

as the very source of Being itself²¹ to any number of tropological systems, let alone systems of resemblance and recognition. In our context, however, what is inescapable is the function of metaphor to detemporalize existence, to dechronologize and denarrativize the present, indeed, to construct or reconstruct a new temporal present which we are so oddly tempted to call eternal. The word is evidently an attempt to escape the temporal overtones of the normal vocabulary for experiences of time, and is consistent with the "eternity" of individual consciousness itself as long as it lasts (inasmuch as in that sense, consciousness has no opposite and we are in it, even in sleep, in some absolute and inescapable fashion).

What we can at least conclude from this discussion is that we have here finally located the definitive formulation for the discursive opposition we have been trying to name. Now it can be articulated not as *récit* versus *roman*, nor even telling versus showing; but rather destiny versus the eternal present. And what is crucial is not to load one of these dies and take sides for the one or the other as all our theorists seemed to do, but rather to grasp the proposition that realism lies at their intersection. Realism is a consequence of the tension between these two terms; to resolve the opposition either way would destroy it; James's guilt feelings are not only justified, they are necessary. And this is also why it is justified to find oneself always talking about the emergence or the breakdown of realism and never about the thing itself, since we will always find ourselves describing a potential emergence or a potential breakdown.

Chapter II

The Twin Sources of Realism: Affect, or, the Body's Present

We have, to be sure, ourselves omitted something significant from our account of "The Hawk," and it is the happy ending: the boy recovers from his illness (despite the absence of his beloved falcon), Monna Giovanna relents, and, although she fails to develop any genuine passion for Federigo, consents to the marriage, in which "they all live happily ever after" and so forth. But this involves a lowering of tone, and as it were a decompression, a return to the flatlands of everyday life, a slow disengagement from the intensities of the Event (the narrative or *récit* itself) and a consent to the less exhilarating yet ultimately more humanly bearable comfort of the everyday (using this last word in Auerbach's heightened sense, with its connotation of a realism to come).

The shift, then, from tale to daily life simply confirms the point being made about the two temporalities at stake here. Yet also to be noted, if not unduly stressed, is the mild desolation that accompanies this narrative, whether in its major mode as a *récit* or in the coda. I have used the word "sad" (to which we will return in a more official context): is this feeling only to be attributed to the reader or is it possible that it suggests a dimension of narrative we have not yet taken into consideration?

This observation will then serve to introduce the second agency in my story, and the other impulse—affect—I want to associate with the emergence of realism as such. I will first stage this second impulse as the opposite of the narrative one: that is to say, I will approach it from the standpoint of temporality, for which the *récit* has seemed to embody a temporality of the past and of the preterite, a temporality of the chronological, in which, everything having happened already, events succeed each other in what is today loosely called "linear time" (a rather faddish expression I believe we owe to Marshall McLuhan).

²¹ Paul Ricoeur, *The Rule of Metaphor*, Toronto: University Press, 1977, 307.

Is it possible to imagine a temporality so different from this conventional one that the word "time" ceases to seem altogether appropriate for it (something we already mused about in connection with the term "eternal")?

In the hindsight of the theory (and historical experience) of the postmodern, and of what I have called "the end of temporality," perhaps we can add greater specificity to the kind of temporality (or lack of it) at stake here. "The End of Temporality" theorized a shrinking of contemporary (bourgeois) experience such that we begin to live a perpetual present with a diminishing sense of temporal or indeed phenomenological continuities¹; this perpetual present was, I believe, what Deleuze and Guattari described as a schizophrenic present (in the *Anti-Oedipus*)², but theirs was an altogether Utopian account which takes its place in a tradition of literary celebrations of temporal immediacy from Wordsworth's imbeciles and Flaubert's "simple heart"³ on down to modern times. I believe that the contemporary or postmodern "perpetual present" is better characterized as a "reduction to the body," inasmuch as the body is all that remains in any tendential reduction of experience to the present as such. But I would not necessarily want to argue that in such temporal isolation the body's senses gain a heightened existence, something that is more likely to happen when, for whatever reason, one sense is given priority over the others (as in the evolving specializations of nineteenth-century painting and music). Rather, the isolated body begins to know more global waves of generalized sensations, and it is these which, for want of a better word, I will here call affect.

It is a technical term which has been strongly associated with a number of recent theories which alternately appeal to Freud or to Deleuze and which, like the theory of postmodernity, also take this phenomenon as evidence for a new turn in human relations and forms of subjectivity (including politics).⁴ I do not here mean to

¹ See Jameson, "The End of Temporality," in *Ideologies of Theory*, London: Verso, 2009.

² See the first chapter of Deleuze and Guattari's *L'Anti-Édipe* (Paris: Minuit, 1972), as celebrated, for example, in the following account: "Il y a une expérience schizoanalytique des quantités intensives à l'état pur, à un point presque insupportable—une misère et une gloire célestaires éprouvées au plus haut point, comme une clameur suspendue entre la vie et la mort, un sentiment de passage intense, états d'intensité pure et crue dépourvues de leur figure et de leur forme" (25).

³ To Felicità's blessed simplicity should be added the very different longing expressed in Saint Antoine's final cry: "Être la matière!"

⁴ Various conceptual streams meet in this concept: Deleuze's commentaries on

appropriate it for a different theory of all these things, nor do I mean to endorse or to correct the philosophies of which it currently constitutes a kind of signal or badge of group identity. Indeed, I want to specify a very local and restricted, practical use of the term "affect" here by incorporating it into a binary opposition which historicizes it and limits its import to questions of representation and indeed of literary history.

I will therefore begin by distinguishing affect (in my sense of the word) from emotions as such. The opposition between feelings and emotions is a long-standing one, based mostly on tradition rather than any successfully articulated structural difference. The replacement of the vague word "feeling" by the more technical if not clinical term "affect" does seem to promise a little more rigor in the debate, if not indeed to promise some renewal of it in the reconsideration of an old problem, which has become the unexamined sedimentation of common sense thought.

I will clarify it by modifying the terminology of the opposite number as well: for I wish to redefine emotion as "named emotion," and thereby not only to mark a structural difference between emotion and affect but also to underscore yet a further dimension of this problem, which involves the intervention of language as such. The new implication is that affect (or its plural) somehow eludes language and its naming of things (and feelings), whereas emotion is preeminently a phenomenon sorted out into an array of names. Traditionally those names—love, hatred, anger, fear, disgust, pleasure, and so forth—have been grasped as a system of phenomena (like the system of the colors, for example); and like colors, the system is a historical one which varies from culture to culture and from period to period. Many are the handbooks which seek to map out the then current systems of emotions, from Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* to Descartes' *Treatise on the Passions*.⁵ But what needs further clarification in our context—

Spinoza, Eve Sedgwick's meditations on Sylvan Tompkins, trauma theory, queer theory and a whole new generation of work, which is scarcely summarized by references to Jonathan Flatley, *Affective Mapping*, Cambridge, MA: Harvard, 2008—but see his bibliographic note on 198–99—or to Sianne Ngai, *Ugly Feelings*, Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2005.

⁵ I have not found a suitable structural history; but see Amélie O. Rorty, ed., *Exploring Emotions*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1980; Daniel M. Gross, *The Secret History of Emotion*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2006; and, in order not to omit the humors from this picture, Noga Arikha, *Passions and the Tempers*, New York: Harper Collins, 2007.

for such systems eventually seem to dissolve in the era of affect, and yet to survive residually like so many traditions—is not so much the system as such as rather the reifying effects of the name itself.

It is indeed a delicate philosophical problem, if not a false one altogether, to distinguish between a phenomenological state of being—say, the experience of anger—and the word by which it is named: “Sing, Muse, the wrath of Achilles”—*thumos*. The philologist dialectic deflects our interest in the thing itself—how the ancients felt anger—to the history of the word: but is the existence of the word altogether foreign to the experience of the emotion? If it does not bring it into being in the first place, as some absolute constructivism might claim, then at least the articulation language brings to the as yet unexpressed feeling will surely open all kinds of new channels into which it can spread and thrive.

By habit and tradition, the notion of reification now strikes us as a negative or critical one; and the implication that the name necessarily reifies the emotion at once suggests the possibility of some more authentic experience that preceded the baleful spell of nomination (and that could in a pinch perhaps be recovered). But this is to forget Hegel’s judiciously ambivalent deployment of the original concept: humans objectify their projects and their desires, thereby enriching them: life is itself then a series of reifications which are themselves reabsorbed and enlarged by way of the new project. Naming is a fundamental component of such objectification, and alienation is only one possible fate for what is a universal process.

“If the word love comes up between them I am lost!” Count Mosca’s famous apprehension (on seeing Gina and Fabrice together) is perhaps only the most dramatic expression of the way in which the name can suddenly bring a whole new world into being (for good or ill).⁶ Meanwhile, many are the examples of words which have historically articulated undiscovered states of being which, while perhaps not newly emergent, were at least dormant if not unconscious in everyday human existence, and which then begin to play their own role as agents in a reorganization of life. Such was, for example, the appropriation of the old word “*ennui*” for the new state of nineteenth-century boredom, which brought all kinds of new questions about activity and even existence into being around it. Such was also, in my opinion, the word “anxiety,” which rescued a daily and unnerving experience

from the melodramatic and quasi-religious grandeur of words like “anguish.” Such finally is also the designation of an ancient scholastic term for that register of feeling we now call “affect” itself, not to speak of medicalization.⁷ Yet the onto-philological dilemma remains (or is it the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis?): were there affects before this name raised them into the light of consciousness, or did the word somehow slowly begin to modify the field of existential reality itself in such a way as to endow us with a bodily dimension absent from the bodily experience of, say, the ancient Greeks?

As I suggested, I believe that the problem is unsolvable in that form, but also that, if we specify a restriction on what the historical language can and cannot express at any given point, the ontological question will not disrupt the historical one. (Meanwhile, the question of whether affects cannot themselves be reified in the naming process must also remain open: Did the medieval term “*acedia*” not modify the experience of medieval clerks? Does the word “melancholia,” itself long present in Western discourse, not do something significant to our own internal subjectivities? And does not the very word “affect,” itself henceforth powerfully reorganize the latter’s force field?)⁸

At any rate, it will have become clear that by positing the named emotion (rather than emotion tout court) as the binary opposite of affect per se (or at least as the term whose difference allows us best to articulate the latter’s identity), I am also insisting on the resistance of affect to language, and thereby on the new representational tasks it poses poets and novelists in the effort somehow to seize its fleeting essence and to force its recognition. For in its insatiable colonization of the as yet unexplored and inexpressed (it is an impulse in which realism can be said to share the telos that modernism only more stridently affirms and sloganizes), the system of the old named emotions becomes not only too general but also too familiar: to approach the emotions more closely is microscopically to see within them a Brownian movement which, although properly unnamable in its own right, calls out imperiously for all the stimulation of linguistic innovation. It is towards mid-century, let us say in the 1840s of the bourgeois era, that such linguistic demands begin to become audible and inescapable, at least for the most alert arts that scan the era for the new.

⁷ See Ivan Illich, *Limits to Medicine*, London: Marion Boyers, 1995.

⁸ We will see that the very word “body,” unifying and totalizing as it is, can itself scarcely escape the reproach of reification either.

⁶ Stendhal, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, Paris: Cluny, 1948, 165 (chapter 8).

But now we must introduce another feature of affect: I provisionally follow Rei Terada's idea (derived ultimately from Kant) that affects are bodily feelings, whereas emotions (or passions, to use their other name) are conscious states.⁹ The latter have objects, the former are bodily sensations: it is the difference between the *coup de foudre* and a state of generalized depression. But this is then to endow the concept of affect with a positive content: if the positive characteristic of the emotion is to be named, the positive content of an affect is to activate the body. Language is here opposed to the body, or at least the lived body (which may itself be a "modern" phenomenon). And therefore, alongside a crisis of language, in which the old systems of emotions come to be felt as a traditional rhetoric, and an outmoded one at that, there is also a new history of the body to be written, the "bourgeois body" as we may now call it, as it emerges from the outmoded classifications of the feudal era. (Foucault's historical periodization of the emergence of "life" or of the new biosciences offers one possible context for what I here mean to be an existential and class-social phenomenon, related to the emergence of new forms of daily life.¹⁰)

One has only to compare the descriptions in Balzac's novels, concocted by someone who came of age in the Restoration, to the organization of narrative discourse in Flaubert only a generation later, to grasp the truly historical changes in what is asked of language by each novelist, and what is represented in the way of the representation of subjectivity, and of its perceptions.

In that case, it will be appropriate to associate rise of affect with the emergence of the phenomenological body in language and representation; and to historicize a competition between the system of named emotions and the emergence of nameless bodily states which can be documented in literature around the middle of the nineteenth century (literary representation furnishing the most comprehensive evidence as to a momentous yet impossibly hypothetical historical transformation of this kind). Flaubert and Baudelaire can stand as the markers for such a transformation of the sensorium, which can perhaps best be demonstrated by way of Balzac's dealings with the senses in the previous generation. Balzacian descriptions are well-known: here is the most famous, of the salon of the Maison Vauquer:

⁹ Rei Terada, *Feeling in Theory: Emotion After the "Death of the Subject"* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard, 2001), 82.

¹⁰ See also Donald Lowe's pathbreaking *History of Bourgeois Perception*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983.

Cette première pièce exhale une odeur sans nom dans la langue, et qu'il faudrait appeler l'odeur de pension. Elle sent le renfermé, le moisi, le rancé; elle donne froid, elle est humide au nez, elle pénètre les vêtements; elle a le goût d'une salle où l'on dine; elle pue le service, l'office, l'hospice. Peut-être pourrait-elle se décrire si l'on inventait un procédé pour évaluer les quantités élémentaires et nauséabondes qu'y jettent les atmosphères catarrhales et sui generis de chaque pensionnaire, jeune ou vieux.

This room gives off a smell for which our language has no special word; it can only be described as a *boarding house smell*. It smells stuffy, mouldy, rancid; it is chilly, clammy to breathe, permeates one's clothing; it leaves the stale taste of a room where people have been eating; it stinks of backstairs, scullery, workhouse. It could only be described if some process were invented for measuring the quantity of disgusting elementary particles contributed by each resident: young or old, from his own catarrhal and sui generis exhalations.¹¹

Everything would seem to confirm the first impression, that it is an affect that is at question here: it is nameless and unclassifiable, the senses are mobilized, Balzac is keenly aware of his linguistic and representational problem and fusses with his recording apparatus. But this description is not the evocation of an affect, for one good reason: namely that it *means* something.

The passage makes clear why the elaborate descriptions in Balzac do not invalidate the historical proposition I want to advance about the body in literature. For in Balzac everything that looks like a physical sensation—a musky smell, a rancid taste, a greasy fabric—always means something; it is a sign or allegory of the moral or social status of a given character: decent poverty, squalor, the pretensions of the parvenu, the true nobility of the old aristocracy, and so on. In short, it is not really a sensation, it is already a meaning, an allegory. By the time of Flaubert, these signs remain, but they have become stereotypical; and the new descriptions register a density beyond such stereotypical meanings.

Roland Barthes, a keen amateur of the new vibrations modernity brought with it, has spoken authoritatively of the irreconcilable divorce between lived experience and the intelligible which characterizes modernity, between the existential and the meaningful.¹²

¹¹ Honoré de Balzac, *Le père Goriot*, in *Oeuvres III*, Paris: La Pléiade, 1976, 53. Note the wistful longing for a quantitative turn in this description. English translation by A. J. Krailsheimer, Oxford, 1991, 4–6.

¹² Roland Barthes, "L'Effet de réel," in *Oeuvres*, Vol. II, Paris: Seuil, 1994, 483. And see my own commentary in "The Realist Floor Plan," in *Ideologies of Theory*, London: Verso, 2009.

Experience—and sensory experience in particular—is in modern times contingent: if such experience seems to have a meaning, we are at once suspicious of its authenticity. Balzac, however, will not give up on meaning: he continues energetically to deploy the twin weapons of metaphor ("Old Goriot was a lion!") and of metonymy, as in this passage and indeed everywhere in his work, where the nameless smell is composed of the decent or desperate miseries of pensioners who have deposited their traces in this haven.

To this we might well oppose the contingencies enumerated by Flaubert in his descriptions (Barthes terms them "l'effet de réel" or the "reality-effect"). Baudelaire is just as useful:

dans une maison déserte quelque armoire
Pleine de l'âcre odeur des temps, poudreuse et noire.

"Le flacon"

where the musty smell of time drifts in indeterminable synesthesia across the grimy tactility of the armoire. These unnamable sensations have become autonomous, as Balzac's odor might have been had it been converted into some distasteful melancholia. At any rate they no longer mean anything: states of the world, they simply exist.

Yet this is a historical proposition which raises serious philosophical problems. Are we to suppose that before the construction of the secular or bourgeois body in the course of the nineteenth century, affects simply did not exist, and an older pre-modern humanity had to make do with the various systems of emotions referenced above? But it is not exactly this kind of sweeping and peremptory affirmation which I am advancing here, but rather a hypothesis that, with the change in nuance, differentiates it absolutely from this or that statement about human nature. For what I suggest is that before this mid-century, such affects had not been named, had not found their way into language, let alone become the object of this or that linguistic codification. To be sure, this is also a historical proposition, but one about language itself and the way in which the nomination of an experience makes it visible at the very moment that it transforms and reifies it. And what is presupposed is that affects or feelings which have not thus been named are not available to consciousness, or are absorbed into subjectivity in different ways that render them inconspicuous and indistinguishable from the named emotions they may serve to fill out and to which they lend body and substance. This is to say that any proposition about affect is also a proposition about the body; and a historical one at that.

We have so far (in our examples) characterized affect in terms of physical sensation or sensory perception. Odor, the most repressed and stigmatized of the senses as Adorno pointed out,¹³ seems everywhere, from Baudelaire to Proust, to be a privileged vehicle for isolating affect and identifying it for a variety of dynamics (we should not forget Teresa Brennan's startling proposal that the contagion of affect—its interpersonal transmission—is historically the result of smell, of which sexual pheromones are only a particularly dramatic example¹⁴). But these sensory vehicles of affect present a representational problem inasmuch they are easily confused and identified with the bodily senses as such, and thereby reduced to merely physical perceptions or sensations. It is clear, for example, that the usefulness of smell as a vehicle for different types of affect derives at least in part from its marginalized status, its underdevelopment, so to speak, as a symbolic element.

We need then, before continuing, to enumerate some of the features affect seems to present (or to require): the variety of such features then begins to suggest the multiplicity of ways this new element can pervade nineteenth-century realism and open up its narratives, not only to scene and consciousness as such, but above all to some new realism of affect, some heightened representational presence.

We have already insisted on the namelessness of this new reality. It can certainly be constructed, and not only in literature but also in the other arts; but that very operation is dialectical and expresses both faces of a tenacious representational nominalism, for the name, whatever its vocabulary field—the celebration of the *body* or the positing of something like *melancholy* as the fundamental ground-tone of human existence—necessarily turns the affect into a new thing in its own right. The *symboliste* doctrine of suggestion here betrays a deeper truth, that of a radical distinction between naming and representational construction, which, distantly evoking our more fundamental distinction between telling and showing, explains why affect cannot be present in the regime of the *réci*.

Yet the temptation to name is encouraged by another feature of affect, namely its autonomization. It seems to have no context, but to float above experience without causes and without the structural relationship to its cognate entities which the named emotions have with

¹³ T. W. Adorno and Max Horkheimer, *Dialectic of Enlightenment*, Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2007. See the chapter "Elements of Anti-Sentimentism."

¹⁴ Teresa Brennan, *The Transmission of Affect*, Ithaca: Cornell, 2004.

one another.¹⁵ This is not to say that in reality affect has no causes whatsoever, no relationship to its situation of emergence: for any number of chemical, psychoanalytic, or interpersonal factors may well plausibly be proposed or experimentally tested. But its essence is to remain free-floating and independent of these factors (which only exist for other people), and this is obviously a function of its temporality as an eternal present, as an element which is somehow self-sufficient, feeding on itself, and perpetuating its own existence ("all joy wants eternity!"). This is then the point at which we must evoke another feature (explored in recent times by Deleuze and Lyotard)¹⁶, namely intensity: that is, the capacity of affect to be registered according to a range of volume, from minute to deafening, without losing its quality and its determination. Indeed, Lyotard's usage makes it clear that we could just as well substitute the term "intensity" for that of "affect" itself, provided we use it in the plural—yet here too it is no longer a matter of form and content, but rather of that other contemporary verbal-feuish, which is singularity. Affects are singularities and intensities, existences rather than essences, which usefully unsettle the more established psychological and physiological categories.

This was indeed what Roland Barthes meant by his notion of the "reality effect," a formulation designed to replace any substantive idea of realism (and in particular those based on its content) by a semi-otic one, in which "realism" is only one of the possible signs and signals given off by the text in question. That texts designed to be called "realism" and recognized as such give off signals or connotations of the type Barthes described in *Writing Degree Zero* (and which he called "écriture" as such) is unquestionable, even though the type of realism they may have wanted to convey necessarily had a historical and ideological status. Yet I believe there is a more satisfactory way of dealing with realism than its reduction to signs alone (this book attempts to justify that belief).

For with his uncanny sense of intellectual consequences, Barthes then at once historicizes his position: "In the ideology of our time, the obsessive reference to the 'concrete' ... is always trained like a

weapon against meaning as such, as though, *de jure*, what lives could not signify—and vice versa."¹⁷ This irreconcilable divorce between intelligibility and experience, between meaning and existence, then can be grasped as a fundamental feature of modernity, particularly in literature, whose verbal existence necessarily inclines it to idealism. If it means something, it can't be real; if it is real, it can't be absorbed by purely mental or conceptual categories (the ideal of the "concrete" then attempting an impossible synthesis of these two dimensions: clearly enough phenomenology conceived the most strenuous modern vocation to achieve it.) Yet what Barthes in fact describes here already has another name, it is "contingency"; for the intellectuals of his generation, the novel that gave its discovery the most indelible expression was Sartre's *Nausea*, a unique and unrepeatable solution to an endemic form-problem. Barthes has himself here reincorporated it by transforming Flaubert's non-meaningful nonsymbolic objects into so many rhetorical signs (signs of realism). But we can also keep faith with the aims of phenomenology by suggesting that the affect released in Flaubert by the disappearance of Balzac's symbolic and allegorical possibilities shares with Barthes' contingency the "property" of being unassimilable to meaning, to verbal and intellectual abstract (names) and to rational conceptualization as such. So in reality, it is not existence and meaning which are incompatible here (although they may well be in the context of some other philosophical inquiry), it is allegory and the body which repel one another and fail to mix.

And as we shall show elsewhere,¹⁸ allegory in this traditional sense means personification, it means naming and nomination; and it is therefore words themselves (the medieval universals) which are incompatible with the body and its affects. Such is then the first lesson we will want to draw from this foray into the affective realm, namely, that we need a different kind of language to identify affect without, by naming it, presuming to define its content. Metaphor and the metaphorical are not themselves a reliable guide; that the lunch-flower of Virginia Woolf¹⁹ that has been quoted above has an affective dimension is little more than a presumption, the reader must somehow introduce it from the outside; yet we can nonetheless retain at least one feature from its temporality, in which, with each petal

¹⁷ Barthes, "L'Effet de réel," 483.

¹⁸ The second volume of the *Poetics of Social Forms* will be devoted to allegory.

¹⁹ Virginia Woolf, *The Long Voyage Out*, New York: Random House, 2000, 143.

¹⁵ But who says autonomization also necessarily implies differentiation and institutionalization: just as music became an autonomous art with its own rules and properties, so also the musical institutions and material instruments developed around it, from music schools to orchestras, from new instruments to new kinds of municipal funding, etc.

¹⁶ See, for example, Jean-François Lyotard, *Economie libidinale*, Paris: Minuit, 1974.

plucked the lurch disintegrates into a pitiable collection of ruined and incredible objects.

For affect to achieve a genuine autonomization, either in its experience or in its representation, however, it must somehow achieve independence from the conventional body itself (which as Sartre taught us is the body of other people). This is why I have for some time found suggestive Heidegger's inaugural invocation of affect—the starting point, not only of Sartrean phenomenology but also of Merleau-Ponty's attempts to formulate embodiment—and that turns on the German word "*Stimmung*,"²⁰ of which the English "mood" is but a pale and one-dimensional equivalent. Heidegger wanted to show that *Stimmung* was neither subjective nor objective, neither irrational nor cognitive, but rather a constitutive dimension of our being-in-the-world; and his term goes well beyond the characterization of a cloudy sky as "ominous" or a particular kind of lighting as "sinister," as in Gaston Bachelard's psychoanalysis of the elements (joyously rippling streams, stagnant pools)²¹—although the primacy of light is significant here, as we shall see later on.

In fact, Heideggerian or Sartrean *Stimmung* adds something like an object-pole to the subject-pole suggested by the word "affect" (thus demonstrating in the process how difficult it is for us to escape this fatal prejudice by which we are obliged to decide whether something is subjective or objective from the outset). For us, in the present context, however, the alternative opens up a welcome enlargement of the field, in which it is either the world or the individual subject who is thereby the source of what we have until now simply called affect.

The German term has the additional advantage of introducing an auditory dimension, not so much in its relationship to *Stimme* or voice, as rather to what the term suggests of musical tuning, of the according of a musical instrument (as well as the jangling of the unharmonized)—not for nothing does German use the expression "*das stimmt!*" for "it's true!" or "it's correct!" (and their opposites).

More extensive musical reference suggests not only the moods of major and minor (and of the variety of the old Greek modes as well²²), it also moves us on to the matter of affect's chromaticism, its

waxing and waning not only in intensity but across the very scale and gamut of such nuances. Not for nothing is Wagner's *Tristan* (1865) counted (along with Flaubert and Baudelaire, and with Manet) as a fundamental date in modernism's liberation from tradition and convention, in this case, I am tempted to say, from the musical *récit* and that completion into which Beethoven led sonata form and instrumental music. Chromaticism here means a waxing and waning of the scale, a slippage up and down the tones which dismisses all respect for their individual implications (their inner logic of tonic and subdominant), and which also develops each tone into its own specific coloration (articulated by the material development of the instruments themselves).

The evolution of music is thus a vivid way to describe the logic of affect, and indeed the very notion of a sliding scale seems already to suggest quarter-tones and their eventual disaggregation of the Western tonal system (at one, according to Max Weber, with the emergence of Western modernity and "rationality").²³

But in this mid-century period, it is best to limit ourselves to the disaggregation of the "rationality" of the sonata form (or its completion and exhaustion by Beethoven), in order to appreciate the Wagnerian innovations—the reorganization of sonata-form temporality into the repetitions of the *Leitmotive*, the transformation of heightened dissonance (the diminished seventh and ninth) into vehicles for affect rather than simple preparations for resolution; chromaticism itself and the very conversion of the key system into precisely that sliding scale of which I have spoken. In all this, there is perhaps a strange regression into the modal systems of pre-Western music; while the Wagnerian "endless melody" itself projects a temporality notably distinct from the past-present-future of the sonata, indeed it brings into being very precisely that "eternal present" we have already evoked in another context. Wagner's own remark about "an art of transitions"²⁴

the traditional systems of named emotions to which we have alluded (and also to have their analogues in other cultures as with the Indian ragas). Yet the reappearance of unfamiliar modes in a modern music from which all traces of that systematicity have long since disappeared might well offer suitable occasions for the registration of uncodified affect.

²³ Max Weber, *The Rational and Social Foundations of Music*, trans. Don Martindale, Johannes Riedel and Gertrude Neuwirth, Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1958.

²⁴ Richard Wagner, *Selected Letters*, trans. S. Spencer and B. Millington, New York: Norton, 1988, 475: "The characteristic fabric of music ... owes its construction to

²⁰ Martin Heidegger, *Sein und Zeit*, Tübingen: Niemeyer, 1967, 134, Par. 29.

²¹ The first in his series of explorations was *La psychanalyse du feu* (1938).

²² On the other hand, the Greek system of the seven modes (which are even referenced in Plato and Aristotle's political theories) might well be considered an equivalent of

not only uncannily anticipates what modern critics have had to say about Flaubert's style, but itself constructs a pure present in which little by little transition itself replaces the more substantive states (or musical "named emotions") that precede and follow it.

None of this, to be sure, takes into account that immense material development and expansion of musical coloration (and material instruments) which Wagner pioneered along with Berlioz and which would seem the most essential, but also the most obvious, way of characterizing everything that is proteiform, metamorphic, shimmering and changeable-ephemeral about affect itself, not excluding its immense (but unmotivated) crescendos and diminuendi. Meanwhile, Wagnerian affect determines a crisis and a revolution in external form (and the very conception of the music drama) which, although without any immediate analogy with the realistic novel, nonetheless portends significant formal changes to come.

But Wagnerian chromaticism offers a useful staging of the concept (and the new bodily reality?) of affect in yet another way than in its tension with sonata form, for its continuities (the so-called "endless melody") can also be seen as the systematic exclusion of closed entities and episodes essential to the more traditional Italian opera Wagner wished to displace: namely, the aria. It is enough to recall the occasional "songs" that punctuate Wagner's musical continuities—either the official songs of *Meistersinger* or *Lamhäuser*, or the "Du bist der Lenz" of *Walküre*—indeed, it might also be argued that Wagner's long retrospective storytelling passages are something of a replacement for the old aria as such—to understand that the aria was designed to express what we have called the named emotion as such (love! vengeance! grief!); and indeed, to express that expression: ideologically to stage the existence of the emotion and to draw attention to itself as that emotion's embodiment. Whence the flourishes that offer the voice its properly rhetorical vehicle, combining material sound with emotional content. Wagner's repudiation of the aria is thus a profound critique and repudiation of the "named emotion" as such,

the extreme sensitivity which guides me in the direction of mediating and providing an intimate bond between all the different moments of transition that separate the extremes of mood. I should now like to call my most delicate and profound art the art of transition." (October 29, 1859, to Mathilde Wesendonk.) One might well juxtapose this remark with Jean Rousset's study of "l'art des modulations" of Flaubert, in *Forme et signification*, Paris: Corti, 1963; and, on the strength of Charles Rosen's *Romantic Generation*, Cambridge: Harvard, 1998, add Chopin into the picture.

both in reality and in its concept; and what he replaces it with is very precisely affect as such.

The very notion of orchestral coloration, to be sure, reminds us of the tendency of such accounts of one art to borrow the terminology and logic of another, and return us to the parallel developments in painting, where Manet's attention to material color (Gertrude Stein would say, material oil paint) surreptitiously drains his storytelling content of its primacy. Indeed, the word "chromaticism" itself is derived from the Greek *chroma*, which first means "skin" or "skin color," thereby reaffirming the constitutive relationship with the body itself, and not merely one of its reified senses.

Time is thus famously eternalized by Monet's impressionism, as the latter painted his haystacks or cathedrals at every moment of the day from dawn to dusk, seizing each shade of light as a distinct event which the surfaces in question are but a pretext for capturing. It is the intimate relationship between this new conjuncture of light and temporality with Wagner's chromaticism that we now need to grasp, as it constructs a virtually imperceptible passage of perception from one level to the next. Here then, in impressionism as well, an absolute heterogeneity of the elements is translated into some new kind of homogeneity in which a new kind of phenomenological continuum is asserted.

The vogue of the pseudo-scientific experiments with perception (and of such mythical concepts as the meaningless "sense-data" from whose combinations our sense-perceptions are allegedly derived) also suggests this double movement whereby the body is analytically broken down into its smallest components and then scientifically reconstructed as an abstraction, all the while releasing a flow of affect hitherto stored and bound by its traditional unities and their named feelings. Yet it would be wrong to see this development as the exclusion of narrative, as does the conventional account, grasping narrative only in the representational or storytelling content of the painting. This new "pure present" of the visual data of paint and painting in reality harbors new kinds of narrative movement and awakens new trajectories in the movement of the eye and new conceptions of the visual event and its new temporalities.

At any rate, in all these contemporary symptoms, a certain sensory heterogeneity is disguised as that absolute homogeneity we call style, and a new phenomenological continuum begins to emerge, which is that of the play and variations, the expansion and contraction,

the intensification and diminution, of that nameless new life of the body which is affect. Affect becomes the very chromaticism of the body itself.

Such changeability endows the dimension of affect with a capacity for transformation and metamorphosis which can register the nuances of mood fully as much as it can mutate into its opposite, from the depressive to the manic, from gloominess to ecstasy. And the Greek derivation then ultimately returns us to the body itself, along with its temperatures, from the feverish to the deathly chill, from blushing to the pallor of fear or shock.

Affect thus ranges chromatically up and down the bodily scale from melancholy to euphoria, from the bad trip to the high—from Nietzsche's most manic outbursts to the unquenchable depression and guilt of a Strindberg. And this is, as I have stressed, to be radically distinguished from the play of the named emotions as such, even though as modernism develops, their representations will not fail to be tinged and colored, as it were tuned and orchestrated, by the new affective phenomena and the new registering apparatuses designed to capture them.

This puts us on the track of a temporality specific to affect, which I will call the sliding scale of the incremental, in which each infinitesimal moment differentiates itself from the last by a modification of tone and an increase or diminution of intensity. The reference to the other, more material arts is unescapable in this context, not only because it is here a question of the body and its sensations, far more tangibly deployed in music and the visual arts; but also because such an account must necessarily remain external to the thing itself, a language from the outside, which must necessarily be called upon to characterize the structure of language effects, let alone the lived experiences of the body as such.

Impressionism and post-impressionism in painting, the Wagnerian revolution in music—these are only the most obvious analogies to the new affective styles invented by Flaubert and Baudelaire: all are indeed contemporaneous with that historic emergence of the bourgeois body which I want outrageously to affirm here as a historical fact and date. (And if we follow the now conventional story of the emergence of existentialism as a revolt against Hegelianism, then both Kierkegaard's discovery of anxiety and Marx's dramatization, by way of his theory of alienation, of "naked life" can also be summoned to document this radical transformation of the experience of the body

in the European 1840s.) At its outer limit, then, affect becomes the organ of perception of the world itself, the vehicle of my being-in-the-world that Nietzsche and after him phenomenological philosophy begin to discover at much the same time.

I now want to explore some of the forms such affect can take, it being understood that our primary interest here lies in what this affective dimension of the new existential present does to the novelistic and in particular the scenic possibilities it opens up and begins to undermine at one and the same time.

But the content of affect is of course itself variable, and even if melancholia remains a kind of constant, in Flaubert, in *Tristram*, in Munch, in Gogol, its opposite is very different in all these cases, as also in Zola, where an expected excess of orgasmic excitement is far less authentic than the domestic shelter and metaphysical comfort of what the French call "*bonheur*," something again quite different from the trivial and truly petty-bourgeois state which English names "happiness." Here, for example, is the truly wondrous moment, in all the heat and dust of the campaign, the fatigue of endless forced marches and the confusion of rumor and fear, in which the protagonist of Zola's *Debut* is able to know "*un déjeuner rêvé*" in a little garden as yet spared from the sound of artillery and the whistling of flying bullets:

Dans la joie de la nappe très blanche, ravi du vin blanc qui étincelait dans son verre, Maurice mangea deux oeufs à la coque, avec une gourmandise qu'il ne se connaissait pas.

In his delight at the snowy tablecloth and the white wine sparkling in his glass, Maurice ate two soft-boiled eggs with such an appetite that he surprised himself.²⁵

It is an interlude in white utterly distinct in tone from the sad debris of Virginia Woolf's luncheon, and confirmed later on by the luxuria-tion of his fellow soldier, Jean, when, for one single solitary night of rest and quiet, he is able to sleep in a real bed:

Ah! ces draps blancs, ces draps si ardemment convoités, Jean ne voyait plus qu'eux ... C'était une gourmandise, une impatience d'enfant, une irrésistible passion, à se glisser dans cette blancheur, dans cette fraîcheur, et à s'y perdre.

²⁵ Émile Zola, *Les Rougon-Macquart*, Volume VI, *La Débâcle*, Paris: Pleiade, 1967, 446. English translation by Elinor Dorra, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000, 54.

Oh! All Jean could see were those white sheets, the sheets he'd longed for so fervently! ... He was greedy and impatient as a child, feeding an irresistible passion urging him to slip into the whiteness, the freshness, and lose himself inside it.²⁶

Many more will however be the metamorphoses of white in this work before we have done with it. Indeed, it is with the development of Zola's extraordinary bodily and linguistic sensibility that the realistic novel is able to deploy the possibilities of what James was to call "the scene as such."

We may conclude this introductory discussion of affect with a table in which the variety of its forms is systematically contrasted with those of the older named emotions:

EMOTION	AFFECT
system	chromaticism
nomenclature	bodily sensation
marks of destiny	perpetual present/eternity
generalized objects	intensities
traditional temporality	singularities
human nature	diagnosis, medicalization
motives	experiences, existentialisms
arias	endless melody
representation	sense-data
closed sonata form	the problem of endings
narration	description

Chapter III

Zola, or, the Codification of Affect

The novelist who offers some of the richest and most tangible deployments of affect in nineteenth-century realism is Émile Zola, inheritor of the Flaubertian narrative apparatus, contemporary of Wagner, an art critic who was one of the most fervent and perceptive defenders of Manet, and a profound political and social observer, whose own codification of the naturalist novel as a form then serves as a standard for the practice of mass culture and the bestseller up to our own time and all over the world. His unrequited claim to stand among Lukács' "great realists" should not be shaken by his political opinions nor by his enthusiastic practice of melodrama and a dramatic rhetoric often bordering on vulgarity; nor is the naturalism debate—as it is perpetuated by generations of critics intent on somehow separating Zola from the mainstream of nineteenth-century realism—relevant for our own purposes here, except insofar as it plays its part in a contemporary literary tug-of-war. As Susan Harrow has astutely observed, this categorical, conservative view situates Zola as a confirmed Realist-Naturalist whilst Flaubert's modernity allows the author of *Madame Bovary* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* to be read forwards (by Sarraute or Robbe-Grillet).¹ We may prefer to follow Deleuze's extraordinary analysis (he is speaking of film and of the relationship of Strohheim, whose *Greed* is an adaptation of one of the greatest of American naturalist novels, to Buñuel)²: where the opening of the social and the uncharted exploration of its "lower depths" ("*flectere si nequeo superos*") leaves the psyche exposed to seismic tremors and eruptions from the unconscious. It is precisely of such openings and possibilities that we have to speak here.

¹ Susan Harrow, *Zola: The Body Modern: Pressures and Prospects of Representation*, London: Legenda, 2012, 3.

² Gilles Deleuze, *Cinéma 1*, Paris: Minuit, 1983. See chapter 8, "De l'after à l'action."

²⁶ *Ibid.*, 555; Dordray, 161–2.