The frequent appearance of policemen in novels is too evident to need detecting. Yet oddly enough, the ostensible thematic of regulation thereby engendered has never impugned our belief that "of all literary genres, the novel remains the most free, the most lawless." Though the phrase comes from Gide, the notion it expresses has dominated nearly every conception of the form. If a certain puritanical tradition, for instance, is profoundly suspicious of the novel, this is because the novel is felt to celebrate and encourage misconduct, rather than censure and repress it. A libertarian criticism may revalue this misconduct as human freedom, but it otherwise produces a remarkably similar version of the novel, which, in league with rebel forces, would bespeak and inspire various projects of insurrection. This evasive or escapist novel persists even in formalist accounts of the genre as constantly needing to subvert and make strange its inherited prescriptions. All these views commonly imply what Roger Caillois has called "the contradiction between the idea of the police and the nature of the novel." For when the novel is conceived of as a


successful act of truancy, no other role for the police is possible than that of a patrol which ineptly stands guard over a border fated to be transgressed. In what follows, I shall be considering what such views necessarily dismiss: the possibility of a radical *entanglement* between the nature of the novel and the practice of the police. In particular, I shall want to address two questions deriving from this entanglement. How do the police systematically function as a topic in the "world" of the novel? And how does the novel—as a set of representational techniques—systematically participate in a general economy of policing power? Registering the emergence of the modern police as well as modern disciplinary power in general, the novel of the nineteenth century seemed to me a good field in which these questions might first be posed. Practically, the "nineteenth-century novel" here will mean these names: Dickens, Collins, Trollope, Eliot, Balzac, Stendhal, Zola; and these traditions: Newgate fiction, sensation fiction, detective fiction, realist fiction. Theoretically, it will derive its ultimate coherence from the strategies of the "policing function" that my intention is to trace.

II

One reason for mistrusting the view that contraposes the notions of novel and police is that the novel itself does most to promote such a view. Crucially, the novel organizes its world in a way that already restricts the pertinence of the police. Regularly including the topic of the police, the novel no less regularly sets it against other topics of surpassing interest—so that the centrality of what it puts at the center is established by holding the police to their place on the periphery. At times, the limitations placed by the novel on the power of the police are coolly taken for granted, as in the long tradition of portraying the police as incompetent or powerless. At others, more tellingly, the marginality is dramatized as a gradual process of marginalization, in which police work becomes less and less relevant to what the novel is "really" about.

Even in the special case of detective fiction, where police detectives often hold center stage, the police never quite emerge from the ghetto in which the novel generally confines them. I don't simply refer to the fact that the work of detection is frequently transferred from the police to a private or amateur agent. Whether the investigation is conducted by police or private detectives, its sheer intrusiveness poses a world whose normality has been hitherto defined as a matter of *not needing* the police or policelike detectives. The investigation repairs this normality, not only by solving the crime, but also, far more important, by withdrawing from what had been, for an aberrant moment, its "scene." Along with the criminal, criminology itself is deported elsewhere.

In the economy of the "mainstream" novel, a more obviously circumscribed police apparatus functions somewhat analogously to define the field that exceeds its range. Its very limitations bear witness to the existence of other domains, formally lawless, outside and beyond its powers of supervision and detection. Characteristically locating its story in an everyday middle-class world, the novel takes frequent and explicit notice that this is an area that for the most part the law does not cover or supervise. Yet when the law falls short in the novel, the world is never reduced to anarchy as a result. In the same move whereby the police are contained in a marginal pocket of the representation, the work of the police is superseded by the operations of another, informal, and extralegal principle of organization and control.

Central among the ideological effects that such a pattern produces is the notion of *delinquency*. For the official police share their ghetto with an official criminality: the population of petty, repeated offenders, whose conspicuousness licenses it to enact, together with the police, a normative scenario of crime
and punishment. To confine the actions of the police to a delinquent milieu has inevitably the result of consolidating the milieu itself, which not only stages a normative version of crime and punishment, but contains it as well in a world radically divorced from our own. Throughout the nineteenth-century novel, the confinement of the police allusively reinforces this ideology of delinquency. We may see it exemplarily surface in a novel such as Oliver Twist (1838). Though the novel is plainly written as a humane attack on the institutions that help produce the delinquent milieu, the very terms of the attack strengthen the perception of delinquency that upholds the phenomenon.

A large part of the moral shock Oliver Twist seeks to induce has to do with the coherence of delinquency, as a structured milieu or network. The logic of Oliver's "career," for instance, establishes workhouse, apprenticeship, and membership in Fagin's gang as versions of a single experience of incarceration. Other delinquent careers are similarly full of superficial movement in which nothing really changes. The Artful Dodger's fate links Fagin's gang with prison and deportation, and Noah Claypole discards the uniform of a charity boy for the more picturesque attire of Fagin's gang with as much ease as he later betrays the gang to become a police informer. Nor is it fortuitous that Fagin recruits his gang from institutions such as workhouses and groups such as apprentices, or that Mr. and Mrs. Bumble become paupers "in that very same workhouse in which they had once lorded it over others." The world of delinquency encompasses not only the delinquents themselves, but also the persons and institutions supposed to reform them or prevent them from forming. The policemen in the novel—the Bow Streetrunners Duff and Blathers—belong to this world, too. The story they tell about a man named Chickweed who robbed himself nicely illustrates the unity of both sides of the law in the delinquent context, the same unity that has allowed cop Blathers to call robber Chickweed "one of the family" (227). Police and offenders are conjoined in a single system for the formation and re-formation of delinquents. More than an obvious phonic linkage connects the police magistrate Mr. Fang with Fagin himself, who avidly reads the Police Gazette and regularly delivers certain gang members to the police.

In proportion as Dickens stresses the coherence and systematic nature of delinquency, he makes it an entrenched world from which it is all but impossible to escape. Characters may move from more to less advantageous positions in the system, but they never depart from it altogether—what is worse, they apparently never want to. With the exception of Oliver, characters are either appallingly comfortable with their roles or pathetically resigned to them. An elsewhere or an otherwise cannot be conceived, much less desired and sought out. The closed-circuit character of delinquency is, of course, a sign of Dickens's progressive attitude, his willingness to see coercive system where it was traditional only to see bad morals. Yet one should recognize how closing the circuit results in an "outside" as well as an "inside," an "outside" precisely determined as outside the circuit. At the same time as the novel exposes the network that ties together the workhouse, Fagin's gang, and the police within the world of delinquency, it also draws a circle around it, and in that gesture, holds the line of a cordon sanitaire. Perhaps the novel offers its most literal image of holding the line in the gesture of shrinking that accompanies Nancy's contact with the "outside." "The poorest women fall back," as Nancy makes her way along the crowded pavement, and even Rose Maylie is shown "involuntarily falling from her strange companion" (302). When Nancy herself, anticipating her meeting with Rose, "thought of the wide contrast which the small room would in another moment contain, she felt burdened with the sense of

3. Charles Dickens, Oliver Twist (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1949), p. 414. In the case of works cited more than once, page references to the edition first noted will be thereafter given parenthetically in the text.
her own deep shame, and shrunk as though she could scarcely bear the presence of her with whom she had sought this interview" (301). Much of the proof of Nancy's ultimate goodness lies in her awed recognition of the impermeable boundaries that separate her from Rose Maylie. It is this, as much as her love for Bill Sikes (the two things are not ultimately very different), that brings her to say to Rose's offers of help: "I wish to go back. . . I must go back" (304). Righteously "exposed" in the novel, the world of delinquency is also actively occulted: made cryptic by virtue of its cryptlike isolation.

Outside and surrounding the world of delinquency lies the middle-class world of private life, presided over by Oliver's benefactors Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Losberne, and the Maylies. What repeatedly and rhapsodically characterizes this world is the contrast that opposes it to the world of delinquency. Thus, at Mr. Brownlow's, "everything was so quiet, and near, and orderly; everybody was kind and gentle; that after the noise and turbulence in the midst of which [Oliver] had always lived, it seemed like Heaven itself"; and at the Maylies' country cottage, "Oliver, whose days had been spent among squalid crowds, and in the midst of noise and brawling, seemed to enter on a new existence" (94, 238; italics added). No doubt, the contrast serves the ends of Dickens's moral and political outrage: the middle-class standards in effect, say, at Mr. Brownlow's dramatically enhance our appreciation of the miseries of delinquency. However, the outrage is limited in the contrast, too, since these miseries in turn help secure a proper (relieved, grateful) appreciation of the standards themselves. It is systematically unclear which kind of appreciation Oliver Twist does most to foster. Much as delinquency is circumscribed by middle-class private life, the indignation to which delinquency gives rise is bounded by gratitude for the class habits and securities that make indignation possible.

The "alternative" character of the middle-class community depends significantly on the fact that it is kept free, not just from noise and squalor, but also from the police. When this freedom is momentarily violated by Duff and Blathers, who want to know Oliver's story, Mr. Losberne persuades Rose and Mrs. Maylie not to cooperate with them:

"The more I think of it," said the doctor, "the more I see that it will occasion endless trouble and difficulty if we put these men in possession of the boy's real story. I am certain it will not be believed; and even if they can do nothing to him in the end, still the dragging it forward, and giving publicity to all the doubts that will be cast upon it, must interfere, materially, with your benevolent plan of rescuing him from misery." (225)

The police are felt to obstruct an alternative power of regulation, such as the plan of rescue implies. Not to cooperate with the police, therefore, is part of a strategy of surreptitiously assuming and revising their functions. Losberne himself, for instance, soon forces his way into a suspect dwelling in the best policical manner. In a more central and extensive pattern, Oliver's diabolical half-brother Monks is subject to a replicated version of a whole legal and police apparatus. There is no wish to prosecute Monks legally because, as Mr. Brownlow says, "there must be circumstances in Oliver's little history which it would be painful to drag before the public eye" (352). Instead Brownlow proposes "to extort the secret" from Monks (351). Accordingly, Monks is "kidnapped in the street" by two of Brownlow's men and submitted to a long cross-examination in which he is overwhelmed by the "accumulated charges" (372, 378). The Bumbles are brought in to testify against him, and the "trial" concludes with his agreement to render up Oliver's patrimony and sign a written admission that he stole it.

We would call this vigilantism, except that no ultimate conflict of purpose or interest divides it from the legal and police apparatus that it supplants. Such division as does surface between the law and its supplement seems to articulate a deeper congruency, as though the text were positing something like a doctrine of "separation of powers," whereby each in its own
sphere rendered assistance to the other, in the coherence of a single policing action. Thus, while the law gets rid of Fagin and his gang, the amateur supplement gets rid of Monks. Monks's final fate is instructive in this light. Retired with his portion to the New World, "he once more fell into his old courses, and, after undergoing a long confinement for some fresh act of fraud and knavery, at length sunk under an attack of his old disorder, and died in prison" (412). The two systems of regulation beautifully support one another. Only when the embarrassment that an initial appeal to the law would have created has been circumvented, does the law come to claim its own; and in so doing, it punishes on behalf of the vigilantes. A similar complicitousness obtains in the fate of the Bumbles. Although the reason for dealing with Monks privately has been to keep the secret of Oliver's parentage, it is hard to know on what basis the Bumbles are "deprived of their position" at the end, since this would imply a disclosure of their involvement in Monks's scheme to the proper authorities. Even if the confusion is inadvertent, it attests to the tacit concurrence the text assumes between the law and its supplement.

The two systems come together, then, in the connivance of class rule, but more of society is covered by the rule than outsiders such as Fagin or monsters such as Monks. Perhaps finally more interesting than the quasi-legal procedures applied to Monks are the disciplinary techniques imposed on Oliver himself. From his first moment at Mr. Brownlow's, Oliver is subject to incessant examination:

"Oliver what? Oliver White, eh?"
"No, sir, Twist, Oliver Twist."
"Quer name?" said the old gentleman. "What made you tell the magistrat that your name was White?"
"I never told him so, sir," returned Oliver in amazement.

This sounded so like a falsehood, that the old gentleman looked somewhat sternly in Oliver's face. It was impossible to doubt him; there was truth in every one of its thin and sharpened lineaments. (81) However "impossible" Oliver is to doubt, Brownlow is capable of making "inquires" to "confirm" his "statement" (96). The object of both interrogation and inquiry is to produce and possess a full account of Oliver. "Let me hear your story," Brownlow demands of Oliver, "where you come from; who brought you up; and how you got into the company in which I found you" (96). With a similar intent, when Oliver later disappears, he advertises for "such information as will lead to the discovery of the said Oliver Twist, or tend to throw any light upon his previous history" (123). It is clear what kind of narrative Oliver's "story" is supposed to be: the continuous line of an evolution. Not unlike the novel itself, Brownlow is seeking to articulate an original "story" over the heterogeneous and lacunary data provided in the "plot." It is also clear what Oliver's story, so constructed, is going to do: it will entitle him to what his Standard English already anticipates, a full integration into middle-class respectability. Another side to this entitlement, however, is alluded to in Brownlow's advertisement, which concludes with "a full description of Oliver's dress, person, appearance, and disappearance" (123). The "full description" allows Oliver to be identified and (what comes to the same thing here) traced. And if, as Brownlow thinks possible, Oliver has "absconded," then he will be traced against his will. To constitute Oliver as an object of knowledge is thus to assume power over him as well. One remembers that the police, too, wanted to know Oliver's story.

The same ideals of continuity and completeness that determine the major articulations of this story govern the minor ones as well. The "new existence" Oliver enters into at the Maylies' cottage consists predominantly in a routine and a timetable:

Every morning he went to a white-headed old gentleman, who lived near the little church: who taught him to read better, and to write: and who spoke so kindly, and took such pains, that Oliver could never try enough to please him. Then, he would walk with Mrs. Maylie and Rose, and hear them talk of books; or perhaps sit near them, in some shady place, and listen whilst the young lady read: which he could
have done, until it grew too dark to see the letters. Then, he had his own lesson for the next day to prepare; and at this, he would work hard, in a little room which looked into the garden, till evening came slowly on, when the ladies would walk out again, and he with them: listening with such pleasure to all they said: and so happy if they wanted a flower that he could climb to reach, or had forgotten anything he could run to fetch: that he could never be quick enough about it. When it became quite dark, and they returned home, the young lady would sit down to the piano, and play some pleasant air, or sing, in a low and gentle voice, some old song which it pleased her aunt to hear. There would be no candles lighted at such times as these; and Oliver would sit by one of the windows, listening to the sweet music, in a perfect rapture. (238)

This “iterative” tense continues to determine the presentation of the idyll, whose serenity depends crucially on its legato: on its not leaving a moment blank, or out of consecutive order. “No wonder,” the text concludes, that at the end of a very short time, “Oliver had become completely domesticated with the old lady and her niece” (239). No wonder indeed, when the techniques that structure Oliver’s time are precisely those of a domesticating pedagogy. Despite the half-lights and soft kindly tones, as well as by means of them, a technology of discipline constitutes this happy family as a field of power relations. Recalling that Blather’s called Chickweed “one of the family,” conjoining those who work the police apparatus and those whom it works over, we might propose a sense—only discreetly broached by the text—in which the family itself is “one of the family” of disciplinary institutions.

III

*Oliver Twist* suggests that the story of the Novel is essentially the story of an active regulation. Such a story apparently requires a double plot: regulation is secured in a minor way along the lines of an official police force, and in a major way in the working-through of an amateur supplement. As an example of high-realist fiction, Trollope’s *The Eustace Diamonds* (1873) reverses the overt representational priorities of *Oliver Twist*. Trollope is much more concerned to explore his high-bourgeois world than he is to portray delinquency, which he seems prepared to take for granted. Thus, by way of shorthand, the novel will illustrate both the generality and the continuity of the doubly regulatory enterprise I’ve been discussing in Dickens. What needs regulation in *The Eustace Diamonds*, of course, is Lizzie’s initial appropriation of the diamonds. The very status of the “theft” is open to question. Lizzie cannot clearly be said to “steal” what is already in her possession, and her assertion that her late husband gave her the diamonds cannot be proved or disproved. Although the family lawyer, Mr. Camperdown, is sure that “Lizzie Eustace had stolen the diamonds, as a pickpocket steals a watch,” his opinion is more a legal one than that of the reader, who knows, Trollope says, that Mr. Camperdown is right.”4 In fact, according to the formal legal opinion solicited from Mr. Dove, the Eustace family may not reclaim the diamonds as heirlooms while there are some grounds on which Lizzie might claim them herself as “paraphernalia.”

Part of what places Lizzie’s theft in the interstices of the law is her position as Lady Eustace. It is not just that John Eustace refuses to prosecute on account of the consequent scandal, or that Lizzie is invited and visited by the best society. The law does not cover a lady’s action here for the same reason that Mr. Camperdown is ignorant of the claim for paraphernalia:

Up to this moment, though he had been called upon to arrange great dealings in reference to widows, he had never as yet heard of a claim made by a widow for paraphernalia. But then the widows with whom he had been called upon to deal, had been ladies quite content to ac-

cept the good things settled upon them by the liberal prudence of their friends and husbands—not greedy, blood-sucking harpies such as this Lady Eustace. (1:254)

If, as Dove’s opinion shows, the legal precedents about heirlooms do not clearly define the status of Lizzie’s possession of the diamonds, it is because a similar question has not previously arisen. In the world Lizzie inhabits, the general trustworthiness of widows of peers has been such that it didn’t need to arise. Nor—a fortiori—have the police been much accustomed to enter this world. As Scotland Yard itself acknowledges, at a later turn in the story, “had it been an affair simply of thieves, such as thieves ordinarily are, everything would have been discovered long since;—but when lords and ladies with titles come to be mixed up with such an affair,—folk in whose house a policeman can’t have his will at searching and browbeating,—how is a detective to detect anything?” (2:155).

The property whose proper ownership is put in doubt is the novel’s titular instance of the impropriety that comes to rule the conduct of Lizzie, characterize her parasitical friends (Lord George, Mrs. Carbuncle, Reverend Emilus), and contaminate the otherwise decent Frank Greystock. Significantly, Lizzie’s legally ambiguous retention of the diamonds opens up a series of thefts that—in certain aspects at least—resemble and prolong the initial impropriety. First, the notoriety of the diamonds in her possession attracts the attentions of professional thieves, who attempt to steal the diamonds at Carlisle, but (Lizzie’s affidavit to the contrary) fail to obtain them. Their failure in turn generates a later attempt in London, in which the diamonds are successfully abstracted. In part, Trollope is no doubt using the series to suggest the “dissemination” of lawlessness. But if one theft leads to another, this is finally so that theft itself can lead to array within the circuit of the law. Subsequent thefts do not simply repeat the initial impropriety, but revise it as well, recasting it into what are legally more legible terms.

The plot of the novel “passes on,” as it were, the initial offense until it reaches a place within the law’s jurisdiction.

Thus, the last theft is very different from the first. It involves a breaking and entering by two professional thieves (Smiler and Cann), working in collaboration with Lizzie’s maid (Patience Crabstick) and at the behest of a “Jew jeweller” (Mr. Benjamin), who exports the stolen diamonds and has them recut. In short, theft finally comes to lodge in the world of delinquency: within the practice of a power that binds thieves and police together in the same degree as it isolates the economy they form from the rest of the world represented in the novel. In the circulation of this economy, nothing is less surprising than that Lizzie’s maid should pass from a liaison with one of the thieves to a marriage with one of the thief-takers, or that the other thief should be easily persuaded to turn Crown’s evidence. Even in terms of the common idiom they speak, police and thieves are all closer to one another than they are to Frank Greystock and Lord Fawn. Yet if theft now has the transparent clarity of pickpocketing a watch, it also has some of the inconsequence. As it is moved down to a sphere where it can be legally named, investigated, and prosecuted, it becomes—in every respect but the magnitude of the stolen goods—a petty theft: committed by petty thieves and policed by petit-bourgeois detectives, all of whom are confined to the peripheral world of a subplot. The impropriety which gave rise to the narrative is arrested on so different a terrain from the novel’s main ground that, even after the police investigation has solved its “pretty little mystery,” the larger question of Lizzie herself must remain:

Miss Crabstick and Mr. Cann were in comfortable quarters, and were prepared to tell all that they could tell. Mr. Smiler was in durance, and Mr. Benjamin was at Vienna, in the hands of the Austrian police, who were prepared to give him up to those who desired his society in England, on the completion of certain legal formalities. Thar Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Smiler would be prosecuted, the latter for the rob-
bery and the former for conspiracy to rob, and for receiving stolen goods, was a matter of course. But what was to be done with Lady Eustace? That, at the present moment, was the prevailing trouble with the police. (2:261)

Ultimately, however, it is a trouble only with the police. Though Lizzie is never punished by the law, never even has to appear at Benjamin and Smiler’s trial, she does not quite get off the hook. For the novel elaborates a far more extensive and imposing principle of social control in what Trollope calls the “world.” The coercive force of the “world” shows up best in the case of Lord Fawn, who, if asked what his prevailing motive was in all he did or intended to do, “would have declared that it was above all things necessary that he should put himself right in the eye of the British public” (2:247). Under this principle, Fawn first tries to break off his engagement to Lizzie, when it looks as though the world will disapprove of her holding on to the Eustace diamonds. Later when, in the person of Lady Glencora Palliser, the world takes up Lizzie and considers her a wronged woman, Fawn is once again willing to marry her. The coercion exercised by public opinion in the novel is purely mental, but that apparently suffices. The social order that prevents Frank Greystock from dueling with Fawn—“public opinion is now so much opposed to that kind of thing, that it is out of the question”—allows him to predict with confidence, “the world will punish him” (1:216). As Stendhal might say, society has moved from red to black: from the direct and quasi-instantaneous ceremonies of physical punishment to the prolonged mental mortifications of a diffuse social discipline. Trollope’s obvious point in the novel about the instability of public opinion (taking up Lizzie to drop her in the end) should not obscure its role as a policing force. Lizzie may fear the legal consequences of her perjury at Carlisle, but what she actually suffers is the social humiliation of its being publicly known. It is enough to exile her to an untouchable bohème in which there is nothing to do but marry the disreputable Reverend Emilius. The Duke of Omnium, whose interest in Lizzie had extended to the thought of visiting her, is at the end quite fatigued with his fascination. “I am afraid, you know,” he declares to Glencora, “that your friend hasn’t what I call a good time before her” (2:375).

The understatement is profoundly consistent with the nature of discipline. What most sharply differentiates the legal economy of police power from the “amateur” economy of its supplement is precisely the latter’s policy of discretion. It would be false to see Trollope or Dickens engaged in crudely “repressing” the policing function carried on in everyday life, since, as we have seen, the world they create exemplifies such a function. Yet it would be equally misleading to see Oliver Twist or The Eustace Diamonds advertising such a function. Though both novels draw abundant analogies between the official police apparatus and its supplementary discipline, they qualify the sameness that such analogies invite us to construe with an extreme sense of difference. When in The Eustace Diamonds, for example, Lizzie’s gardener Andy Gowran is brought before Lord Fawn to attest to her misbehavior with Frank Greystock, he sees this situation in the legal terms of a trial: “This was a lord of Parliament, and a government lord, and might probably have the power of hanging such a one as Andy Gowran were he to commit perjury, or say anything which the lord might choose to call perjury” (2:175). But the naïve exaggeration of the perception ironically repudiates the metaphor it calls into play. The metaphor is more tellingly repudiated a second time, when Fawn refuses to solicit what Gowran has to say. “He could not bring himself to inquire minutely as to poor Lizzie’s flirtation among the rocks. He was weak, and foolish, and, in many respects, ignorant,—but he was a gentleman” (2:177). “Gentlemanliness” is thus promoted as a kind of social security,
defending the privacy of private life from its invasion by policelike practices of surveillance. Yet there is a curious gratuitousness in Fawn’s principled refusal to hear Gowran. Though Gowran never makes his full disclosure to Fawn, the latter can hardly be in any doubt about its content. That he already knows what Gowran has to tell is precisely the reason for his shamed unwillingness to hear it. Octave Mannoni, following Freud, would speak here of a mechanism of disavowal (Verleugnung): “Je sais bien, mais quand même . . .” “Of course I know, but still . . . .” By means of disavowal, one can make an admission while remaining comfortably blind to its consequences. The mechanism allows Fawn to preserve his knowledge about Lizzie together with the fantasy of his distance from the process of securing it. In more general terms, the discretion of social discipline in the Novel seems to rely on a strategy of disavowing the police: acknowledging its affinity with police practices by way of insisting on the fantasy of its otherness. Rendered discreet by disavowal, discipline is also thereby rendered more effective—including among its effects that “freedom” or “lawlessness” for which critics of the Novel (perpetuating the ruse) have often mistaken it. Inobtrusively supplying the place of the police in places where the police cannot be, the mechanisms of discipline seem to entail a relative relaxation of policing power. No doubt this manner of passing off the regulation of everyday life is the best manner of passing it on.

IV

What has been standing at the back of my argument up to now, and what I hope will allow me to carry it some steps further, is the general history of the rise of disciplinary power,

such as provided by Michel Foucault in Surveiller et punir. “There Foucault documents and describes the new type of power that begins to permeate Western societies from the end of the eighteenth century. This new type of power (“new” perhaps only in its newly dominant role) cannot be identified with an institution or a state apparatus, though these may certainly employ or underwrite it. The efficacy of discipline lies precisely in the fact that it is only a mode of power, “comprising a whole set of instruments, techniques, procedures, levels of application, targets” (215). The mobility it enjoys as a technology allows precisely for its wide diffusion, which extends from obviously disciplinary institutions (such as the prison) to institutions officially determined by “other” functions (such as the school) down to the tiniest practices of everyday social life. This mobile power is also a modest one. Maintained well below the level of emergence of “the great apparatuses and the great political struggles” (223), its modalities are humble, its procedures minor. It is most characteristically exercised on “little things.” While it thus harkens back to an earlier theology of the detail, the detail is now significant “not so much for the meaning that it conceals within it as for the hold it provides for the power that wishes to seize it” (140). The sheer pettiness of discipline’s coercions tends to keep them from scrutiny, and the diffusion of discipline’s operations precludes locating them in an attackable center. Disciplinary power constitutively mobilizes a tactic of tact: it is the policing power that never passes for such, but is either invisible or visible only under cover of other, nobler or simply blander intentionality (to educate, to cure, to produce, to defend). Traditional power founded its authority in the spectacle of its force, and those on whom this power was exercised could, conversely, remain in the shade. By contrast, disciplin-


ary power tends to remain invisible, while imposing on those whom it subjects “a principle of compulsory visibility” (187). As in Jeremy Bentham’s plan for the Panopticon, a circular prison disposed about a central watchtower, surveillance is exercised on fully visible “prisoners” by unseen “guards.” What this machinery of surveillance is set up to monitor is the elaborate regulation (timetables, exercises, and so on) that discipline simultaneously deploys to occupy its subjects. The aim of such regulation is to enforce not so much a norm as the normality of normativeness itself. Rather than in rendering all its subjects uniformly “normal,” discipline is interested in putting in place a perceptual grid in which a division between the normal and the deviant inherently imposes itself. Concomitantly, discipline attenuates the role of actual supervisors by enlisting the consciousness of its subjects in the work of supervision. The Panopticon, where it matters less that the inmates may at any moment be watched than that they know this, only begins to suggest the extent to which disciplinary order relies on a subjectivity that, through a rich array of spiritual management techniques, it compels to endless self-examination. Throughout the nineteenth century, discipline, on the plan of hierarchic surveillance, normalization, and the development of a subjectivity supportive of both, progressively “reforms” the major institutions of society: prison, school, factory, barracks, hospital.

And the novel? May we not pose the question of the novel—whose literary hegemony is achieved precisely in the nineteenth century—in the context of the age of discipline? I have been implying, of course, that discipline provides the novel with its essential “content.” A case might be made, moreover, drawing on a more somber tradition than the one exemplified in the fundamentally “comic” novels thus far considered, that this content is by no means always discreet. The novel frequently places its protagonists under a social surveillance whose explicit coerciveness has nothing to do with the euphoria of Oliver Twist’s holiday in the country or the genteel understatement of Trollope’s “world.” In Stendhal’s Le rouge et le noir (1830), for instance, the seminary Julien Sorel attends at Besançon is openly shown to encompass a full range of disciplinary practices. Constant supervision is secured either by Abbé Castanède’s secret police or through Abbé Pirand’s “moyens de surveillance.” Exercises such as saying the rosary, singing can-ticles to the Sacred Heart, “etc., etc.”, are regulated according to a timetable punctuated by the monastic bell. Normalizing sanctions extend from examinations to the most trivial bodily movements, such as eating a hard-boiled egg. Part of what makes Julien’s career so depressing is that he never really finds his way out of the seminary. The Hôtel de la Mole only reduplicates its machinery in less obvious ways: as Julien is obliged to note, “Tout se sait, ici comme au séminaire!” (Everything gets known, here just as much as in the seminary; 465). And the notorious drawback of being in prison is that the prisoner may not close the door on the multilateral disciplinary attempts to interpret and appropriate his crime. One scarcely needs to put great pressure on the text to see all this. The mechanisms of discipline are as indiscreet in Stendhal’s presentation as his disapproval of them is explicit.

Something like that disapproval is the hallmark of all the novels which, abandoning the strategy of creating discipline with discretion, make discipline a conspicuous practice. If such novels typically tell the story of how their heroes come to be destroyed by the forces of social regulation and standardization, they inevitably tell it with regret. Just as Stendhal’s sympathies are with Julien rather than with the directors of the seminary or the bourgeois jury that condemns him, characters like Dorothea Brooke and Bertrand Lydgate seem far more admirable to George Eliot than the citizens of Middlemarch (1873) who en-

mesh them in their “petty mediums.” The explicitly thematized censure of discipline seems to provide surer ground for retaining the opposition between the novel and the police that our readings of Dickens and Trollope put in question. The specific liabilities we have seen in that opposition when its terms were an official police and an amateur supplement cease to pertain when both modes of policing are opposed to the transcendent, censorious perspective taken by the novel. No longer arising from within the world of the novel, the opposition could now less vulnerably play between the world of the novel and the act of portraying it.

Yet we have already seen how the “disavowal” of the police by its disciplinary supplement allows the latter to exercise policing power at other, less visible levels and in other, more effective modes. Similarly, the novel’s own repudiation of policing power can be seen not to depart from, but to extend the pattern of this discreet Aufhebung. Whenever the novel censures policing power, it has already reinvented it, in the very practice of novelistic representation. A usefully broad example of this occurs in Zola’s Nana (1880). The prostitutes in the novel, one recalls, are in mortal terror of the police. So great is their fear of the law and the prefecture that some remain paralyzed at the doors of the cafés when a police raid sweeps the avenue they walk. Nana herself “avait toujours tremblé devant la loi, cette puissance inconnue, cette vengeance des hommes qui pouvaient la supprimer” (had always trembled before the law, that unknown authority, that male vengeance which had the power to do away with her). Even amid her luxury, she “avait conservé une épouvante de la police, n’aimant pas à en entendre parler, pas plus que de la mort” (had never got over a fear of the police, whom she no more wanted to hear mentioned than she would death; 1374). The greatest anxiety is apparently inspired by the prospect of being “mise en carte”: put on a police list entailing obligatory medical examination. Zola permits us no illusions about the policing of prostitution. When not seeking simply to terrorize, the agents de mœurs underhandedly trade their protection for sexual favors, as the experience of Nana’s friend Satin shows. Yet the police procedures that are censured in the story reappear less corruptibly in Zola’s method of telling it. What is Nana but an extended mise-en-carte of a prostitute: an elaborately researched “examination” sustained at the highest level by the latest scientific notions of pathology and at the lowest by the numerous “fiches” on which data is accumulated? In a larger social dimension, and with a similar prophylactic intention, Zola wants to register the Parisian fille no less than the police. Nana is the title of a file, referring both to the prostitute who resists the record and to the novel whose representational practice has already overcome this resistance.

To the extent that the genre of the novel belongs to the disciplinary field that it portrays, our attention needs to go beyond the policing forces represented in the novel to focus on what Foucault might call the “micro-politics” of novelistic convention. By way of broaching this micro-politics, I would like to consider a crucial episode in its genealogy, where the police and the narrative devices that usurp their power are most in evidence: namely, the encounter between Fouché’s secret police and the omniscient narrator in Balzac’s Une ténébreuse affaire (1841). While it is an exaggeration to say that Fouché “invented” the modern police, the greater organization and extent of the police machine over which he presided were considerable enough to make it substantially new. The increased importance of the secret police was a particularly significant aspect of


this newness. Disguises and dissimulation began to encroach upon uniforms and naked force as dominant modes of police action. Alongside the "old" virtue of speed and the "old" routine of pursuit, the "new" methods of detective investigation arose into prominence. The contrast between old and new policial "styles" is precisely the burden of the comparison between Balzac's two agents, Peyrade and Corentin.

Le premier pouvait couper lui-même une tête, mais le second était capable d'entortiller, dans les filets de la colonne et de l'intrigue, l'innocence, la beauté, la vertu, de les noyer, ou de les empoisonner férocement. L'homme rubicond aurait consolé sa victime par des larmes, l'autre n'aurait pas même souri. Le premier avait quarante-cinq ans, il devait aimer la bonne chère et les femmes. Ces sortes d'hommes ont tous des passions qui les rendent esclaves de leur métier. Mais le jeune homme était sans passions et sans vices. S'il était espion, il appartenait à la diplomatie, et travaillait pour l'art pur. Il concevait, l'autre exécutait; il était l'idée, l'autre était la forme.

(If the former could decapitate someone with his own hands, the latter was capable of entangling innocence, beauty, virtue in networks of calumny and intrigue, of coolly drowning or poisoning them. While the florid-faced man would have consoled his victim with jests, his cohort would not even have smiled. Peyrade was forty-five and evidently liked women and good food. The passions of all such men keep them slaves to their trade. But the young Corentin was devoid of both passion and vice. He may have been a spy, but he was also a diplomat, who worked simply for the sake of his art. He drew up the plans that his companion executed; he provided the concept to which the other gave form.)

The differences announce the passage from a dominantly corporeal and spectacular punishment to a hidden and devious discipline: from a police whose practice is best exemplified in the act of capital execution, occupying a single moment in time at a single point of space, to a police defined in terms of the spatial extension of its networks and the temporal deployment of its intrigues. Not unlike the novel, the new police has charge of a "world" and a "plot."

Both men, of course, are privileged seers. Like Balzac's doctors and lawyers, his agents de police are privy to what goes on behind the "scènes de la vie privée," and they thus resemble the novelist whose activity is also conceived as a penetration of social surfaces. Nonetheless, the text pointedly distinguishes the vision of each. Peyrade's eyes present a powerful image: "Ces deux yeux fureteurs et perspicaces, d'un bleu glacial et glacé, pouvaient être pris pour le modèle de ce fameux œil, le redoutable emblème de la police, inventé pendant la Révolution" (Prying, perspicacious, glazed in glacial blue, these eyes might have been taken for the original of that notorious and formidable Eye which served as the emblem of the police under the Revolution; 36). But what is impressive as an emblem is less effective than what it emblematizes. Openly displaying their prying acuteness, Peyrade's eyes virtually constitute a warning against their own powers. Not surprisingly, the eyes of the more effective Corentin are simply "impénétrables": "leur regard était aussi discret que devait l'être sa bouche mince et serrée" (their gaze was as guarded as his thin, tight-lipped mouth; 37). Yet of course the "impénétrable" powers of vision ascribed to him have already been penetrated by the narration that renders them. Much as the eyes of Peyrade advertise a power that is better served in the inscrutable Corentin, the eyes of both glance at the superiority of the narration that has improved upon the perspicacity of the one and the impénétrability of the other. On the side of perspicacity, Balzac's omniscient narration assumes a fully panoptic view of the world it places under surveillance. Nothing worth knowing escapes its notation, and its complete knowledge includes the knowledge that it is always right. This infallible super-vision is frequently dramatized in Balzac's descriptions as an irresistible process of de-

tection. Thus, from the worn creases of Peyrade’s breeches, the
text infers that he has a desk job; from his manner of taking
snuff, that he must be an official. One thing inevitably “in-
dicates,” “betray,” “conceals” a defining something else. On
the side of impenetrability, this panoptic vision constitutes its
own immunity from being seen in turn. For it intrinsically de-
prives us of the outside position from which it might be
“placed.” There is no other perspective on the world than its
own, because the world entirely coincides with that perspec-
tive. We are always situated inside the narrator’s viewpoint, and
even to speak of a “narrator” at all is to misunderstand a tech-
nique that, never identified with a person, institutes a faceless
and multilateral regard.

Flaubert famously declared that “l’auteur, dans son oeuvre,
doit être comme Dieu dans l’univers, présent partout et visible
nulle part” (the author in his work should be like God in His
universe, everywhere present but nowhere visible). But God
is not the only such unseen over-seen. In an early detective
novel, *Monsieur Lecq* (1869), Emile Gaboriau calls the police
“cette puissance mystérieuse . . . qu’on ne voit ni n’entend, et
qui néanmoins entend et voit tout” (that mysterious authority
which, though neither seen nor heard itself, nonetheless sees
and hears everything else). It doesn’t finally matter whether
we gloss panoptical narration as a kind of providence or as a
kind of police, since the police are only—as Gaboriau also
called them—a “Providence au petit pied” (234), a “little prov-
dience” fully analogous to the great. What matters is that the
faceless gaze becomes an ideal of the power of regulation.
Power, of course, might seem precisely what the convention of
omniscient narration foregoes. Omniscient narration may typ-
ically know all, but it can hardly do all. “Poor Dorothea,” “poor

11. Gustave Flaubert, in a letter to Louise Colet (9 December 1852), *Extraits
de la correspondance; ou, Préface à la vie d’écrivain*, ed. Geneviève Bellème

Lyddgate,” “poor Rosamond,” the narrator of *Middlemarch* fre-
quently exclaims, and the lament is credible only in an arrange-
ment that keeps the function of narration separate from the
causalities operating in the narrative. The knowledge com-
manded in omniscient narration is thus opposed to the power
that inheres in the circumstances of the novelistic world. Yet
by now the gesture of disowning power should seem to define
the basic move of a familiar power play, in which the name of
power is given over to one agency in order that the function of
power may be less visibly retained by another. Impotent to in-
tervene in the “facts,” the narration nevertheless controls the
discursive framework in which they are perceived as such. One
thinks, for example, of the typologies to which novelists like
Balzac or Zola subject their characters, or of the more general
normalizing function which automatically divides characters
into good and bad, normal and deviant. The panopticism of
the novel thus coincides with what Mikhail Bakhtin has called
its “monologism”: the working of an implied master-voice
whose accents have already unified the world in a single inter-
pretative center. Accordingly, in the monological novel, “every
struggle of two voices for possession of and dominance in the
world in which they appear is decided in advance—it is a sham
struggle.”

Yet to speak of sham struggles is also to imply the necessity
for shamming them. The master-voice of monologism never
simply soliloquizes. It continually needs to confirm its author-
ity by qualifying, canceling, endorsing, subsuming all the
other voices it lets speak. No doubt the need stands behind
the great prominence the nineteenth-century novel gives to *style
indirect libre*, in which, respeaking a character’s thoughts or
speeches, the narration simultaneously subverts their authority
and secures its own. The resistance that monologism requires

to confirm itself, however, is most basically offered by the narrative itself. For the “birth of narrative” marks an apparent gap in the novel’s system of knowledge. The thoroughness with which Père Goriot (1834) masters every inch of space belonging to the Pension Vaueur, for example, lapses abruptly when it comes to the pensioners themselves. Instead of making assertions, the narrative now poses questions, and in place of exhaustive catalogues, it provides us with teasingly elliptical portraits. Exactly at the point of interrogation, the exposition ceases and the narrative proper—what Balzac calls the drama—begins. Yet the “origin” of narrative in a cognitive gap also indicates to what end narrative will be directed. Substituting a temporal mode of mastery for a spatial one, Balzac’s “drama” will achieve the same full knowledge of character that has already been acquired of habitat.

The feat is possible because nineteenth-century narrative is generally conceived as a genesis: a linear, cumulative time of evolution. Such a genesis secures duration against the dispersive tendencies that are literally “brought into line” by it. Once on this line, character or event may be successively placed and coherently evaluated. It should be recalled that, in Oliver Twist, both the police and Mr. Brownlow sought to construct for Oliver a story organized in just this way. The ideal of genetic time prevails in nineteenth-century fiction even where it appears to be discredited. A novel like Middlemarch forcefully dismisses the notion of a “key” which would align “all the mythical systems and erratic mythical fragments in the world” with “a tradition originally revealed,” but when it comes to its own will-to-power, the novel presents its characters in a similar genetic scheme. The moral lesson George Eliot seeks to impose depends on our ability to correlate the end of a character’s career with what was there in germ at the beginning—in Lydgate’s “spots of commonness,” for instance, or in Bulstrode’s past.

Structured as a genesis, the narrative that seems to resist a novel’s control thereby becomes a technique for achieving it. As it forwards a story of social discipline, the narrative also advances the novel’s omniscient word. It is frequently hard to distinguish the omniscience from the social control it parallels, since the latter too is often a matter of “mere” knowledge. Lizzie Eustace poses a threat to Trollopean society precisely because she is unknown. Lord Fawn “knew nothing about her, and had not taken the slightest trouble to make inquiry” (1:78). “You don’t know her, mama,” Mrs. Hittaway tells Lady Fawn (1:81). “Of the manner in which the diamonds had been placed in [Lizzie’s] hands, no one knew more than she chose to tell” (1:15).

What mainly happens in The Eustace Diamonds is that the world comes to know Lizzie better. Paradoxically, what gives both the world and the narrative that idealizes its powers a hold on Lizzie is her own undisciplined desires. These generate the narrative by which she is brought under control. Leo Bersani has argued that the realist novel exhibits a “fear” of desire, whose primal disruptiveness it anxiously represses. Yet power can scarcely be exercised except on what resists it, and—shifting Bersani’s emphasis somewhat—one might claim that the novel rather than fearing desire solicits it. Through the very intensity of the counterpressure it mounts, desire brings the desiring subject into a maximally close “fit” with the power he or she means to resist. Thus, Lizzie’s desires are at once the effect of the power she withstands and the cause of its intensified operation.

Insistently, the novel shows disciplinary power to inhere in the very resistance to it. At the macroscopic level, the demonstration is carried in the attempt of the protagonist to break away from the social control that thereby reclaims him. At the microscopic level, it is carried in the trifling detail that


is suddenly invested with immense significance. Based on an egregious disproportion between its assumed banality and the weight of revelation it comes to bear, the “significant trifle” is typically meant to surprise, even frighten. For in the same process where the detail is charged with meaning, it is invested with a power already capitalizing on that meaning. Power has taken hold where hold seemed least given: in the irrelevant. The process finds its most programmatic embodiment in detective fiction, where the detail literally incriminates. “I made a private inquiry last week,” says Sergeant Cuff in The Moonstone (1868); “At one end of the inquiry there was a murder, and at the other end there was a spot of ink on a tablecloth that nobody could account for. In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world, I have never met with such a thing as a trifle yet.” The inquiries of Sherlock Holmes rely similarly upon trivia, as he repeatedly reminds us: “You know my method. It is based on the observation of trifles.” “There is nothing so important as trifles.” “My suspicions depend on small points, which might seem trivial to another.”

If the mainstream novel proves ultimately to be another instance of such detection, this is because, both in its story and in its method of rendering it, it dramatizes a power continually able to appropriate the most trivial detail. What makes Corentin a better agent than Peyrade in Une tendreuse affaire is his ability to see such details and seize them as clues. While Peyrade, for instance, is fatuously “charmed” by Michu’s wife Marthe, Corentin more acutely discerns “traces of anxiety” in her: “Ces deux natures se peignaient toutes entières dans cette petite chose si grande” (Their two characters were perfectly de-


19. Honoré de Balzac, La rabouilleuse (Paris: Garnier, 1959), p. 15. The passage suggestively continues: “On se déifie toujours assez de l’extraordinaire; aussi voyez-vous les hommes de l’expérience: les avocats, les juges, les médecins, les prêtres, attachant une énorme importance aux affaires simples; on les trouve mécèles” (Everybody is sufficiently armed against what is out of the ordinary, but men of experience—lawyers, judges, doctors, priests—know to attach an enormous importance to the simplest matters as well—and people call them fussy!).
is totally suspicious. Even private life partakes of that extreme state of affairs in Les chouans (1829) once the war has begun: "Chaque champ était alors une forteresse, chaque abreu verdit un piège, chaque vieux tronc de saule creux gardait un stratagème. Le lieu du combat était partout. . . . Tout dans le pays devenait-il dangereux: le bruit comme le silence, la grêle comme la terreur, le foyer domestique comme le grand chemin." (Each field was now a fortress and each tree concealed an ambush; every old willow stump harbored a deadly contrivance in its hollow. The battleground had no boundaries. . . . Everything in the region had become dangerous: noise and silence alike, kindness as well as terror, the domestic hearth no less than the open road).  

What we spoke of as the "genetic" organization of narrative allows the significant trife to be elaborated temporarily: in minute networks of causality that inexorably connect one such trife to another. One thinks most immediately of the spectacularly intricate plotting of sensation novelists like Collins and Braddon or feuilletonistes like Eugène Sue and Ponson du Terrail. But the "high" novel of the nineteenth century displays an analogous pride in the fineness of its causal connections. Maupassant argues in the preface to Pierre et Jean (1887) that, whereas an earlier generation of novelists relied on a single "fiche" called the plot, the romançier moderne deploys a whole network of thin, secret, almost invisible "fils."  

Nevitably, so threadlike a causal organization favors stories of entrapment, such as we are given in Madame Bovary (1857) or several times in Middlemarch. Lydgate unwittingly prophesies the disaster of his own career when he says that "it's uncommonly difficult to make the right thing work: there are so many strings pulling at once" (536); and Bulstrode is undone because "the train of causes in which he had locked himself went on" (665), to unforeseeable destinations. Much like Balzac's use of the significant trifle, George Eliot's insistence on causal ramification is meant to inspire wariness. "One fears to pull the wrong thread in the tangled scheme of things." Once a power of social control has been virtually raised to the status of an ontology, action becomes so intimidating that it is effectively discouraged.

Though power thus encompasses everything in the world of the novel, it is never embraced by the novel itself. On the contrary, the novel systematically gives power an unfavorable press. What more than power, for instance, serves to distinguish bad characters from good? Oliver Twist can represent "the principle of Good" (33, Dickens's preface) because he is uncontaminated by the aggression of his exploiters; and the supreme goodness of Lucy Morris in The Eustace Diamonds and Victorine Taillefer in Père Goriot depends similarly on their passivity vis-à-vis the power plays going on around them. Conversely, the characters who openly solicit power are regularly corrupted by it: the moral failings of a Rastignac or a Bulstrode are simply gradual, nuanced versions of the evil that arises more melodramatically in a Machiavellian like Corentin or a "poëme infernal" like Vautrin. If they are to remain good, good characters may only assume power when—like Oliver's benefactors—they are seeking to neutralize the negative effects of a "prior" instance of it. The same "ideology of power" is implied by the form of the novel itself, which, as we have seen, fastidiously separates its "powerless" discourse from a fully empowered world.

Yet to the extent that power is not simply made over to the world, but made over into the world, literally "secularized" as its ontology, the novel inspires less a distaste for power than a fear of it. What ultimate effects the fear is calculated to produce may be suggested if we turn to a master of fear, who, though

not a novelist and living in the seventeenth century, articulated the vision of power which the nineteenth-century novel would so effectively renovate.

Le moindre mouvement importe à toute la nature; la mer entière change pour une pierre. Ainsi, dans la grâce, la moindre action importe par ses suites à tout. Donc tout est important.

En chaque action, il faut regarder, outre l'action, notre état présent, passé, futur, et des autres à quoi elle importe, et voir les liaisons de toutes ces choses.

(The slightest physical movement bears on all of nature; the entire sea is altered by a single stone. Similarly, in the spiritual realm, the least action entails consequences for everything else; everything therefore is important.

In every action, our scrutiny must pass beyond the action itself to examine our present, past, and future states, the others it will affect, and how all these things are interconnected.)

In his first paragraph, Pascal evokes the world of significant trifles related to one another in a minute causal network: the world to which the nineteenth-century novel gives solidity of specification. In his second, he points to what it entails to act wisely in this world: the nineteenth-century virtues of caution and prudence. And finally, in his last sentence, which I have not yet given because it will also be my own, he discloses the natural consequences of thus living in a world thus constructed: "Et lors on sera bien retenu." The novelistic Panopticon exists to remind us that we too inhabit it. "And then we shall indeed be put under restraint."


II

From roman policier to roman-police: Wilkie Collins's The Moonstone

The classical detective story disposes of an interestingly paradoxical economy, at once prodigal and parsimonious. On one hand, the form is based on the hypothesis that everything might count: every character might be the culprit, and every action or speech might be belying its apparent banality or literalism by making surreptitious reference to an incriminating Truth. From the layout of the country house (frequently given in all the exactitude of a diagram) to the cigar ash found on the floor at the scene of the crime, no detail can be dismissed a priori. Yet on the other hand, even though the criterion of total relevance is continually invoked by the text, it turns out to have a highly restricted applicability in the end. At the moment of truth, the text winnows grain from chaff, separating the relevant signifiers from the much larger number of irrelevant ones, which are now revealed to be as trivial as we originally were encouraged to suspect they might not be. Sinister objects recover their banality, just as secret subjects resume their inconsequence. That quarrel overheard in the night, for example, between Mr. and Mrs. Greene proves to be an ordinary marital row. That cigar ash—unmistakably pointing, say, to Colonel Mustard's brand—is shown to have been deposited on the parquet before the crime took place. Of the elaborate house-plan, only this door or that window enters into the solution, and of