(*Shaping Vision*, Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell Univ. Press, 1966, p. 54). *Everything* in Pamela's world contributes: she remarks at least eight times in the first half to the effect that "here are strange pains taken to ruin a poor, innocent . . . young body" and that "all was deep dissimulation, and contrivance worse and worse." The second half of *Pamela* is quite another world. The malignant, subjective chaos of the earlier part has disposed and arranged itself into a harmonious order without enduring conflict or disruption. What has happened? Wilson remarks (and I agree) that the change takes place as Pamela's intense inner conflicts begin to resolve themselves. The point is that Pamela's universe becomes a paradigm of order and stability by sheer force of Pamela's own psychic nature, especially by force of what she innately holds to be absolutely certain, her virtue, her archimedean point from which she moves chaos to order. In this world human motives, and all else, degenerate into a frightening ambiguity, the ambiguity of the new "psychological" novel, which Fielding sensed.

At bottom Fielding took a stand against the moral consequences of a heroine who implied that reality was an affair of the feelings, and against an author who attempted to show that the darkness of the human heart could order the realm of common day. All of Fielding's fiction, and everything about it that is characteristically Fielding's, is a challenge to the solipsistic implications of Richardson's novel. His mode, from which he never deviated in his novels, asserted that an objective world, already established, exists which transcends the individuals within the world of his fiction. His world is fabricated; his characters are "already formed, already stamped with operative character" (Dorothy Van Ghent, *English Novel*, New York, 1953, p. 87). It is by giving his fiction a predominant sense of a "metaphysical" order that Fielding creates a nonsubjective, determinate world in conscious contrast to the order of reality implied by *Pamela*. The innumerable auctorial intrusions, the elaborate plot structurings, the obvious manipulations of his characters, and so on, serve to contribute to the visibility of the novel's maker as maker and of his level of reality. There is no question of whether Fanny or Sophia are virtuous—the author has made them so and has made clear to us that *he* has made them so. His novels' principle of coherence is external, objective, and autonomous; the archimedean point from where the story is moved lies most explicitly outside the wills and emotions of the characters themselves.

Fielding's imposing challenge did not of course signify in the long run; the psychological novel has won out, and we take its premises for granted. But that should not permit us to oversimplify his attack on *Pamela*. It was impelled by a profound concern for the moral dilemmas of a subjectivist outlook, an outlook inherent in the secular world view of the modern age whose consequences included uncertainty and anxiety not only about the durability and stability of the world of men but also about whether a world common to men existed at all.

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Relativity Theory in *Der Zauberberg*

To the Editor:

J. B. S. Haldane's rather arch remark that Shelley and Keats were the last English poets who were at all up to date in their chemical knowledge[1] tells us perhaps more about the scientific mind than about its poetic counterpart. In any case, Rudi Prusok's interesting speculations on science and relativity theory in Thomas Mann's *Zauberberg* (*PMLA*, 88, 1973, 52–61) show that the same sort of reproach cannot be directed at Mann.

The gross violation of our intuitive expectations by such phenomena as the contraction in size of rapidly moving bodies, the fact that a man running up an escalator moving at the speed of light would not arrive at the top any sooner than if he had stood still, the fact that clocks run more slowly when they move rapidly, so that a rapidly moving twin would age at a different rate than his stationary brother—all of these paradoxes represent apparent violations of the orderly laws of nature to which we are accustomed, of the same sort as the Holger episode, the composition of the prose poem on the sea, and the appearance of the apparition of Joachim in his World War I helmet in *Der Zauberberg*. And all of them are explained (to the extent that they can be explained logically or psychologically at all) by the same notion of subjectivity, of the interaction between the subject and the world that he apprehends, which is the basis of Einstein's relativity theory. The concept of synthesis, of integration of the apparently irreconcilable experiences of the Apollonian and the Dionysian, of the poles of total self-realization (Nietzsche) and total humility (Russia), as Mann once put it, lies at the very center of the *Zauberberg* and appears in the crucial chapters, "Schnee" and "Fragwürdigstes." Just as Castorp's mind is instrumental in explaining the composition of the poem or the apparition, so the relative motion of observer and observed determines the appearance and the laws of the physical system to be examined. As Eddington puts it, " . . . length is not a property of the rod; it is a relation between the rod and the observer. *Until the observer is specified the length of the rod is quite indeterminate.*"[2]

Sir James Jeans remarks that whatever mathematicians may say, conventional novelists will continue to cleave to their intuitive notions of simultaneity and succession in time, will continue to place their events in the usual and secure spatial and temporal framework. He comments, "Such a scheme is perfectly satisfactory for any single individual, or for any group of individuals whose experiences keep them fairly close together in space and time—and, compared with the vast ranges of nature, all the inhabitants of the earth form such a group" (Clark, p. 102). But Thomas Mann was anything but a conventional novelist, and Hans Castorp does indeed range over the vast reaches of nature and human knowledge in his quest for synthesis. He is a "Herr der Gegensätze" if only for a fleeting moment, very much as Einstein was in explaining that the phenomena mentioned above, the contraction, the slowing of clocks, the Michelson-Morley experiment, bizarre as they are, are part of the same system that includes conventional Newtonian mechanics and our intuitive and familiar expectations of nature. Jeans says of relativity theory, "It can represent all the facts of nature, but only by attaching a subjective taint to them all; it does not represent nature so much as what . . . an individual pair of human eyes sees of nature" (Clark, pp. 102–03). This describes Castorp's world exactly.

History provides a rather tantalizing postscript to Prusok's article. In 1928, four years after the publication of *Der Zauberberg*, Einstein was invited by the "Davoser Hochschule" to give a series of lectures to young men and women whose studies had been interrupted by the prolonged treatment for tuberculosis. He spoke on "Fundamental Concepts of Physics and Their Most Recent Changes," and one can well imagine Hans Castorp in the audience listening to his creator's neighbor-to-be.

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Notes

[1] *Daedalus or Science and the Future* (London: Kegan Paul, 1923), pp. 28–29.

[2] Ronald W. Clark, *Einstein: The Life and Times* (New York and Cleveland: World, 1971), p. 85.

Hemingway and Stendhal

To the Editor:

Robert O. Stephens ("Hemingway and Stendhal: The Matrix of *A Farewell to Arms*," *PMLA*, 88, 1973, 271–80) may be right in his conclusions concerning the religious nature of Frederic Henry's love and the ethical rather than naturalistic context of Hemingway's novel, but it is quite unsound to allege that all this derives from *La Chartreuse de Parme*, from "the same knowledge that Fabrizio gains—that love is a function of belief" (p. 278).

Stendhal the author of a religious novel? Rubbish. Stephens would do well to look more closely at the basis of Fabrice del Dongo's religious beliefs: to put it briefly, those beliefs are a mixture of "fanaticism" acquired at the Jesuit *collège* and superstition picked up from the abbé Blanès. After a year of theological studies in Naples, the only things Fabrice has gained are a reputation as a *libertin* and a passion for archaeological digs. His priestly vocation is simply a station in life suitable to a *grand seigneur*, one to which he seems conveniently predestined for no better reason than the fact that his homonymous seventeenth-century ancestor had been Archbishop of Parma. Stephens recognizes that "Fabrizio is precluded from a later political career [really a *military* career] in conservative Parma because of his service with Napoleon's army" (p. 277). Has he noticed how Gina explains to Fabrice the usefulness of an ecclesiastical situation? In that passage, she uses a comparison—the game of whist—that she had earlier used to describe *political* life at the court of Parma: "Crois ou ne crois pas à ce qu'on t'enseignera, *mais ne fais jamais aucune objection.* Figure-toi qu'on t'enseigne les règles du jeu de whist; est-ce que tu ferais des objections aux règles du whist?" (pp. 119, 137 in the Pléiade edition; whist keeps coming up as a metaphor of inconsequential play-acting). Thus politics and religion are both reduced to a game of whist, and it can scarcely be argued that Fabrice's nonreflective view of this matter differs from Gina's. Further, when Stephens quotes Frederic Henry as beginning to take his bridge game with Catherine Barkley seriously (p. 277; Stephens sailed right over this updated echo of Stendhal), the great difference with Stendhal should be obvious: Fabrice loves Clélia *seriously* from the instant he enters the Farnese Tower. True, he is transformed during a prison stay that lasts nine months ("il était un autre homme," p. 317), but not through any religious experience.

None of the quotations from Stendhal in Stephens' article demonstrate the "divine" nature of Fabrice's love for Clélia. The closest one (very doubtful) concerns Fabrice's love notes in the margins of a Saint Jerome that he sends to Clélia, but this is simply amusing subterfuge; to liken those marginalia, as Stephens does, to "a cryptic statement of belief" (p. 278) is ludicrous. Would this mean, in *Le Rouge et le noir*, that when Julien Sorel hides Mathilde de la Mole's love letters in a Bible, her *amour de tête* suddenly becomes a sort of *incendium mentis*? Stephens would have done better to point out that while Fabrice is a *monsignor*, so Clélia is a *chanoinesse*. Then we could have gone the mystico-Freudian route,