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Preface

This book grew out of an effort to edit a collection of essays written between 1980 and 1984. Each of the essays had been prepared for a particular occasion and a particular audience. The essays would simply be edited better to express what they had intended to say. But I discovered upon rereading them that each was an occasion-bound expression of a general point of view that I had been struggling to formulate during those years.

I decided instead to write them all over again, this time keeping my eye more on the general point of view they were trying to express, and less on the demands of the particular occasions. But all of the chapters save two started their lives as responses to particular invitations, and I should like to record my gratitude to my hosts.

"Approaching the Literary" is new, written to make clearer to myself the nature of the enterprise. "Two Modes of Thought" began as an invited address to the American Psychological Association. "Possible Castles" was first given as the Gordon Mills Lecture at the University of Texas in Austin. "The Transactional Self" had a double origin: in the Bender Lecture given in New York, and in another presented to the Erikson Institute in Chicago. "The Inspiration of Vygotsky" had its start as a presentation to a symposium on Vygotsky at the Center for Psycho-social Studies in Chicago. "Psychological Reality," like the opening essay, was written for the present book to clear up matters outstanding in my own mind, though it carries some echoes of the Katz-Newcomb Lecture given at the University of Michigan. "Nelson

Goodman's Worlds" (with Carol Feldman as co-author) was written for the *New York Review of Books* and is the exception in this volume: it is virtually unchanged from its original form. "Thought and Emotion," in contrast, started as a keynote address to the Jean Piaget Society, though nothing remains of the original. "The Language of Education" first saw life as the Bode Lecture at Ohio State University. And, finally, "Developmental Theory as Culture" grew from a seed in the form of another invited address to the American Psychological Association. I am deeply grateful to my hosts on those occasions and to the colleagues and students who gave so freely of their comments. I hope they will find echoes of them in this book.

I owe a special debt to two foundations that supported my work during the period when this book was growing. The first is to the Sloan Foundation, which provided me with an initial grant to explore the nature of narrative as a mode of thought and as an art form. The Spencer Foundation generously provided a later grant for the pursuit of these studies, the first results of which are presented in several of the chapters of this book.

Two other institutions have my gratitude. One of them, the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research, is my academic home. It has provided me with colleagues, students, and the goad of classes to teach. The other, the New York Institute for the Humanities at New York University, fills the bill of club, pub, and forum. Its lunches, seminars, and lectures have provided me with companionship as complex as it has been rich.

I particularly want to thank students and colleagues who participated in seminars on narrative theory and practice at the New School and at the Institute, as well as visitors who came from afar to present their ideas to us. I am especially indebted as well to the members of my research group, some of whose work is presented in Chapter 2: Alison Armstrong, Sara Davis, Gwyneth Lewis, Pamela Moorhead, David Polonoff, James Walkup, Susan Weisser, and Walter Zahorodny.

There are many intellectual debts to friends—more of them than I can ever mention, much less pay back. Eric Wanner, Richard Sennett, Dan Stern, David Rieff, Arien Mack, Oliver Sacks, John Guare, Stanley Diamond, Bonnie Borenstein, Henri Zukier, Janet Malcolm, and Diana Trilling are among those to whom I owe most. So too my

squash partner, William Taylor, who can talk convincing historiography between games even when he is behind. I also want to thank my editor, Camille Smith, for her unfailing good humor and good advice, and my publisher and friend Arthur Rosenthal, who proposed the book in the first place. Some of the themes that inform Part One of the book were given a first tryout at the University of Konstanz in June 1985, and I want particularly to thank Tom Luckmann and Wolfgang Iser for their helpful comments. Pamela Moorhead helped ready the manuscript for the Press with skill and patience.

To Carol Feldman I owe a particular debt. She has been supporter, critic, and a prodigious source of ideas and inspiration.

To say that all human thinking is essentially of two kinds—reasoning on the one hand, and narrative, descriptive, contemplative thinking on the other—is to say only what every reader's experience will corroborate.

William James

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Two Modes of Thought

Let me begin by setting out my argument as baldly as possible, better to examine its basis and its consequences. It is this. There are two modes of cognitive functioning, two modes of thought, each providing distinctive ways of ordering experience, of constructing reality. The two (though complementary) are irreducible to one another. Efforts to reduce one mode to the other or to ignore one at the expense of the other inevitably fail to capture the rich diversity of thought.

Each of the ways of knowing, moreover, has operating principles of its own and its own criteria of well-formedness. They differ radically in their procedures for verification. A good story and a well-formed argument are different natural kinds. Both can be used as means for convincing another. Yet what they convince *of* is fundamentally different: arguments convince one of their truth, stories of their lifelikeness. The one verifies by eventual appeal to procedures for establishing formal and empirical proof. The other establishes not truth but verisimilitude. It has been claimed that the one is a refinement of or an abstraction from the other. But this must be either false or true only in the most unenlightening way.

They function differently, as already noted, and the structure of a well-formed logical argument differs radically from that of a well-wrought story. Each, perhaps, is a specialization or transformation of simple exposition, by which statements of fact are converted into statements implying causality. But the types of causality implied in the two modes are palpably different. The term *then* functions differently in the

logical proposition "if x, then y" and in the narrative *recit* "The king died, and then the queen died." One leads to a search for universal truth conditions, the other for likely particular connections between two events—mortal grief, suicide, foul play. While it is true that the world of a story (to achieve verisimilitude) must conform to canons of logical consistency, it can use violations of such consistency as a basis of drama—as in the novels of Kafka, where nonlogical arbitrariness in the social order provides the engine of drama, or in the plays of Pirandello or Beckett, where the identity operator, a = a, is cunningly violated to create multiple perspectives. And by the same token, the arts of rhetoric include the use of dramatic instantiation as a means of clinching an argument whose basis is principally logical.

But for all that, a story (allegedly true or allegedly fictional) is judged for its goodness as a story by criteria that are of a different kind from those used to judge a logical argument as adequate or correct. We all know by now that many scientific and mathematical hypotheses start their lives as little stories or metaphors, but they reach their scientific maturity by a process of conversion into verifiability, formal or empirical, and their power at maturity does not rest upon their dramatic origins. Hypothesis creation (in contrast to hypothesis testing) remains a tantalizing mystery—so much so that sober philosophers of science, like Karl Popper, characterize science as consisting principally of the falsification of hypotheses, no matter the source whence the hypothesis has come. Perhaps Richard Rorty is right in characterizing the mainstream of Anglo-American philosophy (which, on the whole, he rejects) as preoccupied with the epistemological question of how to know truth—which he contrasts with the broader question of how we come to endow experience with meaning, which is the question that preoccupies the poet and the storyteller.

Let me quickly and lightly characterize the two modes so that I may get on more precisely with the matter. One mode, the paradigmatic or logico-scientific one, attempts to fulfill the ideal of a formal, mathematical system of description and explanation. It employs categorization or conceptualization and the operations by which categories are established, instantiated, idealized, and related one to the other to form a system. Its armamentarium of connectives includes on the formal side such ideas as conjunction and disjunction, hyperonymy and hyponymy, strict implication, and the devices by which general proposi-

tions are extracted from statements in their particular contexts. At a gross level, the logico-scientific mode (I shall call it paradigmatic hereafter) deals in general causes, and in their establishment, and makes use of procedures to assure verifiable reference and to test for empirical truth. Its language is regulated by requirements of consistency and noncontradiction. Its domain is defined not only by observables to which its basic statements relate, but also by the set of possible worlds that can be logically generated and tested against observables—that is, it is driven by principled hypotheses.

We know a very great deal about the paradigmatic mode of thinking, and there have been developed over the millennia powerful prosthetic devices for helping us carry on with its work: logic, mathematics, sciences, and automata for operating in these fields as painlessly and swiftly as possible. We also know a fair amount about how children who are weak initially at the paradigmatic mode grow up to be fairly good at it when they can be induced to use it. The imaginative application of the paradigmatic mode leads to good theory, tight analysis, logical proof, sound argument, and empirical discovery guided by reasoned hypothesis. But paradigmatic "imagination" (or intuition) is not the same as the imagination of the novelist or poet. Rather, it is the ability to see possible formal connections before one is able to prove them in any formal way.

The imaginative application of the narrative mode leads instead to good stories, gripping drama, believable (though not necessarily "true") historical accounts. It deals in human or human-like intention and action and the vicissitudes and consequences that mark their course. It strives to put its timeless miracles into the particulars of experience, and to locate the experience in time and place. Joyce thought of the particularities of the story as epiphanies of the ordinary. The paradigmatic mode, by contrast, seeks to transcend the particular by higher and higher reaching for abstraction, and in the end disclaims in principle any explanatory value at all where the particular is concerned. There is a heartlessness to logic: one goes where one's premises and conclusions and observations take one, give or take some of the blindnesses that even logicians are prone to. Scientists, perhaps because they rely on familiar stories to fill in the gaps of their knowledge, have a harder time in practice. But their salvation is to wash the stories away when causes can be substituted for them. Paul Ricoeur argues

that narrative is built upon concern for the human condition: stories reach sad or comic or absurd denouements, while theoretical arguments are simply conclusive or inconclusive. In contrast to our vast knowledge of how science and logical reasoning proceed, we know precious little in any formal sense about how to make good stories.

Perhaps one of the reasons for this is that story must construct two landscapes simultaneously. One is the landscape of action, where the constituents are the arguments of action: agent, intention or goal, situation, instrument, something corresponding to a "story grammar." The other landscape is the landscape of consciousness: what those involved in the action know, think, or feel, or do not know, think, or feel. The two landscapes are essential and distinct: it is the difference between Oedipus sharing Jocasta's bed before and after he learns from the messenger that she is his mother.

In this sense, psychic reality dominates narrative and any reality that exists beyond the awareness of those involved in the story is put there by the author with the object of creating dramatic effect. Indeed, it is an invention of modern novelists and playwrights to create a world made up entirely of the psychic realities of the protagonists, leaving knowledge of the "real" world in the realm of the implicit. So writers as different as Joyce and Melville share the characteristic of not "disclosing" aboriginal realities but leaving them at the horizon of the story as matters of supposition—or, as we shall see, of *pre*supposition.

Science—particularly theoretical physics—also proceeds by constructing worlds in a comparable way, by "inventing" the facts (or world) against which the theory must be tested. But the striking difference is that, from time to time, there are moments of testing when, for example, light can be shown to be bent or neutrinos must be shown to leave marks in a cloud chamber. It may indeed be the case, as Quine has urged, that physics is 99 percent speculation and 1 percent observation. But the world making involved in its speculations is of a different order from what story making does. Physics must eventuate in predicting something that is testably right, however much it may speculate. Stories have no such need for testability. Believability in a story is of a different order than the believability of even the speculative parts of physical theory. If we apply Popper's criterion of falsifiability to a story as a test of its goodness, we are guilty of misplaced verification.

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Having said that much about how the two modes can be distinguished one from the other, let me now focus almost entirely on the less understood of the pair: on narrative. And as I remarked in the preceding chapter, I shall want to concentrate on narrative, so to speak, at its far reach: as an art form. William James comments in his Gifford Lectures, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, that to study religion one should study the most religious man at his most religious moment. I shall try to follow his advice with respect to narrative but, perhaps, with a Platonic twist. The great works of fiction that transform narrative into an art form come closest to revealing "purely" the deep structure of the narrative mode in expression. The same claim can be made for science and mathematics: they reveal most plainly (and purely) the deep structure of paradigmatic thought. And perhaps James intended his dictum in the same sense, in spite of his anti-Platonism.

There is another reason, aside from the Platonic, for pursuing this course. If one takes the view (as I shall in Chapter 5) that human mental activity depends for its full expression upon being linked to a cultural tool kit—a set of prosthetic devices, so to speak—then we are well advised when studying mental activity to take into account the tools employed in that activity. As primatologists tell us, this amplification by cultural tools is the hallmark of human skills, and we overlook it in our research with peril. And so, if one wishes to study the psychology of mathematics (as, say, G. Polya did), one studies the works of trained and gifted mathematicians, with particular emphasis on the heuristics and the formalisms they use to give form to their mathematical intuitions.

By the same token, one does well to study the work of trained and gifted writers if one is to understand what it is that makes good stories powerful or compelling. Anybody (at almost any age) can tell a story—and it is altogether good that story grammarians, so called, are studying the minimal structure needed to create a story. And anybody (again, at almost any age) can "do" some mathematics. But great fiction, like great mathematics, requires the transformation of intuitions into expressions in a symbolic system—natural language or some artificialized form of it. The forms of expression that emerge, the

discourse that carries the story, or the calculus that depicts a mathematical relation—these are crucial for understanding the differences between an inchoate account of a bad marriage and *Madame Bovary*, between a clumsily argued justification and an elegant and powerful derivation of a logical proof. I think I have said all that needs saying on this point, a point addressed more to psychologists than to literary theorists. The former, perhaps, will quarrel with the point out of deference to the reductionism of science. The latter will almost certainly find the point almost bizarrely obvious.

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Narrative deals with the vicissitudes of human intentions. And since there are myriad intentions and endless ways for them to run into trouble—or so it would seem—there should be endless kinds of stories. But, surprisingly, this seems not to be the case. One view has it that lifelike narratives start with a canonical or "legitimate" steady state, which is breached, resulting in a crisis, which is terminated by a redress, with recurrence of the cycle an open possibility. Literary theorists as various as Victor Turner (an anthropologist), Tzvetan Todorov, Hayden White (an historian), and Vladimir Propp (a folklorist) suggest that there is some such constraining deep structure to narrative, and that good stories are well-formed particular realizations of it. Not all literary scholars take this view—Barbara Herrnstein-Smith being a notable dissenting voice.

If it were the case that there are limits on the kinds of stories, it could mean either that the limits are inherent in the minds of writers and/or readers (what one is able to tell or to understand), or that the limits are a matter of convention. If it were the former, if the limits on story were innate, then it would be difficult to explain the eruptions of innovation that illuminate the course of literary history. And if it were the latter, the heavy hand of convention, that limited the nature of story, then it would be just as difficult to explain why there is so much recognizable similarity in tales from all lands, and so much historical continuity within any particular language whose literatures have gone through changes as dramatic as, say, the French or English or Russian.

The arguments pro and con are, somehow, more interesting than conclusive. Their conclusiveness is flawed not only by literary innovation but, I suspect, by the impossibility of deciding whether, say,

Joyce's *Ulysses* or Beckett's *Molloy* trilogy fits a particular formula or not. Aside from all that, what level of interpretation of a story shall we take to represent its "deep structure"—litera, moralis, allegoria, or anagogia? And whose interpretation: Jung's, Foucault's, Northrop Frye's? And when, as with antinovel novels, a writer (like Calvino, say) exploits his reader's story expectations by flouting them artfully, does that count as violating or conforming to the canonical form?

And as if this were not enough, there is the question of the discourse into which the story is woven and the two aspects of story (to which we have already alluded): the *fabula* and the *sjuzet,* the timeless and the sequenced. Which is constrained, and in what ways? That there may be a structure to time-worn folktales or to myths, a matter to which I shall revert later, nobody will deny. But do these narratives provide a universal structure for all fictions? For Alain Robbe-Grillet or, to take an instance where it is even difficult to decide whether the book is a novel or an exercise in criticism, for Julian Barnes's *Flaubert's Parrot*?

I think we would do well with as loose fitting a constraint as we can manage concerning what a story must "be" to be a story. And the one that strikes me as most serviceable is the one with which we began: narrative deals with the vicissitudes of intention.

I propose this not only because it leaves the theorist with a certain flexibility but because it has a "primitiveness" that is appealing. By primitive I mean simply that one can make a strong argument for the irreducible nature of the concept of intention (much as Kant did for the concept of causation). That is to say, intention is immediately and intuitively recognizable: it seems to require for its recognition no complex or sophisticated interpretive act on the part of the beholder. The evidence for such a claim is compelling.

There is a celebrated monograph, little known outside academic psychology, written a generation ago by the Belgian student of perception, Baron Michotte. By cinematic means, he demonstrated that when objects move with respect to one another within highly limited constraints, we *see* causality. An object moves toward another, makes contact with it, and the second object is seen to move in a compatible direction: we see one object "launching" another. Time-space relations can variously be arranged so that one object can be seen as "dragging" another, or "deflecting" it, and so on. These are "primitive" perceptions, and they are quite irresistible: we *see* cause.

To answer Hume's objection that such causal experiences derive from association, Alan Leslie repeated the Michotte demonstrations with six-month-old babies. His procedure measured signs of surprise in the infant, which expresses itself in a variety of registerable ways from facial expression to changes in heart rate and blood pressure. Leslie showed the infants a sequence of cinematic presentations that in their space-time arrangement were seen by adults as caused. He would then intersperse one noncausal presentation that was outside the prescribed Michotte space-time limits—and the baby would show startled surprise. The same effect could be achieved by following a noncausal sequence of presentations with a causal one. In each case, Leslie argued, there was some qualitative change in the experience of the infant that led to "dishabituation" and surprise. Note that a change in space-time arrangement of the displays that was as large as the one used to shift category produced no effect if it was within the category of causality. Michotte's work and Leslie's follow-up provide powerful arguments for the irreducibility of causality as a "mental category" in the Kantian sense.

Can intentionality as a concept be shown to be as primitive? Fritz Heider and Marianne Simmel have also used a "bare" animated film to demonstrate the irresistibility of "perceived intention" in the form of a scenario involving a small moving triangle, a small moving circle, a large moving square, and a box-like empty rectangle—whose movements are irresistibly seen as two lovers being pursued by a large bully who, upon being thwarted, breaks up the house in which he has tried to find them. Judith Ann Stewart, more recently, has shown that it is possible to arrange the space-time relationship of simple figures to produce apparent intention or "animacy." We plainly *see* "search," "goal seeking," "persistence in overcoming obstacles"—see them as intention-driven. Interestingly, from the point of view of Propp's pioneering work on the structure of folktales (to which we shall come presently), the perception of animacy is induced by varying direction and speed of motion of an object with respect to an obstacle.

Unfortunately, we do not yet have the analogue experiment on apparent intention for Leslie's baby experiments on apparent causality. It will come soon enough. If it should yield positive results, then we would have to conclude that "intention and its vicissitudes" constitute a primitive category system in terms of which experience is organized,

at least as primitive as the category system of causality. I say "at least," for the fact remains that the evidence of children's animism suggests that their more primitive category is intention—physically caused events being seen as psychically intended, as in the early experiments that earned Piaget his first worldwide acclaim.

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But such experiments, while they tell us about the primitiveness of the idea of intention, tell us nothing about the discourse that converts an unworded narrative into powerful and haunting stories. What is it in the telling or writing of a tale that produces Jakobson's *literaturnost*? In the *telling* there must be "triggers" that release responses in the reader's mind, that transform a banal fabula into a masterpiece of literary narrative. Obviously, the language of the discourse is critical, but even before that there is plot, plot and its structure. Whatever the medium—whether words, cinema, abstract animation, theater—one can always distinguish between the fabula or basic story stuff, the events to be related in the narrative, and the "plot" or sjuzet, the story as told by linking the events together. The plot is how and in what order the reader becomes aware of what happened. And the "same" story can be told in different sequence. This means, of course, that there must be transformations of some kind that permit a common base structure of story to be handled in different meaning-preserving sequences.

What can we say about the deep structure of stories—the story stuff, or fabula, that lends itself to different orders of presentation? Could it be the kind of structure that I examined a moment ago and earlier attributed to Victor Turner, Hayden White, Vladimir Propp, and Tzvetan Todorov? That is to say, one "primitive" fabula involves the breach of a legitimate state of affairs, the break then creating a crisis that is nipped in the bud or that persists until there is redress? If there were a corresponding structure in the minds of readers, cinema viewers, and playgoers, then such a fabula could be plotted in linear order, in flashbacks, or even *in medias res,* starting virtually anywhere (as Robbe-Grillet succeeds in doing for film and novel, and as, say, Michel Leiris does in his "experimental" antinarrative autobiography)? We do not have to take a stand on how many such fabula there are (as many, for example, as Jung's archetypes?), only that they have some sort of

being in the beholder's mind that permits him to recognize them in whatever expression encountered.

But there is something more to it than that. Kenneth Burke argues that "story stuff" involves *characters* in *action* with intentions or *goals* in *settings* using particular *means*. Drama is generated, he claims, when there is an imbalance in the "ratio" of these constituents. That is to say, a character (say Nora in *A Doll's House*) is in an inappropriate setting, or an action does not warrant the goal to which it is leading a character.

Yet, neither breach, crisis, and redress, nor imbalances in a Burkeian pentad, are sufficient descriptions of "story stuff." For there are elements of story that rest not upon action and interaction but upon character as such. Conrad's novels provide a good example. Jim's inscrutability (even to the narrator who "tells" his story) is central to the drama of *Lord Jim*. In *The Secret Sharer*, the young captain's fascinated obsession with Leggatt drives the story. Some readers actually propose that Leggatt is an imaginary *Doppelganger* who exists only in the captain's mind. Perhaps, as with Aristotle's recipe for tragedy in the *Poetics*, drama is a working out of character in action in a plot constrained by a setting.

Yet this too cannot be a full account if we heed Propp's argument that, in the folktale, character is a *function* of a highly constrained plot, the chief role of a character being to play out a plot role as hero, false hero, helper, villain, and so on. For while it may be the case that in the time-smoothed folktale story-stuff determines character (and therefore character cannot be central), it is equally true that in the "modern" novel plot is derived from the working out of character in a particular setting (one of the earliest theorists of modernism, therefore, being Aristotle on tragedy!).

Greimas's view is that a primitive or irreducible feature of story (whatever else it may include) is that it occurs jointly on the plane of action and in the subjectivity of the protagonists. And perhaps this is why deceit, guile, and misunderstanding are to be found so often in myths and folktales from "Little Red Riding Hood" to "Perseus and the Gorgon" and, at the same time, lie at the heart of so many modern novels and plays.

Psychologically, the "dual landscape" view is appealing in suggesting how the reader is helped to enter the life and mind of the protagonists:

their consciousnesses are the magnets for empathy. The matching of "inner" vision and "outer" reality is, moreover, a classic human plight. It grips the child hearing how the Big Bad Wolf tries to deceive and then is unmasked by Red Riding Hood, or the adult reading Joyce's "Araby," suffering the humiliation of the young boy when his dreams of a gift for the neighbor girl fade in the tawdry atmosphere of the fairground closing.

In any case, the fabula of story—its timeless underlying theme—seems to be a unity that incorporates at least three constituents. It contains a *plight* into which *characters* have fallen as a result of intentions that have gone awry either because of circumstances, of the "character of characters," or most likely of the interaction between the two. And it requires an uneven distribution of underlying consciousness among the characters with respect to the plight. What gives the story its unity is the manner in which plight, characters, and consciousness interact to yield a structure that has a start, a development, and a "sense of an ending." Whether it is sufficient to characterize this unified structure as *steady state, breach, crisis, redress* is difficult to know. It is certainly not *necessary* to do so, for what one seeks in story structure is precisely how plight, character, and consciousness are integrated. Better to leave the issue open and to approach the matter with an open mind.

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Language, to whatever use it may be put, has the design feature of being organized on different levels, each level providing constituents for the level above which dominates it. As Jakobson noted in his classic analysis of the sound system of speech, the distinctive features of speech sound are determined by the phonemes that they constitute at the next level up; phonemes are combined according to rules at the next level up, the morpheme, and so on.

So too at the levels above sound, for morphemes, lexemes, sentences, speech acts, and discourse. Each level has its form of order, but that order is controlled and modified by the level above it. Since each level is dominated by the level above it, efforts to understand any level on its own have inevitably led to failure. The structure of language is such that it permits us to go from speech sounds through the intermediate levels to the intentions of speech acts and discourse. The path by which

we travel that route varies with our objective, and storytelling is a special objective.

In putting any particular expression together, one *selects* words and one *combines* them. *How* one selects and combines will depend on the uses to which one wishes to put an utterance. Jakobson calls these two primitive language-forming acts, selecting and combining, the *vertical* and the *horizontal* axes of language. The vertical axis of selection is dominated by the requirement of preserving or modifying meaning by substituting appropriate words or expressions for one another: *boy, immature male, lad,* and so on. But the rule of substitution goes beyond synonymy to metaphor. What of *colt, lamb, fawn*? Do they fit *boy*? We say it depends on context and objective. And what of larger-order substitutions? Which does better for New York: "the biggest city in North America" or "the harbor at the mouth of the Hudson"? Again, it depends. And what of substituting for *depression: black mood* or "ragged claws scuttling across the floors of silent seas"? There is forever a matter of choice about the vertical axis: whether to preserve reference as literally as possible, whether to create an atmospheric change by metaphor, whether (as Jakobson and the Prague School urged upon poets) to "make it strange" so as to overcome automatic reading.

It is probably the case that scientific or logical writing—or, rather, writing governed by requirements of a scientific argument—tends to choose words with the object of assuring clear and definite reference and literal sense. It is required by the felicity conditions of speech acts of this kind. Litera dominates over moralis and the others. In the telling of a story, one has the selection restriction of representing a referent in the eye of a protagonist-beholder, with a perspective that fits the subjective landscape on which the story is being unfolded, and yet with due regard for the action that is going on. So from the start, the selection of expressions must meet the special requirement of that special form of speech act that is a story—of which more presently, when I consider a crucial idea proposed by Wolfgang Iser.

The second axis, the horizontal axis of combination, is inherent in the generative power of syntax to combine words and phrases. Its most elementary expression is predication or, even more primitively, the juxtaposition of a comment on a topic, when the topic is "given" or taken for granted and the comment is something new added to it. I see a new species of bird and say to my partner: "Some bird. Fantastic." The first element is the topic; the second the comment. Predication is a

more evolved form of making comments on topics that permits us to assign a "truth function" to the expression, as in such ordinary sentences as

The boy has a ball.
The boy has a secret.
The boy has a burning ambition.
The boy has a bee in his bonnet.

The boy is the given; the predicate is new. The sentence can now be translated into a formal or logical proposition and tested for its truth value in the context in which the utterance was made.

To the degree that a subject and predicate are "transparent," they can easily be converted into verifiable propositional form; indeed, one common theory of meaning, the verificationist theory, equates meaning with the set of verifiable propositions a predicational statement generates. But there are statements or utterances that combine given and new in a manner that is "strange" or that, in Henry James's sense, contains gaps, or where there is a difficult distance between the two. A good case in point is Eliot's lines

> I should have been a pair of ragged claws
> Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

To render these lines literally as "I am depressed with aging" (taking into account the context of the whole of "Prufrock," from which they are extracted) fails to capture the horizontal given-new combination of the poem. Yet, on one interpretation, that may be what they mean—noting that in the vertical axis we have translated "ragged claws . . ." into "depression over aging." To be sure, as Jakobson also insisted, meaning always involves translation. But there is some sense in which neither the literal translation of the new term nor the resulting combination of it with the given term succeeds as a poetic translation. And if we take predicate-like utterances in which both the subject and the predicate are nonliteral, the failure is even more evident, as in these lines from MacNeice:

> The sunlight on the garden
> Hardens and grows cold.
> We cannot cage the minute
> Within its nets of gold;
> When all is told
> We cannot beg for pardon.

It is not only "unclear" how to manage the vertical axis—to what does "sunlight on the garden" refer, and "harden" in this context? "Cage"? And then, "cage the minute," etcetera.

The language of poetry, or perhaps I should say the language of evocation, substitutes metaphors for both given and new, leaving it somewhat ambiguous what they are substitutes for. When the terms are combined, the resulting given-new combination is no longer amenable to being converted into ordinary truth functional propositions. Indeed, at crucial moments it even departs from the "contract" that specifies a clear distinction between given and new in predicative combinations.

So neither vertically nor horizontally does the evocative language of poetry and story conform to the requirements of plain reference or of verifiable predication. Stories of literary merit, to be sure, are about events in a "real" world, but they render that world newly strange, rescue it from obviousness, fill it with gaps that call upon the reader, in Barthes's sense, to become a writer, a composer of a virtual text in response to the actual. In the end, it is the reader who must write for himself what *he* intends to do with the actual text. How, for example, to read these lines from Yeats:

> The brawling of a sparrow in the eaves,
> The brilliant moon and all the milky sky,
> And all that famous harmony of leaves,
> Had blotted out man's image and his cry.

Which brings us directly to Wolfgang Iser's reflections in *The Act of Reading* on what manner of speech act is a narrative. I want to touch on only one part of his argument, one that is central to my own. With respect to narrative, he says, "the reader receives it by composing it." The text itself has structures that are "two-sided": a *verbal* aspect that guides reaction and prevents it from being arbitrary, and an affective aspect that is triggered or "prestructured by the language of the text." But the prestructure is underdetermined: fictional texts are inherently "indeterminate."

> fictional texts constitute their own objects and do not copy something already in existence. For this reason they cannot have the full determinacy of real objects, and indeed, it is the element of indeterminacy that evokes the text to "communicate" with the reader, in the sense that they induce him to participate both in the production and the comprehension of this work's intention.

It is this "relative indeterminacy of a text" that "allows a spectrum of actualizations." And so, "literary texts initiate 'performances' of meaning rather than actually formulating meanings themselves."

And that is what is at the core of literary narrative as a speech act: an utterance or a text whose intention is to initiate and guide a search for meanings among a spectrum of possible meanings. Storytelling, besides, is a speech act whose felicity conditions are unique. The speech act is initiated by giving some indication to a listener or reader, first, that a story is to be recounted; second, that it is true or fictional; and third (optionally), that it fits some genre—a sad story, a moral fable, a comeuppance tale, a particular scandal, a happening in one's life. Beyond that, there is a condition of style: that the form of the discourse in which the story is actualized leaves open the "performance of meaning" in Iser's sense. It is this last condition that brings us directly to the discourse properties of stories, to which I turn now.

❧

Discourse, if Iser is right about narrative speech acts, must depend upon forms of discourse that recruit the reader's imagination—that enlist him in the "performance of meaning under the guidance of the text." Discourse must make it possible for the reader to "write" his own virtual text. And there are three features of discourse that seem to me to be crucial in this enlistment process.

The first is the triggering of *presupposition,* the creation of implicit rather than explicit meanings. For with explicitness, the reader's degrees of interpretive freedom are annulled. Examples abound, but Primo Levi's recent *The Periodic Table* provides a particularly striking case. His subtle setting forth of the properties of a particular element in each "story"—argon, hydrogen, zinc, and so on—provide a presuppositional background in terms of which the stories may be "interpreted." How the presuppositional background triggers interpretation is a matter I shall come to shortly.

The second is what I shall call *subjectification:* the depiction of reality not through an omniscient eye that views a timeless reality, but through the filter of the consciousness of protagonists in the story. Joyce, in the stories of *Dubliners*, rarely even hints at how the world really *is*. We see only the realities of the characters themselves—leaving us like the prisoners in Plato's cave, viewing only the shadows of events we can never know directly.

The third is *multiple perspective:* beholding the world not univocally but simultaneously through a set of prisms each of which catches some part of it. Auden's poem on the death of Yeats is a brilliant example: the poet's death is seen in the instruments of winter airports, on the floor of the Bourse, in the sickroom, in the "guts of the living." Roland Barthes argues in *S/Z* that without multiple codes of meaning a story is merely "readerly," not "writerly."

There are doubtless other means by which discourse keeps meaning open or "performable" by the reader—metaphor among them. But the three mentioned suffice for illustration. Together they succeed in *subjunctivizing reality,* which is my way of rendering what Iser means by a narrative speech act. I take my meaning of "subjunctive" from the second one offered by the *OED*: "Designating a mood (L. *modus subjunctivus*) the forms of which are employed to denote an action or state as conceived (and not as a fact) and therefore used to express a wish, command, exhortation, or a contingent, hypothetical, or prospective event." To be in the subjunctive mode is, then, to be trafficking in human possibilities rather than in settled certainties. An "achieved" or "uptaken" narrative speech act, then, produces a subjunctive world. When I use the term *subjunctivize,* I shall mean it in this sense. What then can we say in any technical way about the means whereby discourse portrays a "subjunctive reality"? For surely that is the key to the issue of discourse in great fiction. Let me turn to some of the more systematic ways in which this is accomplished.

Begin with the familiar case of speech acts and Paul Grice's extension of the idea to what he calls the Cooperative Principle governing ordinary conversation. He proposes maxims of quantity (saying only as much as is necessary), of quality (saying only the truth, and saying it with perspicuousness), and of relevance (saying only what is to the point). However needed such maxims may be for regulating conversational cooperation, in fact they are guides to banality: to be brief, perspicuous, truthful, and relevant is to be drab and literal. But the existence of such maxims (however implicit our awareness of them), Grice argues, provides us with the means of violating them for purposes of *meaning more than we say* or for meaning something other than what we say (as in irony, for example) or for meaning less than we say. To mean in this way, by the use of such intended violations or "conversational implicatures," is to create gaps and to recruit presuppositions to fill them. As in

Where's Jack?
Well, I saw a yellow VW outside Susan's.

The reader-hearer, if he is to stay on the narrative scene, must fill in, and under the circumstances he is made complicitous with the characters in the exchange. Why doesn't the respondent say outright (perspicuously) that Jack is visiting Susan? Is it an illicit visit? Is Jack "going the rounds"? Cookbooks on story writing urge the use of implicatures to increase "narrative tension," and they can easily lose their effect when overused. Yet they provide the means for the kind of indirect talk that forces "meaning performance" upon the reader.

Presupposition is an ancient and complex topic in logic and linguistics, and one that deserves closer study by the student of narrative. A presupposition, formally defined, is an implied proposition whose force remains invariant whether the explicit proposition in which it is embedded is true or false. Their nature and operations have been set forth brilliantly by Stephen Levinson, by L. Karttunen and Richard Peters, and by Gerald Gazdar, and their discussions of presuppositional triggers, filters, plugs, and holes are richly suggestive for literary text analysis. They deal with what are called "heritage expressions" and with how a presupposition is built up over discourse in order to project itself into later statements. Triggers effect such projection. Four simple examples will serve to illustrate their manner of operating.

Trigger	Presupposition
Definite descriptions:	
John saw/didn't see the chimera.	There exists a chimera.
Factive verbs:	
John realized/didn't realize he was broke.	John was broke.
Implicative verbs:	
John managed/didn't manage to open the door.	John tried to open the door.
Iteratives:	
You can't get buggy whips anymore.	You used to be able to get buggy whips.

There are many other triggers. I think it is plain (though the details are not easy) that triggering presuppositions, like intentionally violating

conversational maxims, provides a powerful way of "meaning more than you are saying," or going beyond surface text, or packing the text with meaning for narrative purposes.

The use of presupposition is greatly facilitated by an informal "contract" that governs language exchanges. As Dan Sperber and Deirdre Wilson have noted, we characteristically assume that what somebody says *must* make sense, and we will, when in doubt about *what* sense it makes, search for or invent an interpretation of the utterance to give it sense. Example on a London street (after Sperber and Wilson):

> Will you buy a raffle ticket for the Royal Naval Lifeboat Institution?
> No thanks, I spend summers near Manchester.
> Ah yes, of course.

Obviously, you cannot press a reader (or a listener) to make endless interpretations of your obscure remarks. But you can go a surprisingly long way—provided only that you start with something approximating what Joseph Campbell called a "mythologically instructed community." And, in fact, most of the devices and tropes that we use in the telling and writing of stories are not substantively as demanding as the one in Sperber and Wilson's example.

To revert to the beginning discussion of paradigmatic and narrative modes of thought, both of them surely trade on presupposition, if only for the sake of brevity. If the scientist or analytic philosopher or logician should be found to be triggering presuppositions in a covert way, he will become the butt of jokes about making a hard sell rather than letting things speak for themselves. His presuppositions should be unpackable, easily so. The writer of fiction who does *not* use such triggering will simply fail. His story will be "flat."

What of subjectification, the rendering of the world of the story into the consciousness of its protagonists? Freud remarks in "The Poet and the Daydream" that the act of composition is, after all, an act of decomposition: the artist's separation of his own internal cast of characters into the characters of the story or play. The plot then becomes a hypothetical actualization of the reader's own internal "psychodynamics." Freud the psychologist thought, of course, that this was achieved unconsciously, and Milosz the poet agrees:

> In the very essence of poetry there is something indecent:
> A thing is brought forth that we didn't know we had in us,
> So we blink our eyes, as if a tiger had sprung out
> And stood in the light, lashing his tail.

Freud had it in mind that the "internal drama made external" aids the reader to identify not only with characters but with the human plights in which they find themselves. But this kind of theorizing does not help us much in our understanding of discourse. Is there something more precise that can be said about the language by which subjective landscapes and multiple perspectives are evoked in stories? For that is the issue I am addressing—how is reality rendered subjunctive by language?

An idea of Todorov's serves well as a point of departure. The argument runs somewhat as follows—I say "somewhat" because I am adding some elaborations that are not part of his analysis. Suppose one posits first a "way of saying" that is as simple, expository, and nonsubjunctive as possible: *x commits a crime.* In effect it depicts a "product" or event. It asserts. Todorov proposes that there are six simple transformations that transform the action of the verb from being a fait accompli to being psychologically in process, and as such contingent or subjunctive in our sense. His six simple transformations are as follows:

Mode. Modality, literally a modal auxiliary for the verb, subjectifies the action: *must, might, could, would,* and so on. Modals are ordinarily classified as epistemic and deontic, the first having to do with matters of what could or must be, the second with value obligations: *x must commit a crime* and *x should commit a crime.* And within each class there is a further subdivision between necessity and contingency: *x must commit a crime* and *x might commit a crime,* for example, both of which are "perspectival" triggers. Modal transformations also have the effect of implying a context for an act: x must or x should for some reason, implied but not stated, do what the verb requires.

Intention. Here, the act is directly embedded in its intention: *x plans to commit a crime* (or *hopes to, intends to,* and so on).

Result is a transformation—as in *x succeeds in committing a crime*—whose effect is both to presuppose intent and to raise but leave open the question of how it all came about.

Manner—as in *x is keen to commit a crime*—subjectifies the act and creates an attitude that modifies the action's intention.

Aspect refers to a form of time marking that is related not to an abstract time marker like tense but to the progress of the task in which the action is occurring: for example, *x is beginning to commit a crime* (*is in the midst of,* and so on). Paul Ricoeur's *Time and Narrative* contains an interesting discussion of the way the abstract emptiness of time, defined by tense, must be embodied in a concrete and progressing activity in order for it to constitute narrative time. Aspect transformations are probably the most direct way of providing or evoking such concreteness.

Status—as in *x is not committing a crime*—is a transformation that opens the possibility that there was a wish to, a set of circumstances that, a possibility that, an accusation that could have led to a crime. Negation is a powerful trigger of presuppositions about the possible. "I do not commit crimes" opens a world of alternative perspectives.

Todorov also proposes a half-dozen complex transformations that, in effect, alter a sentence by adding to it a verb phrase that modifies the original or main verb phrase. All of his complex verb phrases have the function of adding "factivity" to the original—that is, a state of mental activity to accompany the main verb phrase. They place the activity in a landscape of consciousness. They are:

Appearance:	x pretends he has committed a crime
Knowledge:	x learns y has committed . . .
Supposition:	x foresees he will commit . . .
Description:	x reports he has committed . . .
Subjectification:	x thinks he has committed . . .
Attitude:	x enjoys committing . . .

To put it in Todorov's words, such a transformation, simple or complex, "permits discourse to acquire a meaning without this meaning becoming pure information." I assume that "pure information" means for him a form of exposition that minimizes presupposition, that keeps the reader from going too far beyond the information given. The use of such transformations, on the other hand, should thicken the connective web that holds a narrative together in its depiction of both action and consciousness.

Can Todorov's system of transformations distinguish good narrative from, say, good exposition? Our research group tried it, comparing one of the stories in Joyce's *Dubliners* with a piece of fine expository

writing by the anthropologist Martha Weigel. "Clay" was our story—one on which we had been working intensively. It is a story laced with ritual—Maria laying out the barmbrack for the other girls at the laundry, her tram ride from Ballsbridge to the Pillar and then to Drumcondra, the All Hallows' Eve party and its ritual game of blind man's bluff. This inspired the choice, for comparison, of an expository text to which the same analysis could be applied and that dealt with ritual action. Martha Weigel is an anthropologist and a writer of considerable grace. Her subject is the Southwest and her specialty is the Penitentes, about whom she has written an acclaimed book, *Brothers of Light, Brothers of Blood.* It contains a chapter on rituals. That chapter was our choice.

Gwyneth Lewis and I set out to compare Joyce's "Clay" (113 sentences long) with Weigel's chapter on Penitente rituals—at least its first 113 sentences. The results of the trial run, though they may not be typical of anything save these two pieces, were so striking that I may be forgiven for reporting them here. Consider, for example, the number of Todorovian transformations per 100 sentences of text in the Joyce story and in Weigel's exposition:

Todorovian transformation	Joyce's "Clay"	Weigel's "Rituals"
Simple	117.5	34.6
Complex	84.9	16.0
Total	202.4	50.6

Or, in barest summary, the story contains on average two transformations per sentence; the anthropological account, only one every other sentence.

This, admittedly, is the most grossly unadorned word counting—however much it may be inspired by an hypothesis about how subjunctivizing is achieved. It tells nothing about the contexts in which these transformations are used or about the uses to which they are put. Why do one in three of Joyce's sentences contain transformations of manner, while only one in ten of Martha Weigel's do? Or why are a quarter of Joyce's constructions timed by aspect, while only one in fifty of Weigel's are? A more subtle analysis is for the future.

Rather, I want to say something about "reader response" to the

Joyce story. In our research, we ask our readers to tell us back the story in their own words: to create, so to speak, a virtual text. Again, I can make no claim for the representativeness of what we are finding, but we did subject to analysis the "told back" version of one of our readers, an experienced reader of fiction in his late teens who was reading the story for the first time. He told it back to us a day later. His version of "Clay" was only 24 sentences long (typically shorter than the story), in contrast to Joyce's 113. Compare Joyce and the reader, the numbers standing again for frequency of transformations per 100 sentences.

Todorovian transformation	Joyce's "Clay"	Reader's virtual text
Simple	117.5	235.3
Complex	84.9	91.1
Total	202.4	326.4

Is the reader picking up the subjunctivized speech of the story? Well, there are twice as many simple transformations in the reader's "story" as in Joyce's, and at least as many complex ones as Joyce used. Our reader is plainly resonating to the story and to its discourse as well. Indeed, the two texts, actual and virtual, even agree closely in terms of the frequency ranking of the transformations used. The simple transformations first:

Todorovian transformation	Joyce's "Clay"	Rank	Reader's virtual text	Rank
Manner	33.6	1	83.0	1
Aspect	24.7	2	38.0	3.5
Status	23.8	3	50.0	2
Mode	18.6	4	38.0	3.5
Result	10.6	5	25.0	5
Intention	6.2	6	1.3	6

And the match in the complex transformation was just as close:

Todorovian transformation	Joyce's "Clay"	Rank	Reader's virtual text	Rank
Description	41.6	1	46.0	1
Subjectification	17.7	2	13.8	2

Todorovian transformation	Joyce's "Clay"	Rank	Reader's virtual text	Rank
Attitude	11.5	3	8.0	4.5
Knowledge	9.7	4	11.3	3
Appearance	2.6	5	8.0	4.5
Supposition	1.8	6	4.0	6

What is vividly interesting is that our young reader provided us with a virtual text that, I think, Joyce would not have minded. (It is to be found in the Appendix, placed side-by-side with Joyce's story.) One does not want to make too much of this particular concordance between the "retell" discourse of a reader and the text of a story. But the "results" of this first experiment do suggest some hypotheses. The first is that the "mood"—the *modus subjunctivus*—of the story is preserved in the reading, as well as the substance of the story itself, in the sense both of fabula and sjuzet. There are transformations, to be sure, and (as one can see by comparing the reader's story with Joyce's in the Appendix) these are principally in the form of deletions. Doubtless these deletions serve to "sharpen, level, and assimilate" elements of the story (to use Sir Frederic Bartlett's terms from his classic, *Remembering*). In the retelling, turn-of-the-century Dublin seems a bit more like the New York of today; the episode with the military-looking gentleman on the tram is forefronted in the virtual text more than in the actual one; the doings in the laundry are somewhat flattened.

But perhaps the most interesting qualitative transformation in the retelling is the reader's management of subjunctivity. At first, he tells the story in a way suggesting omniscience about what was happening. This is then modified by peppering the account with "he says" and "he said," where "he" is the author. Then subjunctivizing language begins to take over the virtual text. The reader now says of Maria that "she is going to x," "she wants to x," "she remembers when x," "she thinks what else she wants to x," "she's forced to x," "she becomes used to (accustomed to) x." Or "they start being merry," or "Maria said to Joe that he should make up with his brother Alfy," or "Maria says she's sorry." Or, to take a striking instance of mood preservation, "and Joe says, you know, since its such a nice night I won't get angry about it, but you know, he doesn't; he's not really happy that she brought it up." The subjective landscape is richly constructed in the virtual text,

though untransformed "matters of fact" are interspersed ("she goes there and gives the kids their little penny cakes") but only enough to keep a line of action going concurrently with the subjective line.

We also asked our reader a good many questions after he had told back the story so that we might dig a little more deeply into his interpretive activity. For the analysis of virtual text (the "retelling") is only one way of finding out what a story like "Clay" means to a reader. Asked about what had particularly struck him in the story, he picks up the witch theme: "her nose nearly touched her chin." He wonders whether her witchlike appearance clashes with the almost saintly quality she is pictured as possessing. Then he asks, does *she think* she is saintly while others are really sorry for her.

His search for a timeless fabula has begun: "I did kind of get like some kind of evil coming from her . . . even though she was so nice to everybody that she had some hidden evil building up in her, or something." And then, "like artificially nice, almost, like she had no real enemies, she had, you know, she was just nice to everybody, and she wanted everybody, you know, to be nice to her and respect her, which is what she got. But there was that, that, it is not possible for a human to be like that. You know, except, you know, we only saw part of her; we don't know what the other part of her is like." And later he adds, "I was almost happy that he (the old man on the bus), that he had stolen her plum cake, because it's almost like never . . . she was so naive that she'd never experienced anything like that, and I was happy that she had at least had some negative experience, 'cause not everything was always just, you know, hunky-dory and everything. Bad things do happen, when you're so trusting of everybody."

From this interpretation, he then raises a series of questions about symbolism, such as why were they "celebrating Halloween in that ritual, Christmas-like way?" Is it a story about the fall of innocence? He finally decides that it is.

Iser remarks in *The Act of Reading* that readers have both a *strategy* and a *repertoire* that they bring to bear on a text. This reader's principal strategy seemed to consist in trying to reconcile the "stuff" of the story with his repertoire of conceptions about human plights—his collection of possible fabulae. He says early on in so many words that he is "not sure what the story is trying to tell us" but admits that he is caught up in it. His interpretation of "Clay" as a story about "the cost of inno-

cence protected by self-deception" is, so to speak, his personal thumbprint imposed on the story; but it is not entirely idiosyncratic. To begin with, it is not a culturally atypical interpretation (we know from other readers), particularly for a literate New York boy in his late teens. Nor does it do violence to the text: if we had asked other readers to "rate" the cultural appropriateness of his interpretation (which we are now doing in our research in progress), it would have been rated well. As for capturing the author's intent, what can one say? If it were possible to call up the shade of Joyce, he would doubtless turn the question into a pun for Finnegan's wake!

Obviously, it will always be a moot question whether and how well a reader's interpretation "maps" on an actual story, does justice to the writer's intention in telling the story, or conforms to the repertory of a culture. But in any case, the author's act of creating a narrative of a particular kind and in a particular form is not to evoke a standard reaction but to recruit whatever is most appropriate and emotionally lively in the reader's repertory. So "great" storytelling, inevitably, is about compelling human plights that are "accessible" to readers. But at the same time, the plights must be set forth with sufficient subjunctivity to allow them to be *rewritten* by the reader, rewritten so as to allow play for the reader's imagination. One cannot hope to "explain" the processes involved in such rewriting in any but an interpretive way, surely no more precisely, say, than an anthropologist "explains" what the Balinese cockfight means to those who bet on it (to take an example from Clifford Geertz's classic paper on that subject). All that one can hope for is to interpret a reader's interpretation in as detailed and rich a way as psychologically possible.

In the end, one is asking how a reader makes a strange text his own. On this point, there is an instructive exchange between Marco Polo and Kublai Khan in Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*. It begins when Marco says:

> "Sire, now I have told you about all the cities I know."
>
> "There is still one of which you never speak."
>
> Marco Polo bowed his head.
>
> "Venice," the Khan said.
>
> Marco smiled. "What else do you believe I have been talking to you about?"

The emperor did not turn a hair. "And yet I have never heard you mention that name."

And Polo said: "Every time I describe a city I am saying something about Venice."

"When I ask about other cities I want to hear about them. And about Venice, when I ask you about Venice."

"To distinguish the other cities' qualities, I must speak of a first city that remains implicit. For me it is Venice."

Yet, there is something more than assimilating strange tales into the familiar dramas of our own lives, even more than transmuting our own dramas in the process. It is not just strange tales and familiar dramas that are implicated, but something at a level of interpretation beyond story. It is that form of timeless meaning which the story "contains" or instantiates though it is not "in" the story: it is the gist, the plight, perhaps what the Russian Formalists called the *fabula*. There is another exchange between Marco and Kublai that begins to catch the sense of it, of this meaning beyond the details. Marco describes a bridge stone by stone.

"But which is the stone that supports the bridge?" Kublai Khan asks.

"The bridge is not supported by one stone or another," Marco answers, "but by the line of the arch that they form."

Kublai Khan remains silent, reflecting. Then he adds: "Why do you speak to me of the stones? It is only the arch that matters to me."

Polo answers: "Without stones there is no arch."

But still, it is not quite the arch. It is, rather, what arches are *for* in all the senses in which an arch is for something—for their beautiful form, for the chasms they safely bridge, for coming out on the other side of crossings, for a chance to see oneself reflected upside down yet right side up. So a reader goes from stones to arches to the significance of arches is some broader reality—goes back and forth between them in attempting finally to construct a sense of the story, its form, its meaning.

As our readers read, as they begin to construct a virtual text of their own, it is as if they were embarking on a journey without maps—and yet, they possess a stock of maps that *might* give hints, and besides, they know a lot about journeys and about mapmaking. First impressions of the new terrain are, of course, based on older journeys already taken. In time, the new journey becomes a thing in itself, however

much its initial shape was borrowed from the past. The virtual text becomes a story of its own, its very strangeness only a contrast with the reader's sense of the ordinary. The fictional landscape, finally, must be given a "reality" of its own—the ontological step. It is then that the reader asks that crucial interpretive question, "What's it all about?" But what "it" is, of course, is not the actual text—however great its literary power—but the text that the reader has constructed under its sway. And that is why the actual text needs the subjunctivity that makes it possible for a reader to create a world of his own. Like Barthes, I believe that the writer's greatest gift to a reader is to help him become a writer.

If I have, then, made much of the contingent and subjunctive not so much in storytelling as in story comprehending, it is because the narrative mode leads to conclusions not about certainties in an aboriginal world, but about the varying perspectives that can be constructed to make experience comprehensible. Beyond Barthes, I believe that the *great* writer's gift to a reader is to make him a *better* writer.

❧

Perhaps the greatest feat in the history of narrative art was the leap from the folktale to the psychological novel that places the engine of action in the characters rather than in the plot. What makes "Clay" a powerful story is not events, but Maria. Without her, the paltry events of the story (and even these are seen only through the eyes of the protagonists) would make no sense. As it is, they are vivid little epiphanies of ordinariness—her ordinariness, and through her, our ordinariness.

What is at the heart of the psychological story is the notion of a "character" or a "cast of characters." Our young reader of "Clay" ends with "It's actually a depressing story when you get down to it . . . like what's it all about for Maria, like what's it all leading to? She works, she's an old lady . . . she's done you know probably nothing." He has converted the story into a tale of character—character and circumstance.

Character is an extraordinarily elusive literary idea. Perhaps it is elusive for reasons beyond the literary. For even in "real life," it is always a moot question whether the actions of persons should be attributed to circumstances or to their "enduring dispositions"—their

character. Aristotle in the *Poetics* conveniently distinguishes between "agent" (*pratton*) and "character" (*ethos*), the former being a figure in a drama whose actions merely fit the requirements of the plot, and no more, while the latter has traits beyond those required. But this is by no means clear for, as Ricoeur reminds us in *Time and Narrative*, Aristotle's idea of *mimesis* includes the notion that drama reflects "character in action" and action surely involves plot and its setting. Besides, can there ever be a figure in a drama who does *just* what is required by the plot without giving some inkling of what he or she would be like in more general terms? As Seymour Chatman puts it, "If one trait is assigned to an action, why isn't the floodgate thereby opened?" Ask a reader whether he would be comfortable buying a second-hand car from a "false hero" in a Proppian fairytale, or what kind of relationship that false hero might have had with his father. It will soon be plain, as Solomon Asch demonstrated a generation ago, that character (or perhaps we should call it *apparent* character) is not a bundle of autonomous traits but an organized conception, however much we may construct it from such scraps and clues as we can find.

Asch made his point by demonstrating how differently the trait *intelligent* was interpreted depending on whether the character to whom it was attributed was also described as *cold* or as *warm*. In the first case, intelligent meant "crafty," while in the second it was taken to mean "wise." Apparent character is perceived as a *Gestalt,* not as a list of traits that account for particular actions. And the Gestalt seems to be constructed according to some sort of theory about how people are. For example, they have some sort of core characteristic that directs their behavior from within. But if the person in question behaves in a way that violates that core characteristic, we easily explain it away by invoking circumstances. My colleague Henri Zukier and I tried out some typical college-aged readers on a variant of the Asch experiment. To begin with, we gave them a short list of consistent trait names characterizing an imaginary person, like *spiritual, introverted, religious,* to which they would respond by describing him as "a saintly kind of person." Then we added to the list *practical* and *money-minded*. One subject: "Sure. A good man, but he's probably in one of those cut-throat businesses." Another: "I've known them like that—like one of those Amish or Mennonite farmers where I grew up, good in his own group and drives a hard bargain outside." (Interestingly enough, when

subjects begin telling about "circumstances," their language quickly becomes drenched in Todorov transformations.)

The inseparability of character, setting, and action must be deeply rooted in the nature of narrative thought. It is only with difficulty that we can conceive of each of them in isolation. There are different ways of combining the three in constructing the *dramatis personae* of fiction (or of life, for that matter). And those constructions are by no means arbitrary. They reflect psychological processes such as those noted by Asch and other psychologists. They also reflect our beliefs about how people fit into society. The alternate ways in which we can construe people, moreover, often run into conflict with each other, and the conflict leaves us puzzled. Indeed, the act of construing another person is almost inevitably problematic. For all that, the choice of one construal rather than another virtually always has real consequences for how we deal with others. Our construal of character, indeed, is our first and perhaps most important step in dealing with another. It is this that makes the very act of interpreting a person—whether in fiction or in life—inherently dramatic. It is what makes the narrative of character so much more subjunctive than the folktale or the myth.

How characterize the different ways in which we construe "personhood" in literature? We could, of course, adopt the character types offered by theories of "personality" from Galen to Freud and Jung, and see whether readers of fiction use the same categories. But that is too specialized. We already know that even the most ordinary readers go beyond mere character depictions to consideration of circumstance and setting. We need, rather, a "morphology" of persons that captures common sense, that takes into account the range of concerns I have mentioned. Then we can explore how in fact readers fit character, plot, and action together in making the virtual text.

Amélie Rorty offers an analysis that, I think, is to the point. It distinguishes characters, figures, persons, selves, and individuals. She begins with a sketch: "*Characters* are delineated; their traits are sketched; they are not presumed to be strictly unified. They appear in novels by Dickens, not those by Kafka. *Figures* appear in cautionary tales, exemplary novels and hagiography. They present narratives of types of lives to be imitated. *Selves* are possessors of their properties. *Individuals* are centers of integrity; their rights are inalienable." The use of these variant construals is, for Rorty, fraught with human conse-

quences: "we are different entities as we conceive ourselves enlightened by these various views. Our powers of action are different, our relations to one another, our properties and proprieties, our characteristic successes or defeats, our conception of society's proper strictures and freedoms will vary with our conceptions of ourselves as characters, persons, selves, individuals."

Let me very briefly sketch Rorty's views and then return more directly to the general point. She sees *characters* as evolved from their origin in the Greek concept of the hero. The hero is known by his deeds. "As the hero's distance from the gods increases, his heroism comes to be exemplified in his character rather than in the sheer glory of his action." Characters do not have identity crises, since there is no presupposition about their unity; but disharmony among their characteristics breeds trouble—in their action, not in their selfhood. To know what sort of character a person is is to know the circumstances that suit him best, for not all characters are suited to the same life. A character's tragedy is to be in circumstances where his disposition is no longer needed, no longer suited. "Characters in time of great social change . . . are likely to be tragic." And then, "In fiction, characters are dear to us because they are predictable, because they entitle us to the superiority of gods who can lovingly foresee and thus more readily forgive what is fixed."

Figures "are defined by their place in an unfolding drama; they are not assigned roles because of their traits, but rather have the traits of their prototypes in myth or sacred script. Figures are characters writ large, become figureheads . . . Both their roles and their traits emerge from their place in an ancient narrative. The narration, the plot, comes first . . ." Whatever else figures are doing, they are filling their roles. A confidante may have gone to buy fish, but her real role is the sharing of confidences. "A figure is neither formed by nor owns experience." They are Mary or Martha, Peter or Paul, Che Guevara or Paul Bunyan.

The idea of *persons,* Rorty proposes, comes from two sources: the *dramatis personae* of the stage, and the law. "A person's roles and his place in the narrative devolve from the choices that place him in a structural system, related to others." Central to it is the idea of a unified center of action and choice—the unit of both legal and theological responsibility. Interest in persons, then, centers upon locating liability.

The scope of a person lies in his powers to affect those around him, a scope for which he bears responsibility.

When we conceive of persons exclusively as sources of responsibility, we think of them as souls or minds, engaged with *res cogitans*. When we think of them as possessing rights and powers, we think of them as *selves*. "When a society has changed so that individuals acquire their rights by virtue of their powers, rather than having their powers defined by their rights, the concept of person has been transformed to a concept of self." Jane Austen describes a world of persons on the verge of becoming selves, Trollope one that has already become a world of selves, one in which the property required for stature is no longer land but an assured income due one by virtue of one's qualities.

Finally, *individuality,* born out of the corruption in societies of selves: "It begins with conscience and ends with consciousness." At its core is a contrast of individual *versus* society: "an individual transcends and resists what is binding and oppressive in society and does so from an original natural position . . . The rights of persons are formulated *in* society, while the rights of individuals are demanded *of* society." And so Molloy and Malone, the zaniness of the individual soldier in the midst of an insane war, rip-off as the redistribution of property.

Each is a mode of interpreting as well as a mode of depiction, and in both, the lines are not clear. Depictions achieve drama by embodying a conflict: is Leggatt in *The Secret Sharer* a "figure" or an "individual" in Rorty's sense? And as writers alter their "presentation" of personhood—from the figures of Homer to the characters of Euripides, from Jane Austen's persons to Trollope's selves, from Conrad's selves to Beckett's individuals—so too readers change in the approach to personhood. In life, is it crusading senator or macho lover of Marilyn Monroe, a teenage offender in the light of love or the light of justice, which Roger Casement, which of the two Parnells. In literature, is Roth's Zuckerman a character who searches for the setting that will uncork his gifts, the figure in a morality drama, or the individual in revolt?

Lionel Trilling, reviewing David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd,* conjectured whether modern sociology was coming to take the place of the novel as a window on the lives of those who live in "other" social classes. But that cannot be right. For the anomaly of personhood—its

consequential alternativeness—cannot be caught save through the vehicle of narrative. And it is this alternativeness—this inherent restlessness in deciding on the right depiction of personhood—that gives the novel of character, the psychological novel, its force, its subjunctivity, and its power to disturb.

❧

One final point and I am done. It is about narrative and history. In a recent book on historiography, Dale Porter raises some extremely interesting questions about the strengths and shortcomings of narrative history. I do not want to evaluate his arguments, but to comment on one point that recurs in his account (as it has in earlier accounts by Bryce Gallie and by Isaiah Berlin). There is an assumption, implicit to be sure, that a narrative account leaves one open to "errors" that are departures from an aboriginal reality that is better discerned by a more systematic, "logico-scientific" method. After all, what we know, the *annales,* so to speak, is that on Christmas Day at the Vatican in the year 800, Pope Leo III crowned Charlemagne Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. When an historian of the stature of Louis Halphen sets these bare "facts" into a web of imperial and papal intentions and of changing "world views," does he risk errors that are more egregious and fanciful than, say, the errors in wait for a sober economic historian who eschews narratives? That one does something more verifiable than the other, few would doubt. Trade and commerce, the flow of capital, and so on are documentable in a way that motives and a growing "sense of Europeanness" are not. So should Halphen's account be treated as a form of fiction (or "faction") or as fictionalized history?

The economist Robert Heilbroner once remarked that when forecasts based on economic theory fail, he and his colleagues take to telling stories—about Japanese managers, about the Zurich "snake," about the Bank of England's "determination" to keep sterling from falling. There is a curious anomaly here: businessmen and bankers today (like men of affairs of all ages) guide their decisions by just such stories—even when a workable theory is available. These narratives, once acted out, "make" events and "make" history. They contribute to the reality of the participants. For an economist (or an economic historian) to ignore them, even on grounds that "general economic forces" shape the world of economics, would be to don blinders. Can anyone

say a priori that history is completely independent of what goes on in the minds of its participants? Narratives may be the last resort of economic theorists. But they are probably the life stuff of those whose behavior they study.

So we embellish our hard-core *annales,* convert them into *chroniques* and finally into narrative *histoires* (to borrow Hayden White's way of putting it). And thereby we constitute the psychological and cultural reality in which the participants in history actually live. In the end, then, the narrative and the paradigmatic come to live side by side. All the more reason for us to move toward an understanding of what is involved in telling and understanding great stories, and how it is that stories create a reality of their own—in life as in art.

Appendix: A Reader's Retelling of "Clay" by James Joyce

Joyce's Actual Text

1. The matron had given her leave to go out as soon as the women's tea was over and Maria looked forward to her evening out.
2. The kitchen was spick and span: the cook said you could see yourself in the big copper boilers.
3. The fire was nice and bright and on one of the side-tables were four very big barmbracks.
4. These barmbracks seemed uncut; but if you went closer you would see that they had been cut into long thick even slices and were ready to be handed round at tea.
5. Maria had cut them herself.

6. Maria was a very, very small person indeed but she had a very long nose and a very long chin.
7. She talked a little through her nose, always soothingly: *Yes, my dear,* and *No, my dear.*
8. She was always sent for when the women quarrelled over their tubs and always succeeded in making peace.
9. One day the matron had said to

The Reader's Virtual Text

The story goes like this: Uh, he starts out by, uh, telling us that, um, the lady named Maria will be um waiting for, is waiting for the women to come for a tea party type of thing and she also knows that after the tea party, about a little before seven she'll be able to go out um, into town, for, like, a night of shopping. And, um, he says that there's a nice fire burning in the room

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
her: —Maria, you are a veritable peace-maker!	
10. And the sub-matron and two of the Board ladies had heard the compliment.	
11. And Ginger Mooney was always saying what she wouldn't do to the dummy who had charge of the irons if it wasn't for Maria.	
12. Everyone was so fond of Maria.	
13. The women would have their tea at six o'clock and she would be able to get away before seven.	
14. From Ballsbridge to the Pillar, twenty minutes; from the Pillar to Drumcondra, twenty minutes; and twenty minutes to buy the things.	
15. She would be there before eight.	
16. She took out her purse with the silver clasps and read again the words *A Present from Belfast.*	
17. She was very fond of that purse because Joe had brought it to her five years before when he and Alphy had gone to Belfast on a Whit-Monday trip.	
18. In the purse were two half-crowns and some coppers.	
19. She would have five shillings clear after paying tram fare.	
20. What a nice evening they would have, all the children singing!	
21. Only she hoped that Joe wouldn't come in drunk.	
22. He was so different when he took any drink.	
23. Often he had wanted her to go and live with them; but she would have felt herself in the way (though Joe's wife was ever so nice with her) and she had become accustomed to the life of the laundry.	

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
24. Joe was a good fellow. 25. She had nursed him and Alphy too; and Joe used often say: —Mamma is mamma but Maria is my proper mother.	
26. After the break-up at home the boys had got her that position in the *Dublin by Lamplight* laundry, and she liked it. 27. She used to have such a bad opinion of Protestants but now she thought they were very nice people, a little quiet and serious, but still very nice people to live with. 28. Then she had her plants in the conservatory and she liked looking after them. 29. She had lovely ferns and wax-plants and, whenever anyone came to visit her, she always gave the visitor one or two slips from her conservatory. 30. There was one thing she didn't like and that was the tracts on the walls; but the matron was such a nice person to deal with, so genteel.	
31. When the cook told her everything was ready she went into the women's room and began to pull the big bell. 32. In a few minutes the women began to come in by twos and threes, wiping their steaming hands in their petticoats and pulling down the sleeves of their blouses over their red steaming arms. 33. They settled down before their huge mugs which the cook and the dummy filled up with hot tea, already mixed with milk and sugar in huge tin cans. 34. Maria superintended the distribu-	and she's waiting there and the ladies are in the other room, and when the cook is ready, he tells her to go on into the other room and she rings this big bell and everybody starts coming in. And, he said earlier that there were four barmbracks on the corner table and it didn't look like they were sliced but if you went closer, he said you could see that they were sliced into evenly cut long pieces and it was her job to, ah, make sure that everybody got their share of their barmbracks, prob'ly around four slices each. And, she did that and um everybody liked Maria 'cause she was always the one

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
tion of the barmbrack and saw that every woman got her four slices. 35. There was a great deal of laughing and joking during the meal. 36. Lizzie Fleming said Maria was sure to get the ring and, though Fleming had said that for so many Hallow Eves, Maria had to laugh and say she didn't want any ring or man either; and when she laughed her grey-green eyes sparkled with disappointed shyness and the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin. 37. Then Ginger Mooney lifted up her mug of tea and proposed Maria's health while all the other women clattered with their mugs on the table, and said she was sorry she hadn't a sup of porter to drink it in. 38. And Maria laughed again till the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin and till her minute body nearly shook itself asunder because she knew that Mooney meant well though, of course, she had the notions of a common woman.	who um, she was like the judge between disputes, she always settled arguments and stuff and everybody really liked her. And, um, after tea, um after tea they all sat around still talking and joking and, and, she sat around for a little while and when, he said that when she laughed, that the tip of her nose almost touched the tip of her chin because she had a very long pointy nose and a very long chin. And, then, um, she decides that she has stayed long enough and goes and changes into her nice clothes, 'cause right now she's in her working clothes.
39. But wasn't Maria glad when the women had finished their tea and the cook and the dummy had begun to clear away the tea-things! 40. She went into her little bedroom and, remembering that the next morning was a mass morning, changed the hand of the alarm from seven to six. 41. Then she took off her working skirt and her house-boots and laid her best skirt out on the bed and her tiny dress-boots beside the foot of the bed. 42. She changed her blouse too and, as she stood before the mirror, she thought of how she used to dress for mass on Sunday morning when she was a young girl; and she looked with	So, she takes off her big boots, and she takes off her apron, and she goes and she um she's standing in front of the mirror and he tells you that she's a very small person, well, he told you that earlier, but he, you know, he emphasizes how small she is, but he says that she has a very nice dainty body, it's very neat and it's not, it's not fat or anything, and, and that, even though she's kind of old, still, she still likes her body. And, she changes, and then she remembers how she used to dress um when she was little how she used to dress for Sunday mass, and she dresses, and then she dresses, puts on her nice dress, she puts on her nice

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
quaint affection at the diminutive body which she had so often adorned. 43. In spite of its years she found it a nice tidy little body.	little boots, and she goes on the tram. She figures out how long it'll take to get to where she wants to go, and she takes the tram and she says that um, there's only one seat left in the corner, so she goes and sits in the corner, and her feet since she's so small, her feet barely even touch the floor, and she rides the tram to one place, and then she has to take another tram, to another place, and finally she gets out and by this time you've learned that it's . . . it's Halloween night, or it will be soon; it's only about, about seven . . . thirty, now.
44. When she got outside the streets were shining with rain and she was glad of her old brown raincloak. 45. The tram was full and she had to sit on the little stool at the end of the car, facing all the people, with her toes barely touching the floor. 46. She arranged in her mind all she was going to do and thought how much better it was to be independent and to have your own money in your pocket. 47. She hoped they would have a nice evening. 48. She was sure they would but she could not help thinking what a pity it was Alphy and Joe were not speaking. 49. They were always falling out now but when they were boys together they used to be the best of friends: but such was life.	
50. She got out of her tram at the Pillar and ferreted her way quickly among the crowds. 51. She went into Downes's cake-shop but the shop was so full of people that it was a long time before she could get herself attended to. 52. She bought a dozen of mixed penny cakes, and at last came out of the shop laden with a big bag. 53. Then she thought what else would she buy: she wanted to buy something really nice. 54. They would be sure to have plenty of apples and nuts. 55. It was hard to know what to buy and all she could think of was cake.	And it's Halloween, so she's going to, um, a pastry to buy little cookies and stuff for, ah, for a friend of hers whose name is Joe . . . and, when she gets to the store where they're selling the cookies, she pulls out her purse, and it says: *A Present from Belfast,* inside, 'cause it was a present from Joe . . . a long time ago. And she remembers when, when he gave it to her and so, then she pays the lady for the ah, some penny cakes and she buys a dozen penny cakes, and then she thinks what else she wants to buy. So, then she goes to a, um, she wants to buy a piece of plumcake . . . for, yeah, a piece of plumcake for, for the, um,

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
56. She decided to buy some plumcake but Downes's plumcake had not enough almond icing on top of it so she went over to a shop in Henry Street.	for Joe and for Joe's wife, (two words indistinct due to fire sirens outside window) . . . um, she's, she's gonna buy it at this store, and then she remembers that the, this store doesn't put enough almond icing on the plumcake, . . . it's either not enough or too much, I don't remember which.
57. Here she was a long time in suiting herself and the stylish young lady behind the counter, who was evidently a little annoyed by her, asked her was it wedding-cake she wanted to buy. 58. That made Maria blush and smile at the young lady; but the young lady took it all very seriously and finally cut a thick slice of plumcake, parcelled it up and said: —Two-and-four, please.	So, then she goes to this other store where she knows and she buys a piece of plumcake and she's, um, then she takes the tram again, to . . . Joe's house, and on the tram she meets a guy, an old man, who, um, who's the only one—well, when she goes on the tram, there's no seats at all, she's forced to stand, and she's kind of appalled that none of the young men will give up their seats to a lady, but there's an old man, sitting, who relinquishes his seat, and she sits down and they talk,
59. She thought she would have to stand in the Drumcondra tram because none of the young men seemed to notice her but an elderly gentleman made room for her. 60. He was a stout gentleman and he wore a brown hard hat; he had a square red face and a greyish moustache.	
61. Maria thought he was a colonel-looking gentleman and she reflected how much more polite he was than the young men who simply stared straight before them. 62. The gentleman began to chat with her about Hallow Eve and the rainy weather. 63. He supposed the bag was full of good things for the little ones and said it was only right that the youngsters should enjoy themselves while they were young.	and um, he sees that she's bought some cakes and some pie and stuff and he says, since it's Halloween, he says, you know, it's good that the children should enjoy themselves on Halloween while they're still young, and they then they talk, they talk for a while while she's on, on the tram.

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
64. Maria agreed with him and favoured him with demure nods and hems.	
65. He was very nice with her, and when she was getting out at the Canal Bridge she thanked him and bowed, and he bowed to her and raised his hat and smiled agreeably; and while she was going up along the terrace, bending her tiny head under the rain, she thought how easy it was to know a gentleman even when he has a drop taken.	And he's very nice, and when she has to get off, he lifts his hat and says Goodbye, and, and, you know, she's very happy that he's such a nice man.
66. Everybody said: *O, here's Maria!* when she came to Joe's house. 67. Joe was there, having come home from business, and all the children had their Sunday dresses on. 68. There were two big girls in from next door and games were going on. 69. Maria gave the bag of cakes to the eldest boy, Alphy, to divide and Mrs Donnelly said it was too good of her to bring such a big bag of cakes and made all the children say: —Thanks, Maria.	And she goes to Joe's house, and everybody loves Maria, 'cause she's such a nice lady, and, um, the kids like her, and Joe likes her and Joe's wife really likes her, and she remembers that Joe's wife had asked her once to, um, I mean Joe had asked her once to live there, and she had become very used to to living there, I mean she had become very accustomed to . . . well, she had thought about it because she . . . the position that she had with the matron was like, um, doing the laundry and chores and stuff I guess, so she had thought about it and since Joe's wife liked her so much she had seriously considered it, but she thought she'd be pretty much in the way, so she goes there and she gives the kids their little penny cakes and they're very happy, and she gives . . . and then she's gonna give Joe and his wife the piece of plumcake
70. But Maria said she had brought something special for papa and mamma, something they would be sure to like, and she began to look for her plumcake.	
71. She tried in Downes's bag and then in the pockets of her raincloak and then on the hall-stand but nowhere could she find it. 72. Then she asked all the children had any of them eaten it—by mistake,	but she realizes that she can't find it anywhere,

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
of course—but the children all said no and looked as if they did not like to eat cakes if they were to be accused of stealing.	
73. Everybody had a solution for the mystery and Mrs Donnelly said it was plain that Maria had left it behind her in the tram.	
74. Maria, remembering how confused the gentleman with the greyish moustache had made her, coloured with shame and vexation and disappointment.	and she's so sad that she almost starts crying, and she realizes that the man who had been so nice to her probably stole the piece of plumcake from her. She gets very sad.
75. At the thought of the failure of her little surprise and of the two and fourpence she had thrown away for nothing she nearly cried outright.	
76. But Joe said it didn't matter and made her sit down by the fire.	
77. He was very nice with her.	
78. He told her all that went on in his office, repeating for her a smart answer which he had made to the manager.	
79. Maria did not understand why Joe laughed so much over the answer he had made but she said that the manager must have been a very overbearing person to deal with.	
80. Joe said he wasn't so bad when you know how to take him, that he was a decent sort so long as you didn't rub him the wrong way.	
81. Mrs Donnelly played the piano for the children and they danced and sang.	
82. Then the two next-door girls handed round the nuts.	
83. Nobody could find the nutcrackers and Joe was nearly getting cross over it and asked how did they expect Maria to crack nuts without a nutcracker.	

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
84. But Maria said she didn't like nuts and that they weren't to bother about her. 85. Then Joe asked would she take a bottle of stout and Mrs Donnelly said there was port wine too in the house if she would prefer that. 86. Maria said she would rather they didn't ask her to take anything: but Joe insisted.	
87. So Maria let him have his way and they sat by the fire talking over old times and Maria thought she would put in a good word for Alphy. 88. But Joe cried that God might strike him stone dead if ever he spoke a word to his brother again and Maria said she was sorry she had mentioned the matter. 89. Mrs Donnelly told her husband it was a great shame for him to speak that way of his own flesh and blood but Joe said that Alphy was no brother of his and there was nearly being a row on the head of it. 90. But Joe said he would not lose his temper on account of the night it was and asked his wife to open some more stout. 91. The two next-door girls had arranged some Hallow Eve games and soon everything was merry again. 92. Maria was delighted to see the children so merry and Joe and his wife in such good spirits.	But then, Joe breaks out with the wine and the beer and stuff and they start being merry, and they start, the kids start playing games and, before they play games, Maria said to Joe that, he should really make up with his brother Alphy, but Joe gets very angry and he says that if he should speak to his brother again, that God might strike him down but with, a bolt of lightning. And, um, Maria says that she's sorry she brought up the subject and Joe says, you know, since it's such a nice night, I won't get angry about it, but, you know, he doesn't, he's not really happy that she brought it up.
93. The next-door girls put some saucers on the table and then led the children up to the table, blindfold. 94. One got the prayer-book and the other three got the water; and when one of the next-door girls got the ring Mrs Donnelly shook her finger at the blushing girl as much as to say: *O, I know all about it!*	And, then they play a game where they blindfold Maria and um the two girls from next door . . . put out little saucers and little things on the saucers

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
95. They insisted then on blindfolding Maria and leading her up to the table to see what she would get; and, while they were putting on the bandage, Maria laughed and laughed again till the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin.	and they blindfold Maria
96. They led her up to the table amid laughing and joking and she put her hand out in the air as she was told to do.	
97. She moved her hand about here and there in the air and descended on one of the saucers.	and she has to put her hand on one of the saucers and whatever's there um means something, supposedly. And she does it the first time, and she feels something wet, and mushy, kind of I guess, and everybody's whispering and making, you know, strange sounds, then someone says something about the garden, and then Joe's wife says, you know, that . . . tells the girls that that's not very funny, and some . . . you know, and Maria has to do it again, and the next time she gets um the Bible . . . I think, yeah, the Bible, and they tell her that by the end of the year, uh, she will enter a convent cause she got the Bible, then, ah, then, the, since they've had enough of that game, they start talking again, and Joe's so happy that, that Maria came and Maria says that this is the nicest Joe's ever been to us, to her . . . She doesn't say it, but she thinks it.
98. She felt a soft wet substance with her finger and was surprised that nobody spoke or took off her bandage.	
99. There was a pause for a few seconds; and then a great deal of scuffling and whispering.	
100. Somebody said something about the garden, and at last Mrs Donnelly said something very cross to one of the next-door girls and told her to throw it out at once: that was no play.	
101. Maria understood that it was wrong that time and so she had to do it over again: and this time she got the prayer-book.	
102. After that Mrs Donnelly played Miss McCloud's Reel for the children and Joe made Maria take a glass of wine.	
103. Soon they were all quite merry again and Mrs Donnelly said Maria would enter a convent before the year was out because she had got the prayer-book.	
104. Maria had never seen Joe so nice to her as he was that night, so full of pleasant talk and reminiscences.	

Actual Text	*Virtual Text*
105. She said they were all very good to her.	
106. At last the children grew tired and sleepy and Joe asked Maria would she not sing some little song before she went, one of the old songs. 107. Mrs Donnelly said *Do, please, Maria!* and so Maria had to get up and stand beside the piano. 108. Mrs Donnelly bade the children be quiet and listen to Maria's song. 109. Then she played the prelude and said *Now, Maria!* and Maria, blushing very much, began to sing in a tiny quavering voice.	And, um, Joe, asks Joe and his wife, ask Maria to sing a song,
110. She sang *I Dreamt that I Dwelt,* and when she came to the second verse she sang again: *I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls / With vassals and serfs at my side / And of all who assembled within those walls / That I was the hope and the pride.* 111. *I had riches too great to count, could boast / Of a high ancestral name, / But I also dreamt, which pleased me most, / That you loved me still the same.*	so Maria sings this song called, um, *I Dreamt that I Dwelt,* and it's a song about her being ahm, a knight in a marble hall and having vassals and, um, having a lot of money and that, being glad that um the person who loves her loves her (cough) anyway, in spite of all her money and stuff, I mean, even though she has a lot of money, but that she loves her anyway,
112. But no one tried to show her her mistake; and when she had ended her song Joe was very much moved. 113. He said that there was no time like the long ago and no music for him like poor old Balfe, whatever other people might say; and his eyes filled up so much with tears that he could not find what he was looking for and in the end he had to ask his wife to tell him where the corkscrew was.	and Joe starts crying, and he's crying so hard he can't find what he's looking for, so he has to ask someone else to find him the corkscrew. And that's the end of the story.

having had "a very independent attitude toward traditional interpretation, and a remarkable historical and critical sense."

p. 6 A. Warren and R. Wellek, *Theory of Literature* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1949).

Wolfgang Iser, *The Act of Reading* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1978); see also his *The Implied Reader* (Johns Hopkins, 1974).

p. 7 Anthony Burgess, *ReJoyce* (New York: Norton, 1965).

Paul Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983).

Frank Kermode, "Secrets and Narrative Sequence," in W. J. T. Mitchell, ed., *On Narrative* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981).

p. 8 G. T. Fechner, *Buechlein von Leben nach dem Tode* (1836); for further discussion see E. G. Boring, *History of Experimental Psychology* (New York: Appleton Century Crofts, 1950).

Jerome Bruner, *On Knowing: Essays for the Left Hand* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1962).

p. 9 For a general account of work on story grammars, see Jean Mandler, *Stories, Scripts, and Scenes: Aspects of Schema Theory* (Hillsdale, N.J.: L. Erlbaum Associates, 1984). See also Roger Shank and Robert Abelson on the theory of scripts and scenarios in *Scripts, Plans, Goals and Understanding* (Erlbaum, 1977). A particularly seminal article in the literature in story grammars is D. E. Rumelhart, "Notes on a Schema for Stories," in D. G. Bobrow and A. Collins, eds., *Representation and Understanding* (New York: Academic Press, 1975).

2. Two Modes of Thought

p. 11 Parts of this chapter appeared as "Narrative and Paradigmatic Modes of Thought," in the 1985 Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, *Learning and Teaching: The Ways of Knowing.*

p. 12 Karl Popper, *Objective Knowledge: An Evolutionary Approach* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972).

Richard Rorty, *Philosophy and the Mirror of Nature* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1979).

p. 14 Paul Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983).

W. V. O. Quine, "Review of Nelson Goodman's *Ways of Worldmaking,*" *New York Review of Books* 25 (Nov. 23, 1978).

p. 15 William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience: A Study in Human Nature; being the Gifford Lectures on natural religion delivered at Edinburgh in 1901–2* (New York: Longmans, Green, 1902).

S. L. Washburn, "One Hundred Years of Biological Anthropology," in J. O. Brew, ed., *One Hundred Years of Anthropology* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1968).

G. Polya, *How to Solve It: A New Aspect of Mathematical Method,* 2nd ed. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1971).

The reader may well ask how I would characterize the difference between narrative "at its far reach" as an art form, and the ordinary narratives that people offer in answer to such questions as "What have you been up to?" I think the question is better postponed until later in the chapter when I consider the "subjunctivation" process of great narrative—the means whereby it creates not only a story but also a sense of its contingent and uncertain variants.

p. 16 Victor Turner, *From Ritual to Theater* (New York: New York Performing Arts Journal Publications, 1982).

Tzvetan Todorov, *The Poetics of Prose* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1977).

Hayden White, "The Value of Narrativity in the Representation of Reality," in W. J. T. Mitchell, ed., *On Narrative* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981).

Vladimir Propp, *The Morphology of the Folktale* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1968).

Barbara Herrnstein-Smith, "Narrative Versions, Narrative Theories," in Mitchell, *On Narrative.*

p. 17 Julian Barnes, *Flaubert's Parrot* (New York: Knopf, 1985).

A. Michotte, *The Perception of Causality* (New York: Basic Books, 1963).

p. 18 Alan Leslie, "The Representation of Perceived Causal Connection" (D.Phil. Thesis, Department of Experimental Psychology, University of Oxford, 1979).

Fritz Heider and Marianne Simmel, "An Experimental Study of Apparent Behavior," *American Journal of Psychology* 57 (1944).

Judith Ann Stewart, "Perception of Animacy" (Ph.D. diss., University of Pennsylvania, 1982).

The test for an experiment on infant perception of animacy or apparent intention would parallel Leslie's procedure on infant perception of causality. He sums up his test as follows: "Following habituation, 27 week old infants recover interest more when the spatio-temporal direction of an apparently *causal* event is reversed than when the spatio-temporal direction of a highly similar but apparently *non-causal* event is reversed." The same test can be used for apparently animate and nonanimate displays. See Alan Leslie and Stephanie Keeble, "Six-month-old Infants Perceive Causality," Medical Research Council, Cognitive Development Unit, 17 Gordon Street, London, WC1H OAH.

p. 19 Roman Jakobson, "What Is Poetry?" in Jakobson, *Selected Writings,* ed. Stephen Rudy, vol. 3 (The Hague: Mouton, 1981).

Michel Leiris, *Manhood: A Journey from Childhood into the Fierce Order of Virility,* trans. Richard Howard (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1984).

p. 20 Kenneth Burke, *The Grammar of Motives* (New York: Prentice-Hall, 1945).

A. Greimas and J. Courtes, "The Cognitive Dimension of Narrative Discourse," *New Literary History* 7 (Spring 1976): 433–447.

p. 21 Frank Kermode, *The Sense of an Ending: Studies in the Theory of Fiction* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1967).

p. 22 Roman Jakobson, "Linguistics and Poetics," in *Style and Language,* ed. T. Sebeok (Cambridge, Mass.: M.I.T. Press, 1960).

For the Prague School see Peter Steiner, ed., *The Prague School: Selected Writings 1929–1946* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1982); also see Jan Mukarovsky, *The Word and Verbal Art: Selected Essays,* trans. and ed. John Burbank and Peter Steiner (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1977).

The distinction is often made between "paradigmatic" and "syntagmatic" in studies of word association. The former refers to associations that are based on synonymy, hyponymy, or hyperonymy, such as *dog-canine, dog-dachshund,* and *dog-animal.* The latter refers to a coherence describable by permissible juxtaposition within a subject-predicate framework, such as *dog-runs,* or *dog-friendly.* It is a distinction that parallels Jakobson's vertical and horizontal axes in language, but Jakobson's intent went far beyond word association. Indeed, he went so far

as to propose that the distinction could be used to distinguish between two forms of literary trope, the metaphoric (vertical) and the metonym (horizontal) and even between two types of aphasia, metaphoric (affecting word selection) and metonymic (affecting word combination).

p. 23 T. S. Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," in *Collected Poems, 1909–1962* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1963), pp. 3–7.

Louis MacNeice, "The Sunlight on the Garden," in *Collected Poems, 1925–1948* (London: Faber and Faber, 1949).

p. 24 William Butler Yeats, "The Sorrow of Love," in *The Poems of W. B. Yeats,* ed. Richard J. Finneran (New York: Macmillan, 1983). See also R. Jakobson and S. Rudy, "Yeats' 'Sorrow of Love' Through the Years," in R. Jakobson, *Selected Writings,* III (The Hague: Mouton, 1981), p. 600.

Wolfgang Iser, *The Act of Reading* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1978). Quotations from pp. 21, 61.

p. 26 W. H. Auden, "In Memory of W. B. Yeats (d. January 1939)."

H. P. Grice, "Logic and Conversation," in P. Cole and J. L. Morgan, eds., *Syntax and Semantics 3: Speech Acts* (New York: Academic Press, 1975); idem, "Presupposition and Conversational Implicature," in P. Cole, ed., *Radical Pragmatics* (New York: Academic Press, 1981).

p. 27 L. Karttunen and R. S. Peters, "Requiem for Presupposition," in *Proceedings of the Third Annual Meeting of the Berkeley Linguistics Society.* (Berkeley, 1977). For an excellent discussion of this work see Stephen Levinson, *Pragmatics* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press: 1983), which also provides an excellent overview of the issues involved in the triggering of presuppositions.

Gerald Gazdar, *Pragmatics: Implicature, Presupposition, and Logical Form* (New York: Academic Press, 1979).

p. 28 Dan Sperber and Deirdre Wilson, "Mutual Knowledge and Relevance in Theories of Comprehension," in N. V. Smith, ed., *Mutual Knowledge* (London: Academic Press, 1982). Sperber and Wilson's account, of course, greatly refines the question of how much and what kind of mutual knowledge is needed to assure a mythologically instructed community.

Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1949).

p. 29 Czeslaw Milosz, "Ars poetica?" in Milosz, *Bells in Winter* (New York: Ecco Press, 1978), p. 30.

Tzvetan Todorov, *The Poetics of Prose* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1977).

p. 30 P. Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983).

Todorov, *The Poetics of Prose,* p. 233.

p. 31 Martha Weigel, *Brothers of Light, Brothers of Blood: The Penitentes of the Southwest* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1976).

p. 33 Sir Frederick Bartlett, *Remembering: A Study in Experimental and Social Psychology* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1932).

p. 35 Clifford Geertz, *The Interpretation of Cultures* (New York: Basic Books, 1973).

Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities,* trans. William Weaver (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1972). Quotations from pp. 86, 82.

p. 38 Aristotle, *Poetics.* An easily obtained complete edition is Richard McKeon, ed., *Introduction to Aristotle* (New York: Random House, Modern Library, 1947).

Seymour Chatman, *Story and Discourse: Narrative Structure in Fiction and Film* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1978), p. 109.

Solomon Asch, "Forming Impressions of Personality," *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* 41 (1946): 258–290.

Propp, *The Morphology of the Folktale.*

p. 39 Amélie Rorty, "A Literary Postscript: Characters, Persons, Selves, Individuals," in A. O. Rorty, ed., *The Identities of Persons* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1976). Quotations from (in order) pp. 302, 303, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 313, 315.

p. 41 Lionel Trilling, review of David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd,* rpt. in Trilling, *A Gathering of Fugitives* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1956).

p. 42 Dale Porter, *The Emergence of the Past: A Theory of Historical Explanation* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981).

W. Bryce Gallie, *Philosophy and the Historical Understanding* (New York: Schocken Books, 1968).

Isaiah Berlin, *Historical Inevitability* (London: Oxford University Press, 1955).

Arthur Danto, *Analytical Philosophy of History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1965).

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Jerome Bruner is Research Professor of Psychology at New York University and the author of many books, including *Acts of Meaning; On Knowing; The Process of Education;* and *Toward a Theory of Instruction* (all published by Harvard).

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