

NOTAS

1 El guión de *A la recherche du temps perdu*, publicado como *The Proust Screenplay* ya ha sido analizado por mí mismo en "Lenguaje cinematográfico, estilo y punto de vista en *The Proust Screenplay*", *Miscelánea*, nº 7 (1987), pp. 37-52.

2 Hubiera sido la segunda vez en la historia del cine en que una película se "narrase" íntegramente en primera persona o con cámara subjetiva. El hasta ahora único experimento lo realizó Robert Montgomery en 1946 en *Lady in the Lake*.

3 En este sentido ver Almansi y Henderson (1983), quienes analizan toda la producción dramática y cinematográfica de Pinter como distintos tipos de juegos.

4, Harold Pinter, *Accident*, en *Five Screenplays* (1976), p. 228; en sucesivas citas de este guión, me referiré a la página que ocupan en esta edición, precedida de las iniciales FS (*Five Screenplays*).

5 Noel King (1981) hace referencia a esta intención inicial del autor, posteriormente abandonada.

6 Joseph Losey es citado en Jack Byrne (1982: 140).

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FORM AND MEANING
IN THE COLLECTOR

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Of all the novels written by John Fowles *The Collector* is possibly the one which shows the most discreet handling of time: a very simple story, with no subplots to divert our attention, *The Collector* seems at first sight a linear story told from the point of view of one narrator-character (Frederick Clegg), only interrupted by the reading of Miranda's diary.

Clegg's narration can be described as a narrative with internal focalization where the narrator and the focalizer are the same: Clegg speaks in the first person and restricts his observation to his own perception of events, to his own "point of view". Inserted in this first narrative, Miranda's diary functions as an enormous anachrony, within the primary discourse. After the first chapter, Clegg hands over the narration to the only other actor in the story, Miranda, the victim, who gives her own version of her drama. That is, we have the same story told twice from different perspectives; thus *The Collector* may be described, in Genette's terminology (1972), as a narrative with variable internal focalization where the second version functions as a homodiegetic internal analepsis. The function of Miranda's diary, as a recall, is to modify the meaning of the first narrative by offering a divergent

interpretation of the story: the handing over of the narrative from Clegg to Miranda, thus, implies a change of narrative level: Miranda, who was an actor in the first narrative, turns now into the narrator of the second version, which continues to be subordinated to the first. In this sense, Miranda's diary functions as a hypodiscourse⁴, a discourse subordinated to the first narrative and engulfed by it.

The beginning of the whole story can be traced back to some time during Miranda's last year at school:

The year she was still at school I didn't know who she was... (p. 1).

Its ending to, approximately, three weeks after Miranda's death, which takes place sometime after the 7th December of her second year at the School of Art:

The days passed, it is now three weeks since all that (p. 282).

Chronologically, then, the events that constitute the story take place in the course of three incomplete academic years.

Being both the narrator and the focalizer, Frederick Clegg will tell his tales retrospectively, recording a series of events he lived in the past and which he will try to sum up for us, following a rough linear order, though often digressing to add details about his own background. Thus, he will begin by evoking the first times he watched Miranda during her vacation from boarding-school, and will go on to tell us about the winning of the pools, the buying of the house, the adaptation of the cellar, the kidnapping, his relation with Miranda, her illness and death. Basically, Clegg will alternate summary with reported dialogue: He will often resort to summary iteratively, that is, instead of telling us about the way he patiently spied on Miranda every day, for instance, he will choose one particular day at random, implying its representative character by locutions denoting habitual action:

When she was home from her boarding school I *used to see her almost every day sometimes*. (p. 1).

I *used to go* and sit in her room and work out what she could do to escape. (p. 25).

There were moments when I thought I'd have to go down and drive her back to London like she wanted. (p. 38).

Well, *every day* it was the same... (p. 63).

etc.

This technique, which is a traditional one in realistic fiction, is also the least mimetic: "summary" as opposed to "scene", in Plato's recommended narrative style: indirect speech in which the narrator boldly assumes his role of reporting the events in his own words. The effect of such iterative summaries is to quicken up the pace to the narrative, while with "scene" story time and narrative time tend to proceed *pari passu*.

Sometimes, Clegg abandons this narrative technique to report a dialogue. In general the dialogues he reports are singulative, that is, they reproduce once events which only happened once: this is specially the case with particularly significant conversations with Miranda.

By alternating iterative summaries with singulative reported dialogues, Clegg's narrative acquires a peculiar rhythm of its own with alternate quickening up and slowing down of the tempo of the narrative. It was the Russian formalist Boris Eikhembau⁵ who first coined the expression "unity of tension" to differentiate a short story from a novel. Drawing on evidence from Edgar A. Poe's criticism on his own short stories, Eikhembau stated that the structure of a short story is similar to that of a lyric poem in that it has a "unity of tension" throughout; the novel, on the other hand, has an epic structure, that is, a structure where tension cannot remain unchanged but must perforce concentrate around certain notable pinnacles. One factor contributing to the slackening or heightening of tension is the pace of the narrative, which can be altered through the alternation of narrative techniques. *The Collector*, like all novels, is an anisochronous narration in which its peculiar rhythm, in this case in Clegg's narrative, is obtained by the alternation of iterative summaries and singulative reported speeches.

Clegg's reported speeches are heavily marked by declarative phrases and verbs. The narrator often tends to synthesize a remark uttered by himself and even by Miranda in his own words; and he often adds to the report his own reflections and comments on what he or she said:

'If you let me go, I should want to see you, because you interest me very much'.
Like you go to the zoo? *I asked.*

'To try and understand you'.

You'll never do that (*I may as well admit I liked the mystery man side of our talk. I felt it showed her she didn't know every thing*).

'I don't think I ever should'.

Then suddenly she was kneeling in front of me, with her hands up high, touching the top of her head, being all oriental. She did it three times.

'Will the mysterious great master accept apologies of very humble slave?'

I'll think about it, *I said.*

'Humble slave very sorry for unkind letter?'

I had to laugh; she could act anything.

She stayed there kneeling with her hands on the floor beside her, more serious, giving me the look.

'Will you send the letter then?'

I made her ask again, but then I gave in.

It was nearly the big mistake of my life. (p. 71).

In a dialogue like this, chosen at random, Miranda's uttered words are isolated from the rest by the use of inverted commas. These indicate the change of level implicit in the narrator's handing over of the narrative to a character, also marked by the use of declarative verbs: *I asked; I said.*

Alternating with Miranda's direct speech we have in this dialogue:

1.- The narrator's own remarks, either between brackets or in reported speech:

- a) (I may as well admit...)
- b) She could act anything.
- c) It was nearly the big mistake of my life.

2.- The narrator's report of their actions:

- a) then suddenly she was kneeling...
- b) I had to laugh...
- c) she stayed kneeling...

3.- And the narrator's indirect report of his own speech:

- a) I made her ask again, but then I gave in.

One remark of Clegg's in this dialogue shows that the narrator addresses himself to the reader:

It was nearly the big mistake of my life.

This remark functions in the narrative as a prolepsis, that is, it functions as an anachrony directed into the future. It is a device the

narrator uses to catch our attention, to excite our curiosity by alluding to some hidden fact the narrator already knows and, thus, promises to tell. The paragraph following the one quoted above includes a similar prolepsis:

The next day I drove up to London. I told her I was going there, like a fool, and she gave me a list of things to buy. There was a lot. (*I knew later to keep me busy*). (p. 71).

These prolepses are not soliloquizing comments or reflections, but are explicitly addressed to the reader:

I used to have daydreams about her, I used to think of stories where I met her, did things she admired, married her and all that, nothing nasty, that was never until what I'll explain later. (p. 11).

The days we spent together, not together exactly, because I always went off collecting and he'd sit by his rods, though we always had dinner together and the journey there and home, those days (*after the ones I'm going to say about*) are definitely the best I have ever had (p. 11).

In these two examples, the reader is clearly addressed. Often, the prolepses also have a specific effect: they heighten the tension by hinting at an imminent threat or horror:

She was so changed... that... I managed to forget what I had to do later. (p. 81).

There were just all those evenings we sat together and *it doesn't seem possible that it will never be again.* (p. 64).

what I am trying to say is that it all came unexpected. I know what I did next was a mistake, but up to that day I thought I was acting for the best and within my rights. (p. 113).

I could have done anything. I could have killed her. *All I did later* was because of that night. (p. 101).

When Clegg tells us that Miranda's beauty allowed him "to forget what I had to do later" the reader cannot know that he is referring to his decision to break his promise to release her after a month. Neither can the reader know that "it will never be again" refers to Miranda's death; or that "the mistake" he made was taking sadistic photographs of her when she was in her last illness; or, again, that, "all I did later" was, simply, to let her die without any medical aid. The reader doesn't know

all these things the narrator alludes to, and it is precisely this lack of concretion that makes these prolepses horrifyingly threatening, while at the same time they increase our desire to know the rest.

So far, we have considered Miranda's diary as a hypodiscourse within the first narrative. As regards its effect on narrative order, the diary acts as an enormous retrospective anachrony, for in it a different narrator will tell the same story again. From the point of view of its reach, it is an internal analepsis, for Miranda will only report a part of the whole story, the only part she was conscious of: from the day of her kidnapping to the day (or a few days) before her death.

Miranda's narration, like Clegg's, is told retrospectively: she starts writing on the "seventh night" of her confinement, a night she tentatively dates as the 14th of October. Except when she digresses into her own past before the kidnapping, the gap between story and narrative time is very short, for she theoretically records in her diary every night the events of the previous day. This gap is further shortened as the diary reaches its last entry dated "December". At a certain point Miranda lapses from the preterite into the present tense:

(Evening). He brought a thermometer. It was 100 at lunch and now it's 101. I feel terrible.

I've been in bed all day.

He's not human.

Oh God *I'm so lonely* so utterly alone.

I can't write.

...

I will not give in.

I will not give in.

...

I won't die I won't die.

Dear G.P., this (pp. 256-9).

The change from the past to the present and the ending of the chapter with a broken sentence Miranda feels too weak to end, indicate the overlapping of narrative and story time: the end of the story Miranda narrates coincides with the end of her life. Still, as the last but one entry of her diary is dated 7th of December and the last one simply as December, we can say that the diary runs from the 14th of October to a day or perhaps a few days after the 7th of December of Miranda's

second year at the School of Art, while Clegg's narration continues for several more days—three more weeks, to be precise, as we shall later learn—so that both the beginning and the end of Miranda's narration, and so her present are included within the past of Clegg's narration. That is to say, Miranda's present is still past with respect to Clegg's present.

In Clegg's first narrative, as has already been seen, narrator and focalizer coincide: the person who "tells" and the person who "sees" are one and the same. The handing over of the narrative to Miranda in the second chapter has interesting implications: Miranda becomes the narrator of her diary, a diary she has hidden under the mattress of her bed in the prison-cellar where it is likely to remain for ages after her death, unless Clegg himself finds it, as, we later learn, he does. This means that if we, as readers, have had access to it at all, it is through Clegg's own reading of it, that is, through his "eyes" and mind. Only by accepting that we have access to the diary through Clegg's own reading can we understand why Clegg's first narrative interrupts itself mid-way: for Clegg's "confession", his brooding over the incidents of the kidnapping and murder of Miranda, is interrupted when he finds the diary and begins to read it.

After Miranda's diary, Clegg takes up the narration exactly at the point where he had interrupted it. So far, throughout the first and the third chapters, Clegg has insistently reported his tale in the preterite, either by using iterative habitual past or singulative simple past tenses. Reading his report, one has the feeling that the whole drama took place a long time (or, at least, some time) ago. There is nothing in the first three chapters to lead us to relate the death of Miranda in December to our own present. In the fourth chapter, however, and quite unexpectedly, Clegg says:

The days passed, it is now three weeks since all that. (p. 282).

Just as the final remarks of Miranda's diary coincide with her present, so the distance between narrative time and story time shortens first to three weeks, and immediately afterwards they are made to overlap:

I only *put* the stove down there *today* because the room *needs* drying out anyway. (p. 283).

In this complex sentence, the main verb is in the past and that of the subordinate clause in the present, as in the preceding quotation, but here the time gap totally disappears with the adverb "today".

Being a hypodiscourse within the main one Miranda's present is included within Clegg's story time, so that the time of her narration and the time of her story coincide in her present though with reference to Clegg's narration, they have taken place in the past: when Clegg's diegesis and narration overlap in the present, however, his present can only be measured with reference to our own present. Thus, the psychological effect of this degree zero of writing reached at the end of the novel is important: we realize with a pang that Miranda's awful experience and her torturing death took place just three weeks ago: we are not dealing, then, with the confession of a remote crime, but with the account of some horribly near experience, so near indeed that it threatens to stretch into the future:

I have not made up my mind about Marian (another M! I heard the supervisor call her name), this time *it won't be* love, *it would just be* for the interest of the thing and to compare them and also the other thing, which as I say, *I would like to go into* in more detail and *I could teach* her how. (p. 283).

The novel ends with the threat of new kidnappings of young girls like Miranda, but kidnappings that might take place, not only in the story's future, or in Clegg's future, but in our own future: as the gap between narrative time and story time narrows, the threat hanging over Marian's head also threatens the reader: the collector is alive, he is one of us, and is perhaps watching us.

Through this peculiar handling of time, this progressive compression of the distance between story time and narrative time, this funnel technique, John Fowles manages to produce a specific narrative rhythm best described as a progressive heightening of tension which will blow up like a bomb at the very end of the novel, when past and present merge into the future. With delicate symmetry, Miranda's hypodiscourse echoes and reflects the timing of the major narration by reproducing its structure.

Technically speaking, Clegg's "confession" takes the form of a soliloquy. Soliloquy, as defined by Robert Humphrey (1954: 36) is a narrative technique characterized by two major features: the narrator speaks in the first person with clear syntactic and logic coherence, and he addresses himself to an audience. Syntactic coherence, careful ordering of the sentence through the conventional use of punctuation, and a perfect, logical development of the train of thought are all traits that characterize Clegg's narrative. In fact, Clegg's monologue is painfully clear, structured, systematic: no flow of free association is ever allowed to express itself unchecked, without prompt explanation. We have already seen how the prolepses are openly directed to an implied reader and how they hint, carefully enclosed by brackets or commas, at some information the narrator refuses to give us in full at the moment the association occurs to him, preferring to delay an account of it in the interest of preserving his lineal story. Even when Clegg allows an association of ideas to develop, he tries to hide the link between the two elements of the association. Thus, for instance, describing a sadistic dream he has had, in which Miranda cried and knelt for mercy, he says:

Once I let myself dream I hit her across the face as I saw it done once by a chap in a telly play. Perhaps that was when it all started. (p. 11).

The account of the dream ends here. There comes then a space on the page separating it from the following account, which turns out to be a memory of his family:

My father was killed driving. I was two. That was in 1937. He was drunk, but Aunt Annie always said it was my mother that drove him to drink. (p. 11).

Both accounts are apparently highly disparate—the second one appears to inaugurate a digression with no thematic relation to the account of Clegg's dream of Miranda. There is, however, a strong psychological connection between on the one hand Clegg's sadistic fantasies with the woman for whose love he cares, and on the other the frustrated love he feels for his mother, who abandoned him to the care of Aunt Annie after the death of his father. As a reading of the novel

amply demonstrates, Clegg's unavowed Oedipus complex, fostered by the vicious atmosphere of Aunt Annie's non-conformist household, and the feeling that he is unloved and unwanted, are at the bottom of Clegg's passion for Miranda, a substitute mother who, like his own, simultaneously arouses in Clegg hatred and love, as expressed in his "good" and "bad" dreams. The thematic jump, then, from the day Clegg hit Miranda across the face in a dream, to the account of his father's accident, for which his mother is blamed, is psychologically consistent, and the very fact of wanting to separate them by the device of leaving a space on the page points to Clegg's refusal to admit this subconscious connection. As the chapter progresses, however, and Clegg goes on from the account of his father's death and his mother's neglect, to the account of his life with Aunt Annie, Uncle Dick and Mabel, the subconscious identification of Miranda with his mother recurs once and again. Before her, the only person who had shown any affection for Clegg had been his uncle Dick: it is therefore significant that the first thing he tells us about him is that he died when Clegg was fifteen. The parallelism with the account of his parental deprivation is striking:

My father was killed driving. I was two. That was in 1937...
Uncle Dick died when I was fifteen. That was 1950. (p. 11).

Thus, in a seemingly objective and detached way, Clegg briefly tells us the bleak story of successive deprivations in his childhood. First his father and mother and then Uncle Dick, the only person who cared for his butterflies and who had made him happy by taking him for trips:

Those days (after the ones I'm going to say about) are definitely the best I have ever had. (p. 11).

Here Uncle Dick, Clegg's first substitute mother, is associated with Miranda through the remark in brackets. Soon afterwards the association is made explicit:

Well, I won't go on, *he was as good as a father to me*. When I held that cheque in my hands, he was the person, *besides Miranda, of course*, I thought of. I would have given him the best rods and tackle and anything he wanted. But it was not to be. (p. 12).

Miranda herself knows that this is Clegg's ultimate reason for kidnapping her, even if he cannot admit it:

'You want to lean on me. I can feel it. I expect it's your mother. You're looking for your mother'. (p. 59).

Clegg's successive deprivations, his unsatisfied yearning for love, have progressively blunted his capacity for affection. To express his love for Uncle Dick, Clegg tells us, he would have *bought* him anything he wanted, now that he was rich, and this is precisely the means Clegg will try to employ to make Miranda fall in love with him: money and objects is all Clegg can give, for he understands love merely as possession:

What she never understood was that with me it was having. Having her was enough. Nothing needed doing. I just wanted to have her, and safe at last. (p. 95).

The deprived child must rely on possession: possessing butterflies, possessing money, possessing Miranda, they are all forms of exerting power, a power traditionally denied his social class:

...at the hotel... of course they were respectful on the surface, but that was all, they really despised us for having all that money and not knowing what to do with it. They still treated me behind the scenes for what I was - a clerk. It was no good throwing money around. As soon as we spoke or did something we gave the game away. (p. 14).

In Frederick Clegg, then, two major sources of mental derangement merge: his dearth of love and his painful class consciousness. The well-behaved child ('I was never punished at school' (p. 13)), really hides an enormous desire to prove that he deserves to be loved and cared for, and that he is socially acceptable. It is through Aunt Annie's life-denying non-conformist teaching that Clegg has come to identify love and respectability: he must be well behaved to obtain his aunt's approval. That is, his feeling of social inferiority is so inextricably bound up with his feeling of emotional deprivation, that, in order to be loved, he must first learn the behaviour of the class above his own.

Typically, the first thing he will do, after "falling in love" with Miranda, will be to behave as he thinks educated people do:

Another thing I began to do was read the classy newspapers, for the same reason I went to the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery. I didn't enjoy them much, ...But I went so as I could talk to her, so I wouldn't seem ignorant. (p. 19).

The formal way Clegg dresses, his painful efforts at educating himself, his profitless readings, his attentive listening to Miranda's lectures on art, are all symptoms that denote his obsession with social respectability -of course, his approach to art and culture with this end in mind effectively prevents him from profiting from the experience:

'Do you know anything about art?' she asked.

Nothing you'd call knowledge.

'I know you didn't. You wouldn't imprison an innocent person if you did'

I don't see the connection, I said. (p. 43).

In John Fowles's allegory, Miranda's art stands for real life, Clegg's collecting and photographing, for death:

I do photography too...

She looked at them, she didn't say anything.

They're not much, I said. I haven't been doing it long.

'They're dead'. She gave me a funny look sideways.

'Not these particularly. All photos. When you draw something it lives and when you photograph it it dies'.

It is like a record, I said.

'Yes. All dry and dead'. (p. 55).

Miranda's implied censure touches the core of Clegg's deficiency as a human being. Behind Clegg's madness lies an incapacity to feel, and to live: Clegg's life is an imitation of life, a life of appearances made up of moral and linguistic clichés. Clegg's use of language thoroughly reflects this stereotyped, lifeless and deadening quality of his. The very fact that, as a narrator, he chooses to express himself in the traditional convention of the "confession" points to his incapacity to create. It is significant, then, that whatever knowledge he has he has picked up from the pictures or from the media, or has simply heard:

Once I let myself dream I hit her across the face as *I saw it done once by a chap in a telly play*. (p. 11).

...I always understood (*from something I heard in the army*) that a gentleman always controls himself to the right moment... (p. 98).

...She smelt so nice I could have stood like that all evening. *It was like being in one of the adverts come to life* (p. 82).

The dress was right off her shoulder, I could see the top of one stocking. I don't know what reminded me of it, *I remembered an American film I saw once (or was it a magazine)* about a man who took a drunk girl home and undressed her and put her to bed, nothing nasty... (p. 87).

In the end I got her to take a double dose of pills, it said on the packet not to exceed the stated dose, but *I heard once* you ought to take twice what they say, they were scared to make it too strong for legal reasons. (p. 263).

I felt her and she was cold, though her body was still warm. I ran and got a mirror. *I knew that was the way...*

I know you're meant to wash dead bodies, but I didn't like it, it didn't seem right, so I laid her on the bed, and combed her hair and cut a lock. I tried to arrange her face so it had a smile but I couldn't.... Then I knelt and said a prayer, the only one I knew was Our Father, so I said some of that and God rest her soul, not that I believe in religion, *but it seemed right*. (p. 274).

The rim compendium of stereotyped rites he performs with Miranda's body clearly expresses Clegg's obsession with appearances, with "what is right" from a social point of view, not from the point of view of his inner conviction. Significantly, he utters a prayer, after confessing himself an unbeliever, because he senses it to be "right". Significantly too, he cuts a lock of Miranda's hair and tries to make her smile (after her awful death!) to accommodate her death to the stale, stereotyped, romantic ending of a cheap novelette:

It was then I got the idea... All I had to do was kill myself... Post a letter first to the police. So they would find us down there together. Together in the Great Beyond.

We would be buried together. *Like Romeo and Juliet*.

It would be real tragedy. No sordid. (p. 276).

Clegg's behaviour, his ideas about "right" and "wrong", his general knowledge of life, are simply the product of his observation of manners and the media, not the result of his personal convictions and reflexions. "Right" and "wrong" simply mean "what most people do", "what everybody believes".

Clegg's language is as dead and stale as his ideas: a neat, well punctuated language, full of clichés and stereotyped locutions he has picked up. It is a language that exasperates Miranda:

...She wanted a cup of tea... when it was made, I said *shall I be mother?*

'That's a horrid expression'.

What's wrong with it?

'It's like those wild duck. It's suburban, it's stale, it's dead, it's... Oh, everything square that ever was. You know'.

I think you'd better be mother, I said... (p. 56).

Clegg's incapacity to see the point in Miranda's criticism of his expression shows the unbridgeable gap between them both. Her angry reaction to this stale phrase significantly takes the form of swearing - she insults him to shock him into life, but the effort is doomed to failure:

Then she said something I've never heard a woman say before. It really shocked me.

I said, I don't like words like that. It's disgusting. Then she said it again, really screamed it at me. I couldn't follow all her moods sometimes. (p. 56).

Clegg's dislike of swearing, his idea of propriety, is closely related to his confusion between good and beautiful, ugly and bad. Through George Paston Miranda has learned to separate the two: beautiful or ugly is all-important, good or bad irrelevant:

At your age one is bursting with ideals. You think that because I can sometimes see what's trivial and what's important in art I ought to be more virtuous. But I don't want to be virtuous. My charm (if there is any) for you is simply frankness. And experience. Not goodness. I'm not a good man. Perhaps morally I'm younger even than you are. Can you understand that?

He (G.P.) was only saying what I felt... (p. 179).

Frankness, experience, knowing what really matters is what distinguishes G.P. from Frederick Clegg, a man without personal convictions, who accommodates his notions of right and wrong to the narrow popular morality of his social class. Again the staleness of his moral code is reflected through his use of language:

What irritates me most about him is his way of speaking. *Cliché after cliché after cliché, and all so old-fashioned, as if he's spent all his life with people over fifty.* At lunch-time today he said, I called in with regard to those records they've placed on order. I said, why don't you just say, 'I asked about those records you ordered?'

He said, I know my English isn't correct, but I try to make it correct. I didn't argue. *That sums him up. He's got to be correct, he's got to do whatever was 'right' and 'nice' before either of us was born.* (p. 161).

Miranda finally understands the quality of Clegg's personality through his stale and stereotyped use of language; a language Peter Conradi (1982: 36) has characterized as being full of euphemisms:

The rhetorical figure that characterizes Clegg's language is euphemism, that decorous imprecision which reveals a world in concealing it. He refers to Miranda not as his prisoner but as his guest. Death is 'The Great Beyond', and to murder is 'to put out'. A bikini is a 'Wotchermercailit' (when Miranda specifies it, he says 'I can't allow talk like that'). 'Nice' is a genteelism for non-sexual, 'garment' for clothes; sex is 'the obvious' or 'the other thing', naked is 'stark', and 'artistic' often means pornographic. His language is impoverished, and sex produces the most hectic ellipses and periphrases...

We might apply to Clegg's use of euphemism the expression "linguistic sensitivity" coined by Ian Watt (1974) to describe Richardson's prose in *Pamela*. Clegg has a linguistic sensitivity very much like that of Richardson's heroine, who, on hearing her master offer her her dead mistress's clothes, is acutely embarrassed and reports in a letter to her parents that (when Mr. B. said "Don't blush Pamela, dost think I don't know pretty maids should wear shoes and stockings"), she "was so confounded at these words, you might have beat me down with a feather" (p. 162). Pamela's "linguistic sensitivity" seems to be a new phenomenon in the 18th century. Ian Watt traces it back to the very beginning of the century, when Mandeville noted that "among well-bred people it is counted highly criminal to mention before company anything in plain words that is relating to this Mystery of Succession" (p. 163). As Ian Watts points out, this new phenomenon reaches its climax at the end of the 18th century when "even *the Tatler* and the *Spectator* were found unsuited to women readers: Coleridge, at least, thought that they contained words "which might, in our day, offend the delicacy of female ears and shock feminine susceptibility" (p. 163).

In Richardson, and in the 18th century generally, this linguistic sensitivity is restricted to women, who are increasingly seen as guardians of family morality: the linguistic distinction is based on a biological discrimination, the conviction that only men are subject to sexual passion, that women are immune to it. As Ian Watts amply demonstrates, the double standard of morality applied to man and woman in the 18th century, of which this linguistic sensitivity is only a symptom, is a phenomenon closely linked to the development of the middle class:

...Sexual prowess and sexual licence both tended to be linked with the aristocracy and the gentry in middle-class belief. Defoe, for example, placed the responsibility for the immorality of the times squarely on the upper classes, and it is natural that dislike of the upper-class licence should extend to the literature which expressed middle-class opinions. (p. 158).

By attaching this linguistic sensitivity to Clegg, then, John Fowles is not only pointing at his incapacity to live, but is also evoking the narrow-mindedness of Non-conformism, a Puritanical attitude to life closely connected with the development of the lower-middle class, called by Miranda "the horrid timid copycatting genteel in-between class", (p. 161).

Clegg's painful attempts at "correction" then are based on a desire to go up in the social scale. Consistently enough, he will try to employ formal and often old-fashioned terms, such as "the deceased" referring to Miranda's body; or as Peter Conradi pointed out, "Wotchermercaltit" for bikini; or pseudo-learned expressions, such as "As per usual". Ironically enough, though, his low-class origin often shows in his use of incorrect expressions:

C. It is *like* I said.

M. As I said. (p. 181).

and in the typical substitution of adverbs instead of the correspondent adjectives:

— she says the young ones don't clean *proper* nowadays. (p. 186).

— I did it *scientific* (p. 282).

Another significant feature of Clegg's use of language is his lack of imagination, his inability to go beyond the literal meaning of words. When Miranda is dying, she keeps calling G. P. Typically, Clegg misunderstands her:

She kept on saying, get the doctor, get the doctor, please get the doctor (*sometimes it was general practitioner — G.P. she kept on, over again, like a rhyme*). (p. 263).

Or, again, when Miranda refers to the children of the third world she used to collect money for:

'We collected money for them last term, they eat earth' and then a bit later, 'We're all such pigs, we deserve to die', *so I reckon they pinched the money they should have given in*. (p. 265).

Clegg's tendency to interpret everything he hears or learns in economic terms further reveals himself as an unimaginative square, illiterate and selfish being, one Miranda describes as the modern equivalent of the 18th and 19th centuries "economic man":

...everything he pays for and sees himself get is suspicious to him. He doesn't believe in any other world but the one he lives in and sees. He's the one in prison; in his own hateful narrow present. (p. 212).

Thus Frederick Clegg, or rather Miranda's Caliban, becomes the representative of a whole social class: the working-class G.P. so utterly despised, the class come to maturity under the first Labour Party and The Welfare State:

The New People, the new-class people with their cars and their money and their tellies and their stupid vulgarities and their stupid crawling imitation of the bourgeoisie. (p. 207).

By identifying Clegg with The New People John Fowles touches the central theme of his allegory: Clegg's kidnapping of Miranda is not simply (as Fowles himself angrily protests in *The Aristos*) the thrilling account of how a petty-minded bank clerk becomes rich with the pools and exerts power over a young and promising art student; it is much

more than that, it is a modern allegory of the rape of art by vulgarity and meanness, expressed through the assault of the jealous and ignorant masses—The Many—on the intelligent, the imaginative and the creative Few:

...I see what he (G.P.) feels, I mean I feel it myself more and more, this awful deadweight of the fat little New People on everything. Corrupting. Raping the countryside, as D. says in his squire moods... Everything mass-produced. Mass everything ... This is what I feel these days. That I belong to a sort of band of people who have to stand against all the rest. I don't know who they are - ... They're not even good people. They have weak moments. Sex moments and drink moments. Coward and money moments. They have holidays in the Ivory Tower. But a part of them is one with the band.

The Few. (p. 208).

The victim of Non-Conformism, the repressed and love starved representative of the Many, Frederick Clegg has revealed himself in John Fowles's allegory through his specific use of language. In accordance with the picaresque tradition established by *Lazarillo*, Clegg, like Moll Flanders, or Roxana, speaks in the first person, addresses his public and "confesses" his crime in a neat, intelligible and emotionless way: the characteristics of his prose we have already analysed—his alternation of summary and reported dialogue; his use of prolepsis; his tendency to resort to formal and slightly old-fashioned idioms; his frequent vulgarisms; and, above all, his recurrent euphemisms: They sum up his mental and human deficiencies. Opposed to him Miranda will try to give us her own version of the tragedy through a different medium: the diary.

By choosing to express Miranda's point of view through the diary, John Fowles is consciously asking us to accept a different set of assumptions. In the first place, the diary is never addressed to an implied reader, but, on the contrary, its message is directed to the writer himself. It is thus a convention traditionally used by heroes in isolation: Robinson Crusoe is the prototypical example.

Although Miranda expects nobody else to read her diary, she feels a strong necessity to communicate with the outside world, and so will try to break her isolation psychologically, by choosing to address some of her entries in the diary to her sister Minny, as if she were writing a letter:

I can't write in a vacuum like this. To no one. When I draw I always think of someone like G.P. at my shoulder.

All parents should be like ours, then sisters really become sisters. They *have* to be to each other what Minny and I are.

Dear Minnie.

I have been here over a week now, and I miss you very much, and I miss the fresh air and the fresh faces of all those people I so hated on the Tube and the fresh things that happen every hour of every day if only I could have seen -their freshness, I mean... (p. 124).

With contrived simplicity John Fowles fuses here two different techniques: the diary and the letter blend into a single form: a diary in which Miranda feigns to write a letter to her sister Carmen for the sake of psychological communication. So far, Miranda's consciousness of reality and unreality is intact, she still knows her letter is just make-believe:

Minny, I'm writing to you, I'm talking to myself. (p. 127).

In *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, Richardson's heroine offers us her version of her attempted seduction by Mr. B. by means of letters: after every encounter with Mr. B., she sits down to inform her parents of the day's incidents by writing a letter to them. As the novel progresses, however, the letter convention breaks down, Pamela's letters unexpectedly turn into her diary. The shift from the letter convention to that of the diary points to Richardson's growing need to devote more and more time to the expression of the workings of Pamela's mind; the answer to the letters become less and less important, as Pamela's writing turns into a kind of cross-examination of her feelings, desires and intuitions, in a word, as she feels a stronger need for introspections.

From the very beginning of the second chapter of *The Collector* John Fowles draws upon both conventions. Miranda's primary reason for writing her diary is a need to act: writing is simply a way of making life in the cellar more tolerable:

I can't sleep

I must do something

I'm going to write about the first time I met G.P. (p. 151).

Miranda's first attempts at writing are not very successful. We sense the conscious effort she is making when we read the broken bits of thought her stream of consciousness is able to build after seven days of confinement. The first entry in the diary simply records the flow of her thoughts as they are forming in her mind:

It's the seventh night.

I keep on thinking the same thing. If only they knew. If only *they* knew.
Share the outrage.

So now *I'm trying to tell it to this pad* he bought me this morning.
His kindness.

Calmly.

Deep down I get more and more frightened. It's only surface calm...
(p. 117).

Like Clegg's confession, Miranda's first and second entries in her diary are soliloquies. But whereas Clegg's is a conventional account, following a careful logical and grammatical pattern, Miranda's soliloquy, ironically addressed to the "pad" of writing paper Clegg has brought her, is basically a "stream-of-consciousness" device. As such, the ideas she writes down on this paper are simply connected through free associations. While Clegg's aim is primarily to report the events to an audience, assumed to be present, Miranda's trick of addressing the pad is simply meant to aid her to come to terms with her new situation and to psychologically break out of her isolation.

In the third entry, dated October 16th, Miranda has already passed her first traumatic phase: she is calmer now, she realizes that, whatever Clegg's intentions are, he does not want to assault her sexually, or kill her. As she realizes for the first time that Clegg's intention is simply to "keep" her, she starts feeling the anguish of prolonged isolation: it is now that she tries to break out of her confinement by directing her writings to Minny.

After failing to convince Clegg to allow her to write a letter to her parents this hope of contacting the outside world finally evaporates, consequently Miranda will devise alternative methods to break out of her prison: on the one hand, she will try to escape by diverse means; on the other, she will try to turn reality into fantasy and the unreal into the real. This she will accomplish by experimenting with different literary techniques:

On October 18th, Miranda reproduces in her diary a dialogue supposedly held that morning between Clegg and herself: she does so in direct speech as in a play, using stage directions in italics between brackets and calling Frederick Clegg "Caliban". This dialogue represents a step in the direction of unreality:

Dialogue between Miranda and Caliban.

- M. (*I was sitting on my bed, smoking. Caliban on his usual chair by the door, the fan was going outside*). What do you think about the H-bomb?
C. Nothing much.
M. You must think something.
C. I hope it doesn't drop on you. Or on me.
M. I realize you've never lived with people who take things seriously, and discuss seriously (*He put on his hurt face*): Now let's try again. What do you think about the H-bomb?
... (pp. 132-133).

At a certain point in the dialogue Miranda even acknowledges that she is altering the actual dialogue:

- M. (*I'm cheating, I didn't say all these things - but I'm going to write what I want to say as well as what I did*)... (p. 133).

That is, Miranda's report is consciously literary: she is creating a fiction out of reality in which both Clegg and herself are the actors, and where the dialogue can be altered and bettered. As soon as she does so she realizes that writing is an art very different from painting: the fact that to write you have to use language for purposes other than communication strikes Miranda as a new revelation:

I write 'he smiled' what does that mean? No more than a kindergarten poster painting of a turnip with a moon-mouth smile...

Words are so crude, so terribly primitive compared to drawing, painting, sculpture... (p. 150).

Miranda's major struggle in the cellar, then, is not a fight for survival in the literal sense. For all its crudity, writing has a healing effect for Miranda she cannot find in painting: she can evoke her past through writing, bring back memories of happy moments at home with

Minnie, and above all, with G.P. By writing about the external world Miranda hopes to exorcise from her mind the horrible feeling that the other people seem to have lost reality. "The only real person in my world is Caliban" (p. 140), thus:

My emotions are all topsy-turvy, like frightened monkeys in a cage. I felt I was going mad last night, so I wrote and wrote myself into the other world. To escape in spirit, if not in fact. To prove it still exists. (p. 157).

By calling Clegg "Caliban" and reporting their conversation as a stage dialogue and by devoting more and more pages of her diary to an evocation of her past, Miranda tries to evade her real situation, turning it into fiction: After the letters to Minnie and the dramatized dialogues, Miranda will resort to other literary devices. One day, after having offended Clegg with a curt remark, she tries to win him back by telling him a fairy tale. It is the tale of "an ugly monster who captured a princess and put her in a dungeon" (p. 187). The tale ends with the ugly monster learning to be good and turning out to be an enchanted prince who eventually marries the princess. Miranda's tale functions in the novel as a wishfulfilment dream: it is a parable to convince Clegg emotionally of his capacity for regeneration: all it does, however, is to confirm Clegg in his love for her and, thus, to strengthen his desire to keep her.

From this day on, Miranda will envisage her confinement as something increasingly unreal, or rather, she will try by every means at her disposal to use literature as a barrier between herself and her bleak reality: her next device was to make a "strip cartoon of him. The Awful Tale of a Harmless boy. Absurd. But I have to keep the reality at bay". (p. 203) And, in the entry of December 5th, which she addresses to G.P., she refers to her situation as:

The Rape of Intelligence. By the moneyed masses, the New People. (p. 251).

It is a mocking remark with a heavy load of literary allusions: to *The Rape of the Lock*, and in its subtitle to the typical Victorian tracts made out of lurid passion and murder which constitute a vast subgenre of 19th c. fiction and which were so appealing to underlings and maids. The fact that Miranda can objectivize her situation to the point of being

so ironic about it points to the soundness of her mind, and also to her purpose: we feel the same when she refers to Clegg as "Prince Charming" (p. 236); or as "The Old Man of the Sea" (p. 206). Often, too, Miranda likes to think of herself as "Emma and arrange a marriage for him, and with happier results. Some little Harriet Smith, with whom he could be mousy and sane and happy". (p. 213). She takes the parallelism with *Emma* and her own situation to the point of assigning the characters to her various acquaintances:

Caliban is Mr Elton. Piers is Frank Churchill. But is G.P. Mr Knightly? (p. 218).

The references to Jane Austen, and especially to *Emma*, apart from being a very disingenuous comment by Fowles on the mutual dependence of certain works of art, evoke Jane Austen's major concern in all her novels with the opposition: reality versus appearances. In all of them, the heroine must learn to tell, through trial and error, the fundamental difference between reality and appearances. Reality for Jane Austen, primarily means a self-knowledge gained through the fruition of virtue: being real means being true to life; it means the rejection of the apparent, the changing, the fashionable, the fleeting and ephemeral. Learning to "pride and prejudice" imposed by social rules. It is, therefore, extraordinarily fitting that, of all English novelists, Miranda should choose Jane Austen as a mirror for herself. Like *Emma*, Miranda has intrinsic values she has not been able to develop yet: the kidnapping, the confinement and her relation with Clegg will teach her the lesson, they will alter her vision of reality, her haughty and priggish assumptions, and will lead her to a deep understanding, a grasp of the ultimate reality of life:

It's like the day you realize dolls are dolls. I pick up my old self and I see it's silly. A toy I've played with too often. It's a little sad, like an old golliwog at the bottom of a cupboard. Innocent and used-up proud and silly. (p. 247).

The maturing of Miranda, the consciousness of her futility, her eventual understanding of life, her losing of innocence, in a word, her anagnorisis, is both welcome and painful, for it brings about the consciousness of human potentialities, but also of human isolation:

If there is a God he's a great loathsome spider in the darkness.
He cannot be good.

This pain, this terrible secing-through that is in me now. It wasn't necessary. It is all pain, and it buys nothing. Gives birth to nothing... (p. 255).

At this stage, Miranda's isolation has deepened, it is not only an isolation from the external world, it is the metaphysical isolation of the existentialist, the vision of the "neant", of the purposeless and useless void. Miranda's final words before she dies, recorded in the last entry in her diary, sum up her two major concerns throughout her confinement: the question of reality/unreality (or truth/falsehood) and the beastliness of her useless suffering:

Nothing about last night, him or me.
Did it happen? Fever. I get delirious.
If only I knew what I have done.
 I won't die I won't die.
 Dear G.P., this (p. 259).

Her words are echoed by Nicholas D'Urfe, at the end of *The Magus* at his "point of fulcrum", his moment of anagnorisis:

Adulthood was like a mountain, and I stood at the foot of this cliff of ice, this impossible and unclimbable: *Thou shalt not inflict unnecessary pain.* (p. 641).

But, of course, Miranda's most sustained literary allusion is in calling Clegg "Caliban". It was Clegg himself who suggested this nickname to Miranda when he said the "F." in his wallet stood for "Ferdinand". In the entry for December 1st., Miranda tells us that she has been "reading *The Tempest* again all afternoon" (p. 245). Of the whole play the thing that strikes her most is Prospero's contempt for Caliban:

"his knowing that being kind is useless" (p. 245).

Prospero, like G.P., feels a strong contempt for the half-creatures, or as G.P. would call them, the masses, the Many. Both G.P. and Prospero think that the Many, Heraclitus' "hoi polloi", should never

be allowed to thrive; they ought to be kept in their place and taught hard; they are those,

"Whom stripes may move, not kindness". (p. 245).

Although Miranda knows the radical truth of both Prospero's and G.P.'s positions, she cannot wholly agree to this:

I feel (beneath the hate and disgust) for my Caliban. (p. 245).

In an interview published by *Counterpoint* (Newquist: 1964) in 1964, John Fowles explained how he started to think about the plot of *The Collector* after going one night to the opera to see Bela Bartock's *Bluebeard's Castle*, and how a year later he read in the newspapers the case of a girl who had been kidnapped by a boy and kept in an air-raid shelter at the end of the kidnapper's garden for several days in London. These two avowed sources of *The Collector* were literally interpreted by the first reviewers of the novel, who praised it for its thrilling story, and for the clever organization of suspense. Behind the thrill and the horror of the actual kidnapping, however, John Fowles was insistently pointing at something, for him, much more important, and far less obvious, something for which *The Tempest* is the only source. Miranda, with fine sensibility stresses it in the first entry of her diary:

Power. It's become so *real*.
 I know the H-bomb is wrong. But being so weak seems wrong now too. (p. 117).

These words sum up the quality of Miranda's test: the dilemma she has to solve has to do with the right human beings have to exert power over other human beings and with whether the victim of oppression has a right to shake off the yoke by the use of force. Although Miranda knows she is better than Clegg as a human being, she must submit to him, because he controls her physically:

He is absolutely inferior to me in all ways. His one superiority is an ability to keep me here. That's the only power he has. He can't behave or think or speak or do anything else better than I can—nearly as well as I can—so he is going to be the Old Man of the Sea until I shake him off somehow. It will have to be by force. (p. 222).

At this stage Miranda is considering a course of action which goes against her avowed pacifism and coincides with the position of Prospero and of G.P.: the shaking off of the yoke of tyranny by violence. A tyranny which is the result of Clegg's unexpected winning of the pools:

Stephano and Trinculo are the football pools. Their wine, the money he won. (p. 245).

But, as we know, for all her rationalizing the need to use force, when the moment comes to put her logical conclusions into practice, she will lack the courage to strike a second blow at Clegg's head with the axe, thus missing her only opportunity to escape. Rather than a simple failure of nerve, though, Miranda's refusal to strike the second and fatal blow has to be interpreted as her ultimate affirmation of freedom, an existentialist freedom to choose passivity and death, rather than violence and survival.

It's no use. I'm not a hater by nature. It's as if somewhere in me a certain amount of good-will and kindness is manufactured every day; and it must come out. If I bottle it up, then it bursts out. (p. 224).

If there is a basic difference between G.P. and Miranda, between the mature "aristos" and the young "aristos-to-be", it is this. Miranda still keeps intact her idealism, her love of humanity, while G.P. is more concerned with having control of power, even if only as a means of survival in a world dominated by the masses. Miranda dies because she refuses to give up her belief. Fowles will develop this theme at greater length in *The Magus*.

In the Preface to *The Aristos*, John Fowles explains Heraclitus' theory of the Many ("hoi polloi") and the Few ("hoi aristoi"), and goes on to explain his real intention in *The Collector*:

My purpose in *The Collector* was to attempt to analyse, through a parable, some of the results of this confrontation (between the Many and the Few). Clegg, the kidnapper, committed the evil; but I tried to show that his evil was largely, perhaps wholly, the result of a bad education, a mean environment, being orphaned: all factors

over which he had no control. In short, I tried to establish the virtual *innocence* of the Many. Miranda, the girl he imprisoned, had very little more control than Clegg over what she was: she had well-to-do parents, good educational opportunities, inherited aptitude and intelligence. That does not mean that she was perfect. Far from it—she was arrogant in her ideas, a prig, a liberal—humanist snob, like so many university students. Yet if she had not died she might have become something better, the kind of being humanity so desperately needs (p. 10).

The solution Fowles proposes to this confrontation between the Many and the Few implies the recognition by the Few that theirs is a privileged status they have got through mere good luck, luck in the family they are born into and luck in the combination of genes which has given them a superior intelligence. For Fowles, then, being an "aristos" means realizing that you are in a "state of responsibility" (p. 10) with respect to the masses: it is the task of the Few to educate the Many. Prospero tried to teach Caliban to speak and think, and he succeeded to a certain extent because he was stronger. But all Miranda's efforts at teaching Clegg failed: Miranda tried consistently to teach her Caliban to speak properly; to think seriously and deeply about important matters; to accept sexuality; to understand human friendship; to use his money positively ... All her efforts came to nothing because Clegg controlled her physically. Either Clegg was an irredeemable case and Miranda too young a teacher, or we must agree that the tragic outcome of Miranda's benevolist-humanist ideas put into practice expresses Fowles's conviction that Prospero and G. P. were right, that there is no separating the teaching from the punishing.

There seems to be confirmation of this suggestion in the *Counterpoint* interview (1964: 218-9) where John Fowles says:

(In *The Collector*...) I also wanted to attack... the contemporary idea that there is something noble about the inarticulate hero. About James Dean and all his literary children and grandchildren, like Salinger's Holden Caulfield, and Sillitoe's Arthur Seaton (in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*). I don't admire beats, burns, punkies, psychopaths, and inarticulates. I feel sorry for them. I think "adjusted" adolescents are better and more significant than "maladjusted" ones. I'm against the glamorization of the Many.

After reading *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* Miranda herself remarks:

The most disgusting thing of all is that Alan Sillitoe doesn't show that he's disgusted by his young man. I think they think young men like that are really rather fine. (p. 230).

By these direct allusions to such anti-heroes as Sillitoe's Arthur Seaton or Salinger's Holden Caulfield, Fowles consciously tries to situate his novel within the realistic tradition of English literature of the 1950's inaugurated by Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* and John Wain's *Hurry On Down*. Like James Dixon and his epigone, Clegg is the prototypical lower-class hero jealously conscious of his deficiencies, who tries to thrive in a world that refuses to admit him. Dixon's criticism of established art, his insensitivity outspoken defence of the petty, the mediocre, the trivial and the vulgar are all features inherited by Clegg, but where Dixon's rejection of established values is rebelliously conscious, Clegg's inadequacies are inherent. In both cases, their behaviour is a symptom of social maladjustment: both The New People, in *The Collector*, and James Dixon, in *Lucky Jim* are the result of the political measures of the first Labour Government; the product of the Welfare State. Hence, G.P.'s reticences with regard to Socialism:

G.P. was laughing at my being Labour one day 'early on'. I remember he said, you are supporting the party which brought the New People into existence -do you realize that? (p. 207).

In *Lucky Jim* Dixon is able to climb from his own social position into the upper class with the help of a woman: Christine's love enables Dixon to become Amis's version of the "aristos". Her uncle Gore Urquhart will give him a better job in London (as opposed to the provinces), and will introduce him to a restricted circle of the élite. Frederick Clegg, like Dixon, wants to better his social position by means of a woman: Miranda symbolises for him all the remote and alluring appeal of a superior way of life. For Clegg, however, going upwards doesn't mean conforming to the criteria of the upper classes, as is the case with Dixon, it simply means possessing, exerting power and finally destroying the thing he cherishes, as he has to kill the butterflies to own them.

The Collector was first published in 1963, a decade after the publication of *Lucky Jim*, which may help explain the difference in the

handling of the subject. As Robert Huffaker (1980: 75) has justly remarked, we must not forget that *The Collector* and *The Clockwork Orange* were published only with a difference of months: both novels present the lower-class inarticulate psychopath as the ultimate stage in the thematic line going back to *Hurry on Down*, *Look Back in Anger* and *Lucky Jim*. At this stage hypergamy is not enough to assure the adjustment of the maladjusted representative of the Many; neither is there now compassion or sympathy for his misbehaviour. In John Fowles's existentialist world, where hazard and the lucky combination of the genes will decide the difference in intelligence, beauty and wealth among individuals, the control of power by the better-gifted becomes a question of life and death, not of comedy: what Clegg destroyed and what might have survived with Miranda, is a superior form of living, a "real life" in Jane Austen's terms, a meaningful and ripe life made up of essences, which Clegg at best would only have been able to imitate. In Fowles's allegory, art stands for this superior form of being, collecting for staleness and death:

I know what I am to him. A butterfly he has always wanted to catch. I remember (the very first time I met him) B.P. saying that collectors were the worst animals of all. He meant art collectors, of course. I didn't really understand, I thought he was just trying to shock Caroline -and me. But of course, he is right. They are anti-life, anti-art, anti-everything. (p. 123).

And again:

I don't want to be clever or great or 'significant' or given all that clumsy masculine analysis. I want to paint sunlight on children's faces, or flowers in a hedge or a street after April rain.

The essences. Not the things themselves (p. 131).

Although brought up in the French tradition of fiction and an avowed admirer of the "nouveau roman", John Fowles has admitted to Lorna Sage (1974: 33) the constant pressure on his writing of what he has called the "crushing sort of (English) realistic tradition":

You can see this opposite pull (of French and English literary traditions) at work in the tragi-comedy of the class battle in *The Collector*. (p. 31).

With these words Fowles places himself in the situation David Lodge has so eloquently described for the modern writer in *The Novelist at the Crossroads* (1971). As I hope to have shown in my analysis of the novel, *The Collector* exemplifies both the French (or innovating) and the English (or traditional) influences simultaneously at work at every level, linguistic, structural, and thematic: the deft handling of the confession, the diary and the letter conventions; the pastiche-like quality of the cliché-ridden language of Clegg, together with constant references to literature as well as the insertion of the tale of the Ugly Monster and the story captions, all point to the conscious effort of the author to fictionalize his narrative, to write a novel which is first of all and avowedly, a fiction. At the structural level, the startling use of time and space, the *mise en abyme* Miranda's hypodiscourse thematically represents, and the funnel technique he uses to compress the distance between narrative and story time to reach a zero degree of writing at the very end of the novel, show Fowles's ability to teach beyond the boundaries of the Western tradition of fiction into experimentalism. Behind the paraphernalia of literary allusion and Victorian pastiche, behind the apparently trivial situation and the realistic depiction of character, we already sense the disingenuous grin of the man who, a few years later, will write the opening of the famous Chapter 13, in *The French Lieutenant's Woman* (1969).

I do not know. The story I am telling is all imagination. These characters I have created never existed outside my own mind. If I have pretended until now to know my characters' minds and innermost thoughts, it is because I am writing in (just as I have assumed some of the vocabulary and 'voice' of) a convention universally accepted at the time of my story: that the novelist stands next to God. He may not know all, yet he tries to pretend that he does. But I live in the age of Alan Robbe-Grillet and Roland Barthes; if this is a novel, it cannot be a novel in the modern sense of the word (p. 85).

NOTES

1 I agree with Mieke Bal that the term "hypodiscourse" is more appropriate than Genette's "metadiscourse" to define a secondary level of narration, for it implies subordination to the primary discourse, while the term "metadiscourse" does not. (On this point cf. Genette, 1983).

2 Boris Eikhembbaum greatly contributed to the classification of fiction by establishing the differences between the novel and the short-story:

Le roman et la nouvelle ne sont pas des formes homogènes, mais au contraire des formes profondément étrangères l'une à l'autre (...) Le roman est une forme syncrétique (...), la nouvelle est une forme fondamentale, élémentaire (ce qui ne veut pas dire primitive). Le roman vient de l'histoire, du récit de voyages; la nouvelle vient du conte, de l'anecdote.

"Sur la théorie de la prose", *Théorie de la littérature*. T. Todorov (ed.) Paris: Seuil, 1965, p. 202.

3 Robert Humphrey defines the soliloquy in the "stream-of-consciousness" novel as,

The technique of representing the psychic content and processes of a character directly from character to reader without the presence of an author, but with an audience tacitly assumed. (...) The point of view is always the character's, and the level of consciousness is usually close to the surface.

Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1954, p. 36.

4 For a general view of the author's interpretation of Heraclitus' theory, see *The Aristos*. Tiptree, Essex: The Anchor Press Ltd. 1964 (1980).

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ASPECTOS DEL MITO Y LA PSICOLOGIA EN LA NOVELISTICA ANGLO-NORTEAMERICANA DEL SIGLO XX

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La novelística del siglo XX, como es bien sabido, ofrece un ejemplo muy claro de esa relación estrecha que la literatura guarda con su creador, con el hombre. Si nos atreviésemos a destacar los dos rasgos que mejor podrían caracterizar metafísicamente al hombre contemporáneo, probablemente deberíamos decir que éstos son la angustia y la confusión. La novelística de los últimos ochenta años ha sabido reflejar esta situación; a lo largo de este siglo, de manera vehemente en muchas ocasiones, el hombre ha tratado de poner fin a su angustia metafísica, y la novela también ha contribuido a encontrar la solución.

A principios de siglo en Gran Bretaña se está gestando el nacimiento de una nueva narrativa fuertemente influida por las entonces recientes teorías sobre el tiempo y la mente humana de Bergson y de William James (hermano del conocido escritor Henry James). El tiempo no es simplemente una cadena de sucesos que ocurren linealmente. Por el contrario, lo realmente significativo es la concepción temporal que existe en la mente humana, donde pasado y presente a