

The Novel Today: Recent British Fiction

Lecture 14: Futures of the British Novel?

- 1) The World as Concept and Mediation:
Steven Hall, *The Raw Shark Texts* (2007)
- 2) An Epic for Our Times?
David Mitchell, *Cloud Atlas* (2004)
- 3) A New Path for the Novel?
Tom McCarthy, *Satin Island* (2015)
- 4) Two Recent Booker Prize Winners:
Anna Burns, *Milkman* (2018) &
Bernardine Evaristo, *Girl, Woman, Other* (2019)
- 5) Coda: Matters of Fact vs. Matters of Concern

1) The World as Concept and Mediation: Steven Hall's *The Raw Shark Texts* (2007)

Steven Hall (*1975)

2007 *The Raw Shark Texts*
forthcoming: *Maxwell's Demon* (2020)
 ("an infinite text about the death of print and linear narrative"???)

Steven Hall, *The Raw Shark Texts* (2007)

Beginning:

I was unconscious. I'd stopped breathing.

I don't know how long it lasted, but the engines and drivers that keep the human machine functioning at a mechanical level must have trip-switched, responding to the stillness with a general systems panic. *Autopilot failure – switch to emergency manual override.*

This is how my life started, my second life.

My eyes slammed themselves capital O open and my neck and shoulders arched back in a huge inward heave, a single world-swallowing lung gulp of air. Liters of dry oxygen and floor dust whistled in and snagged up my throat with knifey coughing spasms [...]

Slowly, slowly, slowly, the world began to reappear in sickly greens and thumping purples and after maybe a minute, it steadied itself into a shaky-solid kind of balance.

I wiped my hands on my jeans and gave in to a last scratchy cough before rubbing out the last of the tears.

Okay. Just breathe, we're okay.

I had no idea who or where I was.

Characters:

Eric Sanderson (the second Eric Sanderson)

[the first Eric Sanderson, Clio Aames]

Dr. Randle

Ian the Cat

Aunty Ruth

Scout

vs.

Mr. Nobody

Dr. Trey Fidorous

vs.

Mycroft Ward



Un-Space Exploration

internet data base

Committee



the Ludovician, the most dangerous of the conceptual fish

Climax:

Eric, Scout and Dr. F. fighting the Ludovician in a conceptual boat (the Orpheus) on the conceptual ocean and killing it by feeding it the Mycroft Ward database.

Ending:

"You need to really listen to me. I'm trying to tell you something important, okay?"

I looked at her. She brought her hand up and laid it gently on the side of my face.

"You didn't do anything wrong," she said. "Sometimes things go bad and there's nothing anybody can do about it. None of what happened was your fault, Eric. I don't blame you for it, do you understand? I don't blame you. It was an accident."

Everything came together then. The whispering nonsense and that huge *something* I hadn't been able to find, all of it focusing into one bright, brilliant realisation.

In that one moment, I understood it all.

"Oh, God."

Scout smiled.

"Thank you," I said, my eyes hot and wet and stinging.

"It wasn't your fault," she whispered, crying too.

"I love you. I always, always loved you. You know that, right?"

"I know that," she said. "I enjoy spending time with you too."

I laughed a wet laugh. "I hate that one."

"I know," she grinned, tear-stripped. "You're too easy."

And we held each other tight, crying as the last of the mist cleared around us.

"Hey," Scout patted me on the back, "is that Ian over there?"

I turned to look. Ian's yellow dinghy bobbed in the distant swell. Miles behind him and out across the sea, the island rose up high and stony, hazy in the distance.

"Ian!" I shouted out, half to the cat and half with the joy of seeing his little boat. I waved in his direction. "I think I can see him. Can you see him?"

"Oh, yeah," she nodded, staring out, shielding her eyes from the sun. "You're going to be in so much trouble. Come on."

"Scout."

"Yeah?"

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"It is over, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's over." She looked at me. "Are you okay?"

I nodded. "I'm glad," I said quietly. "Where do we go now?"

She pointed out towards the island.

"Yeah, but I mean what is that, what is it really?"

Scout smiled. "Home."

Ian frowned out over the water like an old-fashioned sea captain as the two of us swam his little boat towards the distant shore.

We were about halfway there when small towns of square white buildings started to light up in the dusty evening. As night drew in, we steered the dinghy towards a stretch of friendly looking coastline, a long strip of beach where the hanging lanterns of *tavernas* and waterfront bars laid multicoloured stripes out across the waves.

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Goodbye Mr Tegmark

2 >> NEWS

Body of missing man found

The body recovered from foundation works in the Deansgate area of Greater Manchester area last night has been identified as missing Derby man, Eric Sanderson.

Sanderson, who is thought to have been suffering from a rare mental illness, disappeared from his home last autumn becoming the subject of a large-scale police manhunt.

Police were first alerted by a Missing Persons report filed by retired psychologist and academic, Prof. Helen Randle. Randle is alleged to have been providing private treatment to Mr Sanderson for over two years without notifying the relevant health authorities of his condition. She maintained again today that her actions had always been 'completely proper'. Police are expected to interview Randle again in the light of Sanderson's death.

It is believed that Mr Sanderson may have been suffering from a rare mental condition known as psychotropic fugue. Psychotropic fugue is said to twist, confuse, cut out and rewrite memories and events in the mind of the sufferer. It's difficult to imagine what he must have been going through, said police psychologist Dr Ryan Mitchell during this morning's press conference.

Sanderson's condition is thought to have been the result of prolonged emotional trauma stemming from the death of his girlfriend Clio Aames, who drowned in a scuba diving accident while the pair were on holiday in Greece.

As a result of this morning's identification, police have dismissed the postcard received by Prof. Randle earlier this week and previously believed to have been sent by the missing Sanderson, as a 'cruel and malicious hoax'.

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POST CARD

THIS SPACE MAY BE USED FOR ADDRESSES

FOR ADDRESS

Dear Dr Randle

Whatever happens, please don't feel bad. I'm well and I'm happy, but I'm never coming back.

Here's lookin at you kid,

Eric Sanderson

Dr H Randle
M
Derby

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Key Passage:

I pulled the vodka bottle out of the freezer drawer – I'd got into the habit of having a shot or two with the Friday night video, and maybe the occasional shot with afternoon TV – and poured myself a big half-glass over ice. Ian reappeared in the kitchen, now all brave and never-been-scared-in-my-life, doing his fat cat slink around my legs. I opened a tin of tuna for him and took the vodka and the bottle through to the living room.

Television, the great normaliser. I switched it on and dropped onto the sofa, vodka at my feet, red folder at my side. I drank back a few deep, hot throatfuls to calm my nerves before opening the folder and taking out the piece of paper inside. This is what it said:

Imagine you're in a rowing boat on a lake.

It's summer, early morning. That time when the sun hasn't quite broken free of the landscape and long, projected shadows tigerstripe the light. The rays are warm on your skin as you drift through them, but in the shadows the air is still cold, greyness holding onto undersides and edges wherever it can.

A low clinging breeze comes and goes, racing ripples across the water and gently rocking you and your boat as you float in yin-yang slices of morning. Birds are singing. It's a sharp, clear sound, clean without the humming backing track of a day well underway. There's the occasional sound of wind in leaves and the occasional splash of a larger wavelet breaking on the side of your boat, but nothing else.

You reach over the side and feel the shock of the water, the steady bob of the lake's movement playing up and down your knuckles in a rhythm of cold. You pull your arm back; you enjoy the after-ache in your fingers. Holding out your hand, you close your eyes and feel the tiny physics of gravity and resistance as the liquid finds routes across your skin, builds itself into droplets of the required weight, then falls, each drop ending with an audible tap.

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Now, right on that tap – stop. Stop imagining. Here's the real game. Here's what's obvious and wonderful and terrible all at the same time: the lake in my head, the lake I was imagining, has just become the lake in your head. It doesn't matter if you never know me, or never know anything about me. I could be dead, I could have been dead a hundred years before you were even born and still – think about this carefully, think past the obvious sense of it to the huge and amazing miracle hiding inside – the lake in my head has become the lake in your head.

Behind or inside or through the two hundred and eighteen words that made up my description, behind or inside or through those nine hundred and sixty-nine letters, there is some kind of flow. A purely conceptual stream with no mass or weight or matter and no ties to gravity or time, a stream that can only be seen if you choose to look at it from the precise angle we are looking from now, but there, nevertheless, a stream flowing directly from my imaginary lake into yours.

Next, try to visualise all the streams of human interaction, of communication. All those linking streams flowing in and between people, through text, pictures, spoken words and TV commentaries, streams through shared memories, casual relations, witnessed events, touching pasts and futures, cause and effect. Try to see this immense latticework of lakes and flowing streams, see the size and awesome complexity of it. This huge rich environment. This waterway paradise of all information and identities and societies and selves.

Now, go back to your lake, back to your gently bobbing boat. But this time, know the lake; know the place for what it is and when you're ready, take a look over the boat's side. The water is clear and deep. Broken sunlight cuts blue wedges down, down into the clean cold depths. Sit quietly, wait and watch. Don't move. Be very, very still. They say life is tenacious. They say given half a chance, or less, life will grow and exist and evolve anywhere, even in the most inhospitable and unlikely of places. Life will always find a way, they say. Be very quiet. Keep looking into the water. Keep looking and keep watching.

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(Cf. "Tilda Swinton and the Raw Shark Texts"
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h73f3LWZALE>)

Special Features of *The Raw Shark Texts*:

- a) montage technique (Eric's first-person narrative punctuated by messages and letters (from Eric #1, Clio and others), disfigured texts as well as graphic features playing with letters, the shapes of the shark (see esp. 330ff.)
- b) interactivity on <http://www.rawsharkttexts.com/> and <http://forums.steven-hall.org/>
- c) 'Negatives' / 'Un-Chapters'

For each chapter in *The Raw Shark Texts* there is, or will be, an un-chapter, a negative. If you look carefully at the novel you might be able to figure out why these un-chapters are called negatives. Not all the negatives are as long as a full novel chapter - some are only a page, some are only a couple of lines. Some are much longer than any chapters in the novel. About a quarter of them are out there so far. (It's an ongoing project set to run for a while yet) Not all of the negatives are online, some are, but they're hiding. Some are out there in the real world, waiting to be found. Anyone with the *Raw Shark* UK special edition will already have Negative 6/36 and anyone with a Canadian edition will have Negative 36/36 (and also a good idea of what some of the other negatives are). The negatives are not deleted scenes, they are very much a part of the novel but they are all splintered from it in some way.

(Steven Hall in The Raw Shark Texts Forum, 15th August, 2007)

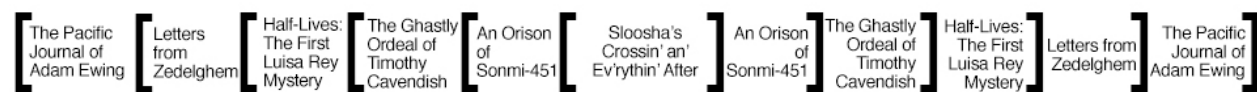
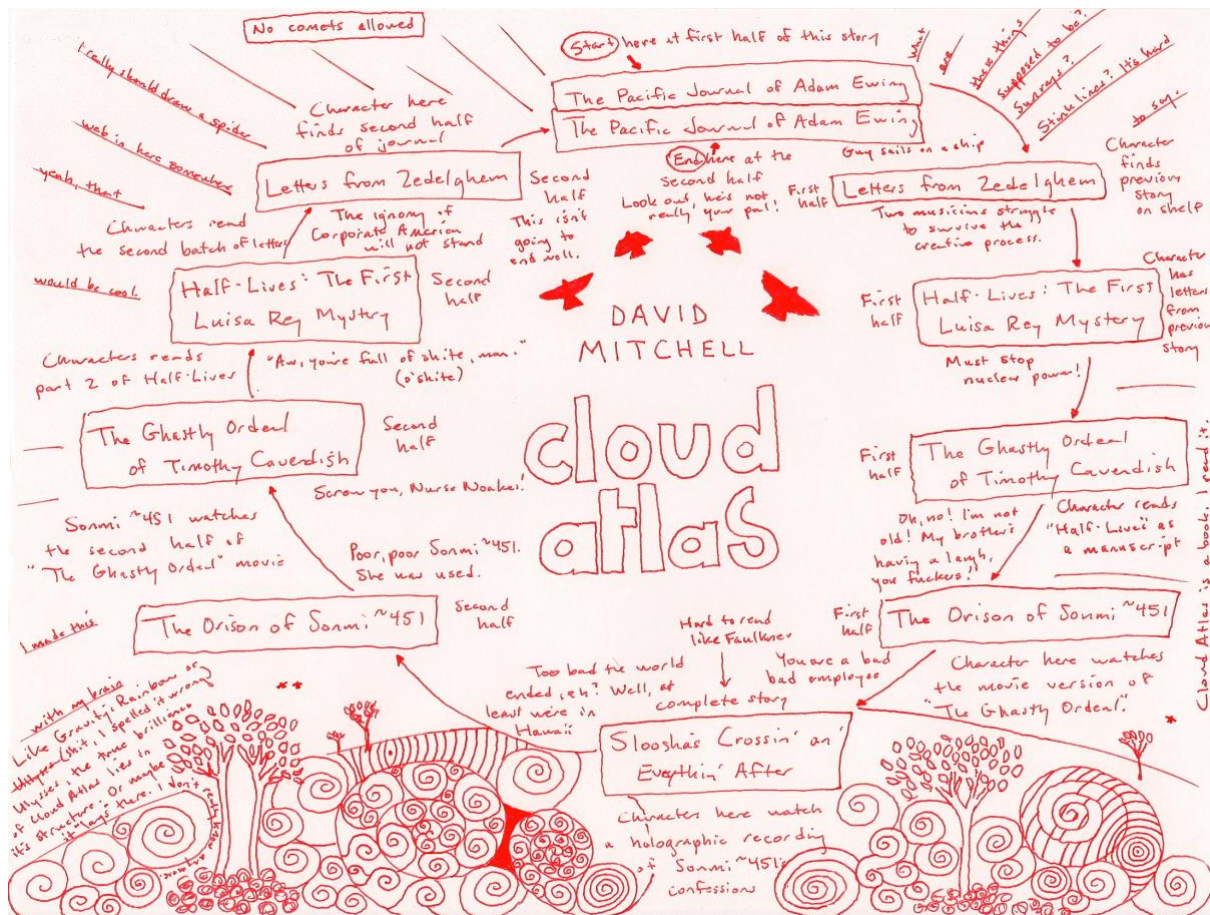
2) An Epic for Our Time? David Mitchell, *Cloud Atlas* (2004)

David Mitchell (*1969)

- 1999 *Ghostwritten*
- 2001 *number9dream*
- 2004 *Cloud Atlas*
- 2006 *Black Swan Green*
- 2010 *The Thousand Autumns of Jacob de Zoet*
- 2014 *The Bone Clocks*
- 2015 *Slade House*
- 2016 *From Me Flows What You Called Time*
(for Scottish Artist Katie Paterson's 'Future Library Project', 2014-2114; to be published 2114)
- 2020 *Utopia Avenue*

Cloud Atlas Overview:

- The Pacific Journal of Adam Ewing (1850)
- Letters from Zedelghem (1931)
- Half-Lives: The First Luisa Rey Mystery (1975)
- The Ghastly Ordeal of Timothy Cavendish (the present)
- An Orison of Sonmi-451 (the future)
- Sloosha's Crossin' an' Ev'rythin' After (post-future)
- An Orison of Sonmi-451 (part 2)
- The Ghastly Ordeal of Timothy Cavendish (part 2)
- Half-Lives: The First Luisa Rey Mystery (part 2)
- Letters from Zedelghem (part 2)
- The Pacific Journal of Adam Ewing (part 2)



(both graphs taken from:
A.D. Jameson, "25 Points: Cloud Atlas" on <http://htmlgiant.com>)

Linkage:

- reincarnation (signaled by a striking birthmark)
 - 'atlas' = fixed human nature
(predatory vs. rare redemptive qualities)
 - vs.
 - 'cloud' = changing manifestations
 - recurring patterns of ascent and descent
 - the transmission of stories in medial form
 - the authenticity of one narrative is questioned in the following narrative
 - #6 as a leitmotif: six stories, the *Cloud Atlas Sextet* composed in story 2, Ron Sixsmith (in story 2 and 3, murdered at the age of 66), Cavendish is 66 years old, someone is shot six times etc. etc.
- > “a prominent specimen of the emergent genre of ‘transnational’, ‘global’, ‘geopolitical’, ‘cosmopolitan’ or ‘planetary’ novel
- > Mitchell as an “ideal representative of a ‘new sincerity’ in British writing, after the waning of an allegedly irresponsibly playful ‘classical’ postmodernism
(Wiemann 2017, 498)

“It is precisely this celebration of an increasingly dehistoricised ‘humanity’ [...] that has rendered *Cloud Atlas* anathema for more critically inclined readers who [...] make out a retrogressive and conservative outlook at work here, one that under the guise of postmodernist experimentalism ushers in an essentialist and dichotomous worldview including the return of the fantasy of naturally born barbarians.”
(Wiemann 2017, 515)

3) A New Path for the Novel? Tom McCarthy, *Satin Island* (2015)

Tom McCarthy (*1969)

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1999 | co-founder of International Necronautical Society (INS, with the philosopher Simon Critchley)
> art projects
cf. <i>The Mattering of Matter: Documents from the Archives of the INS</i> , 2012 |
| 2005; 2006/07 | <i>Remainder</i> (written 2001) |
| 2006 | <i>Tintin and the Secret of Literature</i> |
| 2007 | <i>Men in Space</i> (written in the 1990s) |
| 2010 | C |
| 2015 | <i>Satin Island</i> |
| (+ essays) | |

The most prominent critical reaction to *Remainder* came from fellow novelist Zadie Smith, who, in an essay programmatically entitled 'Two Paths of the Novel', hailed *Remainder* as a necessary alternative to 'what we have been taught to value in fiction', i.e. the conventional mode of 'lyrical realism' with its emphasis on fully rounded characters and plot as epitomized by her second example, Joseph O'Neill's *Netherland*. (Smith 2008, 89). Ever since, *Remainder* has held a central place in an emerging 'story [...] about the future of the Anglophone novel' (Smith 2008, 89), and Smith's essay has become a major point of departure for academic engagements with McCarthy's oeuvre, which is seen as marked by a 'knowing, theoretical resistance' to lyrical Realism (Duncan 2016, 6).

(Reinfandt 2017, 556)

I'm wary of the distinction between literature or fiction and theory, because all fiction is theory, it's just usually bad theory. Unexamined naïve realism – that is a construct just as much as everything else. It is just a construct that has erased its own constructedness. [...] I think good literature [...] has always been aware of its own textuality. [...] This is [...] perhaps what the more conservative mainstream will always try to push away from, preferring instead just to carry on reproducing the dominant narrative of its culture.

(McCarthy et al., 2015, 142)

***Satin Island* (2015)**

Beginning:

1.1 Turin is where the famous shroud is from, the one showing Christ's body supine after crucifixion: hands folded over genitals, eyes closed, head crowned with thorns. The image isn't really visible on the bare linen. It only emerged in the late nineteenth century, when some amateur photographer looked at the negative of a shot he's taken of the thing, and saw the figure – pale and faded, but there nonetheless. Only in the negative: the negative became a positive, which means that the shroud itself was, in effect, a negative already. A few decades later, when the shroud was radiocarbon dated, it turned out to come from no earlier than the mid-thirteenth century; but this didn't trouble the believers. Things like that never do. [...] We see things shroudedly, as through a veil, an over-pixelated screen. [...] (3)

2.1 Me? Call me U. [...] (13)

2.2 What do I do? I am an anthropologist. Structures of kinship; systems of exchange, barter and gift; symbolic operations lurking on the flipside of the habitual and the banal: identifying these, prising them out and holding them up, kicking and wriggling, to the light – that's my racket. When these events (*events!* If you want those, you'd best stop reading now) took place, I found myself deployed not to some remote jungle, steppe or tundra, there to study hunter-gatherers and shamans, but to a business. Deployed there, what's more, not by the austere dictates of a Royal Anthropological Society or National University, but by the very business to which I'd been dispatched: I was the in-house ethnographer for a consultancy. (14)

Layers of Narrative and Motifs in *Satin Island*:

- Turin (shroud vs. hub)
- the Koob-Sassen Project vs. the Great Report
- oil spill
- death of parachutist
(central passage: section 8.3; cf. short film by Johan Grimonprez, 2015:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jr7i6lB84Hc>)
- Lévi-Strauss/Malinowski
- Peymann
- Petr (cancer)
- Daniel (visual culture)
- Claudia (material culture)
- Madison (the G8 summit in Genoa 2001)

The ‘Thick Description’ of the World in *Satin Island*:

- subjective experience
- language as a medium
- materiality/mediality
- communication
- symbolic condensation: *Satin Island*/*Staten Island* (143-5); *Rosebud* (148)

4) Two Recent Booker Prize Winners: Anna Burns, *Milkman* (2018) & Bernardine Evaristo, *Girl, Woman, Other* (2019)

Anna Burns – *Milkman* (2018)

[Anna Burns wins the 2018 Man Booker Prize, Oct 17, 2018]

Earlier novels by Burns: *No Bones* (2001), *Little Constructions* (2007),
Mostly Hero (novella, 2014)

Blurb:

In this unnamed city, to be interesting is dangerous. Middle sister is busy attempting to keep her mother from discovering her maybe-boyfriend and to keep everyone in the dark about her encounter with Milkman. But when first brother-in-law sniffs out her trouble and rumours start to swell, middle sister becomes 'interesting'. The last thing she ever wanted to be. To be interesting is to be noticed and to be noticed is dangerous.

Milkman is a tale of gossip and hearsay, silence and deliberate deafness. It is the story of inaction with enormous consequences.

"If Beckett had written a prose poem about the Troubles, it would read a lot like this."
(*Daily Mail*)

Beginning:

The day Somebody McSomebody put a gun to my breast and called me a cat and threatened to shoot me was the same day the milkman died. He had been shot by one of the state hit squads and I did not care about the shooting of this man. Others did care though, and some were those who, in the parlance, 'knew me to see but not to speak to' and I was being talked about because there was a rumour started by them, or more likely by first brother-in-law, that I had been having an affair with this milkman and that I was 18 and that he was 41 ... It had been my fault too, it seemed, this affair with the milkman. But I had not been having an affair with the milkman. I did not like the milkman and had been frightened and confused by his pursuing and attempting an affair with me.

Christopher Tayler, "The Psychologicals." *London Review of Books* (25 Oct 2018): 27-28.

The speaker doesn't give her name, or anyone else's, but in dialogue she's addressed as 'middle sister' (by her sisters), as 'daughter' (by ma), as 'sister-in-law' (by third brother-in-law) and as 'maybe-girlfriend' (by her 'almost one year so far maybe-boyfriend'). The milkman's first words to her are: 'You're one of the who's-it girls, aren't you? So-and-so was your father, wasn't he?' He also mentions her four brothers, 'thingy, thingy, thingy and thingy'. She can't immediately rebuff him, 'for he'd named the credentials, the male people of my family, and I couldn't be rude because he wasn't being rude.' People are careful, where she lives, about what they say and don't say, so there's a lot of watching for unspoken cues, a constant scanning that she likens to hostile telepathy. Most people, she imagines, have learned to present only 'their topmost mental level to those who were reading it', keeping their real selves hidden in 'the undergrowth of their consciousness', and that's what she tries to do with the milkman. It doesn't work as well as she hopes.

The narrator, it soon turns out, is looking back at a couple of months towards the end of the 1970s. Two instances of misogynistic boneheadedness identify the general period: we hear about 'mainstream boys ... who wanted to beat up Julie Covington for singing "Only Women Bleed" [released in December 1977], which they thought was a song about periods', and about 'boys incensed at Sigourney Weaver for killing the creature in that new film [*Alien*, released in the UK in September 1979], when none of the men in that film had been able to kill the creature'. As for the place, it's resolutely unnamed, but it isn't an allegorical Everycity or a Russian novel-style 'town of B ____'. From people's speech, and the geography, and various large clues, such as the 'political problems, which included bombs and guns and death and maiming', the segregated sectarian neighbourhoods separated by 'interface' areas, and the paramilitaries with allegiances either 'over the border' or 'over the water', the city would appear to correspond to Belfast, and the narrator's neighbourhood to Ardoyne, the Catholic, Irish nationalist district [...]

What's extraordinary about all this, though easy to overlook on a first reading, at least until the final stretch, is the density and tightness of the plotting behind the narrator's apparently rambling performance. The whole thing could be transposed into a more conventional idiom, with proper names and in the third person, say, without rearranging the scene-by-scene construction. What's more, the comic unfolding of the plot runs counter to the narrator's pinched sense of what can and can't be said and done in her neighbourhood, and, after a chilling final encounter with the milkman, there's a darkly happy ending. Without sounding too therapised – she was raised, she says, 'before these modern times when you can stand up and receive a round of applause for admitting there might be something wrong with your head' – the narrator comes to entertain the possibility of trust, and of less destructive forms of communal solidarity, and to see that she has got the people around her all wrong. If that sounds sappy, it shouldn't: the writing is scalding about such topics as the IRA's kangaroo courts and the security services' malign blundering until the very end. But as a reader you feel you've earned the novel's more optimistic resolution, and that Burns, with her wild sentences and her immense writerly discipline, has too.

Bernardine Evaristo, *Girl, Woman, Other* (2019)

[Bernardine Evaristo wins the Booker Prize for *Girl, Woman, Other* on Oct 14, 2019, sharing it against the statutes with Canadian writer Margaret Atwood for *The Testaments*.]

Blurb:

Welcome to Britain and twelve very different people – mostly women, mostly black – who call it home.

Chapter One:	Amma – Yazz – Dominique
Chapter Two:	Carole – Bummi – LaTisha
Chapter Three:	Shirley – Winsome – Penelope
Chapter Four:	Megan/Morgan – Hattie – Grace
Chapter Five:	The After-party
Epilogue	

Beginning:

Amma

is walking along the promenade of the waterway that bisects her city, a few early morning barges cruise slowly by

to her left is the nautical-themed footbridge with its deck-like walkway and sailing mast pylons

to her right is the bend in the river as it heads east past Waterloo Bridge towards the dome of St. Paul's

she feels the sun begin to rise, the air still breezy before the city clogs up with heat and fumes

a violinist plays something suitably uplifting further along the promenade

Amma's play, *The Last Amazon of Dahomey*, opens at the National tonight

★

Form:

- artificial/casual heterodiegetic present tense narration, hovering between prose and poetry
- sentence = paragraph, no full stops (but commas, question marks etc.)
- a flexible number of sentence-paragraphs make up a larger paragraph clearly focused on/through a character and/or a particular event/theme
- the form remains stable and yet manages to convincingly convey the very different mindsets of the characters
- within the chapters, characters tend to be related to or at least acquainted with each other
- the twelve life stories converge on the occasion of the opening night of Amma's play

I have a term I came up with called fusion fiction – that's what it felt like, with the absence of full stops, the long sentences. The form is very free-flowing and it allowed me to be inside the characters' heads and go all over the place – the past, the present. For me, there's always a level of experimentation – I'm not happy writing what we might call traditional novels. There's a part of me that is always oppositional to convention – not only counter-cultural and disruptive of people's expectations of me, but also of form.

I wanted to put presence into absence. I was very frustrated that black British women weren't visible in literature. I whittled it down to 12 characters – I wanted them to span from a teenager to someone in their 90s, and see their trajectory from birth, though not linear. There are many ways in which otherness can be interpreted in the novel – the women are othered in so many ways and sometimes by each other. I wanted it to be identified as a novel about women as well.

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2019/apr/27/bernardine-evaristo-girl-woman-other-interview> (Jan 31, 2020)

5) Coda: Matters of Fact vs. Matters of Concern

- from 'Being' to 'Doing'
- from ontology to constructivism
- from 'mimesis of reality' to 'mimesis of process'
- from 'matters of fact' to 'matters of concern' (Latour 2004)

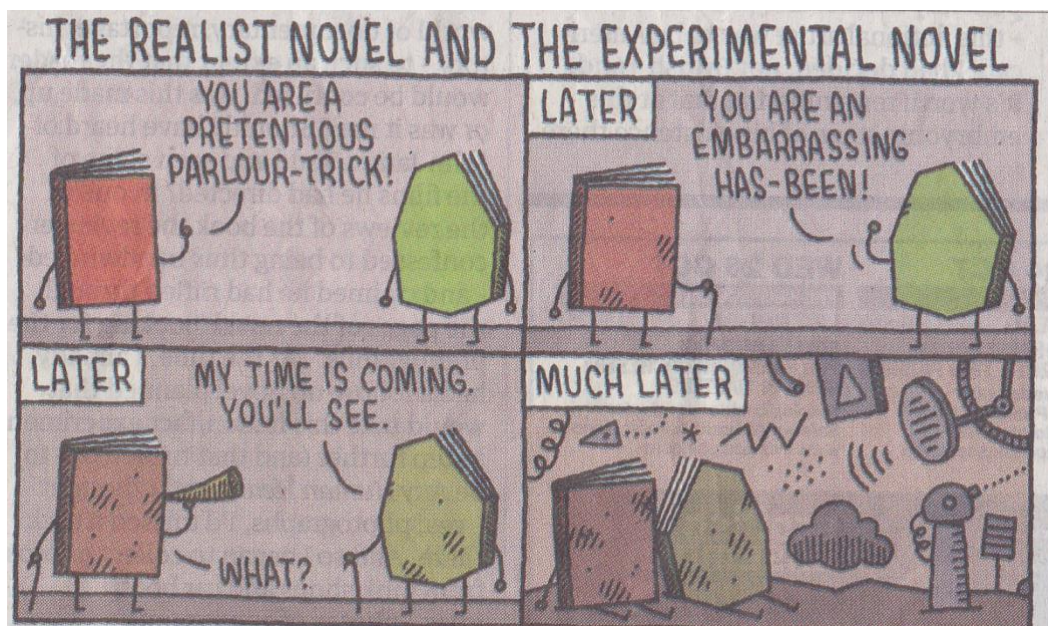
[A] certain form of critical spirit has set us down the wrong path [...] The question was never to get *away* from facts but *closer* to them, not fighting empiricism, but, on the contrary, renewing empiricism. (231)

The critic is not the one who debunks, but the one who assembles [...] the one who offers [...] arenas in which to gather [and] the one for whom, if something is constructed, then it means it is fragile and thus in great need of care and caution. (246)

[Matters of fact are] partial [...] polemical [and ultimately] political renderings of matters of concern [...] a subset of what could be called *states of affairs*. (232)
[They need to be merged] into highly complex, historically situated, [and] richly diverse matters of concern. (237)

⇓

[We need a new,] *stubbornly realist attitude* [...] dealing with *matters of concern*, not *matters of fact*. (231)



A Map of (Post-)Modern Fiction

<u>Modes:</u>	<u>Documentary Fiction</u>	<u>Realist Fiction</u>	<u>Revisionist Fiction</u>	<u>Implicit Metafiction</u>	<u>Explicit Metafiction</u>
<u>Scales:</u>	external/environmental reference	←	→	internal/systemic ref.	auto-referentiality
	illusion	←			anti-illusion
	'real' comm./character comm.	←			lit. comm./narr. comm.
<u>'Programs':</u>	(Avantgarde)	Realism	Romanticism →	Modernism	← Aestheticism
<u>Orientations of Meaning:</u>	obj. (subj.) [[lit.]]	obj. subj. (lit.)	(obj.) subj. lit.	(obj.) subj. lit. → lit.	[[obj.]] (subj.) lit.

(cf. Reinfandt 1997, 240)

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