, Joe rowed Astrid out to her father's
grave on a small lake-isle. Standing by the grave
the possible lovers kiss, but do no more than that.
Astrid seems haunted by her past, so constrained that
she cannot accept Joe's plan of carrying her away into
a future previously unthought of. Her father's grave
makes her aware of the limitations which her past
puts on her present. In much the same way, Joe's
diary makes him aware of what might have been, true,
but much more surely it makes him aware of what he
is because of what he was. In this book through the
diary device, the past is made to infuse the present,
to heighten its meaning, to teach the protagonist
about himself, and to teach the reader not only about
the character but about the nature of time as well.
For time is fluid both in this novel and in life.
Joe's past is the present of his diary and the future
of the diary is the Joe reading the diary. Future,
past, present, all infuse one another, intermingling
to create what is.
By discussing Wallace Stegner's *The Spectator Bird*, I come to the end of this chapter about the mechanical uses of the diary in the novel to implement plot and complete narrative, to add verisimilitude, and to change spatial and temporal points of view. Actually, by talking about Joe's use of the diary's present which is his own past to learn about himself in what is both the future and the present, I am beginning to explore a new area of the diary's functions in the novel. In the next chapter I will explore fully the use of the diary as a vehicle for spiritual and psychological examination.
NOTES


6Naomi Lebowitz, "The Counterfeiters and the Epic Pretence," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 33, No. 3 (April 1964), 301.

7Leland H. Chambers, "Gide's Fictional Journals," *Criticism*, 10 (Fall 1968), 305.


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12 Lebowitz, p. 296.


21 Painter, p. 57.

22 Hytier, p. 140.


33. Ibid., pp. 127-128.


36. Ibid., pp. 152 & 154.


38. Ibid., p. 97.


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46 Nabokov, Lolita, p. 7.

47 Appel, p. 214.


49 Peter Boerner, "The Significance of the Diary in Modern Literature," Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature, 21 (1972), 41-42.


52 Chambers, p. 302.


55 Ibid., pp. 39-40.


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62 Starr, Defoe and Casuistry, pp. 53-54.


70 E. Anthony James, Daniel Defoe's Many Voices: A Rhetorical Study of Prose Style and Literary Method (Amsterdam: Rodope NV, 1972), pp. 139-140.


77 Richard Lehan, "Levels of Reality in the Novels of Albert Camus," Modern Fiction Studies, 10, No. 3 (Autumn 1964), 237.


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81 Lazere, p. 174.


85 Moses, p. 423.

86 Ibid., p. 425.

87 Camus, Notebooks 1942-1951, p. 52.

88 Moses, pp. 427 & 428.
89 Camus, The Plague, p. 287.
90 Maquet, p. 87.
91 Moses, p. 425.
92 Cruise O'Brien, p. 37; Maquet, p. 80; Haggis, p. 21.
93 Camus, Notebooks 1942-1951, pp. 69, 86, 88, & 90.
94 Maquet, p. 81; Haggis, p. 21.
95 Camus, Notebooks 1942-1951, p. 50.
96 Haggis, p. 35.

106 Richard L. Harp in "A Note on the Harmony of Style and Theme in Poe's Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," CEA Critic, 36, No. 3 (March 1974), 9, comments on the coolness of Pym's style.


122Hendrey, p. 39.

123Homer O. Brown, James Joyce's Early Fiction: The Biography of a Form (Cleveland: The Press of Case Western Reserve University, 1972), p. 111.


128Edward Schwartz, "Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, V," Explicator, 11, No. 4 (February 1953), item 27.
129 Reddick, p. 215.

130 Joyce, A Portrait, p. 521.

131 Murillo, p. 31.


140 Ibid., p. 24.
CHAPTER III — "THE SOUL IN ACTION"

The archetypal situation for the diary is a single person writing alone, pouring into the rather amorphous mold of his diary all those most secret concerns that trouble him, yet from which he cannot find release except through his private writings because he cannot reveal them to other people. One of the essential traits, then, of the diary is this private, personal, intimate manner of writing. To be sure, some writers, like André Gide for example, have composed diaries aimed towards a public audience. However, with this diary exhibitionism seems to have been a motive. But even with Gide the diary in its most essential paradigm, as described in the first chapter, involves a private communication of self with writings. (This private nature is illustrated aptly by the lock on the outside of many a diary.) And as Peter Boerner says, the diary often functions as "a tool of self-appraisal," to which the writer turns in search of personal orientation."1 Partly because of its personal nature, the diary has been traditionally associated with religious self-examination. Also the diary has been associated with
assorted confessional writings. Because the diary reveals a soul or personality in action (the particular diction depending upon the times of the writing), that is, the diary presents first-hand revelation of how the particular mind of the particular writer works, it is a form highly suitable to psychological studies. Indeed, as part of their therapy psychoanalysts often assign their patients the task of recording their thoughts and dreams in journals.

Novels written in journal form, as I will demonstrate more fully in this chapter, share these traits and predilections. Specifically, several novels containing diaries are religious in orientation. An even larger group of diary-novels are also confessional novels, a fact that makes me suspect that the confessional mode is central to the sub-genre. These religious novels, confessional novels, and other diary-novels are psychological in purpose. In other words, the intimacy, the privacy, the personal nature of the diary allow it to accommodate well to novels concerned with intimate matters of a person's private relationship with God or with a member of the opposite sex or with a discordant element of himself. The archetypal diarist and the archetypal protagonist of the diary-novel are very similar and both are like Stephen Dedalus, an introspective, intellectual, private person who,
within the confines of his diary, talks with himself about all those unresolved issues of a young man's life: church, love and sex, family, peers, and profession. Through his diary he perhaps learns about himself—as many diarists do—but certainly the diary within this novel shows a particular mind in action, first hand, inside.

Finally, and perhaps most surprisingly, within the novel as journal sub-genre, a number of themes prevail. At least six works deal with spiritual salvation, at least six with problems with love, and at least six with madness. The dramas of these themes are often handled best in fiction at a curtailed, limited level and as illustrated within the confines of a single personality. The privacy and intimacy of the diary equip it to handle these private, intimate problems and this suitability explains the high incidence of these themes within the diary-novel sub-genre. The purpose of this chapter, then, is to examine this association between the diary-novel and portrayals of the human mind whether they be in terms of spiritual man, sexual man, or mad man.

The Spiritual Diary

The keeping of diaries was especially important to Puritans of the late seventeenth century for several reasons. For one thing, to the pious the diary
demonstrated the workings of God in an individual's life, both for his benefit and for the edification of any reader. That is, "The traditional use of a journal among the religious was to find and memorialize the spiritual significance of daily existence." Though he was a Quaker, John Woolman in his journal typifies this use of the diary. In it he records not only his daily activities, but also his meditations upon their spiritual meaning, as well as marking his progress on the way to salvation. Furthermore, keeping a diary stimulated the diarist's "habit of observing and interpreting every outward and inward occurrence for the sake of its spiritual significance." That is, the Puritan's diary both illustrated and provoked his mind set. He felt that God's favor was indicated by the way the world treated him and also by the way he reacted to the world. Thus, the diary to the Puritan was a method whereby he kept tabs on himself—and God.

Significantly, the keeping of a diary to record spiritual credits and debits continued to be popular through the time Daniel Defoe wrote Robinson Crusoe, a book reflecting "the spirit of the Puritan." That novel demonstrates the Puritan habit of seeing and imposing pattern on life in the introspective fashion of Puritan diarists; thus the book can be seen as
"a highly unified novel with a clear thematic structure, not a series of anecdotes masquerading as art." 8 For example, the whole book can be seen as relating Crusoe's adjustment to and acceptance of the fate God has set aside for him. At first, he accepts it with bad grace and tears. Later, he becomes reconciled to his life on the island and makes the most of it. Finally, as reward God sends him companionship in the person of Friday and, at the end, rescue from the situation he has grown old in. Though in other ways the diary's inclusion may seem incidental, it is striking that the diary, often used for spiritual self-examination, is present in this tale of the inner growth of a man through his coping with the vicissitudes of life sent his way by God. Thus, at the start of the novel in the English language the diary was present, in close connection to the major theme of a man's state of grace.

The diary operates similarly in Defoe's *A Journal of the Plague Year*. In the second chapter I pointed out how, primarily for reasons of verisimilitude, Defoe was anxious to establish in the reader's mind the fact that the book was in diary form. The Puritan tradition, it becomes clear now, quite possibly had something to do with that choice of form, for in *A Journal of the Plague Year* public activity is thought to reflect spiritual gain. For example, H. F. from the start
of his account wonders whether he has seriously challenged God's plan for him by remaining behind in the plague city. In addition, the plague itself traditionally is a method by which God punishes mankind for sin. And, as more than one critic notes, there is a prevalence of pious meditation in H. F.'s account. Indeed, E. Anthony James says of H. F. that the "persistent piety and sobriety of his tone, his habit of constantly finding Biblical counterparts to London in plague time, have the cumulative effect of demonstrating that he regards life from a sternly Puritan vantage point." Thus, both Robinson Crusoe and H. F. have a Puritan perspective on life and write diaries which demonstrate the workings of God in their lives.

Another early novel having forbears in the Puritan diary tradition is Richardson's Pamela. Cynthia Wolff in her study has much to say that is illuminating about both Puritans and the diary tradition. For example, she notes that the Puritan often examined himself through a diary so

The journal thus conceived would not be the record of events in the individual's life, certainly not one of the events in the public world; it was to be a chronicle of his inner life, a record of the complex workings of his mind and an account of God's dealing with him. The diary became for its author a kind of alter ego.

Thus, the Puritan journal, like diaries in general,
concerned itself primarily with the inward workings of a mind. Also Wolff points out that in the Puritan diary, as with all diaries, a pattern emerges gradually without being imposed from outside, unlike plotted narrative. Furthermore, "Recurrent events became important because they were recurrent; their very frequency indicated something about the narrator's life just as his reactions to them gradually revealed the inner life." Thus, this organic pattern often was interpreted by the Puritans as a demonstration of God's will in a man's life whereas later the pattern reflected recurrent psychological motifs. Despite this varying interpretation, one thing remains constant: the diary because of its construction allows for close-up, first-hand, self-examinations of the inner lives of human beings. And this quality often appears in novels written in diary form.

Pamela, like Defoe's books discussed earlier, far from being a motley collection of episodes concerning Mr. B's abortive seduction of a young girl, is actually a coherent spiritual story relating the process whereby Pamela's virtue is tried, found true, and rewarded. That is, in all Richardson's novels, letters serve their writers in much the same way that the spiritual diary had served their Puritan ancestors. They are the record of a trial—overfull
of detail so that no morally incorrect interpretation might be imposed on them. . . . And they were written for the express purpose of self-examination. 13

In fact, not only does Pamela contain this Puritan concern but at times even the traditional form for such analysis—the diary.

Although one now infrequently meets Puritans, the diary in the novel even in the twentieth century has been associated with religious self-examination. For example, there are two such novels containing diaries discussed earlier: Gide's Strait Is the Gate and Greene's The End of the Affair, the one a story of the wages of an extreme Christian asceticism, the other an illustration of God's power and love through the sanctification of an ordinary woman. In both books the diary reveals to others the internal struggles, questionings and analyses a person goes through in reaching towards salvation. Whether salvation is lost or gained, the functioning of the diary is the same. Very traditional is this use of the diary for spiritual self-examination, but it also is strategically viable as it allows first-hand, immediate glimpses of a process as private as prayer. The process by which Alissa reaches towards salvation is rather artificial and for show; but Sarah, in spite of herself and her physical love for Bendrix, is pulled gradually
towards faith and a resulting state of grace. And, as noted earlier, such first-hand accounts influence the protagonists, in the one case leading Jerome to the adoption of a similarly sterile asceticism and in the second case leading Bendrix to a begrudging acknowledgement of God's existence, the first step perhaps to his own salvation. With both these books, then, just as in traditional religious usage, the diary is associated with soul-searching and salvation.

Rather than belaboring these much discussed books further, I would like to discuss two diary-novels with striking similarities, not least of which are their punning titles: André Gide's title *The Pastoral Symphony* (1919) both alludes to Beethoven's piece which plays a part in the book and refers sarcastically to the main character, named only by his profession as Protestant pastor. John Updike's recent *A Month of Sundays* (1976) cleverly prepares the reader for the book composed of a running series of daily diary entries, all written by the Reverend Thomas Marshfield, another erring Protestant minister.

Mechanically the books are constructed in a similar way. Both begin with retrospectives relating what has happened to the diarists in the immediate past to bring them to their present states. Specifically, the anonymous diarist of Gide's book—named by his
role in life, a position which becomes increasingly ironic as his inability to guide his parishioners becomes more and more apparent--tells how two years before he found a blind young girl. Gradually over the space of two years, Gertrude is cleaned up, educated, and spiritually awakened. Obvious to the reader, though not at first to the Pastor, is his growing physical attraction to the girl. At the end of this background section of the novel, a time break occurs. When the Pastor continues his narrative, he writes in the present about the present. Indeed, time catches up with him with a vengeance. Because of his self-indulgent and secretly carnal love for Gertrude, revealed to her with her newly gained physical sight and insight, the girl commits suicide. The Pastor's son converts to Catholicism and joins the priesthood. The Pastor, remorseful, ends his diary in doubt about his salvation (much like Alissa in her diary). By their actions Gertrude and Jacques have forfeited their salvation.

Updike constructed *A Month of Sundays* in a similar way. Marshfield, the minister sent for his sins for a rest cure at a spa for erring preachers, begins his diary by relating how he came to be in such a situation. Like the Pastor of Gide's novel, Marshfield was overcome by physical passion for one of his parishioners.
Unlike Gide's protagonist, Marshfield acts upon his instincts and runs amok with a number of female members of his congregation. Although early sections of the novel contain references to present-time occurrences, only after a while, as with Gide's novel, does the diarist turn his attention fully upon the present state of his soul. Eventually, through his series of memories and meditations Marshfield works through to the realization that God is immanent in the world in all things—including women's bodies. Like his Puritan forefathers he uses the diary to study his past sins. Rather than repenting them, however, he reinterprets them.

Because both protagonists are Protestant ministers, they quite logically share a similar orientation to life. Both The Pastoral Symphony and A Month of Sundays are full of theological discussions, Biblical quotations, and the conflict of surface piety with true feelings. In both cases the diary reveals to the reader what the other characters in the books can only suspect: these men no longer are certain of what their positions demand from them. Indeed, neither is certain about his state of grace. Each uses his diary a bit differently, however. Ironically, the Pastor of Gide's novel seems blind to his true feelings about the young blind girl until that time when he reads through his
writings. Marshfield, on the other hand, realizes from the start the consequences of his departure from the true path of righteousness. The consequences constitute the reason why he is writing the diary in the first place, for Ms. Prynne has set him the task of a daily therapeutic writing. Though in both novels the diary works for self-examination in the best Puritan tradition, what Marshfield sees comes as less of a surprise to himself than the Pastor's revelations do to him.

In both these novels the use of the diary form is traditional; other persons concerned with their salvation—notably the Puritans—have used this type of writing for similar self-examination. The form is appropriate for other reasons as well. Simply because of the protagonists' profession, for example, the diary is a suitable form for these novels as it is in character for a man of the cloth to keep a diary in which to examine his soul. Temperamentally, too, a diary suits these introspective protagonists since keeping a diary is an inward-directed act. Furthermore, the diary, being without the tyranny of plot, gives room for theological discussions. I am not saying that other novels do not include examinations of ideas, nor that these novels are plotless. I am simply saying that the diary format plausibly, gracefully, and spontaneously permits the inclusion of such things as Marshfield's sermons
and the Pastor's theological disputes with his son and lengthy self-justifications based on scripture. Most importantly, because of its private, intimate nature, the diary can be used in a novel to reflect a private, intimate communication of man with self about God. And because of its privacy the diary has verisimilitude in these instances, for only to their private diaries can such ministers of God freely reveal their conflicts between flesh and spirit. As I said before, the outcome differs slightly in each case. The realization that his love for Gertrude has not been benevolent in the end defeats the Pastor, but Marshfield in his diary works through his confusion of carnal and divine love to a final acknowledgement of elements of his nature and an integration of them. The Pastor seems damned but Marshfield ends a better man.

In summary, the diary form lends itself well to such novels about spiritual matters because of the traditional association of diary with religious self-examination, because of the broader scope for meditation the diary gives the novel, and because of the intimate nature of the diary and hence its suitability in reflecting internal problems. Interesting to me is the correlation between the diary-novel and certain prevalent themes. The seven novels discussed here,
about a sixth part of the forty-odd dealt with in this study, contain at least in part a concern with spiritual salvation.

The Confession

What was a tradition beginning in the sixteenth century, that is, the association of the diary with religious motifs, while continuing into the novel of the twentieth, did however sprout a branch of concern to me late in the eighteenth century. I refer to the use of the diary for confessional purposes. As Axthelm points out, the connection is direct; the same diary used for spiritual self-examination by earlier writers was used as a confessional form for secular purposes by Romantic writers. The move from Augustine's God-directed confessions to Rousseau's worldly ones required several centuries of changing perspectives, but was finally accomplished. In popularity, DeQuincy's *Confessions of an Opium Eater* supplants John Woolman's *Journal*. The archetypal relationship of writer to diary remains the same: private, intimate, self-directed, inward, but the things he writes about differ. Rather than the state of his soul the diarist may write about his progress, or lack of it, in kicking his drug habit.
The diary-novel illustrates such changing concerns. In fact, right from the start the diary-novel, while retaining the tradition of seeing outward actions in terms of inward progress in the sight of God, still contained worldly concerns gradually made more secular. Thus, even in *Robinson Crusoe* a man worries about his stored goods which he catalogues in his diary. Much of *The Journal of the Plague Year* focuses on the plight of a city under siege by virulent disease. And Richardson's *Pamela*, though the reader is invited to view the whole as demonstrating the process by which virtue is rewarded, nevertheless concentrates on the worldly subject of seduction. That novel brings me to a basic theme of the diary-novel in its confessional mode. For if the diary-novel in the Puritan tradition focuses on the problem of salvation and God's love for man, many a confessional diary-novel focuses on the issues revolving around man's love for woman, a matter which always hits close to home and often is very private.

In the last chapter I grouped together several novels dealing with young, sentimental protagonists; these have similar conventions as for example the *Voice from the Dead* cliché. Another strong resemblance between *Werther*, *A Hero of Our Times*, *The Diary of a Superfluous Man*, and *The Notebooks of André Walter*
is their confessional tone. As indicated before, Werther, though not precisely a diary-novel, is a key work. Another reason, aside from those enumerated in the second chapter, is that Werther and Rousseau are clearly linked. Werther indeed is very much like a confession, as are other novels in this group. All involve young men who, having difficulties with the opposite sex, confess their thoughts, desires, and histories within the privacy of their diaries for relief and edification. A diary is often used by a person to express his innermost thoughts, often ones so shameful that his surface philosophies cannot comprehend them. In a novel, then, there is a certain pleasing suitability about a character's similarly examining his soul in his mirror-diary. Thus, to the correspondents for his diary-like letters, Werther confesses his passion for Lotte, his pursuit of her, and all the emotions accompanying his unrequited love. They are revealed for all the world to see. Pechorin in the diary sections of A Hero of Our Time is more restrained and cynical than the unfortunate Werther. Nevertheless, the confessional style exists in the focus upon Pechorin's "motives and states of mind." These sections include both Romantic clichés and self-analysis. While Pechorin does not gush as do many confessor
by parodies of the Byronic style, still Pechorin reveals elements of his character. His manner resembles that of his more emotional brothers like Turgenev's Tchulkaturin who in the best, soppiest confessional style laments his lost love whom, as is obvious from the author's ironies, he never had in the first place. But he does in Axthelm's terms fulfill the requirement of the confessional novel which "presents a hero, at some point in his life, examining his past as well as his innermost thoughts, in an effort to achieve some form of perception." (The connection between the diary and the confessional becomes especially clear through the latter part of that statement.) After looking at his complete past, including his birth, upbringing, and career, as well as the immediate past of his unattained beloved Liza and the nature of his present thoughts, Tchulkaturin has concluded that he is a supernumerary to his society and indeed to all the world. The fact that he dies on April Fool's Day only underscores his superfluity; his whole life has been a joke which ends fittingly.

Especially typical of the confessional is Gide's *The Notebooks of André Walter*, a book in the direct line of *Werther*, as noted in the preceding chapter. Like Werther, Pechorin, and Tchulkaturin, André Walter is a hero who looks at his past and into his own soul
to see what he is. By definition the book is a confession. Indeed, the confessional tradition coming to Gide's first novel via Werther was additionally freshened by the influence of the journal intime,\textsuperscript{23} such as the one written by Amiel which contains self-examinations, confessions and reminiscences much like its fictional counterparts. Such confessions are apparently common to a certain personality type. Delay sees the function of the diary to such people as the rather narcissistic one of providing a mirror for the writer, in the case of Walter particularly, to make apparent to the writer his own inner ills.\textsuperscript{24} Another critic points out that many introspective writers including Goethe, Dostoyevsky, Amiel, and Gide have used the journal intime as a vehicle of confession, escape and passage through adolescent crises.\textsuperscript{25} André Walter and others of his type are only doing what their real-life counterparts do.

Another typical feature of the confessional as usually conceived is the tone of André Walter. In many places the feeling of the book is cloying and claustrophobic. I for one tend to gag upon reading the twentieth apostrophe to Emmanuel's purity and snicker a bit at such lines as "when exasperated flesh rebelled and erupted in a rash of desires,"\textsuperscript{26} A literal nervous eczema perhaps? As Vinio Rossi
astutely notes, giving in to desire seems to purify yet further his ideal.\textsuperscript{27} By inversion, the purity of Emmanuele also heightens the repressed sexuality. At any rate, no matter how much the reader may tire of the style, the confessional in general and the diary-confessional in particular are ideal for Gide in this case because this very mode and this very tone demonstrate the mood within the protagonist himself in such a way that the reader also is trapped within the conflicting desires of this young man drawn to a pure love on the one hand and on the other succumbing to demands of the flesh, in this case masturbation, or even a suppressed homosexuality which Gide was able to see in himself fairly well by perceiving the problem in his alter ego. Although later readers find this all a bit silly and overblown, nevertheless, Gide and Walter seemed to have taken the conflict with perfect seriousness. As stated earlier, through this novel Gide seemed to have exorcised a personal demon or two, as did his predecessor Goethe in his. By using a fictional diary in which a character supposedly learned about himself and died from what he saw, Gide examined his soul, confessed some sins and became eased of them. Though his style is more flowery than that of any Puritan predecessor he might have had, Gide's use of the diary is much the same. Also, what is strictly in terms of
love in Goethe's novel—granted that simply exuding all those emotions during the age of reason may have been revolutionary enough—becomes in the later novel a conflict, fairly explicitly described, between spirit and flesh. It is an intimate difficulty fairly directly presented via the intimate diary.

In passing, it should be noted that at least two of the novels recently discussed as offshoots of the Puritan spiritual diary do, like Gide's first novel, present the conflict between flesh and spirit, or carnal versus spiritual love. Actually, of course, this is a traditional conflict: a major battleground of the Augustinian Confessions was located at this site, and poetry of the Middle Ages, Renaissance, and later periods continued the skirmishes. Because Gide's The Pastoral Symphony and Updike's A Month of Sundays seem so strongly in the Puritan diary tradition, I placed them in the earlier category. Still, these books have a strongly confessional element in their revelatory nature. To the reader, and incidentally to himself, the Pastor demonstrates the true nature of his feelings for Gertrude. He also displays a despicable self-deceit. Marshfield confesses his sins directly to a female shrivener who handily also serves as the recipient of his more carnal burden. Marshfield's confessions involve the Christian ritual
of revealing sins which consequently are lifted from the sinner so that he can get on to penance. But in many places they much resemble the confessions of André Walter, Werther and the lot. That is, through his diary, Marshfield reveals his innermost thoughts, sins and conflicts concerning the nature of love, earthly as well as heavenly.

Not all diary-novels of the confessional type deal with sexuality, but many of them do in one way or another. In fact, Dostoyevsky's Notes from Underground (1864), the archetypal confessional novel, one demonstrating the usual traits of the confession, and a book which produced in imitation of it a healthy line of philosophical novels, does deal in part with the relationship of the protagonist with a female, the prostitute Liza whom he humiliates. (Perhaps the genteel jeune fille Liza of Turgenev's novel has contributed name and other attributes to Dostoyevsky's bedraggled whore in the later novel.) As with Gide's Pastor, the Underground Man confuses sex with love; the difference between them lies in the fact that the Pastor sees love in his heart where there mostly is physical desire while the Underground Man—like the later Raskolnikov—refuses love partly because he does not think love can come from the common recipient of men's lust. (The rest is self-frustrating
neurosis.) The Underground Man, deprived of human love and thus of God's love, deteriorates into the form he displays at the opening at the book—that dramatic beginning in which he presents himself as "a sick man... a spiteful man... an unattractive man. I believe my liver is diseased." This is the confessional tone so extreme it is emetic. His confession does not seem to produce the forgiveness from God and the spiritual cure that Raskolnikov later attains. One critic notes that the Underground Man never seems to take the right option: "an accepting, forgiving, pitying, undeserved love which in its unmeritedness resembles divine grace."

Although an important element of this book is the theme of a love refused and of a spirit thereby soured and embittered, it contains much more. Indeed, both thematically and structurally the book is complex. One of the complexities involves its generic classification for a great deal is going on at once. As stated earlier, the book fulfills the basic situation of a confession. It may even be seen "as a parody of confession which, in religious terms is ostensibly preceded by contrition, but here is replaced by proud (though ambivalent) self-defense. The confession is not Augustinian but Rousseauistic,..." This baring of soul seems designed "to
provoke praise and acceptance by the other person." The priest in the case of Christian confession but here the ghostly "gentlemen" whom the Underground Man addresses. Actually, the confessional element of the book is clear; not so clear is the form of the confessional. For example, is the work a monologue? What about the gentlemen he addresses? Do they make the book a dialogue? But perhaps they do not really exist? One critic for example says the book is not a true monologue because all that the Underground Man says depends on the reactions of a person he aims his comments at. Since that person is not there, the whole becomes a diatribe. Another critic says that the book actually is a dialogue though "the auditor and confessor are one." Like many other diarists, perhaps the Underground Man is talking only to himself. Yet another critic calls the book an "imaginary dialogue" with the reader. Yarmolinsky, however, calls the book a monologue. A compromise view is helpful. Since only the Underground Man is heard from, the work is a monologue of sorts, a dramatic monologue with an implied audience. This audience, however, is not really present, but within the mind of the speaker. In this respect, as well as others, Notes from Underground resembles "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." At any rate, "his monologue [has] the heightened
impression of overhearing a telephone conversation" or at least one side of a telephone conversation, which is an anachronistic but accurate description. But the book, though having the rhythms of speech, is very much a piece of writing: "a confession, a continuous stream of self-revelation and self-analysis in the form of notes." Or, to bring the discussion back to my thesis, Notes from Underground is a complex work, at once a confession, monologue, and diary. The name of the work and the fact that the protagonist refers to the physical act of writing inform the reader about its written nature. Despite sections which are largely reminiscent, the whole first section of the book deals with the Underground Man as he is in present time. In addition, many sections of the opening are short, similar in length to diary entries. So, as stated before, Notes from Underground is a confession in diary form.

Just as generically the book is complex so too is it structurally complicated and even confusing mainly because events are presented in "reversed chronology," the second half describing events which took place twenty years before the writing of the first half. Nevertheless, the book has unity. For example, though the Underground Man is by character divided and though he get the cart before the horse in telling his story, the book is unified by the attempt in both
parts to use writing to try to catch hold and make definite the self to himself. A critic observes that the book is called a fragment; this is done in order to make the book seem like a real part of a real diary; but the two parts are related to one another in this way: "1. Character in a fix. 2. How character got in his fix and failed to get out." Actually, this order is effective because placing the monologue first directs the reading of the following narrative. Or as Yarmolinsky says, "This outpouring greatly modifies the portrait of the undergroundling as a young man presented in Part Two." The reversed order is good in other ways too. One critic, for example, says that the reversed order "obviates accounting for the time gap," and serves well psychologically; in the first part the Underground Man is psyching himself up to tell the story; more importantly, in the first part Dostoyevsky presents the psychological type and the philosophical base given cultural application in the second. Or, as yet another critic puts it, "Having established a theoretical base in Part One of Notes from Underground, Dostoyevsky's Narrator proceeds to show himself in action in Part Two, which consists of narrative," altogether like a scientific experiment consisting of hypothesis and demonstration. Finally, a complex structure while
manipulating the reader, may also relate in some way to the message of a book. Telling the first part of the story last sensitizes the reader to underlying motifs in the second but it also reflects the character's confusion.

Dostoyevsky's *Notes from Underground* is complex generically and structurally and thematically for several themes in addition to the love theme appear in the book. For one thing, the Underground Man is a parody of the nihilist as exemplified particularly in Chernyshevsky's *What Is to Be Done?* The diary form works well in such philosophical lampoons because the loose, fragmentary, and disjointed form gives room plausibly for philosophizing. As the mind jumps from thought to thought, so can a diary. The Underground Man's like most diaries, is marked by short units and ellipses. And the diary form, because it is first person, allows the protagonist to hoist himself by his own petard. The reader reacts directly to the protagonist's excesses without the intervention of a narrator guiding the reader in how he is to react.

Though the Underground Man may have begun as a lampoon of the nihilist, he transcends his origins to become a distinctly new thing, perhaps the first "self-conscious anti-hero in Russian literature." More fully, "In its irrationalist spirit, its critique of reasons, science and utopian socialism, its skepticism
over man and history, its offended idealism, its nihilistic defense of the individual and despairing confession of impotence and error, its anxieties and indecisions, Notes from the Underground is a work of modern consciousness." It is as a philosophical book of great power that Notes from Underground is perhaps most influential, presenting a type later developed further by Kafka, Hesse, and Camus. Other books written under the influence of the Underground Man are two diary-novels, Sartre's Nausea and Saul Bellow's Dangling Man. The relationship of these novels to each other and their similarities in content and form will be analyzed in the last chapter of this study. It suffices to say now that part of the complexity of Notes from Underground arises from its being both a lampoon or a political type envisioned by others and an innovative view of modern man.

Notes from Underground is a philosophical tract and exemplum, complex in form and direction, as well as a confession of bad luck in love. But the book also reveals the protagonist's personality. In truth, like many confessors, he strips his soul bare so that his audience, real or imaginary, will scoff at him and so the punishment will produce relief. He feels that being punished for his misdeeds may lift the burden of his secular sins from him; therefore, he really
asks for it, both when he tells us abstractly in the first part what he is by character and when he shows us concretely through action in the second part. He says in no uncertain terms that he is a social moron, that ultimate of pariahs—the utter ass. He is also paranoid, selfish, and unloving. The underground becomes a metaphor for the unconscious as more and more is dredged up from the protagonist's mind. As Jackson says, "the tragedy of the Underground Man, in a psychological sense, is the tragedy of hopeless neurotic deadlock" characterized by "Ruthless egotism—the incessant drum beat of 'I'—morbid pre-occupation with self, quivering sensitivity before the reader, throbbing negations, the interplay of opposites." He is, in sum, a man about to have a breakdown. As such, he resembles Gogol's madman to whom the Underground Man indeed alludes. Furthermore, one of the Underground Man's neurotic concerns is that he might become anonymous. Thus he is an heir to both Gogol's "Diary of a Madman" and Turgenev's Journal of a Superfluous Man. Dostoyevsky's character is more extreme than Turgenev's because the former felt that "essential reality is revealed not in the ordinary moment, but in a moment of crisis, of rupture, of moral, spiritual, psychological breakdown" whereas the latter retained a "sense of a normative reality."
Though more complex than either of the other works because it takes on more issues, still, Notes shares their diary form. At the risk of getting ahead of myself, I will point out that the same personal, intimate nature of the diary that makes it so useful in spiritual diaries and confessions also makes it work well in psychological studies because the aberrant personality can reveal neuroses, psychoses and other ailments directly to the reader in a way that involves the reader, convinces the reader of the truthfulness of the material, and moves him emotionally.

As indicated in the earlier discussion of narcissistic types, the diary is useful because it is a mirror. In this mirror the writer can observe his virtues and sins, and so deduce the distance to his salvation. As a man uses a mirror to search for facial blemishes so many a religious diarist has examined his soul for sin before repenting. In a more secular fashion, in the confessional diary-novel, the writer has seen reflected in the mirror of his writing his failings in love or society. The diary serves as a mirror for the Underground Man, too. In his mirror he sees reflected his failings with love and with society, and also reveals those psychological flaws of which he is just as ashamed as a Puritan diarist was of any sins revealed by his journal. But in this
book, complex in many ways, there is another mirror, for in Liza is mirrored the protagonist; they are one another's doubles. By shaming Liza, for example, the Underground Man also shames himself. By giving her money for what was an act of love, by humiliating her, the Underground Man shows himself as less worthy than she. Also, by considering what he has done to her, he learns about himself. She "is a mirror in which the underground man sees only the effects of the closed self." There is a further development of the mirror motif. Just as occasionally one sees his reflection as a separate person from himself and just as the diarist rereading his own journal tends to feel separated from the self who wrote earlier, so the Underground Man after a while sees himself going and coming. What in twentieth century psychological par- lance is called the split personality, in Dostoyevsky's work is called the double. So not only does the Underground Man see himself duplicated in Liza but he also dissociates parts of himself. For example, he comes to think of himself as his boss and his servant as himself. His confusion is further illustrated by the way in which he talks to himself--and gets answers.

With this discussion of Notes from Underground I have shown how the diary can be used as a confessional vehicle for a great number of secular sins.
lack of love, lack of social grace, lack of interior integration. And I have indicated in brief how useful the diary form is in philosophical and psychological novels. But I have also raised a subject that leads onward. Just as Notes from Underground exists in part as a response to certain books written before it, so too did it influence books to come—and not just philosophical novels. Another Russian novel of the confessional diary-novel type, one influenced by Dostoyevsky's experiments with the double theme in Notes from Underground and elsewhere, is Nabokov's Despair, though Nabokov does more with the double theme than appears in Notes. There are other influences as well; but Hermann of Despair seems to be particularly haunted by Dostoyevsky, referring, for example, to "Dusty's Crime and Slime" once he too has become a criminal. 58

Actually, Nabokov often uses the double motif. Humbert has his Quilty; Kinbote his Shade. Hermann of Despair happens upon his double, a sleeping tramp named Felix, whom Hermann later murders in his stead to implement a plot for making his wife Lydia a rich widow. The only problem is that Felix does not in fact look much like Hermann. The police, rather than assuming that Hermann is dead as he had planned, realize that Herman murdered Felix, afterwards stuffing the corpse into his clothing which does not fit
because Felix was not built at all like Hermann.
Finally, Hermann is captured by the police on April Fool's Day, the anniversary of the Superfluous Man's demise. In his way Hermann too is superfluous; perhaps his plot is a ploy to offset his feeling that he does not matter. But of course the plans of superfluous men do not work out well.

By type Despair is a confession conforming to Axthelm's characteristics. Hermann writes about his past life in a reminiscent form, though later time catches up with him (as it does with Gide's Pastor) until his writing deteriorates into a diary which he calls "the lowest form of literature." Unfortunately, his self-revelation through a confession contains only a feeble attempt to understand himself; Hermann, like the Underground Man, is mostly after self-justification. So the reader sees much more about him than he does about himself until the end of the story when he gives his book its lamenting name. Indeed, the reader easily sees that this is the story of madness told by a confessional method and with a double motif. Specifically, Lydia is obviously carrying on with her cousin, Ardalion, all the time that Hermann insists that she is a loyal, rather stupid wife. Consequently, the whole book becomes "a mad man's fantasy." Other indications of Hermann's
state of mind are given. Like the Underground Man, Hermann is obsessed by mirrors, constantly looking into them. Together he and the man only he perceives as his double make a "sick mirror." After the murder, however, he cannot tolerate mirrors; no doubt he fears what he would see. The narcissism of early sections of the book soon converges on more serious problems. For example, Hermann records a split or dissociation he had when in bed with his wife. In his mind he stands across the room and observes his own love-making. Actually, it is a short step from that dissociation to the illusion that someone else is his double. Andrew Field quite rightly states that "Hermann's assault upon Felix is really an assault on the 'refuse particles' of his own past." Though acted out upon a surrogate, Hermann's self-flagellation resembles that of his forebear, the Underground Man. At the end, Hermann's psyche comes unglued and he ends much like another forebear, the madman of Gogol's story to which he indeed refers. As stated before, the fairly coherent narrative towards the conclusion of the book is replaced by diary, whose form reflects the final shattering of this personality.

However, before plunging further into the next topic of this chapter, I will summarize my comments on the diary's use in confessional novels. Because
of its privacy, intimacy and first-hand nature, the diary is useful in novels of self-revelation, that is, the confession of intimate problems in private. The discussion of Notes from Underground has demonstrated that the diary-confession is useful for the exhibition of any number of secular subjects including political satire and social comment. Both that book and Despair also clearly show how the double theme can be worked into a diary, as well as experiments with the first-hand presentation of madness. Nevertheless, the main stream of the confession involves problems with human sexuality in more or less explicit terms. Many diary-novels (including ones discussed here and others) are both confessions and about sex at least in part. Besides Werther and its tribe, there are Vidal's Myra Breckenridge and Myron, Tanizaki's The Key and Diary of a Mad Old Man, Gide's Notebooks of André Walter, Pastoral Symphony, Counterfeiters and School for Wives. A major concern of Doris Lessing in The Golden Notebook--so much so that the book continues to be identified as a feminist tract by some readers--is the relationships of Anna Wulf with assorted members of the opposite sex. From Samuel Richardson's Pamela through Updike's A Month of Sundays confessions about love and sex have poured from novels containing diaries. And then there is Lolita. Suffice
it to say in conclusion, because of its intimate nature the diary in the novel often presents confessions of sexual problems.

The Psychological Novel

Whether it is spiritual in type or confessional in a more secular fashion, the diary-novel often is basically psychological in orientation, if the term "psychological" is taken broadly to refer to the study of the mind. Thus, the letters and journal of Pamela demonstrate the good Christian character under siege by a sinning lecher. The diaries of Defoe's Crusoe and H. F. show the inner struggles of men to mold their personalities to suit God's wishes. The diaries of Gide's Pastor and Updike's Reverend demonstrate the psychological torment produced when physical desires conflict with spiritual directions. In a more secular area such fictional characters as Werther, André Walter, the Underground Man and Nabokov's Hermann display madness. In other words, the diary in a novel is often used by a character to analyze himself in an attempt to free himself by confession from his sins, be they the classic Christian vices or out-and-out insanity. But while the protagonist is busily analyzing himself or at least displaying his inner ills, the novelist often is using the diary to demonstrate at first hand a psychological problem in action. It is perhaps not
surprising, then, that the diary in the novel often produces a book at least partly about madness. In fact, along with salvation and problems with sexuality, a prevalent theme of the diary-novel is madness.

Often it seems that sex produces madness, or at least mental illness. Again the quartet of feeling young men comes up. In terms of the ages in which the books were written the characters suffered from unrequited love or a repressed sexuality, but Werther, Tchulkaturin, Walter, all except perhaps for Pechorin—who nevertheless is an interesting psychological type—suffer from some kind of mental disorder. For example, one critic sees Werther, not as "a tragic love story" but rather as "a psychological study, the story of a sickness unto death, written by one who had suffered from the same malady but who had not succumbed to the temptation of suicide." Indeed this critic sees the book as "a magnificent psychological study of a modern type: the neurotic artist-intellectual" who later becomes "psychotic under the stress of circumstances." As a type Werther seems so sensitive, so emotional a man that he catches a love that is too much for him. He dies of it.
These young men are all meant to be representatives of a new sort of man, new at least to literature. Werther, as noted above, is the over-emotional man. Lermontov's title communicates the idea that Pechorin is meant to be both special and representative. He is the self-centered, dissipated, Byronic hero who has had so much physical love that he no longer appreciates true love. The pattern of self-examination in the book, however, shows its basic psychological orientation. Tchulkaturin, too, is designated by the title of the work in which he appears as a special type: the man useless and unloved. Like a neglected infant, he dies through a lack of affection. André Walter, overcome at last by the mutually frustrating conflict of flesh and spirit, gives way after long pages of poetic resistance to madness and death. They all represent neurotic man portrayed before the Freudian vocabulary was developed to describe him. Furthermore, because it seems more intimate than the letter-novel which is always directed outwards to a correspondent, because it seems more immediate than the memoir-novel which presents action as if by hindsight, the diary-novel seems to give the reader a first-hand impression of what it might be like to live day-by-day as a sorrowful young Werther, a disenchanted hero, a superfluous man, or a youthful André Gide.
The previous discussions of *Notes from Underground* and *Despair* also show how the diary is useful to present fully and interestingly a troubled character. Indeed, a psychological orientation and the diary form seem to go hand in hand partly because the diary itself allows for the intimate revelation of many of the machinations of the mind. Other books discussed earlier demonstrating the relationship between the diary-novel and mental illness, or even madness, include Nabokov’s *Lolita* and Vidal’s *Myron*. To demonstrate further: Humbert Humbert in ways seen earlier is a modern-day scion of the old Werther family; though he picked up a few genes from the Dostoyevsky dynasty, like Werther he loses his love and goes mad. In *Myron*, Vidal uses diaries to present the phenomenon of split personality. By using the diary he not only presents the reader with two interesting types, but he also produces the comedy of their presence within the same body which is pulled back and forth between them like a bone by two snarling dogs. It should be added that Vidal makes his diary-novel operate in a manner consistent with clinical descriptions of *grande hysterie*.

The association of the diary-novel with psychological types and the theme of madness interestingly shows up in titles here and there; for example, "Diary of a Madman," *Diary of a Mad Old Man*, and *Diary of a*
Mad Housewife. These works deserve closer examination.

Gogol's story, "Diary of a Madman" (about 1834), is both brilliant and influential, upon Dostoyevsky and Nabokov for example. It is unique among Gogol's works because it is his only first person narrative. Also, it is one of the earliest uses of the diary to present madness. Of course, the last two statements are connected. For Gogol uses the first person narrative to pull us "into the workings of a deranged mind, and we must do this through the words produced by that mind." The story "is a detailed record of the subconscious because the world of madness is a dream, or rather, a nightmare." The protagonist begins his diary, rather like the later Underground Man, "to justify himself and wreak his vengeance upon the world," but something quite different from his intention occurs in the process of writing. Far from justifying his actions to the reader he shows that he is mad and getting crazier. Like the Superfluous Man who follows him, Gogol's clerk who goes mad has a crush on his superior's daughter. Like the Underground Man he worries fitfully about not having the right clothes. Unlike either of those, however, he overhears two dogs conversing. In hopes of discovering intimate details about his beloved, Poprishchin steals letters from the bed of dear Sophie's
dog and proceeds to read them. Unfortunately, the
dog reports that Sophie laughs at the hay-haired clerk.
With similar comic vitality Gogol continues this story
of growing madness, accompanied by an increasingly
bizarre system of dating. Shortly after the letter
episode, the protagonist reads in the paper that the
throne of Spain sits vacant. Soon (on April 43rd,
2000) it comes to Poprishchin that he is the king of
Spain. After deciding that all women, Sophie included,
love the Devil, he sits down to await a deputation
from Spain, which sure enough arrives. Details let
the reader know that actually Poprishchin has been
hauled off to an asylum where he falls into the hands
of the Inquisitor, or physician. Head shaved, teeth
chattering because of cold water baths, the madman
ends by calling to his mother for help, a fairly
sensible action; but it is followed by a closing de-
lusion. Altogether, this economical and witty tale
demonstrates how nicely the diary can be used in fiction
to present and reflect madness in a first-hand, immediate
way.

Like his earlier novel The Key, Tanizaki's Diary
of a Mad Old Man (1965) through a diary tells the story
of a dying man's hold on life epitomized by a continuing
interest in sex, despite an inability to fulfill desire.
Structurally, the book is somewhat less complex than
the earlier one because the story is principally told by one diary, though the plot is completed by reports from the old man's nurse, doctor, and daughter. The character, however, is complex. Utsugi, a seventy-seven year old man of considerable wealth, becomes infatuated with his daughter-in-law, who in exchange for petty sexual pleasures such as allowing Utsugi, a foot fetishist, to kiss her feet, receives expensive gifts including a three-million yen cat's eye ring. Utsugi's story is one of increasing infatuation accompanied by a lack of concern for his health, which deteriorates. Finally, after the climactic fulfillment of his desires—he takes rubbings of Satsuko's feet to serve as models for his gravestone—he suffers another stroke. After that his angina is so painful that he no longer can stand being around his admired daughter-in-law for any length of time. Another thing which is too much for him is his journal, which his doctor forbids him. The final picture left by the book is that of an old man slavering over the rubbings of Satsuko's feet.

Unlike Gogol's Poprishchin whose progress depicts almost casebook psychosis, Tokusuke Utsugi's madness is more feared than actual. Because of the risks he takes in order to pander to his own sexual desires (most of his escapades result in heightened blood
pressure), he fears that he is going mad. In addition, the daughter-in-law observes that he soon will be crazy if he continues to sham pain to get her sympathy. A psychiatrist called in for consultation calls Utsugi's desires "abnormal," but "not serious enough for him to be considered mentally ill." Nevertheless, the book has much psychological interest for it paints a portrait from within of a man not dying easily. As Howard Hibbett observes, he is "a diarist with remarkable self-analytic insight, to say nothing of frankness, a model of psychological perspicacity in the service of a sincere desire for self-knowledge." The old man is almost completely self-absorbed, using his diary as confidante in such a way that it reveals his character. Also, recording his tottering pursuit of pleasure heightens his satisfaction. The reader may not like Utsugi especially, but he does present himself honestly. The portrait is similar to that of the old man in Kawabata's The Sound of the Mountain, another novel about an aging male's love for a live-in daughter-in-law. Kawabata's protagonist is on the surface what Tanizaki's is underneath: as Hibbert says of Utsugi, he is "the stock character of the elderly connoisseur of the arts." What Kawabata presents elegiacally and poetically Tanizaki presents clinically. That is, that
relinquishment of life which is dying in Kawabata is presented usually in terms of natural imagery and meditation (many passages of the novel work like haiku poems whose meanings elude even the man conceiving them). As all Japanese seem to do, occasionally Utsugi displays a sensitivity to nature; but primarily dying is presented here as a struggle between the will to live and the need for the body to rest. In Tanizaki the metaphor is sexual. Age is epitomized by a man's continued desire to make love to a young woman and by his impotence. The theme, though on the surface madness, is actually mutability. Utsugi's diary shows from within the psychological portrait of an aging man.

Surely Gogol's title established the precedent for both Tanizaki's and Kaufman's, I say, though without being able to prove it. I say this because Tina of Diary of a Mad Housewife, like Utsugi of Diary of a Mad Old Man, is more fearful of madness than actually mad. But again there is a great deal that is psychologically interesting about the book. For example, like many other diarists in novels, Tina uses her private writings as confidante. To the diary alone she confides the details of her affair and all the things that Jonathan does that make her mad—in the sense of angry. Her diary, then, in ways is a
confession. Tina proceeds precisely in the same way as do the protagonists of other confessional novels: she examines her past and then relates her present story, all the time in hopes of self-knowledge, for understanding the phenomenon of herself. In so doing she presents a psychological portrait of a contemporary American woman whose psyché is being bombarded by the men around her.

To me, one of the most enjoyable elements of this novel is the way Kaufman satirizes, from a female perspective, the manner in which men psychoanalyze women. Throughout her life Tina has been much studied by males, including a male shrink who is a male version of the castrating mother. For example, Popkin calls her paintings "fecal smears," expressive of anger, and telling her she cannot be the artist she wants to be (presumably because only men can be artists), he advises her to be what she is—whatever that is. Further oppressed by her husband, who continually bosses her around, uses her sexually at his convenience, and makes fun of her, and by a lover who insults her from the minute they meet, logically Tina is often on the defensive. She has been trained by father, mother, and psychiatrist to be submissive before the dominant male so her only recourse in the face of male criticism is to find fault with herself at first—and to purge
herself of anger in her diary, though later she has a rebellious affair. Again apparent is the relationship of sex to madness in a diary-novel, though as I said, Tina's real madness is anger. By thinking about herself, by rebelling through having an affair, by writing in her diary for therapy, Tina gradually works out her anger and out a solution, ironically the one predicted by Popkin. She has to get down to the rock bottom basis of her behavior to discover what she is. Her lover also was correct in a way, for he said that she was not crazy but just worked up. The stripping away is for her a process of integration. By the end of the novel Tina has discovered that she is "Mrs. Tabitha-Twitchit-Danvers," her disparaging name for the fussy housewife. It was Jonathan who wanted her to wear sexy evening gowns out of character and who was most snide about her role in life. Once she discovers who she really is Tina also realizes that it was Jonathan all the time who had gone off the deep end. His erratic behavior produced first guilt, then anger and finally rebellion in her. But Popkin indeed verifies that Jonathan was the one in psychological trouble. The whole message of the book may be that it takes a crazy husband to make a somewhat crazy wife. At any rate, through self-examination in her diary, Tina works through her problems and
finds that she has indeed stayed the same. She still loves the Jonathan she married; he unfortunately has changed for the worse. However, she finds the strength to stay with him, to support him while he makes the best of things he messed up, not least by not listening to his wife who is sane after all.

Change as a Common Denominator

From the start of the chapter I have demonstrated the relationship between the diary, a private, intimate, first-hand type of writing, with the private concerns of a spiritual diary, or with the intimate problems of love or sexuality in the confession, or with the direct presentation of psychological studies. This nature of the diary makes it most suitable for these types of novels and these themes. The diary-novel correlates strongly with the themes of salvation, sexuality, and madness. But a further common denominator for these types and themes exists. Occasionally I have noted how a certain novel involves some sort of change. Actually, many diary-novels involve change on the part of the protagonist. In the spiritual novel the change often concerns the man or woman coming to know and trust God or losing sight of Him; in the confessional novel the change often entails the process of falling in love; in psychological novels the change is from sanity to madness. More specifically, Tina,
for example, gradually works out a reasonable course of action for herself in a crazy world. Utsugi, becoming more and more infatuated with his pretty but frivolous daughter-in-law, becomes wilder and wilder in his behavior. Ironically the process he was most worried about—his dying—is not proceeding at a noticeable pace. Similarly, in *The Key* the husband's behavior gradually becomes more and more abnormal. Poprishchin deteriorates from delusion to delusion until he ends in a madhouse. And I can name more examples. In *Despair* Nabokov presents the process by which a man goes mad, decaying into a common criminal fleeing the police. Walter and Werther before the reader's eyes gradually go mad. Tchulkaturin fades away and dies throughout the course of the book. In *The Pastoral Symphony* a character slowly becomes infatuated and gets himself into a situation from which he will never extricate himself. Through his diary kept during a month of Sundays, Marshfield gradually achieves an integration of his physical desire with a higher love. In her diary Sarah Miles is transformed into a holy woman. In hers Alissa becomes uncertain about her faith. And I could go on through more examples, but the point has been made: many diary-novels present dynamic characters, ones undergoing gradual change.
I do not wish to imply that only diary-novels have dynamic characters; I do want to say that the particular nature of the diary-novel makes it especially suitable for demonstrating change in a character. Specifically, the daily entry format of the diary nicely reflects gradual change, the step-by-step process whereby a person grows pure in the sight of God, or infatuated, or crazier and crazier. Gradually, the tedious details, daily presented, snowball into an avalanche. The diary-novel, then, can nicely present a change within a character because of the format of the diary. Rather than demonstrating this point by again discussing works already analyzed in this chapter, I will close with two further examples of diary-fiction, these demonstrating clearly how well the diary works in fiction to present gradual psychological change. The first is Daniel Keyes' science fiction novel, *Flowers for Algernon*. The second is Eleanor Clark's wonderfully subtle story, "A Summer in Puerto Rico."

Of the two, the workings of *Flowers for Algernon* are more obvious. The whole novel revolves around an experimental operation performed on Charlie, a retardate, to increase his mental capacity. At first he is so stupid that a rat, Algernon, who has already undergone the operation, beats him at running a maze.
Initially, the diary which Charlie laboriously keeps for the psychiatrists studying him is incoherent, full of spelling errors. It reflects memory lapses, records embarrassing events like incontinence of the bowels, and reveals ignorance about sex, history, social training, and so on. After the operation, however, and step by tedious step, Charlie's spelling improves, as do his memory, sensitivity, and poise. Gradually his mental capacity outstrips that of the people studying him. The diary he is keeping becomes private and in it he records what he is thinking and feeling. Though his emotional maturity never really catches up with his intellect, Charlie for a while does sound like the genius Keyes means him to be. Unfortunately, the operation has no lasting effect. After a while, Charlie's memory lapses return; he forgets what he has learned. Day by day inexorably the misspellings return and the words at his command become fewer. Eventually he can no longer understand what he himself once wrote. His last rational acts are to decide to have himself institutionalized and to write this reminder: "please if you get a chance put some flour on Algernon's grave in the back yard." Charlie's rise and decline, a perfect bell curve, have been perfectly reflected by the day-by-day format of the diary-novel.
The process described in Eleanor Clark’s beautifully wrought "A Summer in Puerto Rico" is the less obvious one of a change in the way one looks at the world. The diary of the protagonist never named in the story begins with an entry dated June 1938. In the opening she describes the cruise to San Juan. Although throughout most of the story she remains an observer of things outside herself, gradually her attention turns from the scenery to the people, poor, ignorant, and ill, around her. Gradually, too, she becomes disaffected from the husband with whom apparently she is honeymooning and from their marriage, which seems a sham in the light of the human suffering surrounding them. Unlike most diarists in fiction, she rarely speaks of herself. Aside from the end, for example, she comments at any length on her own situation only once: "For our siesta we lie infinitely apart in our separate miseries, like two trapped beetles, caught in our peculiar affection and companionship, which to our neighbors here evidently looks like the real thing, as it does sometimes even to us." During this summer in Puerto Rico and through writing this diary, the protagonist gradually comes to re-value the things and people around her. By the summer’s end she is more thoughtful and more sensitive to the misfortunes of others. And unsurprisingly,
because it is the end product of the process the reader has witnessed, in the fall she leaves her husband.

In conclusion, because of its intimate nature and finely segmented form, the diary in the novel works well to present the operations of fictional minds. Thus, it is an excellent format for psychological novels.
NOTES

1Peter Boerner, "The Significance of the Diary in Modern literature," *Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature*, 21 (1972), 41 & 43.


6Ibid., p. 7.


8Hunter, pp. 146 & 204.


12 Ibid.

13 Ibid., p. 38.


21 Axthelm, p. 8.


28 Axthelm, p. 13.


30 Warren Carrier, "Artistic Form and Unity in Notes from Underground," *Renascence*, 16, No. 3 (Spring 1964), 143.


33 Ibid., p. 192.

34 Matlaw, p. 102.


40 Yarmolinsky, p. 191.
41 Thomas M. Kavanagh, "Dostoyevsky's Notes from Underground: The Form of the Fiction," Texas Studies in Language and Literature, 14, No. 3 (Fall 1972), 505.

42 Carrier, pp. 142-143.

43 Yarmolinsky, p. 194.

44 Matlaw, pp. 101, 102, 103, 108.

45 Hingley, p. 75.


48 Ibid., p. 16.

49 Ibid., pp. 31-32.


51 Dostoyevsky, Notes from Underground, p. 63.

52 Hoffman, p. 11.


55 Axthelm, p. 20.

56 Hoffman, p. 9.

57 Ibid., p. 12.


59 Ibid., p. 218.


Field, p. 228.

Ibid., p. 234.


Ibid.


Gustafson, p. 268.


Ibid.

Ibid.


CHAPTER IV — THE INTELLIGENTSIA

A topic touched on in the previous chapter involved the use of the diary, structured internally by happenstance rather than externally by artifice and demands of plot, to provide a loose form for a novel in which a character may spend much time in self-analysis without being pulled vigorously into action by the plot. The diary, in other words, gives plausible room in a novel for a character's self-analysis. Similarly, the diary provides space for a philosophical personality to mull over ideas. Not surprisingly, then, just as there is a relationship between the diary form and the psychological novel of certain types and dealing with certain prevalent themes, so there is a relationship between the diary and philosophical novels, novels of ideas, and more generally novels stressing cerebration rather than action. In this chapter I will examine such connections, starting with selected philosophical diary-novels. Later in the chapter I will deal with a special intellectual concern appearing in several diary-novels, that is the art of the novel itself. Finally, to round out
this chapter about intellectual matters and to round out the dissertation as a whole, I will close with some conclusions I have formed about the workings of the diary in the novel and more generally about the relationship of content to form in fiction.

Philosophical Novels

In the preceding chapter I discussed Dostoyevsky's Notes from Underground as an archetypal confessional diary-novel. Among other things I pointed out how the book uses reminiscence to reach some sort of truthful perspective on the self. Also I pointed out that the book's structure makes it, at least to start, like a diary: the entire first section is written in first person and in present time. Initially, the Underground Man tells the reader what he is through exposition and then he shows the reader what he is dramatically by presenting episodes in his life. Although he does eventually get to plotted action, much of what he says in the first section is loosely structured, a meditation on himself, much like a series of essays of a man exploring troublesome ideas. In other words, the Underground Man, like any other diarist, finds his private writings useful in self-discovery. Furthermore, these ideas form a configuration or gestalt of the personality preoccupied by them. Indeed, a large part of what Dostoyevsky was trying to do
was to describe a type of human being. For example, although the critic may be overstating his case somewhat, there is some truth in the idea that Notes comprised one of the earliest, and certainly a most influential, presentation of the anti-hero. Another critic states that "the underground man was not primarily a private individual but a social type. . . ." Hoffman sees the Underground Man as on the one hand a type of superfluous man and on the other a modern Prufrockian hero right down to his grubby urban setting. What is especially modern about him is the fact that he is always aware of his degradation. A seamy picture of himself always is centered in his mind's eye. The point I am trying to get at, however, is that it is a short step from the discussion of a type of man to a world view, for the kind of man produced by a system quite well describes that system. And Dostoyevsky encourages such generalization; in fact, the Underground Man concludes his reminiscences by saying that everyone is both anti-hero and Undergroundling.

What sort of world view does Dostoyevsky present in this book? To answer that question I must again describe the Underground Man. Earlier I presented him mainly in a psychological way: the Underground Man is neurotic, self-torturing, love-rejecting.
More crucially to this discussion he is a parody of the nihilist; he displays the nihilistic philosophy carried to its nth degree. In a world without faith or a system to give order to the whole, a man becomes paranoid; he never knows where he stands so he entertains all sorts of neurotic possibilities. Thus, the Underground Man thinks that the officer he knows slightly purposely insults him by snubbing him. In a world without an organizing system an individual knows no rules on which to base his dealings with his fellow men. So the Underground Man alienates himself from his peers; he does not know how to behave at the farewell party for Zherkov, a popular man who takes life for granted and thus operates smoothly in the world. In a nihilistic world the individual is strictly on his own so the means whereby a person can love another break down. The human connection at its deepest level can no longer be made. Thus, the Underground Man briefly opens up to Liza, but later, again isolated in his neuroses, he rejects and insults her, driving her from him. After the presentation of his failure with other human beings, the speaker retreats into the utter isolation of his underground habitation, a metaphor for his unconscious as well as for his social circumstance. If indeed we are all undergroundlings as he says, then we all must be similarly isolated.
If we all act upon assumptions similar to those of the Underground Man, human society would be reduced to anarchy. In other words, Dostoyevsky is saying that, if we believe as the nihilist does that there is no underlying order in the universe, indeed chaos results. It is an inverse positive thinking: think that the world lacks any sort of ordering scheme and sure enough the world falls apart. Because he did not really approve of the nihilistic conception of the world, Dostoyevsky made his exemplar repellent. The parody is perhaps designed not only to expose the foolishness and danger in nihilism, but also to make the reader inclined to reject it. Who would want to live an undergroundling in an underground world, so ugly, so confused, so barren, because so without meaning?

Basically in Notes from Underground Dostoyevsky presents a philosophy by presenting its manifestation. Not only is the keeping of the diary an appropriate act for an introspective person such as the Underground Man, but the diary gives immediacy to the portrait of this strange protagonist. This immediacy and intimacy help to make the character seem real to the reader because of all the details the reader learns. The Underground Man takes on the breath of life rather than remaining a mere abstract type for the reader.
And because he takes on the semblance of the life, the world view that he embodies has greater impact than it would have had if it had been presented in dry, abstract, metaphysical terms. Describing a philosophy by letting the product of the world created by that philosophy speak for himself is therefore a convincing and humanized way to present an explanation of how life operates.

Interestingly, at least two other philosophical novels use the diary as Dostoyevsky does in *Notes from Underground*, that is, to present a world view through an individual who exemplifies it. Specifically, Sartre's Roquentin of *Nausea* is existential man and Bellow's Joseph is, as the title tells the reader, a dangling man.

In ways *Nausea* is a derivative work, drawn from many sources. For example, it parodies the Gidian récit and the Proustian memory novel. Besides those there are borrowings from Joyce. Indeed, one critic has called the work "A Portrait of the Existentialist as a Young Man"; both novels record growth resulting in the works the reader has in hand. Like *Portrait of the Artist*, too, Sartre's novel has the earmarks of the confession. Most significantly to me, Sartre in writing his first novel was influenced by Dostoyevsky. For example, both the Underground Man and Roquentin
are "Overcome with an intense boredom" which they experience totally. Their states of mind are similar and both works similarly stress the mind. Both are confessional in tone. Rhetorically the books are similar as well for both use the diary to present philosophical problems.

Despite its somewhat derivative nature, Sartre's novel in many ways transcends its origins, for one thing because the diary form works so well in this book. One of the essential difficulties that Roquentin has is his distrust of art. For example, while viewing the portraits of the city's foundling fathers he realizes that they have been "stripped of the mysterious weakness of men's faces." In other words, life does not equal art; the presentation abstracts the object. Or more crucially, in existential terms, art has no connection with objects it attempts to describe. In his own writing Roquentin worries that "he will falsify its reality, as he falsifies his own the moment he thinks of it narratively." That is, anything he might attempt to describe in words immediately becomes artificial and certainly distinct from its inspiration. Part of Roquentin's confusion later on comes from the dissociation of things from their names, or indeed "une opposition entre existence et langage, entre les choses et les mots." Artistically, Sartre
has created a problem for himself with these notions for if he writes a novel, creates an artifact in other words, then he will be doing what his protagonist has condemned within the context of the book. All writing is artificial; indeed perhaps perception itself, because it involves selection and human bias, falsifies as well. Nevertheless, by presenting the book as a diary, the natural and spontaneous rather than artificial and manipulated expression of the individual, Sartre at least avoided obvious contradiction between what his protagonist said about art and what he, the writer, did. The diary form "expresses all the spontaneity and shapelessness of his actual struggle with existence in a manner which a well-planned future novel would not and could not duplicate."16 Surely, though not perfect in that function, the diary form at least allowed Sartre's book to come closer to reality than the traditional novel which indeed "would betray nausea."17 The diary form provides a workable solution because of its psychological associations—nausea is presented first-hand through the person experiencing it so the reader has a greater chance of feeling it too—as well as its non-structured, organic form that Sartre needed if he were not to trap himself in a blatant contradiction of condemning artifacts through an obvious artifact.
What's more, the daily entry feature of the diary gives Sartre an advantage. The book "has the form of a journal in which Roquentin sets down the things that happen to him day by day—as though the only adequate description of a life would be as disconnected and merely sequential as daily living is." In other words, as I have said repeatedly, the diary, unlike the structured novel which is governed by a sense of an ending, through its daily entry format reflects living as contingent upon happenstance. Here is another critic's comment on the subject: "A true diary, written day by day, recording events as they occur, does not impose an order on them, does not transform a random series into a calculated progression (though each event is 'ordered' in so far as it is expressed in language.)" That is, besides minimizing an artistic problem for Sartre, the diary form in this novel also glosses over an intellectual one. Not only does Roquentin express a distrust for the solidifying and distorting qualities of art when describing life but he also distrusts the ability of any intellectual system to adequately describe life without molding it into an artificial form as well. Whereas Dostoyevsky seems to drive such a notion to absurdity in Notes from Underground, Sartre seems actively to feel that the world is disordered.
Partly Roquentin's distrust of words and dissociation from them finally demonstrate this feeling, but he also states directly that things and ideas about those things are not the same: "the world of explanations and reasons is not the world of existence." In other words, in this very novel which presents the existential notion of what life is Sartre rejected the idea that any intellectual systems can adequately describe life. Hence, the use of the diary to avoid obvious contradiction. Just as a real diary through its immediacy and contingent nature reflects life as it happens to the individual with fewer artificialities than the novel, so this diary-novel can be said to reflect life as it happens to Roquentin, the existential man, more accurately than could the traditional novel. At least, the diary form allows Sartre to present the existential view, a view which condemns systematizing, without an obviously structured expression of it.

Specifically, what sort of experience does the protagonist go through? (As with Notes from Underground, from these experiences the reader can distill the world view.) At the center of Roquentin's experience of the world is his nausea. What exactly is it about life that produces this metaphysical distress in Roquentin? It is noteworthy that the protagonist begins his diary in order to keep track of the trivia
of life: "I must tell how I see this table, this street, the people, my packet of tobacco, since these are the things which are changed. I must determine the exact extent and nature of this change." Gradually the commonplace things of life—a rock, a tree, his own face reflected in a mirror—begin to produce nausea. Actually it is Roquentin who has changed rather than the objects he perceives, for he is seeing things differently, dissociated from their names and their places in pre-organized systems such as his friend the Auto-didacte reads about while executing his plan of learning all the answers to life's questions by proceeding through the library alphabetically. Roquentin, in contrast, has lost confidence in systems. He is like a man suddenly made to wear a strange pair of glasses: when he is forced to see in a new way, his body rebels physically with dizziness and queasiness. Released from the security of manmade reasons, epitomized by the names man gives things, things become monsters and one monster becomes another. Surrealistically a card player has "enormous nostrils... that eat up half his face"; later black becomes a smell. In the park by the chestnut tree, though time stands still, the natural objects surrounding Roquentin writhe with frightening vitality. After a while Roquentin includes himself in this confused picture. Indeed, once reduced
to the static stage of mere existence, he too no longer holds a reasonable place in a system for there is not one. For example, Roquentin decides that people stare at him because he "suddenly lost the appearance of a man and they saw a crab running backwards out of this human room." Thus Prufrock's metaphor is transformed into a real vision of self.

A great part of Roquentin's nausea is his disorientation in time. A critic points out that "The undated entries at the beginning of Nausea indicate an initial dependency in Roquentin on the mechanics of time, for without the assurance of the regular occurrence of the train he would feel lost. The diary that follows is just such a means of marking out time. But it becomes clear that far from being cured from fear, as he thinks, by his confidence in clock time, one of Roquentin's problems centers around his innocence about the nature of time." Gradually he gains a different understanding of time. For example, after a while he comes to reject his plan of writing about Monsieur de Rollebon because Rollebon, being in the past, no longer exists and to bring him into the present would falsify him. In his epiphany in the park, Roquentin reduces all existence to the present moment so even memory has no validity. It, like art and philosophies, falsifies all those things which exist
in the world. Finally, however, and through song he comes to see "the real nature of time, a present always plunging into the future." Time in the ordinary sense of a measurement is another one of the distorting systems which Roquentin rejects. When, however, he sees time in the existential perspective of simply being in the world, he is reconciled to it as he is to existence itself.

Eventually, then, Roquentin moves "from baffling uncertainty, through perceptions of disconnectedness to unfolding insights into the realm of coherence, cohesion, consonance." He sees that there are no reasons for being, merely being. Once he accepts a world without systems, a world always in the present where objects are independent of their names, he is on his way to a new orientation, one to replace the inadequate one he lost. Final insight comes when he listens again to the song, "Some of These Days." Then he realizes he would like to be as simply and directly as the song: "to drive existence out of me, to rid the passing moments of their fact, to twist them, dry them, purify myself, harden myself, to give back at last the sharp, precise sound of a saxophone," so that he will be, like the composer and singer of the song, no longer "drowned in existence." Other people's mystical moments are particularly difficult
to analyze, but it seems to me that Sartre is saying that when Roquentin listens to the music he is once more reconciled with art: art, by creating artifacts that like all objects simply are, somehow transcends existence. A critic helps a bit when he says that "La Nausée is to be taken as more than just a novel; as a novel it is to fulfill the same function as the jazz melody: to reveal the existential nature of existence so absolutely that existence is overcome and pure being is attained."28 Ironically, though earlier the Self-Taught Man suggested just this sort of engagement, only after a prolonged period of nausea and rejection of all organizing systems of man including art and language, time and philosophies, can Roquentin achieve a simple state of being in the world.

Inherent in the preceding analysis is the notion that the existential philosophy of Sartre unfolds through the experience of an individual man. That is, "we see before our eyes the gradual development of the idea-instrument, the notion of a nausea."29 Nausea does not talk about existentialism so much as demonstrates it: "the diary-novel . . . traces the growth of an existential man who learns to use his freedom well."30 In other words, Roquentin, "lives absurdity."31 In Notes from Underground Dostoyevsky used the portrait of a man to reduce to absurdity the nihilist's view
of life. Though Sartre's attitude towards the philosophy he presents is essentially not satirical, both writers use the immediate experience of the protagonist to demonstrate the workings of the world view rather than presenting a system directly through formal expository means. It is true that the diary-novel form allows the protagonist to write meandering essays on his ideas; at the same time the form retains plot to leaven sufficiently the work so that it does not become a dry, metaphysical tract. Another advantage that the diary in the novel allows the writer is its ability to describe a system without seeming to. Furthermore, the keeping of a diary is an act consistent with the character of a man who examines ideas. Most importantly, the diary, because of its first-hand nature, can in a novel present a philosophy humanized—epitomized by a man living in a world as the writer seems it. The diary thereby gives verisimilitude, immediacy and great liveliness to a philosophy so presented.

A third diary-novel which is basically philosophical is Saul Bellow's first novel, Dangling Man (1944). Perhaps because it was Bellow's first book, a product of his studies rather than a genuinely original synthesis, it seems very derivative. Frequently, critics compare it to earlier works, for example to
The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge, 32 The Orators by W. H. Auden, and actual journals by Kafka and Gide.33

More to the point, Dangling Man has also frequently been compared to other novels. For example, partly because their protagonists are both young men named Joseph without last names, Bellow's book and Kafka's The Trial resemble each other.34 The characters also resemble each other in their vague sense of being punished without reason or explanation. Their feelings produce a similar tone of dread and anxiety in both novels as well. Furthermore, Dangling Man, like A Portrait of the Artist, uses a diary to present a "mixture of undignified domestic circumstances and bold, eloquently stated ideas." Bellow throws a broad hint in that direction by having Joseph lend his girlfriend a copy of Joyce's book.36 Indeed one critic observes that Dangling Man's closing is a "parody of Stephen's diary in Portrait of the Artist with all the terms turned upside down."37 Most directly to the point, however, are the frequent comparisons made between Dangling Man, Notes from Underground, and Nausea. Together these books comprise a miniature genre of philosophical novels having—-not at all by accident—-diary forms.
Many critics observe that in ways *Dangling Man* "echoes and parallels" Dostoyevsky's work.\(^{38}\) For example, one critic says that "*Notes from Underground* inspired the form and content of *Dangling Man*"\(^{39}\) and another "its basic situation" as well.\(^{40}\) Specifically, both involve men isolated from society who in diaries examine their own personalities, past lives and present thoughts in the confessional manner. Temperamentally the protagonists resemble each other. Like the *Underground Man*, for example, Joseph is alienated from his culture and locked up claustrophobically within his own thoughts.\(^{41}\) His "general attitude is dour and unforgiving and critical," like the *Underground Man* only driven to a humorless extreme.\(^{42}\) Both flagellate themselves with harsh thoughts; both rebel against their society.\(^{43}\) They seem to enjoy suffering: "simply to write the journal is in itself to choose to lacerate oneself—though at the same time to give oneself comfort by admiring the size of the wound."\(^{44}\) Basically the same human state is described in the books, but the imagery differs: in one case the protagonist sees himself as the inhabitant of a dark cellar where mice and spiders also like to live. In the other novel, the imagery is of a man hanging out in the open, perhaps on a gibbet, whipped by all the winds of his times. There are a few minor differences, too. One critic,
for instance, sees Dangling Man's end as much more
positive and affirmative than the Underground Man's who indeed ends much as he began. And of course each novel reflects the times in which it was written. Nevertheless, the protagonists much resemble one another in temperament—not least in their enjoyment of complaining about what people have done to them—and in the use of their diaries to examine ideas. Following the confessional tradition, both use journals for "self-definition." If many critics recognize the debt of Bellow to Dostoyevsky, then just as many also perceive in Dangling Man imitations of and allusions to Sartre's Nausea, itself partly derivative from Notes from Underground. All three in fact are very "talky" books. With limited action, and that action subordinated to the discussion of ideas, all three at times become tedious. The reader is kept too much within the heads of these characters who very often are not even pleasant. Nevertheless, if one is going to write this sort of novel of ideas, the diary is tailor-made for it because of the association of the diary with self-examination. However, in the case of these three novels in particular, the aim is not just psychological—that is, to describe a personality type—but philosophical—that is, to present a view of what life is for everyone
by allowing an archetypal figure to describe himself. In all three novels the writers work from the description of a person in an unsettled state of mind about life and his role in it towards a generalization about life itself.

Joseph differs from the Underground Man and more resembles Roquentin, however, in one particular way. The Underground Man is static; he tells the reader what he is and he describes events exemplifying his character, but he does not change. Both Roquentin and Joseph, however, like many other characters in diary-novels, are dynamic characters, undergoing change in the course of the books. Roquentin, succumbing to nausea, comes at last to understand his illness and shake it off. Joseph, when he begins his diary, feels that he has changed; many of the opening pages contrast the new Joseph with the old one of the year before. Throughout the book, well demonstrated through the daily entry device, he is changing. Specifically, he is gradually working out a solution to his dangling state, a resolution, variously interpreted, coming in his decision to join the army right away, for better or for worse. Some critics do not see the change in Joseph very positively. For example, one critic says "While Joseph believes that he is extricating himself from deceptive and treacherous bonds he is really giving
in to a fast-growing self-centeredness. The demands he makes on people's understanding and compassion outweigh by far the understanding he is willing to give them." Gradually Joseph grows more and more violent, insulting his friends, spanking his niece, and finally fighting with his neighbor Vanaker. As these attacks become wilder, "they indicate progressive disintegration and underscore the gap between his former highly restrained nature and his present wildly uncontrollable one." Like many other protagonists of diary-novels Joseph slowly, day by day, goes a little crazy. This descent into madness is presented bit by bit as it happens through the day by day format of the diary in the novel.

The true crux in a comparison between *Nausea* and *Dangling Man*, however, involves this issue: is the latter an existential novel? In other words, is to dangle the same thing as to be absurd? At least one critic says not. I myself tend to equivocate, in other words dangle, a bit on this issue. Certainly Bellow does not work out as full an existential view as does Sartre in his novel. Still, as with *Notes from Underground*, the protagonist of *Dangling Man* tries to extend his condition to a generalization about the human condition. Joseph's alter ego, the so-called Spirit of Alternatives or *Tu As Raison Aussi*,
says that everyone dangles. One critic indeed says that Joseph's condition is "an obvious metaphor for twentieth-century existence as a whole." In other words, secure ways of seeing the world have so diminished in force that everyone is hard put to say what he believes—or even to know it. But actually, at times, such statements seem to be the character's rationalization; he is the only dangler in the book and he is patently alienated from others. The alternatives between which he dangles are the alternatives to which others are committed; his wife, for example, is devoted to human service at the cost of the life of the mind. Joseph, who used to be an intellectual in every sense, however, is alienated from his former views and has not yet rejoined human society. His social position, even, corresponds to his philosophical stance for he no longer works and he has not yet been inducted into the army: "He dangles not merely between the military world and the civilian world, but between the material world of action and the ideal world of thought, between detachment and involvement, between life and death." More generally he dangles between the real and the ideal. Just as in Nausea to be is to be free so in Dangling Man to dangle is to be free. Just as Roquentin's nausea entails a freedom from the old systematized ways of looking at objects in the world, so Joseph's release
from commitment produces alienation, hostility, and disorientation. But in the case of Bellow's novel the conflict of alternatives is not truly resolved. Indeed one critic says that Joseph and Bellow end up dangling between two issues: the rationality Dostoyevsky rejects and Sartre embraces and the higher, transcendent power Dostoyevsky embraces and Sartre rejects. Reconciled to a world without meaning and deciding to transcend existence through creativity, Roquentin returns to society fired by a newly gained sense of mission. He sees that he is free, but he will use his freedom. Joseph's decision to join the army is not so much a commitment to the community of man as a cop-out; he no longer can hack a dangling life. Rather than using his freedom, Joseph abrogates it. By allowing his protagonist to flee from his freedom in such a way and to join a social enterprise dedicated to killing, Bellow blurs the issues. Certainly, if Joseph is existential man, he is one who has not worked his way clearly and forcefully to engagement. Or if Bellow sees man as doomed to forever dither between irreconcilable courses, without real choice or resolution, then his view of life is much more negative in the long run than either Sartre's or Bellow's own later humanistic views. But to answer the question with which I began this lengthy paragraph: Joseph's
life is absurd not so much because his world is absurd and without meaning but because he cannot see a way clear in it.

Even though I say that in some ways Dangling Man resembles an existential novel and in some ways does not, I am not denying that it is a philosophical novel. Indeed, like its predecessors, it uses the diary form as a vehicle for the smooth incorporation of the examination of ideas into the plot of a novel. As a critic notes, for several reasons the choice of the diary was felicitous for Bellow:

Bellow's selection of the journal form for Dangling Man would seem to be the one best fitted to his personal eclectic preoccupations as a displaced and brooding intellectual. The journal convention requires and expects no tidy plot-design, nor any intrusive characters save the all-pervading personality of the journal writer himself. Its structure is almost completely a random one, subservient only to the mechanical movement of chronological time, punctuated by the arbitrary datings of its individual diary entries. It allows for the inclusion of barely relevant anecdotes, scenes briefly observed and biasedly rendered, reminiscences, fragmentary musings and theorizings, realistic and surrealist effusions of attitude and opinion, expository arguments, hymns of lyrical invocation—indeed it is open to whatever the writer is minded to inscribe in clear or murky mood.
In short, the diary is a highly useful device for the novelist of ideas because its very style and texture allow for the examination of ideas in a manner which is quite appropriate to the type of character who is frequently at the center of that type of novel. Furthermore, though these books are still novels, the diary within them frees them at least temporarily from the demands of plot. It does not seem an intrusion or out of character when Joseph, Roquentin, or the Underground Man stops to ponder ideas. At the same time, the presence of a narrative line within such a diary-novel prevents it from bogging down into an endless and dull philosophical essay. Finally, often the diary is used in philosophical novels—like Notes from Underground, Nausea, and Dangling Man—to present a world view via a character whose mode of looking at life, as demonstrated by his personal writings, epitomizes that view.

Novelists on the Novel

A special theme recurring in the diary-novel concerns the theory of the novel itself. By the relatively obvious device of including the diary of a novelist within a novel several writers have incorporated such theorizings into their books. Specific examples include Gide’s The Counterfeiters, Huxley’s Point Counterpoint, Lessing’s The Golden Notebook, and Moravia’s The Lie.
Potentially quite complex in its possibilities, as I hope to demonstrate shortly, the device of including a novelist's workbooks within a novel functions at obvious levels as well. For example, some writers have used the diary to direct the reader's understanding of the novel he is reading at the moment. The most obvious example of such use is by Huxley in *Point Counterpoint*. In a diary entry about "the musicalization of fiction," for example, Philip Quarles, the author of novels of ideas, thinks about a novel he would write in which there was "a sufficiency of characters and parallel, contrapuntal plots." Furthermore, Quarles talks about a novel of ideas in which "The character of each personage must be implied, as far as possible, in the ideas of which he is the mouthpiece." It takes little mental flogging about the title and the action preceding this diary entry for the reader to realize that while Philip Quarles is talking about a novel he might write, Huxley is instructing the reader in the proper interpretation of the book he has already written. Thus the diaries, among other functions, serve to properly orient the reader to the book he is reading. Though not a particularly subtle use of the diary in the novel, it is nevertheless interesting, particularly for its mirroring effects. "Quarles also thinks it would be a good idea to put
a novelist into the novel and thus to provide an opportunity for aesthetic generalization and for further experimental techniques, for the novelist as a character can furnish specimens of his own work." Huxley presents Quarles presenting his novelist presenting his . . . , all discussing and demonstrating how the novel of ideas can work.

In a similar way Gide introduces Edouard's diary into The Counterfeiters. Like Philip Quarles, Edouard, a novelist, discusses a book he might write which is similar to the book the reader is making his way through. Indeed, Edouard's tentative novel is also called The Counterfeiters. Both Point Counterpoint and Gide's Counterfeiters include sketches for projected novels, sketches which both demonstrate the literary theory already explained and contribute to the present novel. Like Point Counterpoint, The Counterfeiters has a mirror effect: Gide writes a novel which includes Edouard who is writing a novel about the same characters as Gide is. In that novel are included journals by both fictional and actual novelists and indeed, "Edouard the artist's diary is the workshop of his novel." Gide's journal works similarly. Both help orient the reader to the nuances of Gide's performance in his novel.
What helps give strength to the literary theories of these fictional characters is the fact that both resemble their makers. Several critics, for example, commit themselves to seeing a resemblance between Philip Quarles and Aldous Huxley. One says that "Quarles is a fictional character, based on, but not identical with, Huxley's vision of himself." Another critic sees Quarles as Huxley's "most faithful self-portrait" at that point in his career. And still another sees the character as a mode of self-examination for Huxley (Quarles is to Huxley, therefore, as Werther was to Goethe and Walter to Gide.) Quarles does resemble Huxley, also, in that both were creators of novels of ideas and both were set off from the rest of mankind by their cool intellects and physical afflictions (Huxley was nearly blind and Quarles was lame). On the other hand, although Justin O'Brien forthrightly states that in his novel Gide reached a pinnacle of narcissism by placing "a novelist resembling himself at the center of the novel engaged in writing a novel to be entitled The Counterfeiters," some critics are more cautious about identifying Gide closely with Edouard. Mostly this caution results from the fact that Edouard did not write the novel he talked about, but Gide did at least partially. Nevertheless, as in Huxley's book both Gide (as demonstrated by the
Journal of "The Counterfeiters") and his fictional diarist have similar ideas about the novel. There are personal similarities as well, most notably in their homosexuality. Carlos Lynes accurately says that Edouard's "point of view is similar to but not identical with the author's point of view."^67

Both writers use their disguised personae as mouthpieces for the expression of ideas about the art of the novel and other questions. Lynes, for example, says that Edouard in part operates as a technique whereby Gide can speculate about fiction without himself endorsing any certain view.68 Several critics see Philip Quarles as Huxley's mouthpiece.69 Frank Baldanza, for example, says that Quarles' diary contains "Huxley's speculations on the suitability of musical structure for the novel of ideas,"70 as I pointed out earlier. Another critic observes that some of Quarles' diary is "concerned with the preoccupations of Huxley's thinking; people in society and the effort to be individual."71 So the diaries in these two novels allow the novelists to speak about the art of the novel through mouthpieces whose ideas are given weight by their resemblance to the authors.

Nevertheless, both writers undercut their spokesmen, though in different ways (and so Gide especially is able to argue both sides of issues in the art of
the novel). Huxley presents Philip Quarles as psychologically lacking. Like almost every other character in the novel, Quarles is flawed by a personal imbalance; he has too much brain and not enough heart. Gide seems not so critical of his persona's personality; yet he is critical of Edouard as a novelist. Gide tells the reader in the closing Journal of "The Counterfeiters" that Edouard cannot write his novel, so actually in the book "one learns how to write a novel, also how not to write a novel."^ I get the feeling that Edouard's theories are good, but he cannot quite act upon them, so there is a discrepancy between thought and deed. For example, Edouard says in his diary: "I have always had the greatest difficulty in tampering with real facts."^ In other words, he has respect for things as they really are. Nevertheless, his novel unlike Gide's cannot encompass within its scope the death of little Boris. In other words, he omits those details he cannot fit into his hypotheses.\(^4\) Nevertheless, the diary in this novel presents theories of the novel as well as examples of the novel-craft.

Furthermore, Gide, like Huxley in Point Counterpoint, uses the diary to emphasize theme in his novel. In Huxley's case the whole idea of human society being fuguelike is underscored by the meditations of Quarles on that subject in his diary.
Similarly, Edouard's diary highlights a chief concern of Gide's book. In outlining and sketching in preparation for his novel Edouard shows respect for truth, the way life really is. His concern is Gide's care, too. A critic notes that "The fact that Les Faux-Monnayeurs is written in the form of a research worker's notebook is most significant. Here, in the very technique of writing this novel, is the author's answer to the problems raised by the life it represents. . . . For Gide and Edouard there is no final answer in which the movement of life will come to rest." As novelists both wish to write books which reflect life without misrepresenting it. Edouard expresses Gide's aim for him. But Edouard like all the other characters in this novel is caught up in counterfeiting, role-playing. As much as he would like to find the truth, he is limited by what he is. Gide is most concerned in this novel with "the rivalry existing between what we call the real world and the picture that each of us has in his mind of the real world. This very personal picture of the world of appearance is the force that directs our conduct in society and forms the role we play there." Like Philip Quarles, Edouard both expresses the thesis of this novel of ideas through his meditations presented by a diary and demonstrates this thesis through
his own behavior.

Another novel including the diary of a novelist who presents theories of fiction is Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook*. But before discussing this aspect of the novel, I would like to describe its construction, a feature of the book which initially confused at least one reviewer to the point that he stated "There is no breaking of forms but an inability to impose form at all." A close study, such as most later critics have been willing to perform, however, reveals quite a careful construction, one in which, as Patricia Halliday observes, four seems to be the operative number; perhaps because it is the comforting number of the mandala. Actually, five is an important number to remember; too, for the book has five sections, the first four of which are, after an initial section called "Free Women," divided into four notebooks always presented in the same order throughout the book. Anna Wulf, the protagonist, in her Black Notebook explores her experiences as a young woman in Africa. These experiences she later used as the basis for a novel which sold fairly well. The Red Notebook contains writings about Anna's experiences with the Communist Party. The Yellow Notebook contains a novel, *The Shadow of the Third*, a fictional reworking of Anna's experiences with men, plus notes
for stories. The Blue Notebook is, on the basis of its stated intention, a diary presenting a day-to-day account of Anna's experiences at home, with her lover Michael, and with her psychiatrist, Mrs. Marks, also called "Mother Sugar." After passing through the cycle of Free Women, Black to Red to Yellow to Blue notebooks four times (with, as Halliday observes, a diminishing of the Black and a lengthening of the Blue as Anna works toward the present\textsuperscript{79}), the book moves into the Golden Notebook, meant to integrate the elements earlier presented in the separate notebooks, before the book ends with a fifth Free Women section which completes that narrative.

There are several ways to visualize the structure of \textit{The Golden Notebook}. One way is to see it as "a gridlike structure. . . --an intricately patterned spatial arrangement of a multiplicity of viewpoints with a multiplicity of events and issues, near and far, through a series of stages in time."\textsuperscript{80} Another critic refers to "its Chinese-box effect."\textsuperscript{81} It seems to me, though, that the book is more like the sets of Russian dolls, each containing a smaller version of itself. But the structure can also be described rhetorically in sets of brackets. On the outside is \textit{The Golden Notebook} by Doris Lessing. Within these brackets is a novel called "Free Women" by and about a
woman named Anna Wulf; and this novel is presented in five chapters interspersed with Anna Wulf's notebooks, one diary of which is an abortive novel and the last of which is the integrating Golden Notebook giving the name to Doris Lessing's novel. This particular description is based upon statements by Lessing herself who said that it "was an extremely carefully constructed book," planned as "the short formal novel and all this," the former referring to the Free Women sections and the latter to the notebooks. No matter how described, a pattern is obvious to anyone who takes the time to map the book out.

Like Point Counterpoint and The Counterfeiters, The Golden Notebook is a book which presents theories of fiction. The author, through a series of diaries containing raw sketches, drafts, and so on organized in the complex manner just described, demonstrates both a fictional character's drive towards fiction and the real author's ideas on fiction. For example, one critic says that the inclusion of the notebooks' "material illuminates Anna's character and experience, throws light on the creative process in general, and gives us an idea of some of the problems Mrs. Lessing had to cope with in writing this novel." Like The Counterfeiters this is "a novel that deliberately incorporates and exposes its own processes of composition,"
partly by the similar use of diaries. Like André Gide, particularly, Doris Lessing in this novel is very concerned with the relationship of truth—reality, actual facts, call it what you will—and fiction.

Like Gide and Huxley Lessing presents a persona who is a version of herself. Although I do not want to mistake Doris Lessing for Anna Wulf, both author and character have had experiences with Africa, the Communist Party, writing, men, and other women. Like the other fictional personae, then, Anna Wulf may serve as a mouthpiece for her creator. The notebooks of Anna Wulf, like the diaries of the other books, allow the protagonist to speak intimately and directly of her experiences and concerns while simultaneously allowing the author of the book to indirectly reflect upon those concerns as well. In addition, the bracketing construction, doll within a doll within a doll, further helps Lessing in removing this protagonist from herself, in objectifying her, at the same time the fictional character speaks directly through the diaries. This objectification works similarly to the undercutting of the other two writers' mouthpieces. Furthermore, "By making Anna her author, Lessing blurs the distinction between truth and fiction." This creates an effect somewhat like the mirrors of Gide's and Huxley's novels. There is the
novel by Doris Lessing which includes a writer who is working on a novel and who perhaps even "wrote" the Free Women novel within Doris Lessing's novel. The fact that Anna Wulf and Doris Lessing in some ways resemble each other does not help clear this blurring.

This blurring effect is essential to the book's message about truth and fiction. In fact, just as some readers tend to confuse Anna Wulf and Doris Lessing so the Anna Wulfs in the book actually do not mesh perfectly with each other. Throughout the book the reader is led to believe that the Anna Wulf of "Free Women" is the same as Anna Wulf in the Black, Red and Blue Notebooks. However, there are discrepancies between what happens in the Blue and Golden Notebooks and what happens in the final Free Women section. Most importantly, Anna Wulf of the notebooks has an affair with Saul Green and goes off to write a novel, cured of writer's block. Anna Wulf of the Free Women section, in contrast, is taken in hand by a man named Milt, gives up her attempt to write, and goes job-hunting. What is particularly confusing about this double ending is that the reader tends to take whatever is in the diary as "truth" because of its documentary form, but the affair with Saul, indeed Saul himself, has the earmarks of fantasy, while the conclusion
of Free Women, if not with the feel of actual existence for all elements of The Golden Notebook are equally—and alternately—fictional, still has the deflated feel of a fiction within the realistic school. I think that the reader of this novel has been led to expect material closer to Anna's reality in the notebooks. Saul first appears in the Blue Notebook which basically is "a factual diary account of Anna's experiences in analysis and her near-madness and is designed to be in contrast to the 'fictional' qualities found in the other notebooks." Nevertheless, whatever basis in Anna's reality the character had has been obscured by his role as the summary of her earlier lovers. Saul is a port-manteau figure, a compendium of males in their major roles: father-lover-irritable child. Indeed, Saul seems an inverse resurrection of Paul, Anna's earlier lover. By placing such a creation as Saul within the supposedly "factual" diary, Anna blurs the lines between fiction and fact.

The confusion of the double ending can perhaps be resolved by considering the possibility that Doris Lessing herself deliberately built contradictions into the closing sections of the novel. By so doing, she made it impossible to say what in fiction really is "true." Thus, she says that life and truth are contingent upon the perceiving sensibility. "Reality
thus comes to be understood as a complex interplay of objective experience and the subjective ordering of that experience by the artist. Life and art are seen as a single unit impossible to split so that we cannot be rigid about truth, or even about what we think we see. Thus the endings of The Golden Notebook may be seen as alternate fictions with Saul coming to Anna from within and Milt coming to her from without, but still all is within the framework of fiction, as indeed all perception may be. Who knows? Perhaps any reconstruction of life—no matter how true to existence's chaotic nature, as indeed Doris Lessing tried to be in The Golden Notebook—is nevertheless a fiction. The very act of perception, an idea to be explored further later, since it involves selection and bias on the part of the perceiver, may be a fiction-making process. If all reconstructions are fictions, then all carry equal weight. And that finally was what Doris Lessing was trying to say in The Golden Notebook through the blurring of its double end. By extension, then, just as Free Women, the notebooks, and The Shadow of the Third are all different ways of looking at the same thing, so too what life is depends on who is looking at it—and how.
Grappling with truth often turns out poorly and Lessing, despite her tour de force, continued to comment on the inadequacy she feels—and which Anna Wulf reflects—in the ability of the traditional novel to present life faithfully. For example, in her preface to the second edition of her novel she stated: "To put the short novel Free Women as a summary and condensation of all that mass of material, was to say something about the conventional novel, another way of describing the dissatisfaction of a writer when something is finished: 'How little I have managed to say of the truth, how little I have caught of all that complexity; how can this small neat thing be true when what I experienced was so rough and apparently formless and unshaped.'" More negatively in an interview with Florence Howe who had asked her why she thought The Golden Notebook was a failure, Lessing said that "the Free Women section in The Golden Notebook—envelope--I was really trying to express my sense of despair about writing a conventional novel in that. Actually that is an absolutely whole conventional novel, and the rest of the book is the material that went into making it." Furthermore, she expresses her dissatisfaction with the conventional novel because "it's always a lie"; nevertheless, despite its flaws she liked the novel "because it at least hints at
complexity." The actual form of the book reflects Lessing's feeling that the traditional novel cannot encompass life satisfactorily. Like Gide she has broken traditional form to try to get at life.

What is fascinating to me is the association of novels concerned with this novelist's problem of presenting truth through fiction, its apparent antithesis, with the diary. It is the association of the diary with real life that has perhaps provoked its use in novels such as these, as well as the fact that the diary gives room in a novel for speculation on self, the cosmos, or the art of writing. Though not so much a prevalent theme as salvation, love or sex, and madness, still the occurrence of the theme of truth versus fiction happens often enough in the diary-novel to be more than coincidental. What's more, this connection is near the center of what I have been doing throughout this dissertation; that is, to study the connection between the form and content of the diary-novel. To really get at this subject, I will conclude this section with a diary-novel by Alberto Moravia—The Lie (1965).

As I understand it, the Italian title of this book, L'attenzione, indicates its concern with involvement and non-involvement. Indeed, the whole book, composed mostly of a diary the protagonist Francesco
is keeping for the basis of a novel, has its start in his decision to become involved once more in the life of his wife Cora and step-daughter Baba after ten years of being a roving reporter who only stayed occasionally in their Rome apartment. Nevertheless, the English translation of the title is suitable too "for the book deals undeniably also with ambiguity and even duplicity. One must keep in mind, on the other hand, that the novel's emphasis is not on deception but on truth. Francesco's diary is literally a means by which he dedicates his 'attention' to the discovery of the truth." Though truth indeed is the final goal of the work, throughout much of the book the reader's interest comes from trying to figure out just which character is lying and when. Most notably, the diarist Francesco, though he promises at the start of his diary that he will mark as such all flights of fancy, almost from the start manipulates the supposedly truthful accounts in his diary. After a while he begins to admit he has been changing things, even in the beginning, with the excuse that "The difference between the thing imagined and the thing that really happened, at least as far as my diary is concerned, is the difference which exists between the inherent reality of falsehood and the inherent reality of truth." That is, things imagined, though patently false, have
their own reality. During the book real and imagined events are gradually blurred together until the reader is past caring what really happened, or what did not. Perhaps Francesco lies. Maybe Baba does too when she talks about her mother's attempts to prostitute her. Perhaps speaking of herself in the third person as if she were an object removed from herself is mere put-on. It does not make much difference because truth, in the protagonist's view, is the ultimate goal of even his prevarications so he freely admits that he has changed entries in his supposedly factual diary to get at the real truth. The relationship of fantasy and reality is shown by this: "in keeping the diary, Francesco hoped to record the little, unexceptionable daily events that constitute reality, but from moment to moment this record erupts into impossibly melodramatic confrontations, in colors as lurid as movie ads, just as we saw corruption behind the mask of normality." For example, Francesco, with an eye towards what will go into the novel he wants to write, relates that while his brother made a pass at Baba, his brother's mistress Popi bared her breasts to him. Though later he admits that the visit did not develop at all in the manner described, still his initial description reveals the underlying emotions. Indeed, Francesco comes to see the real face of his friend Rosario as a mask or
Though *The Lie* is not so monumental a work as *Moby Dick*, nor Francesco as intimidating a hero as Captain Ahab, the drive to see behind the mask of appearances is similar.

Gradually Francesco comes to feel that he is doomed to non-genuine acts and writings in spite of his attempt to get involved. His very love for Baba, like Humbert's for Lolita, only pretends to be incestuous for she has no blood kinship to him. Francesco, Cora, Baba, all the characters seem to be caught up in false roles; and gradually Francesco becomes confused. Although at first his "novelizing" of his diary is consciously executed, after a while he arrives "at the point where he can no longer distinguish between fiction and truth. The truth of an incident becomes for him what he has written about it, that is the entry in the diary"; after a while he even comes to behave in real life in ways he has already described in his diary.

Nevertheless, he works his way out of confusion. After composing an especially lurid denouement for the situation with his wife, he sees that such things as an imagined bloody murder of Cora have their genuineness because he imagines them. Such episodes reflect his real attitudes. The journal, too, though not reflecting surface truths, mirrors the actuality.
of both life and his mind. "But let it be remembered," he admonishes himself and the reader, "that a diary does not represent the truth because, at the very moment when the keeper of the diary is recounting an event in which he himself was the protagonist, he is no longer the man who experienced the event but the man who is writing about it; and the man who experiences it is a quite separate character to whom the diarist stands in the relation of a judge or, if you prefer, of a recorder." As a critic notes, "It is impossible to write a 'true' diary, one that simply and honestly records the events of daily existence; it is impossible for anyone and it is even more impossible for a novelist." In other words, literature in its self-consciousness is removed from life. Art does not equal life. Francesco shares Roquentin's distrust of the artifact. Perhaps both would say, too, that even "simply to think is to novelize." As I indicated earlier, though, Francesco finds a way out of his dilemma by seeing that some truth still is involved—the truth of the mind. So he tells us that diaries and so on "are all more or less untruthful in a factual sense and truthful in a psychological sense." Although one cannot get at the true facts of life because one distorts them by the very act of writing, perhaps through perception itself, one can
present subjective truth—ironically by a purposeful and conscious manipulation of outward reality. This lesson has been actively demonstrated to the reader by Moravia through the knotting and weaving of the threads of factual truth represented by the diary into the fabric of subjective truth by the novel the diary becomes. "Later he understands that this is the fictional truth of the novelist." Finally, "Francesco concludes that the true function of the novel is to record the state of its creator's consciousness. Thus all novels are realistic even the most fantastic ones." furthermore, through the act of keeping this diary the protagonist resolves his problem with authenticity for "the only authentic novel is the 'diary' in its most spontaneous and direct form, in its closest, most faithful concidence with thought"; only the diary can keep "that authenticity of thought which is lost, according to Moravia, in traditional novels, all of which are based on 'action.'" Again quite apparent is the superiority of the diary over the straight novel in presenting thought. Also, if truth, what authentically happened, is found only most certainly in the mind of the perceiver, then certainly the diary is its most accurate interpreter because of the diary's ability to closely reflect what happens within a mind.
Thus, Francesco finds what is authentic, the truth, through lies, through his diary which is composed of truthful lies.

Suitably to this ambiguous book in which the reader never knows for sure what is happening, there is a double end. Specifically, Francesco may really have confessed to Baba that he knew all along that Cora was a madame who tried to sell Baba to him. Or he may have said nothing at all about it to Baba. He will not admit which really happened, because both in their way are truthful. In the epilogue, Francesco comes to some final realizations about truth and the book he has written. He sees for example that by writing his diary he has already written his novel (in that way he is like Roquentin who writes his projected novel without quite realizing it). Furthermore, it was not himself who was the center of that novel, but the novel itself in the act of becoming. In this respect The Lie resembles both The Counterfeiters and Point Counterpoint and The Golden Notebook as well. All four include diaries interpolated and transformed into the novels the protagonists talk about writing. Especially The Lie, but also The Counterfeiters and The Golden Notebook essay to give answers about the nature of truth and the function of the novel in rendering truth apparent to the reader. In all, the diary
is associated with factual truth which is artistically and/or psychologically transformed into truth transcending the limits of precise fact. Thus, in the course of this study the connection of the diary-novel with truth has become apparent, be it verisimilitude or Truth as a transcendent ideal. By including diaries in their novels, such writers as Gide, Lessing and Moravia have made profound statements about the contemporary feeling that all things are relative, including, and perhaps particularly, truth.

Conclusions

In this dissertation I have described how nicely the diary can work in a novel to implement the plot, to lend verisimilitude, and shift point of view. Furthermore, it is a useful psychological medium for the expression of such themes as salvation, sexuality, madness and dynamism within a character. Because of its relationship to the presentation of thought, it is also an appropriate form for philosophical novels and novels of ideas. And while the letter-novel is about dead as a viable literary form, the diary-novel continues. It made its appearance with some of the earliest novels in the English language, but contemporary writers continue to use the form. Why has the novel as journal remained a vital form? I would like to associate the diary-novel tightly with some change
in the novel itself, some trend in the writing of fiction that would explain its continued use. The problem with that possibility is that my own examples make absurd the attempt. I have demonstrated how the diary-novel has been useful throughout the history of the novel to give the ring of truth to the fiction, for example.

It is true that truth has changed in its interpretation. It is also possible that the diary-novel, having associations like it does with a type of writing in which plot does not operate strongly, may reflect the twentieth-century's novel move away from plot. This trend is best exemplified by Beckett's novels. Again, however, my other examples trip me up. *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, for instance, is a novel in which plot operates strongly. Another possibility occurs to me, though a very personal one. Perhaps, novelists continue to find the diary-novel a useful form for the same reason I continue to write in my journal: the versatility of the form. What I can do with my diary is limited only by my imagination. And maybe the very breadth of the diary-novel's use—in philosophical novels, and psychological novels, and confessions, to rename only a few—helps to explain why the form continues to go strong right into the 1970's. Suffice it to say at this point that the vitality and versatility of the diary-novel at least help explain my continued fascination with the sub-genre.
But let me turn away from such speculation and talk about what I have not done. In this dissertation I have avoided speaking in terms of authorial intention, or terms like "here Gide has attempted to demonstrate truth," partly to avoid committing the intentional fallacy. My chief reasons for my choice of diction, however, have to do with the very nature of writing. That is, it is hard for any writer to know in advance precisely what a certain form will do for his work so he perhaps cannot be said to have intended anything at all by selecting a certain form in the first place. Here occurs a chicken before the egg, egg before the chicken conundrum for it is hard to tell which came first: the idea on which a novel is based or the novel itself. In other words, any act of writing is an act of discovery. Only by writing a diary-novel have many writers found out what the diary can do for their fiction; hence my tactic of taking it from the other end: not what the writer intended to do, but what the diary has done for the novel. The use of the diary form in the novel is often an experiment and only when the book has been completed does the writer actually see what he has done. I too have written a diary-novel, and though it will never be published, much less studied in a dissertation like this one, it taught me what gains the diary, a non-fiction mode, can give
to the novel, that which is fictional. And my reaction upon finishing it was to marvel, not at my prose certainly, but at the interesting outcome of merely following through on the implications of the form itself. I am probably exaggerating this concept a bit, for clever writers like Updike, Stegner, and Gide certainly must have clear notions of what they are doing with the diary in the novel; they control the form rather than vice versa. Still, discovery through experimentation occurs even in the case of a writer like Gide who returned to the diary from again and again, in almost every instance doing something with the device that he had not done when he used the diary before.

I am coming close to repeating an old lesson about all literary art; that is, what a novel, for example, says is inextricably bound up with the manner of its telling. For example, the story of Anna Wulf's madness in *The Golden Notebook* is closely related to the demonstration of her deterioration through the fragmentedness of the book. A form and a mind shatter together. Analogous to this literary situation is a fact commonplace in epistemology: what a person knows cannot be unwound from how he came to know it. This situation is, I think, as true for the diary-novel as for any other artifact.
And what is at the heart of the form-content relationship for the diary-novel is the connection of truth and illusion, the one represented, if you will, by the diary and the other by the novel. The novels that I am ending this study with, though a small group within the whole, are therefore central to my understanding of this sub-genre, indeed of all fiction. These novels deal openly with what is implicit in the others. Early I talked about the use of the diary to lend an air of realism to fiction and late I have talked about the way some novelists—he use of the diary—have punctured the reader’s sense of what reality is. Early I have talked about the diary-novel in terms of pleasing illusion and late I have entertained the possibility that even what people call reality is illusory because of a human inability to perceive accurately. Also, the diary-novel in its history reflects the passage from realism based in externals to realism in the mind. Still, some sort of truth is attainable by the writer, and the way he reaches it is through illusion—the illusion he renders clear to the reader. Fiction, as everybody knows, gets at the truth of what might have been or what could be. Persistently the diary with its associations with real life and actual facts has accompanied the novel in fiction’s attempt to grapple with the truth, even if
that truth is that all that human beings know is illusory. What this last group of books presents out in the open is only what has been implicit in the practice of all diary-novelists: what we know is an amalgam of the act of knowing and the objects perceived. But our knowledge is more than the sum of its parts. And the novel as journal is something else again, often pleasing, sometimes profound, a unique mode of expression used in such various ways by writers that the effect is of looking in a kaleidoscope. The diary-novel has variety, color, and flash. The genre has been well worth studying because of its inherent interest, but also because at its heart it illustrates the quintessential relationship of art to life: a writer takes a form, fills that form with the content of his mind, and produces a truthful illusion of existence.
NOTES

1. Peter Boerner, "The Significance of the Diary in Modern Literature," Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature, 21 (1972), 44.


6. Frank, p. 4.


11. Ibid., pp. 58 & 59.


14Sartre, p. 125.


16Axthelm, p. 88.


18Danto, p. 3.


20Sartre, Nausea, p. 129.

21Ibid., p. 1.

22Ibid., pp. 20 & 131.

23Ibid., p. 124.


25Ibid.


27Sartre, Nausea, pp. 175 & 177.


30Mueller, pp. 48-49.


Davis, p. 113.


Axthelm, p. 141.


Opdahl, p. 29.

Ibid., p. 31.

Scheer-Schätzler, p. 11

Cohen, p. 34.

Clayton, pp. 120-121.


Detweiler, p. 41.


Opdahl, p. 49.


Ibid., p. 351.


68 Ibid.


70 Frank Baldanza, "Point Counterpoint: Aldous Huxley on 'The Human Fugue,'" South Atlantic Quarterly, 58, No. 2 (Spring 1959), 249. See also Jerome Meckler, Aldous Huxley: Satire and Structure, Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature, 7, No. 3 (Autumn 1966), 291.


74 Bouraoui, pp. 30-31.


79 Ibid., p. 15.


84 Granville Hicks, "Complexities of a Free Woman," Saturday Review, 45 (30 June 1962), 16.


87 Schlueter, The Novels of Doris Lessing, p. 111.


89 Carey, pp. 24 & 34.

90 Halliday, p. 35.

234

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93 Ibid., p. 82.
97 Moravia, p. 73.
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