

Title      The Apothecary's Tales: A Game of Language  
              in a Language of Games

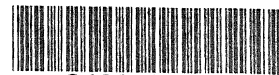
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# **The Apothecary's Tales: A Game of Language in a Language of Games**

by

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**A thesis submitted to the University of Bedfordshire,  
in partial fulfilment requirements for the degree of  
Doctor of Philosophy (Creative Writing)**

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Pen and ink drawing from *Proverbes en Rimes*, French, early 16thC

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## Dedication

I must express my appreciation to the Arts & Humanities Research Council for declining to fund my programme, which renewed my determination to complete it.

Even more sincerely, I would like to express my unreserved thanks to my supervisor at the Univ. Bedfordshire, Keith Jebb, for his unfailing wit, insight, and patience with my humours, which sustained my work (and humour) throughout four years. *Sine qua nihil*.



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## Abstract

The thesis shows how the novel *The Apothecary's Tales* manipulates narrative frames to create a 'simulachron', an unreliable virtual world, which problematises the reader's conceptions of the past. The novel transgresses the generic rules of 'historical fiction' to create a quality of 'historicity' located in the affect of alterity. This is argued to be a somatic response to peril deferred. The novel seeks to evoke alterity by defamiliarising linguistic norms. It does this principally through the use of 'diachronic polysemia' (lexical 'false friends') and intertexts to syncopate the reader continually between the disparate sensibilities of the 17<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> centuries. These sensibilities are simulated in the novel by the imbedment of sociolects and 'hypomemes', the tacit thoughtways supposed peculiar to a given milieu. To self-authenticate its fictions, the novel employs the 'parafictive' devices of a testamentary found artifact, an unreliable narrator and editor, plausible sociologuemes (social conventions) and ideologuemes (ideologies that inform behaviour), along with a density of period minutiae putatively grounded in the record. Any truth effects achieved are then ludically subverted by a process of critique in which structural units of the novel systematically parody the other. The novel is patterned in the structure of a nested diptych, of expositions contraposed in a mutual commentary, which extends from the defining templates of plot and episode to the micro levels of morphemes in polysemic wordplay. The tropes of nested framing and repetition of form and syntagm are defined in the thesis, respectively, as *encubilatio* and 'emblematic resonance'. It is argued that these tropes, encoded in a fictive discourse that defies closure, provide a simulation of hermetic form that - when mapped upon the aleatory life world - can be productive of aesthetic affect. The agonistic elements of plot and incident in the novel are figured within the topos of theatre, foregrounded by the duplicitous self-fashioning of the characters, and by the continual metaleptic shifts or 'frame syncopation' of narrative viewpoint, both intra and extra-diegetic. Frame syncopation is used advisedly to dilemmatise significations at both the structural and syntagmatic levels. The thesis contends that such contrived collisions of narrative interpretation may be the dynamic of affectivity in all aesthetic discourse.

# The Apothecary's Tales: A Game of Language in a Language of Games

*'[The purpose of this book] would be achieved if there were one person who read it with understanding and to whom it gave pleasure'. Ludwig Wittgenstein<sup>1</sup>.*

## CHAPTER I: The Simulachron: an Unreliable World that Dilemmatises the Past

The thesis shows how the novel *The Apothecary's Tales* manipulates narrative frames to problematise the reader's conceptions of the past by creating a 'simulachron', an unreliable virtual world. The novel transgresses the generic rules of 'historical fiction' to create a quality of 'historicity' located in the affect of alterity. This is argued to be a somatic response to peril deferred. The novel seeks to evoke alterity by defamiliarising linguistic norms. It does this principally through the use of 'diachronic polysemia' (lexical 'false friends') and intertexts to syncopate the reader continually between the disparate sensibilities of the 17<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> centuries. These sensibilities are simulated in the novel by the imbedment of sociolects and 'hypomemes', the tacit thoughtways supposed peculiar to a given milieu.

The creative work (or novel) *The Apothecary's Tales* which is the practice aspect of my project is a sequel to my two previous novels: *Gardening Secrets That Time Forgot* (Village Guild, 2004), and *Cabbages & Queens* (completed in part submission for my Masters by Research in Creative Writing, Univ. Luton, 2005). Each traced in a humorous fashion and in the simulation of a diary the fortunes of a fictional farming family, the Yeoman dynasty, living in Ivinghoe village in central England in, respectively, the 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> centuries. The present work continues the series with the chronicles of Hippocrates (Hippo) Yeoman, an aged apothecary, astrologer and 'cunning man', putatively writing in the late Jacobean era 1623-25. The chronicles, which include those of Hippo's servant Mercer, are introduced by a fictive modern editor John Yeoman XVIII who, as the prior novels explain, ostensibly found five centuries of his family's diaries cached in a root cellar.

If the novel had any purpose other than *ludos* it would be to show, as a *roman à thèse*, and principally through the manipulation of narrative frames, the linguistic means by which the present fashions the past and the past fakes the present. This dissertation (or thesis), which is also a form of *ludos*, will expand *inter alia* upon the ways by which fiction can engender

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<sup>1</sup> *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, Ludwig Wittgenstein, 1921, opening paragraph. As Wittgenstein had presumably read his book with understanding, and gained pleasure from it, his purpose had been achieved - like mine - upon the moment of the work's completion.

identity and identity can manufacture perception. It will also set out, as a purpose secondary to that of doctoral submission, a pragmatic toolkit of operations applicable by creative writers who deal with the historical past and will illustrate these operations by reference to the novel. The thesis will therefore address theory only when it is felt to facilitate practice.

It might well be asked why, given the manifold choices of genre available in a PhD programme in Creative Writing, an author should wish to write a work of historical fiction. In my own case, it is an experiment in mythopoeia, or auto-fabulation, the creation of a mind-world - attractively immune to time - to live in and call a home, by a neotenuous old man who has chosen to ignore the lesson of Ozymandias<sup>2</sup>. As the past, whether recent or historic, must be located in the mind-world of the present<sup>3</sup>, my selection of a setting in the historic rather than contemporary past was predetermined by expedience. I had previously done some research in the period for two prior historically-themed novels, and I felt comfortable in the Jacobethan. Moreover, the stimulation of research and of revising the outcomes of it (the act of composition itself, as many authors will attest, gave me no pleasure whatsoever) provoked a process of shameless self-gratification: the reason (I contend) that all authors write, even those who claim unpersuasively that ulterior constraints gave them no option<sup>4</sup>.

*The Apothecary's Tales* are a fabulation of who I am. The foundation of Yeoman's hall is located topographically within my own house, arguably 17<sup>th</sup> century, just one mile from the historic houses of Ivinghoe (verifiably 16<sup>th</sup> century) which my novel faithfully replicates and in which many of the episodes are located<sup>5</sup>. Just as I have whimsically re-visioned myself in the novel as the last of the Yeoman dynasty, the modern editor who rehabilitates (and cannot resist rewriting) the tales of his forebears, so my two focalisers Hippo and Mercer hyperbolise themselves, and with no less licence, in their respective journals. Hippo elevates 'the house of Yeoman' which 'shall end upon my death' (55) to the grandeur of a regal fiefdom; later, he boasts 'Verily, am I Yeoman of Yeoman, seigneur of my manor that were my father's, and his forefathers' afore him, and before Agincourt, freeborn and an Englishman' (236). In a

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<sup>2</sup> 'In the *Phaedrus*, Socrates concludes that "anyone who leaves behind him a written manual ... on the supposition that such writing will provide something reliable and permanent, must be exceedingly simple-minded"' (Goody 1963: 328). Socrates's simple-mindedness is attested by the observation that the *Phaedrus* itself went on to enjoy more than two millennia of permanence.

<sup>3</sup> Collingwood contends: 'history is not contained in books or documents; it lives only, as a present interest and pursuit, in the mind of the historian' (Collingwood 1946: 202). As Ackroyd opines in his historical novel *The House of Dr Dee*: '[t]here is no such thing as history ... History only exists in the present' (Ackroyd 1993: 264). Of course, such an axiom - that the past 'lives' only in and for contemporary agendas - leads logically to revisionist history, a trope licensed only for novelists and New Historicists whose rhetorical agendas are encoded with their own caveats (see Chapter III).

<sup>4</sup> In the words of novelist Stephen King: 'Maybe it paid off the mortgage on the house and got the kids through college, but those things were on the side - I did it for the buzz. I did it for the pure joy of the thing' (King 2000: 200).

<sup>5</sup> It is a Baudrillardesque irony that the empirical Ivinghoe inspired Scott to name his prototypical historical novel *Ivanhoe* (1819) from 'an old rhyme of the Black Prince' (Wilson 1986, 1819: xiv), and that *Ivanhoe* influenced my writing of *The Apothecary's Tales* as a burlesque of the generic historical novel.

foreghosting of his revelation as Hippo's half-brother, sometimes hinted at but not confirmed until the last chapter, Mercer mourns 'I followed after what little might yet remain, myself apart, of the Yeoman dynasty' (138). The self-theatricalisation of two historically unremarkable members of the yeoman class, numbering as many as 70,000 in the early 17<sup>th</sup> century (Campbell 1942: 219), not only reflects the compulsion of many socially insecure Jacobethan men to exalt (or, if necessary, invent) the dignity of their lineage<sup>6</sup>, it is also of course congruent with the timeless instinct of the inherently insecure ego to justify its existence to itself. Greenblatt, in his speculations on Renaissance self-fashioning, 'maintains or implies that even the most substantial selves are egos built on fiction' (Martin 1997: 1317). Narrative fiction is one means by which the writer/reader can, if only for the audience of himself, glorify his public identity by giving his private identity a stage for its self-transformation. In so doing, he also notionally protects his transformed self by relocating it in a fabulative realm immune to death. As I shall detail later, *all* of the principal characters in my novel initially present a public self, fashioned for their gain or mere survival, which belies their essential self ie. the face they present privately to themselves. And by the time of their return in the last episode, itself figured ironically as a masque, all have dropped their masks.

'A great mask allows one to own as one's own face another mask' (Martin 1997: 1317)<sup>7</sup>. To don a mask, even invisible, is to instigate one's own game or to accept the game rules of another in a mode of play defined, in my case, putatively by the conventions of the novel genre. (That these rules turn out to be deceptive is one of my covert games, that which I play *upon* the reader.) However, while the reader must assume the mask of my focaliser of the moment - the single eye/'I' in the narrative - the author (at least in a work like mine which foregrounds play as a theme and relentlessly works every trope of play) is free to inhabit his work wearing any mask whatsoever, overt, cryptic, or anonymous that he wishes. Umberto Eco describes his impish delight in hiding his authorial self in *The Name of the Rose* behind four masks in successively nested frames of perspective: 'I wrote the introduction immediately, setting my narrative on a fourth level of encasement, inside three other narratives: I am saying what Vallet said that Mabillon said that Adso said...', '[t]his enunciative duplicity fascinated and excited me very much' (Eco 1983b: 2, 33). In my own novel, the supposedly 'real' and ultimate author who is now writing this thesis<sup>8</sup> wears, throughout a

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<sup>6</sup> There is an interesting precedent for the Jacobethan anxiety about the fragility of the family in medieval genealogies which 'locate the founding of the line in a mythical ancestor of primitive times, in a process not unlike the episcopal practice of inventing apostolic origins for the See' (Spiegel 1983: 50)

<sup>7</sup> In his observations upon Bakhtinian carnival, Hayman remarks: '[t]he mask ... releases [the actor] from social controls, sets him apart from his fellows and places him in a timeless zone. Behind the mask ... there is no face' (Hayman 1983: 110). In my novel, the game player *par excellence*, Buckingham, 'wore a mask before a mask before a mask that signified, in its artful purpose, only the wearing of a mask' (360).

<sup>8</sup> Hippo mischievously questions the notion of who (ultimately) is the 'real' man: 'I am fashioned by my thoughts and, as Heraclitus tells us, a man cannot step twice into the same thought, for all is flux. So I am not the man I was this moment past' (41). In addressing a similar question of authorial identity,

similar matrix of contraposed or nested frames, variously the mask of the modern editor, of the two focalisers Hippo and Mercer, of the near-omniscient taverner Filsmiro (Fr. 'Fils'/son + 'miro'/robin: Robinson) - who is both 'a lexicon of Ivinghoe' (60) and Chaucer's Host Harry Bailey in *The Canterbury Tales*, and of the immortal Fr Bacon who might (or might not), in a final metaleptic shift, emerge as the empirical author and/or critic<sup>9</sup>. The author might also be said to be present hermetically in the ubiquitous hare [hair] (messenger of Mercury/Hermes/Thoth and the god of authors) and, metonymically, in such symbols of choric irony as the brain of Hamlet (the presiding genius of the tavern), the leering pig's head above the Dorton gate, and the satyr's grin atop the arch at Theobalds. I will address the issues of frame manipulation and emblematic resonance, central to my work, in greater detail in Chapters III and IV. Here, I wish only to draw attention to them as tropes of *facetiae*, the grossest symptoms of my ludic pathology.

### The novel as a play-world, ruled by mischief

My novel is play - in truth more *jocus* than *ludos* - but play, of course, need not be frivolous. It is a structure of performance art hospitable to any genre of drama, fictive or otherwise. 'Latin has really only one word to cover the whole field of play: *ludus*, from *ludere*, of which *lusus* is a direct derivative ... *Ludus* covers children's games, recreation, contests, liturgical and theatrical representations, and games of chance ... The compounds *alludo*, *colludo*, *illudo* all point in the direction of the unreal, the illusory' (Huizinga 1949, 1998: 36). Man may be - like many other species that we suppose intelligent - an Aristotelian *animal ridens*, but laughter is not the obligatory function of *ludos*. For example, David Lodge suggests that play has been evolution's training ground to promote the survival of the wittiest ("wit" being defined here in a sense common in the Jacobethan: 'imaginative intelligence'). 'The ability to imagine what another person - an enemy, for instance - might be thinking in a given situation, by running hypothetical scenarios on the brain's hardware, was a crucial survival skill for primitive man and might explain the storytelling instinct that seems to be a part of all human cultures' (Lodge 2002: 41). Play can be regarded as the first activity of the cosmos, the wilful dance of the logos. 'In the dawn of European philosophy Heraclitus says: "The course of the world is a playing child moving figures on a board - the child as absolute ruler of the universe"' (Fink 1968: 29)<sup>10</sup>. In her commentary on Bakhtin, Kristeva identifies the laughter of play with the

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Korzybski might have argued that the Robinson<sup>1</sup> who wrote the first syllable of my novel could not be the Robinson<sup>2</sup> who wrote the second syllable, except by an accident of common habitation and a name. To suppose any identity between the concatenations of Robinsons<sup>n</sup> who might be identified as the authors of 'my' novel and the Robinson<sup>n+1</sup> who is currently penning this (ie. *that*) syllable, is - Korzybski fervently argued - the short road to the mental ward. General Semantics, however, offers no answer to the dilemma of which Robinson should present himself at the *viva*. (Korzybski 1933: xxx).

<sup>9</sup> He advises, sylleptically: 'Whither the cabbage'. Hippo protests, indignant at his would-be copyediting: 'Wither the cabbage?' (309). Hippo has previously identified 'cabbage' with words: 'all words are cabbage' (146).

<sup>10</sup> Paula Findlen similarly refers us to Erasmus's *In Praise of Folly* (1549) where play is conceived as divine: 'Games were not merely child's play but an important feature of the Renaissance tradition of

iconoclastic spirit of carnival: 'it is no more comic than tragic; it is both at once; one might say that it is *serious*' (Kristeva 1986: 50). As Allon White suggests, '[s]eriousness as the exclusion of laughter has much more to do with rituals of power and control than thoughts intrinsically or essentially important' (White 1993 : 134). And as Jean Grondin makes clear: "[t]he contrary to play is ... not seriousness, because play is also something serious, but rather *a not taking part* [my italics]' (Grondin 2001: 44). Indeed, it can be argued (as I do later) that it is not possible to abstain from play. Abstention is itself a game move within the serio-ludic play rules of dialectic implicit in all human interaction<sup>11</sup>.

My novel explicitly foregrounds 'play' as both *jocus* and *ludos*, most notably in the episode of harmless ritualised violence in the tavern flying match, where the *jocus* of Mercer's wordplay wins him tokens, contraposed against Jess's two trials where - in a context of immanent violence - Hippo's desperate wordplay, no less ludic, twice wins her life. The omnipresence of play, as the architecture of all human interactions both fictive and epiphoric ('real'), is also emblematised<sup>12</sup> in innumerable minor incidents where I present a 'synecdochical game' (Foust 1986: 6) - ie. an act of play *per se* - as an object. For example, the draughts match between Mercer and Buckingham syncopates the reader between signifieds both symbolic and ontic with related digressions upon, and allusions to, England's touchy relationship with Spain. "I have made myself a king," I crowed. "Ha, then I'll call you Philip and brother you no more. For I know a sovereign better." (230)<sup>13</sup>. Robert Anchor points out that '[t]he play world ... reflects reality symbolically' and proposes that it encodes the meaning of existence: 'human play is the symbolic act of representing the meaning of the world and life' (Anchor 1978: 93). Plato was perhaps the first to recognise this 'integral relationship between play and human nature. In the Laws, for instance, he writes that "man is made God's plaything, and that is the best part of him. Therefore, every man and woman should live life accordingly, and play the noblest games"' (Foust 1986: 6). If the trope of play is mapped, not upon a fictive text, but upon the textile of daily life then every human act may be conceived of as play and every

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*serio ludere* (playing seriously), which viewed play as a divine activity' (Findlen 1998: 254). Indeed, Empson proposes that Erasmus might have been the primary source of Shakespeare's trope 'All the world's a stage' (*As You Like It*, II.7) (Empson 1951, 1989: 105).

<sup>11</sup> Among the approx. 139,275 articles in the topic field of English literature archived at Jstor (August 2009) fewer than a dozen address directly the concepts of 'playfulness', 'pleasure' or 'enjoyment' in literature and most of these discuss Barthes' lexico-erotic *jouissance*, which is not the same thing at all. Yet 'pleasure' is the sole imperative for the normative reader in his engagement with literature. As Greenblatt bemusedly remarks: 'I am frequently baffled by the tendency especially in those explicitly concerned with historical or ideological functions of art to ignore the analysis of pleasure or, for that matter, of play' (Greenblatt 1990: 9). This might well be the most important observation in my doctoral thesis.

<sup>12</sup> I define an *emblem* for the purpose of my thesis as a pictorial, graphic or material device to distinguish it from a *motif* (a synecdochical cluster of events) or a *symbol* (a metonym for a concept). The marked textual repetition of an emblem, motif or symbol defines a *theme*.

<sup>13</sup> Chess is so explicitly a metaphor for human conflict that its relentless exploitation as a master trope for 'game', in fictive works from Middleton to Lewis Carroll, is hardly surprising. For example, in Middleton's *A Game at Chesse* (1624), which was staged just a few months after the episode in my novel, Buckingham, Philip and the Spanish ambassador Gondomar were so transparently portrayed in chess pieces that Gondomar persuaded James to ban the play and arrest Middleton.

human being as an embodied performance of play. 'The pronouns I, you, he are the different modes of the play structure' (Ehrmann 1968: 56)<sup>14</sup>. However, every game - frivolous or not - imposes upon its players, involuntary or not, the presumption of a governing order. As Huizinga maintains: '[i]nside the play-ground an absolute and peculiar order reigns ... play creates order, is order. Into an imperfect world and into the confusion of life it brings a temporary, a limited perfection. Play demands order absolute and supreme.' (Huizinga 1949, 1998 :10)<sup>15</sup>. In the 'play-sphere of the text' (Foust 1986: 7), order is sustained by rules which the reader must accept to enjoy the game, or even to comprehend it.

To summarise Huizinga's paradigm, then, play cannot proceed without being contained in a structure of rules, howsoever self-conceived or transiently imposed; structured play is a game; and 'game' is the governing metaphor of all experience, or at least of human relationships conceived of as dialogic<sup>16</sup>. Certainly, it is the master trope of my novel. I emblematised Huizinga's paradigm, which is not without its critics<sup>17</sup>, in several parodic episodes.

For example, in a burlesque of the Norse *Lokasenna*, my patriarchal Filmsmiro (avatar of myself, and of Aegir, Lord of Revels, taverner to the gods) punishes Ajax for breaking the house rules by exiling him to sit on the inn steps, perilously close to the village harpies 'as sweet as the wives of Billingsgate' (85). (In the *Lokasenna*, Thor on Aegir's behalf thrusts the quarrelsome Loki from the company of men to suffer a variety of tortures, even less pleasant, in the wilderness<sup>18</sup>.) For cheating on their courtship contract, Mercer is likewise evicted, by matriarchal authority, from Shipwash's cottage to endure the villager's scorn in her outer yard: 'an argosy of knowing merry eyes' (118). In Chapter 5, Eiron (Gk: 'irony') is publicly humiliated in Ivinghoe square, not for beating his wife (for some, a Christian duty) but for doing so,

<sup>14</sup> In the 1960s, I remember the LSD-guru Timothy Leary making a comparable observation - regrettably unreferenced - that any telephone directory can be regarded as a playbill of little agons, each personal name defining an emplotted ego-game in progress.

<sup>15</sup> If a play cannot proceed without the presumption of strict order to sustain it, Huizinga would seem to posit 'play' as the antonym of spontaneity. Yet as game rules themselves are a production of play, play - at least, in poetics - can spontaneously refigure its own game rules.

<sup>16</sup> '[Bakhtin's concept of] dialogic includes, but is not restricted to, the quoted verbal speech of characters. It also includes the relationship between the characters' discourses and the author's discourse (if represented in the text) and between all these discourses and other discourses outside the text, which are imitated or evoked or alluded to by means of doubly-oriented speech' (Lodge 1990: 22).

<sup>17</sup> For example, Ehrmann contends: 'Huizinga and Caillos erred principally in never doubting ... that the player (themselves!) is the subject of play ... They forgot that players may be played; that, as an object in the game, the player can be its stakes (*enjeu*) and its toy (*jouer*)' (Ehrmann 1968: 55). This *aperçu* may help to explain the absorbing enchantment of a great novel. If the players in the life-world are themselves conceived of as tokens within a game, then their dialogic interaction with other players can be notionally subsumed within a metagame. The novel is a genre that explicitly dramatises the metagame and, in its resonance with the extempore games of epiphoric 'reality', comforts the reader that his own life might similarly have some ontological form and *telos*.

<sup>18</sup> '[H]e struggled so hard that the whole earth shook therewith; and now that is called an earthquake' *Lokasenna*, 65.



outrageously, in May - the month sacred to Diana<sup>19</sup>. By insulting the protectress of women, he violated the pre-dominant game rules of the pagan sacrament. After the collapse of Jess's first trial, Cartophilus is kettled out of the village, metonymic of the human community, for scoffing at the village court, shattering Hugh's token of authority, his gavel, and so threatening to nullify the master code of law. The surveyor has attempted to 'corrupt the agon'.

'Corruption of the agon begins where no arbiter and no arbitration is recognized' (Caillois, quoted in Ehrmann 1968 : 55). The arbiters in these games of mores or social behaviour are, respectively, Filmsiro, Shipwash and - in the case of Eiron and Cartophilus - the genius of the village itself, its collective ethos. The cheats - like Ajax and Mercer - who merely bend the accepted rules are dealt with less harshly than the dangerous bounders like Eiron and Cartophilus who would annihilate them. As Huizinga comments: '[i]t is curious to note how much more lenient society is to the cheat than to the spoil-sport ... He robs play of its illusion - a pregnant word which means literally "in-play" (from *inlusio*, *illudere* or *inludere*)' (Huizinga 1949, 1998: 11).

The novel, therefore, to maintain its illusion, must maintain its own rules. Gary Radford makes it clear, ludically endowing a novel of Umberto Eco with a voice, that: '[o]ne of my duties is to provide you with the rules by which I should be read. You need to recognize and agree to the rules of the particular game I am playing. As a Model Reader, you will agree to abide by the rules I set in order for you to derive a coherent understanding of me' (Radford 2002).

However, this model of play engagement can be challenged by the observation that the only Model Reader who is likely to be initially cognisant of the game rules is the author himself. If the play-world of a novel has game rules, they must - howsoever obscure - be eventually detectable by the reader. For while a novel is a game composed of words, it must - to engage the reader for more than one charmed moment - proceed beyond the trivial efflorescence of a word game, a *logomachia*, of which the verbal art of a flyting match is the primal exemplar in my novel. The novel's rules must be deducible if only from its fictive architecture which, howsoever inconsistent with experiential 'reality', must be self-consistent with its own assumptions. 'A completely unreal world can be constructed, in which asses fly and princesses are restored to life by a kiss; but that world, purely possible [sic] and unrealistic, must exist according to structures defined *at the outset*' [my italics] (Eco 1983: 25). Of course, so dogmatic is Eco's fiat that, from a postmodern perspective, it licenses its own subversion.

If the first game rule is that '[i]n the compact between novelist and reader, the novelist promises to lie, and the reader promises to allow it' (Cynthia Ozick, cited in Ruthven 2001: 44), then the author's most audacious sleight of mendacity may lie in the very rules he

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<sup>19</sup> 'The Charivari [was] a very ancient traditional game in which those who married widows, or were beaten by their wives, or *beat their wives in the month of May* [my italics], or in any other way offended the social code, were "mocked with vile tinklings and varied clamours"' (Welsford 1935: 204).

ostensibly establishes 'at the outset'. In these metafictional times, the author himself may prove to be the ultimate bounder in the text. As indeed, I am.

According to Wandor, the game rules of a text are habitually predicated by the author's location of it within a genre. 'The literary text is the product, first, of a writer, who *elects* to write a poem, a drama or a prose fiction, itself a choice knowingly made within a cultural context which is also *known to ascribe meaning to these genres* [my italics]' (Wandor 2008: 182). However, the fiats of genre are being increasingly defied. In tracing the recent tendency of historical fiction to take liberties with the conventions both of fiction and of historiography, and so remake its own genre, Fleming notes: '[s]ingle mistakes are only mistakes: lots of mistakes in a meaningful arrangement suddenly aren't mistakes any more' (Fleming 1998: 3). When the game rules of a given genre are transgressed consistently ('mistakes'), a new genre is established with its own tacit rules that, upon their apparent exhaustion by over use (*pace* Barth<sup>20</sup>), will in their turn inexorably be transgressed. (As if in proleptic recognition of this dialectic, Hippo aphorizes on several occasions: 'The great wheel turns' (187, 275, 287) and '[m]utability is, in its constancy of flux, the firmest proof of order' (178).) My own systematic presentation of apparent 'mistakes' - supposed anachronisms, malapropisms, metaleptic leaps, *prosopopoeias*, anomalies, and grotesqueries - might cue the reader initially to assign *The Apothecary's Tales* to the broad church of historiographical metafiction<sup>21</sup>. If so, the reader would (as I intended) be mistaken. My novel is a game of double-bluff. It burlesques the postmodern tic of compulsive subversion *per se*, and specifically its sacralisation in the genre of historiographical metafiction. The reader's perception that I lie, is a libel, for in my lies I am diligently self-consistent. And a self-consistent lie, in the dis/simulative play-world of fictive literature, is a laudable 'truth'<sup>22</sup>. Despite the illusion of their abundance, there are no indefensible transgressions whatsoever - either ontological or epistemological - in my novel. That is the author's joke. Ehrmann has already reminded us that the player in a game can himself be unwittingly an object of play, an *enjeu* or *jouet* (Ehrmann 1968: 55). Ben Jonson - an Ur-postmodernist no less than Cervantes - had a penchant for casting his audience in the role of the unsuspecting *jouet*. Jackson proposes that '[r]ather than read or witness a Jacobean Jonsonian comedy ... we may simply be reading or witnessing Jonson's staging of *us*, the reader and/or the audience [my italics]' (Jackson 2004: Notes 3). Upon *Epicoene*, he comments: 'the whole play is a staging and unraveling of manifold expectations - from gender roles to Jonsonian theatrical construction to language in

<sup>20</sup> Barth, John. 'The Literature of Exhaustion', *Atlantic*, 1967.

<sup>21</sup> Historiographic metafiction has been defined as 'those more extreme postmodernist fictions which tell stories about the "past" in ways that often radically dis-assemble "truth" and "historical reality"' (Wakeling 1998: 24). For Linda Hutcheon, the term refers to 'those well known and popular novels which are both intensely self-reflexive and yet paradoxically also lay claim to historical events and personages' (Hutcheon 1988: 5).

<sup>22</sup> Sogwit, offended by Hippo's imputation of dishonesty, ingenuously protests: 'All things that I say are lies. Thus, do I retain my integrity' (53).

general' (*ibid*: Notes 8). Equally perilously<sup>23</sup>, and comprehensively, my novel seeks to destabilise the reader's assumptions of how an 'historical novel' - or even a novel of 'historiographical metafiction' - should be read.

For example, if the reader detects a lexical *catachresis*, anachronistic allusion or inadmissible grotesquerie in my work, it is likely (I hope) not to be a howler but his own misprision, proceeding from his lamentable unfamiliarity with the period (as Chapter IV explains)<sup>24</sup>. To cite just two instances of seeming anachronism: Mercer's bid to create a new Esperanto-like language composed of 'quaint' typographical symbols to describe his trystings with Rose (and incidentally to 'banish all misunderstandings and war amongst nations' (194)), is a parody of several attempts, beginning in the 17<sup>th</sup> century, to develop a 'universal' language, similarly based on hieroglyphs, to repair the ruin of Babel. For example, 'Webster proposes that the idea "man" could have as its mark an asterisk' (Singer 1989: 58). Furthermore, the seemingly ridiculous notion that the jail has 'satellites' (247) and flashes messages on the moon to communicate with them is not inadmissible in the period. It was Pythagoras who first suggested using the moon as a billboard (Poole 2006: 62). Moreover, a mechanism for a land-based telegraph using 'musical-optico notation' (313) was outlined by John Beale in 1656. 'The method involved using a lantern pulled in and out of a covering box by means of a pulley. This [Beale said] would be visible at twenty miles, and clearly involved a code based on rhythm, as he suggested that it would be easy for "any man that can learne the Measure of a Briefe or Semibriefe in Musique"' (*ibid*). A plethora of comparable *faux* anachronisms (and *faux* malapropisms), all seemingly absurd but defensible from the record, can be found in the novel. Other anachronisms, or temporal anomalies, are legitimate (I maintain) within my paradigm of the 'achronal milieu', a concept I will explore later in this Chapter. Any paradoxes implied by metaleptic shifts of viewpoint, *lacunae* in sequences of events, over-determined emplotment, narrative momentum, or the perception of literary tropes implausible in a 'real' diary - flashbacks, foreshadowings, chapter hangers and *bellettrist* touches of style - disappear if we accept the contextualising metaframe of a procrustean 21<sup>st</sup> century 'editor'. He has (as his Introduction makes clear) shamelessly tidied, sequenced and recomposed the untidy paratactic episodes of a half-legible jumble of 17<sup>th</sup> century manuscripts to suit the syntax, orthography and narrative conventions of a modern historical mystery novel. So there are no 'true paradoxes' in my novel, other than those *faux* paradoxes I introduce to refute the

<sup>23</sup> It takes a good sport to enjoy being a *jouet*. At the end of Jonson's *Epicoene*, or *The Silent Woman*, Dauphine pulls the wig off the 'silent woman' to reveal that she was, all along, a boy. So, the audience had been gulled. It knew perfectly well that female characters in the period were played by boys, but it was a violation of decorum to acknowledge it. The audience took great offence at the double bluff. '[Drummond noted] "that play was well named the Silent Woman ... ther was never one man to say plaudite to it"' (Mirabelli 1989: 336).

<sup>24</sup> Despairing of readers who criticised his historical novel *Nothing Like the Sun* (1964) for similar 'absurdities', Anthony Burgess wrote: '[w]here I was most serious I was supposed to be most facetious; where I merely transcribed documentary truth I was said to be wildly and implausibly inventing' (McCormack 1969: 43).

concept of 'paradox' itself. (For example, as previously noted, Sogwit spoofs the paradox of the Cretan Liar: '[a]ll things that I say are lies. Thus, do I retain my integrity' (53).)<sup>25</sup>

Such a mediation by a fictive editor of a work, itself presumed by the reader to be fictive, relocates my novel in a 'hyperludic' frame - ie. one that subsumes the play-frames of both the reader and the momentary narrator - that is analogous to Jarry's<sup>26</sup> pataphysics or, more specifically, to its pragmatic embodiment by Pablo Lopez in the concept of the 'pataphor'. A pataphor is 'an extended metaphor that creates its own context' (Avion 2007). In the pataphoric play-space, epiphors (metaphors proceeding from manifest perception) create diaphors<sup>27</sup> (affective conceptions that are wholly imaginary) and, in turn, diaphors recompose themselves as *faux* or ungrounded epiphors which (by Lopez's ludic travesty of Aristotelian binary logic) riotously produce new diaphors *ad regressum* to create a plenum ultimately inaccessible by reason. 'When it is no longer possible to dissociate the signifier from the signified, or representations from realities, reality becomes redundant ... images without any grounding reference to the real interact meaninglessly with one another in an empire of signs' (Ruthven 2001: 83). I emblematised this allogicality in an episode in the jail (itself an emblem of allogic, or perhaps of super-sanity), where Hippo appears to confound any simplistic definition of metalepsis: 'Time thickens. Slow, I summon Sancho Panza from the air' (260). The ontological status of Sancho here is interesting. As a fictive creation of Cervantes, he might be supposed to have been imaginary in the mind-world of Hippo, but Hippo is no less a fictive creation. So what, narratologically-speaking, is Sancho?<sup>28</sup> Indeed, Mercer elsewhere imagines that 'old jiggling Kemp did a backward handspring over Yorick's donkey' (240). The

<sup>25</sup> The term 'true paradox' is itself an oxymoron, of course. Paradoxes - as the village carrier later exemplifies in his own rephrasing of the Cretan Liar (364) - are entirely verbal. Danvers points out: '[a]ll and every mystery can be resolved by reframing the question.' (260). For example, the paradox of the Cretan Liar ('do I, or do I not, come from Crete?') can be resolved with a simple frame shift, by posing a different question: 'May I see your passport?'. Similarly, the verbal paradox in an oxymoron eg. 'easy self-assembly' vanishes as soon as the experiment is empirically essayed.

<sup>26</sup> 'Pataphysics is a neologism that Alfred Jarry (1873-1907), the father of absurdist theatre, invented to describe a science that exceeds both physics and metaphysics ... It operates by privileging exceptions as opposed to rules - indeed, by suggesting that there are only exceptions, and that the postulate of a rule is always arbitrary' (Barbour 2004: 108). Its essence is itself exemplified in Benson's definition: '[t]he science of imaginary solutions and the source of answers to questions never to be posed' (Benson: 1994).

<sup>27</sup> '[Philip Wheelwright] suggests that there are some metaphors which are largely epiphoric or epiphors and others which are diaphors. Epiphors are those metaphors which rest upon analogies which we have already experienced... Diaphor produces [new] meaning primarily by suggestion' (MacCormac 1971: 24). Scaruffi defines epiphors more simply as 'metaphors that express the existence of something' and diaphors as 'metaphors that imply the possibility of something' (Scaruffi 2006).

<sup>28</sup> Moreover, had Sancho, duly materialised, taken it upon himself to call up the spirit of Prester John and that mythical character had then himself invoked a further fabulative creature who, in his *mise-en-abyme* turn had further invoked, etc, etc, *ad infinitum* ... how many meta-meta-meta-<sup>n</sup> infra-diegetic realms might Genette demand to accommodate them all? (In fact, Sophie Rabau has recently framed and tamed the simplest form of this trope, of a fictive character from one work appearing in the fictive work of a different author, in the name of *heterometalepsis* (Prince 2006: 2). However, Jane Austen anticipated her, burlesquing the trope in *Northanger Abbey* (1818): 'Alas! if the heroine of one novel be not patronized by the heroine of another, from whom can she expect protection and regard? I cannot approve of it' (Hannoosh 1989: 120).)

donkey is not recorded in *Hamlet*. So where, in the taxonomies of Genette, sits Yorick's donkey?<sup>29</sup> (I shall return to this interesting question in my discussion of metalepsis in Chapter V.) I would suggest that such a riot of self-replicating diaphors can, short of fractal mathematics, be described only in a new narratological paradigm that, in tribute to Lopez and Genette, I would term *patadiegesis*<sup>30</sup>.

In the patadiegetic play-world 'meaning is no longer an object to be defined, but is an effect to be experienced' (Iser 1978: 10). To seek a 'meaning' or denotative signified there is as nugacious as decoding a Zen koan or a Gnostic aphorism, where the riddle is intended as a journey (or the refusal of a journey) but never as a destination. Any discovery of a meaning in it is 'a compensation for the inaccessible' (Bruns 1979: 125). In the spirit of Jarry, I lampoon the futility of the quest for hermetic meaning most notably in the codex of Fr Bacon 'in which each peeled layer or decoded secret turns out to be but the antechamber to a yet more cunningly concealed truth' (Eco 1992b: 9). Once laboriously decoded, the first layer turns out to be a recipe for cooking cabbage. (Hippo: 'a cabbage is a symbol, and it signifieth "Rubbish"' (147)). However, the continuing motif also animates the preposterous lecturers at Bedford jail. Altos growls to Hippo, like Beckett's Lucky in *Waiting for Godot*: "'Qua. Qua! Qua?" Delighted, I ask Quirk: "Be these the sacred words of Geber, that so long have all men sought for?" "Nay, Altos hath a hair-ball stuck in his throat."' (243). 'Hair-ball' is here an implicature of 'hare' ie. Hermes, the god of lies (aka Mercury, also associated in folklore with the moon (Tindall 1955: 51)). Altos further challenges Hippo, cryptically: "Bububu?". The erudite reader will recognise this at once as Wittgenstein's waggish shorthand for the mundane proposition: 'if it does not rain I shall go out for a walk' (Wittgenstein 1963: 18). The mystery of Hippo's ambiguously inhabited study - an enduring puzzle (I trust) for the reader - likewise comes to nothing. 'The room is empty' (280). The hare's alcove at the spa is a graphic master-emblem of Gnostic vacuity. Enigmatically, it appears to Hippo to host an unlikely number of occupants but, upon his closer inspection, is revealed to be 'but a public door. It fronts upon the lower storey. It hath no back to it, nor occupation sensible, either within or without.' (185). By a transposition of the emblem, the abysmal alcove of the hare (symbol of Hermes) also represents my own story [storey]. Equally, its signifieds cannot be found to be simplistically metonymic of any 'sensible' (exophoric or material) world. Ultimately,

<sup>29</sup> Gerard Genette is a structuralist critic who has regarded the function of criticism as 'rearranging the work back into its relation to the closed literary system' (Allen 2000: 96). His project began in *Narrative Discourse: an Essay in Method* (Genette 1980) by endlessly subdividing the *differentiae* of narrative elements into complex taxonomies akin to a Porphyrian tree (Jones 2002b: 131). The resulting excess of neologistical creativity has not always been admired. 'Genette's taxonomical or taxonomaniacal hubris in itself has alienated a whole contingent of narratologists' (Paxson 2001:128).

<sup>30</sup> 'By diegesis Genette means not the story itself but the spatial-temporal universe to which that story belongs' (Tallack 1987: 18).

as Hippo opined of Bacon's codex: '[i]ts moral lesson ... [is] that all words are cabbage' (146)<sup>31</sup>.

Eco frequently burlesques the treacherous seductions of obscurity *per se* in a similar manner. '[A] note deciphered by Casaubon [in Eco's *Foucault's Pendulum*] is an everyday message, not an hermeneutic one ... The secret instruction is none other than a laundry list' (Boym 1999: 113). Eco's mentor, Borges, did likewise. The narrator in Borges's stories is, himself, typically a walking riddle. '[He] often presents himself as a privileged bearer of a secret; he sees the Aleph but does not reveal its meaning, he receives from a mysterious salesman the Infinite Book of Sand which he then chooses to lose in a library' (*ibid*). The prototype for such exasperating games of 'gull the reader', in the English novel, is probably once again *Tristram Shandy*: '[it is Sterne's] spirited, playful, creative and irreverent attitude which informs Sterne's every move. It is not ... Sterne's technique, but a habit of purposeful indirection which shapes his technique' (Speck 1985: 65). Sterne was, at least in his indirective spirit, a Gnostic hermeticist. Although my novel is no more a patadiegetic play space, wholly devoid of external signifieds, than is *Tristram Shandy*, I trust that the spirit of Sterne can still be detected in it.

### The quasi-paradox of the historical 'novel'

If the game rules of my novel proceed from those assumed to be inherent in the genre of historical fiction to the definition of a new game by way of burlesque, it would be decorous of me to define at the outset, albeit tersely, the genre I am burlesquing. 'History', the word, is Greek in origin; it derives from *historia*, a term whose primary meaning is 'inquiry' (OED). 'At its root, it names an intellectual process, not its subject matter or its final result' (Sacks 2003: 1). Thus, every heuristic organisation of data, factual or otherwise, would qualify as 'history'. This is clearly unhelpful. Fleishman proposes that '[i]t is necessary to include at least one [real] personage] in a novel if it is to qualify as historical' (Fleishman 1971: 3). This is no more helpful. Golding presents no 'real' personages among his imaginary Neanderthals in *The Inheritors* (1955) and the milieu is known to us largely by palaeoanthropological relics. Yet, because the novel is congruent with our consentient myths (understanding) of the period, it is more likely to be classed as historical fiction or science fiction than fantasy<sup>32</sup>. Of course, the distinction between historical fiction and historical fantasy is as quibblesome as that between science fiction and science fantasy<sup>33</sup>. It is scarcely less difficult to define, in 'historical fiction',

<sup>31</sup> One colloquial meaning for 'cabbage' in the Jacobethan was a tailor's trimmings (OED) ie. 'rubbish'. In his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621, Burton apologises for 'serving up warmed-over cabbage' (I, 436). Indeed, when an actual cabbage head is ultimately peeled - like Bernhard Altos's mystic 'onion' (243) and (perhaps) Altos *qua* Barthes himself - it resolves into 'nothing'.

<sup>32</sup> It may be indicative that Amazon categorises it as 'science fiction' rather than any variant of 'fantasy'.

<sup>33</sup> The late Isaac Asimov, a scientific fideist, argued: '[f]antasy should mean not only something that is not so and therefore exists only as an idea, but also something that *could not possibly be so* and

the term 'historical'. 'Manzoni concluded that the historical novel was impossible - a contradiction in terms, as seen in its very name' (Fleishmann 1971: 17) But that is mere word-chopping<sup>34</sup>. One might as helpfully argue that, because any time period as brief as a micro-moment prior to the present is the 'past', all literature is historical so none is<sup>35</sup>. Indisputably, all literature (and art) may eventually be recontextualised into an artifact that is deemed historical: 'every novel tends to become in time a historical novel'. Yet, as Butterfield further notes 'a true "historical novel" is one that is historical in its intention' (Butterfield 1924: 5). Nonetheless, we are still left with the question: *what* (precisely) might the historical novel 'intend' by its historicity?

The body of *The Apothecary's Tales* presents a 'narrative' of the period 1623-5, yet its defining frame is that of the modern editor putatively writing in 2008<sup>36</sup>. Just as Peter Ackroyd segues from 1608 into circa 1993 in one seamless sentence at the close of *The House of Dr Dee* (1994) (p. 275), so my novel relocates itself at start and finish in the early 21<sup>st</sup> century, a period which, if my novel is read a century from now, will itself be 'historical'. Then, I trust, it will renew its referents and be viewed as a parody, wittily proleptic, of the 22<sup>nd</sup> century fad that I anticipate occurring then for post-neo-historical *derrière-gardist* fiction. So my novel may well be modestly historical in its intention (*intentio operis*) but it is timeless in my own intention (*intentio auctoris*). A thoroughly pragmatic taxonomy might bypass such tiresome matters as

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therefore can exist *in no other way* than as an idea' (Asimov 1997: 186). Accordingly, he proposed that Charles Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* is not a fantasy, because its 'characters and events could have existed without upsetting the accepted order of the universe'. But *A Christmas Carol* is 'clearly a fantasy, for it deals with ghosts'. His argument is unconvincing. There are probably more extant records, written by scientists, that attest to the existence of ghosts than those attesting to the existence of aliens. Yet aliens, provided they thought 'logically', would be admissible in Asimov's science fiction universe (*ibid*: 194); ghosts, howsoever logical in their thinking, would not be. Asimov's unquestioned assumption of an 'accepted order' would appear to betray a conceptual grid, peculiar to himself rather than to science *per se*, that is itself illogical. To avoid such logic-chopping, I draw no distinction in my paradigm of the patadiegetic play-world, between historical fiction and fantasy. 'Since any text can be treated as a game to be played ... the realistic text is as fictive as the fantasy text' (Foust 1986: 13).

<sup>34</sup> One must suppose that Manzoni, himself an historical novelist, had never been the unexpected beneficiary of a will and so received 'historical news' or learned new information from a work of historiography and so experienced 'novel history'. No doubt, he would regard the journal *New Literary History* with extreme suspicion.

<sup>35</sup> 'I am told that the present, the specious present of the psychologists, lasts from a few seconds to a minute fraction of a second; that can be the duration of the history of the universe' (Borges 1970b: 258). Indeed, 'the Asharites, a tenth-century school of Islam, ... [believed] that God created the world anew in each small atom of time, [and] destroyed it at the end of the atom of time, only to recreate it again in the next atom' (Gittes 1983: 244). Borges goes on to contend that there is no 'past' because it is seamlessly absorbed into the present moment of recollection. Being continually recreated, the past is always fiction. Moreover, if a historian could by some magic write a comprehensible history that was not distorted into fiction by his organising mind it would be read as fiction by the distorting mind of the reader.

<sup>36</sup> Scholes argues that 'narrative' is any literary work 'distinguished by two characteristics: the presence of a story and a story-teller' (Scholes 1966: 4). Yet such a bipolarity between a created story (*mythos*) and its creator is immanent in all textual works, 'literary' or not, and also in many non-textual art forms. I propose, therefore, a more rigorous definition: 'narrative' is any text where the reader's *conscious* awareness of the narrator is necessary to fulfil the aesthetic functions of the text.

the *intentio auctoris* to relegate a given novel to various *phyla* of 'historicalness' by the time-period of its predominant setting. Scott cautiously sited *Waverley* (drafted in 1805 and published in 1814), in the time of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, sixty years before his date of writing. '[Scott] emphasizes that the subtitle of the novel, *'Tis Sixty Years Since*, was the mark of a deliberate choice: a period neither too far nor too near the present, whose special characteristics would arouse neither Gothic awe of the remotely exotic, nor the sophisticated contempt bred by familiarity' (Fleishman 1971: 24). Yet the events might still have been in the active memory of a nonagenarian Scottish reader in 1814, who doubtless would have taken a claymore to any imputation that he himself was 'historical'. A less offensive definition of historical fiction, therefore, might be: 'a work set primarily in a period at least 100 years earlier than the author's time of writing it'.<sup>37</sup> Thus, its setting and period details would precede the lifetimes of any likely author or reader. By this axiom, indisputably my novel is 'historical'. Or, the problem might be avoided entirely by renaming 'historical fiction' as 'heritage fiction', to imply a fictive work - regardless of its date of setting - which has in it any predominating element of the 'past', howsoever defined. The suggestion is not frivolous. For it cuts to the quick of any 'historical fiction' writing enterprise: what indeed (ignoring any quibble over the 'predominancy' of its historical dating) is the *affective tenor* that might differentiate, from all others, a fictive work deemed 'historical'?

If I leave aside for the moment the shop-worn question that historiography itself might be a sub-genre of narrative fiction<sup>38</sup>, it is a truth reluctantly agreed among historians that '[f]ictive writers .. occasionally seem to have both grasped and communicated [the truth about the past] more successfully than historians have' (Tosh 2002: 301). Tosh goes on to suggest that, for example, Joseph Conrad's *Nostromo* depicted, more mimetically than most historiography has to date, 'what a shaky Latin American republic in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century was like'. Yet it has often been pointed out<sup>39</sup> that such a pseudo-mimesis of 'truth' is solely an aesthetic effect achieved by the authorial reduction of the endlessly interwoven and indeterminable micro-events of a given period into a gross pattern of coherence that must inevitably travesty the paratactical experiences of any notional observer at the time. I experienced this impasse most notably when I attempted to simulate 'mimetically' Hippo's response to the devastations of the Ivinghoe famine. I represented him as being able to assimilate its wretchedness only by

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<sup>37</sup> That, at least, was the gist of the definition agreed among professional writers of historical fiction at the Historical Mystery Writers group at Yahoo, when debating the issue in May 2008.

<sup>38</sup> 'When we use past tenses, when we remember, when the historian 'makes history' (for that is what he is actually doing), we rely on ... *axiomatic fictions*' (Steiner 1975: 144). Hayden White is widely credited with pioneering the impositional view - that historians impose a fictive form on historical events - in *Metahistory*, 1973, but heretical voices had been rumbling in a similar chord at least since Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886). His objection to previous historians was that they were diverted by hidden agendas: to preach, to instruct, to demolish reputations or to vindicate them (Tosh 2002: 7; White 1973: 163-190). Being pre-Freudian, he could not address our modern concerns with the historian's unconscious deformation of the record, but he argued vehemently against its *wilful* distortions. (A full review of the debate 'historiography versus fiction' can be found in Pihlainen 1998).

<sup>39</sup> 'Any observation of historical evidence inevitably distorts its significance by the very fact of its selection through the prism of hindsight' (Carr 2001: 161), *et alia*..



retreating into a fugue-like state - that Nylander has called 'protopsychoic ... where writing is a scooping of words and images against a threatening Real' (Nylander 2001) - and by patterning its traumatic details into a nursery rhyme. Pathetic trivia metonymic of local disorder, such as a dead child's alphabet board, become conflated synecdochically - in the infantile rhyme 'A ring, a ring o' roses' - with the ruinous madness of James's court and of cosmological order itself. An almanack, token of predictive order, has been torn into pages ('A tissue! A tissue!') whose only utility now is to wrap unsavoury fish ('bleak' (39)). The market episode, ironically staged beside the moral symbol of a church, foreghosts that of the Dorton fair, likewise synecdochical of moral chaos, where the preacher's sermons serve as napkins for roast pork. (As I will show later, 'pork' and 'pig' are symbolic throughout my novel of mindless carnality.) It was only after writing this chapter that I chanced upon the agricultural fair passage in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (Part 2, Ch. 8) with its comparable, albeit less compressed, melange of sensory details. "Everything should sound simultaneously," Flaubert wrote, describing this scene. "One should hear the bellowing of the cattle, the whisperings of the lovers and the rhetoric of the officials all at the same time" (Kohler 1948: 18). However, in the organised choreography of his *mise-en-scène* (Flaubert himself described it as 'symphonic' (Tindall 1955: 73)), the author visibly wears the coxcomb (as I do) of every illusionist who would have his forgery resonate with some aspect of 'reality'. The most persuasive 'mimesis', as here, can be achieved only by the most laboured artifice. Plato recognised the futility of attempting mimesis, in the sense that we now understand it, ie. as the direct representation of experience. Mimesis of this sort was only legitimate in a text, he argued, when it imported direct speech (similarly linear), and without authorial mediation<sup>40</sup>. In summary, when history becomes an art object - and narrative historiography (like historical fiction) can be nothing else - it ceases to have integrity as history<sup>41</sup>.

If the mimesis of historical experience (or of any experience) cannot be achieved with any deictic plausibility in the artifice of historical fiction (or of any linear text), then the question must remain: what affective purpose is peculiar to the genre of historical fiction and to none other? Although their professions would seem to be licensed differently, Tosh - an historian - would align the affective purpose of the historian unambiguously alongside that of the novelist. '[The historian's] principal aim is to make the dead live ... and [he] may allow himself a few artifices of the trade ... to make the operation more convincing' (Tosh 2002: 45)<sup>42</sup>. Of

<sup>40</sup> 'Mediated narration ... presumes a more or less express communication from narrator to audience. This is essentially Plato's distinction between mimesis and diegesis, in modern terms between showing and telling' (Chatman 1978: 146). Plato applied the term mimesis as an antonym of our current use of the term 'to mean imitation [ie. representation] as opposed to reality' (Lodge 1990: 28). '[T]he tragic poet, if his art is representation [ie. imitation], is by nature at third remove from the throne of truth; and the same is true of all other representative arts' (*The Republic*, Book X, lines 593-5).

<sup>41</sup> Certeau argues that 'Historiography (that is, "history" and "writing") bears within its own name the paradox - almost an oxymoron - of a relation established between two antinomic terms, between the real and discourse' (Certeau 1992: xxvii).

<sup>42</sup> Hexter concurs that ethical artifice is legitimate in historiography. 'If it occasionally saves time and increases illustrative aptness to contrive a few fictitious bits of "the record of the past" or to improvise

course, the only realm where 'the dead live' is that of art where persuasion and simulation can legitimately create diaphoric 'truths' ungrounded in exophoric referents. Tosh's *apologia* for historiography, therefore, coincides with Fleishman's job description of the historical novelist: '[he] provokes or conveys, by imaginative sympathy, the *sentiment de l'existence*, the feeling of how it was to be alive in another age' (Fleishman 1971: 4)<sup>43</sup>. This poses merely another question: in an age when the excesses of Romantic anamnesis are no longer fashionable<sup>44</sup>, why should any sane reader, even in a play-world, wish to privilege *les sentiments de l'existence* of the dead over those of the living? One might talk of Everyman's quest for the idealised Edenic womb, where entropy can be defied in elegy, agony becomes a pleasing agon and moral choice is irrelevant because, as historical texts remind us, every action ends in the grave: 'we see all these things [the splendours of history], as in Revelation, "come to nought"' (Kermode 1967: 29). In a currently shameful word: escapism. One might talk of the perdurable allure of retro-kitsch whereby the chaos of experiential reality can be distanced and re-framed as the quaint debris of a dead thus stable world, then safely re-viewed through sepia-tinted spectacles<sup>45</sup>. In a vulgar word: nostalgia. Yet '[t]he nostalgic [sic] is not pulled by a desire to re-enter the past so much as by a desire to transform the present, and the self of the present, to another domain of being' (Stewart 1980: 1128)<sup>46</sup>. In other words, in engaging with the transtemporal context of an historical text, Everyman is transmuted from his ephemeral role as *parole*, the temporary chatter of his personal community, into an enduring *langue*, the timeless corpus of his culture's discourse. Or, as Stewart would re-view it, through lilac-tinted spectacles: '[t]he site of nostalgia is neither here nor there but a place of transformation. The nostalgic object is only the trace of this transformation. Like the flower whose shape it often takes, the nostalgic object attracts not for its own sake, but for the sake of evocation [etc]' (*ibid*). In a plain word: rapture. I hope this is not the affective purpose of my novel<sup>47</sup>.

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a smattering of historical writing for the occasion, I shall not hesitate to do so in the interest of economy. I shall always make it clear, however, that this is what I am doing.' (Hexter 1972: 12 ).

<sup>43</sup> Fleishman exemplifies 'imaginative sympathy' as '[the historian] envisaging for himself the situation in which Caesar stood' (Fleishman 1971: 5).

<sup>44</sup> 'The Romantics revived [the Middle Ages] in order to escape from themselves' (Stock 1974: 543).

<sup>45</sup> Chatterton in the late 1760s well understood the legerdemain of 'distressing' the new into the pseudo-antique, to meet the appetite - perennial since the Jacobean age - for retro-kitsch. In his forged poems of the medieval monk Rowley, 'Chatterton would ... Chaucerise a word by adding a terminal "e"' (Ruthven 2001: 19).

<sup>46</sup> 'History offers a means - imperfect but indispensable - of entering into the kind of experience that is simply not possible in our own lives' (Tosh 2002: 30).

<sup>47</sup> Perhaps there is a Darwinian explanation for the nostalgic allure that the historic past has typically held, for most cultures. Genetic survival, as the first imperative, should increase in proportion to the perception by aggregated individuals of the multiple play options available to them. To the degree that actions previously taken are not remembered, or their outcomes are misunderstood, so the likelihood increases of the fatal repetition of past errors. Thus, a cultural fascination with the imaginative reconstruction of the past would be correlated with species survival.

## The aesthetics of alterity

If presumptuously I had any authorial intention to impose an affect upon the reader, knowing that in any case the evocation of a response (post-Iser) is the reader's task as much as my own, it would not be some such sentimental variety of *consolatio historiae*. Instead, I strove consciously to delight myself (if not the reader) by engineering continual collisions with alterity ie. with experiences so unassimilable within the received epistemologies of the present era that they might unsettle even the reader's ontological suppositions. (As Margaret prudently remarked, not wishing to be unsettled: 'I shall not enquire of the Other' (28).) I shall begin by asserting that the past is not only 'a foreign country' (*pace* Hartley<sup>48</sup>), it is also a realm with which no study of glosses or guide books can make us genuinely familiar, because we can never live there. Alterity (I suggest) is found in the surprise of encounter with the radically unfamiliar, so the affect cannot be sustained solely - as some works of science fiction would attempt - by the fashioning of a play-world so comprehensively grotesque that its game rules quickly become familiar<sup>49</sup>. Instead, I will argue below that an 'alteric' affect can be foregrounded in fiction (as, arguably, in all art) only by the persistent *backgrounding* of trivial modal transgressions which intermittently disrupt a sustaining field of deceptive familiarity<sup>50</sup>. Iser has argued that '[s]ince it is [the reader] who builds the illusions, he oscillates between involvement in and observation of those illusions; he opens himself to the unfamiliar world without being imprisoned in it' (Iser 1974: 286). I would speculatively propose, in a reprise of Lodge's theory of the Darwinian pragmatics of play, that the pleasure gained in art by the safe exposure to an 'unfamiliar world' is a reward attendant upon the neurological expansion of the brain. The affect of alterity determined in historical fiction (as in all disinhabiting art), therefore, might have some evolutionary correlate. This conjecture upon the surprising utility of aesthetics will lead me at last to answer, albeit tentatively, the question I posed before: what, uniquely, is the affective tenor of 'history' in 'historical fiction'? I will locate it, not in populist or formulaic narrative, but in those works that determinedly seek to induce an effect of 'otherness'. And I shall suggest, provocatively, that it is a higher and subtler harmonic of 'horror', of peril deferred, where the intended response to alterity is enchantment rather than,

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<sup>48</sup> The opening words of *The Go Between*, L.P. Hartley, 1953.

<sup>49</sup> The somatic response of exposure to alterity is perhaps the one inarguably common denominator in trans-temporal sensibilities. Jacobethans had their own collisions with alterity: the 'goblin in the cradle' of a deformed birth, the sudden apparition on the street of a blackamoor, the fearful portent of a double sun, and so forth. While we cannot replicate their precise nuances of distress, we *can* feel - from the familiarising frame of our four centuries' perspective - a frisson of startled incomprehension that such totems should have distressed them. That moment of strangeness, the collision of their conceptual frames and ours, is itself a locus of alterity.

<sup>50</sup> The uncanny, in art as in empiric experience, can be at its most fearful when at its most seemingly inconsequential. Pepys notes: 'I stood writing of this day its passages - while a drum came by, beating of a strange manner of beat, now and then a single stroke; which my wife and I wondered at, what the meaning of it should be' (*The Shorter Pepys*, 4-7 February 1660; Latham, 1993: 13). What is invisible must be deemed risible, or dismissible, lest it prove terrible. Dismissively, Pepys simply went to sleep.

as in prototypical Gothic fiction like Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) or in such seminal psycho-mysteries as James's *The Turn of the Screw* (1898), creeping somatic fear<sup>51</sup>.

Thus, the affective alterity of my novel is intended to lie, not in the material props of its setting (familiar to any *habitué* of the Jacobethan), but primarily in the horrific exotica of Hippo's mind itself, only fitfully and obliquely glimpsed. In a landscape so alien, any alterity incidentally evoked by the grotesquerie of the incidents he or Mercer observes is merely a backdrop. Hippo is a man who - if 'real' - would have been deemed eerily eccentric in his 'facinorous monstrosities' (284) even by his contemporaries. In fact, putatively, he is. Abell is 'all a-tremble' upon Hippo's appearance from the shadows (6); upon Hippo's visiting the famine village '[d]isturbingly, some men shrink at my approach' (39). Like his thanatophilic contemporary John Donne, he is perversely prone to discern 'the dung below the rose, the ugly skull beneath the maiden's blush' (136). As I will detail in Chapter III, his morbid sensibility is a *mundus inversus* of the normative values of any era, or at least of those since the 15<sup>th</sup> century. Around the 'foreign country' of Hippo's mind, I array motifs or incidents that may likewise seem *outré* to the 21<sup>st</sup> century reader but which, to the two focalisers Hippo and Mercer, appear quite normative in their Jacobean context. To cite merely a few random examples: the Swan tavern has a giant apple tree growing *within* it, and bacon flitches being cured by tobacco smoke in its eaves, and a marmoset as a house pet, and a human brain (ostensibly that of Hamlet) pickled above its door. At the Dorton fair, a finambulator wears a glass goldfish bowl for a leg, Hippo adjusts the sundial on his watch, men race snails, someone eats beer bottles, and fashionable ladies dress their hair with urine (lotium water). Hippo's Monstrarium is a *tour de farce* of emblems of grotesquerie: nothing in it appears to be mundane apart from the dust. Hippo's joke upon Shipwash, of course, is that *everything* in the Monstrarium is mundane. My own joke upon the reader is that even the unlikeliest of the occurrences cited above, and innumerable others to be found in my novel, were also mundane at the time, or not unduly remarkable.

In casting Hippo as my principal focaliser, an alien mind in a world itself made alien to the reader by four centuries of change, of course, I risked making him inaccessibly repugnant to the reader<sup>52</sup>. By the process that Henry James called 'the terrible fluidity of self-revelation'

<sup>51</sup> This affect of enchantment should not be confused with the Burkean sublime. 'Whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain, and danger ... whatever is in any sort terrible ... is a source of the *sublime*' (Burke 1757, 1968). Conversely, I suggest that the sublimity of awe and wonder, if proceeding from the emotion of fear, is an affect appreciable only when it has become totally naturalised within the observer's cognitive frame. The Burkean sublime is not normally associated with the reader's first perception of alterity or unassimilated Otherness when he encounters it in, say, the bizarreries of Nash's *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1594). 'Fascinated disquiet' might be a more accurate description.

<sup>52</sup> A damaged soul always makes for a perilous focaliser. For example, in her historical novel *Restoration* (1989), Rose Tremain renders her protagonist Robert Merivel so unpleasantly alien at the outset that reviewers are divided over whether his grotesqueness commands the reader's sympathy or

(cited in Hoover 2004: 111), the first ingenuous focaliser that a reader encounters in a narrative tends to become the enduring perspective from which he then composes the story<sup>53</sup>. Lest the reader be prematurely disenchanted, therefore, I quickly introduced Mercer as an alternating focaliser: a man proudly 'modern', drolly self-ridiculing and sane in his mind-set. Not only does he present a dialectical opposition to Hippo's oddities, like Sancho to Don Quixote, but I hoped that he would also serve as a normalising foil to the novel's intended tenor of disquieting alterity. Just as Shakespeare achieved instant alterity by staging every single one of his canonical plays outside of Elizabethan or Jacobean England (Nicholl 2007: 192), I often expediently sought to cue this tenor of disquietude with bizarre settings. Hippo and Jerome enter the Swan 'through a scuffle of orange peel and walnut shells' (86) amid 'two-and-twenty stinks' which Hippo pedantically annotates. Dorton fair is a congeries of achronal jokes and reified nursery tales. 'A mouse with a black face, white pointed nose and giant paper ears flexes a mighty tail' (153); 'a large man-chicken, on stilts ... appears eager to cross the road' (154); etc. The king's chamber in the queen's pavilion 'is thick with musk and hung with massy crimson flags. The very air glows red'. The ominous and uncanny portal quickly becomes Hellmouth itself, 'the flames of a fiery pit', wherein the aged potboy is transformed, as if diabolically, into a kung-fu adept. 'Within the inferno, gleeful, did a cinder leap' (191). To assimilate the surreal scene that ensues, Hippo retreats, as he did in the famine market, into a fugue-like state articulated by similes of Nashian hyperbole: 'slick enough I saw about me soon an eye pop out and dangle on a cheek like a vasty Kentish oyster', etc (191)<sup>54</sup>. Such kitchen analogies, jarring in their incongruity, further typify Hippo's description of his encounter with the king's body: 'It rests, aromatic, like the broken macaroon in a syllabub, upon a cake of black and jellied blood', etc (264). They also epitomise his disgusted response to Theobalds. Its 'very face of decadence' (263) is symbolised in its effeminate furniture: 'chairs themselves no more than thin-spun sugar, and chair legs fragile like a garlic scape in spring' (262). With equal nausea, Hippo imagines that the crone in the spa pool will be 'redressed, garnished, gravied in brandy and plattered forth refreshed before the company like a banquet capon' (161). By such culinary tropes, Hippo's sensibility copes with outrage by relocating it to a field of comforting banality.

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forfeits it entirely, plus the reader's collusion with her story thereafter. 'Knowing him intimately is a curiously uncomfortable, even disorienting, experience' (Rozett 2003: 39).

<sup>53</sup> 'Information and attitudes presented at an early stage of the text tend to encourage the reader to interpret everything in their light' (Rimmon-Kenan 1994: 120).

<sup>54</sup> A passage of comparable extravagance in Nash's *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1594) describes Jack Wilton's witness of a battle between the King of France and the Swizers: 'here the unwildie swizers wallowing in their gore, like an oxe in his dounge, there the sprightly French sprawling and turning on the stayned grasse, like a roache newe taken out of the stream, all the ground was strewed as thicke with battle axes, as the carpenters yard with chips'. There is a distinct prolepsis of such lexically manic slaughter in Friar John's 'sausage war' in Rabelais's *Pantagruel* (1532), Book 1, Chapter 27.

## Lexical alterity: the 'quondam leaps' of archaism

Just as the sheer idiolectal oddity of Hippo's (and Mercer's) expressive styles continually unbalances the reader (I trust), so the archaism of their vocabulary and syntax - inevitable in a work that authenticates its fictions with compulsive fidelity to the 'record', all the better to burlesque it - sustains a subsistent brogue of lexical alterity. I use language in my novel advisedly to reflect not only the plausible idiomatic community of the Jacobean period but also the alien cast of my characters' minds, which habitually organise meaning units into patterns unfamiliar, and therefore potentially disturbing, to the modern reader. Each archaism offers a little 'quondam leap' into an eldritch world. So my text abounds shamelessly with 'hard words' eg. 'Infatuated. Onsensible. Mind-spasmed' (26), 'flammeries, fricassees and farces' (33), 'A jack pudding. A zany. A wind-egg' (39), and so forth. Mercer and Jess, in particular, often use expressions that would have seemed, even in their own time, outlandish eg. Mercer: 'ye crapulent clog-faced coney-gulling clabber-skulled cow-firking cork-witted, [etc]' (126); or affectedly *revenant* eg. 'Sad foreswunke' (117), 'Oh, wailawai!' (145); or comically dialectal: eg. 'vor my Lord Egerton is regent hereunto' (88), 'thy new gaiters do zo become thee [etc]' (88)<sup>55</sup>. Nor does my work take any prisoners with syntax. For example, Hippo's lapidary reflections in Chapter 1, beginning 'Abell is a godly man' (5) relax into a pastiche of neo-Ciceronian rhetoric, their sentences balanced more or less exactly (*isocolon*) around the median syntagm 'So do I commend his thrift'. Hippo's habit *passim* of nesting clauses within clauses, and sometimes (like Russian dolls) in regressive parentheses - doubtless tiresome (as here) to the reader accustomed to the grammatical lucidity of populist modern prose - is a mirror of his self-punishing mind 'long grown by torment and by dole as brittle as a Sphinx' (116) which seeks to cage its demon memories in the incantatory rigour of classically predicated syntax. (I shall discuss rhetoric, ubiquitous in my novel as a paradigm of both dissimulation itself and of 'duplicity' as an axiom, arguably, of the Jacobethan ethos, more fully in Chapter III).

Cant of several sorts is foregrounded in my novel both to support the brogue of alterity and to parody the *misuse* of lexical difficulty (*pace* Jonson)<sup>56</sup>, as a perversion of the 'enchantment of obscurity' and a device of covert manipulation. Those who habitually use signifiers unfamiliar even in their own community, and so become suspected of an alien mentality (ie. of being over-determined in their Otherness), are typically either exiled from it by defensive laughter or, if totally opaque (yet undismissable, like the jail lecturers), are framed and tamed within it as Sybils. Cant, I would argue, is the Sybillic language of manipulative charlatans<sup>57</sup>. In the

<sup>55</sup> Jess speaks a gallimaufry of dialect, primarily Hertfordshire (see Ward 2003) but also the Somerset argot of Coulter in Brome's *Sparagus Garden* (1640) eg: 'that ich I would heare', etc (II.iii).

<sup>56</sup> At the end of *The Poetaster* (1601) - Jonson's jeremiad against such language-mangling 'poet apes' as Dekker and Marston - Crispinus is made to vomit a bowlful of his 'terrible windy words' (V.ii).

<sup>57</sup> 'Barthes's and Kristeva's lack of clarity is not a bone of contention but a badge of honor to them. They compose their texts with the intention of making communication difficult' (Irwin 2004: IV). It

semiotic pellucidity of his penthouse 'where truth may be spoken ... without distressing those without', Magnificus warns Quirk: 'Clear your mind of cant' (246), precisely as Johnson went on to chide Boswell (15 May 1783; Boswell, 1791, 1989: 1235). Mercer, whose own linguistic pretensions are a form of self-fashioning cant, evicts Iachimo and his diabolical heresies from the Swan with the lexical equivalent of Luther's shovel of dung<sup>58</sup> - a concatenation of Sybillic cant words, believably Jacobean but which I quarried out of modern academic journals: 'your paralogy is a contumelious ascesis of morological anomies, imbricated in a conflation of aporetic misprisions [etc]' (84)<sup>59</sup>. Cartophilus wields the cant of forensic Latin at his mock witch trial, with comparable purpose, to awe the lewd eg: 'those tests *praesumptio* and *probato...*'; 'the *indicia, signa, or vestigia* [etc]' (207). Likewise, Hippo exorcises a sham devil at Jess's witch trial with a sham exorcism by deploying the sham-ridden Latinisms of his own profession, mundane but richly evocative of alterity, taken from the *London Pharmacopoeia*: 'In nomine Byzantinus, et Corticum Citriorum, et Glycyrrhiza! [etc]' (213). I did not purpose that the Latinisms Hippo uses casually elsewhere<sup>60</sup>, all as opaque to his local community as to ours, should present him as being inherently a charlatan. (His puckish gulling of Abell, Fitz-Fitz, the Dorton rogues and the squint-eyed bawd, albeit without Latinisms, are defensible in their purpose). Nor did I seek to sneak in a gratuitous whiff of the Jacobean. (Eco suffused *The Name of the Rose* with Latin in order, he said, to provide a 'whiff of the Middle Ages' (Ketzan 2007)<sup>61</sup>). Instead, Latin was one further marker in my novel to an ethical game of difficulty. Difficulty would periodically remind the reader, I hoped, that the Jacobean was not - by the familiarising sleights of Gadzookery, expedient whiffs or the Fallacy of Presentism (Wakeling 1998: 25)<sup>62</sup> - merely modern England with peculiar habits, ruffs and an unplaceable regional accent. It was, I contend, a comprehensive mind-world, difficult of entry and accessible to us today, if at all, only by its recuperation in contemporary analogies, approximate at best.

Lexical difficulty is my principal device for relocating the reader in a frame of alterity by rendering his expected norms of language either unreliable or unfamiliar. Shklovskii in his 1917 essay described the affect of art as a defamiliarisation of the familiar, *ostranenie*, literally

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may be argued that their texts are lucid within their own idiom. However, the presuppositions that shape their idiom are wilfully obscurantist, in their rejection of the *doxa* of received linguistic forms.

<sup>58</sup> The favourite advice of the ever-scatological Martin Luther, for those beset by the devil's entreaties, was to invite the devil to eat a shovelful of dung (Oberman 1990: 77).

<sup>59</sup> In a similar style, Thomas Nash exorcised the stylistic pretensions of Cambridge fellow Gabriel Harvey with 49,000 words of merciless lampoonery in *Have With You to Saffron Walden* (1596) eg. 'both in ambidexterity and omnidexterity, together with matters adiaphoral, have I disbalassed my mind ... to acquaint the world with my pregnant propositions and resolute aphorisms' (20).

<sup>60</sup> For example, '*pro bono vicus*' (87), '*Credo quia absurdum est!*' (147), '*Carpe diem!*' (294), etc.

<sup>61</sup> In a Slavic translation of the novel, ancient ecclesiastical Slavonic was substituted for Latin to give a comparable fragrance of antiquity (*ibid*).

<sup>62</sup> Robert Graves has been accused of succumbing to this fallacy, ie. the representation of the past as a thinly disguised idiom of the present, in his historical novel *I, Claudius* (1934). 'In answer to the question of what the emperor Claudius was "like", [Graves] represents him as a sensitive modern or near-modern Englishman, somewhat Oxford or Cambridge in style' (Furbank 2006: 101). Yet the 'true' Claudius, in the account of Suetonius, was a near-imbecilic sot.

'making strange'. It removes the object from its normal perceptive field. It makes it 'new'. (It is incidentally interesting that, although Romantics such as Wordsworth sacralised 'freshness' in art<sup>63</sup>, and it has become an imperative of modern aesthetics<sup>64</sup>, 'newness' became valued in English culture only from around the turn of the 17<sup>th</sup> century<sup>65</sup>.) 'The device of art is the device of "defamiliarization" of objects and the device of *form made difficult* [my italics]' (Holub 1984: 18)<sup>66</sup>. In Fokkema's translation, this becomes "'the device of the *impeded form*" [my italics]' (Fokkema 1982: 64). For defamiliarisation to occur, the object of perception must be selectively framed to force a new perspective. The epiphoric form, thus reformed, is made 'difficult' and the newly focusing observer endows it with indeterminable diaphors of his own creation. I remember visiting an art gallery which demonstrated this alchemical sleight - the master ruse of art - by hanging an empty frame against a plain brick wall. Thereupon, the familiar bricks, reframed, became objects of numinous wonder. In my novel, the transmuting frame is initially defined by the perceived 'difficulty' - or 'impeded form' - of my language. So, I hoped, the reader - duly impeded and diligently re-focusing his perspective within my frame of 'hard words' and period syntax - might eventually discover and enjoy, neither my mind-world nor that of the Jacobean (both irrecoverable), but the hypogram<sup>67</sup> he himself creates when decrypting the text's, confessedly over-determined, linguistic polyvalence.

While I hope the reader will experience an affect of alterity, alterity - as the 'state of being other' (OED) - is that which, although experientially perceptible, cannot be understood cognitively *as it is*. The observer is himself implicit in the conception of an alteric object. Patterson notes: '[t]o define understanding as the observation of otherness is to assume that the self that does the observing need hardly be taken into account' (Patterson 1990: 103). To apprehend the alien object, cognitively, the reader must render it congruent with his preexisting paradigms<sup>68</sup>. Nor can the reader (or author) access or annul these paradigms: a

<sup>63</sup> Wordsworth hinted at *ostranenie* a century before Shklovskii: 'Ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect' (cited in Riffaterre 1984: 152).

<sup>64</sup> For Iser, 'familiar territory is "interesting" only because "it is to lead in an unfamiliar direction"' (Holub 1984: 99). Or, as Calvino put it: 'For the new you seek in the not new and for the not new you seek in the new' (Calvino, *If On A Winter's Night A Traveller* 1979: 6).

<sup>65</sup> In Jonson's *The Staple of News* (1626), Pennyboy Junior confirmed that any 'news' howsoever specious had, by the 1620s, become a desirable commodity and, if printed, it attained the authority once accorded to holy writ. 'The very printing of [opinions] makes them news,/That ha' not the heart to believe anything/But what they see in print' (l.v.52-55). That such a seeming reversal of the medieval distrust of novelty was a recent trend at the cusp of the 16<sup>th</sup>/17<sup>th</sup> centuries is suggested by Nash's lampoon of 'the new' in *Pierce Penilesse* (1592): 'Newe Herrings, new, wee must crye, every time wee make our selves publique, or else we shall be christened with a hundred newe tytles of Idiotisme'.

<sup>66</sup> Lodge would reductively define defamiliarisation as 'another word for "originality"' (Lodge 1992: 55). In fact, I understand Shklovskii's concept as not 'originality' in the modern sense at all, ie. the creation of a new thing. Instead, it is 'originality' in the Jacobethan sense ie. as a *reversion* of a thing *ad origine* to the freshness of its primal Edenic moment when Adam first perceived it.

<sup>67</sup> Riffaterre defines a hypogram as occurring when 'a deictic sign points to a latent text, to a hypogram underneath the text, as it were, and from this the text draws its significance' (Riffaterre 1983: 13).

<sup>68</sup> 'We have always represented the unknown in the figure of what was known to us' (Fontenelle, 1825, cited by Paulson 1989: 291).



man cannot see his own eyes<sup>69</sup>. This is the enduring difficulty (or, some like Steiner below might argue, despair) at the heart of hermeneutics. As Clark explains: 'The hermeneutician ... makes understandable that which is not understood, that which is *no longer* understandable. This occurs when in place of the word which is no longer understood, he puts another which belongs to the stage of the language of his readers' (Clark 1980: 21). Thus, only the first perception of alienness, unmediated by explication, can be 'alien'. Thereafter, '[t]o name that which is different is to create an arbitrary link between the unknown object and known language ... To speak of the other is to make metaphors' (Stock 1994: 66). Alterity, once it is defined in 'known language', ceases to be alterity.

So, to present the anomic Magnificus as a creature alien and larger than life, materially and in semantic density, I had Hippo exclaim: 'If my metaphors now be wild and mixed, so to that degree is my description true, for the creature confounds all genealogy' (245). Only by the definitions implicit in frantic metaphor can Hippo subsume within his own cognitive frame an elemental principle which - in its dyadic counterpoint with the god-like Frank, its attendance by magic butterflies, and its ontological ambiguity as vice-*seigneur* of the jail (*qua* world) - is supra-human in its allegorical and anagogical intimations. By naming an entity - supposedly so inhuman as to have no self-perception or word for 'I' - in bucolic metaphors, Hippo frames and tames the 'other' within a human epistemology. Similarly, to accommodate the (to him) frightening Hippo comfortably within his own world-view, Abell fits upon him several trial frames: 'good doctor ... philosopher ... geomancer ... infidel' (7, *et seq*). He tries to pin him to a recognised ideology: 'Then you are a Mennonite ... Anabaptist ... Socinian ... a follower of Lucianism, Pyrrhonism, or ... Antinomianism?' (10). Hippo takes pity on him and confesses to being an Aretinist. Acknowledging at last a label and a man that he can understand, albeit both outrageous, Abell crosses himself - the gesture being a symbolic nullification, a 'crossing out', of perceptual alterity. At the Swan, the revellers seek to tame Ioachim's heresies within the defining frames of 'Sedition', 'Blasphemy!', 'Bogomilia?' (84). The monstrosity of the two-headed pig is reframed as an 'adynaton', and then familiarised as Mercer's miscegenated progeny, and at last it is literally reframed, in a hat, and politically contained in the name of 'Buckingham' (80).

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<sup>69</sup> This is a familiar problem for any author or artist who would create affects of 'otherness'. Composing necessarily within his own mind which is not, to him, 'other' he cannot perceive alterity in his own work or know if and when he has attained it. Doubtless, Ackroyd was himself unable to apprehend the disquieting affects he undeniably achieved in *The House of Dr Dee*, for example, in the surreal brothel episode (p. 120). As Alejo Carpentier notes, a Surrealist painter, himself sane, must strain to create alterity from a normative modality (cited in Zamora 1995: 103). Only a mind inherently distorted by non-consentient paradigms, like Van Gogh's or Blake's, will unconsciously convey a consistent impression of alterity; but, equally, it is unlikely that such a mind will perceive it as alteric. Even when an alteric affect is momentarily created by aleatory text, such as the 'cut up' conjury of Burroughs's *Nova Express* (1963), the patterning mind can be said to naturalise the text during the reading process within the cognitive paradigms of the reader.

To name an object is to exert a shamanic control over it<sup>70</sup>. Bruns cites Hegel's observation that '[t]he first act by which Adam made himself master of the animals was to impose a name on them' (Bruns 1970: 821). Abell, who has seemingly lost the mastery of his horse to the devil, has always assumed that 'beasts have no names' (11). Hippo exerts his Adamic control over the horse (and the chaos implied by its demonic possession), by naming it: 'sweet beast'. In acknowledgement, the horse 'rolls an intelligent eye' (12). As Vance suggests, for medieval poets, the structure of poetry mimicked the divine order, so the shaman-poet *created* narrative events, and exerted control over them, as much as he passively recorded them (Vance 1979). When Buckingham confirms Jess as a Beaufort, in an hieratic ritual of obeisance - '[h]e lays the scabbard humble at her feet' (219) - the power of her numinous name creates an event. It compels the villagers, who were ready to hang her as a witch only moments before, to revere her as a queen.

To name is to create a protective frame of control. In the Jacobethan and earlier eras, a concept that had no name, being beyond the pale of human understanding and control, was terrible. Middleton has Hippolito sorrow 'What has she done to her?/ 'Tis beyond sorcery this .../Some art that has no name' (*Women Beware Women*, II.i.233)<sup>71</sup>. In country parts, the devil was - in the frightened words of Margerie Felde at Jess's trial: '*He* who cannot be named' (205). When the preacher Raffe Prettyjohn is arrested, the sheriff accuses him of 'a crime without a name' (183)<sup>72</sup>. The jail lecturer Bernhard Altos (an anagram of Roland Barthes) is 'a living master of every art without a name' (242). As a hierophant of that which, being outside the hegemony of received significations, is literally unnameable, he is quarantined - along with his fellow subversives - in the diabolically 'sinister' Left Wing (Fr: *aile sinistre*) and regarded as insane.

### To name is to frame is to tame

The hieratic theatre of exorcism is a master emblem in my novel of the precept 'to name is to frame is to tame'<sup>73</sup>. (Whitehead called it 'the Fallacy of Misplaced Concreteness' (Whitehead 1925: 75).) Greenblatt has argued: '[t]he significance of exorcism ... lies not in any intrinsic quality of the ritual or in the character of the marks of possession but in the impression made upon the minds of the spectators ... The only serious action is transpiring in the minds of the

<sup>70</sup> Empson also implies that to name, and thus frame, a man is to diminish with laughter the threat inherent in the Other: '[in] the Comedy of Manners ... one belittles a man merely by classifying him' (Empson 1951, 1989: 85).

<sup>71</sup> Likewise, Macbeth recoils from the witches engaged in 'A deed without a name' (*Macbeth*, IV.i.49). 'Language exists to protect us from what is unnamed' (Bruns 1979: 125).

<sup>72</sup> Ironically, his moral crime - unbeknown to the sheriff - is not that he is a Familist (he assumes the role solely for expedience) but that he is a charlatan ie. a name without intrinsic substance. ('Prettyjohn' is a 13<sup>th</sup> century corruption of 'Prester John', an apocryphal priest-king of similarly dubious ontology (Reaney 1967: 12).)

<sup>73</sup> 'To classify, some [early Greek philosophers] believed, was to name, and the name of a thing was its soul, its essence. Therefore to know the name was to have power over souls' (Chase 1938: 144).

audience ... What seems spontaneous is in fact carefully scripted, from the shaping of audience expectations to the rehearsal of the performance' (Greenblatt 1988: 101). Just as the courtroom dialectic, parodied by the flyting match in the tavern, demonstrates the fateful power of words in the material world, so Hippo's three mock exorcisms - each likewise parodic of the other - illustrate the supposed shamanic influence of words, and especially names, in realms immaterial. Hippo's first exorcism of the horse using the conventional Latin rite fails. His second succeeds, upon a physical 'devil', by abandoning words for 'engines' similarly physical - cabbages, leeks and garlic<sup>74</sup>. His third sham exorcism of the boy frames the imaginary devil in a formula of Latinate names of wholly imagined potency nonetheless made perlocutive by their inscrutability. As theatrical framing endows cabbage ('rubbish') and its cognates with the apparent power to exorcise nonsense so does it grant perlocutive effect to lexical nonsense in banishing the very material peril of a hanging.

If, as I have suggested, Otherness must be framed, ie. made other than itself, before it can be suggestively composed by an author or apprehended by a reader, then both author and reader will - if engaging with a text that foregrounds 'otherness' - topple unwittingly but unavoidably into the entropic tyranny of the hermeneutic circle<sup>75</sup>. The author (encoder) of a text putatively historical can embed it with significances taken only from his own idiolect, itself derived primarily from the aggregate idiolects (culture) of his own era. Given, as I have proposed, that the reader (decoder) of a text genuinely historical must encode the signifieds he derives with the significations that he has brought to them, he may - lacking the ur-paradigms - remain oblivious to many signifieds intended by the original encoder or latent in the encoder's milieu. This is amusingly demonstrated in *The Art of Love*. Ovid gives lucid advice, to a woman who seeks to dupe her husband when pursuing a lover, that would not be out of place in a tabloid agony column. Then he suggests that she 'call for her slave girl', as if she were a carriage, then smuggle out a message to her lover written on the slave's naked back: 'your go-between offers her back as paper, and takes your words on her flesh' (Bk III,

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<sup>74</sup> Each of these vegetables is spectacularly rich in sulphur ie. brimstone, the smell of the pit. The devil in folklore is allegedly repulsed by his own smell. This may explain the reputation of garlic as a vampire deterrent and, as Hippo explained to Shipwash (200), the efficacy of Martin Luther's repulsion of the devil by offering it, apocryphally, a shovelful of dung. Hippo's second exorcism was therefore rigorously congruent with the medieval doctrine of correspondences. That the modern reader is wholly unlikely to perceive this hypogram, so perverse, is yet another of the author's *plaisanteries*.

<sup>75</sup> I would define the hermeneutic circle as a recursive oscillation of the interpretative viewpoint: in Ricoeur's words, 'the reciprocity between *text*-interpretation and *self*-interpretation' (Ricoeur 1974: 95). Put more simply, the hermeneuticist - in seeking to translate an arcane historical work which is no longer understandable within modern cultural paradigms - can extract from its cognitive field only what his modern paradigm allows him to put in. Hence, by an elision of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Law of Thermodynamics, 'entropic' tyranny. This is not the case when, for example, seeking to decipher a modern text that has been deliberately encoded, as decoder and encoder can be assumed to share comparable cultural paradigms (Singh 1999: 30, *et seq*). My interpretation of the hermeneutic circle is a revision of Heidegger's conceptualisation of it as a *faux* paradox: the whole of a notional entity, he argued, cannot be understood except by reference to its parts which cannot be understood until the whole is comprehended (Heidegger 1927). Gadamer later refuted this implication of 'paradox', proposing a definition comparable with my own (Gadamer 1975).

Pt xv). Suddenly, we have lost the paradigm. As Robert Darnton points out, '[d]espite its air of beguiling contemporaneity, *The Art of Love* catapults us into a world we can barely imagine' (cited in Burke 1991: 140). We might then wonder if, by applying modern paradigms, we have entirely misread the lines we thought we had previously understood. No less of a problem faces the reader who would engage with the Jacobethan (or any other distant historical) era. Milne argues that it is pointless trying to understand the, to us, unnatural bestialities of Jacobethan consciousness (Milne 1998)<sup>76</sup>. For example, I have Buckingham collapse into laughter upon Sogwit's revelation that he has taken 'above four times' the slaves out of the Levant since he switched to the square-rigged ship. But Hippo's response, '[s]o did many a jest upon that day pass all common understanding' (292), is double-coded. The reader who, applying modern paradigms, detects in Hippo an anachronistic twinge of humanistic repugnance has misread him, and the era. Slavery was a 'given' in the time, as acceptable as bear-baiting<sup>77</sup>. Hippo's bemusement arose because he could not bring himself to believe that the all-powerful Buckingham had sequestered the ships of the East Indies Company, a monstrous disruption of trade to cash-strapped England, upon Sogwit's mere request. (That the reader is unlikely to detect this hypogram, as obscure as that of the sulphurous implications of cabbages, is yet another of my cryptic authorial jests.)

Kegan Gardiner suggests 'we don't understand the code to make Elizabethan psychology as filtered through a literary text intelligible ... We cannot explain Elizabethan literature by an appeal to Elizabethan psychology unless we understand Elizabethan psychology, and that is still difficult' (Kegan Gardiner 1977: 388). In fact, I would contend it is impossible. As Maus observes: '[t]o my literate but unlearned undergraduates, the knowing, self-delighted villainy of a Richard III or a Volpone often seems psychologically "unrealistic": they find the nature of such characters' transgressive pleasure virtually incomprehensible' (Maus 1995: 213)<sup>78</sup>.

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<sup>76</sup> A flavour of this sensibility can be had from jest books of the period. 'Comic beatings were the very stuff of late medieval and early Renaissance jesting ... A fair sample of the quality of *fabliau* hilarity is this: "They beat him so much.../That they broke his back./With their sticks and feet and hands/They gave him more than thirty wounds"' (Woodbridge 2003: 208). Many Tudor jokes - similarly rich in humiliations and 'comic' beatings - were still being recycled and presumably enjoyed in the early 17<sup>th</sup> century, for example, in Tarlton's *Jest Book*, republished as late as 1638.

<sup>77</sup> 'The emergence of humanitarian sensibility ... was a gradual process that was only beginning in the mid-eighteenth century' (Dickie 2003: 18). Thus, to refigure *The Tempest* as Shakespeare's proleptic musings upon the ethics of slavery, a thesis that has been irresistible to postcolonial critics (see Schneider 2004), would be to fall into the Adaptive Fallacy. Skinner has proposed, as the first rule of interpretation: 'focus not just on the text to be interpreted, but on *the prevailing conventions* governing the treatment of the issues or themes with which that text is concerned [my italics]' (Skinner 1972: 406).

<sup>78</sup> The students' incredulity perhaps derived, not from the behaviour itself, but from their finding it canonised in a classical text. 'Psychopathic' behaviour can be noted in every generation and modern newspaper but it is only recently that it has been named and framed by forensic psychiatry as being 'outside the canon' of normative humanity. Conversely, Shakespeare, Jonson and their contemporaries were more likely to locate it as an extreme position within the frames of comprehensible nature and normality. '[In *Tamburlaine*], dramatisation of history as evil recoils from the realisation that there is no evil in nature' (Milne 1998: 9). In 1635, Sir Thomas Browne observed: '[t]here are no grotesques in nature' (*Religio Medici*, Sect. 15).

Indeed, Milne would abandon the attempt to reframe historical sensibilities within any modern paradigms assumed to be analogous: '[r]ather than rethinking such history in "our" own natural interests, such documents might be blasted out of their continuity and given a sense of *unrelenting strangeness* rather than strained relevance [my italics]' (Milne 1998: 10). We can recover neither every nuance of what was intended by an author in the historical past, nor the local signifieds, modulated by their web of related signifieds, both acknowledged and suppressed, that were momentarily apprehended by his contemporaries. 'We cannot learn from [primary texts] either what point a given expression might have had for the agents who used it, or what range of uses the expression itself could sustain. And it follows ... we can never really grasp from such a history what meanings the given expression may have had' (McLuhan 1971: 38)<sup>79</sup>. Confronted by such difficulties, Henry James threw in the towel. He 'disapproved of the historical novel as a genre, on the grounds that it was impossible to reconstruct life as actually experienced by people in the past' (Lodge 2002: 50).

While (unlike James) I approve of the historical novel, I likewise acknowledge that - howsoever assiduously researched - it can never be other than a speculum held against one historical object, its author's mind. So I expected that the modern reader would not fully understand the nausea that drove Hippo to bury his wife, a suicide, so grotesquely beneath the floor of his study. Nor, in postulating it from the noetic frame of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, could I say that I understood it myself. It is not sufficient to note, historiographically, that suicide was deemed in the era a crime more heinous even than treason: "an offence against God, against the king, and against Nature" (Michael Dalton, 1626, cited by MacDonald 1986: 53). Hippo's discovery of the self-murder of his beloved wife, his conjugal angel, '[w]e were like unto twin souls' (274), damned eternally (in his imagination) by his own neglect, would have thrust him into a *mêlée* of personal grief, social shame and spiritual guilt incomprehensible to any modern gloss or reader. In seeing everywhere in the world thereafter, 'the ugly skull beneath the maiden's blush' (136), he saw reflected in the world the face of an infamy, his own, wholly unimaginable to the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

### **The hermeneutic circle and the recuperation of alterity**

Of course, the seeming impossibility of recuperating in its entirety any historical sensibility is merely a sub-set of the general difficulty of apprehending any sensibility other than one's own,

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<sup>79</sup> Similar lamentations abound among critics upon the, variously expressed, 'impossibility' of recuperating the more obscure affectivities of historic literary texts. For example: 'The world of Greek romances is an abstract-alien world ... one utterly and exclusively other, since the native world from which the author came and from which he is now watching [sic] is nowhere to be found in it' (Bakhtin 1981: 101); 'Historical critics who were able to observe what was imagined by one of Milton's contemporaries as he read *Paradise Lost* would ... be astonished at the ways in which it differed from their own imaginings' (de J. Jackson 1989: 76); 'We are, in the main, "word-blind" to Pre-Raphaelite and Decadent verse' (Steiner 1975: 15); 'No modern reader can weep his way through the six volumes of *La Nouvelle Heloise* as his predecessors did two centuries ago' (Burke 1991: 142); *et alia*.

or even of one's own after a life-changing experience or the long passage of time. George would claim: 'our idiolects ... so vary with the present moment, audience and speaker that no two people are likely to share an idiolect and ... at no two times is an individual likely to have the same idiolect'; and 'these features of idiolects do make it impossible for us to identify them with the commonsense notion of language as something relatively stable and shared' (George 1990: 277, 282)<sup>80</sup>. Steiner would robustly agree, that 'no complete, verifiable act of communication is ... possible. All discourse is fundamentally monadic or idiolectic. This was a shopworn paradox long before Schleiermacher investigated the meaning of meaning in his *Hermeneutik*' (Steiner 1975: 263). Of course, not everyone would agree with Steiner's monadic assertion. However, let us grant that a perfect act of human communication is impossible<sup>81</sup> between idiolects thus supposed so private as to verge on solipsism. Even so, an author of an historical (or any) novel must retreat into pragmatics and take comfort from Sir Walter Scott: "[o]ur ancestors were not more distinct from us, surely, than Jews are from Christians ... The tenor of their affections and feelings must have borne the same general proportion to our own' (*Ivanhoe*: 19)<sup>82</sup>. As I have suggested earlier with my references to Jacobethan psychology, Scott's credo - the optimistic voice of historicism - may be demonstrably untrue<sup>83</sup>, but the author must accept it as a working solecism and, to get his novel done, resignedly agree with Hippo (and Tertullian) '*Credo quia absurdum est*' (181)<sup>84</sup>.

For the author of a 'pure' work of historical fiction - ie. one that seeks to evoke not only a suasive 'presence' of the past but also a profound tenor of its 'otherness' - the initial dilemma is: how can a chimaeric play-world, located in a period which is linguistically remote, be made accessible to a modern reader, using words the reader will understand?<sup>85</sup> The tokenism of the swashbuckler, with its random dispersion of 'Gadzooks', clearly will not do. It would return us

<sup>80</sup> Culler has contested, unconvincingly, any such resignation to linguistic self-immurement: 'our experience as individual is social to its roots; for there can be no such thing as a private language, and to imagine a language is to imagine a whole form of social life' (cited in Wandor 2008: 169). True, nobody who uses language consentially understandable can be convicted of employing a 'private language' but Sybillic philosophers and young children may be said to be, at the very least, idioglossic.

<sup>81</sup> In George's contention, '[e]ven telepathy would not suffice unless the full connative and emotional nuances of the speaker's utterance were also conveyed; nor would the recipient "copy" them, once distorted by his perception' (George 1990: 277).

<sup>82</sup> Dr Johnson comparably remarked upon the generality of human nature and of the perdurability of universals which, while not communicating their original conception, sufficiently renew their referents with each generation to be affective: 'Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of a general nature' (*Preface to Shakespeare*, 1765).

<sup>83</sup> Hirsch would remind us that, just as the sensibilities of our ancestors were not homologous with ours, so: '[w]riter and reader [in different eras] do *not* share a common human nature. They are not "connatural", because they are not "constituted" by the same historical milieu' (Hirsch 1994: 212).

<sup>84</sup> In fact, this is a misquotation of Tertullian's *De carne Christi*, 5.4: '*Credibile est, quia ineptum est*' ('It is credible, because it is foolishly improbable'). Tertullian's contention is not, in fact, absurd. It is merely a summation, admittedly dragged out of context, of one novelistic strategy for authenticating a fictive work. 'Real' life being full of foolish improbabilities, a foolish tale might well, like an urban myth, have a perverse ring of truth about it.

<sup>85</sup> Cowell epitomises the dilemma of the historical novelist: 'I wanted to get the feeling of Elizabethan speech, and yet on the other hand, I wanted people to know what I was talking about' (Stephanie Cowell, author of *Nicholas Cooke: Actor, Soldier, Physician, Priest*, 1993, cited by Rozett 1995: 227).

to the Fallacy of Presentism: '[Bulwer Lytton's] Romans, medieval Italians and medieval Englishmen are [linguistically] almost indistinguishable from each other' (Fleishman 1971: 34). To write, as Bulwer Lytton once did (and many modern authors of historical fiction still do), in a neutral register of contemporary English, trying only and with sometimes indifferent success to avoid linguistic howlers<sup>86</sup>, is to lazily abandon the rich palette of period language for the chiaroscuro of journalism. 'To modernize everything is to lose a certain richness - an orthographic brogue intrinsic to the period' (Nicholl 2007: xvii). But even more perilous than banality is its converse: the pedantic authenticity of a pastiche unappealing to all but scholars, such as Pynchon's formidable *Mason & Dixon* (1997) and Ackroyd's impenetrable *Hawksmoor* (1985). Nor, (pace the hermeneutic circle previously discussed), can the linguistic fidelity of such pastiches ever be mimetically authentic. As Furbank drily notes: '[i]f this [*faux* historical text] really were an ancient document, one would not be able to understand the narrator's assumptions or pick up his allusions' (Furbank 2006: 99). To be sure, an author like myself who strives to convey 'otherness' using artifices of 'impeded form' - much as Spenser did in the late 16<sup>th</sup> century using archaisms - must beg, at certain points in the narrative, considerable patience of his reader<sup>87</sup>. However, linguistic fidelity pressed to the point of opacity is clearly counterproductive. 'In attempting to avoid ... anachronism ... there is a danger of going to the other extreme and "defamiliarizing" the past so thoroughly that it becomes unintelligible' (Burke 1991:17).

A linguistic compromise, one that I adopted myself, is proposed by Rose Macaulay, whom I would regard as an early 'purist' in the genre. In the prologue to her novel of the English Civil War, *They Were Defeated* (1932), she says: 'I have done my best to make no person in this novel use in conversation any words, phrases, or idioms that were not demonstrably in use at the time in which they lived'. However, while this may insure against unwitting anachronism (and her simulation of 17<sup>th</sup> century dialogue is impeccable), it can offer in itself - as I have suggested - only a superficial forgery of mimesis. A compulsive trust in dictionary definitions, even those of specialist lexicons like Skeat, does little justice to a word's nuances as understood in the period<sup>88</sup>. To take a random instance, I use an archaism 'firk' in my novel. To

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<sup>86</sup> One example is *Katherine* by Anya Seton (1954), impeccable in its 14<sup>th</sup> century historiography, that (unavoidably) uses the lexemes, cadences and syntax of modern prose but often lapses into lexical anachronism. For example, in a random sample of some 5000 words (pp. 41-53), I noted 'scrawny' M19, 'coquetry' M17, 'chunky' M18, 'tawdry' L17, 'apoplectic' E17, and 'fiddlefaddle' L16. Granted, only a manic lexicographer would challenge such trivia, and it can be argued they are defensible within the achronal frame of the empirical author. However, Seton's use of the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century idiom 'such a mollycoddle' (p. 372) in 14<sup>th</sup> century *reported* speech - when both the currency then of 'molly' E18, and 'coddle' E19, and their concatenation are implausible - is an egregious howler.

<sup>87</sup> Spenser chided those who, upon hearing or reading 'an olde word albeit very naturall and significant', dismiss it as "'gibbrish'" ... [S]ouch ought to be ashamed in their own mother tonge straungers to be ranked and alienes' (cited by Ackroyd 2004: 211). I feel a certain sympathy with Spenser's tetchiness.

<sup>88</sup> Such trust is also unreliable in respect of dates. By my own chance discoveries, the OED dates 'fadoodle' as appearing first in 1670 but a variant appears in Middleton's *The Roaring Girl* (1611): 'Trapdoor. "'Tis fadoodling: if it please you"''; and the word 'suicide' is first dated to 1651, but Sir

apply it simply as a makeshift synonym for to 'dance about', 'cheat' or 'move briskly' (OED) would be to ignore its multiple other understandings in the Jacobethan. For example, in the name of the 'fine firking journeyman' Firk in *The Shoemaker's Holiday* (1600), and in his 'firking' behaviour, I thought I could further detect the embedded insinuations: to 'give the finger', 'swive', 'play the fool', 'look about in an agitated manner', etc. Some might have been my fancy, but they were richly suggested by their contexts, and so I used those significations in my novel<sup>89</sup>. Moreover, all might have been latently apparent (I thought) to a contemporary reader. (Likewise, I felt no shame in creating or rather re-inventing neologisms, unrecorded in the period, but almost certainly - I thought - used or understandable then. I detail some of these in Chapter IV.) Quoting Croce, Dixon notes 'when an author is writing in a dead language he inclines to see his craft in terms of manipulating words from outside rather than feeling them on his pulses' (Dixon 1971: 69). A pulse can be felt only in a living corpus, of course, and the precise affective tenor of any lexical corpus of the past is beyond resuscitation. However, playful conjectures as to how a word *might* have been used - orally if not textually - and received, in the largely indeterminable *langue* of a period provide, I contend, a more convincing forgery of a period's sensibility - its pulse - than can be achieved by any strict fidelity to a lexicon grounded in textual records<sup>90</sup>.

### Liminal language and alterity

My solution to the linguistic dilemma of the would-be 'purist' author was to create a 'liminal language', a Janus-like tongue, confessedly artificial by the perception of any period, grounded in the Jacobean era but extensible from the Jacobean, etymologically, into both its past and future<sup>91</sup>. I hoped that it would have been comprehensible in the Jacobean, albeit endowed with signifieds indeterminable. Above all, it needed to be accessible to a thoughtful reader today. Obviously, a liminal language - contrivedly idiolectal - was not a reader requirement. I imposed it upon myself. It was predicated by the structure of the language

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Thomas Browne uses the word in 1635 in *Religio Medici* ('the end and suicide of Cato', Sect. 44). Nor can records indicate the first oral use of a word: 'very many words must have been in spoken use for centuries before they were first written down - and even then the texts need to have survived into our times' (Gorlach 1991). But while '[dictionaries] can never guarantee that earlier uses did not exist' (Empson 1951, 1989: 115), the author is not exonerated from the test of plausibility.

<sup>89</sup> Respectively: '[s]he firks the sigil at me' (184); a 'cow-firking ... clench-poop cully' (126); 'coracles firk back and forth' (150); and 'I firk my eyes about me' (272).

<sup>90</sup> Few discourses in any period until recent times have been recorded, and such relatively few records as have survived from the Jacobethan (or from any era in the historic past) can hardly be regarded as representative of its every discourse, oral or textual. Moreover, 'documents are ripped out of their original context of purpose and function [by later commentators] ... to illustrate a pattern which might well not have been meaningful to any of their authors' (Lowenthal 1985: 217).

<sup>91</sup> Like Edmund Spenser, Chatterton invented a liminal language 'with which to restore the proximity as well as the mystery of the past' (Ackroyd 2004: 429). In his introduction to *Ivanhoe* (1819), Scott roundly admonished 'the unfortunate Chatterton': '[i]n order to give his language the appearance of antiquity, he rejected every word that was modern, and produced a dialect entirely different from any that had ever been spoken in Great Britain' (p 19). Ironically, Wordsworth - writing in the same decade in circa 1815 - praised Chatterton for the impeccable Anglo-Saxon credentials of his forgeries (Ackroyd 2004: 428).



game - intellectually enchanting to compose and (I trusted) challenging to read - that I proposed to play and live in personally for three years. My simplest device for making my liminal language and the elements that I describe below ('*liminoids*') comprehensible to the 21<sup>st</sup> century was no more than the trick of *copia*, of yoking an obscure word to a lucid modern equivalent where the sense was important. (Where the precise sense of a word was not important, I used archaisms advisedly - as I have already indicated - to evoke a frisson of impenetrable alterity.) Medieval *copia* was still necessary in the Jacobethan age of whimsical orthography to be sure of conveying a meaning. As Hippo explains: '[men did] perforce phrase all things thrice lest they be mistaken' (122). 'Elizabethans would not use one word where two would do: *copie* was their way of making sure they would be understood' (King 1941: 22). In Ackroyd's *The Clerkenwell Tales* (2004), which flaunts the language of the late 14<sup>th</sup> century, the sense is clear from either the context eg. 'chop-churches', 'queynte', 'wanhope' or, by the sleight of *copia* that I use myself, the linking of a word with a redundant alternative eg. 'a cancer or imposthume'. Comparable examples from my own novel include: '*Miserate!*' / 'Oh, pity me!' (14); '*skelderers*, ruffians and sturdy beggars' (18); '*skimmington* and the scorn of his neighbours' (26); '*Quid crimen?* What is the crime?' (97); "'What of my great scot at the inn?' .../... 'Your debts are not our concern.'" (184); 'Alice were a *chrysm child*. She died ere she could be baptised' (219) [*italics added*]; etc. Glossing a word at the outset by adjacency can also avoid the need for *copia* thereafter, for example: "'To the window!' ... He scampers painful to the lattice' (14). This permitted me to use 'lattice' thereafter, unglossed, as a synonym for 'window'. In the lexically inventive 16th century, pleonastic pairs (joined by 'and' or 'or') also served to elucidate a conscious neologism or inkhornism. 'Elyot deliberately made this a principle in *The Governor* (1531). Pleonastic pairs were normal, and only excessive use was deemed affected.' As an illustration of pleonasm, King adds: '[they were] "scorn'd and contemn'd"' (King 1941: 199). Elsewhere, I might gloss an unfamiliar term with an overt label: 'the fearsome breast plow, the blade that is pushed from the thighs' (18); 'those mercenary dogs of the court, the pursuivants' (22); etc. However, with my usual duplicity, I intended that the reader's attempt to decipher a term by context alone should sometimes deceive him. For example, Hippo is outraged at being supposed a 'hill-digger' (68). A primary meaning of hill-digger can be inferred by the context, ie: '[t]reasure was often thought to be hidden in primitive mounds or barrows' (Thomas 1991: 279). What cannot so easily be inferred is the word's pejorative connotation: 'a "hill digger" was a common term for a man on the make' (*ibid*: 280).

Apart from the enchantments of obscurity *per se*, the dominant aspect of my liminal or meta-language is the sustained presence in it of what might be termed '*diachronic polysemia*', otherwise known as 'false friends' (Crystal 2005: 79): words and phrases which, although unremarkable today, had radically different significance in the Jacobethan era. I thus attempted to sustain the narrative linguistically and simultaneously upon two temporal planes. 'False friends' offered me rich opportunities for irony. For example, Mercer finds Hippo

'revolving' in his study (115). The sense of 'revolving' that I use here (as in previous instances in the narrative (28) and (100)) is entirely Elizabethan, that of 'meditating', but the modern reader will ludicrously apply the modern meaning. However, when Felicity 'revolved' above the delighted wedding company (302), the primary sense intended is the modern sense ('rotated') but the secondary sense of 'meditated' is also ironically implied. When Hippo cries to Jerome 'oh futile father' (58) he means, at least primarily, 'oh loquacious father'. Mercer mourns that Hippo 'manures me with such wisdom' (60), intending primarily the Jacobean sense of 'he manages me', but the reader assumes that Mercer's sly scatological undertone is the surface meaning. Hippo complains to Richard 'what have you done to this silly man?' (301). Referring to Fitz-Fitz, a fool, Hippo implies both the modern and ancient sense of 'silly': a fool is both stupid and 'sele' (OE: blessed). (The same ambiguity is implicit in the preacher's promise to utter 'some silly words' (182).) Similar equivocation among 'false friends' can be detected in 'ingenuous'/'ingenious' (61)/(77), *et passim* (the words are etymologically distinct - *ingenuus/ingeniosus* - but were frequently confused in the period); and 'complementary' used, as it invariably was in the Jacobethan, for 'complimentary': eg. '[c]omplements of the parson' (96), 'complementary strawberries' (156) (the etymology of 'complimentary'/'complementary' is identical in *complementum*). Mercer finds Hippo 'glowering in a rhapsody of ruined paper' (123). 'The word 'rhapsody' at that time could mean, not only an epic poem (OED), but also a medley or 'stitching together of diverse material' (Rhodes 1980: 18). Of course, the reader is more likely to hear its modern sense of 'ecstatic exuberance' (OED), with its ironical implication of demented frustration.

Diachronic polysemia may be notably observed, in a ludic progression from past to present, in my use of the term 'sewer'. At its first occurrence, Margaret notes sagaciously: 'the Sewer hath a good diet' (167). This might appear to the modern reader as a wry aphorism unless he knows that the Chief Sewer was a nobleman entrusted with victualling the court (Tinniswood 2007: 15) and that 'diet' (LME) could mean 'wages' (OED). Margaret's intended meaning was therefore (uncharacteristically for her) literal. The bawds then employ the term in another common Jacobethan usage: 'Is that a sewer [waiter] I see before me?' (174). Finally, Buckingham uses the term in the modern sense (E17): 'the gossip of all palaces ends in the common sewer ... from which all courtiers feed' (230)<sup>92</sup>. (Copious further examples of my 'false friends' can be found in the novel.) I hoped that the astute reader would soon understand that the primary sense actually intended by a character in my narrative might be the sense only secondarily perceived by the reader. And vice versa. (So, for instance, 'awful' in my novel rarely means 'horrid', any more than 'horrid' necessarily means 'disgusting').

<sup>92</sup> Likewise, Quirk boasts of the jail's 'parabolics' mirror which flashes messages on the moon (253). The reader will interpret this prosaically as a 'curved' mirror. Yet parabolic in this sense is E18. The significance that Quirk intended was Jacobethan: 'parabolic' pertained to parables (OED). The reader might thus entirely miss the irony in Hippo's parabolical reply to Quirk, that lunatic messengers have 'always lied'.

Thus, like today's reader of Ovid's *Art of Love*, he possibly had not understood the entelechy of my text, at all<sup>93</sup>.

In the diachronic polysemia of many of my syntagms, the Jacobethan reader might (or so I imagined) have further perceived a strictly local irony, one that is irrecoverably denied to the modern reader. At the Dorton spa, Hippo walks through a copse of 'disappointed black mulberry trees' (185). If this conveys anything to today's reader, it might be that - by a transference of the Pathetic Fallacy - Hippo simply feels 'sad'. Yet the reference is literal. In 1606, James I granted a patent for the importation of white mulberry trees (*Morus alba*) from Virginia to promote the English silk industry (Hadfield 1960: 63). By a bureaucratic blunder, black mulberries (*Morus nigra*) were imported instead. Silkworms do not eat the leaves of *Morus nigra*. The trees might therefore be imagined to be thrice 'disappointed': rudely relocated from their native soil, unhappy that the silkworms disdained them, and disgusted by the entire foolish business. The English reader of 1623, still mindful of James's fiasco, and seeing imported mulberry trees abundant everywhere in England (as they still are), would probably have been aware of this triple irony<sup>94</sup>. Conversely, many ironies visible to the modern reader would have been lost on a Jacobethan. To give just one example from among several in my novel, Sogwit complains that his ancient family house has been 'whitewashed into a brothel' (49). Today's reader might find the reversal of the usual sense of 'whitewash', to describe the ruin of a reputation rather than its rehabilitation, an ironic drollery. However, I purposed that Sogwit should intend no such irony: brothels or 'trugging-houses' were indeed routinely whitewashed in this period, as an advertisement (Emerson 2002: 42). So he was saying no more than the literal truth. 'Irony consists in saying not the opposite of the truth but the opposite of what one presumes the interlocutor thinks is true ... irony becomes simply a lie when the addressee is not aware of the game' (Eco 2002: 233)<sup>95</sup>. The quintessential irony of my novel, the author's *jeu*, is that the average reader may remain entirely unaware of its

<sup>93</sup> Empson provides an interesting example from Chaucer's *Troilus & Criseyde* of the deceptive power of 'false friends': "every wight gan waxen for accesse/A leech anon" (11.1576). The modern sense is that every man wanted 'access' to a doctor; Chaucer's sense was that every man got a fever (accesse) so he wanted a doctor (Empson 1930, 1965: 68).

<sup>94</sup> A further example of subtextual irony - milieu-specific and invisible to the modern reader but highly significant in my narrative - occurs upon Jerome's transformation into Hippo's cook. '[H]e winks "'tis fun"' (34). The reader will hear the familiar modern sense of 'fun': 'it harmlessly amuses me' (E18), but Jerome is saying openly, in Jacobean usage: "'tis a deceptive trick' (L17). Hippo has long detected such dissimulation in Jerome's teasing, here and elsewhere: 'Oh, I smoke you, sir ... You are as subtle as a bishop's mace' (57). Jerome continually and flagrantly guys Hippo with such linguistic ambiguities as 'I have prepared for thee the humbles ... of a *rascal deer*' (young animal/dear scoundrel) (58); 'spring water ... chilled by Pluto's [ie. Satan's] own hand in caverns troglodytan', presented for Hippo's breakfast in a blasphemous travesty of the Mass; '*Whither goeth thee? Ho, he? ... Oh whither, strangeling, goeth ye?*' (where the 'thee' of friendship degrades proleptically into the impersonal 'ye') (34); and so forth. Such linguistic goading, opaque to today's reader but almost certainly apprehensible at the time, is at the heart of Hippo's uneasy relationship with the priest.

<sup>95</sup> I would further define 'poetic irony' as: the marked re-appearance of a prior significance, lexical or otherwise, in a new context that endows it, by the contraposition of perceptual frames, with a didactic or moral implication not present at its first appearance.

subtlest ironies. (I shall return to 'irony' itself - as one of the possible but not obligatory affects of parody, allusion and intertextuality - in Chapter V.)

It can be argued that 'all our words in common discourse are polysemic' (Ricoeur 1974: 99) but diachronic polysemia is a special case of syllepsis. It syncopates the reader between past and present sensibilities. I hoped that the process might create an 'aesthetic' affect, ie. one pleasurable in the affective collision of its abstractions, that was comparable to that of *The Ancient Mariner* (1798)<sup>96</sup>. '[Coleridge's] "Rime" cannot work if it does not contain words which the reader will associate with diverse historical periods. Attention has always been drawn to the archaic diction of the ballad, but equally important is the modern diction. "Bassoon" and "lighthouse" are seventeenth-century words, and their appearance in the text indicates (fictively, of course) "late interpolated passages"' (McGann 1988: 163). Where diachronic polysemia pervades a fictive work, as it does mine, it can switch the reader between the sensibilities of different milieux by the 'micro' metaleptic leaps of etymology. Steiner shows that '[i]n Act I of Hamlet, a number of key words derive their power to rouse and control our attention from the fact that Shakespeare has made explicit the buried strength of their *etymologies* [my italics]. Behind the primary meaning a larger resonance is brought into play. In Horatio's narrative, *disasters* implies the literal chaos or ruin of the stars ... In Horatio's reference to *extravagant* spirits, the etymology - far wandering - modulates into overtones of waste and tragic excess which were immanent in the usage of the 1590s' (Steiner 1967: 234). Perhaps the eeriness or disquieting resonance of some diachronic sense shifts can be explained by the challenge they present to our received ontologies. For if signifieds proceeding from the same signifier can change over time, then signifiers might be conceived Orphically to mutate the materiality of those signifieds. Words would then, literally, remake our perceived world. Indeed, Sapir and Whorf have theorised exactly that<sup>97</sup>. As Foust maintains: 'The logos game functions as a subliminal cue directing the reader's attention to the homologies between reality and imagination' (Foust 1986: 9). (Foust may well have had it pointed out to him that his eponymic forebear, in Marlowe's *Faustus*, took that cue all too literally.)

To summarise, archaisms, or 'difficulty' in either syntax or lexemes, or the 'double take' effect of 'false friends'- are themselves a provocation, a marker<sup>98</sup>, which alerts the reader to discover a coherent palimpsest of alternative meaning beneath the text. Such an infratext

<sup>96</sup> I will interpret 'aesthetic' here, and elsewhere, tersely and solely for expedience, as: the affective pleasure experienced in the manipulation of abstractions. By 'affective', I mean here and throughout my thesis: a higher harmonic, cerebrally simulated, of some somatic emotion.

<sup>97</sup> The essence of the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis is that language determines perception and not, as might be intuitively supposed, the other way around (Kay 1984: 66). By this argument, the conceptual grid would be anterior to the perceptual grid. The hypothesis has been contested (Steiner 1972: 22; *et alia*).

<sup>98</sup> 'Undecidables are pointers showing us at what spots comprehension will be blossoming once the real meaning-units have been grasped' (Riffaterre 1981: 239).

usually reveals an unexpected fragment of 17<sup>th</sup> century sensibility that may be enchantingly - or disturbingly – alien to the modern reader.

### The sociolect: a syntagmatic marker of alterity

One further marker or lexical form of artful difficulty that I employ is the sociolect, a syntagm or lexical string that locates a text uniquely in a specific time and/or place and that encodes a concept or a scintilla of social behaviour now arcane to the reader<sup>99</sup>. Riffaterre famously describes how he decrypted a sociolect in Rimbaud's *Memoire* (1872), long thought to be a diaphor immune to paraphrase: the workers at a picnic were 'snowing on the fields'. Far from being surreal, it seems, this was merely Rimbaud's mundane if synecdochical observation of the local custom of laying white linen in the fields to dry (Riffaterre 1983: 9). A comparable sociolect in my novel describes drinkers at the village inn: 'their grubby faces mossed the wall' (76). While the two halves of the syntagm separately make sense, their union is gibberish unless the reader understands that 'grubby' in 1623 meant, not dirty, but 'stunted, dwarfish' (OED) and also that it was common practice at the time to chink the cracks in the walls of cheap housing with moss (Woodward 1998: 61). Now a clearer, somewhat Boschian, picture might emerge of baleful dwarves peering out from feculent shadows. Riffaterre defines the 'sociolect', from a semiotic perspective, as 'language viewed not just as grammar and lexicon but as the repository of society's myths' (Riffaterre 1984: 160). He proposes that the hypogram - the underlying significance of a text that was comprehensible in the period, but is now arcane to us - can be accessed only by understanding the sociolect (Riffaterre 1983). McGann also stresses that 'historical analysis [of the sociolects inherent in any text, fictive or otherwise] is ... a necessary and essential function of any advanced practical criticism' (McGann 1988:123).

Sociolects abound in my ludic nomenclatures. To take but three instances of encrypted names: 'the learned *Posthumus* Gosebell' (78). Camden defines 'Posthumus' in *Remnants* (1603) as he 'borne after his father's death' (p.67). The unpleasant fool *Fitz-Fitz* is 'twice the bastard' (76). Fitz (lit: 'son') was a name sometimes bestowed on the illegitimate sons of princes (OED). Hippo claims at Dorton to be the squire of *Cockayne* Underwood (154, *et seq*). A misconceived scheme of alderman Sir William Cockayne in 1614 nearly ruined the English linen industry (Benson 2002). His folly - and his name - would have been a byword in the period. (Disdaining Cockayne as yet another 'mercier', Hippo bars his attendance at the jail's gaudy (257).) No less obscure today is my occasional contemporary slang, redolently

<sup>99</sup> Sociolects have long been invaluable to historians for dating a text to a time and place with fair certainty. For example, Garrard wrote of Spring Garden in 1634: 'There was kept in it an Ordinary of six Shillings a Meal (when the King's Proclamation allows but two elsewhere)' (Miles 1942: 439). As the proclamation was made by Charles I in 1633 and the law decayed during the Civil War, any early 17<sup>th</sup> century text, otherwise undated, that refers to a 'two shilling ordinary' is therefore - by that evidence alone - likely to be late Caroline not Jacobean.

sociolectal, such as: 'I felt strong inclined to pluck a rose' (136). As Emerson explains of the Jacobethan theatre: '[f]ull of booze, audience members would have relieved themselves or "pluck'd the rose" in one of London's many Rose Alleys of the time' (Emerson 2002: 100). Other sociolects abound in my casual idioms, especially in Jess's dialectal exuberance at her first trial eg. 'did the hangman draw his picture fer to nail it in the streets it would frighten bawds into penitence' (87). (Up until 1763, it was the hangman's task to post pictures of wanted criminals and to burn seditious books in public (Cawthorne 2004: 52).)<sup>100</sup> Of course, sociolects need not be occult; they are the itemised stuff of social historiography. But, being grounded in social milieux whose memetic nuances were often unstated (as in every age up to the Internet era of compulsive documentation), sociolects can be imagined to languish copiously in primary historical texts even now, largely unsuspected. Even if foregrounded by their very obscurity, they may remain - like Rimbaud's peasants 'snowing on the fields' - syntagmatic keys to webs of significance that are recuperated only by chance or speculation. '[In a 16<sup>th</sup> century French play *Les Sobres Sotz*] it is difficult to determine the precise nature of the issue between the gallants and Badin, not because the language is obscure, but because the point of the repartee could probably only be seized by a contemporary thoroughly familiar with nuances of social behaviour and theatrical custom' (Welsford 1935: 277). In 1752, Thomas Davies commented upon Jonson's penultimate play *The New Inn* (1629): 'the frequent allusions to forgotten customs and characters render it impossible to be ever revived with any probability of success. To understand Jonson's comedies perfectly, we should have before us a satirical history of the age in which he lived' (Donaldson 1967: 13). Davies confessed his bewilderment at Jonson's sociolects from an historical distance of only 121 years.

### Hypomemes: the subsistent planes of supposition

Just as a sociolect, a social presupposition embodied in a syntagm, can appear alien to the modern reader so can a tic or pattern of social behaviour that may be incidentally detected in a text but is *not* necessarily text-specific. They were (and still are) the paradigmatic 'fields' of cultural supposition, operating widely albeit transiently within a cultural milieu. I have coined the word '*hypomeme*' for these momentary glimpses in a text (or any artifact) of an exophoric paradigm, either attestable or conjectural, that jars sufficiently with the reader's paradigms to produce, in its very collisions, an aesthetic affect<sup>101</sup>. Because hypomemes were (and are)

<sup>100</sup> Another interesting sociolect, later, from Quirk is 'I trust, you will live in charity with her' (252). Brome has a variant of this in *The Sparagus Garden* (1640): 'he may dye in charity with her' (IV.iii). In its scriptural resonances specific to the age, the phrase 'to live in charity with' is wholly untranslatable today except by the crude analogy of 'to live in harmony with'.

<sup>101</sup> The difference between my 'hypomeme' and Riffaterre's 'hypogram' is subtle but important. Both describe a subsistent pattern or field of cultural presupposition inferable from a text. However, they differ in that a hypomeme is a general cultural field widely prevalent in a specific time and place, and so likely to be detectable in other texts written by contemporary authors. A hypogram, as I understand Riffaterre, is the perception of sociolects that have been uniquely patterned by one author, so this

taken for granted in any period, and were largely subliminal influences on behaviour, a novelist must introduce them obliquely. Not only does such indirection simulate the sensibility of a supposed narrator in the period, it also avoids the Fallacy of Freakism ie. of foregrounding the peculiarities or grotesqueries which can be found in any period as if they represent a prevailing moral barbarity. As Emily Dickinson advised, in order to 'tell all the Truth' you need to 'tell it slant' (cited in Ruthven 2001: 148). Or, in Hippo's words: '[s]o may the facts be made monstrous, *by their own discourse* [*italics added*]' (216). In my novel, these obliquities are sometimes oblique indeed. For example, so much does Hippo stink of garlic in his journey to Theobalds that Danvers averts his head to the carriage window yet, upon their arrival, his fellow physician Harvey appears not to notice Hippo's stench. A Jacobethan reader, had he pondered this, might not have found it at all remarkable. Being a physician, Harvey was likely to have been soused in garlic himself, as a plague repellant, and thus oblivious to it (Culpepper 1653, 1995: 115; Grieve 1931: 344).

My novel proliferates with other conjectural hypomemes supposed peculiar to the Jacobean era, such as: the disastrous impermanence of oak-gall hair dye (135), the practice of disguising a gunpowder burn on a coat sleeve with snuff (174), and the rank odour of lotium water (diluted urine used as a hair lightener) (158). However, I also impishly interweave the work with observations from the record that might well have been obscure even in the period, except to a select few. For example, I have a great lord who hopes to pass incognito betray himself on the street by instinctively 'taking the wall' ie. forcing his social inferiors into the gutter (Jonson, *Eastward Ho*, 1605, I.ii.110) (175). A foppish impostor reveals his base origins by wearing blue stockings, blue being a colour reserved in the Jacobethan solely for Knights of the Garter or, perversely, tradesmen and apprentices (Bryson 2007: 30) (161). A lady flaunts her wealth by having her coachman drive 'bare-headed' (150), hatless postillions being a snobbish fad observed fleetingly and only in 1620s London (Jonson, *The Staple of News*, 1626, III.ii.195-198). And so forth. Throughout my narrative, I tried to remain faithful to such contemporary hypomemes as I had discovered or could plausibly invent, even though I knew my fidelity would, in many cases, remain invisible to the reader. Pyrhonen, although she does not use the term 'hypomeme', has stressed the important future of the concept in literary research: '[s]tudying [the rules implicit in such paradigms] in more detail would offer valuable insights into what counts, in a given culture and during a given historical period, as culturally natural, simple, and accepted codes. It is surprising that this topic has received so little

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hypogram can be found solely in his *own* texts. An incident from my novel might illustrate both significances. Hippo at his wedding to Felicity wears the purple robe once owned by Lord Verulamium, the Viscount St Albans (287). The ironic significance of the colour purple is a *hypomeme*: it was widely recognised in the period as the colour of mourning (Burton 1962: 141). Moreover, the once-mighty Viscount St Albans (Francis Bacon) had worn the gown at his own wedding, and his enshroudment in purple was at the time interpreted as a clue to Bacon's alleged homosexuality and thus his grief at his wedding (*ibid*). But Bacon was by 1625 living in poverty and disgrace. The specific linking of the colour purple to the fact of Bacon's fall and, moreover, to a persistent emblem in my novel (Hippo: 'And the great wheel turns' (275, *et alia*)) is a *hypogram*. It is a pattern of relationships unique to my novel.

detailed attention in criticism ... Probably, such analyses would contribute greatly to a better understanding of the ideological underpinnings of the genre' (Pyrhonen 1994: 71).

In addition to sociolects and hypomemes, which seek to modulate the reader's perceptions between historic periods, I experiment with synesthesia - the fusion of one kind of sense impression thought to be discrete with that of another kind - to attempt an affect of alterity located *within* the historic period. An observer in the Jacobean (as in any era) would have perceived endless micro-worlds of synesthesia now only to be guessed at, such as - for example - the smell of a 1620s tavern, the noises and sights of a country fair, and the irreproducible conflation of all senses amid the gossip-driven adrenalin of a court masque. Sutherland laments, unconvincingly: 'do I really, for all the Victorian fiction I have read, know what Dickens's London was like? What, with all those tons of horse manure and worse tipped on to its streets daily, it smelled like?' (Sutherland 2006: 208). In fact, he does know: horse manure, and worse, and aspects of Victorian London are still with us. But an inhabitant of the 21<sup>st</sup> century cannot with equal fidelity imagine the flavours of Harry Bailey's 14<sup>th</sup> century tavern, with its peculiar medley of smell, taste, and sound, of hippocras, galingale, and tabor. As Orson Welles notes: 'it's wise to remember, if we would really appreciate [Shakespeare], that he doesn't properly belong to us but to another world that smelled assertively of columbine and gun powder and printer's ink' (Crystal 2005: 37). I attempted to simulate what Lodge has identified in his novel *Thinks...* (2002) as the qualia<sup>102</sup> of such sensory experiences by presenting occasions of incongruence between signifiers and signifieds that imply some aspect of synesthesia. As an apothecary, Hippo might be presumed to have, to a heightened degree, the faculties of sense and taste necessary for his detection and analysis of substances<sup>103</sup>. But at several points, Hippo's senses appear to be, not only exalted, but also cross-wired: 'I think I hear my darling smile' (6); 'The scented air grew as thick as ox-blood' (191); 'Time thickens' (260); 'The air curls with a new odour. Fear' (266); 'I smell the air. 'Tis odd. It tastes like the wail of a loon, or the gaze of a spider' (270); and, in a reprise of *Macbeth*, 'Night thickened in the hall' (299). Upon each occasion, the qualia are markers to Hippo's sudden precipitation into worlds inconsistent with normative modalities: his 'conversation' with his dead wife (6); the surreal martial ballet of the 'aged' tapboy (191); Hippo's prosopopoeical summoning of Sancho (260); Buckingham's exposure as a regicide

<sup>102</sup> Qualia as discussed by Lodge are the aesthetic experiences unique to an individual that might involve the synesthetic elision of several sensory perceptions into epiphanic moments of affective apprehension. They are impossible to communicate in their original conception to another person, although poets have never abandoned the attempt.

<sup>103</sup> I deliberately foregrounded the sensory impressions of 'smell' and 'taste' in my novel to characterise Hippo. It may be of incidental interest that cognates of these lexemes appear 70 times in some 118,000 words (0.06%) admittedly dispersed between both Hippo and Mercer. This contrasts with just three appearances of these lexemes in the 60,000 words of *Religio Medici* and *Hydrotaphia* together (0.005%); works comparably reflective, written likewise by a country doctor in the same period. This modest experiment in corpus linguistics has obvious flaws (not least, it is absurd to select any single text as a control 'corpus') but it discloses lexical patterns foregrounded in the primary text that may not be evident on a casual reading. I offer a more rigorous demonstration of corpus linguistics, in an analysis of other key words in my novel, in Chapter III.



(266); the frightening return of the tapboy as Hippo's son (272); and the improbable transformation of Felicity into the goddess Venus (299)<sup>104</sup>.

### The autonomous simulacrum

To create a *sjuzet* for the diverse readers of the 21<sup>st</sup> century that incorporates a *fabula* (Chatman 1978: 19) rigorously attentive to the modalities of 17<sup>th</sup> century England, by replicating a fictive diary of the period, is to define a distinct sub-genre of historical faction. Being the personal statements (in my case) of just two diarists, the novel is severely self-constrained in its narrative viewpoints yet, as a 'found' text, it must be mediated and glossed by some form of subsequent editor who necessarily recomposes it according to his own perceptual grid. The interplay between these diegetic and hyperdiegetic frames (Ron 1987: 427) results in a simulacrum. It is neither here nor there. It is an inventive collusion between a mediator and a putative source document that blends the noetic worlds of both, much as David Wright's modern translation of *The Canterbury Tales* (1985) is neither Wright nor Chaucer<sup>105</sup>. It is both atemporal, modulated by a myriad transhistorical and synchronic frames of perception, and anatopical: all 'real' places, events, people and other extratextual referents are displaced and recontextualised as factoids.

Like Hippo's garden, the simulacrum is a place 'outside of common time. A place neither of Earth nor Heaven, a Netherworld. Sometimes, I think it does not exist beyond my thoughts' (45). When Jerome remarks, ostensibly of Hippo's physic garden: 'Your master's paradise is well enclosed' (25), he makes a double play on 'paradise' (Gk: *paradeisos*: 'garden') and on Hippo's own well armoured soul, 'long grown' as Mercer later notes 'by torment and by dole as brittle as a Sphinx' (116). Yet if 'master' is refigured as the novel's empirical author, God in His own recreational Eden, Jerome might equally be describing the 'enclosed' self-sufficiency of the diegesis itself. The simulacrum is both 'simulative' in that, in Francis Bacon's words, it 'industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that [it] is not'. It is also equally dissimulative in so far as it 'lets fall signs and arguments that [it] is not that [it] is' (Essay VI: *Of Simulation and Dissimulation*, 1607-12). Baudrillard comparably observes that simulation

<sup>104</sup> Hippo's synesthesia might be seen, incidentally, as my bid to rehabilitate T. S. Eliot's 'dissociation of sensibility' (*The Metaphysical Poets*, 1921), the supposed fusion of thought and thing, of wit and will (Austin 1962: 312), that Eliot imputed to Donne, and which became unfashionable (and so no longer emulated) with the popularisation of ratiocinative language from the 1660s sponsored by the Royal Society. It did not seem impossible to me that certain Jacobethan and Caroline poets had learned to think synesthetically, ie. to meld disparate sensory inputs into a nonce perception, much as Victorian ladies apparently learned by social imitation to faint, and without simulation, upon cue (Mallon 1984: 58). When Marvell wrote 'a green thought in a green shade' (*The Garden*, c.1650) the conceit might indeed have been for him, I thought, as olfactory as Hippo's 'tasting' (smelling) of the gaze of a spider.

<sup>105</sup> The musical rhythms and assonance of Chaucer evoke the myriad social nuances of an age of oral performance. However, Wright's prosaic paraphrase recomposes the natural breathing units of Chaucer's verse into units of meaning more felicitous to the reading eye of a textual era. The result is an entirely new artifact that tacitly glosses the cultural milieux of both the poet and his translator.

'masks the absence of a profound reality', dissimulation 'masks and denatures a profound reality', and the simulacrum 'has no relation to any reality whatsoever' (Baudrillard 1994: 6). In its systematic bitropic mendacity, a comprehensive subversion of the Logos, the simulacrum creates its own Logos: a mock coherency of 'truth'. 'The fiction is that a repeated metonymic displacement of fragments for totality ... can still produce a representation which is somehow adequate to a nonlinguistic universe' (Boesky 1991: 314). Writing of the Jacobean 'wonder cabinet' that, like Hippo's Monstrarium, was an ideation composed by 'the spatial juxtaposition of fragments', Boesky further notes: '[s]hould the fiction disappear, there is nothing left of the Museum but "bric-a-brac"' (*ibid*). By the sleight of liminoid forms and language, I transposed my 'bric a brac' of Jacobean objects and allusions, metonymic of a real lost world, into a false metaphoric 'autarkic world which elaborates its own dimensions and limits, and organizes within these its own time, its own space, its population, its own set of objects and its myths' (Barthes, in *Writing Degree Zero*, cited by Fleishman 1971: 16). However, my simulacrum is not the semiotic bubble of Baudrillard, that bears 'no relation to any reality whatsoever'. His observations upon the loss of transcendental certainties are remarkably *déjà lu* (Barthes 1970: 28) of the religious anxieties expressed in the Jacobethan era<sup>106</sup>. Like a latter-day Bacon, he deplores the media's tendency to create contemporary events by their own reportage of them and then to reify their own reportage as contemporary events<sup>107</sup>. The result, as Charles puts it, is: 'the copy (of a copy of a copy...) which has no original, the reflection (of a reflection of a reflection...) without any object; shadow without substance, signifier without signified; an endless chain of signification ... which never leads to any actual meaning' (Charles 2008). This is the patadiegetic play-space of Jarry, in which 'play' plays nihilistically only with itself and acknowledges no other players.

To be sure, it can be argued - to take an extreme view - that all text is patadiegetic. It is a poststructuralist *doxa*, ie. an opinion consentientially held in its community (Barthes 1977b: 122), that every fictive work is a self-referential play-space having signifieds that cannot be related diectically to any exophoric object *per se*<sup>108</sup>. So when, for example, my novel refers to

<sup>106</sup> The collapse in moral/religious structure in late Tudor society might be detected, for example, in Nash's surrealistic eruption of incongruous images in *The Unfortunate Traveller*. 'Meaning seems always to be in a state of flux ... the humor and cleverness here is created by generating multiple meanings for a word through rapid shifts in context, and all experienced readers will recognise that stability of meaning depends on a context which remains constant'. According to Wolfgang Kayser, in the later sixteenth century "'the belief of the preceding ages in a perfect and protective natural order ceased to exist'" (Stephanson 1983: 24, 36).

<sup>107</sup> Baudrillard's jeremiad against the empty signs of the modern simulacrum which are 'never exchanged for the real' (Baudrillard 1994: 6) curiously echoes Bacon's warning in 1620 against the Idols of the Market-place: 'names which result from fantastic suppositions and to which nothing in reality corresponds' (*Novum Organum* X), and which 'introduce a wandering kind of inquiry that leads to nothing' (*ibid*, LXVII).

<sup>108</sup> And not only fictive works. The despair of the Derridean *différance* - the supposed impossibility of assigning an absolute or final meaning to a signifier - can be found even in that most indexical of non-fictive texts, the technical manual for a consumer durable. The expert author will have conceived of the object as an epiphor, or a realised metaphor, but the naive user inevitably encounters it as a diaphor, polyvalently conjectural. For example, the enigmatic mobile phone that I have just acquired is clearly

'the church of St Mary', its signifieds are not to the material building that can still be visited and touched at Ivinghoe but to the author's diaphoric conceptions of its 17<sup>th</sup> century presence, further refigured by his two Jacobean homodiegetic focalisers who are themselves no more than diaphoric products of the (to use, again, Genette's terminology) hetero-diegetic author<sup>109</sup>. Add a further level of abstraction - the idioperceptive interpretations of the term 'the church of St Mary' that will be created by my notional readers, spatio-temporally distanced by their own indeterminable milieux from my signifiers of the church both as syntagm and physical artifact - and my references would be tenuously protected thereafter from the 'river run' of unlimited semiosis only by the probabilities, empirically predicated, of their internal coherence (Eco 1992: 24).

However, in *The Apothecary's Tales*, all my 'copies' have originals. Otherwise, they would be opaque to an extra-diegetic viewpoint; that is, to any reader located - as all readers must be - outside of the play-world. If I am to sell any books, my signifieds have to be located in the locus of the reader. And robustly so. 'Out of a maze of correspondences Joyce created [in *Ulysses*] a world, complete and self-subsistent, *but not without reference to external things* [my italics]' (Tindall 1955: 60). My simulacrum, like that of *Ulysses*, is - in the initial (albeit unwitting) perceptions of its readers - an allegory reversed. While its signifiers point to pluriplanic abstractions remote from material reality, they must dissimulatively rest at first upon the surface or carnal plane ie. 'external things'. So I took care that the probability of coherence of my play-space with historical 'truth' was strongly marked at the superficial level in its 'realemes' (Dolezel 1988: 485) - ie. in its manifest topographies, artifacts, lexemes, and mores, which were either plausible or recorded in the period<sup>110</sup>. These not only tether my readers' expectations at the outset, albeit deceptively, to the conventional genre of 'historical fiction'; they also authenticate - as I will go on to show in Chapter II - those of my characters and events which are either patently fictive or fabulatively conjectural<sup>111</sup>. Foucault maintains: '[i]t seems to me that it is possible to make fiction work inside of truth, to induce truthful effects with a fictional discourse, and to operate in such a manner that the discourse of truth gives rise to "constructs", something that does not yet exist, and thus "fictionizes"' (Foucault 1977:

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not the same signified as that epiphorically conceived of by its manual's author. Thus, my relocation of the diaphoric object to the field of empirical utility, making a phone call, is endlessly deferred.

<sup>109</sup> The meaning of a sign displaced from its primary signified is 'totally in the *metaphysical realm* of the possible world of the reader's mind' (Trifonas 2007: 269). Eco maintains that, in a fictional text, 'contents are never received for their own sake but rather as the sign-vehicle for something else' (Eco 1976: 274). The 'something else' is the indeterminable product of its frames of perception, intra- and extradiegetic, in their mutual modulation during the reading act.

<sup>110</sup> Even the jail lecturers, lost in their patadiegetic mind-worlds, had to ground themselves on occasion in materiality: 'Saturday is the day when they come to be paid, which wondrously aligns them unto time and place and constrains them to be lucid' (299).

<sup>111</sup> 'Actual-world (historical) persons are allowed to enter a fictional world only if they assume the status of *possible* alternates [my italics]' (Dolezel 1988: 485) ie. they must maintain coherence with referents in both the intra- and heterodiegetic fields.

5; Megill 1979: 499)<sup>112</sup>. With the 'construct' of my simulacrum, I similarly sought to create a 'discourse of truth' - a 'globed compacted thing' as Virginia Woolf describes the finished art form (Tindall 1955: 55) - that is self-sufficient but open for inspection. In its strong foregrounding of an 'achronal milieu' - the conflation of the discrete temporal planes of the homodiegetic characters, the modern 'editor' *qua* author, and the reader - the simulacrum would also (I hoped) itself evoke an affect of disquieting alterity. The jest latent in such alterity, if perceived, is that such continual frame modulations are implicit, albeit subliminally experienced, in the reading of any work whatsoever, fictive or otherwise, located in the past.

### The simulacrum: an achronal milieu

The meta-emblem of my dis/simulative simulacrum - the achronal milieu - is Bedford prison. Hippo observes Miltonically of the jail (*qua* world reversed), 'the place is its own mind' (255). It has its own spatio-temporal autonomy marked by seeming anachronisms, alternative histories and idiosyncratic chronologies. For instance, Quirk orchestrates his intended Act of Parliament to the signature tune of the radio programme *The Archers*: Barwick Green, composed in 1924; Sir Walter Raleigh, attestedly executed in 1618, has in the mind-world of the jail escaped the axe; and calendars are agreeably flexible: 'thus do fifteen months pass, as in a pleasing sleep, outside of time' (255). The jail has its own inverse social hierarchy, graded by degrees of iniquity (ie. of insight into the true infrastructures of social power), and its own rigorous morality predicated upon disgust at delusive appearances and valorisation of the hidden Ideal: 'no Upright Man ... would deign to steal a thing that is openly presented to him' (298). It boasts its own shamanic *langue* of roguery. Its 'furthest initiations of witcraft [which] surpass words and wit and even will' (270) are encoded like the necromancer's grimoire of Prospero in a Black Book<sup>113</sup>. Its syllabus eclectically teaches, in a burlesque of the Trivium, every occult science of 'feigned truths' (242). Harvey graduates from its 'Rosicrucian faculty' (259). Hippo is initiated in a *faux*-Masonic ritual: 'a freshman, from out the darkness, would seek light' (245). Not least, by means of its *guerrier* Tel Quel lecturers, it seeks comprehensively to subvert the hegemony of received significances. Although it appears initially, in its ludicrous inversions, to be a simple parody of the 'true' world outside its walls, Hippo discovers it to be the meta-reality, 'the true governance of the world late disclosed to

<sup>112</sup> Indeed, some critics have mordantly pointed out that Foucault's various projects eg. *The Archeology of Knowledge* (1982) - to "'fictionize" a history from the basis of a political reality that makes it true' (Megill 1979: 499) - accord far too closely with 'fictional discourse' to be containable within historiography. 'Foucault is a poet of the social sciences ... but we must learn to separate poetry from fact' (Huppert 1974: 196). See also the despair at Foucault's methodological insouciance expressed by Lehan 1990: 543; Singer 1989: 66; Maclean 1998: 165; Gross 1998: 77; Weightman 1989; *et alia*.

<sup>113</sup> It is a further Baudrillardesque irony that the Black or 'Beggars Booke' of roguery was Harman's *A Caueat or Warening for Common Cursitors* (1566). Harman's Book and his lexicon of picaresque cant have been cited by several modern sociologists - for example, Gamini Salgado in *The Elizabethan Underworld* (2005) - as proof of a secret Elizabethan underworld of organised crime. Yet Harman's pamphlet - drawn freely upon by Dekker, Greene and Middleton - was, according to Woodbridge, never more than a 'jest book'. So the notion of an autonomous society of roguery was founded utterly upon a hoax (Woodbridge 2003: 208). See also West 2003: 228; Fumerton 2003: 218.

me' (270), which covertly shapes and rules the delusory power structures of human society. Just as Plato's flickering shadows parody the transcendent forms of the Idea, so the perceived universe is but an imperfect parody of the jail. If the Manichaeian Frank and Magnificus were ever separated, 'the jail entire (which is the world) would upon the instant dissolve' (297). That this hermetic conspiracy is known only to the enlightened inhabitants of both worlds, the secret *magisters*, and wholly unsuspected by the citizens of England, is an arcane joke not dissimilar to that which the empirical author - in his dark conceits<sup>114</sup> - would play upon his readers. The jail thus becomes, late in the novel, a subverting metaphor for its entire diegesis.

'Works of fiction are not less real but *more* real than the things they represent, for in the work of fiction a whole world is displayed [my italics]' (Ricoeur, cited by Boulter 2007: 96). Whether wholeness can be equated so neatly with realness or whether a fictive work can ever, in the finitude of its partiality, display a 'whole world' is highly debatable. However, the simulacrum I conceived is a 'whole world', if only in its aspiration to metaphysical integrity. It is a four-dimensional construct or 'spatial whole' (Hunt 1995: 4), where time is not linear but omnipresent as 'a stasis within the artifact' (*ibid*) and all temporal planes 'past, present, future, and suppositional' (159) are putatively accessible by certain characters within that artifact. As a result, 'the familiar human world appears to be overlaid by fragments of the otherworld, producing a multispatial site in which the space of the two spheres is fused into one' (Ingemark 2006: 10). In such a 'self-sufficient presence, strong enough to lead us to accept it instead of referring us to something beyond the [story]' (Sacks 1978: 74), the metaleptic materialisations of Sancho and Fr Bacon are ontologically legitimate. Even the dead can live: 'Will Somers waved his coxcomb, Richard Tarlton rolled his taber, and old jiggling Kemp did a backward handspring over Yorick's donkey' (240). Causality is seen to be casuistry. The accepted canons of historiography are illusion. So the Jesuit General Mutius Vitelleschi (1615-1645) who poses as Jerome is elected Pope Urban VIII (1623-1644), instead of - as historical 'fact' would have it - Maffeo Barberini. (Quirk: 'A fact is a myth consensually agreed upon' (257)). Magic paper butterflies flap of their own volition (*pace* Garcia Marquez) out of a stairwell window, without attracting any special attention. And a tapestry can acquire sentience and - without human intervention - autonomically revise its picture to depict the events of the preceding day, and of the prior two years<sup>115</sup>. Within its private metaphysics, the simulacrum - above all - compels a new grammar of 'notional time', unfixed in the meagre rationing of verbal tenses to time past, present and future (with side options of conditionality), in recognition that time since Einstein - at least to philosophical critics - is determined and perceived by context. No longer can it be constrained within Aristotelian notions of linearity.

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<sup>114</sup> Spenser, in his 1590 letter to Raleigh, famously characterized *The Faerie Queene* as a 'dark conceit' (Spenser, 1590, 1978: 15).

<sup>115</sup> I reluctantly deleted an episode, likewise metaphysically perverse, in which Hamlet arrives at the Swan to recover his brain which Filmsiro has kept pickled above the door. Upon being told that it is really the brain of a chimpanzee, Hamlet nods: 'That explains everything'.

As befits an historical novel, 'time' is a pervasive theme in my narrative. Indeed, it has been irresistible to novelists - in the opportunity it presents for them to deepen their *sjuzet* with expedient paradox and the gravitas of gnostic musings - at least since Proust put time into play as an *enjeu* in *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*<sup>116</sup>. I likewise found it irresistible to examine, and compulsively lampoon, the modern novelist's tic of 'time'- his use of time as a narrative object - by inserting into my simulacrum (or simulachron) a myriad time games. In a parody of the unpersuasive definition of 'beauty' on Keats's urn<sup>117</sup>, they illustrate a reductive aphorism of my own: 'time is consciousness, consciousness is time, and that is all ye need to know'. The tenor of lampoon is evident when Filmsiro joyfully mocks Eliot's glum elegies on time in *The Four Quartets*<sup>118</sup>, with irreverent allusions to *East Coker* (1940) and *Little Gidding* (1942): 'let there now be upon this sumptuous day a mighty feast of coking coles and no little gidding about!' (289). That Filmsiro's reference, from within the temporal frame of 1625, is blatantly anachronistic (but that mine, from within the frame of 2008, is not) is itself a time game.

The idiocratic cosmology of a simulacrum is governed by what Stewart terms its 'sign time' (Stewart 1982: 33), ie. the temporal modality peculiar to, but only legitimate within, a given diegesis. In my own game frame, time is conceived of as a construct of the observer and malleable by him when the metachronic author grants to him an amenable state of mind. So Hippo is allowed dark glimpses of the future - 'I have at times memories of the future' (75); 'I am asudden oppressed by memories of the future' (147) (Laurent Milesi called this disquieting faculty 'promnesia' (Ruthven 2004: IV)) - and also of the historic past: '[the ruins of Ashridge monastery] speak to me across all time' (12); 'Its echo returns to me ... from ... beyond all time'" (178); etc. 'Sign time' in my simulacrum follows rigorous game rules. Hippo might propose to Sogwit that time is an enigmatic flux: 'as Heraclitus tells us, a man cannot step twice into the same thought, for all is flux' (41). But this is Hippo's jest. He is an hermeticist who understands well enough that chaos cannot be conceived without the defining existence of its antonym, order, inherent in the patterning mind, which necessitates a coherent frame of time for its perception. 'Mutability is, in its constancy of flux, the firmest proof of order' (178). Moreover, change, being delineated by time, is itself an aspect of 'the divine order that underlies all things' (32). As has been observed, Hippo conceptualises time in the biblical

<sup>116</sup> 'To follow through Genette's analysis [of Proust's *Recherche*] is to become very aware of the astonishing zigzagging in time at the microcosmic level of Proust's novel ... To read Proust after Genette is necessarily to read with a constant awareness of the novel's narrative "game with time"' (Tallack 1987: 13).

<sup>117</sup> "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,- that is all/ Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know'" (*Ode on a Grecian Urn*, 1819).

<sup>118</sup> For example: 'The houses are all gone under the sea./The dancers are all gone under the hill' (*East Coker*); 'the intersection of the timeless moment/Is England and nowhere. Never and always' (*Little Gidding*). And what might well be a requiem for historical novelists: 'Time past and time future/What might have been and what has been/Point to one end, which is always present' (*Burnt Norton*, 1935).

trope of eternal recurrence<sup>119</sup> and figures it in the classical metaphor of a wheel: 'And the great wheel turns' (187, 275, 287)<sup>120</sup>. Indeed, time - in the peculiar metaphysics of the simulacrum - can not only be manipulated as an object, as in Fludd's 'Perpetual Motion machine ... a fabulous astrolabe of whirling crystal spheres' (105) which appears to defy entropy. It can also be felt (at times) as a material presence: '[t]ime thickens' (260).

As a stable backdrop for my time games, I pedantically date and time each journal entry in a strict chronology, much as Jonson did with his fidelity to the Aristotelian unities in *The Alchemist* (1610): 'Jonson's use of strict verisimilitude helps to facilitate yet another layer of deception by employing a fixed sense of time' (Jackson 2004: 4)<sup>121</sup>. Defoe had Robinson Crusoe mark the calendar on his island pedantically for the same purpose. It grounded both his protagonist and his reader in the stability of a common reference system external to the narrative to preserve not only Crusoe's ostensible sanity but also the reader's credulity<sup>122</sup>. I also sustain - in my linear master plot - 'a single story-strand, which bears the temporal center of gravity (so to speak). It is against this central strand that anachronies and achronies can be recognized' (Chatman 1978: 66). The first seemingly achronous event encountered by the reader is the cameo interpolation into Hippo's narrative on page 4 of an apparently unrelated event, indeterminably located - a child being attacked in its crib by rats. Scripted in the present tense, like Hippo's journal, it appears to be happening contemporaneously with Hippo's dialogue with Mercer. Yet being clearly differentiated in its register from the rest of Hippo's journal, the episode begs a question not only of its significance, but of its provenance. Hippo soon reveals it to be a flashback of his own anguished imagination: '*She lifts her skirt. I avert my thoughts*' (5) but the disclosure of its significance must wait until Chapter 12. Other cryptic flashbacks similarly offered me the opportunity for ludic indirection: eg. '*[o]nce I did see a woman broken on a rack. I see her now*' (119). Upon a first reading, the reader will suppose that 'I see her now' refers to Margaret, presently imperilled; but in the unlikely event of his own analepsis, his rereading of my novel, he will realise that Hippo is in fact remembering the time he discovered Emily's body. Hippo's involuntary flashbacks, as here, are coded with urgency by italicisation eg. '*The horse can go no faster...*' (273); '*It is 19<sup>th</sup> July, 1603...*' (272). However, his voluntary reminiscences are introduced into the narrative more

<sup>119</sup> 'The thing that hath been it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun' (*Ecclesiastes* i.8).

<sup>120</sup> 'The cyclical view of history [was] that change did occur, but that in the long run everything came back to where it started. This notion that history waxes and wanes like the moon, so influential in classical times, enjoyed a new vogue during the Renaissance' (Thomas 1991: 510). Bacon similarly elaborated upon the notion of eternal recurrence, 'the turning wheels of vicissitude', in his Essay LVIII: *Of Vicissitude of Things* (1607-12).

<sup>121</sup> Moreover, clocks and watches in my story pervasively annotate the passage of time. Mercer and Shipwash anxiously check the lantern clock (63). Hippo consults the sundial after his meeting with Abell (9). He adjusts the sundial on his watch at Dorton fair and endlessly consults it (154, etc). Quirk holds his watch to the window (244). And so forth. The calibrations of time, like those of topography, define a frame of perceived rigidity in a fictive world to substantiate the flux of its narrative events.

<sup>122</sup> '[T]hus I kept my Kalendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of Time' (Defoe 1719, 1974: 52).

decorously by a shift into the preterite tense eg. 'It were the evening of the third day after Christ Mass...' (104). By locating such time recursions in the mind of the homodiegetic narrator, I not only followed common novelistic practice but I also sought to reproduce the affects of some modern historiographical experiments that would present history 'backwards' ie. by starting their narrative from a given event and proceeding achronologically to its supposed inception. 'The great advantage of the experiment ... is to allow, or even force the reader to feel *the pressure of the past* on individuals and groups [my italics]' (Burke 1991: 244)<sup>123</sup>.

Recursive time or analepsis is a major theme in my discourse. As Hippo drolly comments: "Twere best a man could live backward. Then he might see in greater safety where he goeth" (86). Paxson describes a marked repetition of temporal recursion in a narrative as: 'ring composition, a narrative master trope in its own right, [which] depends on the rhetorical trope chiasmus ... Thus, the Greek letter chi, chiasmus, "X". Ring analysts now automatically refer to their discovered patterns as "chiastic" or "chiasmic". Conveniently, the graphic mark called chi or x has a symmetrical shape' (Paxson 2001: 134). In fact, it is a St Andrews cross. As I will go on to show, the cross or crucifix is, literally, the temporal crux of my novel. A crucifix uncovers the Jesuit identity of both Jerome and Bostock. It imperils Hippo at Jess's witch trial. It provides the clue for Hippo's decoding of Bacon's book. Three crosses ☩ ☩ ☩ mark the section breaks in Hippo's diary entries. Blazing theophanically on the reversed tapestry, the cross repatterns the turmoil of Hippo's two preceding years into a narrative that is precisely symmetrical at the fourth - or anagogical - level of Danteian hermeneutics. From this perspective, every aleatory incident is seen to have been, from its outset, divinely ordained. At last, Hippo's wistful dream is vindicated: '[b]ehind all is a plan bright and shining, of immanent truth' (32) and '[m]utability ... in its constancy of flux' proves to be, indeed, 'the firmest proof of order' (178).

### Games with time: narrative pace

I also play time games with narrative pace, defined as '[t]he measure yielded by the relation between duration in the story and the length of text devoted to it' (Rimmon-Kenan 1994: 52)<sup>124</sup>. At one extreme, some episodes in their reading time (the length of text devoted to them) match the perceptual time of the narrator. For instance, Hippo's 'fugues' in his harrowing experiences of the famine market and the tapboy's kung fu tableau are (like every sequence of dialogue presented in the narrative) contemporaneous in the duration of their

<sup>123</sup> '[As Marc Bloch wrote] "[t]he historian, especially the agrarian historian, is perpetually at the mercy of his documents; most of the time he or she must read history backwards ... to break the secret cipher of the past." This is the regressive method, much used in African history' (Tosh 2002: 103).

<sup>124</sup> 'There is reading-time and there is plot-time, or, as I prefer to distinguish them, discourse-time - the time it takes to peruse the discourse - and story-time, the duration of the purported events of the narrative' (Chatman 1978: 62). Orr has defined plot-time somewhat differently as 'public time': 'a sphere that is distinct from, yet related to, the private time of individual experience' (Orr 1991: 716).



telling with that of the events<sup>125</sup>. Being closely mimetic of the experience itself, the fugues appear to exhibit the scoriac mental chaos of 'stream of consciousness' (a term which, I have always thought, libels the typical thought processes of an educated person attentive to Fowler) but they are, in fact, interior monologue<sup>126</sup>. This variant form is 'marked by syntax: it ascribes present tense verbs and first person pronoun-reference to the thinking character' (Chatman 1978: 189). At the other extreme, my narrative time is - sometimes - grossly truncated. The dream-like fifteen months of Hippo's incarceration occupy only an hour or so of reading time<sup>127</sup>. These manipulations or diremptions of pace - 'narrative dischrony' (Nylander 2001) - are intradiegetic ie. they are putatively imposed by the focalisers themselves in the transcription of their journals. However, an extradiegetic imposition of pace - supposedly by the fictive 'editor' - can be detected in the juxtaposition of Hippo's and Mercer's diary entries for 11<sup>th</sup> June 1623. These describe the identical incident from two different viewpoints, so that pace 'doubles up' on itself. Following Prince's hint, I have tentatively termed this asynchronic shift between narrative frames '*perilepsis*', the recursive or analeptic circling of perceptual frames around a given incident<sup>128</sup>. (It should be clearly differentiated from '*paralepsis*', the term minted by Genette to describe 'the inclusion of more information than is strictly accessible to the perceiver's visual or aural viewpoint' (Tallack 1987: 23).) *Perilepsis*, in my definition, can itself be an authenticating device. In the familiar example of the synoptic gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the wide differences in authorial interpretation of the same incidents fortuitously validate them. Were all the accounts identical, the events they describe would be suspect. Being in chivalric mood, Mercer imagines that Hippo admires his stoicism in wearing painful new shoes in honour of Rose. 'My master, upon perceiving me stride into the kitchen manful, at once - and oblivious to my blisters - enjoined me to a quest heroic' (115). However, from his viewpoint, no less Stoical but less chivalric, Hippo is contemptuous of Mercer's pretensions to Romance: 'If a beast should look like a duck, walk like a duck, and quack like a duck then it is, before all good opinion, a Mercer. My servant enters, pinched in new boots' (121)<sup>129</sup>. My authorial intention here was not so much to

<sup>125</sup> Dialogue was the only aspect of discourse that Plato allowed to be 'mimetic' and thus equivalent in its pace of telling with the duration of the event. As Peacham explained in *The Garden of Eloquence* in 1577: '[b]y the figure mimesis, we counterfeit not only what one sayd, but also utteraunce and gesture, imitating everything as it was' (Joseph 1947: 21).

<sup>126</sup> The novelistic convention in interior monologue of having intimate access to characters' minds is akin to the stage convention whereby rooms typically have only three walls. The audience finds this architectural oversight in no way odd although, like interior monologue, it is the antithesis of mimesis.

<sup>127</sup> A similar abuse of the neo-Aristotelian unity of time by the conceit of a dream can be famously observed in *A Midsummer Nights Dream*. The first lines promise that the 'nuptial hour' of Theseus and Hippolyta will take four full days to arrive. However, 'the threatened disjunction of story time and stage time is ... metaphorically reunited by the Amazonian queen in her first speech: "Four days will quickly steep themselves in night, / Four nights will quickly dream away the time..." (I i 7-8).' (Richardson 1987: 302).

<sup>128</sup> '[H]orizontal metalepsis ... might be called *perilepsis*' (Prince 2006: 628).

<sup>129</sup> I sustain this thesis - that perception is idiolectically determined by the linguistic frame - with two other *perileptic* juxtapositions of episode where Hippo and Mercer appear to mishear, and so misrepresent, the same fragments of dialogue. In Chapter 7, Hippo hears: "'Thou giggling bladder," he hisses at me' (136); in fact, Mercer says: "'Thou bastardy gullion!" I challenged him' (137). In

authenticate the incident - perversely, by presenting a duplicity of interpretations - but to illustrate, by their comparison, the distortions of interpretation inevitable in any linguistically shaped record of the past. As Nunning points out, 'a multiplicity of incompatible perspectives show that there is not one authentic representation of the past but a plurality of competing versions' (Nunning 2004: 11)<sup>130</sup>.

The Aristotelian convention of narrative pace - that the duration of stage action should approximate that of the events enacted - is itself burlesqued in Mercer's radical hieroglyphic elision of his 35 trysts with Rose: 'Viz: . \ . ω . ; . , , !! , ω . ; ! ? . ~ . ! . , ≈ . . § . ¶ , . ζ ? . ω // ' (194). Here, I parodied the episode in Don Quixote, itself a parody of chivalric romance, where 'Sancho tells the story of a fisherman who had to transport three hundred goats in a boat that had room only for one. As Sancho narrates, it becomes clear that he intends to tell the event three hundred times' (Rimmon-Kenan 1994: 57). To a far greater extent than Hippo, Mercer appears aware that he is writing his journal ultimately for some reader 'unknown' other than himself, so he feels no compunction in adjusting his narrative pace with dramaturgical appeals to the reader. He hypostasises the reader when preparing to meet Fitz-Fitz in the Swan garden: 'Before the proscenium, at paces unknown, I saw all who might discover these journals hence. (Perdie, sweet reader, did I see thyself?)' (111). Elsewhere, he teases the reader: 'Forgive me, sweet reader, but if I do not conceive myself, who will? Nay, more. Who, if not myself, I humbly ask, conceived *thee*?' (129). And, like Sterne, he enters casually into dialogue with the reader: "Twere (nay, you do well to remind me, it *is* still) the feast of St Luke' (194). He clearly acknowledges the fictiveness - and collapse of 'pace' - inevitable in the reshaping of events into narrative, a mediation which legitimates the possibility of a reader other than the narrator: '[y]et I must stop time now awhile and hold as in *suspensus* the momentous events in the village' (194)<sup>131</sup>.

Hippo's Monstrarium is, in my narrative, a major emblem (I shall explore its significances more fully in Chapter II). Not least, it is a time game: a refutation of 'pace'. It lampoons the absurdity of the convention of linearity, in a narrative which would purport to represent the

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Chapter 12, Hippo thinks he hears, in remembrance of the spa incident: "*I did forget ze old knight*" (270); but Mercer hears: "*I did ferget ze old gen'lman*" (278).

<sup>130</sup> 'Because history is always a selection and interpretation of those incidents the individual historian believes will account better than other incidents for some explanation of a totality, history partakes quite evidently of the nature of poetry. It is a making ... No two historians say exactly the same thing about the same given events, even though they are both telling the truth' (Ong 1975: 17, 18).

<sup>131</sup> Mercer here anticipates *Tristram Shandy*: '[i]n this attitude I am determined to let her [Mrs Shandy] stand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen [...] to the same period' (5:5). Sterne's manic suspensions of the narrative pace were perhaps not surpassed (or surpassed) until Calvino's *If on a Winter's Night a Traveller* (1979): 'Watch out: it is surely a method of involving you gradually, capturing you in the story before you realize it - a trap', *ad taedium* (p. 12). '[Sterne's interruptions veer] towards author's metalepsis, since the narrator not only says he is talking while there is unimportant business on the story level, he additionally freezes the actions on the story level in order to gain time for his discourse' (Fludernik 2003: 387).

non-linear dispersal of events throughout the several dimensions of a spatial form<sup>132</sup>. In Hippo's ridiculous taxonomies, that I modelled on Borges's Chinese encyclopaedia, he attempts to compose a myriad signifying objects extracted from diverse eras and mileux into a common plane of equivalence<sup>133</sup>. 'Here be those items that will suffer, by no means, the ingestion of pigs ... [a]nd here are those that begin with the letter "y", leastwise in the Latin alphabet' (203). (The Latin alphabet, of course, has no letter 'y'.) He implies in his jest that one linear *schema* of labels, howsoever absurd, is just as good as any other because all are futile in their imitation of the infinite pluriplanities of divine order<sup>134</sup>. Moreover, the atemporality of Hippo's 'Ark protected from the flood of time' (199) is analogous to St Augustine's 'eternity, in which there is neither future nor past. [It] stands still and dictates future and past times' (*Confessions* II.II.13). It is the 'now' of the sayer that encompasses all time(s) and which Hippo yearned for, where '[t]he unities are collapsed. All is One ... And the One encompasseth all ideas which are the first truth of form' (33). In homage to that redemptive epousia, which he could forlornly conceptualise but never attain, Hippo created - in his Monstrarium - a parodic cathedral to it.

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<sup>132</sup> Elizabeth MacArthur faced a comparable aporia in her book *Extravagant Narratives*. 'It is difficult and perhaps even inappropriate to write a conclusion for a book on nonclosural dynamics' (MacArthur 1990: 271). Ineluctably, she lapses at last into the closural expectations of linear narrative, at the risk of confuting major aspects of her own thesis. One escape from such a *cul de sac* was explored by Barthes in *The Pleasure of the Text* (1975) and Wittgenstein in *Tractatus* (1921). Each work is constructed as a pointillist rhapsody of circularly reflective apothegms. This would also, of course, be a more verisimilic way to write a novel than one which imposes a spurious linearity on aleatory events.

However, I decided when planning my own novel that the torpologies of the *nouveau roman* might be too provocatively *avant-garde* to satisfy the expectations of my linearly habituated readers.

<sup>133</sup> 'The inspiration to write *The Order of Things*, Foucault says in his foreword, came to him as he read a short story by Borges in which the ironic Argentinian refers to "a certain Chinese encyclopaedia" in which "animals are divided into: (a) belonging to the Emperor, (b) embalmed, (c) tame, (d) suckling pigs, (e) sirens, (f) fabulous, (g) stray dogs, (h) included in the present classification, (i) frenzied, (j) innumerable, (k) drawn with a very fine camel-hair brush, (l) et cetera, (m) having just broken the water pitcher, (n) that from a long way off look like flies". The ludicrous oddness of such classification suggests to Foucault, through "the exotic charm of another system of thought", "the limitation of our own"' (Merquior 1985: 35).

<sup>134</sup> Jones argues that the Porphyrian system of linearly extended hierarchies is 'deeply confused ... Genera become differentia, and differentia are genera' (Jones 2002: 131). Any term or object can be relocated to any position in such a hierarchy according to the whims of the formulator of the hierarchy.

## CHAPTER II: Faking the Real: the Sleights of Literary Chicanery

*'On forfeit of your selves, think nothing true; ... poet never credit gain'd by writing truths'*, Jonson, *Epicoene*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Prologue.

To self-authenticate its fictions, the novel employs the 'parafictive' devices of a testamentary found artifact, an unreliable narrator and editor, plausible sociologuemes (social conventions) and ideologuemes (ideologies that inform behaviour), along with a density of period minutiae putatively grounded in the record. Any truth effects achieved are then ludically subverted by a process of critique in which structural units of the novel systematically contrapose and parody the other.

My novel comprises two journals - ostensibly written by two different individuals - interwoven into a single chronological sequence by a fictive editor and presented as one historical artifact, the original being putatively still extant. To distinguish this discrete narrative form from the broad experimental genre of 'neo-historical fiction'<sup>135</sup>, I have termed it *'parafiction'*: the replication, for aesthetic purposes, of a testamentary artifact or reference that by its supposedly exophoric nature seeks to authenticate itself. Some parafictional devices are as old as the novel genre. They include: *anonymity of authorship*, which suggests that the work is not the invention of the implied author who presents it, so its existence is presumably attested by an 'independent' party<sup>136</sup>; ancillary evidence, ostensibly empirical, in the form of *invented documents* either paratextual or cited in the text; *authorial validation*, whereby a veridical person personally avows that his discourse accords with fact; and *editorial verification*, even where the editor (or another mediator such as a translator) confesses

<sup>135</sup> This term for the postmodernist recasting of historical fiction, which would dislocate 'real' events and characters from their temporal planes into an achronic milieu of the author's invention, has emerged only recently, and - so far as I can discover - only in Australian PhD theses on creative writing (Wakeling 1998; Lowes 2005). However, Martha Tuck Rozett has used the equivalent term: 'New Historical Fiction' (Rozett 2003).

<sup>136</sup> For example, in the first decade of the English novel, when it was deemed vulgar for a gentleman to reveal himself in public print (Altick 1963: 89), Nicholas Breton claimed that the manuscript of *The Miseries of Mavilia* (1599) was "[f]irst found by the said author, N. Breton, Gentleman" and Mavilia herself purports to be the author (Rothschild 1990: 24); in the same period, Rowland claimed that *Greene's Ghost*, 1602, was given him by 'a friend' (Rothschild 1990: 27). A document supposedly supplied by a third party, whether or not deemed reliable, carries the imputations both of independent verification and that the author has not, personally, 'made it up'. The conceit gained new life in the 18<sup>th</sup> century: Daniel Defoe was in no hurry to reveal himself as the author of *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) and similarly in 1740 'Richardson pretended that the letters and journals of *Pamela* had fallen into his hands by a lucky turn of fortune' (Donaldson 1998: 3). Scott borrowed Defoe's reclusive sleight and with similar marketing success: 'The "advertisement to the first edition" of *Rob Roy* (1817) ... presents what follows as "a parcel of Papers" sent to the anonymous editor of them by an "unknown and nameless correspondent" with a request that they "be given to the Public" (Ruthven 2001: 43). The sleight still works its dissimulative magic. In 1971, Hodder & Stoughton claimed that the manuscript of the thriller *Such Men are Dangerous*, published under the pseudonym Paul Kavanagh, had been sent to them anonymously. (The author was later revealed to be the novelist Lawrence Sanders, conspiring with the publisher in a Scott-like publicity stunt.) The original manuscript of Eco's *The Name of the Rose* 'disappears along with the editor's [anonymous] beloved, leaving him with "a number of manuscript notebooks in his hand and a great emptiness in his heart"' (Eco 1980: 2; Hafez 1989: 39). And so on.

uncertainty as to a document's authenticity. In his stories, Borges frequently foregrounds the human unreliability of his putative author or editor, presumably to strengthen the illusion of their empirical reality and thus, by association, the veracity of the documents they present<sup>137</sup>. The conceit of fake authentication, if the author brings it off, disturbs the naive expectation of the Bovaryist reader that what is 'independently' verified must be real; furthermore, in such *coups de théâtre* exemplified in the teasing stories of Borges, fake authentication can (as I will go on to show) vertiginously challenge the assumed integrity of signs themselves and the ontological verities grounded in them. I use all these devices - apart from that of the 'anonymous author' - in my own novel.

The production of forgeries and fakes has been the business, legitimate or otherwise, of the author since at least Thucydides<sup>138</sup>. The definition of 'forgery' is clear enough: 'the making of a thing in fraudulent imitation of something else' (OED); for a forgery to be fraudulent, however, a motive must be imputed in its 'false representations' for illicit gain or 'unjust advantage' (OED). Yet *any* artifact, if it is a representation, is either wilfully 'false' to or, at best, imperfectly representative of reality<sup>139</sup>. It is a truism that all art is deceitful - even if it seeks to create a reality more profoundly 'true' than the merely experiential - and thus a 'fake' ('an act of deceit' (OED)). The perceived difference between an egregious fake and an innocuous 'artifact' ('a product of human art or workmanship' (OED)) is aesthetic not forensic. From the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries, most of the usages recorded for "forgery" are non-pejorative: "to make, fashion, frame, or construct (any material thing)" (Ruthven 2001: 38). Ruthven even argues that '[l]iterary forgery is criticism by other means' (*ibid*: 171) insofar as that, when discovered, it beneficially exposes the false value systems by which society prizes (and prices) literature. My novel is undeniably a fake in that it would impishly deceive the naive reader, principally by the device of the editorial paratext, that it is a real Jacobean artifact. Yet as my expectations of financial gain from the novel approach zero, so must any allegations of its fraudulence. It is an 'ethical' fake, as benign as the guileful hat with which Hippo recovers Fitz-Fitz's head (64) or the pragmatic 'dossil' which Hippo puts on Mercer's nose to restore him to his duties (26).

Like my language, my novel is a liminal artifact that seeks to address the contemporary veneration for the artful combination of the old and the new. We esteem the thoughts of the dead to give ourselves a meaningful context for our present selves, and we welcome the new

<sup>137</sup> 'In the final section of his story *The Immortal*, Borges ... suggests that [from the appearance in it of intrusions or thefts] the whole manuscript on which his story is based might be apocryphal' (Corry 1992: 440). 'There is an erasure in the manuscript; perhaps the name of the port has been removed [etc]' (Borges 1970: 149)

<sup>138</sup> '[I]nvented dialogue and other novelistic techniques ... were long in the repertoire of historians as eminent as Thucydides' (Wood 1992: 3).

<sup>139</sup> Aristotle (in *The Poetics*) '[used representation] to mean imitation as opposed to reality. In that sense all art is imitation' (Lodge 1990: 28). *Ergo*, as all art is representation 'opposed to reality' all art must be false to reality.

to rid our thoughts of the death implicit in the past. Yet, if we are to follow Bloom, no modern literary text can lay claim to newness<sup>140</sup>. Moreover, Eco would contend - in a seeming reprise of Kristeva's 'mosaic of quotations'<sup>141</sup> - that 'books are made only from other books and around other books' (Postscript to the *Rose*, 1980)<sup>142</sup>. It is an exemplary irony that the mediaeval manuscripts now cherished by museums as the true 'originals' of works since endlessly copied were often themselves, in their time, embellished copies of bastard copies of dubious copies<sup>n</sup> of primary sources themselves problematical in their originality (Bruns 1980: 120). For example, the 12<sup>th</sup> century rendering of Virgil's *Aeneid* in the Old French *Enéas* was - with its medieval clerical disdain for wilful 'novelty' - *non nova, sed nove* (not new, but the old with newness), despite the innovations abundant in its free translation (*ibid*: 121). It was a 'making new'. So when, for example, Macpherson forged the poems of Ossian they began as Macpherson's self-seeking fraud but, being themselves creditable poems that owed more to Macpherson than to Ossian, the 'Macphossian' spoof - no less than Chatterton's fabulation of Rowley - ended as 'an original and authentic fake' (Ruthven 2001: 16). A making new. Likewise, when the 'beamy' nosed (4) Mercer anachronistically appears to borrow a trick from the 1897 play *Cyrano de Bergerac* to court Rose, allegedly in Fitz-Fitz's name, his development of the script is entirely new, being Mercer's (ie. mine). His deception, spun out of a deception in a 19<sup>th</sup> century play based (deceptively) upon a real 17<sup>th</sup> century character, coincidentally also 'beamy' nosed, produces an ethical fake: *non nova, sed nove*. As Mercer sylleptically - and ironically - remarks: "'tis veritably original' (102). Moreover, when the guide for Sir Joseph Banks on the island of Staffa would point out to visitors in the 1760s 'the cave of Fiuhn', the cave was real enough, but its conflation with the significance of Macpherson's 'forged words' itself 'forged ... a new reality' (Ackroyd: 2004: 422). The materiality of the caves thus retrospectively validated, at least to the naive, the provenance of Ossian's *Fingal* (1762).

### Fake authentication: by the materiality of text

The primary device for authenticating a fictive proposition is the printed word itself. Since the Middle Ages, the 'scriptural economy' (Pieters 2000: 36) of western culture has privileged the veracity of the written word over the oral, and the printed text over the chirographic, and further sacralised it to the degree that it is made three-dimensionally tangible in books and

<sup>140</sup> In *The Anxiety of Influence* (1973), Bloom famously achieved the influence he presumably desired (Crews lampoons him as the overbearing Orpheus Bruno in *Postmodern Pooh* (2002)) by proposing that all authors since at least the 18<sup>th</sup> century have, tyrannised by the influences of their illustrious forebears, despaired at the impossibility of achieving anything new. Yet if newness were impossible, Bloom's thesis would be unoriginal.

<sup>141</sup> 'Any text is constructed as a mosaic of quotations; any text is the absorption and transformation of another' (Kristeva 1980: 66).

<sup>142</sup> Such a claim, were it to be taken literally, would be defensible only for books as erudite as Eco's. To take a random instance, it would be hard to locate the books, other than fragments of Eastern mysticism, from or around which Jack Kerouac wrote his romance *On The Road* (1957), an emphatic rejection of book-learning in favour of the American Book of Nature, the US highway grid.

other publications<sup>143</sup>. Sogwit dispossesses the owner of Ivinghoe of his ancestral birthright 'by formal *Deed of Praepositusdominium*' (53) ie. marks on a scrap of paper. Cartophilus would wreck the village with another one, a 'damp scroll of vellum' (91). And Bacon's formula would certainly have been disdained as rubbish ('all words are cabbage' (146)) had it been orally preserved down the ages, say, in a nonsense rhyme rather than being enshrined in a physical codex, its text sacralised by its inscrutability<sup>144</sup>. The written or printed word can further authenticate a discourse if introduced as an artifact *within* the discourse. Poe's *The Purloined Letter* (1844) is a defining example of the device of the fictional letter which would validate the diegesis that embodies it. In writing of the horror story, Stewart further suggests that 'where the reader is presented with a letter to be read at the same moment, within the same temporality, as it is read by the character ... we have taken the victim's place ... we can verify the veracity of the story' (Stewart 1982: 39). So when Hippo first reads Margaret's designedly 'scatty' letters, the reader encounters them with the same bemusement - and, I hope, amusement - as Hippo supposedly does. (And perhaps the reader is as misled as Hippo is, that '[t]he maggots are in her mind' (104).) Likewise, I hoped the reader would join in Mercer's surprise at Shipwash's café menu 'Fat Hen Fritters - a farthing each [etc]' (116), and in Hippo's double-take at the spa's mad tariff: '*A Table Most Excellent* Dogs: £100 [etc]' (151). Of course, the 'surprise' - to the focaliser - of an encounter with a text is no different in its nature from his disconcertment at any other paratactic encounter in the narrative but its embodiment in an artifact supposed to have been written by a mind external to the immediate discourse creates a further lamina of substantiality.

An extension to the sleight of the autonomous letter, or other textual ephemera encountered by the narrator, is the incorporation into the story of an invented book or manuscript (not necessarily historical) which adds verisimilitude to the story itself. For example, Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* (1850) is presented as an edited version of a 'discovered' document (Ruthven 2001: 151)<sup>145</sup>. In his spoof Dedicatory Epistle to *Ivanhoe*, Scott asserts: '[my materials] may be chiefly found in the singular Anglo-Norman MS, which Sir Arthur Wardour preserves with such jealous care in the third drawer of his oaken cabinet' (*Ivanhoe*, 21). The precision of 'the *third* drawer' - and the Hemingwayan pretence of the reader's prior intimacy with Sir Arthur - implies that the reader could discover the MS there himself on his next visit to Sir Arthur. Borges, of course, is celebrated for the oblique references in his stories both to imaginary documents and to real published documents of his own authorship:

<sup>143</sup> 'A new reference system for meaningful social action was gradually introduced into a formerly oral network of social relations. Its fundamental tenet was the identification of objectivity with a text' (Stock 1984: 24).

<sup>144</sup> The Jacobethan practice of attesting a legal deposition with a 'mark', usually a cross, rather than a signature, did not necessarily mean that the deponent was illiterate. The cross added to a man's evanescent word the authority of the printed Bible, the reified Logos, a material object (Ong 1982).

<sup>145</sup> Leerssen defends such stage business, long-whiskered today: 'It may be now a commonplace for novels to begin with a "manuscript found in an attic", as Scott's *Quentin Durward* did, or even, ironically, Eco's *Name of the Rose*. But at the time [of Scott] a lot of manuscripts *were* found in attics' (Leerssen 2004: 226).

'[Borges's works often] refer to *imaginary* books, for example to Silas Haslam's *General History of Labyrinths* in 'Tlon, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius' (Ketzan 2007). Furthermore, '[i]n *La Muerte y la Brujula*, Borges] includes among the volumes of the murdered rabbi's complete works his *own* essay "A Vindication of the Kabbalah" [my italics]' (Alazraki 1988: 15)<sup>146</sup>. Such a refocalisation of a literary work as an object within a literary work is a frame shift. The reframed object, being distanced from the patently fictive plane, validates the discourse that frames it. 'Essentially, it is the effect produced by the theater within the theater, by literature becoming the subject of literature' (*ibid*)<sup>147</sup>. An antiquarian title imputes a venerable provenance to an invented document such that the casual reader is unlikely to question its credentials, very much as obscurity *per se* - as exemplified in the gibberish of the jail lecturers - credentialises itself. This is the Obscurantist Fallacy: the superstition among critics that the perception of great labour, in burying a significance, necessarily warrants the effort of its exhumation. (As Shipwash wisely notes: '[a]ll truths are not to be told' (201).)<sup>148</sup>

Using the same trick, I sought to credentialise my story as authentically Jacobean by selecting bizarrely titled books for Hippo's library: '[t]he *Pornoboscodidasculus*, the *Paroemiologia*, *De Rerum Inventoribus*, the *Opus Novum* of Jacopi Silvestri... [etc]' (57). All are genuine works of the Early Modern period. (Unfortunately, Aretino's *Pornoboscodidasculus*, on close inspection, turns out to be rather dull.) Eco credentialises his enigmatic novels, at the expense of the reader, in a similarly facetious manner: 'Milo Temesvar's *On the Use of Mirrors in the Game of Chess* is referred to in Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*, and De Amici's *Chronicles of the Zodiac* in Eco's *Foucault's Pendulum*, despite the fact that neither the books nor their authors exist' (Jones 2004: 84)<sup>149</sup>. A fake document can also validate a fictive narrative by posing as its paratext. This might be either a prequel (Nabokov's *Lolita*, a book 'written' by Humbert Humbert, is introduced by the authorities that have arrested him) or a sequel: '[Borges's] *Library of Babel* ends with a footnote written by the narrator or another Librarian, which refers to yet another Librarian, Letizia Alvarez de Toledo, whose theories on the Library are expounded' (Ketzan 2007). I used this device myself with the metaleptic interpolation of the newspaper clipping at the end,

<sup>146</sup> For this sleight, Borges acknowledges his debt to *Don Quixote*: 'Cervantes takes pleasure in confusing the objective and the subjective, the world of the reader and the world of the book ... In the sixth chapter of the first part, the priest and the barber inspect Don Quixote's library; astoundingly, one of the books examined is Cervantes's own *Galatea*' (Borges 1970: 229).

<sup>147</sup> Just as Borges imitated Cervantes, so Eco takes great fun - in tribute to Borges - in faking artifacts to validate his own. The *Name of the Rose* centres on the search for Aristotle's fictive and allegedly lost *Second Book of Poetics* which is ludically supposed to present laughter as 'something good and as an instrument of truth' (Capozzi 1989: 423).

<sup>148</sup> Hippo tries to explain the perverse human quirk implicit in the Obscurantist Fallacy, in answer to Filsmiro's riddle as to why Christ did not write his own gospel to prevent later misunderstandings. 'If a truth be given to us, clear and plain, we do not believe it and it remains the other man's. But if a truth is obscure we must wrestle for it. So doth it become our own and we must believe it' (99). This is the master ruse, I contend, of all obscurantism wilfully conceived.

<sup>149</sup> One suspects it is only a matter of time before Eco, in a Baudrillardesque - or perhaps Borgesian - mood, publishes his own *Chronicles of the Zodiac* with a credentialising reference in it to *Foucault's Pendulum*.



with which I hoped to authenticate my foregoing story. It is, of course, an invention. The Village Guild (which exists) never did host a 21<sup>st</sup> century Open Day for the inspection of Hippo's rose bush (which doesn't, except by the fakery of a garden centre). However, had the item genuinely appeared in *The Bucks Herald* (and been accessible thereafter in the newspaper's on-line archive) I would have successfully faked - with vertiginous distress to the reader's sensibilities - a 'real' artifact to validate a fictive one. That this interesting ontological question (lamentably) never arose is due to my wife's objections to having strangers in her garden<sup>150</sup>.

As Borges shows, fake books can be plausibly authenticated by their association in the narrative with genuine documents or other veridical artifacts. For example, his story *The Immortal* is validated by being discovered, physically, within a work of impeccable provenance, Pope's *Iliad*<sup>151</sup>. With similar mischief, I hide an outrageous impostor on Hippo's shelf among several real books that might well have furnished the library of a Jacobean gentleman: "Ah, Epictetus, Seneca, Boethius, *The Book of Vlas*..." [Jerome] recites with approval' (20). Jerome applauds *The Book of Vlas* but he does not further remark on it. His seeming insouciance masks another covert game that I am playing on the reader. In both its anachronism and its duplicity, *The Book of Vlas* is a truly subversive hoax. If it ever existed (and the allegations of its existence are not themselves a hoax) it is no less a forgery than Nilus's *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, circulated in the 1880s by the Czarist secret police to prove that all Russian revolutionaries were Jews. *The Book of Vlas*, supposedly written around 1000BC, 'reveals that the proto-Russians were truly the chosen people, descendants of Atlantis' (Boym 1999: 108). However, the first reference to the Book - 'in an obscure San Francisco journal *The Firebird*' (*ibid*) - did not appear until the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Ludically, I purposed that the conjecturedly achronal Jerome, who might or might not have been St Ambrose - the 6<sup>th</sup> century confessor of St Augustine, Bishop of Hippo ('once I were yclept Ambrose' (57)) - and who is disquietingly ambiguous in his theology ('The names of Christ are legion' (57), etc) should, in approving the illusive book, understand its diabolical nature very well.

The pretence of a document, previously concealed by chance or intention, being fortuitously 'discovered' itself authenticates the document. If anything has been a long time hidden, it cannot (seemingly) have any motive to deceive its discoverer. The diaries of my novel are

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<sup>150</sup> The ploy of tricking nature into a deceitful imitation of art is not new. 'Lang confesses that in order to provide documentary support for the narrative in his own historical novel, *A Monk of Fife* (1896), he "even went so far as to forge extracts in Old French, from the chapel register of St Catherine of Fierbois"' (Ruthven 2001: 42). Had Lang further introduced those forgeries into the empirical chapel register he would have anticipated the delicious chicanery of Martin Allen who in 1999, to validate his history book *Hidden Agenda*, secreted a faked letter ostensibly written by the Duke of Windsor into the National Archives (*The Sunday Times*, May 4, 2008).

<sup>151</sup> 'In London, in the first part of June 1929, the antique dealer Joseph Cartaphilus of Smyrna offered the Princess of Lucinge the six volumes in small quarto (1715-20) of Pope's *Iliad* ... In the last volume of the *Iliad* she found this manuscript.' (Borges 1970: 135).

presented as being found by accident. As both diaries are supposedly 'real' chronicles written only for the eyes of the then present - and perhaps future - Yeoman family, it would also have been inappropriate to have validated them further with the trope of a self-conscious prologue, written either by Hippo or Mercer. However, in other genres, '[this] device, old by the time Aphra Behn used it, [is] still remarkably successful. On the title page of her fiction, *Oroonoko* [1688] is called "A True History"; and the first paragraph opens with its solemn assurance that what we are about to read is not fiction: "I was myself an Eye-witness to a great part of what you will find here set down"' (Allen 1954: 35). Instead, I used Hemingway's device of dropping the reader at the outset into *medias res*, so that he himself becomes an eye-witness, with the presumption implicit in such candour that the narrator and reader of the *Codex Climactericon* are either intimates or the same person<sup>152</sup>. Ong argues that '[t]he [Hemingway] reader ... is a companion-in-arms, somewhat later become a confidant. It is a flattering role. Hemingway readers are encouraged to cultivate high self-esteem' (Ong 1975: 13). Of course, this approach is an anachronism in the Jacobethan age when an author would pointedly address his reader and/or patron. (For example, *Don Quixote* famously begins 'Idle reader'.) Indeed, Ong notes: '[t]he Hemingway convention that the reader had somehow been through it all before with the writer would have been to Sidney's age at best confusing and at worst wrongheaded' (*ibid*: 15). Yet such a convention, of the reader's prior familiarity with the narrator, is neither confusing nor wrong-headed in the milieu of the editor and his modern readers. It also allows the *deus ex textus* narrator to appear to authenticate himself with revelations of his own fallibility and even unreliability that, to a Jacobean, might have seemed indecorously self-subversive<sup>153</sup>.

### Fake authentication: by the unreliable narrator

Iser credits Wayne Booth with the invention of the term 'unreliable narrator' (Iser 1972: 294) and I use the trope extensively in my novel<sup>154</sup>. Hippo is the focus of reader identification, being the focaliser who is first introduced and who is initially characterised more fully than Mercer<sup>155</sup>. He repeatedly asserts his prideful identity: 'my name is Hippocrates Yeoman' (13, 187), etc. He is candid with the reader (ie. himself) about his follies, humiliations and furtive

<sup>152</sup> For example, 'Hemingway begins [one of his stories] "The major sat at a table against the wall". The implication is that we know "him" already' (Chatman 1978: 222). Likewise, Mercer casually refers to the remarkable marmoset and the 'brain of Hamlet' at the Swan as if the reader is, like himself, an *habitué* of the place.

<sup>153</sup> Of course, protestations of fallibility have long been a commonplace of writers, notably when addressing their patrons. As Montaigne claims, with an unconvincing humility that might also serve as the prologue to my thesis: 'Reader, I am myself the matter of my book; you would be unreasonable to spend your leisure on so frivolous and vain a subject' (Preface, *Essais*, 1580). However, until modern times, candid exposures of the writer's *veniality*, if ever written, were never intended for publication, except by repentant rogues on the gallows. (Pepys's diary, for example, was not published until 1828.)

<sup>154</sup> 'Unreliable narrators are those whose perspective is in contradiction to the value and norm system of the whole text or to that of the reader' (Nunning 2004b: 238).

<sup>155</sup> 'The medieval reader [expected] that the first person in a work of fiction would represent mankind generally and at the same time would physically resemble the author' (Talbot Davidson 1954: 936).

lusts. Yet he is profoundly unreliable throughout in his crucial interactions with his wife, and in his repression - until the last chapter - of memories of the incidents surrounding her death. They come to him involuntarily (and, to the reader, cryptically) only in flashbacks, a mode of narrative recursion that Genette has called 'subjective analepsis' (Genette 1980: 231). Conversely, Mercer is mocked by Hippo throughout as being congenitally unreliable, yet his narrative is always verisimilically honest, so far as his logophilia allows, and with the exception of his blatantly chronoclastic fantasy of the ancient clowns tumbling from the air (240) and the episode of Emily's exhumation when his traumatised mind flatly refuses to perceive the foetid reality<sup>156</sup>. Although we might think that 'our narrator, by opposing us, in fact turns us against him and thereby strengthens the illusion he appears to be out to destroy' such is our affiliation with him, if he is strongly introduced, that 'we may be so much in doubt that we begin to question all the processes that lead us to make interpretative decisions' (Iser 1974: 289). In other words, the reader may begin to wonder if he has entirely misread the foregoing narrative<sup>157</sup>. This is the pivotal point where any author, other than the formulaic, who employs an unreliable focaliser takes a great risk. The bemused reader may either discard the text in disgust or pivot forward into an expanded appreciation of its sub-texts<sup>158</sup>. In my own novel, I hoped that the reader - growing increasingly sceptical of Hippo's conversations with a wife who never appears to answer him - would respond with more curiosity than impatience to the suspicion that a very 'dark conceit' indeed might lie beneath the surface text.

As Zerweck has pointed out, the unreliable narrator has no place in a postmodern novel as it exhibits no cognitive norms against which the reader can evaluate him or her: *everything* in such a text world is unreliable. 'Radically metafictional texts ... cannot be naturalized' (Zerweck 2001: 164). While each chapter in my novel accords with the reader's expectations of the conventions of a specific genre<sup>159</sup> - to the extent that I explicitly parody the detective story, epic Romance, Jacobean City comedy, gothic horror tale, and so forth - the jail chapter is itself a parody of the modalities of the postmodern novel<sup>160</sup>. In its various forms (or denials of form), normative values are compulsorily subverted as if in a demonstration - doubly ironic because, for once, unwittingly paradoxical - of Hippo's rubric: '[m]utability is, in its constancy of flux, the firmest proof of order' (178). So, in his reportage at the jail of a proleptic theatre of

<sup>156</sup> 'From her shroud, inexplicable, rises a fragrance fresh, as of roses. (Or so I think. Oh, so I must!) (281).

<sup>157</sup> '[The unreliable narrator shows] the extent to which a literary device can counter expectations arising out of the literary text' (Iser 1972: 294).

<sup>158</sup> In Ackroyd's *The House of Dr Dee* (1994), the pivotal point occurs when the reader suspects that the amiable modern narrator Matthew Palmer might actually be an homunculus created by the narrator's father or by Dr Dee himself in the early 17<sup>th</sup> century. Ackroyd never resolves this puzzle. Instead, he uses its uncertainty to topple the reader into the fantasy that Palmer 'is' the empirical author Ackroyd who 'is' both Dr Dee and the articulate timeless soul of London itself. A rare topple, indeed.

<sup>159</sup> Genette has termed the reader's expectations of a work, which are predicated by his supposition of its genre, the 'architext' (Genette 1979; Allen 2000: 100).

<sup>160</sup> An eclectic sample might include *Mason & Dixon* (Pynchon 1997), *City of the Mind* (Lively 1992), *Witchcraft* (Williams 1988), *The House of Dr Dee*, (Ackroyd 1994), *The Sot-Weed Factor* (Barth 1960), *Quicksilver* (Stephenson 2004), etc.

the absurd - magic butterflies, alternative histories, anachronisms, the metadiegetic materialisation of characters from other fictive works, etc - Hippo is, like Chaucer in *The House of Fame*, a wholly *reliable* narrator of an hallucinatory diegesis that is itself clearly signalled to the reader as *unreliable*: 'thus do fifteen months pass, as in a pleasing sleep, outside of time' (255)<sup>161</sup>. Moreover, if the author's conceit is accepted that the idiographic metaphysics of the jail govern, like the Platonic ideal, the duplicitous appearances of the text world outside of the jail and thus metonymically the exophoric world of the reader, it is the reader - not the narrator - who, in his faulty perception of his mundane world, is 'unreliable'<sup>162</sup>. It is not the text world that is mad but, in his misplaced trust in the stability of signifiers, the reader (or so the slippery rhetoric of poststructuralism might argue)<sup>163</sup>. Chapter 11 explicitly satirises this shibboleth of the stereotypical postmodern novel, notably in my totemic Tel Quel lecturers who disdain transcendental verities. By conjecturalising all truth values, the lecturers - like the postmodern mode itself - repudiate any ontological perspective from which they might coherently, and thus communicatively, address the truth of their own discourse<sup>164</sup>.

### Fake authentication: by the unreliable editor

When a novel is embedded in the paratextual frame of the editor or translator (or even of the declared author), the frame defines the values that the reader intuitively accepts as normative, if only because this liminal space is the first formal element the reader usually encounters. It thus carries residual associations with the extra-textual world. The reader initially assumes that the editor (etc) is his dependable attorney in the text, and that his interpretive allegiance is to the reader. If the signified text is exotic, the supposed reliability of the editor's (etc) signifying introduction is further enhanced by its contrast with the signified

<sup>161</sup> Here and subsequently, Hippo accords with Aristotle's dictum that to achieve plausibility in *imitatio* an inconsistent character must be portrayed as *consistently* inconsistent (Poetics, XV). So Hippo's seemingly oneiric reportage of the jail is consistent with its own equivocal modalities, as is his later account of the ontologically problematical tapestry and hare in the final episode.

<sup>162</sup> Zerweck has shown that the 'unreliable reader' (my term) challenges all attempts to locate an 'unreliable narrator' definitively in a text. '[U]nreliable narration, and the cultural discourses foregrounded when readers resolve textual signals by positing an unreliable narrator, have changed dramatically over the last two centuries' (Zerweck 2001: 165). Indeed, 'unreliability' is a reader-construct that shifts, not only with the misprisions indeterminable in the idiolect of each individual, but also with the tacit suppositions (idiologuemes) of each milieu. For example, the eponymous vicar of Wakefield was accepted as transparently benign by the 19<sup>th</sup> century reader but some 20<sup>th</sup> century critics have read him as Goldsmith's sly parody of Anglican hypocrisy (*ibid*). Likewise, an English narrator who in the 21<sup>st</sup> century observes a man hanged, drawn and quartered without disgust would be regarded as 'unreliable', if not mentally ill (Nunning 2004b: 247). Yet we do not normally regard Pepys as unreliable for doing just that on 13<sup>th</sup> Oct 1660. (He then enjoyed an oyster dinner.) However, Nunning's conclusion that 'unreliability' is a wholly subjective evaluation by the reader and therefore undefinable within the text world or the *intentio auctoris* has been challenged by Olson (2003: 97).

<sup>163</sup> 'There is an attack within Tel Quel theory on the very foundations of meaning and communication, a celebration and investigation of that which resists the stabilization of the signifier/signified relation' (Allen 2000: 33).

<sup>164</sup> Upon similar lines, Hutcheon implies that post-modernism is 'self-contradictory' and self-subversive since 'it works within the very systems it attempts to subvert' (cited in Allen 2000: 189). Thus, in asserting a position which seeks to be paradoxical ie. literally 'outside of dogma' (Gk: *para doxa*), poststructuralism relapses into the monadism of assertion ie. dogma. That is a paradox.

text in their respective contexts, stylistic properties and subsistent ideologuemes<sup>165</sup>. Collins presented his 'Persian Eclogue' in the "pretence that he was translating from the Persian" (Ackroyd 2004: 423). By distancing the forgery from himself as a 'translation', a putatively autonomous artifact, Collins implicitly validated himself as an independent deponent; his distanciation then served to validate his forgery.

However, the reader's perception that the editor (etc) may himself be unreliable can, perversely, displace the reader's location of truth values from the paratext to the narrative it frames. The fictive text is thus, in the reader's instinctive quest for ontological stability, granted a specious truth value. Benstock is unconvincing when he contends that the mysterious 'editor' in *Tristram Shandy* subverts Shandy as a narrator, and thus his narrative, when - for example - the editor metaleptically comments: "The author is here twice mistaken ... Mr Tristram Shandy has been led into this error". Suddenly the notion we have held that Tristram Shandy has access to all the knowledge needed for this story-telling, that *he* is the authority on whom it rests, is called into question ... Here the notes turn inward on the narrative itself and subvert its status and credibility' (Benstock 1983: 209). In fact, I suggest that the opposite effect occurs. The supposedly independent editor emphatically validates 'Mr' Tristram Shandy as an empirical person, and thus his narrative as itself a veridical artifact. In contrast to Shandy, who has so far defined the modalities of the discourse and been suavisly substantiated by them, the editor - a fitful interloper who lacks any ontological credentials whatsoever - is himself at risk of being seen as 'unreliable'<sup>166</sup>.

Likewise, in the paratext to my own novel, I have the editor go to extreme lengths to credentialise the manuscript in his prologue only to disauthenticate it (and thus, in effect, to authenticate it) in his epilogue, as if involuntarily, by the self-parodic fussiness of his scepticism. From the outset, the editor, presented as Hippo's lineal descendant, claims the manuscripts were discovered on a precisely dated afternoon in a real location - Ivinghoe, which he describes realistically and pedantically footnotes. He personally witnessed the document's exhumation, he says. Further scholarly footnotes confirm, by reference to Evelyn and Boswell, the plausibility of such an unlikely discovery. Like Hemingway, the editor then elects the reader himself as witness to the story's veracity by assuming his prior acquaintance

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<sup>165</sup> Bakhtin coined the term ideologueme as: 'the system of ideas which harbors a world view' (Bakhtin 1981: 101; Patterson 1985: 132). He locates it in discourse: 'every word betrays the ideology of its speaker ... every speaker, therefore is an ideologue, and every utterance an ideologeme' (Bakhtin 1981: 429). However, for the purpose of this thesis, I would relocate the ideologueme to the ideological pattern which *performs* a unit of discourse. This appears to be Jameson's view. He writes, the ideologeme [sic] is 'a pseudoidea ... a conceptual or belief system, an abstract value, an opinion or prejudice' (Jameson 1983: 73). I discuss the concept of the 'ideologueme', useful to historical novelists, in more detail later.

<sup>166</sup> In *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (1782), Laclos puckishly had the 'publisher' first disown the work and then - in a droll subversion of his own disclaimer - prove *himself* unreliable, in his tongue-in-cheek aside: 'We have strong reason to suspect that this is a work of fiction ... A number of his characters are so immoral that it is impossible to imagine them living in this century' (p. 3). The unreliability of the publisher's disclaimer has, perversely, the effect of validating the work he disowns.

with its characters and circumstances '[which have] now been widely reported, both by the media and in my two prior editions' (i). Moreover, the reader can verify the material existence of the original materials, thrice, in a real university, a real museum and the British Library, he says. (Indeed, some aspects of the work *will*, I trust, be lodged at the Univ. Bedfordshire from 2010.) Moreover, the physical existence of the editor is validated in the epilogue by a clipping from a real newspaper which refers to a real rose bush in a real garden, and which cites a phone number, once real, that - if dialled - once connected to a real answering machine. Sceptical callers would have been reassured (I trust) to hear the shaky scholarly voice emerge of 'John Yeoman XVIII' himself. Above all, the editor authenticates himself as an exophoric person by aligning himself with the reader's scepticism to question, as Borges does in *The Immortal*, some aspects of the protagonist's text: 'any man who could solemnly claim that he had materialised the shade of Cervantes' "Sancho", should not be trusted in every particular, I suspect' (310)<sup>167</sup>. To the degree that the reader agrees to pretend that a man colourfully called John Yeoman XVIII really exists (and, indeed, he does in so far as his name can be found appended to four books of my authorship still listed, at time of writing, at Amazon.co.uk), the reader will pretend to agree that Hippo also once existed. However, with a sly wink on page iii to the 'shrewd' reader, the editor undermines at the outset his own authenticating sleights by weaving in, verbatim, three intertexts from the prologues to other works blatantly fictive: '*I was myself an eye witness to the exhumation*'<sup>168</sup>; '*wrapped up with great care and caution in a very large sheet of paper full of characters that I have never yet deciphered*'<sup>169</sup>; '*This volume would have been at least twice as large if I had not made bold to strike out, [etc]*'<sup>170</sup>. So while the naive reader tramps around Ivinghoe in search of a fabled rose bush (which exists) at the Old Hall (which doesn't), the canny reader will notice - in his detection of the sub-texts - a covert invitation to play a duplicitous textual game. Being gratified by his own acuity, he will (I hope) agree to play it.

Such parafictive tricks of authentication were not intended to solicit, in my readers, Coleridge's 'willing suspension of disbelief that constitutes poetic faith' (commentary to the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798). This shop-worn pietism is an oxymoron. I gently parodied poetic faith - and other fideistic symptoms of 'a mind diseased' eg. 'bliss', 'love', 'peace', 'joy' (153) - by having Hippo propose: if any man '*must believe*' in any thing then is he damned 'for, by that token, he doth not believe' (71). Equally, if a reader must 'suspend' his disbelief in a story, in order to engage with it, then by the volitional act of *re*-believing he reinforces his tacit

<sup>167</sup> In Prokosch's *The Missolonghi Manuscript*, 1968, purportedly the diary of Byron, verisimilitude is likewise heightened by the supposed editor, Applebee, casting doubt on aspects of the manuscript: 'un-Byronic ... quirks of phrase and oddities of vocabulary' (Field 1989: 58).

<sup>168</sup> cf. 'I was myself an eye-witness to a great part of what you will find here set down' (Aphra Behn, *Oroonoko*, 1688, opening page).

<sup>169</sup> Fielding allegedly found the manuscript of *A Journey from This World to the Next*, 1743, 'wrapt up with great Care and Caution, in a very large Sheet of Paper full of Characters' (Introduction).

<sup>170</sup> cf. 'This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages [etc]' (Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*, 1726, Publishers Note to Reader).

disbelief. Searle would apply a Johnsonian scepticism<sup>171</sup> to Coleridge's maxim, too long unchallenged. It might be licit, Searle argues, as one mode of Romantic engagement with lyrical ballads but it is not generally applicable to pluriplanic literary prose: '[w]hat I do not suspend when I read a serious writer of nonserious illocutions such as Tolstoy or Thomas Mann is disbelief. My disbelief antennae are much more acute for Dostoevsky than they are for the *San Francisco Chronicle*' (Searle 1975: 321). Likewise, any reader 'belief' - 'a persuasion that (at least while we are reading) that all is real' (Clara Reeve, cited in Lodge 1977: 53) - must be resolutely suspended in *The Apothecary's Tales* if the reader would discover, beneath the surface narrative, the play-world - no less escapist but more perdurable (I trust) - of its hypotexts. 'The player-reader must not "lose himself in the book"; he must be capable of seeing character, narrative suspense, sensuous language, and all the rest as mobile and highly problematical, just so many counters to be shifted about the board' (Bruss 1977: 154). Indeed, if I had not thought the reader capable of playing my counters (some readers, some counters, at least), I would not have hidden so many of my *enjeux* with such labour below 'the board'. 'To see the game in certain literary works is to appreciate new aesthetic dimensions, particularly the "beauty" of strategy' (*ibid*: 169). I trusted (no doubt with a self-delusive fideism worthy of Coleridge) that some readers might 'see the game' and so echo, when stumbling into the narrative's more 'ultra-violet' dimensions (Eco, cited by Rice 2003), an admiration similar to that which Hippo felt for Margaret's cunning code: '[t]he plan is familiar to me, but its application here is most novel' (107).

My parafictive devices of authentication are, advisedly, over-determined. But in the postmodern spirit, I consciously foregrounded them to parody both those devices and the postmodern tendency to deflate them<sup>172</sup>. I *wanted* them to topple. Not least, authentication - if too persuasive in gulling the reader *pace* Clara Reeve<sup>173</sup> - can be counterproductive in a ludic work like mine. A joke that the de-luded reader actually believes in, ie. takes seriously, is no laughing matter. While a critical disbelief is required to appreciate the strategy of - or even to comprehend - Searle's 'serious' literary works (Searle 1975: 321), unqualified disbelief is a prerequisite for enjoying an overt spoof, such as a shaggy dog story. Nor are the two incompatible. For example, I trusted that even the Bovaryist reader (in the unlikely event that he read so far) would interpret the jail chapter at the surface level as a manic 'shaggy dog', but that a reader more scholarly might find some grounds for profound belief, all too ironic, at the secondary (sylleptical) and tertiary (extra-diegetically allusive) levels where the chapter addresses the hagiography of literary criticism.

<sup>171</sup> 'Striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone' Johnson commented on Bishop Berkeley's 'ingenious sophistry': "'I refute it *thus*'" (Sat. 6 Aug., 1763; Boswell 1791, 1989: 333).

<sup>172</sup> Specifically, I have in mind the postmodern compulsion to *disauthenticate* a text: for example, by presenting it - in its absence of closure - as conjectural even to its own author or editor who, upon inspection, abdicates into a negotiable entity himself within the mind of a reader no less provisional.

<sup>173</sup> 'The perfection of the [the novel] is to represent every scene, in so easy and natural a manner ... until we are affected by the joys or distresses of the persons in the story, as if they were our own' (Clara Reeve, *The Progress of Romance through Times, Countries and Manners*, 1785).

### Fake authentication: by the 'record'

As I have suggested, in my parafictive work I sought to simulate the tangibility of 'real' documents to fake the substantiality of the simulachron itself. To effect verisimilitude in the field of the naive reader, however, my parafictive work had, above all, to interiorise - to make anaphoric - the epiphoric frame of empiric experience in the 17<sup>th</sup> century. I attempted this by means of incessant veridical allusions to both the material and the noetic 'mind worlds' of its inhabitants. By the tacit conventions of the modern novel, what is perceived to be exophoric, although known to be unreliable or fictive, is licensed as 'real'<sup>174</sup>. However, for the composition of my novel, I found that such allusions required a different kind of attention to the historical record than is demanded of the historian. A 'record' is an aberration in the total notional corpus of the text, ie. the sum of everything that was ever written. Not only is it potentially deceptive, having been mediated and re-presented in a myriad ways to a myriad agendas, it is also inherently unrepresentative of any epistemological field in its era.<sup>175</sup> Moreover, any reportage written after the passage of time, even a few moments, is distorted by intermediate perceptions and cognitions. Hippo acknowledges the tacit dilemma of any observer who would chronicle contemporary events, even those he has personally witnessed: 'I shall write it true. (But how do I know that it were true? I cannot remember.)' (353). Yet Goody would remind us that '[t]he pastness of the past ... depends upon a historical sensibility which can hardly begin to operate without *permanent written records* [my italics]' (Goody 1963: 311). On the one hand, in the absence of such records, the 'past' becomes a wholly poetical space to be refabulated upon each moment. 'The [Eskimo] Tiv do not recognise any contradiction between what they say now and what they said fifty years ago, since no enduring records exist for them to set beside their present views. Myth and history merge into one' (*ibid*). On the other hand, when the past is reconstructed by reference to the record, it is mediated by the exigencies of present agendas and the distortions implicit in reportage. For instance, Hippo retells Sogwit's tale of Filmsmiro's tale of Purkiss's tale of his fateful dalliance

<sup>174</sup> For the purpose solely of its discussion here, I would define 'reality' as: the noetic matrix of an individual that coincides sufficiently with that of others to permit coherent signifiers/signifieds and codes of behaviour to be mutually agreed, such consensus being diachronically mutable and synchronically variable between interpretive communities. 'The fact of agreement, rather than being a proof of the stability of objects, is a testimony to the power of an interpretive community to constitute the objects upon which its members ... can agree' (Fish 1990: 338).

<sup>175</sup> A 'record' was privileged to survive by happenstance or by some contemporary selective judgement of its importance. 'Even what is inherited by us as the taste of past eras, what Gadamer describes as "classic" is only the choice of a small group. What has been canonized are thus works selected by individuals in a position of power' (Holub 1984: 51). Most documents and, not least, most ephemera, the normative voice of the common people, have vanished along with virtually all oral discourse not trapped by chance in letters, diaries, pamphlets, court transcripts and the like. 'History' is arguably a record of deviants in their period who, by leaving any substantial record whatsoever, were untypical of 'the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs' (George Eliot, *Middlemarch*, 1872, closing sentence). Mercer exults at Jess's pageant following her first trial: 'This scene will live forever in the annal-books of history'. Hippo pointedly reminds him: 'Then you had best make a memorandum of it' (98).



with Lady Frances Howard (52), but the reader never hears Lady Howard's side of the story (or anyone else's). And if the reader could, it would be a time-distorted fabulation. To add to their unreliability, records recount only what people thought worth recording 'which may not be what interests us today' (Tosh 2002: 60). To summarise, any textual record, howsoever tangibly attested or ethically purposed, is - like a parafictive simulachron - inevitably a self-credentialising lie that perpetuates itself solely by its coherence with other consensually accepted lies. 'Biographical [and historical] untruths are accepted by audiences if they have been said two or three times and fit in with expectations' (Batchelor 1995: 216)<sup>176</sup>. Or, as Quirk avers in an axiom that - in its assertion of factuality - ironically questions its own veracity: '[a] fact is a myth consensually agreed upon' (257). So while the historian in search of 'facts' must privilege the record, the novelist - who seeks to simulate the 'presence', *l'effet de réel* (Barthes 1968: 88), of a past which has eluded the record or been incessantly travestied by it - dare not.

That said, the parafictive author who is not writing fantasy - an inversion and criticism of the real where events impossible under currently accepted laws of physics and/or linear causality are normative - must not too grossly violate the reader's frame of expectation. Such a fake would be *unethical*, at least in that it would cheat the reader of his time and purchase money. The reader who is gulled by its title into thinking *The Apothecary's Tales* is a 17<sup>th</sup> century re-run of a Brother Cadfael story will still, I hope, find it analogous to Ellis Peters' work in its rigour of plotting, historiography and language, but I must not lead the reader to expect the modal simplicities of, say, *The Other Boleyn Girl* (Phillippa Gregory, 2002). In *The Roaring Girl* (1611), a play anything but 'simple', Middleton offers a wry warning to authors, that the market has always brought its own presumptions to a work: 'each one comes/And brings a play in's head with him: vp he summes,/What *he* would of a Roaring Girle haue writ;/If that he findes not here, he mewes at it [my italics]' (Prologue. 3-6.). So it would be perilous for an author to challenge such presumptions of *res gesta* - or consensual myths - as key dates, historical personages or canonical causalities, although he can licitly apply his own torque to them<sup>177</sup>. For instance, he cannot have Sir Thomas More visit Canada with Jacques Cartier in 1541. Too many records would have to be revised, not least that of More's execution in July 1535. But he can (as I do) present Buckingham, much vilified for his corruption in the 1623-5 period of my novel<sup>178</sup>, as - in private - a most decent and amiable man<sup>179</sup>. 'Buckingham was

<sup>176</sup> 'As Karl Miller has put it, "human history" is "a succession of interpretations", a piling-up of imitations, an accumulation of metaphor which will be received as reality' (Finney 1992: 11).

<sup>177</sup> To take a random example, the wise author must agree with the reader that Henry VIII was indeed the father of Queen Elizabeth I, despite the persuasive allegations of Mary I that Elizabeth was the illegitimate daughter of Ann Bolyn and her lute player Mark Smeaton (Woolley 2002: 60). (Of course, the playful author might not always wish to be wise - especially if a convincing case could be advanced, as Hippo does (202), that Elizabeth was not 'flame haired' but a brunette, like both her true biological parents, and could not anyway have been the daughter of an impotent Henry VIII.)

<sup>178</sup> Buckingham's confessor, Archbishop Laud, noted in his diary for Feb 29, 1623/4: 'the Duke of Buckingham's Coach overthrown [by the angry mob] between Exeter-House and the Savoy'.

not by nature vindictive, nor did he ever try to monopolise influence' (Lockyer 1981: 36). Likewise, the novelist must not claim that King James I drowned in the New River near Theobalds on January 9<sup>th</sup> 1621/2 (as he nearly did) (Burton 1962: 52), rather than dying on March 27<sup>th</sup> 1625 (as he did); but he *can* propose that Buckingham poisoned James, in that many people at the time profoundly believed it (Woolley 2004: 78) and James's physician George Eglisam published a libellous pamphlet to that effect (Holmes 2003: 50). The novelist can also puckishly cite the most outrageous improbabilities as 'fact' if (in fact) they seemingly were. For example, Buckingham and Charles really did wear 'false beards' (48) - despite the incredulity of Hippo and, no doubt, the reader - when setting out to court the Spanish Infanta in 1623 (Stewart 2003: 317)<sup>180</sup>. With a similarly wicked attention to the 'facts', a narrator in 1623 (and the novelist) can legitimately aver that the summer solstice occurred on June 10<sup>th</sup> rather than June 21<sup>st</sup> (73), the sighting of the Spanish Armada took place on July 8<sup>th</sup> 1588 rather than July 19<sup>th</sup> (9) as history books would have it, and that the New Year did not start until 25<sup>th</sup> March<sup>181</sup>. The Julian calendar, operative in England until 1752, was eleven days behind the modern Gregorian calendar and Lady Day, 25<sup>th</sup> March, was indeed until then New Year's Day.

To set in place convincing stage props, the historical novelist must also evidence with rigorous fidelity the contemporary fashions of grooming, etiquette, dress, nomenclature, deportment and other recorded mores, as indeed I seek to do. In quest of mimesis, he cannot fecklessly misrepresent the period's topography, architecture, furnishings, books and other material phenomena. Like Anya Seton, and most other 'purists' of historical fiction, he must foreground many of his 'realemes' to authenticate his 'fabulemes', or the affective incidents that are synecdochical of his themes. She writes in her prologue to *Katherine*: 'I have based my story on actual history and tried never to distort time, or place, or character to suit my convenience' (Seton 1954: 9). Like Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, the novelist 'remains scrupulously within the bounds of historical circumstance' but he ventures where post-Trevelyanesque historians (New Historicists apart) dare not tread: 'he seizes all his material imaginatively, he creates it' (Pottle 1950: 14). However, I would suggest that the incidental detail of 'historical circumstance' is at its most persuasive in a novel when backgrounded in oblique reference. Not only would no person at the time have foregrounded, in their discourse, what they and others took for granted in their life world (I discuss this important point later) but also, in the 'semantic saturation' (Dolezel 1988: 492) of his half-glimpsed particularities, the novelist creates an affect of 'frame redundancy': the implication, perhaps

<sup>179</sup> In his corruption, Buckingham did no more than was typical of every high official in England at the time including Francis Bacon, exemplary in his probity yet indicted in 1621, as a political expedient, on a trumped-up charge of bribe-taking. So absurdly low were the official salaries that 'the taking of bribes was almost standard practice' (Lockyer 1964: 237).

<sup>180</sup> Such *fraudes du réel* are akin in their impish provocations to my use of *faux* anachronisms - events or word usages apparently ridiculous in the period but which are well attested. See Chapter IV.

<sup>181</sup> So Mercer can sell '20 loads of dung to farmer Best' in November 1622 then, absurdly, buy it back 'in February anno 1622' before he has sold it. 'February 1622' is, in fact, three months later - in 1623.

only subliminally perceived, that there are unbounded worlds of autonomous materiality - diegeses in the diegesis - immanent in the hypotexts. As Flaubert put it: '[e]xactitude et mystère!' (cited in Tindall 1955: 73)<sup>182</sup>. So I tuck away many of my 'realemes' in what Eco has called the 'ultra-violet' realms of insinuation. For example, Hippo remembers that there was no moon on Dec 28<sup>th</sup> 1603 at Fludd's Millbank penthouse (104). Nor was there. Every moon (and astrological) phase cited in my novel - for example, at the start of Hippo's journals - is accurate to the date. The reader is highly unlikely to notice a wrong moon phase but Hippo was an astrologer. *He* would have noticed<sup>183</sup>. In this precision, invisible to the average reader, I followed the examples of Fielding and Richardson who each consulted almanacks to get their moon phases right for key narrative episodes (Watt 1974: 25; Waugh 1984: 60)<sup>184</sup>.

To achieve coherency, at least in the hypotexts, I further ensured that the duration of my characters' journeys was plausible for horse travel on the indifferent roads of the time. For instance, I have Hippo take three hours to trot the circuitous 24 miles from Ivinghoe to Dorton, at an average eight miles per hour (149), and around four hours to arrive at Theobalds from Bedford jail, a distance of 40 miles, by fast carriage 'the horses at a steady canter, and allowed to rest merely for reluctant moments' (261). (I took the precaution of verifying these durations with my neighbour, a professional eventer.) The riding times and fees quoted by the postman for carriage of a message to Venice, Bremen, Damascus and Versaille (102) are based on actual tariffs from the period (Manchester 1992). There is a biblical precedent for such logistical exactitude in John II.18: '[n]ow Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem about fifteen furlongs off'. 'When John gives the distance from Bethany to Jerusalem, and names the place where Pilate sat in judgement, he may well be wrong in both cases, but the detail is immediately reassuring' (Kermode 1979: 118). It is reassuring, of course, because it implies that if the writer sought so diligently to be exact in his distances, he might have been equally exact about Pilate's judgement, and about everything else.

<sup>182</sup> The term 'frame redundancy', although my own coinage, is not a new concept. To imbue *The Name of the Rose* (1980) with depths similarly only half-perceived, Eco compiled 'lists of names and personal data for many characters, a number of whom were then excluded from the story ... It was not necessary for the reader to know them, but I had to know them' (Postscript: 513). Hemingway referred explicitly to this sleight of occluded minutiae: he believed 'the omitted part would strengthen the story' (Baker 1972: 159). The thriller writer Andre Jute called it 'reverberation' (Jute 1986: 39).

<sup>183</sup> Likewise, when he is preparing to flash a message on the moon's dark surface, Quirk notes on Nov 1<sup>st</sup> 1623 '[t]he moon this night, may the heavens be thanked, is three quarters dark' (253); Mercer can see Hippo in the courtyard on March 29<sup>th</sup> 1625 because '[t]he moon were still half bright' (268); the next night, the men still have just enough to light to bury Emily 'beneath the last fading crescent of the moon' (281). And so forth. All moon phases here and elsewhere are correct to the dates.

<sup>184</sup> Even 'realemes' that are very well concealed may serve to sustain in the reader, subliminally, a suspicion of narrative coherency. Sohmer has argued, ingeniously, that - buried deep - 'the common denominator of the temporal allusions in *Lear* is a lunar calendar' (Sohmer 1999: 4). This, he suggests, would have been unconsciously perceived by Shakespeare's audience. (Unfortunately for his thesis, which deserves to be convincing, the adaptive Sohmer flatters Shakespeare with insinuations more moonshine than ultra-violet.)

Every serious historical novelist pays due attention to the contemporary geographies of his period. Not only does such rigour offer him the opportunity to do tax-efficient research in interesting climes, but also his stories acquire substance in so far as the reader can independently verify their locales and, by association, the fictions located in them<sup>185</sup>. Sir Thomas Browne made this very point: 'Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and, when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle' (*Religio Medici*, 1634: Sec. 9). We can see the strategy at work in one of England's first canonical novels, *Tom Jones*: 'Fielding is as careful about the topography of his action as he is about its chronology; many of the places on Tom Jones's route to London are given by name, and the exact location of the others is implied by various other kinds of evidence' (Watt 1974: 27)<sup>186</sup>. Such references comfort the reader that he inhabits the same spatio-temporal world as the narrator so the narrator's fictions are to that degree true. They also enchant the reader when he sees, for a time, his common world fabulatively enhanced. (Of course, the realmes of the proximate world might also - to entrancing affect - disquiet the reader when his familiar milieu is invaded, as in crime and horror stories, by 'truth effects' that he fervently hopes are *not* true.)

### Fake authentication: by minutiae

However, unlike the Jacobean topographicists, I mischievously concealed - as I have previously observed - many of my factual 'realmes' of historical place and character in oblique references so that, if the reader should verify them by chance, he might give the benefit of the doubt to my more blatant fictions. For example, the Great White Horse at Pitstone (116), the period topography of Dorton (150), the provenance of Money Barr Hill (9), the naming of The Boot pub at Long Marston (where the 13<sup>th</sup> century rector conjured the devil into his boot) (73), the siting of the town hall, manor, brewery and ordinary in Ivinghoe (85), and much else, have long since vanished from local memory but all are attested by independent records. Nor will the average reader realise that many of my minor characters are also rigorously validated. Granted, a history buff might recognise the names of the factual Baron Danvers, surgeon Walton, physician Harvey, Fludd, Forman, Sir Thomas Coventry, Gondomar, Cadenet, the Beaufort family, the Verneys and, of course, James and Buckingham. But he is unlikely to know that Sir Percall Brocus (variously called Pexall Brocas

<sup>185</sup> The citation of real geographies by Poe is a 'desire to preempt any question of realism and one [Borges] admits to imitating for similar reasons' (Bennett 1983: 265). As Borges drily reports: "'Ah," said the journalist, "so the entire thing is your invention. I thought it was true because you gave the name of the street." I did not dare tell him that the naming of streets is not much of a feat' (Borges 1974: 264).

<sup>186</sup> Ample examples of this authenticating technique can also be found in 'the Tabard Inn and the watering places' of *The Canterbury Tales* (Gittes 1983: 249); 'the realism of the inns and roads of La Mancha' in *Don Quixote* (Wardropper 1965: 5); the geographical facts 'as accurate as the knowledge of the day could make them' in *Robinson Crusoe* (Watt 1974: 38); Joyce's pedantry in lodging Bloom and Molly in a Dublin house in 1904 that, *Thom's Dublin Directory* had assured him, was vacant in that year (Ruthven 1979: 9); and 'the Ile-de-France train schedules' which Proust consulted 'to find echoes of the lost world of Gerard de Nerval' (Eco 1981: 36), to cite an eclectic sample.

and Pexall Brockas), squire Duncombe and Lord Egerton of Beristead Manor were also actual historical personages (in so far as they are cited in works of local history) and that the names of Mistress Collis, Master Edelyn and goodwife Blaket can be found in the manorial rolls. Robert Bostock, parson of Ivinghoe circa 1623, is remembered by a plaque which still hangs within the church<sup>187</sup>. By such research, above (or below) my compliance with that required for the surface coherency of my *sjuzet*, I sought to strengthen my work with a density of verifiable minutiae of the sort, foregrounded in *Annales* facumentaries but barely footnoted in Trevelyanesque - or historicist - texts, that most impacted on Jacobean quotidian life<sup>188</sup>. Anthropologists have called such minutiae 'thick description' which 'serves to record in written form a series of signifying events and tries to fit them into an intelligible structure' (Burke 1991: 98). Such attention to micro-detail is relatively new in both historiography and fiction. 'Novels represent these aspects of experience [the minute passage of time, precisely located space, and carefully observed appearances] ... because a particular philosophical climate had made it legitimate to think of sensory data and individual experience as the very substance of reality itself' (Stevick 1967: 7).

As the modern reader is prone to license narrative detail as substance, a simulachron that abounds in particularity and specificity can employ - for ethical purposes - Goebbel's strategy of the Big Lie. By the sleight of poetics and propaganda, several apparent anomalies (real) - if verified - will authenticate an anomaly (false) no less monstrous. Aristotle describes this 'art of telling lies skilfully' in the *Poetics*: 'the mind, knowing the second [fact] to be true, falsely infers the truth of the first' (XXIV). For example, a wicked author (like myself) might propose that the citizens of early Caroline London habitually collected their urine so the army could make it into saltpetre for gunpowder, distilled kitchen salt out of their families' sweated socks, and swallowed balls of antimony as a purgative which they recovered, endlessly recycled and bequeathed to their children as an heirloom. The two of these statements which can readily

<sup>187</sup> As the plaque has been severally witnessed, the one-time substantiality of Bostock may seem to be irrefutable. Yet, when I first noted the plaque in 2005 it clearly read (I thought) 'Thomas Bulstrode'. When I returned in 2008, it read 'Thomas Bostock'. The churchwarden assured me that the plaque had not been changed meanwhile. By Quirk's dictum 'a fact is a myth consensually agreed upon' (318), only the coherence of probabilities, therefore, prevents my dismissing the plaque as an empty sign - like the medieval shrines erected to the fictive Roland - and Bostock's (or Bulstrode's) one-time empirical existence as a hoax, inscrutably motivated. My illustration is not frivolous. Such stringent scepticism can be applied to any 'fact' created by historical documentation, founded upon unreliable memories howsoever honestly recorded.

<sup>188</sup> 'The approach of the *Annales* historians to social history is the complete antithesis of that of Trevelyan. They advocated "total history", not a fragmentation of history' (Coward 1994: 36). The *Annales* perspective of 'total history' or 'history from below', exemplified in Fernand Braudel's *The Structures of Everyday Life* (1979) *et alia*, sacralises the quantification of data and the induction of micro-trends from data. 'The knowledge of, for example, a run of grain prices in a given society over a given period helps provide essential background to understanding the experience of the poor' (Burke 1991: 31). I had Mercer satirise the *Annales* school, which sometimes over-deterministically massages data into untenable patterns. He causally relates the fall in wheat prices in Paris with the sudden English habit of wearing absurd hats. 'One day, such logic will become fashionable too, I doubt it not' (117).

be verified authenticate the other which is (of course) a fiction<sup>189</sup>. With the insight of a *domine* into the machinery of public inquiries, Quirk explains the Big Lie which Hippo will be required to collude in, to conceal the true manner of James's death: 'Harvey must now appeal to an arbiter who ... can artfully feign a lie so outrageous that all men henceforth shall have no option but to trust it' (259). For a Big Lie to succeed in narrative fiction, as in politics, not only must its narrator appear unbiased (as an unknown nonentity, Hippo is sufficiently impartial to deceive Charles) but also its narration must be pedantically *specific*. (In political fiction, a dexterity with fresh-forged statistics is an asset; in historical fiction, a dexterity with antiquarian minutiae, equally specious, is likewise useful.) Ruthven argues: 'there is nothing, if you wish to deceive, like being accurate, that is, specific. In October 1726 Mary Toft did not claim merely to have given birth to a rabbit ... she gives birth to seventeen rabbits' (Ruthven 2001: 149). Similarly, on Good Friday 1276, the Countess of Holland gave birth - not to a 'large number' of children - but to 365, one for every day of the year (Camden 1933: 68). The exactness of date and number makes the fable - like that of Deloney's 'Criplegate' - incontestable. (Laden has defined the trick of particularity, that deceptively creates a 'reality effect', as the 'protocol of objectivity' (Laden 2004: 7).) Jude would advise the modern novelist: '[o]ne way of building reader confidence in you, the author, is to particularize *everything*. Don't put your man on a plane to Paris, put him on a specific flight' (Jude 1986: 64)<sup>190</sup>. With similar attention to specificity I have Margaret's friend Lady Marigold have 'five babies at one birth & all the little quinces lived, & she philanders them about at court each Christ Mass clad in holey scandals' (29). I hoped that the combination of a specific (if improbable) number of live births, allied to specific dates of their exhibition, might *inter alia* ironically substantiate Margaret's mad anecdotes and apparent malapropisms (and Margaret herself), with some tenor - albeit equivocal - of credibility. (The irony, invisible to the reader at first, is grounded in his later discovery that Margaret - a veteran of duplicity - is *always* impeccably honest with Hippo; at least, in her reportage.)

Writing of *Robinson Crusoe*, Watt points out: '[t]he smaller lies have conditioned us to accept the bigger one. It is certainly incredible enough: Crusoe is on his island *twenty-eight years, two months and nineteen days*. The exactitude is characteristic ... the impossible has been caged by the calendar and tamed [my italics]' (Watt 1954: 39). In my novel, my particularities are not necessarily 'lies' or total fabrications. Rather, they are 'vivid little epiphanies of ordinariness' (Bruner 1986: 37), mined from my research into period arcanæ. For example, Sogwit gives Hippo a 'dog-skin purse', the carrier rides a new 'pad-horse', Rose serves Ajax 'cock-ale'. I hoped that the particularity of these terms (rather than a generic 'purse', 'horse', and 'ale') would not only tether the narrative persuasively to its period, but also warrant the

<sup>189</sup> Answers: the curious utility of Caroline socks is my own invention; the two other nonsenses are, according to the record, entirely true (Lloyd 2006: 66; Hart-Davis 2002).

<sup>190</sup> In a persuasive demonstration in his own book *Writing a Thriller* (1986) of the power of specificity in sustaining a lie, Jude quotes on seven occasions from a sagacious author, one Andrew McCoy. Impishly, Jude never reveals that McCoy is one of his own pseudonyms.

absurdities of the narrative itself. Likewise, I have Sogwit reveal: '[I]ast year [Buckingham] were paid by public account £13, 142' (48). In 1622, this was indeed his official income (Lockyer 1981: 61). Its precision here is very consequential, as it attests to the godlike omniscience of Sogwit's spy network and also to his allegorical characterisation in my novel as (*pace* Lévi-Strauss) a Cosmic Man. (See Chapter III.)

### Fake authentication: by inconsequentiality

A real diary is marked not only by the inconsequentiality of its details but also by the paratactic jumble of incidents both petty and portentous, momentarily consigned (without the benefit of foresight) to a common plane of significance. Inevitably, I parody this trope of particularity - as I sought to parody or pastiche every historical sleight of prose fiction - in the novel's congeries or iterations of pungent words. These are tautologies of specificity *par excellence*, and popular in the period, as evidenced by Jonson's own frequent parodies of them (King 1941: 198, *et seq*). In the *Anatomie of Melancholie* (1621), where almost every sentence is (by his own confession) a tautology, Burton typically lists (for example) not one but thirty 'inconveniences' attendant upon a forced marriage, all ending (of course) in 'melancholy' (Prelude). Similarly, Mercer notes that Hippo's metonymic robe 'stalks tall unto my master's breakfast table each day fresh embroidered with electuaries, triacles, trochisks, nervals, mithridates, simples, nostrums, diapasms, anodynes, errhines, therebintuses, cordials, slibber-sauces and other good probations of his nocturnal art' (65)<sup>191</sup>. Mercer's exhausting inventory of thirteen apothecary potions is outdone by Hippo himself when, on entering the Swan after several years' absence, he exhaustively annotates its 'two-and-twenty stinks' (86). Such congeries reach their self-lampooning apogee upon Mercer's immurement in the Coombe: 'ye crapulent clog-faced coney-gulling clabber-skulled cow-firking cork-witted [etc]' (126). Termed *synathroesmus*, the device - according to Joseph - 'merely heaps together words of different meaning, without recapitulation' (Joseph 1947: 117). In fact, Joseph's simplistic definition *reverses* the normal purpose of such litanies. Usually, they present a surplus of signifiers in a promiscuous conflation to represent a *single*, not a multiple, signified or 'meaning', thus 'implying the endless semiotics of lexical relationships but otherwise communicating nothing' (Babcock-Abrahams 1974: 928). 'Nothing', a *reductio* not merely *ad absurdum* but *ad nihilum*, is one satiric intention of a congerie.

When specificity is overmarked, as in a congerie, it becomes an object susceptible to lampoon. It ceases to authenticate the narrative and, instead, subverts it by challenging its every authenticating device *passim*. So Rabelais, with his grotesque iterations, unmistakably presents every aspect of *Gargantua & Pantagruel* (1532) as a heavy parody of the hegemonic

<sup>191</sup> I was inspired to this excess by the parodic litany of the perfumer in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (1600): 'I haue in it, *muske, ciuet, amber, phoenicobalanus, the decoction of turmericke, sesama, nard, spikenard, calamus odoratus, stacte, opobalsamum, amomum, storax, ladanum, aspalathum, opoponax, oenanthe*' (V.iv.314). Jonson presents a similar congerie of jargon in *Volpone* II.ii.94-110.

*doxa* and language of liturgy and law, with which the church, the universities and the state would authenticate their authority<sup>192</sup>. With my own use of congeries - like 'the Jonsonian *copia* ... a comically threatening excess of objects and language' (Craig 1992: 5) - I likewise hoped to illustrate the subsistent matrix (Riffaterre 1978: 19) of my novel: the truism that all words are dis/simulative, having the polysemic potential to mean anything according to context, so each is itself 'cabbage', a vegetable that peels to nothing<sup>193</sup>. This poststructuralist *doxa* is itself ludically subverted, in a return to the very transcendental verities that poststructuralism would deny, in the last theophanic episodes of the tapestry and the hare. Being mutually incompatible, the reified Catholic and pagan myths of Christ and Hermes subvert each other to present a final Gnostic riddle that defies narrative resolution.

### Fake authentication: by lacunae

I have suggested that the perverse obliquity of its allusions can powerfully authenticate a work as both 'true' *per se* and true to its period. However, the most persuasive device of authentication - to a scholarly reader - can be the total *absence* of those allusions which, although almost mandatory in a formulaic historical novel, would be highly anomalous in a primary source document: that is, references deemed at the time too trivial - or dangerous - to record. For instance, Mercer notes the contemporary difficulty for a servant of distinguishing between his master and a rat: '[s]o ubiquitous and common is [the dilemma] in these times that, I fear, never hath a man thought it worth his ink (ere now) to record it' (278). 'Many of the most interesting forms of modern criticism ask not what the work has in mind but what it forgets, not what it says but what it takes for granted' (Eco 1983: 115). So, for example, I have Hippo with his apothecary's nose pedantically annotate the 'two and twenty stinks' inside the local inn, which are irrelevant to the plot progression but interesting to him, while ignoring the mephitic squalor of the famine-ridden village itself, which is consequential in the narrative (and possibly interesting to the reader) but not to Hippo. In this, Hippo was truer as a writer to his period than most modern authors of historical fiction have been. For example, Patricia Finney's *Firedrake's Eye* (1992) chronicles the foetid settings of Elizabethan life so graphically that her novel, with integral glossary, has been used as a history textbook in US colleges (Rozett 1995: 223). Yet the several pamphlets I have read by Greene, Breton and Dekker, writing *within* the period and who were not visibly constrained by linguistic decorum, rarely mention the ubiquitous dungheaps, odiferous laystalls and rotting carrion of the 'real'

<sup>192</sup> Gargantua does not play just one card game at a sitting, he plays 216 different games, each pedantically annotated; the nuns of Thélème wear not just one regulation robe but sixteen unnecessary styles; and so forth. (Rabelais 1532, 1985: 83, 157).

<sup>193</sup> Riffaterre calls the poem's "matrix", a word, phrase or sentence unit which does not necessarily exist in the text itself but which represents the kernel upon which the text's semiotic system is based' (Allen 2000: 119). Lodge would contend that: 'in Conrad's *Under Western Eyes*, the keyword [matrix] is cynicism' (Lodge 1966, 1984: 87). That matrices, being reductive, are inevitably banal warrants banality itself as the perdurable vehicle, like clichés and proverbs, of consensually agreed 'truths'.



miasmic London. Charnel houses and plague pits, to be sure. But not everyday filth<sup>194</sup>. Such is the voyeuristic perception of historical writers located in a later noetic frame. For example, the voyeuristic frame of the neo-Freudian critic would see *double entendres* everywhere, even in Jane Austen's 'rear admirals' and ha ha's (qv 'Slipping into the Ha-Ha', Heydt-Stevenson: 2000). Thereby, the critic glosses only himself<sup>195</sup>. (Indeed, only the prurient could read into Mercer's elliptical synopsis of his trysts with Rose anything more than a prosaic string of punctuation marks (194).) I therefore felt it just as important to know what to leave *out* as what to put in. As I have already proposed, Jacobean people would not normally have noticed, let alone remarked on, say, their faded wall hangings, any more than we do. Hippo does not detail his apothecary practices. There are no camels in the Koran<sup>196</sup>. Nor, Tillyard points out, are there many references to the Pauline scheme of redemption in the Elizabethan sonneteers and dramatists. 'Yet this scarcity is a sign of extreme familiarity, and even a single reference will be vast in its implications' (Tillyard 1943: 27).

### Fake authentication: in sociologuemes

For convenience of description, I will separate the cognitive paradigms or mind-styles that my characters display into *sociologuemes* and *ideologuemes*. The sociologueme (my own coinage) is a memetic pattern of social behaviour; the ideologueme (a term used by Bakhtin in the broad sense of a 'world view' (Patterson 1985: 132)) is, in my closer definition, specifically a subsistent intellectual, religious or philosophical presumption. In certain circumstances, a sociologueme and ideologueme can represent the two faces of one hypomeme much as Saussure's signifier and signified comprise a sign. For example, in the Jacobean era both men and women commonly kept their hats on in church (a sociologueme). As this indicated their respect for a religious *schema* totemised by the church it was also an ideologueme. Together, these cultural presuppositions constitute a hypomeme, albeit - in this case - not one especially arcane. (Today, worshippers remove their hats in Western Christian churches; the hypomeme has evolved.<sup>197</sup>) In my novel, I explicitly illustrated certain

<sup>194</sup> One arguable exception is the razzle-dazzle Nash who obsessively begrimed all sublimity. Yet, unlike his *confrère* in grotesquerie, Rabelais, he was never (apart from one passing reference to a 'dog's turde' in *Lenten Stufte*, 1599, p. 81) overtly scatological.

<sup>195</sup> 'The operative principle is that when you can not understand what people are saying, it must be because they're saying something dirty. This principle is still in evidence in some productions and even commentaries on Shakespeare's plays, where one notices a sometimes desperate faith in the "bawdiness" of any phrase not immediately clear from context' (West 2003: 246). As A.S. Byatt drolly notes: 'you may find anal obsession in Coriolanus by observing the ending of his name and ignoring the fact that multitudes of Latin adjectives end in "anus"' (Byatt 2000: 46).

<sup>196</sup> Alazraki cites Borges who cites Gibbon who "observes that in the Arabian book par excellence, in the Koran, there are no camels ... Mohammed had no reason to emphasize them; on the other hand, the first thing a falsifier, a tourist, an Arab nationalist would do is have a surfeit of camels, caravans of camels, on every page" (Alazraki 1988: 42).

<sup>197</sup> Hypomemes are inherently transient; nor are they portable between cultures or, without radical mutation, between eras. In 1895, Oscar Wilde was punished for his homosexuality; in 2008, he would be lauded by the politically correct for his homosexuality but reproved, punitively, throughout Western culture for his paedophilia.

sociologuemes, well attested in Jacobean drama, as - to cite two instances at random - the perceived role of women and the obligations of neighbourliness. By dramatising these sociologuemes, I created minor 'fabulemes' - affective incidents that both encode the themes of my novel and, in this case, transactional social behaviours peculiar to the milieu. 'Any particular transaction between persons is a partial expression of the model or models underlying all transactions between members of a society' (Scheffler 1966: 68). (In their tersest exposition, fabulemes may take the form of jests or anecdotes ('*petit histoires*'; Veenstra 1995: 4) which - by a process of 'anecdotal heuristics' (Pieters 2000: 22) - can similarly reveal deep underlying structures of social behaviour. I return to this topic in Chapter V.)

Jess, of course, is my principal emblem of the sociologueme of misogyny, the age's presumed intolerance of the unruly, overtly intellectual or independent woman<sup>198</sup>. She boisterously defends herself in court with incongruous erudition, followed by the scholarly whisper: '*Omnia turba tacet!*' (91) ('All are silenced by a turbulent woman'). In her ability here, as a woman - and ostensibly one of the lower orders - to cite Juvenal's 6<sup>th</sup> satire, she would have been deemed indeed 'a prodigy' (ie. monstrously evil) by the villagers, had anybody but Hippo heard her<sup>199</sup>. Indeed, Cartophilus - in the familiar association of Eve with the diabolical ruin of man - later interprets Jess's unruliness as satanic: 'Oh immodesty! ... A manifest woman, and a devil' (205). Puritans of the time, no less zealous than Cartophilus, purged 'their fear of Eve' (68) by framing women as witches, then - in the literal frame of a noose - hanging them. The drinkers at the Swan are disgusted at the 'monstrous' women who, suddenly erupting with independence, would subvert a man's right to beat his own wife, itself a sociologueme (81). Hippo is shocked that Margaret, a lady, should flaunt her independence by appearing alone at a public spa where she would become the property of all eyes. (Only whores shamelessly attended theatres unescorted (Kastan 1991: 71).) The potency of the Judaeo-Christian idiologueme behind this sociologueme is 'enhanced by the fact that the absolute subordination of wife to husband, endorsed by Church and state, could stand as an image of *all* forms of social subordination [my italics]' (Chedgzoy 1998: 6).

Another sociologueme widespread in Jacobethan England was the doctrine of neighbourliness. '[It] involved a mutual recognition of reciprocal obligations of a practical kind

<sup>198</sup> We might regard Middleton's inveterate misogyny - or fear of woman *per se* ('slime, corruption, woman!' (*A Mad World My Masters*, 1605, IV.i)) - as a personal aberration, were it not also expressed by many other playwrights of the age (Taylor, 1605, 1995: ix, *et seq*).

<sup>199</sup> Middleton satirised the turbulent woman in *The Roaring Girl* (1611) but he was careful to tame the transvestite bi-sexual Moll ('I loue to lye aboth sides ath bed') within societal norms by having her appear in women's dress at the end of the play to bless the institution of marriage. T.S. Eliot ludicrously misinterpreted the play as 'one comedy which more than any other Elizabethan comedy realizes a free and noble womanhood' (cited in Comensoli 1987: 249). Here, Eliot was perhaps adaptively glossing only his own admiration for the pre-war suffragette. Middleton's criminal Moll was neither noble nor an ideal of female emancipation but, in her era, an abomination who would 'be most Masculine ... and most monstrous' (*Hic Mulier*, 1620, cited by Baston 1997: 321).

... and implied a degree of equality and mutuality between partners to the relationship, irrespective of distinctions of wealth or social standing' (Wrightson 2003: 51). So Hippo feels obliged to grant sanctuary to Jerome, a stranger, at great personal risk: 'The common Rule of Hospitality,' Wandesford wrote in 1636 'will enforce you to Bounty, and all kinds of fair Treatment of Strangers, the Law of Nature requires it' (cited in Heal 1984: 73). Of course, Hippo applies his usual torque to normative values and provides Jerome with an inverse form of hospitality - a subterranean root cellar. Nor, when Jerome grows tiresome, can Hippo in easy conscience evict him, save with a Bedouin-like intimation that 'nowt doth impede thy departure' (79)<sup>200</sup>. The definition of 'neighbours' did not necessarily rest in contiguity of habitation. 'For the gentry, the bonds of community and neighbourliness extended far beyond any village or parish to embrace large areas of their counties of residence.' (Wrightson 2003: 56). As Buckingham says: '[n]eighbourliness ... should have no fear of distance' (230). Particular opprobrium fell upon those who, like Abell, violated with a Puritanical hypocrisy the Christian principle of charity central to neighbourliness: '[m]ost wondrous is he acclaimed for loving God with all his soul, and hating his neighbour with all his heart' (5)<sup>201</sup>. It is Abell's unChristian-like hypocrisy in 'charitably' giving Jerome work, then cheating him of his wages, that inspires the Jesuit priest - when fabricating his plot to inveigle Hippo - to take an inventively cruel revenge. The doctrine of neighbourliness, apart from its necessity in rural communities forced to be self-sufficient, rests upon several Biblical injunctions, notably Matthew 10: 40: '[h]e that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me'. All of these incidents, and countless others in my narrative, are 'fabulemes' in that they dramatise, not only the themes of my novel, but also - like jests and anecdotes - the sociologuemes or minutiae of social conduct deeply coded in the suppositions of the milieu.

However, it should be noted that an apparent sociologueme need not be grounded in an ideologueme. When a pattern of social behaviour transcends cultural and temporal boundaries and tends to the universal, it might be argued to be, not a sociologueme (memetic), but a somatically inherited dynamic of race or individual survival<sup>202</sup>. To take just

<sup>200</sup> When Hippo releases his grain to the famished village, it is a belated act of neighbourliness, ie. social obligation, as much as one of private conscience. 'A man who prospered materially was praised only if he kept good hospitality and if he was charitable to his poorer neighbours' (Hey 1974: 217). Hippo's *ethos* (here, defined as his personal credit) is thus much enhanced in his community, and it stands him in good stead later at Jess's two trials.

<sup>201</sup> Jacobean City Comedy is replete, of course, with stereotypical Puritans whose hypocrisy is a travesty of normative Christian values: for example, the deceased merchant Plus in Middleton's *The Puritan* (1606); Zeal-of-the-Land Busy in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1616); and Doll's Puritan neighbours in Jonson's *The Alchemist* (1610) who profit by selling vanity items to the theatregoers they despise (I.i.1284).

<sup>202</sup> The dramatised conflict between sociologuemes is a perennial plot dynamic of narrative fiction. For example, *Gone With The Wind* might be interpreted as one long-protracted debate between the local sociologuemes of desire, conscience and duty. Hippo, after much agonising, places his loyalty to Margaret (a sociologueme of Romance) above his statutory duty to his country: 'and all of England can go hang (119). Likewise, he regards 'the breach of an Englishman's wall' (a sociologueme of territoriality) as an outrage greater even than that of insulting the king (238). Moreover, as many incidents in my novel show, a genetic dynamic can also *conflict* with a milieu-specific sociologueme.

one instance of a 'somatic dynamic', my novel evidences in many episodes the xenophobic fear of foreigners felt in this era, particularly in country parts. 'Not the least difficulty faced by some enquiring travellers was local hostility to and distrust of "strangers"' (Woolf 1987: 32). Mercer defensively steers the stranger Cartophilus away from Ivinghoe and ironically warns him against the foreigners just 30 miles distant at the Ermine Way: 'nor might you even understand the man' (73). The villagers hurled into Jess's second trial from outlying villages are 'foreigners' (212). Filmsiro depicts Alazon as if he were an African king 'come in his tribal robes from the far wapentake of Beauchamp' (78), although Beauchamp is an adjacent hamlet. The anatopic Iachimo is suspected of the ultimate 'otherness', Satanism: 'Bogomilia?' (84). And so on. As several episodes in my novel demonstrate, such distrust was extended to vagrants (18), outlanders like Jews (17), Spaniards (249), Saracens (308), and Jesuits (94, etc), and to anyone whose manifest 'differences' challenged the social norms<sup>203</sup>. Yet Jacobethan xenophobia needs no ideological explanation in, say, its tenuous association of the foreigner with Lucifer - the ultimate stranger or *alienus* (Ladner 1967: 235). Rather, it is traceable to the timeless experience that foreigners, universally, have brought plague, pillage, social instability and war.

### The structuring ideologuemes

Foremost in my novel among the structuring ideologuemes, the tacit ideological presuppositions that inform behaviour, is the interplay of the several contemporary significations of the terms 'will' and 'wit'. 'Will' resonates with implicatures of wilfulness or manifest individuality, sensuality, the public face of self-assertion and contrived identity; 'wit', among its several imputations in my work, conveys *a fortiori* the manipulative intellectual skills of the secret or private man in constructing a strategy for his survival or advancement<sup>204</sup>. Elam quotes Euphues to this effect: "As therefore the sweetest rose hath his prickle ... the sharpest wit his wanton will" (Elam 1984: 287)<sup>205</sup>. As I will now show, the tension between these two dynamics (which were not always so clearly differentiated in wordplay from the

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Hippo mordantly observes: 'there is no bawd so vile as would not give her life to save a child ... provided that her honour suffers not' (85). He proceeds upon a possibly fatal duel in reluctant compliance with the sociologueme 'A gentleman, sworn, cannot be forsworn' (178). Mercer drolly asks whether, 'in all decorum', he should first kill a threatening rat or attend to his master (278). Etc.  
<sup>203</sup> As a bastard, a fool, and a mad man (he literally 'loses his head'), Fitz-Fitz thrice exemplifies the outlander. (A bastard was synonymous with 'otherness' (Crawford 2004: 249)). In this case, he threatens the civilising proprieties of wedlock and reason, so he is framed by a ludicrous name then tamed within his community by isolation or laughter.

<sup>204</sup> Mercer's mantra 'to wit, to woo' implies the *a priori* subjugation of the woman's mind (wit), by the poet's wit, as the means to woo and win her will, her body. In this *contestio* of witcraft, the illiterate Fitz-Fitz can seek only the carnal control of Rose; Mercer, with greater success, woos her mind.

<sup>205</sup> So myriad are the sociologuemes associated with this ideologuemical opposition of wit and will as portrayed in both stage and (presumably) public behaviour in the era that, together, they comprise a prevailing noetic field. Yet, so overtly attested is it in texts of the period, it transcends its definition as a subsistent hypomeme. Were I Genette, I might inventively name it therefore a *hypermeme*.

Middle Ages onwards<sup>206</sup>) results in that *zeitgeist* of Jacobean drama: an apparent suspicion by everyone, verging on paranoia, of the intrinsic duplicity or imposture of everyone (Woodbridge 1999: 6; Maus 1995: 210). (To be sure, this was a figuration of the stage. But to have any satiric resonance with its audience, the conceit must have chimed with social behaviour.) A reciprocal reversal of will and wit can be seen in my character development of Hippo and Mercer that leads to their revelation as half-brothers ('at the end - they were the same' (Editor's prologue)). Hippo is introduced as a recluse, his will or sensuality suppressed - 'my appetites being long dulled by duty' (85) - and its shameful souvenirs hidden behind his tapestry. Wit alone, in the sense of dispassionate intellect, now drives his soul 'long grown by torment and by dole as brittle as a Sphinx' (116), and Stoically preoccupied with 'musings on Epictetus' (iii). At the end of the tale, spiritually redeemed by John's forgiveness, he re-embraces the carnality that was denied him at the delusive spa. His hall - metonymic of his public face or 'theatre' (65) wherein he hides away his austere private self, ie. the locked study ('empty' (280)) - has been transformed by the incursion of Mercer's young family, the fleshy Felicity ('lickerish' (144)), and the diverse sensualities of the wedding feast and tempting Coombe. Conversely, Mercer begins as a totem of the carnal will, the village toper and philanderer ('My licence is attested' (25)), lazily inattentive 'to his vocation as steward of my hall and farm' (26), and foppishly decked in poetical tropes he has conned from his cupboard to flaunt before Shipwash, the Swan wranglers and Rose. By the story's end, his will has been subdued by his wit, despite himself, in the rational execution of his duties as a husband and father: '[g]one now were Mercer, grown solid, homely, and thus repugnant' (234). Ironically, the reversal has been brought about (unwittingly) by his own hubristic witcraft in Rose's wooing, as if to exemplify that familiar trope of Jacobean City Comedy: '[w]ho seem most crafty prove oftentimes most fools' (Middleton, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, 1605, last line).

The ideologuemical opposition of will versus wit continues in my characterisation of the Chairon-like water bailiff. "'Tis Will," his good eye squints upon me. "I tell ye free" (152). In other words, freewill depends on clear vision but, like the 'squint-eyed bawd' (187), Will winks on those made witless by their carnal will. At the spa, the hierophant of sensuality Old Bones ('by my carnality' (159)) affiliates himself with the water bailiff: 'Will is my twin brother' (156). Later, Hippo and the preacher debate the dialectical opposition of will and wit: 'the will, and the will alone, makes guilt, which is sin. And the will can unmake it' (182). Here, Prettyjohn presents 'will' duplicitously as a variant of 'wit' or moral intellect. But the 'will' that he proposes is, in the Familist community, unbridled carnality. The choric old crone, representative of ancestral ideologuemes, 'splutters' at his sophistry (181). When the wit or moral intellect governs the will - the sensual imperatives or appetites - sufficiently to accord with values

<sup>206</sup> 'Langland's dreamer is called Will ... Will represents the moral will, and also the human quality of wilfulness' (Burrow 1982: 44). Yet '[w]ill as passion ... and wit as morality were not always in opposition ... "Appetite is the will's solicitor and will [sic] is appetite's controller"' (Tillyard 1943: 81). Here, 'will' and 'wit' would seem to be conflated as allotropic aspects of the same imperative.

approved by the community, a process of self-fictionalising may be supposed to occur. The private face seen only by the essential man creates a duplicitous visor or public face congenial to his security or advancement, and ineluctably predicated by his culture. Or so Greenblatt and other New Historicists avow<sup>207</sup>. Several critics have proposed that the marked degree of quasi-theatrical 'self-fashioning' that New Historicists detect among civic figures in the late English Renaissance is fabricated by the impositional perspective (*pace* Hayden White) of New Historicists themselves. '[The New Historical] investigator is ... a product of his history and never able to recognise otherness in its pure form, but always in part through the framework of the present' (Hoover 1992: 361)<sup>208</sup>.

### Structuring ideologuemes: imposture

However, it must be conceded that 'double dealing', imposture, infiltration and dis/similitude are leitmotifs foregrounded more robustly in Jacobethan drama than in that of any other period before or since (Woodbridge 1999: 6; Maus 1995: 210). To the degree that the stage reflects the memes of a given society, the memes may be presumed to inspire the stage and thus to have some exophoric reality. Indeed, Peltonen - to exemplify 'imposture' as a leitmotif of the age - cites Sir Walter Raleigh, writing in *The History of the World* (1614): 'what is the vowing of their service, and of all they have, used in the ordinary compliments, and, in effect, to every man whom they bid but good-morrow, or salute, other than a courteous and courtlike kind of *lying*? [my italics]' (Peltonen 2001: 17). (As Peltonen drolly points out, no man would present himself as a liar, and to give a man 'the Lie' was the gravest insult, yet it could prove equally hazardous in society *not* to be a liar, ie. to tell the truth. The art of fine equivocation was thus a survival necessity.) Copious testaments to the ubiquity of equivocation in the decorum of everyday transactions can be mined from records that span the Renaissance and the Enlightenment, from Erasmus to Hobbes<sup>209</sup>. I therefore presented 'feigned truths' as the *lingua franca* of polite Jacobean society, most notably in the episode of the spa, 'a kitchen of the vanities' in which - after their passage through the visceral marquee - both lord and husbandman, lady and bawd, gestate equally 'like twins in one womb'. Thereafter, the 'recreated' bathers are 'redressed' to be other than themselves and ejected from the 'womb of fools' into an allegorical garden - a bassinet located between the symbols of death (the shady copse adjacent) and of life (the lurid taverns ahead) - that is provided for their 'lying in' (162)

<sup>207</sup> 'Whenever I focused sharply upon a moment of apparently autonomous self-fashioning, I found not an epiphany of identity freely chosen, but a *cultural* artifact [my italics]' (Greenblatt 1980: 256).

<sup>208</sup> For further discussion of the allegation of impositional tendencies in New Historicism, see especially Hohendahl 1992: 1; Pieters 2000: 31; Martin 1997: 1317; and Cantor 1993 *passim*.

<sup>209</sup> To take a but a few examples: 'all things [are] represented by Counterfeit, and yet without this there were no living' Erasmus, *Praise of Folly*, 1511; 'I have considered, our whole life is like a play ... Nay, we so insist on imitating others, as we cannot (when it is necessary) return to ourselves', Ben Jonson, *Discoveries*, 1640; 'Man in businesse is but a Theatrical person, and in a manner but personates himselfe' John Hall, *The Advancement of Learning*, 1649; 'a Person is the same that an Actor is, both on the stage and in common conversation' Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathon*, 1651; etc.

ie. for their equivocation. Like Shakespeare's Ephesus in *The Comedy of Errors*<sup>210</sup>, the spa and Dorton fair are a *locus classicus* of carnival transience and fakery - where the 'Tower of London' is a tent, the Doric pillar is corroded plaster, and almost everyone is a dissembling rogue. Crook-nose seeks to gull Hippo with mannered courtesy (154), the bawds flaunt their mendacity in masks that satirise the duplicity of their social betters ('My Lady Dissimulation', etc (170)), and Hippo and Monty exchange silken pleasantries double-coded with deadly insults (188). In his 'holiday time', Hippo revels in the spa's inverted *ethos* of compulsive disguise to rediscover, in his borrowed name and gallant appearance, the counterfeiting skills - literal and metaphorical - that he deployed in his youth. 'Cony-catcher!', the bawd protests, with more indignation than conscious irony, after he has outwitted the cony-catchers at their own game (189).

As I have previously suggested, dis/simulation or duplicity, *sub specie* Hermes, is a structuring metaphor in my novel. In its various motifs, it is a representation of the *mundus inversus*, or world diptychally inverted. (In the next chapter, I will show that the *mundus inversus* is itself an emblem of my pluripanic schema where essential significance is pervasively conveyed - as in the spa episodes - by the subtexts rather than by the superficial narrative.) However, I also propose that 'duplicity' defines the architecture of human behaviour, both fictive and empirical. For any fictive work to be affective, I contend, it must resonate with the process - comparably affective - of self-fictionalisation that unavoidably shapes and interprets the transactions of mundane experience<sup>211</sup>. So while I present my every principal actant as, superficially, a mannequin of self-theatricalisation, his or her perceived character - the 'stable fiction of a coherent self' (Kitch 2007: 407) - always belies a more complex private self. To take merely two examples, Abell and Jerome counterpoint each other ideologically in their religious dogmas but their doctrinal zeal in each case is identically counterfeit<sup>212</sup>. Abell 'crosses himself, in a manner most unlike a Puritan' (10). His apotropaic defenses against the devil - his horse's skull, hagstones, incense, and the like (12) - owe more to Isis or papism than to Calvin. Likewise, Jerome, nominally a priest, systematically travesties the doctrines of his own faith, as in the blasphemous breakfast he prepares for

<sup>210</sup> cf. '[A] town ... full of cozenage/As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye ... disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks' (*A Comedy of Errors*, I.ii.97).

<sup>211</sup> Of course, all fictive texts are - by the definition of fiction - themselves ironically dis/simulative beyond any ostensive purpose of irony *per se*. As Frye points out: '[in fictive text] "what it says" is always different in kind or degree from "what it means", [whereas] in discursive writing what is said tends to approximate, ideally to become identified with, what is meant' (Frye 1957: 81). In seeking to burlesque every formulaic trope of narrative fiction, my dis/simulative novel also implicitly parodies the tropes whereby the reader - no less than my characters - inevitably self-fictionalises his own identity (for his security or advancement) in narrativising, to himself, the story of himself.

<sup>212</sup> Another diptychal characterisation of duplicity, both covert and ostensive, might be seen in my contraposition of Sogwit - a totem of mercantile *dissimulation* who disguises his wealth 'beyond all computation' behind a 'reckless diffidence' (175), with Buckingham, his counterpart in political *simulation* who is, behind his titles, as base-born as a grocer (46). At the wedding feast, both are united - literally - hand in hand. Likewise, Sogwit counterpoints Jerome - no less a master of dissimulation. They meet at Blythe's hall and, 'each recognising the other in themselves', and delighting in their mutual admiration, are 'carried to their chambers, as drunk as a pudding' (226).

Hippo (58), and in his casual association of Christianity with diabolism: '[t]he names of Christ are legion' (57). In his hypocrisy, he shares a strategy of theatrical self-mortification with Abell. Jerome scars his wrists (16), joys to sleep in a rat-infested cellar (22), and exults in the loss of his beard: 'oh, *sacrificum magnificum*' (79). Abell fasts without sleep for two days (6) and is delighted to travel, as abject as Job, in a dung-cart (9). Both are guilty of an inverted pride or 'self-love, that were the filthy rag of a man's own righteousness' (7), a sin proscribed by their creeds and against which Jerome - ironically - warns Hippo: '[b]eware the sin of pride' (120). To accentuate their hypocrisy, I present Hippo - himself no icon of ideological normality - as the reader's attorney in the text, professionally quick to smoke out dis/simulative villainy, theirs and everyone else's: '[i]t is my profession to suspect such things; and my misfortune to confirm them' (10). The crucial irony of my tale, of course, is that Hippo himself sustains before the village and the reader the most dissimulative villainy of all: the concealment of Emily's body<sup>213</sup>.

To summarise, the fabulation of an individual's civil appearance can be argued to entail the imposition of his or her wit upon the appetitive will to achieve the will's purpose in accord with societal norms<sup>214</sup>. (Nor need such a fabulation be self-aggrandising. In labelling herself publicly a dialectal yokel, Jess libels her essential self to achieve her mere survival.) Just as I reify my structuring theme of dis/simulation in most of my major characters and dramatise it in their contrapositions, so I sustain the theme with motifs of duplicity strongly marked in the repetition of syntagms relating to 'truth', 'dress', 'face', 'speech' and 'name'. Space allows me to examine only the first three of these in detail. Cognates of the term 'truth' ('truths', 'untruths', 'truthful', etc) appear 51 times (0.043%) in my novel of 117,995 words (omitting the editor's forward and epilogue). This frequency is markedly more than that of their occurrence in a 500,259 word corpus I created, for the purpose of comparison, of 18 Jacobethan (non-Shakespearean) plays and prose works, where the cognates appear 162 times (0.03%)<sup>215</sup>.

<sup>213</sup> While Hippo is not himself immune to self-theatricalisation, he does not - unlike almost every other major character in my narrative - instinctually dis/simulate. When he theatricalises himself, it is either a sleight chartered by his apothecary trade (as in his gulling of Fitz-Fitz with the lead-lined cap), or a duty enforced upon him '*sub poena*' (87) at Jess's trials, or a whimsical holiday from himself upon his pilgrimage to Dorton. After his murcid undoing in the spa pool, he quickly reverts to his 'accustomed age, and colours' (185). His 'humour' of self-theatricalisation might therefore be regarded as an expedient affectation, according to Dryden's sense of 'humour', rather than as an innate predisposition, the Jonsonian use of the term (Snuggs 1947: 118). The quality of Hippo's 'humour' accords with that of all the dissembling characters in my tale, other than Abell whose innate 'humour' is dramatically reversed only by the trauma of diabolic visitation.

<sup>214</sup> As Greene put it in *The Defence of Conny Catching*, 1592, ostensibly of rogues but satirically of all London: '[h]e that cannot dissemble cannot live'. And Kernan drily notes: 'The one man in [Shakespeare's] later history plays who cannot pretend, Hotspur, is the soonest dead' (Kernan 1974: 4).

<sup>215</sup> The texts were: **Middleton**: *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, *The Changeling*, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, *Women Beware Women*, *The Spanish Gypsy*, *The Family of Love*, *Michaelmas Term*, *The Roaring Girl*; **Jonson**: *The Case is Altered*, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, *The New Inn*, *The Magnetic Lady*, *The Staple of News*, *The Poetaster*; **Nash**: *Summers Last Will*, *Lenten Stuffe*, *The Unfortunate Traveller*, *Piers Penniless*. The quantitative comparisons I present here and later between this corpus and my narrative have no other validity than to illustrate, expediently, the degree of



Almost everywhere that the term 'truth' appears in my novel, the intended sense is ironic. Hippo proclaims at Jess's first trial: 'truth is the sole and only issue in this place' (97). Ludicrously, the trial then proceeds to travesty all appearances of 'truth'. He sententiously chides the postman: '[t]ruth ... should be its own reward' (101), then he rewards the carrier for being untruthful to Margaret. 'Truth', in an age that I present as being nostalgic for the ideological stability of the prior regime ('the mettle of these days is not what it was' (8)), has become a chimaera. As Margaret points out, the court - the Elizabethan ideal of moral truth<sup>216</sup> - is now wholly corrupt: '[t]he court trusts no man true' (166). The court's amoralities also corrupt every public figure: Hippo observes that turkey eggs are 'as rare as an honest man at court, and as quick corruptible' (121). Quirk wryly comments: 'any man of note is a man *de facto* the property of another man even more duplicitous than himself' (259). Such corruption has infected the legal establishment: the postman laments: '[a] law has but little force where lies are the law' (132) and the old crone knowledgeably dismisses all judges in the land as '[c]ounterfeiters' (184), an insight made ludically explicit in the jail episode: '[the magistrates] wonderfully support our enterprise. For without it, they and their kin would have no employment' (243). In such a moral maelstrom, 'integrity' can now be found solely in a man's coherence with his private values<sup>217</sup>. In a reprise of Berowne, Sogwit protests: '[a]ll things that I say are lies. Thus, do I retain my integrity' (53)<sup>218</sup>.

### Structuring ideologuemes: appearance

Cognates of 'dress' are nearly three times more marked in my novel (0.043%) than in the corpus (0.016%), and again my sense is usually ironic. Hippo remarks in three places: 'a man is what he wears', when giving the base fool Fitz-Fitz a lead cap (64), searching for his cloth-of-gold stomacher to aggrandise his own spa appearance (135), and in rebinding Bacon's naked codex to decrypt the meaning conveyed by its cover (141). Glorious apparel instantly elevates the postman; its loss, just as quickly, debases him. Hippo gasps at Fishsoap, in a proleptic echo of *Paradise Lost*: 'oh, how ruined!' (131). Dress is presented throughout my work as a manifest cypher that encodes - albeit not always obscurely - a person's secret self. Jerome is introduced in a coat, like Jacob's, of many colours; however, as if in betrayal of his moral turpitude, its 'odour is far from that of sanctity' (15). Later, Hippo appears clad - no less metonymically - in a 'shevelled' robe, long unwashed, of a base goose-turd green that bears

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marking I have given in my novel to certain key lexemes. A corpus differently selected would, of course, have yielded comparisons different quantitatively but not, I suspect, qualitatively.

<sup>216</sup> 'For Greville and many other Jacobeans, Elizabeth in their mind's eye represented social calm, order, and a beneficial static universe, while James became chaos personified' (Hunt 1995: 6).

<sup>217</sup> Whereas 'before the Renaissance, the word "sincere" had generally referred to something that was pure and unadulterated ... an epigram of the [16<sup>th</sup> century might be seen in] the Shakespearean imperative from Polonius, "to thine own self be true"' (Martin 1997: 1326). Buckingham concedes that, in killing James, he has wronged man's laws but 'not, I think, my conscience' (266). He has been true to himself; or, at least, to his conception of himself.

<sup>218</sup> cf. Berowne: 'I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV.iii.84).

thirteen 'probations of his nocturnal art' (65); indeed, his 'nocturnal' preoccupations in his study prove to be as bizarre as his robe. Jess, a great lady passing as a peasant, fictionalises herself in 'a motley of well-chosen rags' (19), the irony resting in the phrase 'well-chosen'. Margaret, no less an actress, unwittingly discloses her all too patchy morality when, hastily dressed, she meets the postman. 'On both her cheeks there bobbed a round black patch, large and indifferently attached' (101). Moreover, the damning evidence of her 'loose red wig' - the characteristic wear of a prostitute (Nicholl 2007: 231) - is not lost on the postman: 'he smiles, equivocal'. Buckingham is 'a living ornament' of fashion yet the contradiction presented by his 'jerkin of common leather' and tallow merchant's cap speaks of a complex inner self (216). Again, 'a man is what he wears'<sup>219</sup>. (Significantly, it is only when Hippo re-dresses Bacon's codex, in the cover that it 'wore' before, that he can decipher its inner meaning.) The village ladies, 'the best of the parish', flaunt themselves demurely as fashion icons at Shipwash's cafe in 'a great armada of hats' (117), and later at Hippo's wedding 'exquisite, they bobbed and goggled in little hats' (286), as if entirely oblivious to their previous appearance as boisterous harpies kettling Eiron through the street (81) and afterwards as bestial faeries, black-faced and mud-clagged, at Jess's trial: '[o]nly their dancing bosoms reveal them to be women' (97). In their expert role-shifting, and their reluctance then to abandon their roles - '[s]till they bray: "Hi! Hi! Hi!"' (98) - they suggest that a woman, like a man, can in her private identity momentarily *become* what she wears<sup>220</sup>. By contrast, in the mad Manichean allegory of the jail, the rogues' dress is never deceptive: it means exactly what it 'says'<sup>221</sup>. Frank is dressed - in his long white gown and beard - like a decrepit Jehovah; his acolyte Quirk wears the garb of a ludic cherub; and the mock-sinister Magnificus, in his riotous dryad clothes - his eyes 'as perceptive as God' (245) - is a blatant hypostasization of every pagan nature deity. In contrast, Sid Negoe (an anagram of 'Diogenes'), being in transition from journeyman to master and so temporarily lacking an identity, appears naked. Dressed by the jail, its inmates need not - like the self-fictionalising citizens of England - defensively disguise their essential natures in duplicity. The massively deceptive jail itself is their disguise.

The term 'face' is the most heavily marked of my five principal motifs of dis/simulation. Its cognates occur on no fewer than 235 occasions (0.2%) in my novel, more than three times

<sup>219</sup> 'The phrase "the clothes make the man" is associated with Shakespeare's Polonius, who reminds Laertes that "the apparel oft proclaims the man"' (Bailey 2001: 275). However, the trope that 'he that's out o' clothes is out o' fashion' (*The Staple of News*, I.ii) is ubiquitous in the literature of the age. It can variously be seen in: *The Changeling*, Isabella: 'I have no beauty now,/For never had, but what was in my garments' (IV.iii); *The Puritan*, Pyeboard: 'words pass not regarded nowadays unless they come from a good suit of clothes' (I.iii); *Epicoene*, True-Wit: 'I love a good dressing, before any beautie o' the world (I.i); *The Staple of News*, Fashioner: 'The tailor makes the man' (I.ii); *Michaelmas Term*, Hellgill: 'What base birth does not raiment make glorious?' (III.i); etc.

<sup>220</sup> In the ad hoc re-fashioning of their private selves, the 'faeries' appear to be enacting Barish's axiom: '[t]he man who realizes himself will be the man who can theatricalize himself' (Barish 1969: 27).

<sup>221</sup> To be sure, Mother Bump, simulating pregnancy with a cushion, is an exception. However, Quirk warns Hippo at the outset that she is an embarrassing aberration in the jail: '[a]void her, sir!' (244).

more frequently than their 304 instances (0.06%) in the corpus. 'Face' is allied to 'dress' in being both an instrument of deception - in the literal and metaphorical senses of 'making up' - and a revelation, for those with the eyes to see, of a man's essence and identity. Having an apothecary's skill in physiognomy, Hippo avers: '[a]ll can be read in the face' (171). Likewise, Buckingham - who may be supposed to be a perceptive reader of court faces - quickly detects the natural equivalence of Hippo and Mercer by their faces (222). When Hippo asserts that Rose is essentially his daughter, although not his blood relation, he says: 'she wears my face' (281)<sup>222</sup>. Crook-nose's face betrays his nature; it is 'a map to every tavern he has ever visited' (154). When the acid undoes him, he - literally - loses his face (191). And so on. As for the lexeme of 'speech', Jonson was surely wrong when he averred: '*Oratio imago animi*.-- Language most shows a man: Speak, that I may see thee' (*Discoveries*, 1640, 1892). Words expressed orally are the pre-eminent vehicle of dis/simulation in my narrative and, doubtless, in all dialogic prose fiction, as in life. A dissembling tongue in the era was, as I have already proposed, both a survival imperative and - if ineptly equivocal - a peril. Jess's practised forgery of Somerset and Hertfordshire dialect has long protected her life and living; however, when Hippo's 'holiday imp returns, fateful, to [his] tongue' (237), his inept ventriloquism nigh costs him his life.

The remaining lexeme that predominantly sustains my theme of duplicity is 'name'. Cognates of the term occur 80 times (0.07%) in my novel, although it must be conceded that their frequency falls below that of the corpus (0.11%). Here, I shall merely note that the marked role of 'name[s]' in my narrative lies not in the repetition of the lexeme but in my application of 'naming' *per se* as a trope of dissimulation: almost all of my fictional proper names, of place or person, are dissimulatively double (or treble) coded. I shall return to this point, in my discussion of intertextuality, in Chapter V.

As we have seen, all my major characters are presented as hypocrites, voluntary or otherwise<sup>223</sup>, become duplicitous by strategy or exigency; and even the most seemingly ingenuous are actors. (The innocent packman Tom sells real jewels disguised as fakes; the sane magistrate Hugh pretends madness at Jess's first trial; the postman wears 'the flagrant badge of a liar' (132) but proves to be the most honest man in Ivinghoe; and the unpretentious diplomat Blythe reveals himself a Catholic - '[h]e crossed himself, perturbed' (229) - with a fervour he would certainly have concealed among the shifting politics at court.) I sustain this theme of imposture in the motif of 'passing'<sup>224</sup>. Jess, long passing as a yokel, quickly 'smokes' Jerome, passing as a sea captain but too unpractised in seamen's cant. The

<sup>222</sup> Hippo clearly believed in telegony, a superstition of the time - which he incidentally shared with the physician William Harvey - that 'a woman's children will bear the appearance of her husband, though she has them from different fathers' (Burton 1962: 228).

<sup>223</sup> 'Hypocrite', in its original Greek sense, meant 'actor' (OED).

<sup>224</sup> 'Everybody was passing ... if you pried open the heart even of a true-born Englishman ... who knows but what you might find Africa ... within?' (Woodbridge 1999: 6). Woodbridge had clearly been reading *Religio Medici*, 1635: 'there is all Africa and her prodigies in us' (Part I, Sect. 15).

spa depends for its profits upon a ludically inverted table of tariffs that assumes all customers will wish to 'pass' within it as better or other than they are (151). Mercer puns that Shipwash has become '*passing* neighbourly' (ie. both exceedingly ('surpassingly') and deceptively hospitable) in opening her house as an 'ordinary' (public restaurant) (123). Buckingham remarks that Jerome '*passes* currently ... as chaplain to the Papal Nuncio' (226) [italics added], and so on. The term 'passing' appears 16 times in my narrative (0.014%), double-coded in 11 instances with connotations of deception, a frequency significantly greater than that in the corpus (0.0044%) where, moreover, none whatsoever of its 22 usages bear this double meaning, current in the era (OED).

### Structuring ideologemes: wit

I sustain the theme of imposture in my fashioning of several characters - Jess, Cartophilus, the spa rogues but, most notably, Sogwit - upon the archetype of the Trickster: the Jacobethan rehabilitation of the medieval Vice or devil surrogate. 'The Renaissance trickster is frequently seen as a conflation of the *dolosus servus*, the crafty servant of Roman New Comedy, and the Vice of the English morality play' (Dynes 1993: 366)<sup>225</sup>. 'Witcraft' or wit theatricalised as verbal play is, in the drama of the period, the primary instrument of the Trickster's duplicitous self-seeking<sup>226</sup>. 'Although Jonson's tricksters adopt a variety of disguises to facilitate their schemes, it is their ability to manipulate language that makes those disguises successful' (Dynes 1993: 375)<sup>227</sup>. Moreover, the audiences of the time were invited to have a sneaking respect for the Trickster's skill in duplicity: 'the dramatist's sympathies are by no means unequivocally on the side of the victims' (Salgado 1975: 17)<sup>228</sup>. As I have previously suggested, a subtle equivocation - or the exercise of wit - is the foundation of civility. In Jonson's *The New Inn*, 1629, Latimer cries: 'Excellent Pru! I love thee for thy wit,/No lesse than State.' Prudence drily replies: 'One must preserve the other' (II.vi). As the stage presents *everyone* in this period as playing a social game of deception, or involuntary witcraft, all - to sustain their own game - must (upon the stage, at least) agree to be deceived. *Mundus vult decepti* ('the world wants to be duped'; Ruthven 2001: 148).

<sup>225</sup> Jonson presents the devil as 'the master of players ...And poets too' (*The Devil is an Ass*, 1616, V.viii). However, in this play, it is the inept demon Pug and the trickster figure of Iniquity, the Vice - and not the devil himself - who are the 'asses'.

<sup>226</sup> The term 'witcraft' was possibly minted in 1573 by Ralph Lever's *The Arte of Reason, Rightly termed Witcraft* (cited in Joseph 1947: 14). It is recorded, by my own chance discovery, on at least one further occasion: 'Some must practise witcraft, that haue not the gift in keeping a lanes end with a sword and buckler' (Rowland, *Greene's Ghost*, 1602, p. 10).

<sup>227</sup> Witcraft is often presented in comedies of the age as having in its 'glamour' (a derivation from 'grammar' (OED)) the power to defeat even an informed sceptic. 'Ile tell thee such a tale in thine ear, that thou shalt trust mee in spite of thy teeth' (Middleton, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, c.1605, II.i).

<sup>228</sup> As Anderson reluctantly notes: 'the central characters [of *Epicoene*, *The Alchemist* and *Volpone*] are admirable in their successful manipulations' (Anderson 1970: 365). And Griswold points out: 'The emotional appeal of the Trickster is that of the perpetual underdog who sometimes beats the odds' (Griswold 1983: 670). At my flyting match, little tricky Ajax is an underdog from Newgate College (a jail), supposedly out of his depth in competition with the Cambridge alumni Gosebell and Alazon. However, until Mercer speaks, he proves to be the most skilful wrangler and is the best rewarded (82).

In courting Rose by the book of witcraft ('my Accost, my Regard, my Address', etc (111))<sup>229</sup>, Mercer deploys the silken rhetoric of a Trickster. His *tour de force* of witcraft in the journal of 11<sup>th</sup> June 1623 presents, in a sequence of manic *antanaclasis*, seven separate significations of the word 'wit' itself: 'I came to woo, to wit, thyself and find, to woo, myself outwitted .../...To wit, my sweet [etc]' (111). Unimpressed, Rose adds an eighth usage of her own: 'witter'; then Fitz-Fitz contributes a ninth: 'I shall wittol him' (114). Here, Mercer and company demonstrate even more separate plays upon the term 'wit' than Pope attempted in his analysis of 'wit' in *The Essay on Man* (1733-4). (Empson found seven different meanings ascribed in the poem to 'wit' (Empson 1951, 1989: 84-100)<sup>230</sup>). Moreover, cognates of 'wit' appear only 77 times in Pope's 44,263 words (0.17%), whereas the 1336 words of the episode in which Mercer courts Rose feature the term or its cognates no fewer than 22 times (1.65%). In his explicit marking of the term 'wit', Mercer presents witcraft, here as in the tavern flying match, as a performance art. It is akin in its self-serving purpose to those 'flummeries' of necromancy which, ironically, he so disdained in Dee and Forman (33). However, Rose - a totem of unlikely innocence - agrees to be deceived by Mercer only when, in all sincerity but using that trope irresistible of *apocarteresis* - the appearance of utterly abandoning hope in an enterprise - he disowns his rhetoric as *flatus vocis* '[a]ll is froth' and he casts aside its dazzle to reveal his private self, 'a tiresome old fool' (113). It is a master stroke (albeit, unwitting). As Hippo notes admiringly of Margaret's innocent eggs: 'the most cunning code of all [is] a message that contains no code, that means what it says' (134). The appearance of sincerity in my narrative - where all words are double coded, either patently or tacitly by the ineluctable polysemia of language - is (should it inadvertently occur) the sleight of duplicity *par excellence*.

### Structuring ideologuemes: the commodification of the word

The strategy of the Trickster - the cony-catching stage gallant - is to commute evanescent words, in an informal rhetoric of chicanery, to the appearance of substance, much as the invention of printing granted to the oral word an illusion of both autonomy and enhanced materiality. '[Print] has subtly altered our sense of the text by dissociating it notably ... from

<sup>229</sup> cf. 'the bare Accost, the better Regard, the solemne Addresse, and the perfect Close' (Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, II.i.4-10). Jonson's rhetoric of courtship was possibly fashioned by that influential book of etiquette (and witcraft), Castiglione's *The Book of the Courtier* (1528). 'The ideal courtier [for Castiglione]... has as one prime characteristic an unremitting awareness of being on view' (Barish 1969: 11). Jonson extols Castiglione in *Discoveries* (1640, *De stylo epistolari, Modus Vigor*).

<sup>230</sup> The sexual connotation of 'wit' appears to have lapsed by the Augustan period. Empson acknowledges no such ribald insinuation in his analysis of Pope's seven primary significations of the term in *The Essay on Criticism* (1711) (Empson 1951, 1989: 84-100). However, it seems unlikely that Pope was unaware of the term's possible sub-text and - given his plethora of ribald *double entendres* in the con-temporaneous *The Rape of the Lock* (1712) - I think I might legitimately defy Empson to detect a rakish wink of the Jacobethan in: 'young Lords had wit:/The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play,/And not a Mask went unimproved away' (line 541).

the oral world, making the book less like an utterance and more like other visible and tangible "things" (Ong 1984: 2). The printed word thereby acquired, even more emphatically, a mercantile value as a tradeable artifact<sup>231</sup>. As an object having an existence independent of its originator, the Logos made flesh, the text also credentialised its significances with an illusory supposition of their substantiality. Words both oral and textual thus became notionally identified with substance. By this argument, the medieval ideologueme of *nomina sunt numina* evolved by the late Renaissance into one of *nomina sunt materia*<sup>232</sup>. Moreover, in his nihilistic rejection of the possibility of any stable bonding of signifier to signified, in a value system no longer fixed by feudal verities, the witty Trickster (clearly a proto-poststructuralist) evokes Chaos and is thus essentially diabolical. 'Though he generates joy and laughter, his potential for evil should not be overlooked. Indeed, in the romance formulation he becomes ... our first terrorist' (Hayman 1983: 111). Such, at least, is one expression of the theory of Jacobethan 'commodification' as dramatised in the archetype of the stage Trickster who would, by his witcraft, turn words into merchandise by transmuting the wealth of others - ancestral lands, property, specie, etc - via scraps of legal text into his own possession<sup>233</sup>. Moreover, in his chicanery the Trickster commodifies every affective sensibility valorised by genteel society. For instance, in his depictions of a milieu supposed defenceless against Trickster cynicism, 'Middleton employs a specifically theatrical language of playacting, fashioning, and changing "countenance" to depict interpersonal relations as structured by credit and debt' (Kitch 2007: 405).

Although I doubted that such Trickster excesses were much evidenced in rural communities<sup>234</sup>, I found the notion of commodification, of the reciprocal transubstantiation of words and substance, helpful to the degree that it allowed me to emblematised, in my characters, the novel's continual diptychal contrapositions of overt and covert significances. For example, in several episodes, I equate supposedly immutable principles or values like 'truth', 'guilt', 'love', and 'virtue' with 'value', which is presented as an index of mutable 'price'. At the spa, Hippo jokes to the chapman: 'I would buy the truth' (153). The trader, seeing no absurdity in the identification of truth as a commodity, tells him he can get it from the preacher

<sup>231</sup> For instance, at the cusp of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, Kemp comically inspects a new word he has acquired, as if it were merchandise: 'Congruitie, said I: how came that strange language in my mouth ... I am sure I have bought it at the word-mongers' (*Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600, p. 2).

<sup>232</sup> In the Middle Ages, '[t]he prevailing linguistic theory held that ... that names [*nomina*] are not arbitrary signs but are in some sense in themselves the essence [*numina*] of what is named' (Elam 1984: 116).

<sup>233</sup> 'The tricksters of Jacobean comedy achieve symbolic capital by a number of ritual transformations' (Bunning 2002: 22). However, tricksters are as economically sterile as they are emotionally impotent. Their 'manipulation of signifiers grows or produces nothing; it merely displaces wealth to the manipulators' (Carrithers 1989: 349).

<sup>234</sup> The city presented a liminal and anonymising world in which naive strangers could easily be gulled. However, van Elk implies that a rogue who 'counterfeited social intimacy' would not remain long unmasked when operating within the close 'kinship relationships' of a small town or village (van Elk 2003: 331). Not even Sogwit - a Trickster of genius - could manipulate Ivinghoe without the connivance of its trusted habitué Filsmiro. Sogwit concedes: 'I closed the couplets ... but he supplied the words' (51).

'dear' or 'gratis' at a church. In identifying shame as a product, created by venereal commerce and vended by religion, Margaret asks Hippo: '[w]asn't guilt the first commodity ... even before harlotry?' (172). Her own favours are also priced flexibly according to their affective properties. An affect of unfeigned 'love' trebles the price (190). In the Trickster's world, not only does the perception of value dictate price but price dictates the perception. Hippo tells Old Bones: 'I could make ten of these [pomander balls] for a penny'. The alumnus of Bedford jail drily asks: 'but would they be efficacious at that price?'. With a *domine's* insight into the modern *ethos* of the world, Magnificus fumes at the word 'curating'. Being 'unatoned by wit ... it hath no price, so it hath no virtue [value]' (246)<sup>235</sup>. And so forth.

Similarly, the written word in my narrative is insistently conflated with material substance in a tacit parody of the process whereby the Bovaryist reader might, in the act of reading, confuse fictive words with experiential reality. Explicitly, I equate - in several episodes - the concept of 'deed' as action with that of 'deed' as word, as in a legal document. Sogwit acquires Ivinghoe by a 'Deed of Praepositusdominium' (53), ie. marks on a sheet of paper. As he sardonically puns, '[d]eeds can be exchanged for words, and words for what is beyond all price' (54). Cartophilus would similarly possess the village with a paper: '[h]ere is Buckingham's warrant' (91). As he admits, it has no intrinsic value: 'I can purchase another at a pinch' (92). Magnificus observes that '[t]he deeds of Jerusalem are worth more than all the jewels of Rome' (248). Thus, the historic events of the biblical city are equated with its testaments of ownership, a text. Such monstrous displacements of notional capital, both financial and sentimental, are made legally binding solely by their association with the materiality of independent witnesses. Sogwit repeatedly insists that his dubious 'purchase' of Ivinghoe: 'were fair attested' (53-55). (Cognates of the term 'attest' are strongly marked in my narrative: they appear 18 times, compared with only twice in the corpus.) Thus, the insubstantial word is credentialised ('attested') by its association merely with the materiality of its witnesses. Monty says casually to Hippo: 'I will accept your note, provided it is thrice witnessed' (189). The moral 'substance' of the witnesses, it seems, is of little consequence to him<sup>236</sup>.

I further emblematised the fungibility of words and substance in the term 'token[s]', a metonym of values both monetary and affective. Although by one definition 'trivial', tokens are potentially possessed of a fateful potency. (The word 'token' appears in my narrative 34 times, a frequency greater even than that of 'wit' (22 occurrences) in the episode where

<sup>235</sup> Allen paraphrases Barthes, and incidentally the Marxist *doxa*, in suggesting that: '[t]he belief in the clear communication of ideas plugs intellectual work into a capitalist market system in which things are only of value if they can be bought and sold. In such a system ... ideas are only valuable if they are consumable' (Allen 2000: 34). Ideas being conveyed primarily by words (although language *per se* has never held a monopoly on noetic commerce), the values conveyed by words 'in such a system' become merely merchandise.

<sup>236</sup> As we have previously seen, by a comparable legerdemain, Borges 'authenticates' many of his implausible stories by referring in them to 'real' ie. exophoric texts. However, his stories only rarely examine the veracity of their validating texts. Their location in the frame of the empirical reader is, for Borges's purposes, credentialisation enough.

Mercer courts Rose, and where the lexeme 'wit' is heavily marked.) Mercer exchanges his victorious words at the tavern flyting match for Filmsiro's tokens which, he hopes, can buy him Rose's favours, wholesale: '[the purse] spoke a hundred tokens of my love' (107). However, Rose defines her own game rules for their exchange: 'Terms and Conditions apply' (107). Without agreed rules to define their value, all words - here as elsewhere - are presented as vacuous tokens, as valueless as those in Hippo's mock purse: '[n]ine disks of zinc, five cherry pits, and a sheep's knucklebone' (155). In arbitrating Jess's first dispute with Cartophilus, Hippo seeks - ironically - the villagers' agreement to a new set of game rules. Jess's notional insult of the king will be absolved by her symbolic apology 'no less sensible' (rational/tangible) to the notional symbol of the king, he suggests (97). Thus, only within the hegemony of consensual game rules can words, like tokens, acquire 'value' and be substantively effectual. As he who defines the rules wins the game, my ultimate Trickster, of course - he who would transform words into affects (if not effects) - is again the duplicitous author.

In all the cases above, I hoped that the marked repetition of key words would limn, as in a shadow text or palimpsest, the ghostly presence in my narrative of certain hypomemes verisimilic to my era. I shall return to the device of lexical motifs - but conceived rather as a trope of 'spatial form' than of verisimilitude - when discussing the patterned repetition of syntagms and other narrative elements ('emblematic resonance') in Chapter III.



### CHAPTER III: Nested Frames and Emblematic Resonance in the Creation of Aesthetic Affects

"A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit - how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!" *Twelfth Night*, 3.1.11

The novel is patterned in the structure of a nested diptych, of expositions contraposed in a mutual commentary, which extends from the defining templates of plot and episode to the micro levels of morphemes in polysemic wordplay. The tropes of nested framing and repetition of form and syntagm are defined, respectively, as *encubilatio* and 'emblematic resonance'. It is argued that these tropes, in a fictive discourse that defies closure, provide a simulation of hermetic form that - when mapped upon the aleatory life world - can be productive of aesthetic affect.

The structuring topos of the diptych, of expositions contraposed in a mutual commentary, pervades my narrative architecture. It extends from the defining frames of genre and paratext down through every subsuming form of peritext, masterplot, subplot, episode, motif and character opposition, to the smallest unit of lexical meaning: the morphemes themselves, syncopated by the continual syllepsis of wordplay. The novel thus celebrates and examines the Hermetic axiom: 'as above, so below' (and Hippo's perverse inversion of it: '*Quicquid infra, sic supra*' (110))<sup>237</sup> and, moreover, the wilful obscurity of Hermetic workings in that I intended my devices of subsistent form to be, for the most part, hidden from the casual reader. Paxson proposes that a textual diptych is produced when 'the process of narratorial or lectorial temporality - always schematized as a direct line drawn "through" a construct - intersects a series of nested structures or objects, thereby yielding an ABCCBA map, symmetrical or otherwise' (Paxson 2001: 34). In its binary nesting of reflected forms, my novel critiques the diptychal logic prevalent in the Jacobethan era, that had been a foundational ideologueme from classical times and arguably remains so today<sup>238</sup>. Hippo correctly asserts: 'Aristotle taught it. Contrarity is the very mirror of nature and of man's soul' (141)<sup>239</sup>. Indeed, Scheffler argues, quoting Lévi-Strauss: '[t]he binary opposition is a child's first logical operation' (Scheffler 1966: 73). But Korzybski would contend that any *schema*

<sup>237</sup> '[The] *Tabula Smaragdina* (1541) or *The Emerald Tablet* ... attributed to Hermes, expressed the essence of Hermetism with unforgettable neatness: "As above, so below"' (Tindall 1955: 52).

<sup>238</sup> 'For Aquinas [intelligibility] meant reducing all logical opposites to contraries, the juxtaposition of which enabled men to grasp moral, and by extension, all relations' (Clark 1980: 110). 'The thoughts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are more than usually expressed, and so presumably thought, in antithetical modes. The rhetorical term for such expression was *contentio*, the balancing of opposites in verbal constructions' (Bossy 2000: 243). (Indeed, 'to be or not to be?') Leggatt points out that '[p]opular works in print show a fascination with symmetry, balance and opposition' (Leggatt 1992: 33). For instance, the balanced debate in Peacham's *Coach and Sedan* (1636) reflects a pattern of *contentio* (or *contraris*) no less Aquinian than the split-stage device in *Herod and Antipater* (1622) where the actions visible to the audience proceed simultaneously in a court and a prison.

<sup>239</sup> 'Discussions of the formal oppositions holding between terms or propositions have not changed since Aristotle's *De interpretatione*' (Clark 1980: 105).

mapped upon such a simplistic two-valued, either-or logic yields the *least* logical operation, being incompatible with the fluidity of natural processes: "[t]he old Aristotelian language structure ... led to verbal speculations divorced from actualities' (Korzybski 1951: 16)<sup>240</sup>. My novel examines the inadequacy of dyadic logic, playfully, by way of burlesque<sup>241</sup>. Each opposing plane in my nested diptychal structure does not simply reflect the other plane ('either-or'). Like Hippo's unsettling mirror - 'a stone basin of water' (128), it distorts, ripples and *reverses* ('either-?'). So, for example, the qua-Aristotelian thesis/antithesis contrapositions of all my narrative forms, 'as above so below', conclude - not in the conventional synthesis of a wedding feast, that Jacobethan topos of ostensible harmony - but in a Gnostic dilemma which, enduring in the flux of phenomena, 'the timeless wind', is presented in the last sentence as unresolved (and unresolvable).

### Diptychal architecture: in parody of genre

My conceit of diptychal reversal and distortion is established lexically in the first sentence: 'There is a man about, without a horse', a chiasmic inversion of the expected line 'There is a man without (ie. outside), about a horse'. However, the implicit architecture of the subverting (ie. mirroring and thus reversing) diptych begins even before the novel's paratext, in the architext (Genette 1979), the novel's deceptive simulation of the expected genre of 'historical fiction'. Ruthven paraphrases Genette: 'The *explicit* paratext is constituted by the title-page, prefatory materials and information on the cover or dust-jacket; the most important of the *implicit* paratexts is the genre of the work ... [which indicates] exactly what sort of book confronts us, and thus prevents misreadings that arise from misidentification' (Ruthven 2001: 43). In other words, the reader's perception of a work's genre comforts and equips him with a familiar reading strategy. 'As these expectations are fulfilled, they provide what Burke calls the appeal of "conventional form", the appeal "of form as *form*" (Stevick 1967: 175). However, as my novel proceeds, it should become clear that it parodies not only the expectations implicit in the genre of historical fiction - in its metalepses, alternative histories, and anachronisms both *faux* and real - but also the conventions of many other genres of fictive prose that, like any genre, would impose the grid of selective form upon the flux of thought and putative events. In this respect, *The Apothecary's Tales* mimics the ironic and systematic parody of genres in its near-eponymous forebear *The Canterbury Tales*. There, the Knight's Tale is a pastiche of early English romances, and is itself parodied by the lewd farce of The Miller's Tale which, in turn, is parodied by the *fabliau* form of The Reeve's Tale, and so forth, in a mutually burlesquing contraposition of the mind-worlds of both 'churls' and 'gentils'

<sup>240</sup> Kristeva likewise notes 'the inability of any logical system based on a zero-one sequence (true-false, nothingness-notation) [ie Aristotelian logic] to account for the operation of poetic language' (Kristeva 1986: 40).

<sup>241</sup> The anonymous author of *A Description of the Academy of the Athenian Virtues* (1673) observes that 'the Burlesque Way of writing is the most helpful to abuse a Good Author, since the Fantastick dress tickles the Reader, and makes him laugh whether he will or no' (cited in Hume 2005: 346).

(Ackroyd 2005: 145, 158). In presenting each of my twelve chapters as an explicit lampoon of one or more discrete genres, I further hoped to illustrate the framing effect of genre in creating and modulating perceived truth values<sup>242</sup>. Stewart describes how a sentimental novel may be turned into a romance merely by substituting a house for a castle, or into a horror story if the castle is hideously decayed. '[B]y alternating paradigmatic sets the same syntagmatic series is transformed into either a realistic or fantastic narrative' (Stewart 1982: 46)<sup>243</sup>. For example, my exhumation of Emily (melodrama) hovers upon the edge of bathos à la Little Nell. Indeed, the Romance mode or pathetic sublime of Hippo's love duet with Margaret - '*I am her and she is me*' - collapses instantly into farce upon a shift in the paradigm set: 'I have focus on my nose' (178). (The process is, needless to say, diptychal: their faces are opposed, quite literally, before being pathetically transposed.) Likewise, the *gravitas* of the wedding is burlesqued by Felicity's indelicacy (286); the honour guard sports ludic dish clouts (288); 'half the nation' resolves, synecdochically, into just 'fifty hungry villagers' (288); and Filmsiro's aureate welcome to the guests is collapsed by Felicity's earthy 'to the bloody food, man!' (289). As I have previously suggested, my work is - by Dentith's definition - a burlesque of the genre of burlesque itself. '[Burlesque] takes other drama as its topic, for comic effect, relying throughout on local parodies' (Dentith 2000: 123). In so doing, burlesque 'burlesques' - in its insistent questioning of form - its own enterprise. Consequentially, my generically challenged - and (I trust) challenging - novel defies any easy categorisation (and so, no doubt, publication). As Mercer asks: '[is it] a comedy? Or e'en a masque? Perchance, it is a history? Or a fable? ... Certes, it is a miracle' (285). I defer to Mercer. 'Everyman calls itself a "moral play"; but the only genre word applied to plays at all often by medieval English writers is "miracle", and that popular word appears to have had no precise meaning at all' (Burrow 1982: 60).

It might be argued that my entire novel - miracle or not - carnivalises explicitly the burlesquing genre of 'historiographic metafiction', its onetime heterodoxies of self-referentiality, metanarrative, rejection of closure and the like having now become framed and tamed into *doxa* by critical acceptance, and its paradigm of provisionality encoded with its own obsolescence<sup>244</sup>. If 'parody may be defined in general terms as "the comic refunctioning of

<sup>242</sup> Specifically, the genres I lampoon are **Chapter 1**: gothic horror (Abell's farm); **2**: detective story (the mystery of the tossed pot); **3**: shaggy dog tale or *fabliau* (Sogwit's acquisition of Ivinghoe); **4**: chivalric epic (the Tale of the Spoons, which is also a detective story) **5**: forensic drama (Jess's first trial); **6**: cryptographic mystery (Bacon's codex and Margaret's letters); **7**: farce (Hippo's absurd rejuvenation and inversion in a rabbit snare); **8**: Jacobean City Comedy (the spa pool dialogue); **9**: morality tale (Hippo's disillusionment at Dorton); **10**: melodrama (Jess's peril at her second trial); **11**: the picaresque (Bedford jail); and **12**: melodrama again (Emily's exhumation) and comedy (the wedding masque and anti-masque).

<sup>243</sup> James Howard demonstrated the power of genre expectation when he famously altered *Romeo and Juliet* in the Restoration. It was staged as 'tragedy' and 'comedy' on alternate nights (Hume 1972: 89).

<sup>244</sup> If all significance is provisional, a 'misreading' *pace* Bloom, then so is the paradigm in which provisionality is valorised. Noth attempts to rationalise this *faux* paradox: 'Kristeva's own escape from this metatheoretical dilemma is in her postulate of an autocritical point of view, which will constantly

performed linguistic or artistic material” (Rose 1993: 52)<sup>245</sup>, then my parody of those postmodern works that would themselves parody the historicist project of formulaic historical fiction - to sublime the past into a curiosity cabinet of significant forms - may be seen as an impish meta-parody. Far from endorsing the obsolescence of the postmodern paradigm, it emphatically *revalorises* the ‘exhausted’ forms that historiographical metafiction seeks, with irony, to subvert<sup>246</sup>. ‘Parody becomes the literary means of burying ... exhausted forms’ (Lehan 1990: 551). But as Hannoosh reminds us: ‘[parody’s] metalanguage proposes necessarily the existence of at least another, equally valid one, and thus undermines its power and status vis-a-vis the parodied work’ (Hannoosh 1989: 117). My parody of ‘exhausted’ genres is, therefore, in my creative rehabilitation of them, a form of homage. ‘[Y]ou can only parody successfully writing which you love or admire’ (Ackroyd 2005: 155)<sup>247</sup>. As Hippo points out: ‘the Cross of St Peter ... parodies the true cross and, by its parody, affirmeth it’ (141). Kiremidjian further notes: ‘the primary function of parody [is] a highly subtle form of criticism’ (Kiremidjian 1969: 240). Were the genres that I parody not still efficient, I would have no efficient vehicle with which to criticise, via generic form, their impositional manipulations of myth or phenomena.

As I have previously proposed, my process of destabilising the reader’s expectations of genre starts at the paratextual level with the diptych-like opposition of the editor’s self-burlesquing Forward and Epilogue. Their subtextual mischief extends to what Genette terms the peritext, the framing elements *within* the defining paratext - ie. within the confines of a bound volume - such as chapter titles and prolegomena, which further manipulate the reader’s expectations (Genette 1997: 5). Several of my chapter titles (peritexts) hint at a covert significance in the ensuing text which belies their titles. For example, the title *The Wedding* refers not only to the overt union of Hippo and Felicity. It might also be argued to foreghost, cryptically, for the hermeneutic reader Hippo’s Rosicrucian sublimation - after his soul’s journey - by the ‘cross’ and then by the equally symbolic ‘rose’ (whereby sits an Hermetic hare), in a parodic tribute to *The Chemical Wedding of Christian Rosencreutz* (1459)<sup>248</sup>. (Or, given the self-subversive *ludos* of the Hermetic quest, possibly not.)

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question its own theoretical and ideological presuppositions’ (Noth 2004: 19). Yet, an ‘autocritical point of view’, in its constant questioning, must ineluctably destabilise its own perspectival authority.

<sup>245</sup> Or, as Kiremidjian would have it: ‘parody holds the mirror not up to nature but to another work of art, and thus becomes a reflection of the character of art itself’ (Kiremidjian 1969: 233).

<sup>246</sup> I propose that Hutcheon’s unwieldy term ‘historiographical metafiction’ be replaced by the simple word ‘metafaction’. As ‘faction’ is an artful blend of ‘fact’ and ‘fiction’, I would define ‘metafaction’ as a mode that refuses to acknowledge any distinction between them. Moreover, as metafactional works typically inhabit a plenum of conjectural achronicity unrecognised in historiography, the term ‘historiography’ is misleading and can be dispensed with.

<sup>247</sup> Chatman concludes: ‘[m]ost parodies are written out of admiration rather than contempt’ (Chatman 2001: 33).

<sup>248</sup> Similarly, the chapter title *The Tournament* refers as much to Jess’s first trial as to the Swan flying match. *The Hole* is a play on ‘wholesale’ and has the same scabrous implicature as Shakespeare’s title: *Much Ado About Nothing*. *The Three Duels*, of course, signifies Margaret’s verbal duel with the fop, the fop’s duel with Hippo, and the potboy’s duel with Monty’s rogues. And *The Witches* alludes not

## Diptychal architecture: in plot and episode

The diptychal pattern of the paratextual frames - which confute (I hope) any simplistic expectations of genre or reading strategy - is continued in the deceptive masterplot of the narrative itself. First, it is supposed that James is being poisoned by the malicious Buckingham. At the narrative centre or 'hinge' of the masterplot Buckingham convincingly reveals this is not true: he loves James. In the last chapter, Buckingham does indeed poison James, but out of love. It is a mercy killing. In my plot's end, is its beginning. However, its significance has - like Beatrice in the spa pool - *en route* been reversed, subverted, and traduced. Within the frame of the hinged masterplot, each major episode is likewise opposed and parodied by another, either in separate chapters or within chapters. To cite just three examples of the episodic parallelism abundant in my narrative, the lunacy of the playful faeries or *faux* demons at Jess's first trial is contraposed with the literally satanic madness of her second trial where Hippo counters Cartophilus's word-twisting allegations of witchcraft with witcraft no less 'abysmal' (207) ie. diabolic of his own. Similarly, the *duello* badinage at the spa between Margaret and Absalon is contrapuntally parodied by Hippo's mock-serious duel with the fop which itself is then parodied by the potboy's deadly trouncing of Monty's rogues. The scene where Mercer gulls an innocent Rose is counterpointed later in Hippo's beguilement by the preacher. Both of the latter scenes foreground the word 'echo' and the second scene is, lexically, an almost identical 'echo' of the first<sup>249</sup>. (Throughout the novel, likewise, I introduce innumerable syntagms or lexical strings which, like episodes, parodically echo the other. I shall discuss this trope of 'emblematic resonance' later.)

Of course, the prevailing emblem of my diptychal structure is the 'cross', a dialectic in stasis, emphasised both thematically and as a lexeme. (Cognates of the term - 'cross', 'crux', 'crucifix' - appear in my narrative 53 times (0.045%), some seven times more frequently than their 30 occurrences (0.006%) in the corpus<sup>250</sup>.) Most occurrences of the lexeme in my work bear a secondary significance. To give just three examples, Mercer notes that '[l]ove ... begins with a cross and ends in nought' (118), as if in anticipation of Hippo's first decryption of Bacon's book, guided by its crucifixial cover, which ends in 'cabbage' ie. 'nothing' (146).

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only to the witch-like harpies hurdled in to give false witness at Jess's second trial but also - in a puckish irony - to the villagers themselves, belatedly revealed by Jess then Buckingham to have been, all along, 'a coven of witches' (220).

<sup>249</sup> cf. **Fitz-Fitz and Mercer**: "And what be those sly words of witcraft you will teach me?" "Why, they are simple. 'To wit, to woo'." "He echoed: 'To wit, to woo'." "Hush!" I pressed my finger to his lips. (109). **Hippo and Prettyjohn**: "And what be these sly words you will teach me?" I ask. "Why, they are simple." He breathes in my ear: "A Brother in the Family". "I echo: "A Brother in the Family"?" "Hush," he peers anxious about him' (182).

<sup>250</sup> Durrell uses a comparable symbol of the diptych, the mirror, to orchestrate his depiction of duplicitous forms in *The Alexandria Quartet* (1957-60): 'Without counting synonyms and cognate forms, there are more than one hundred and twenty mirrors used throughout this tetralogy' (Morrison 1987: 500).

Jerome challenges Cartophilus: 'your words are the very crux of my question' (93); indeed, Jerome will go on to crucify Cartophilus with his own words. Hippo observes facetiously that 'upon the night (most crucial) of October xxx, 1623, there were some impediment in the aerial conduit' (255); in fact, that night was most 'crucial', being dated by three Roman x's ('October xxx'). And so forth. Moreover, my 12-chapter narrative sequence is hinged precisely at its centre with the Tale of the Cross, Chapter 7. It signals a chiasmic process of reversal from Hippo's state of spiritual darkness into redemptive light - via the *agnorisis* of Margaret, John and Emily - just as the medieval poem *The Pearl* hinges its 20 sections at 'the great stanza on God's plenitude of grace', their climax occurring midpoint in section 10 (Wilcockson 1999: 349). In my novel, the midpoint Chapter 7 is also that in which Hippo, studying the inverted cross on the cover of Bacon's codex, discovers the clue to the book's initial decryption via the diptychally patterned grid of Trithemius. '[It is] like St Peter's Cross, inverted and reversed ... As I decrypt every letter of the code, I must alternate between the tables' (142). The emblem of an isotopic cross might also be deemed 'preposterous' (lit: 'front turned to back') in that it retains the same appearance when rotated through both its vertical and horizontal axes. As Hippo acutely notes: 'things preposterous are the crux of the matter' (141).

The theme of 'things preposterous' tacitly paraphrases and travesties the cross motif it represents, throughout my narrative, both in incident and syntagm. For example, Hippo is suspended upside down 'by mine ankle, disgraced, arsy-versey' (138) ie. preposterously. Eiron is set upon a horse 'preposterous' (81). Farmers at the famine market wear their smocks 'preposterous, inside out' (39). Every person in Aretino's scrofulous woodcuts is preposterous, being depicted 'upside down and back to front' (135)<sup>251</sup>. The lexical expression of things 'preposterous' is *hysteron proteron*, broadly defined as 'what should come last is put first' (OED). However, a rhetorical variant of such word disorder is *chiasmus*, the ludic repetition and inversion of syntagms, which characterises the preposterous Alazon. At the Swan, he effuses: '[a] marvellous curiosity ... and a marvel most curious' (80); 'every man is Adam, so is Adam every man [etc]' (82)<sup>252</sup>. On occasion, the euphuistic Filmsiro is no less chiasmic. Rose reports: '[h]e said, he would have the truth, and the truth would he have' (283). (Chiasmus may also be found in the title of this thesis: *A Game of Language/In the Language of Games*.)

<sup>251</sup> 'Preposterous', of course, also defines the inverted economy of the carnivalesque Holiday of Fools which Barthes describes as 'the *festa stultorum* ... in which everything is reversed, even clothing; trousers were worn on the head, for instance, an operation that symbolically reflects in some measure the jongleurs, who are depicted in miniatures head-downward' (Hoy 1992: 777).

<sup>252</sup> The humourlessly pretentious Cambridge fellow Gabriel Harvey was, in life, as absurdly chiasmic as his avatar, Alazon. Harvey's pamphlet *Four Letters and Certain Sonnets* (1592), frothing against his enemies Robert Greene (Gosebell) and Thomas Nash (Ajax), abounds in such 'adynatons' (monstrosities) as: 'his fine cozening of jugglers and finer juggling with cozeners' (p. 5), '[a]ll abject dolefulness is woefully base, and basely woeful' (p. 15), 'this idle business, or rather, busy idleness' (p. 19), etc. Strictly speaking, Alazon (Harvey) is using *antimetabole*, the processual reversal of words (Joseph 1947: 305); *chiasmus*, a 19<sup>th</sup> century term, refers more broadly to the reversal of *idea* sequences, and not necessarily those of words. (The OED definition of *chiasmus* is misleading.)

The cross, of course, familiarly represents the values of transcendental truth and material integrity - '[t]he cross resists my every assault' (54). When these values are made preposterous, the resulting chaos has - since at least the Middle Ages - been depicted in the *mundus inversus* or world turned upside down, a Christian rehabilitation of the classical Saturnalia. In its token destabilisation of accepted values for one licensed day in the year, the Saturnalia celebrated the defining stability of the values it transgressed, in 'an apparently "ideal" state of anarchy which it had no wish to bring permanently into being' (Donaldson 1970: 15). I graphically present the trope in Hippo's flashback to Millbank, 1603, where the term 'sabbatical' puns upon both 'sabat' and 'holiday': '[t]he riot of the night-people rose unto our window like the bliss of damned souls, released from Hades for one crazed night. A unique sabbatical' (104). Throughout my narrative, the *mundus inversus* figures both in fabulemes - significant incidents, as I have said, synecdochical of the novel's governing themes - and in the primary thematic emblems of Hugh's court, the famine village, the monstrarium, spa and jail. Sogwit defines the topos explicitly in a fabuleme when, upon entering Hippo's hall, he notices Mercer's absurd nose and mittens: '[h]ave I entered a monstrarium where the churl is now the lord?' [etc]. (By a double irony, a 'real' monstrarium lurks in a room just above his head.) He sardonically concludes by addressing the servant as '[m]y good lord Mercer' (43)<sup>253</sup>. The tableau of social inversion is repeated when, upon Mercer's elevation to a hero, Hippo demotes himself to Mercer's chamberlain: "You are most welcome, my lord." I bow deep to Mercer' (221). Buckingham then echoes Sogwit's quip; innocently, he addresses Mercer as 'my Lord Mercer' (223). The 'world upside down' is variously represented at the Swan in Filmsmiro's figuration as the Lord of Misrule<sup>254</sup>, its 'adynaton' (monstrosity) of the diptychal two-headed pig, the insubordinate kettling women, the implausibly pickled brain of a fictive Hamlet, and the absurdity of an apple tree growing *within* the inn. (When the tree defies the unnatural modalities of the tavern and reverts to its nature, by bearing apples, the Swan *habitué* Old Wilf takes it for a portent of cosmic disorder.)

The motif is further dramatised at Hugh's court, a parody of the behavioural mayhem of the regal court. In a reprise of *Bartholomew Fair* (1616), the turbulent Jess presides and '[e]very

<sup>253</sup> The pamphlet *Artus Desire*, Paris, (1571) graphically defines a 'world upside down' - and, incidentally, almost every character in my narrative - in similar terms. 'Today one takes the priest for adventurer and the adventurer for priest, the lord for villein and the villein for lord, the magistrate for constable and the constable for magistrate, the good woman for wanton and the wanton for good woman; in short, all is so turned upside-down that one can no longer tell the one from the other' (cited by Clark 1980: 114).

<sup>254</sup> Before the flyting match, where all logical argument is sophistically inverted, Filmsmiro licenses chaos by invoking Circe who, 'in the *Bal Comique de la Royne* (1581), changed men into beasts, depriving them of their reason' (Clark 1980: 115). At the wedding feast, Filmsmiro delivers his epideictic greeting to the guests in a self-mocking cox comb. Later, he proposes to print his poems in the 'foolscap'. Hippo drily replies: '[w]hat else might serve more aptly?' (308).

man jostles ... till the justice would become a rabble and every fool a judge' (87)<sup>255</sup>. At Hippo's urging, Hugh adopts the strategy of the Mad Men of Gotham who likewise repelled a king's agent in the 13<sup>th</sup> century by duplicitously presenting their village as a lunatic *mundus inversus*. He places his shoe on his head, topsy turvy (95), like the Fool in my frontispiece illustration. And so the carnival madness proceeds until Cartophilus, concluding '[t]his is a Ship of Fools,' is himself inverted across his horse and riotously evicted (98). Further major emblems of the theme appear in the inverted modalities of the famine village where cats are sold as hares and the owner of Ivinghoe, Brun, feasts preposterously on a half-raw badger's leg; in the monstrarium, Hippo's *wunderkammer* or wonder-cabinet, which confutes every received notion of semiotic order and rational taxonomy<sup>256</sup>; in the 'Liberties' of Dorton fair where licence is licensed, and epitomised by Prettyjohn's fiat: 'Uptails all!' (158, 184); and in the ontologically problematic jail which, like the alteric Magnificus, 'confounds all genealogy' (301). It is important to note, however, that each of these episodes is conceptualised by Hippo's own aberrant mind, which can reflexively transmute, for example, the Homeric sublimity of '[t]he child of morning, Eos' into the madness of 'a moon-calf's laugh' (55). Hippo, as the novel's principal focaliser, is a *mundus inversus* incarnate. Had the episodes of the famine, monstrarium, fair and jail been reported instead by the exuberant Mercer, or within the paradigm of a different genre, each might have been presented as, not an unsettling *mundus inversus*, but a Fieldingesque confirmation of - and tribute to - the irrepressible perversity of the mundane. A *mundus laudatus*.

### Diptychal architecture: in nested frames

The topos of the *mundus inversus* - a structuring dialectic of reciprocally parodic episodes, fabulemes and emblems - is articulated by my systematic transposition of nested narrative frames. Frames, in the context that I will initially use them here, are perceptual expectations defined cognitively by individual mind-styles. 'All frames are schematic cognitive structures that organize the perception and representation of reality' (Tobin 2006: 77)<sup>257</sup>. However, frames are not necessarily created or expressed within a narrative by the voices or viewpoints of disparate focalisers who might themselves be subsumed within the homogenous perspective of an episode or incident, itself a frame and derogated within the patterning meta-frame of coherent actions conceived as 'plot'. As Dawood reminds us:

<sup>255</sup> In Jonson's satire of London society *qua* the fair '[t]he three figures which represent ... the pillars of renaissance order - law, religion, and education - Justice Overdo, Rabbi Busy, and Tutor Waspe - find themselves together in the stocks while Ursula the pig-woman, not unreliably described by Busy as the world, the flesh, and the devil, presides over the play' (Kastan 1991: 175). *cf.* Lear: 'Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?' (*King Lear*, IV.vi)

<sup>256</sup> Boesky quotes Mullaney, who reads Sir Walter Cope's similar 17<sup>th</sup> century monstrarium as 'an anarchic theatrical performance - one which disobeys the unities, displacing and juxtaposing its props, breaking down hierarchy, mingling kings with clowns' (Boesky 1991: 308). In my own carnival of curios, the most carnivalesque curio, of course, is Hippo: the man peculiar enough to collect them.

<sup>257</sup> Comparably, Uri Margolin would have frames to be 'conventionalized, standardized sets of information about some more or less distinct types of human situations and activities' (cited by Zerweck 2001: 154).



'[w]hile the [authenticating function of frames] is often performed by the first-person speaker in the lyric, this does not make a speaker equivalent to a frame' (Dawood 1984: 110). Plot threads in their turn may be reframed, as I have shown, perspectively by expectations dictated by the perceived genre and - to use Genette's terminology - the peritext, paratext, and epitext (the surrounding discussion of the work). Moreover, they are formed ultimately by factors wholly indeterminable by either author or publisher, located momentarily in the reader and his reading circumstances. As each fictive character is, like the empirical reader, also a 'reader' of the life-text or textile<sup>258</sup> that they personally encounter in the progression of the narrative - what Barthes calls, in a text, 'the stereographic plurality of its weave of signifiers' (Barthes 1977b: 159) - so viewpoints in a polyglossic work such as a novel are continually modulated across the horizontal or synchronic axis of the diegesis (narrative world) and also through the vertical or diachronic axis of the nested trans-diegetic frame structure, which culminates supposedly in the perspective of the empirical reader.

Waugh contends that there is conclusively no distinction between 'framed' and 'unframed' and, in their potential affects, of 'form' and 'content'. 'There are only levels of form. There is ultimately ... "content" perhaps, but it will never be discovered in a "natural" unframed state' (Waugh 1984: 31)<sup>259</sup>. Moreover, in the process of transition between ideologuemes (and/or sociologuemes) located in discrete eras, the conceptual frames of the readers in any era are continually redefined. To cite a random example, the term 'commodification' in recent analyses of value transformations in Jacobean society implies a frame facilitated by the assumptions inherent in modern Marxist critiques of post-industrial capitalism (see Forman 2001: 1534; Knapp 2000: 588). (The term 'commodification' itself was not noted until the late 20<sup>th</sup> century (OED).) A literary work may therefore be argued to be perdurable in proportion to the density and diversity of its embedded frames, such that some might always be found to resonate fortuitously with the ideologuemes (and/or sociologuemes) of a subsequent milieu. According to Eco, '[t]he form of the work of art gains its aesthetic validity precisely in proportion to the number of different perspectives from which it can be viewed and understood' (Simpkins 1990: 28)<sup>260</sup>. The aesthetic effect of perceptual frames embedded in a fictive work, whether purposed by the author or not, has been explained as simulating in the reader the satisfaction of a religious hunger for an ontological meta-frame that might validate

<sup>258</sup> 'The verb *texo* ... meant to weave, to plait, or to interlace ... the term [text] normally indicated a ceremonial book "decorated lavishly with gold or gems" ... Cicero, for instance, speaks of "*tegumenta ... corporum vel texta vel suta*" ("the coverings of bodies or weavings or sowings")' (Stock 1984: 21)

<sup>259</sup> Indeed, Holquist goes further, implying that the articulation of content by frames is itself the aesthetic content of a work. 'Novels are not pictures but frames. They are pictures of frames' (Holquist 1980: 418). Such an observation compares with that of Altos's mystic 'onion' (243) which, successively peeled, resolves into nothing. By such a metaphor, the universe itself would be a structure of perceptual frames, with an information content approaching zero, such that it might be contained in Blakes's 'Grain of Sand' (*Auguries of Innocence*, 1863). Untypically, this *aperçu* escaped Borges.

<sup>260</sup> Perhaps this is what Borges means when, in his *Note On Bernard Shaw*, he proposes: '[o]ne literature differs from another, prior or posterior, less because of the text than because of the way in which it is read' (Borges 1970: 249).

his own aleatory life experiences by imposing upon them some suasive hermetic form. 'Human beings seek to reconcile their behavior with some larger pattern in order to give it meaning. In order for a system of meaning to have the leverage to legitimate action, it must be, or it must appear to be, external to the system of action' (Griswold 1983: 677)<sup>261</sup>. Paxson would align the profundity of the reader's satisfaction with the obscurity of the frames presented: '[e]mbedding evokes mystery, the mystery of hermeneusis ... while it conjures images of geometrical containment and Pythagorean mysticism' (Paxson 2001: 126).

Of course, frames embedded so Sibyllically may (and often do) have the effect of flattering their content with a spurious significance by the explicit labour of their concealment. Moreover, the reader, flattering himself by his hermeneutic proficiency, might (and often does) extend that admiration gratuitously to the text itself and to its author. Undeniably, canonical literature tends to be rich in frames, both ostensive and imputable, as witnessed by its incessant reframings in critical interpretation. Yet the allure of frame obscurity *per se* can hardly explain the enduring appeal of canonical works to those readers innocent of all hermeneutic proficiency or aspiration. I would argue, therefore, that the ability of such works to appeal enduringly to a reading community whether learned or lewd is in proportion to the depth of comforting form which they implicitly bestow - in their refigurations of the reader's own life world - upon the frame embedments, casual and inchoate, inherent in the dialogical *schema* of both speech and thought in his quotidian experience<sup>262</sup>. This *schema* may be conceived of as the processual modulation of nested perspectives, each being continually and reciprocally transposed, subsumed and re-hierarchised by the other. I exemplify this conceit, in a simplistic and uni-directional model of sequenced nesting, in the tale of the priest confessor which Filsmiro relates to Mercer (253). It embeds, within the text, seven nested frames. The words of an anonymous priest (frame 1) are cited in a fable told by an unknown tavern customer (2), then embellished by Filsmiro (3), who is quoted in Mercer's journal (4), itself embedded by a fictive editor (5) in the narrative frame conceived by the empirical author (6), which is an object in the perceptual frame of the reader of the novel (7). Furthermore, my exemplary fable is at this moment being reconceptualised in the frame of the reader of my thesis (8) (ie. 'you') who will, when we meet, in turn become an object in my own frame (9). Should the *viva* discuss this fable, and I record the discussion in my blog (10) (should I have one), the unprepossessing jest - originally developed in the frame of the empirical novelist (6) from Tale LXXX of the *Facetiae of Poggio* (1450) (frame 1<sup>27</sup>) - might yet again become an object in subsequent frame transpositions<sup>n</sup>, in a *mise au sommet* as tiresomely interminable

<sup>261</sup> As I have previously shown, frame embedment - in implying some overarching pattern of containment - can also be a trope of narrative authentication. Each nested and ostensibly impartial narrator adds to a reported story a further lamina of putative substantiality. This may explain the power of urban myth, which is credible in proportion to the number of hands it has passed through.

<sup>262</sup> Patterson comments, on Bakhtin's concept of dialogic '[t]he response offered by one interlocutor transforms the discourse of the other' (Patterson 1985: 136). A dialogic process of continual embedment would, therefore, also inform - no less than his public speech - the private thoughts of the individual who, in reflecting upon his thoughts, becomes his own interlocutor.

as it is indeterminable. The intricately nested and diachronic frames that typify the Arabic and Indian genre of 'boxed' stories, such as *The Thousand-and-One Nights*, are merely a baroque foregrounding, I suggest, of such *schemae* of dialogical embedments which are, both diachronically and synchronically, inherent in all discourse<sup>263</sup>.

### Diptychal architecture: its defiance of closure

Paxson asserts that 'intensive embedding [is] an effect ... that really bears no name in rhetoric or narratology' (Paxson 2001: 128). He concedes that his own neologism 'para-antimetabole' is 'doomed by its awkwardness' (*ibid*). I would therefore suggest a term more felicitous: '*encubilatio*' (lit (perhaps): 'embedding') and further propose that *encubilatio* in a fictive narrative, as in quotidian experience, is inevitably 'intensive' although only ostensive in such works of metanarrative as privilege their frames above the objects they would frame. If the life world of the reader may be figured as an episodic series of contingent events, each notional *caesura* or transitory moment between events allows the reader to reevaluate the preceding series from within the frame of the *caesura*, and thus evaluatively to predict the subsequent series of events with (usually) reasonable confidence<sup>264</sup>. If the process were not instinctual and highly intensive, it would be impossible to cross, intact, a busy road. In the text world, the process might be said to descend, from the macro level of paratext to chapter to episode to incident - each transition being marked by the typographical shifts of paragraph or sentence units - and ultimately to the smallest lexical string. Further *caesurae* are then provided at the micro level by the comfort breaks of punctuation. Each caesural point of rest defines a transient micro-frame from which the contents of both the preceeding syntagm, and of retrogressively greater lexical units, are reviewed during the composition of their provisional significances, and options of possibility are established for their future development<sup>265</sup>. Thus, a reading upon the syntagmatic and synchronal level becomes, upon reflection, one upon the paradigmatic and diachronic level. In a comparable analysis of the visual arts, Fisher maintains that, when a series of dated works by the same painter is hung in a gallery, 'each picture can exchange roles; now a sensory experience, exhaustively commented on by the rest of the series; a moment from now, part of the explication for one of the other pictures' (Fisher 1975: 596). In narrative fiction, the arbitrary topoi of denouement

<sup>263</sup> Brown offers Coleridge's *Rime* as an instance of such a 'boxed' story, one having five frames: the personality of the Mariner who reports the voyage, the Wedding Guest who listens to the story, the minstrel who authors the verse and, finally, the pious antiquarian who edits the ballad. 'Coleridge's *Rime* in fact presents yet another point of view - that is, Coleridge's, or the contemporary author's - who operates in a determining way, controlling all the others' (Brown 1945: 319). However, the text-centric Brown neglects the successive hyper-diegetic frames of himself, of the readers of his paper, and of those who (like myself) cite his reference in their own theses, which might then be cited by other scholars, *ad infinitum*. *Deus volens*.

<sup>264</sup> Enid Welsford has described the *caesura* as 'that *punctum indifferens*, or point of rest, which ... is particularly necessary for the enjoyment of a complicated work of art' (Welsford 1935: 249).

<sup>265</sup> '[W]e read on not so much because we want to find out what happens next, but rather because we want to find out what has already happened, to make sense of what we have already read' (Charles Palliser, *The Quincunx*, 1989, Afterword, p. 1206).

and 'closure' dictated in the text world by the exigencies of publishers<sup>266</sup>, therefore, are often instinctually received by the reader as transitional *caesurae* which merely cue new parameters for the narrative, conjecturally, to proceed<sup>267</sup>. (Indeed, Sherlock Holmes has - for the Sherlock Holmes Society which acknowledges no *caesura* between the play world and the empirical world - never died.)

Moreover, while story closures might be argued to be metonymic of an individual's expectations of personal death, they are profoundly counter-mimetic of the processual experiences *within* his life<sup>268</sup>. While the life world remains in play, it 'never reaches the end of its multifaceted determinancy. It can never be given a final definition' (Irwin 2001: 294). Or, as the quip would have it, comedies end in a wedding and tragedies begin with one. In burlesque of the closural convention - which Henry James scorned as the distribution 'of prizes, pensions, husbands, wives, babies, millions, appended paragraphs and cheerful remarks' (Lodge 1981: 147) - my novel emphatically defies termination. The *faux* closural refrain at the end of six episodes - 'I do return me to my hall' - is, like Pepys's '[a]nd so to bed', simply a prologue to yet another narrative episode, a *dubbio* in which resolution is once again indefinitely postponed. At the material *finale* of my tale, its last page, the demons of the immortal Bacon/hare/Hermes are not dispersed. There is no comforting annihilation of prior significations, as in a stage play, by the white noise of applause. Nor do good faeries helpfully appear, to kettle away the Satanic intimations that pervade my text, with their phatic voices of parodic chaos: 'Hi! Hi! Hi!'. The circle remains perilously open.

In its rejection of narrative closure, therefore, my novel transgressively seeks to erode the material frame that divides the domains of text and reader. In some liminal dimension, my story - or at least, the imperishable rose bush which credentialises it - is supposedly still alive<sup>269</sup>. Furthermore, the paratextual frame, with its verifiably exophoric topographies and artifacts (modern Ivinghoe, the Univ. Bedfordshire, *The Bucks Herald*, etc), is explicitly

<sup>266</sup> Modern publishers are often Draconian in their length requirements, as literary agent Evan Marshall notes. 'A novel in Silhouette Books' romance line must run from 53,000 to 58,000 words ... in Silhouette's Special Edition line from 75,000 to 80,000 words [and] a historical romance for Avon Books ... from 100,000 to 125,000 words' (Marshall 1998: 57). Such inflexibility is not new. In 1897, novelist Robert Barr wrote: '[u]p to a very recent date a story of less or more than six thousand words was hardly marketable in England' (*The Bookman*, vol V, 1, March 1897).

<sup>267</sup> Every *caesura*, therefore, offers both a trial conclusion and an *incipit*. '[T]he task of a creative text is to display the contradictory plurality of its conclusions, setting the reader free to choose ... In this sense a creative text is always an Open Work' (Eco 1983: 140). For Eco's 'conclusions', I would additionally read 'momentary *caesurae*'.

<sup>268</sup> MacArthur maintains that, insofar as a narrative is verisimilic of the reader's life world, its 'dispersive logic' is such that 'an effective closure - no matter how naturally or organically it emerges from the story - always stands in a discontinuous (or negative) relation to it' (MacArthur 1990: 28). As Forster laments: '[n]early all novels are feeble at the end. This is because the plot requires to be wound up. Why is this necessary? ... Cannot it open out?' (Forster 1927: 92).

<sup>269</sup> In *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), Jonson similarly challenges the cliché of closure, of *telos* arbitrarily assigned. The play never 'closes'. Its last words are those of Bartholomew Cokes, metonymic of the foolish fair itself (and perhaps of all London): 'we'll ha' the rest o' the Play at home'.

conflated with the reader's frame. The editor even suggests, with a direct address to the reader in his epiloquic footnote, that both he and the reader might have met in person at the garden Open Day where 'many visitors' ostensibly attested to the empirical status of Hippo's rose bush and thus to the essential veracity of *The Apothecary's Tales*. Like the sprawling paint in Van Gogh's *Sunflowers*, which quite literally crosses the frame into the observer's space, my play world - faithful to its ludic rules - would scandalously transcend its frame. To epitomise its metaleptic game of frame transgressions, I borrowed a sleight from Borges's *The Aleph*, in which the narrator, peering into the aleph, shockingly looks up and addresses the reader: '*I saw the true story of your death* [my italics]'. In a resonant foreghosting of the editor's epilogue, I had Mercer gaze across the 'proscenium', during his theatrical courting of Rose, and gaspingly convey (I hope) a frisson of alterity somewhat less unsettling than that of Borges: 'Perdie, sweet reader, did I see *thyself*?' [emphasis added] (111)<sup>270</sup>.

In such a ludic modality of frame confluences, the object and its observer, or the *dramatis persona* and their unscripted audience, can become vertiginously transposed. For example, Hippo wonders if Filmsmiro has scripted Eiron to toss a pot of ale on Mercer's head in the rehearsal of a new form of drama, 'a miracle in which the groundlings themselves become the heroes of the play' (27). In the prologue to *The Staple of News* (1625), Jonson likewise creates a liminal space for his audience, part situated in the play itself, by seemingly bringing its gossips onto the stage. (Of course, Beaumont and Fletcher had previously demonstrated a similar sleight in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1607).) In its embedment of the little play *The Murder of Gonzago*, *Hamlet* has been cited as a proto-metanarrative that foregrounds its own tectonics, art examining art, in a conceit that implicates the audience *per se* in those self-same tectonics. Polonius watches Hamlet who watches Claudius, who watches the actors in the embedded play, in a regressive process that - if the stage audience itself had been depicted in *Gonzago* and represented as watching, within *Gonzago*, a performance of *Gonzago* - would have been a perfect *mise-en-abyme* (Ron 1987: 423). I purposively foregrounded the trope of *encubilatio*, or intensive frame embedment, as an unanswerable 'question of rhetoric' in my four explicit *mises-an-abyme*: Hippo's mirror basin of water (128), the heraldic shield on the hare's alcove (179), the map of England which fancifully shows Shipwash holding the map itself (201), and the description of Buckingham as wearing 'a mask before a mask before a mask that signified, in its artful purpose, only the wearing of a mask' (291).

<sup>270</sup> If there is a moment more disquietening than that when the reader perceives the Other, it is when the Other perceives the reader. To take one random instance of an historical text, Deloney achieved it unwittingly in *Thomas of Reading* (c.1590) when introducing the reader to his next episode: '[let me] in the meane time tell you of the meeting of these jolly Clothiers'. Although the trope of direct authorial address to the reader has been a commonplace of fictive literature since its inception, the moment when a man four centuries dead appears uncannily to notice our presence is profoundly alteric.

### Diptychal architecture: in peritexts and sub-plots

Just as the frames of perception for the empirical reader of my novel are tacitly modulated between episodes, in continual diptychal oppositions and reversals, so they are made graphic by the patent stylistic differentiation of the journal entries of the focalisers Hippo and Mercer, most notably where their journal incipits and peritexts are presented as verisimilic of the focalisers' mind-styles. The contrast in their fashioning ideologuemes can be observed deictically in each journal's incipits. Hippo favours Latinate and traditional modes of dating and chronology: eg. '*Wednesday, xiv May Anno Dom 1623 ... Two o' the clock*'<sup>271</sup>. The forward-looking Mercer uses more modern conventions: '15<sup>th</sup> May, 4 o'clock' (23); etc. The reversal in Hippo's conceptual frame toward the end of the story, and his newly licensed explorations of carnality, are also - albeit less visibly - marked in his final journal entry by its incipit where he gleefully lampoons his own transformed personality and also (unkindly) that of the lumpen Felicity: 'Jupiter is risen, Venus is on the cusp, the Moon is in its last quarter, and the Cow [sic] is over the Moon' (285).

The diptychal opposition of the focalisers' world views is more heavily marked throughout by different fonts. Hippo's classical mentality is figured by the crabbed elegance of Times New Roman whereas the proto-liberal humanism of Mercer, a self-styled 'modern man' (71), is expressed by the expansive simplicity of Bookman Old Style<sup>272</sup>. Moreover, the sensibilities of the two half-brothers - Apollo and Dionysus - are contraposed, like the left and right brain hemispheres of the single entity they metaphorically become ('at the end - they were the same' (i)), in the verbal tenses of their respective journals, as previously noted<sup>273</sup>. Hippo's initial use of the present tense implies an horizontal or synchronous conception of time - for the scryer he yearns to be 'there is no time ... nor common progression of events' (33) - analogous to the alleged mental stasis of the medieval world in which time was (in the argument of some modern historicists) conceived as 'an ever present Now' (Thompson 1983: 78). However, the preterite tense in which Mercer initially writes implies a vertical or diachronic axis in which there is not only a time past and present, but also a time 'future, and suppositional' (129) that acknowledges in its linear conjecture the possibility of a self-directed teleology for the individual as well as mankind.

<sup>271</sup> He also adds synecdochical references to astrological aspects and moon phases (eg. '*The Sun in Taurus. The Moon full*') and their significance is occasionally made explicit in the narrative: eg. 'Mercury is in the ascendant ... so there will be a merry time, for some' (79); 'Venus is conjoined with Saturn, an aspect most terrible to be feared' (149); etc. 'Time' is thus, in Hippo's mind, a model of stasis: all events are cosmologically predetermined.

<sup>272</sup> Comparably, 'Faulkner asked for multiple text colours in *The Sound and the Fury*' to indicate changes in narrative perspective (Ziegfeld 1989: 352). His publisher declined.

<sup>273</sup> In Borges's story *Death and the Compass*, Lonnrot the detective and the criminal he pursues, Scharlach, are also comparably 'doubles of one another, as their names indicate. In a note to the tale Borges says, "The end syllable of Lonnrot means red in German, and Red Scharlach is also translatable, in German, as Red Scarlet"' (Irwin 1994: 30). The story can be read as an expanded metaphor in which Lonnrot allows his Apollonian personality, and himself, to be destroyed by the Dionysian Scharlach, no less himself, in a subliminal quest for their mutual integration.

My pattern of alternation between the focaliser frames, subsumed *within* the nested peritexts of journal incipits and chapter headings, extends to the arrangement of sub-plots. The editor claims he has aligned the narrative events at the superficial narrative level, upon a plane of strictly linear causality, in 'some plausible sequence of plot and narrative momentum in accordance with the expectations of the reader of popular historical novels' (iii). For example, Jess's insulting of Cartophilus cues her first trial, the collapse of which provokes - in plausible progression - the humiliated surveyor to persecute her again. This in turn leads - linearly - to her redemption by Buckingham and his introduction to Hippo. In recognising the duke is 'not a murderer' (221, 267), Hippo - consequentially - confirms his lie of James's natural death and so (perhaps) saves the kingdom from a Scottish invasion. In this respect, the causalities are indeed conventional. However, in impish subversion of the editor (and no less, of his imagined '21<sup>st</sup> century reader'), I also linked the episodes subsistently in a *schema* of discontiguous analogy that counterpoints the linear sequences of master plot and sub-plot to define, in the hypotext, an alternative structure of allegory (or, rather, systematic metaphor) entirely acausal and achronal<sup>274</sup>.

Writing of the modern mode of 'magical reality', Faris describes its 'repetitions, constants, leitmotifs, resemblances, correspondences, conjunctions, mirror effects, symmetries, cyclical structures [as giving] the impression of a strange coherence among apparently different elements, spread out horizontally in time and space ... this impression leads [the reader] to substantiate and to intellectualize the novelist world' (Faris 1995: 189). Given that 'plots', no more than verbs or other syntactical operators, are never found in the empirical world, being ideological deployments of fabricated data<sup>275</sup>, Ben Jonson - for one - quite literally 'lost the plot' in several of his plays. They present a world ordered, with a greater fidelity (perhaps) to his audience's perceptions of experiential reality than the artifice of 'plot', by 'the repetition of one basic device, with seemingly infinite gradations and variations of application ... The logic of such a plot derives not so much from strict application of cause and effect as from the accumulated expectations of the audience: the illusion of perpetual irony and the sense of

<sup>274</sup> Babcock-Abrahams has argued that the modern 'realistic' novel, with its conventionally linear sequencing of events, presents the paratactic 'progression of contiguous relationships' as a metonym of the experiential world (Babcock-Abrahams 1974: 917). In other words, the mere adjacency of events can illusorily create a pattern, simulative of direction and significance, that the reader might agree to recognise in the narrative of his own life and that of others. However, Pyrhonen quotes Priestman's view that this is not normally the reader's strategy for 'serious literature' [sic]. '[Below] the horizontal metonymic surface of the narrative ... serious literature stresses operations of signification, of symbolic depth, in decoding the narrative elements' (Pyrhonen 1994: 38). Such sub-textual patterns are not constrained by the perceived linearity of paratactic events. They need not derive from it an ersatz causality *post hoc ergo propter hoc* but are free to present, for example, analogy or the resonance of aleatory patterns as no less fraudulent, but equally suasive, in simulating 'causality' in the schematic determination of a story.

<sup>275</sup> '[Hayden] White utilizes the argument of epistemological relativism to demonstrate that the setting of events to narrative form - their emplotment - is an imposition of (mainly) *moral* values on the material at hand' (Pihlainen 1998: 9).

graduated intensity, inversion built upon inversion' (Beaurline 1969: 55). So, for example, 'in *Epicoene* Jonson plays intricate variations on a central symbol of noise; in *Bartholomew Fair* on a symbol of law and "warrant" ... Plot and symbol can hardly be separated' (Donaldson 1967: 2, 4).

Likewise, my novel is orchestrated in Jonson's manner by the repetition and opposition of emblems (ie. symbols presented materially or graphically) that, in their arrangements, resemble the seemingly random or Brownian movement of Jonson's characters. The apparent coincidence and happenstance of their collisions in *Epicoene* and *Bartholomew Fair* creates his 'separable though related' incidents. Nonetheless, despite their apparent innocence of a Terentian plot structure - one determined by a linear sequence of events, suspensefully interrupted, but proceeding inexorably to closure - Jonson's incidents are 'brought to completion at *various points* in the play and are skilfully arranged to overlay and interlock' [my italics] (*ibid*: 5). Ackroyd describes a comparable interlace structure, seemingly random, in *Beowulf* as the trope of 'hring-boga'. In 'expressing "the meaning of coincidence", the recurrence of human behaviour, and the circularity of time ... the thread of words crosses and recrosses itself in endless weaves and knots. It is not simply a technique, therefore, but a vision of the world' (Ackroyd 2004: 25).

### **Diptychal architecture: its burlesque in 'emblematic resonance'**

For the trope of systematic patterning in the repetition of fabulemes, motifs, syntagms and lexemes, I have coined the term '*emblematic resonance*'. It is akin to Joseph Frank's mintage of 'spatial form' (Frank 1981) - and Ermarth's rephrasing of it as 'rhythmic time' (Ermarth 1992) - in its description of 'patterns of similarity, parallelism, repetition and symmetrical opposition which can be abstracted from the continuity of a narrative text (which is experienced in time) and used as a kind of a diagrammatic key to its total meaning (which can never be held in the mind in all its specificity)' (Lodge 1966: 290). However, I would disagree profoundly with Lodge's later contention that, because the interconnected motifs of 'spatial form' can never be simultaneously 'held in the mind', the unity of their correspondences can only be decoded retrospectively, after their pattern has been detected, by 'reading over' or re-reading the text (Lodge 1992: 82). Were this the case, spatial form would appear to be an unproductive strategy for a novelist who would address the normative (ie. non-professional) modern reader, given the observed improbability of any but the most enchanted lay reader ever returning to re-read any novel<sup>276</sup>. A 'readerly' text (in the terminology of Barthes), once consumed, is at once discarded; a 'writerly' text, being purposively difficult, does not welcome the casual reader to a return visit. ("Read it four times", was Faulkner's advice to people who find his work puzzling' (Ruthven 1979: 38). Most readers have better things to do.)

<sup>276</sup> Joseph Frank, the prophet of spatial form, himself conceded: 'since reading is a time-act, the achievement of spatial form is really a physical impossibility' (Frank 1963: 60).



Conversely, in the model of *encubilatio* which (I hope) structures my novel, each *caesura* between the formal narrative elements offers a transparently accessible opportunity for a redefinition of the reader's perspective, so that the process of frame transition and transformation should *not* have to wait upon a re-reading. It can be immediate, continual and dynamic. As Frye sorrowed fifty years ago: '[o]ne reason why we tend to think of literary symbolism solely in terms of meaning is that we have ordinarily no word for the *moving* body of imagery in a work of literature' (Frye 1957: 83). 'Emblematic resonance' might, I humbly suggest, provide Frye with that word (even two). Not only, in my conceptualisation of it, does the meaning of a given emblem in a complex novel change fluidly, as in a dance, but also - in its procession through its various narrative contexts (or local interpretive frames) - an emblem might in its kinetic animation modulate the contexts themselves. An emblem progressively transfigured by its prior contextual development can suddenly - like Buckingham's 'angels' or Ovid's frame-shifting 'slave girl' who disconcertingly becomes a walking telegram - represent a new cognitive viewpoint from which the reader might have no option but to re-evaluate the entire diegesis. Writing of Borges's penchant for 'repetition, leitmotif and symmetry' (ie. emblematic resonance) Caviglia notes: 'in an idealistic world metaphors allow one to rise above the level of the individual ... a higher unit is formed which in a sense supplants the noun. Therefore, metaphors can act as noun surrogates' (Caviglia 1974: 222). To give one example in my novel of a metaphor that functions as a 'noun surrogate', Frank's lament of the jail washrooms that 'all must be utterly replumbed' (260) begins as a metonym - ie. the washrooms are 'like' my every duplicitous character and event: none will survive a re-examination. But his observation can also be read as a synecdoche for the reader's ultimate understanding of the story itself, 'all' of which must be entirely 'replumbed' (its significances reworked) in the last chapter, and yet again in the backclap or twist of my final paragraphs. In other words, an epiphoric reference to the jail's material infrastructure proceeds to a diaphor which acts as a noun surrogate to modulate the perceived truth values of its narrative context<sup>277</sup>.

Such 'noun surrogates', or diaphoric frame shifters, abound in my novel. To detail a minor instance of the novel's frame-shifting emblems, the term 'nose' occurs no fewer than 104 times in the narrative (0.09%), five times more frequently than in the corpus (90 occurrences (0.018%)). Only rarely does it convey, in my text, a literal significance alone. Metaphorically endowed noses are endlessly twitched, pulled, stroked, and agitated by almost every character to narrate virtually every diaphoric implication conveyable by a nose. In the most

<sup>277</sup> Dilworth has comparably analysed the spatial form defined by the repetitive lexical pairings and syntagmatic echoes (Coleridge called them 'concentricals') in *The Ancient Mariner* (1798). The poem is best appreciated, he argues, not as a linear progression but as a static tableau of symbolic images nested and counterpointed in a chiasmic (ie. diptychal) arrangement akin to Homeric ring composition. Every repetition of a motif or syntagm detected by the reader in the oneiric subtextual patterns, structured by analogy and lexical resonance rather than by linear causality, alters the accumulated meaning such that a myriad 'final' interpretations can be (and have been) given to the poem (Dilworth 2007).

notable instance, Mercer is characterised in his earthy carnality from the outset by 'his red and beamy nose, like unto a blood pudding' (4). In Chapters 2 and 3, his versatile and semiotic nose develops into a metonym, gesturally eloquent, for Mercer himself: 'the nose bobs, petulant'; it 'twitches', 'shakes', 'droops', 'snores', and 'gavottes' (32, *et seq*). It also provides an early clue to Mercer's blood relationship with Hippo, by way of the portrait of Hippo's deceased elder brother 'large of nose' (198) in the bedroom alcove.

A fruitful study might likewise be made of my intensive repetition of such syntagms as '*about and about*' (74, 142, 149 and 239), further developed in such lexemes or text strings as '*winding(s)*' (45, 163, 182, 263, 309), '*circumbendibus*' (73), and '*crooked path*' (229)<sup>278</sup>. Of course, the motif was memorably celebrated by Donne: '[o]n a huge hill ... Truth stands, and he that will/Reach her, about must, and about must go' (*Satyres III*, 1593)<sup>279</sup>. However, the thematic irony implicit in my syntagm, and emblematically resonant, is that every 'winding' pilgrimage that my characters laboriously undertake leads, not to Donne's 'truth', but to humiliation or bemusement. For example, the phrase is heavily marked in my descriptions of Cartophilus's arrival at Ivinghoe; Hippo's journeys to Dorton and Bedford jail; and his decryption of Bacon's codex via the grid of Trithemius. It choreographs his search for Margaret via the 'winding path' of the spa copse, for enlightenment in Magnificus's lambent chamber via the 'winding' stair, for the body of the king via the 'winding' court corridors, and, finally, for the mysterious visitor - via 'the winding wanton way' of his garden path - who might (or might not) prove to be Roger Bacon. All these journeys are, of course, an emblem of the Gnostic quest - impervious to hermeneutics - which, the quest itself being its own destination and thus a revelation of the futility of quests, always returns fatuously to its starting point. As Irwin notes, of *Through the Looking Glass*: '[w]hen Alice enters the garden of Looking-glass House, she finds that its paths, which seem to lead straight to a distant hill, twist and turn "like a corkscrew", causing her to wander "up and down ... trying turn after turn, but always coming back to the house, do what she would"' (Irwin 1994: 77).

Just as the repetition of lexemes, syntagms, motifs and settings in my work limns a prevailing tenor of irony<sup>280</sup>, so I use the many devices of formal rhetoric, both marked and unmarked, to burlesque the manipulative agenda of rhetoric itself. Rhetoric is the most baroque expression of a lexical narrative frame and any imposition of an interpretive frame upon an object or

<sup>278</sup> The motif might also be seen, graphically represented, in my four instances of 'concrete poetry' where language is used, not as a signifier, but as a signified in itself and the patterned layout of the text imitates the spasmodic movements of the characters (83, 106, 143, 306).

<sup>279</sup> Furthermore, '[t]he journey of Bunyan's Pilgrim, of Spenser's Red Crosse Knight, of Dickens's Little Nell, all take on the allegory of the winding path' (Ackroyd 2004: 67).

<sup>280</sup> I would define a 'tenor of irony' as the affect resulting from the reader's detection of a perspectival meta-frame forever at one remove from the one presently offered which, by its existence, provisionalises and destabilises the current frame of interpretation.

discourse is potentially ironic<sup>281</sup>. It implies that the truth values presented, howsoever naively, by an object or narrator may be at variance with those perceived. While rhetoric seeks to frame and tame the chaos of lexical polyvalence in the teleology of syntax (A→B), emblematic resonance undoes the fiat of syntax poetically in a carnival of acausality (A→?). 'The dialogism of Menippean and carnivalesque discourses, translating a logic of relations and analogy rather than of substance and inference, stands against Aristotelian logic' (Kristeva 1986: 55). At the surface narrative level, my most habitual trope of rhetoric is the Rule of Three, a processual pattern of lexical or syntagmatic reiteration so instinctual in aureate address ancient and modern that it would appear, itself, to have no formal name. 'The number three is traditionally associated with moments of crisis, challenge or existential choice (the most obvious examples are Christ's temptation by Satan, and Peter's denial of Christ)' (Lodge 1971: 79)<sup>282</sup>. Examples of my triadomania can be found at every level of complexity, beginning with the simple *epizeuxis* of Filmsiro's 'Viz! Viz! Viz!' (82), Hugh's deceptively mild riposte to Cartophilus 'Sa sa sa' (in fact, an aggressive hunting cry) (90), and Mercer's chant (likewise) when chasing Hippo: 'Ho! What! Ho!' (137). The triadic form assumes a characterising effect in ironising Mercer's emulations of Hippo's *gravitas* in '*Primus ... secundus ... tertius*' (4, 70, 195, 277); and also his tripartite argument when debating with himself the mystery of the widow's lost spoons, each part solemnly prefixed: '*Notandum*' (62). The progression acquires pathos in the *anaphora* of Mercer's lament for his lost bachelor days: 'Gone... Gone... Gone now were Mercer...' (234), and in Hippo's increasingly worried *epiphora* in the fateful barn, thrice voiced: 'There is no Mercer' (270, 271). The form's inherent irony assumes comical expression when it echoes Hippo's mindless reiteration - 'Jesuit General?' 'Nuncio?' 'Book?' (225) (for which Buckingham chides him) - with Buckingham's mimicry of it, using the trope of *ploche* or word repetition, even more ludicrous because apparently unwitting: 'Bacon?' 'Roger Bacon?' 'Friar Bacon?' (227). Such are just a few of my overt applications of the triad form. Above all, the form patterns covertly - in parisonic balance - the cadence of my entire narrative<sup>283</sup>.

Being counter-mimetic to the reader's inchoate life world, the triadic device also implicitly parodies its own form, as in the epanodic exchange between Hippo and Prettyjohn: 'Gingerly, I take my purse *again*. *Again*, I count it. All, *again*, is well...'/ 'Oh tut, tut, and tut *again*' [italics

<sup>281</sup> '[T]he baroque is the style that knowingly attempts to exhaust all its own possibilities and that borders on its own caricature' (Elam 1984: 32). In its studied use, rhetoric risks the exposure of its own forms and, in thus approaching the baroque, predisposes to burlesque. For his poem, *The Raven* (1845), Poe - according to Eco - studiously 'calculated an appropriate and organic mixture of *lexis*, *opsis*, *dianoia*, *ethos*, *melos*' (Eco 2002: 250). Eco missed the joke. Poe was serio-comically proposing how the poem *might* have been written (Ruthven 1979: 67). However, from an ironising distance of 150 years, the affect has - for most readers, I suspect - evolved into one of risible bathos. Nothing more.

<sup>282</sup> Secular readers might locate the trinitarian model more readily in the Three Little Pigs, the three bears in Goldilocks, the three wishes in Jacobs's *The Monkey's Paw* (1902), the three caskets in *The Merchant of Venice*, the Three Wise Men, and so forth.

<sup>283</sup> For example: '[m]y master replied not. He stared into the fire. And he stared' (230). A similar triadic cadence will be found, in clauses of greater or lesser length, in my every substantial paragraph.

added] (180). It can also, by habituating the reader to its mantra, unsettle the reader when it violates its own rule to plunge him back into the formless life world. For instance, any reader with an ear for cadence might expect the bawds' flying match in the spa pool, choreographed by its triadic introduction 'Pist ... Pshaw... Puh!', to climax, equally faithful to the Rule of Three - after the third exchange (commencing "Go by," Ursula hisses...' (171)) - with an emphatic punchline. Instead, the garrulous bawds go on and on as, in their own life world, they unquestionably would. And on. (As the fop returns, Ursula wails, doubtless on the reader's behalf: '[a]re we to be bored again?' Ironically, the fop then resumes a further paean of triadically patterned rhetoric.)

Of course, the triadic progression and its rhetorical ironies are grandstanded most visibly at the tavern flying match between Gosebell, Alazon and Ajax. Each antithetical response encodes neatly in its dialectic a hologramic fragment of the thesis that counterpoints it eg: "Nay," fluted Alazon. "And nay again. *A contraris*" (82). The dyadic pattern of exchange in the debate is itself further emblematised by the tavern's two-headed pig. So far, so linear, so Aristotelian. However, the private semiotic space of the wranglers - analogous to that of the novel's autarkic world - is thrice interrupted by chaos: 'a tremendous hi!hi!hi! of villagers' (81), 'new hubbub' as Cartophilus is pulled from the pond (83), and the blasphemies of the yellow man: 'the room fell silent' (84). Upon the first intrusion, the Master of Revels desperately reasserts the triadic game form: 'Viz! Viz! Viz!' (82). In utter exasperation at the second interruption, Filmsmiro - who has been rocking rhythmically in his chair in mimicry of the dialectic (along with the wranglers, in harmonious imitation of him) - tears the head off the straw poppet he has been weaving, metonymic of the interlaced 'blades of grass' (*pace* Whitman) of the patterned flying match<sup>284</sup>. Although Filmsmiro as Plutus, 'father of folly' (77), has ostensibly licensed chaos by his invocation at the outset of Circe, who would turn men into beasts, his is a genteel chaos to be tamed and mediated by formal rhetoric: the *sententia* of Gosebell, the *antimetabole* of Alazon or even the poetically restrained *tapinosis* of Ajax. In such a play space, the disorder of 'the fragmented world ... the *discordia concors*' (Dundas 1964: 233) that rhetoric would frame, name and tame within its multifarious tropologies, is highly unwelcome. In fact, Filmsmiro not only writes his game rules in the inn rafters so that the muse of the revellers' discourse 'may kiss them as she soars' (77) but also on the undersides of the tables so that, he hopes, semiotic order might govern even the mayhem of the subtext. Or, at least, the revellers' explorations of it. (Of course, chaos is never conclusively subdued. At the end, in disgust, Filmsmiro tosses away his quiz cards that would tame the *discordia* of ontological paradoxes in a game-ruled *disputatio*. Moreover, the disruptive Ajax, who has already filched Alazon's 'crown', reappears at Hippo's wedding to steal Filmsmiro's coxcomb.) The flying match is thus itself an objective representation or emblem of the conceptual tropes

<sup>284</sup> 'From all over the world and from all periods of time ... traditional composition has been associated with hand activity. The aborigines of Australia and other areas often make string figures together with their songs' (Ong 1982: 67).

of narrative that would seek, hopelessly, to contain experiential phenomena within any lexical figuration whatsoever<sup>285</sup>.

### Emblematic resonance in 'allegory'

'Allegory' best describes the cognitive rhetoric by which I sought to give my patterns of signifying theme in the sub-text visible representation, in a parallel or dyadic discourse upon the narrative plane, by way of metaphorical emblems and characters<sup>286</sup>. In its simplest definition, 'allegory treats facts or events as metaphors which represent some truth or some other event' (Burrow 1982: 87). However, St Augustine shows that one of the purposes of allegory in its original conception was not to obscure its 'dark conceits' merely to yield a trivial pleasure in their decoding or to hide sacred truths from the unfit reader. 'If I were called upon to write a book which was to be vested with the highest authority, I should prefer to write it in such a way that a reader could find re-echoed in my words whatever truths he was able to apprehend' (*Confessions*, Bk 12). Allegory was thus, somewhat like my liminal language embedded with polychronal valences, a Rosetta Stone by which 'truths' might be made enduringly accessible to readers, regardless of their culture or circumstance<sup>287</sup>. Hirsch comments: 'authors of such future-oriented writings intend to make them applicable to (in other words, allegorizable to) unforeseen situations' (Hirsch 1994: 554).

For allegory to be detected (and thus decrypted) in a work not manifestly allegorical in its genre, it is reasonable to suppose that the allegorical encryptions must be marked by internal cues to the work's pluriplicity. Riffaterre describes a comparable process in the perception of intertexts 'when the reader's attention is triggered by the clues ... by intratextual anomalies - obscure wordings, phrasings that the context alone will not suffice to explain - in short, ungrammaticalities within the idiolectic norm' (Riffaterre 1980: 627). In my work, the clue to the metaphorical (or *faux* allegorical) planes is a keyword: 'code'. 'Code is everything', Hippo affirms (187). It is the master theme that, while not itself a material or graphic emblem, informs every emblem. Code is not foregrounded merely in the most ostensibly coded object, Bacon's 'codex' (its name homonymous of the frame that embeds it: Hippo's code-laden journal, the *Codex Climactericon*). It also structures the progressive *encubillatio* of my

<sup>285</sup> Jonson presents a similar flying match, to mock the emptiness of epistemologies built on rhetoric, in *Bartholomew Fair* (1614). Its stage notes state: '[Here they continue their game of Vapours, which is nonsense./Euery man to oppose the last man that spake: whethe it concern'd him, or no]' (IV.iv.22).

<sup>286</sup> Cognitive rhetoric 'classifies ... metaphoric combination and relations between metaphors and categories. It treats rhetorical figures as pairings of form and meaning, like the constructions of cognitive grammar' (Sinding 2002: 4).

<sup>287</sup> Tindall notes: '[t]he symbol is the only possible embodiment of what it presents, whereas an allegorical image, one of several possibilities, is a substitute for what it represents' (Tindall 1955: 31). Sinding would seem to posit the reverse: 'allegory is one to one, symbol is polyvalent' (Sinding 2002: 24). This apparent conflict may be resolved, however, if we regard allegory as an exocentric *schema*, being purposedly adaptable in its meanings to the signs in the reader's life world, rather than - like a symbol - a discourse that endocentrically embellishes the signs merely within its own value system.

infrastructure, from the paratext down through the frames of peritext, focaliser viewpoint, paraleptic and metaleptic episodes, and so forth, even unto my proper names of fictive places and characters, most of which are also encysted (as I will show) with a *qua* Hermetic dual significance. *Quicquid supra, sic infra*. Code is, quite literally, a 'key' word. In its detection, it discloses the existence of a locked riddle. For instance, a riddle (or, as Mercer put it, 'a right likker' (222)) is flagrantly visible both in the coded number sequences of Margaret's letters and double-faced chevril belt, and in its parody in Mercer's hieroglyphic encryption of his trysts with Rose. However, linguistic code also appears arcanelly - in a sociologueme doubtless imperceptible today - in Bulstrode's code-switching at Emily's burial (283). He fluctuates between the Anglican and Catholic forms of service ('*from henceforth blessed are the dead*'/'Grant this mercy, oh Lord'), seemingly in his reluctance to bury a suicide in 'a Christian place' but actually, as the last chapter reveals, because he is a crypto-Jesuit and thus duplicitous in his Anglicanism. Linguistic codes dependent upon Jacobean sociologuemes are further reified in the lovers' 'language of flowers' (106, 193), in which a 'faded rose' prevails. The symbol of 'rose' as a fetishistic love token also takes synecdochical form in the rose bush, representing Hippo's memories of the buried child and his irrecoverable past, and in the character 'Rose', a metonym of virgin innocence counterpoised to Mercer's carnality, symbolised by Hippo's disdain of him as a 'pig' (27)<sup>288</sup>. Just as the symbolic 'rose' signifies the dead daughter that Hippo never knew, Emily's child Rose returns symbolically as his adoptive daughter: '[s]he wears my face!' (281). 'Code' as the informing structure of emblem is further embodied in the sociologuemic languages of Margaret's fan at the spa (164), of patches (103), and of the stylised rape of the courtship ritual 'my Accost, my Regard, my Address' [etc] (111). Here, Mercer unwittingly parodies 'the pseudo-taxonomic fastidiousness of the duelling-etiquette manual' (Elam 1984: 27), which I had Hippo burlesque in his verbal duello of stylised violence with the fastidious fop: '[o]f the Sword, of Paces, of Wards, of the Cloak' (186).

Code as, literally, a 'key' word is further manifested in the multi-coloured keys worn by the spa customers. The bawds and Margaret herself wear keys of ivory (169), symbolic of the Gates of Ivory which, mythologically, emit false dreams; the impostor lord bears a wooden key (161); the omnipresent preacher who goeth where he will, like the Holy Spirit, flaunts master keys of every colour (180). (Significantly, nobody at the delusory spa wears a key of Horn, the gate which emits *true* dreams.) The reader would similarly need some acquaintance with the sociologuemes of the era to decrypt, for example, the physicians' code, by which mere apothecaries ranked below surgeons who ranked below doctors. (Surgeon Walton protests that the king's autopsy by an apothecary 'violates the inmost canons of our profession' (264).) Or to read, in the silken insults that Hippo and Monty exchange, the ritual hypocrisies of 17<sup>th</sup>

<sup>288</sup> 'Swine have few if any positive connotations in the symbolic universe ... above all, swine incarnate matter as opposed to spirit' (Weinberg 1995: 375).

century court etiquette (188)<sup>289</sup>. Or to recognise, in the heraldic symbols on the spa alcoves, a wicked lampoon of heraldry. For the shields depict, not noble beasts, but vermin, in reversal of the Chain of Being. Moreover, the ensignia on the hare's alcove sport 'three leeks vert' (179). Leeks are the one vegetable *never* found in heraldry (editor's note to Jonson's *Staple of News* (Jonson 1625, 1975))<sup>290</sup>. Such codes are likely to be as opaque today as the significances in the prenuptial exchange between Mercer and Rose. When Mercer gives her gloves, an offer of marital engagement, Rose symbolically accepts the offer, by returning him a kerchief. However, it is decorated 'most peculiar' with phallic peascods (195). The reader is no more likely to detect this waggish irony in her 'language of flowers' than that in Mercer's relief that 'there were no witnesses' to the exchange. He was glad, not because he was 'manly' with Rose again - in the public tavern garden - but because, without witnesses, their engagement was not absolute (*verba de praesenti*) but merely provisional (*verba de futuro*). His options were still open.

Many of these codes of transaction are arcane to the modern reader because they derive from sociologuemes located synchronically in a cultural milieu temporally both distant and discrete. However, such emblems as 'tapestry', 'hare', 'moon', 'pig', 'mirror', and my multitudinous discovery spaces of alcoves, devil-infested tunnels and barns, 'coffins', lockers, arks, purses, caskets, books within books, dangerous cups, secret rooms holding secrets even more fearful, and the like, are unmissably identifiable as 'code', when contextualised, because their uses in fictive literature as enigmatic containers for covert significations is as diachronic as cliché. Space allows me to examine only the first three of these emblems<sup>291</sup>. Donato shows that 'tapestry' was being used as an emblem of textual (textile) mystery at least as early as Ariosto and Cervantes. 'The *Furioso* abounds in references to the tapestry, a form of art which was appealing to Ariosto in its concrete representation of the internal structure he envisioned for his masterpiece ... [T]he tapestry metaphor [also] proves itself to be perfectly consonant with the dual structure of reality as perceived by Cervantes' (Donato 1986: 12, 13). Although the lexeme 'tapestry/tapestries' occurs (on my close inspection) only three times in *Don Quixote*, each time inconsequentially, Donato clearly sees it as a metaphor for

<sup>289</sup> I adapted the several 'compliments' of barbed felicities that Hippo and Monty trade from the Earl of Dorset's *The New Academy of Complements*, 1669.

<sup>290</sup> Jonson uses this fact in his 1625 play to mock Piedmantle's pretensions to heraldic knowledge: 'Piedmantle: "[The coat] bears ... argent, three *leeks* vert/In canton or, and tassel'd of the first'" (IV.iv).

<sup>291</sup> That said, it would be remiss of me not to note, for example, that wherever the term 'pig' appears (or its cognates 'pork', 'porkers', '*Porcus*', 'rasher', 'bacon', etc) they are double-coded with implicatures of grossness or carnality, as in Mercer's table habits (27), the fleshy pork vendor at Dorton fair (153), and the boorishness of the 'cunning man' at Hippo's wedding, supposedly a luminary from *Corpus Porcus* (lit: 'pig's body'; Corpus Christi college, Oxford) (308). My 'mirrors' are always distortive: from the polished tin wall in Hippo's garden (46), and the privy mirror in which he admires his rejuvenated face (136), to the 'stone basin of water' which reprises his *mise-en-abymic* dream (128). The most complex 'discovery space', Hippo's monstrarium, is almost inexhaustible in its allusive and ingenious implicatures.

Cervante's strategy of interwoven tales<sup>292</sup>. She locates 'narrative tapestry' in both these 16<sup>th</sup> century works as 'a new aesthetic model' (*ibid*: 19). Such likewise is my use of 'tapestry', as an emblematic model for my narrative bricolage of poems, ballads, songs, billboards, music, letters, plus no fewer than 157 consciously inserted intertextual allusions. However, in my novel the lexeme 'tapestry' is itself strongly marked, occurring 17 times and foregrounded as a material if silent presence, at the end of almost every chapter, in Hippo's conversations with his wife. Moreover, it is a discovery space analogous to that of Hippo's journal, itself thickly woven with subtexts in its 'warp and woof' (a syntagm that occurs on three occasions: 136, 280, 305). Both tapestry and journal variously conceal - from the outset - Hippo's murky secrets and reveal, at the denouement, the subsistent interlace or 'true' unity of the previous events.

The emblematic 'hare' in its animal form appears in each chapter. Furthermore, it returns 30 times to Hippo, notably as a leitmotif in almost every journey he undertakes: 'a playful hare skips across our path' (10), '[f]rom the hedge, a bewildered hare blinks, querulous' (150), etc. It materialises beside the spa pool as an emblem *per se* upon an heraldic shield, in the design of a *mise-en-abyme* 'dwindling forever in perspective odd' (179). Here, the jest is doubly Hermetic in that *mises-en-abyme* - like leeks - *never* appear on heraldic shields (Ron 1987: 420). (This fact is quite possibly unknown to the modern reader.) Elsewhere, and throughout the novel, the homophone 'hair' occurs no fewer than 61 times (0.052%), three times more frequently than in the corpus (0.016) eg. '[t]is but a hair in my throat' (112). The emblem is further marked by its disguise in such variants as 'harelip' (63, 261), 'hair-ball' (243) and 'hair-band' (288). As a symbol long associated with Hermes, the hare is a physical avatar in the text of Friar Bacon *qua* Hermes who materialises in the last episode as a pagan symbol of rejuvenation to dilemmatise Hippo's Christian rebirth before metamorphosing, problematically, back into a hare. The Hermetic hare is further represented in my emblematic uses of the term 'moon'; in folklore, the hare is the messenger of the moon<sup>293</sup>. The term 'moon' occurs 45 times in my narrative, nearly three times more often than in the corpus (0.038% compared with 0.014%), and its correlation with Hermes, God of Lies, is made explicit in the jail episode where Hippo rebukes Quirk's attempt to exchange messages with the moon: 'didst ye not know, the messengers of the moon have always *lied*?' (255). The concatenated emblems of hare/moon/Hermes/Mercury are further represented by the term 'mercury' (quicksilver), presented 14 times, not only in astrological allusion, but also as a pharmaceutical cure for venereal disease and as a *pharmakon*: bitropically both a poison and a supposed antidote to poison. Moreover, Hermes is foregrounded in his own identity in my priapic 'herm' statues

<sup>292</sup> 'Even at the end of the early medieval period, words derived from *texo* dealt more frequently with cloth than parchment... The idea of text as a material replica of a woven literary composition ... made perfect sense to a society in which orality still played a large role in cultural communication' (Stock 1974: 21).

<sup>293</sup> 'The hare is considered a lunar animal and is closely associated with themes of rebirth, rejuvenation and resurrection ... [It] was the messenger or animal associated with Hermes/Mercury' (Grimassi 2000: 203).



(160, 263), and in the episodes where Hippo commends Mercer to 'the Great Art, the very skills of Hermes Trismegistus himself' (69); the postman 'flaunts a new silver crest bold with the insignia of a hare - as if he were proud Hermes or Jove's messenger himself' (101); Hippo marvels at the Philosopher's Stone: '[t]he gift of Hermes, and the hare' (232); and Quirk restores Squid to his hermetically opaque lecture by waving at him the wand of ultimate inscrutability, the *caduceus* of Hermes (242). Hermeticism *per se* is graphically depicted in my frontispiece illustration from the *Hypnoerotomachia of Poliphilli*. Figures holding Hermetic emblems are shown headed purposively in a single direction as if on a quest which the oneiric rigmarole of the *Hypnoerotomachia* text, subtitled 'all human things are but a dream', figures as an interminable and lurid illusion (Godwin 2004: 16). Of course, the diverse emblems of Hermes in Colonna's work and my own are essentially - each of them - a metonym for 'hermeneusis'. The interpretative labour of hermeneusis is entailed by all my narrative elements. That is the joke I play upon my reader who, if detecting it, is entitled to abjure its impertinence. Not the least of my jokes is the novel's characters, presented - not as the verisimilic actors of some recreated life-world script, putatively Jacobean - but as articulative emblems of an achronal and acasaul domain that never could have existed, except in a simulacrum conceived as *jocus* in the dis/simulative spirit of Hermes<sup>294</sup>.

As I have many times observed, almost all my characters are implicitly deceitful, wittingly or not, like the meta-genre or fabulative play world of fictive literature that itself embodies them. Their appearances are double-coded, not only in the incongruities between their public and private selves but also in the disparity in their narrative roles. Ostensibly, they are determinants of logical action on the literal plane; tacitly, they are nodes of significance (emblems) on the allegorical or metaphorical plane where they resonate a-linearly in the anti-logic of analogy. However, my characters in their emblematic conceptions are not, as in a typical model of allegory, the static personifications of immutable ideas or verities but rather the reification of a single verity, one that defies its own implicit irony, ie. that all verities are mutable<sup>295</sup>. Whereas the verities encoded in ideologuemes (and the sociologuemes that reflect them) mutate diachronically, the personalities supposedly shaped by such verities also evolve, moment by moment in the dialogic of their circumstances, both synchronically and idiosyncratically. So for a character to be 'true to himself', is to be implicitly duplicitous. For he has no stable self to be true to. The Delphic maxim '*nosce te ipsum*' ('know thyself') is a jest. Sincerity in my novel, which licenses aporia, is therefore the greatest sham, although

<sup>294</sup> 'In the myth of Hermes ... the causal chains wind back on themselves in spirals: the "after" precedes the "before", the god knows no spatial limits and may, in different shapes, be in different places at the same time' (Eco 1983: 29).

<sup>295</sup> In discussing the ultimate verity or 'transcendental signified', Derrida said: 'it would, in and of itself, in its essence ... refer to no signified, would exceed the chain of signs, and would no longer itself function as a signifier' (Derrida 1987: 19-20; Allen 2000: 32). Ironically, the frame from which this statement can be made functions itself as a transcendental signifier endowing a credence on the signified statement which, by its own argument, is thereby illicit. Of course, Derrida was well aware of this problem: '[Such a] proposition... runs the risk of formulating regression itself' (Derrida 1991: 39).

involuntary, and duplicity is the greatest honesty, although contrived. As the street-wise Margaret put it: 'affectation should come naturally to a person lest it appear false' (29).

### Emblematic resonance in 'allegorical' characters

Like Jonson's *Epicoene*, my novel 'subverts Aristotle in that nothing is what it appears to be ... In terms of plot and character everything turns out to have been false, to have been imitation ... The play is not about "truth" *per se*, but about the rhetorical devices by which truth is kept a secret' (Sanchez 2006: 6). True, my allegorical characters might appear to be simplistically mapped upon the invariant archetypes of Lévi-Strauss. For example, the bisexual Buckingham is the Syzygy, Fitz-Fitz the Child, Jess the Great Mother ('the mother of our village' (96)), Hippo the Wise Old Man (an archetype parodied in the *philosophus gloriosus* of Menippean satire), and Mercer, with his 14 child-like allusions to his 'little book' (59, 60, 61, *et seq*) and breathless phatisms (the *ecphonesis* of 'Oh,' 'Ho!', 'Lal', etc, with which he often begins his diary entries), the *Puer Aeternus*. Sogwit and Magnificus might be figured as either Tricksters or Cosmic Men<sup>296</sup>. However, I had already finished my novel when I chanced upon Lévi-Strauss. This confirms his thesis that archetypes are deeply embedded in a trans-cultural *langue*. Like ideology, the cultural *langue* 'belongs to the unconscious of a society' and 'does not enter the speaker's consciousness in the process of speaking (*parole*)' (Schiwy 1969: 76, cited in Noth 2004: 15). Archetypes, like the clichés of Booker's 'seven basic plots' (Booker 2004), surface in the creative process for the most part unconsciously. Authors are as unlikely to be aware of their presence, as they write, than Melville was - until some ten years later - of the rich symbology of *Moby Dick* (Tindall 1955: 13).

Insofar as any of my characters can be reduced to a simple signature or *imprese* that defines their emblematic role (for example, Jerome's 'elvish [diabolic] craft' (56), Jess's punning jest: '[n]o man hath apprehended me yet' (98), or Sogwit's Machiavellian insouciance 'all were fair attested' (52, 53, 54)), each of their signatures is ultimately traduced. As Pope Urban VIII, Jerome later reveals a genuine affection and concern for the man he has gulled: '[I] would seek to save thy soul, even from thyself' (304), Jess acknowledges to Buckingham: 'my lord ... you apprehend me' (219), and Sogwit's mercantile cynicism is revealed, in his secret kindness to Bonny, to be merely an expedient pretence: '[c]ousin, you are a fraud' (44). And so forth. While my fable begins, like Chaucer's, with a tableau of stock figures, many of them endowed with pantomimic names - '[Jacobean] character studies formalized in this way give

<sup>296</sup> Indeed, both are presented as God-surrogates. Sogwit exalts Tom, the packman, into Jesus Christ: 'Master,' Tom begs Sogwit 'let this cup pass from me' (54), and Magnificus's eyes are 'as perceptive as God' (245). Yet both are akin in their solemn *ludos*, not to the Judaeo-Christian God, but rather to 'the elephant god who gives luck and surprises in Hinduism' or 'the unpredictable, disruptive, creative force called Legba in Yoruba religion' (Douglas 1968: 373).

us a kind of *langue*' (Fisch 1990: 596) - almost all my characterisations proceed quickly to the local specificity of *parole*<sup>297</sup>.

Hinds notes of Pynchon's *Mason & Dixon* (1997): '[t]he mercurial nature of characters reaches ... into an ability to change so deep and pervasive that "character" itself, conceived as a foundational reality, comes into question' (Hinds 2000: 201). Only the insubstantial characters in my novel who remain undeveloped like Lady Marigold, Sir Percall Brocus and Alazon - or the irredeemable villain, Cartophilus - are allowed to be 'flat'<sup>298</sup>. Like Aristotle's *pratton*, their only function is to mobilise the plot, sustain a mood or support the characterisation of the 'round' characters (Bruner 1986: 38). They appear, as Dampit does in Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (1605), solely as affective objects or totems of a moral principle<sup>299</sup>. For example, Alazon - a character having little plot significance who exists in my narrative principally to dramatise the vacuity of words (and of the ideologuemes that sustain them) - observes, with a self-insight that ironises his own dis/simulative vacuity: '[m]y existence is purely symbolic. Had I any utility, I would be rendered useless' (300). Yet it is not impossible that the modern reader, gifted with socio-psychological insights into the etiology of 'evil', might empathise to a degree - greater than that of Jacobean audiences - with, for example, Cartophilus: a man whose face is cratered like the 'Man in the Moon' (73) and who has been, no doubt, long slurred as 'Fungus-head' (90), or worse. Like the 'palsied' dwarf Sogwit (39), cursed by his deformity and his race into utter disaffection with the 'kindly English yeoman' (42), Cartophilus - probably much spurned by women - might well be excused his over-determined misogyny, particularly in respect of one much-spurning woman. Potentially, Cartophilus (like Lady Marigold, Alazon and Brocus) is a complex and interesting character.

As Chatman reminds us, character traits and roles are created by the reader as well as by the author. '[A]ny deictic mark will do: a personal pronoun, an epithet ("the man with the beard"), or even a demonstrative pronoun or definite article' (Chatman 1978: 131). (So, for example, Margerie Felde's oblique reference to the devil, '*He who cannot be named*' (206), is evocative in its terse obscurity. The reader's imagination completes the frame.) It would not have been difficult, therefore, to write a different novel *qua* allegory in which - by a shift in deictic marks - Cartophilus was presented sympathetically, Hippo in his Luciferian pride was

<sup>297</sup> Crystal points out that pantomimic names do not have to limit character development, as can be seen in the heroines of Shakespeare's later plays: eg. Marina (born at sea), Perdita (the lost one), Miranda (the admired one), Innogen (the innocent one), Fidele (the faithful one), etc (Crystal 2005: 21).

<sup>298</sup> 'Because we must feel secure to enjoy the chaos of comedy, the bad characters are always drawn from stock, whenceforth issues a guarantee of their eventual comeuppance' (Mooneyham 1994: 125).

<sup>299</sup> The monstrous Dampit, who appears to play no part in Middleton's plot except to vent torrents of inventively abusive (ie. perverted) wit, has long perplexed critics. Levin (1967) dismisses him as a device to 'drain off' [sic] the audience's disgust at usury; Cutler Shershaw (1991), in summarising a multiplicity of critical interpretations, concludes that he is a vestigial opponent ('Dampwit') to Wittgood in a tentative medieval morality of eschatological witcraft that Middleton failed to realise. In fact, Dampit ('Damn Pit') is, I suggest, a totem of mephitic amorality. Just as my squint-eyed bawd is the *imprese* or affective signature of Dorton fair, like its rogues, so Dampit is the tonal setting of Middleton's play presented as an emblem or synecdochical object.

the devil incarnate, and his Vice, Mercer, a very personification of the Seven Deadly Sins. Indeed, as the *intentio auctoris* in a novel rarely coincides with the agenda or idiosyncratic perceptions of the reader (*intentio lectoris*), that is indeed how an Adaptive reader might choose to interpret *The Apothecary's Tale*. Nor would s/he violate (too greatly) Eco's Razor, or the rule of coherent probabilities which should constrain such interpretations as are illicitly fantastical (Eco 1983: 114)<sup>300</sup>.

To summarise, any narrative element subsumed within a superior frame of perspective can assume the ductile valence of an emblem, susceptible to multiple interpretations suggested by its accumulative resonance with other emblems, either lexically similar to itself or presented in an entirely different diegetic form. Moreover, the affective significance of every emblem - modulated locally and momentarily by its context - will itself be determined by the ungovernable *intentio lectoris* which is inevitably incongruent, to a greater or lesser degree, with the *intentio operis*. If the 'Model Reader' of a text is the one who fully understands and conspires with the author's 'game' (Eco 2002: 223), then the Model Reader can only be the author himself, and any reading other than by the author must be (*pace* Bloom) a misprision. However, in an allegory like my own that seeks to communicate - in its restless polysemia - only the immutable truth that there are no verities, idiocratic misprisings by the reader are not only invited but mandated<sup>301</sup>. After all, for the pragmatic author, the only Model Reader is s/he who buys - at the full retail price - the author's book<sup>302</sup>.

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<sup>300</sup> Needless to say, Eco was not the first to define the rule of hermeneutic parsimony for the suppression of the Adaptive Reader; nor was Occam. 'Over 1600 years ago [in *On Christian Doctrine*], Saint Augustine wrote with regard to scripture that meanings found in one part must "be seen to be congruous with" meanings found in other parts' (Porter Abbott 2002: 93). In fact, Occam's (and Eco's) Razor concerned itself, not with minimising the number of tenable suppositions that might resolve a problem, but with eliminating the wholly untenable suppositions. In the close reading of a thoughtfully crafted novel, as of a scriptural text, 'interpretations have to work for the whole text' or they are untenable (*ibid*).

<sup>301</sup> Eco would appear to support this position: '[a] text can foresee a model reader entitled to try infinite conjectures' (Eco 1992: 64). However, such *largesse* would appear to violate his own rule of parsimony. A reader who explored 'infinite conjectures' could only do so by abandoning the author's game to pursue, idiosyncratically, his own game and thus *de facto* could not be a Model Reader. In either case, Eco is essentially redefining (in his Model Reader) - not the reader who would, in his empathy with the author's game, create the 'Model Author' - but merely Eco himself, the Empirical Author, who is entitled to take conjectural liberties with his own work *ad infinitum*.

<sup>302</sup> The experimental writer B.S. Johnson once huffed: 'to the extent that a reader can impose his own imagination on my words, then that piece of writing is a failure' (Johnson 1977: 151). Yet if the author admits no space whatever for the reader to 'impose his own imagination', he will have - like Johnson, who tragically committed suicide in 1973 following his lack of commercial success - few readers.

## CHAPTER IV: The Theatre of the Word: Metalepsis and Narrative Frame Shifts

'The mere word's a slave,/Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave/A lying trophy' (*All's Well That Ends Well*, II.iii.117)

The agonistic elements of plot and incident in the novel are figured within the topos of theatre, foregrounded by the duplicitous self-fashioning of the characters, often expressed in kinetic or gestural discourse, and by the continual metaleptic shifts or 'frame syncopation' of viewpoint, both intra and extra-diegetic. Frame syncopation is used advisedly to dilemmatise significations at both the structural and syntagmatic levels. The thesis contends that such contrived collisions of narrative interpretation may be the dynamic of affectivity in all aesthetic discourse.

So far, I have presented my novel as a systematic *schema* of nested frames of discourse (*encubilatio*), the ostensive frames being modelled linearly upon Genette's tropologies of architext, paratext, peritext (etc), and the subtexts a-linearly upon the patadiegetic mosaics of acausal and oneiric analogy ('emblematic resonance'). I have contended that emblematic resonance in theme, incident and phrase is more verisimilic of the happenstance and coincidence of the fluxile lifeworld than the Aristotelian emplotment of causal sequence. Yet my contrapositions of both exoteric and esoteric implicatures define, as I have shown, a diptychal metaframe which subsumes a descendant hierarchy of similar diptychs in the master plot, subplots, focaliser oppositions, character inversions, duplicitous emblems and dyadic (or triadic) lexical structures. Once again, so Aristotelian. The logical frames have merely renegotiated, and tropically named and tamed, the semiotic chaos they contain. Yet 'forms' do not exist in the empirical world, of course - any more than do verbs or numbers - except by conceptual imposition. To figure in words any interpretative frame, to define a context in which interpretation is possible, is to compose a metaframe that ineluctably problematises the validity of the local frame.

It was with this *faux*-paradox in mind that I had Hippo note acerbically that 'all words are cabbage [rubbish]' (146) and I returned Roger Bacon to the enigma, at the end of the tale, by posing a question that hermetically questions, with nested question marks, its own question: "'Whither the cabbage?'" (309). Teasingly, Mercer has already hinted that an answer to this question 'whither do words lead? (And is the question even meaningful?)' might be found at the 'fifth level' of witcraft (147). Leastways, the answer might resolve the riddle he poses for Hippo, when Jerome is disconsolate after Hippo has failed to decrypt Bacon's book: 'Hell hath no fury like a man who is denied its entrance' (147). To an hermeneuticist like Jerome, he implies, Hell would indeed be a riddle that resists all hermeneutics. So long as the riddle defies Jerome's noetic frame, he is denied the ontological comfort of recreating its perceived form *qua* form. Indeed, in my novel's convulsive frame shifting of, and between, its every

narrative element - '[t]hey dance. In lavoltas, corantos, galliards ... a saturnalia of mocking paper balls' (124) (with yet a third level of syllepsis tendentiously implicit in the term 'balls') - I sought to portray, not the futility of the *nouveau roman* with its existential quest for final 'meanings' endlessly deferred, but the demonstrable and immediate comfort provided by forms. Forms, howsoever provisional, fabulate 'meanings' serviceable for the individual, both in his life world and in the play world of fictive text. Discourse has been argued to provide one source of forms (or forms of myth) which comfortingly frame the identity or 'meaning' of an individual, as expressed both to the world and to himself. 'Language thus conceived divides the subject into an empirical self, immersed in the world, and a self that becomes a sign in its attempt at differentiation and self-definition' (de Man 1983: 213). While ultimate meaning or 'truth' may never, in a poststructural world, be accessible by man, in the empirical world man has never had trouble in using discourse to simulate truth ('meaning') to a pragmatic end, including that of his self-invention<sup>303</sup>. In the facades of himself, distinct from the profound apprehension of the 'I', that he presents to the world and to himself, man is his own playwright<sup>304</sup>. So my incessant play upon 'play' proceeds, in a mimesis of the incessant autopoeia of the fabulating mind, from the self-theatricalised behaviour of my every character to the parody of their behaviour in cogent emblems of theatrical form itself.

At the micro-behavioural level, my characters' self-theatricalisations can be seen in such idiolectal tics as Mercer's phatisms ('Oh,' 'Ho!', 'La!', etc), the water-bailiff's dittoisms ('So ditto, plus ditto' (152)), Buckingham's suffixal questions ('would you?' (218), 'won't you?' (291)), Jess's dialecticisms, Shipwash's inveterate *paroemia* (the learning of the lewd, with which she hopes to impress Hippo)<sup>305</sup>, and Magnificus's stagey bangings of his head on the wall in frustration at his supposed inability to use the word 'I' (248). Comparably somatic expressions of language appear in the disparate registers of Mercer's 'hopping Senecan' spryness and of Hippo's cadences reminiscent, in his longer paragraphs, of the protracted cerebrations of the later Henry James. Kristeva has described such quasi-linguistic

<sup>303</sup> I would define 'truth', for the purposes of my thesis, as a meaning effect that can be located on a cline of pragmatics within the cognitive frame of a given individual (see Pierce 1903, 1997). As Hippo says, quoting Gabriel Harvey, 'truth' is stratagematic: 'in the lay tongue, what works, works' (13). Thus, both the realemes and the fictive elements in, say, an historical novel are equally 'true' for the reader to the degree of their utility, in this case the production of a pleasurable affect. Just as truths were, for Nietzsche, 'illusions which we have forgotten are illusions' (Nietzsche 1873, 1979: 84), so illusions are - for the reader of a fictive work - truths that he has forgotten are truths. 'Myth' and 'truth' in a playworld are therefore synonymous with 'meaning', and with each other, provided that all are affective. 'Truth', in fiction as elsewhere, is whatever - stratagematically - works.

<sup>304</sup> As Colebrook ironically points out, the postmodern *doxa* whereby the self is supposedly invented by language entails a *faux* paradox. 'To think of the self as created through narrative is itself narrative' (Colebrook 2004: 119). So, indeed, is Colebrook's axiom that expresses that assertion. So must the self, invented by narrative, be a self that invented the narrative that defines it. So does the worm of Ouroboros turn again. However, the riddle rests upon a trivial linguistic confusion between the 'self' and the 'I'. Self-evidently, the essential 'I', existing independently of language and narrative, is *not* synonymous with either the identity or the self. While the 'I' uses language to create identity, the 'I' - in the non-verbal apprehension of the self in the continual present - is not created by that identity.

<sup>305</sup> Her homilies are authentic to the period, being for the most part adapted from Herbert's *Outlandish Proverbs* (1640).

mannerisms as the 'genotext': 'that part of the text which stems from the "drive energy" emanating from the unconscious and which is recognizable in terms of "phonematic devices" such as rhythm and intonation, melody, repetition and even kinds of narrative arrangement' (Allen 2000: 51). In lampoon of the genotext, I have Filmsmiro and the revellers rock their chairs rhythmically to the dialectic of the flyting match until Len's chair splits and his 'fundament is fallen' (83). As previously noted, I also present four passages of 'concrete poetry' where discourse is arranged as a charade, as if in stage directions to the events it describes, spatially in spasms or progressions across the physical page (83, 106, 143, 306)<sup>306</sup>. Moreover, verbal mannerisms in the narrative often choreograph themselves as gestures, in which body parts become autonomous actants 'to depict activity which one would normally attribute to the agency of human beings' (Hoover 2004: 114)<sup>307</sup>. Not only does Mercer's nose pursue a semiotic life of its own, so also does Hippo's tongue when it assumes an irrepressible wilfulness: '[s]ome imp takes possession of my tongue' (189). (His 'holiday imp' returns on four occasions, always with fateful results, as previously noted. Legs and bows likewise perform roles both choric: '[h]e articulates a low congee' (157); '[w]e make again, each to the other, kindly legs' (187); and deictic: '[m]y hat scrapes the ground, in four directions' (164); '[Filsmiro] made unto Felicity and myself a bow magnificent in two directions' (289); etc.

Gestures frequently serve in lieu of speech, in both casual and formal dumb shows: 'a kind of excellent dumb discourse' (*The Tempest*, III.iii)<sup>308</sup>. Hippo's face is casually eloquent in its mute scepticism of Quirk's lunar telegraphy: 'I lift my brow ... I waggle my brow ... I troll my eyes ... my brow ascends ... My brow rises clear unto my hairline .. I frown, perplexed' (253). At Jess's first trial, hand movements - which allegedly 'escaped the curse of Babel' (94) - formally perform their own silent telegraphy: 'I stroke my nose. Hugh scratches under his armpit' (94)<sup>309</sup>. Just as the postman describes Margaret in the non-committal prudence of a silent dumb show: '[h]is hands pat the air [etc]' (101), so Mercer and Rose exchange their erotic vows in covert and formal mime: 'I traced upon her palm a heart. She closed her palm

<sup>306</sup> Syme has noted that the marginal stage directions printed in certain Jacobean folios mimic typographically the stage action. 'The visual impression of simultaneity produced by the mise-en-page ... mimics the simultaneity of actions and words essential to live theater' (Syme 2008: 152).

<sup>307</sup> An actant, in Greimas's terminology, is 'that which accomplishes or undergoes an act' (Greimas 1982: 5). It can be equally a character or any determinative object.

<sup>308</sup> Tindall contends that '[u]nlike the sign, [dumb discourse] cannot be separated from what it stands for .. it is a kind of synecdoche' (Tindall 1955: 11). Iser further suggests '[w]hat characterises all the physical gestures is the fact that they bring about immediate understanding' (cited in King 1995: 306). Or, as Wright put it, in 1601: 'dumb showes often expresse the whole matter' (*The Passions of the Mind*, p. 195). More importantly, they may also have the effect of conveying to the audience significances which, being seemingly unmediated by a verbal script, have a truth value superior to it.

<sup>309</sup> Knights points out that 'a large number of Elizabethan words and phrases are the direct equivalent of action - gestures of sociability, contempt or offence ... Moreover, the muscular content of Elizabethan English is an important part of its "meaning" and it was this ... that enabled physical states to be portrayed with such immediacy ... "When Shakespeare describes a thing," said Dryden, "you more than see it, you feel it too"' (Knights 1937, 1962: 254). Formalised hand movements were an essential part of the Jacobethan actor's repertoire; many are detailed in Bulwer's *Chirologia* (1644).

around my finger' (113). The dumb show itself is parodied in Fitzmiro's masque where the goddess Venus, scripted to revolve in a *punctum indifferens* (a 'non-committal point of rest'; Welsford 1935: 249), proves anything but mute or restful.

### The *theatrum mundis*

Informing these little *tableaux* and my narrative entire is the familiar medieval trope of the *theatrum mundis*. In several episodes of formal confrontation, such as Jess's two trials, the villains like Cartophilus stand according to Jacobethan stage convention at 'stage-left', the heroes and heroines appear 'stage right', and ambivalent characters like Buckingham and Jerome occupy 'centre stage' (92, 217). After the tavern flying match, the despicable Fitz-Fitz is extracted from the pig basket 'stage-left' (99). Before the potboy's duel, the perfidious bawd 'bustles in, at left', and Margaret bursts in, heroically, 'at right' (190)<sup>310</sup>. Hippo's hall, like every chronotope (*pace* Bakhtin) in my story, is a stage where characters feel beholden to perform<sup>311</sup>. In debating with Mercer, Hippo hastens to his '*catastasis*', the revelatory penultimate episode in a classical drama: '[e]re I lose my *audience* entire' (32), whereupon Mercer performs a self-conscious soliloquy: '[h]e flaps his hand, oblique, toward the *wings*', etc (36). As Mercer later notes, observing the villagers 'right mazed and confused' leaving Hippo's hall: '[e]ver is it thus ... when my master opens his *theatre* to the parish' [emphasis added in each case] (65). Moreover, each of the posters for the Swan flying match, Shipwash's 'ordinary', and the spa's tariff is, as Hippo says of the programme for the jail conference, 'a right notorious playbill' (257)<sup>312</sup>. As Foust notes, such tropes of theatre mark their signifieds as '[s]tructural games'. They 'function as clues implying that the story's structure ... is a heightened simulacrum of the agonistic and usually unstructured competitions of daily life' (Foust 1986: 9). Famously, Shakespeare geyed his audience, in *Henry V*: '[c]an this cockpit hold the vastie fields of France?' (Prologue). The 'structural game' was a

<sup>310</sup> Rhodes shows that medieval moralities were sometimes 'staged within a circular plateau on which certain mansions acted as the fixed, symbolic locations of the world, the flesh and the devil'. He argues, citing R. B. Parker, that the booth of the pig woman, Ursula, in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 'was situated stage left, in the position of hell-mouth' (Rhodes 1980: 143). The left (*sinistre*) side is, of course, traditionally associated with things infernal. My jail's Left Wing holds iconoclastic lunatics.

<sup>311</sup> 'We will give the name chronotope (literally, "time space") to the intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships that are artistically expressed in literature' (Bakhtin 1981: 84). However, the utility of Bakhtin's neologism, confessedly borrowed from Einstein (Ingemark 2006: 2), is arguable. So broad is its definition that any fictive nexus of human transactions whatsoever 'dependent on the point of view of the observer' (*ibid*) might be termed, unhelpfully, a chronotope. I have therefore abandoned the term's spatial aspect entirely to coin the neologism '*chronotrope*': a word or phrase figuratively used to cue a perceptual frame that explicitly involves a lexical or thematic game with *time*. I discuss the chronotrope later in this chapter.

<sup>312</sup> Furthermore, the author's avatar in the text, the poet Filsmiro, is a walking emblem of theatricality: '[he] set one fist upon his hip. He flourished forth his other hand' (235), etc. Not only does he compulsively figure every village event as poems, and Hippo's incarceration as an epic lyric (238), but he also promises to render the entire narrative to date as 'The Song of Ivinghoe' (308). It might be fancifully supposed that, had he done so, he would have produced - *mise-en-abymically* - *The Apothecary's Tales*, and theatricalised within it his own innate self-theatricalisation.



persistent trope of the Jacobethan stage where, Gurr contends, 'fictional reality was a running paradox' (Gurr 1980: 164).

My *theatrum mundis* is most clearly emblematised in the explicitly kinetic or gestural discourse of the four 'plays within plays' of Jess's two rhetorically patterned trials, the pastiche of Jacobean city comedy at the spa pool ('a stage for all seasons' (169)) and Mercer's *coup de théâtre* of witcraft in the tavern garden. Not only do the episodes parody 17<sup>th</sup> century stage conventions in their settings and copious theatrical allusions but also, in their strongly patterned emplotments, they dramatise the irony inherent in all narrative framing or perspectival structuring of phenomena. Thus, they replicate, as embedded emblems in my conceit of *encubilatio*, the burlesquing metaframe of the novel itself: '*quicquid infra, sic supra*'.

### **The *theatrum mentis***

The imposition of theatrical tropes in any narration of events, either exophorically 'real' or consentially fictive, implies the yet further framing of a notional space already implicitly fictive in its linear and/or logical arrangement of ostensible phenomena. As I will show below, theatrical conventions of emplotment and cogently patterned language can be said to be merely a baroque exaggeration of the fabulating process of perceptual frame switching, implicit in all discourse and cognition (the '*theatrum mentis*'), that is narratologically termed metalepsis. In its simplest definition, metalepsis 'derives from *metalambano*, which covers a wide range of meanings: "to partake in, succeed to, exchange, take in a new way, take in another sense, and even to explain or understand"' (Wilson 1997: 2; Hollander 1981: 133). By a definition so broad, any momentary shifts of view by or between narrators would qualify as metalepsis. For example, when Felicity scans Hippo's bedroom seeking evidence of Emily, '[h]er woman's eyes ... find only a question', the reader expects the narrative quickly to answer that question. However, Felicity - lighting upon Hippo's alcove of pictures - asks a different question: 'What be they?' (198). A qua-metaleptic shift, as it were, has occurred within her own mind. When Quirk begs to leave Hippo because he must curate a meeting of the tunnel committee, Hippo exclaims, thinking the committee means to tunnel out of the jail: '[t]hat is a daring escape' (244). The reader might also interpret him to be chiding Quirk: 'that is a daring escape from my presence'. In fact, Quirk - oblivious to this insinuation - replies indignantly that the committee is trying to stop people tunnelling *in* to the jail. Here, a qua-metaleptic shift in the interpretative frame has occurred both between the characters (intradiegetically) and between the diegetic worlds of the narrative and the reader (hyperdiegetically).

A comparable shift is exhibited in the trope I have previously termed 'perilepsis', where the identical sequence of events is reported differently by different narrators. For instance, when Jerome flees the kitchen in delight, having gained possession of Bacon's book, Hippo reports

Jerome's parting remark that the breakfast he has prepared is 'piquant' (59). Mercer records the same scene, but ludicrously misinterprets the priest's mood: he 'fled to the cellar in a pique' (60). While the ironic conflict in their interpretations of the same incident offers a further instance of qua-metalepsis (intradiegetic), radical or ontological metalepsis can be observed in the shift between the synchronic plane of the narrative and the hyperdiegetic plane of the reader. For only a reader of the entire corpus, putatively collated by the modern editor, could detect the linking pun - doubly ironic because seemingly accidental - upon 'piquant' and 'pique', in adjacent accounts presented as separately composed by two non-colluding diarists. Similarly, when Hippo ends his diary entry for 10th June, 1623 '[m]y little sparrow hath become a *swan*', the entry retains a *faux* continuity with the start of the next diary episode, Mercer's, by the seeming accident of emblematic resonance: 'Each day, these several days, I had sat at the *Swan*' [italics added] (107). Here, the qua-metaleptic shift is again intradiegetic, occurring between the conceptual frames of synchronic characters. However, it is also metadiegetic (and diachronic) in that the fictive modern editor, who is also a denizen of the narrative world, has supposedly emplotted the disparate texts ('so that they present some plausible sequence of plot and narrative momentum' (iii)) into a linearly fabulated arrangement of his own which is apprehensible only by a modern reader.

Thus, one view of metalepsis is that it revises from within a later frame of perception, whether or not textually predicated, the significances apprehended in a prior frame. As I will show, this view - deceptively reductive - can enable 'metalepsis' as a defining trope for all discourse, whether or not the discourse is diegetically transgressive.

While metalepsis has been defined in a myriad ways<sup>313</sup>, I shall focus here - for the purposes of my thesis - on its conceptualisation as the shift, synchronic or diachronic, between interpretative planes of view both *within* a narrative and *of* a narrative. I have christened this meta-trope '*frame syncopation*'. Being the reader's cognition of any affective transition in perspective, macro or 'trivial', hetero- or intra-diegetic, it might be said potentially to subsume and thus transume every tropic element in the narrative architecture. (And if a transition is not affective, it has no place in the architecture.) At its slowest tempo, frame syncopation may be seen in the alternation of heterodiegetic frames of view, mutually ironic, as between my editor's exegesis and the narrative he glosses. In a faster tempo, frame syncopation might be observed in the micro-frames of quotation marks in dialogue: the inverted commas serve as literal 'frames' of quarantine, dissociating the author from questionable or alien content, such

<sup>313</sup> 'First discussed in ancient legal discourse' (Prince 2006: 625), metalepsis was the trope of transmutation of language from the literal to the spiritual level (Wilson 1997). Wilson even detects metalepsis in the 'verbal calculus' of Emerson's polysemically dense *Nature* (1836), where any given lexeme reciprocally exalts that adjacent to it into a higher plane of diaphoric or 'fluxional' significance (Wilson 1997). This is emphatically not Genette's metalepsis, though (as I will show) it might be mine. Fludernik was not unaware of the congeniality of the term 'metalepsis' to its own revisionary transumptions by modern critics. Drolly, she concludes one of her papers on the topic: '*Allons, enfants de la narratologie, le jour de la métalepse est arrivé!*' (Fludernik 2003: 397).

as the Other of reported speech<sup>314</sup>. Thus, any passage of dialogue regardless of its content can be said to be ironic, both diachronically and synchronically. (Diachronically, the author does not attest to the content of the dialogue, nor does the reader believe he does. Moreover, each synchronic interlocutor in the dialogic exchange reciprocally questions - and interpretatively refigures - the significances s/he perceives in the preceding locution.) Complementary to the micro-‘metalepsis’ inherent in quotation marks is the perilepsis - or intradiegetic shifts in interpretation of the same event by different narrators - predicated by the bracketing device of the enhanced inquit. Only rarely is my dialogue framed tamely by ‘he said/she replied’ (etc). More usually, my ‘turn ancillaries’ (Eco 2002: 211) are shamelessly histrionic: ‘she snortled’, ‘husked’, ‘mourned’, ‘growled’, etc. Such inquit is akin to stage directions. ‘It is remarkable how often [in Jacobethan drama] actors are told *how* to come on ... actors are regularly asked to use this moment [of entrance] to make a strong effect, to come on “chafing”, “sneaking”, “as affrighted and amazed”, “very humorously”’ (Leggatt 1992: 88). No doubt, critics from the Hemingway school of journalism would deplore such a carnival of variegated inquit. Like my entire narrative style, such inquit over-burden every rift with ore to the point of self-burlesque. And such critics would miss the point. In their lapidary excess, the inquit add a still further lamina of irony to that already implicit in any syncopation of dialogic frames<sup>315</sup>. The choric ‘turn ancillaries’, in the hand-held proscenium of the book, relocate the prosodic narrative to the stage of theatre.

A further syncopation - or histrionic modulation - of narrative viewpoints might be found in my characters’ synchronic use of the lexemes ‘thee/ye; thou/you’, personal pronouns having profound tonal or sociologuemic implications in the Jacobethan era now entirely lost to us. For example, when Mercer is obliged to move Rose out of the hall, so the men can exhume Emily’s body, he begins with the cozening intimacy of ‘thee’ and ‘thou’: ‘I ask *thee*’, ‘*thou* mayst return fast’, etc (279); in fury at her intransigence, he ends with the impersonality of ‘Begone!’ ... ‘Baggage! Am I not *your* master?’ [italics added] (279). Rose, catching his drift from the outset, has addressed him throughout with the affronted stiffness of ‘you’. (A similar precision of usage and modulation in ‘thee’/‘ye’, etc, can be seen in my narrative in almost every address made by one character to another.)<sup>316</sup> The shift between affection and insult in these exchanges may be supposed to have been pungently obvious to the characters.

<sup>314</sup> The use of quotation marks for citations in any ‘non-fictional’ work, such as a thesis, achieves the same purpose as their application for fictional dialogue. It implies that the author cannot be held responsible for the content. Like the habitual usage in academic works of the third rather than first person, it is a prudent conceit of deferred commitment, which can never *ipso facto* be distanced from the imputation of irony, ie. the suspicion of a disparity between the signified which is patent and that which is inferrable.

<sup>315</sup> As Eco concedes, ‘[for some readers] these interjectory mechanisms become ... an element of rhythm ... or of extraordinary inventiveness. The stopgap is then redeemed’ (Eco 2002: 211).

<sup>316</sup> Likewise, the mediievally-minded Hippo habitually uses the southern and increasingly archaic -eth suffix (eg. ‘he passeth’) whereas the forward-looking Mercer is markedly prone to the midlands suffix (eg. ‘he passes’) which became the modern usage. (The transition from -eth to -es can be clearly seen in Shakespeare’s usages in plays written before and after 1600 (Hussey 1984: 120)). In my novel, the contrast is especially marked in chapters 1 and 4, in Hippo’s and Mercer’s narrations, respectively.

However, the frame syncopation - here, as in all my games with period language - becomes diachronic *only* if the modern reader is sufficiently familiar with Jacobethan idiom to notice that a tonal modulation has occurred, and to appreciate its insinuating ironies. As Eco has previously remarked: '[i]rony becomes simply a lie when the addressee is not aware of the game' (Eco 2002: 233). Accordingly, the normative would-be author of a 'purist' historical novel will no doubt fear that his subtlest diachronic (and synchronic) ironies will languish, not as 'lies' dismissed, but as gems wholly unperceived by a reader who is 'unfamiliar with the game'. However, to an author (like myself) who has determinedly lampooned scholarly obscurantism with obscurantist devices, it would be fearful indeed if any reader perceived every nuance of his linguistic games. For then the reader, ineluctably, would be the Model Reader ie. the empirical author. And there would be no contradiction, then, between the frame of the author and the reader. And thus no synchronic irony in their contraposition. And thus no *jouissance*. For an author who perversely joys in the Sybillic obscurantism that he dissimulatively burlesques, Jess's Kristevan *imprese* 'no man hath apprehended me yet' (120) is a maverick badge of honour. A *jouissance* shared (*pace* Barthes) is, for an hermeticist author like myself, a *jouissance* denied.

My solipsist *jouissance* in frame games can be observed (or not observed) in the 'double take' effect of my narrative anachronisms both *faux* and real, as well as in the diachronic polysemia of linguistic 'false friends' that I have already discussed. For example, when Hippo concludes an effusive description of Margaret's face by observing upon it 'the tiniest purple patch, inscrutable' (163), the reader might detect a synchronic irony: Hippo appears, absurdly, to be admonishing his own euphuisms. As 'purple patch' is early 18<sup>th</sup> century (OED), this would be an anachronism, and thus again absurd. Yet both the 'anachronism' and the irony are diachronic creations solely of the reader. Hippo is literally reporting, upon the cheek of a woman much prone to patching, no more than the presence of a patch. Nor, in the unlikely event that either the irony or the anachronism are perceived by the reader, could they be laid at the door of the empirical author. (At the time of writing my novel, I truly did not know that 'purple patch' was - at least, according to the OED - illicit in the 17<sup>th</sup> century, being first recorded in 1704 (*True Tom's Double*, Davenant)). Both interpretations are, therefore, the reader's misprision. Likewise, when Mercer boasts to Fitz-Fitz that his charm 'to wit, to woo' has the power to 'stop a skein of corn-fed porkers in their flight' (114), the reader might misread the term 'porkers' as an anachronism, a synonym for 'porky-pies' (Cockney rhyming slang for 'lies', L20 (OED)), the sense of 'lies' being compounded by the modern pun on 'corn/corny' ('trite', M20 (OED)). The anachronism would again be doubly ironic, in that Mercer is gulling Fitz-Fitz throughout with a farrago of lies that Fitz-Fitz does not detect but that the reader does. Yet there is no double irony, for is there no anachronistic play upon 'lies'. 'Porkers' in the 17<sup>th</sup> century could mean, literally, 'young hogs' (OED) or, pejoratively, 'jews' (*The Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*; Harris, 1811, 1982). So Mercer cannot be accused of anachronism. He is making simply, at most, a simple - not a triple - pun upon

'porkers'. Such idiosyncratic shifts in the perceptual frame are not synchronic in the *intentio operis* nor are they diachronically created, necessarily, in the *intentio auctoris*. They are *faux* diachronic, being invented by a subsequent misreading in the *intentio lectoris*, for which the author can by no means be held accountable. I shall tentatively christen such frame shifts - perhaps unintended by the author but located in the presuppositions and milieu, entirely indeterminable, of the reader - 'parachronic'<sup>317</sup>. With the principle of parachronicity in mind, Borges once remarked 'every writer *creates* his own precursors' (Borges 1970: 236). His elliptical remark would have been less cryptic (but less quotable) had he explained: 'it is the reader, not the author, who creates any "precursive" allusions in a text that appear to anticipate - impossibly - a text written later'. For example, Skinner points out: 'all remarks such as the claim that "we may regard Locke's theory" of signs "as an anticipation of Berkeley's metaphysics" are meaningless' (Skinner 1969: 29). In this case, the reader has himself invented the appearance of Locke's forward allusion to Berkeley by refiguring Locke, parachronically, through the frame of Berkeley.

An interesting example in my novel of parachronicity, and the affects it might have during the reading experience, may be seen (and, I have no doubt, this time it *will* be seen) in Sogwit's apparent use of modern idioms when, ludicrously, he tells Hippo 'I took a common buss to Greenwich, left the train at Slough and came hither ... by car' (49). So gross are these seeming anomalies in a putatively 17<sup>th</sup> century text that they are unmissable even by Kermode's 'carnal' (unsophisticated) reader (Kermode 1979: 16)<sup>318</sup>. The reader's first response might be uncomprehending shock at the transgression in the choral frame, followed by a defensive repudiation of the entire narrative, which has suddenly become unreliable. Then (I hope) might follow a recognition that three 'howlers' in fast succession must be no mistake but some esoteric authorial joke. Uneasy laughter might follow as the reader relocates the threatening *catachresis*, of three words grotesquely 'misused', to the comfort zone of a familiar genre: 'humour'. Reassured, the reader might then proceed with caution to enjoy the narrative anew, from the sanitising perspective of irony, as a complex joke. (Alternatively, he might just throw my book down in disgust. That has been the fate, no doubt, of many a metafictional novel that addressed a 'writerly' text to a reader who,

<sup>317</sup> I prefer it to the term 'metachronic', sanctioned by the OED, as 'metachronic' invites a confusion with Genette's use of the prosthesis 'meta-' to signify a perspective outside of, or taxonomically superior to, a given diegetic frame.

<sup>318</sup> Needless to say, Sogwit was not being anachronistic, and any petulant reader is simply being parachronic. All three terms were commonly associated in the era with travel. A **buss** was a fishing vessel that also sometimes carried paying passengers (*qv* 'Britain's Buss, or A Computation ... of the Charge of a Buss or Herring Fishing Ship, by E.S.', 1615); a **train** was a retinue of followers (*cf.* 'The Nymphs that make her traine', Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, II.iv); and a **car** was a carriage (*cf.* 'like holy Phoebus' car', *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV.viii). Other *faux* lexical 'anachronisms' - ie. usages well attested in the period - include: 'How great and awful a blessing it is, to have in situ a computer' (309): a 'computer' in 1623 was simply an accountant. 'O super super jolly' (214); *cf.* Luce: 'Oh super super-excellent' (Heywood, *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638, II). '[A]mong the jetting set' (164) and 'when [Gerard] is not jetting between gaudies' (318): to 'jet' in this period meant simply to walk in an 'affected' manner (OED). And so forth.

unreasonably, expected a 'readerly' writer.) Such a reflexive sequence of fear/flight/containment/enjoyment (comparable to the perception, in a fictive work, of alterity) occurs continually and instinctually, I suspect, at the micro levels of frame syncopation in, for example, malapropism (*faux* or real), 'false friends', intertextual incursions, multiple syllepsis, simple *paranomasia*, and every other trope where a text provocatively subverts the superficial significances it has hitherto presented<sup>319</sup>. At risk of being reductive, I would further contend that the somatic frisson attendant upon the syncopative shock/fear/relief response might also account, at a higher harmonic of sublimation, for the affectivity - often unconscious - of all polyvalent discourse contrived with aesthetic intent.

Needless to say, the defence of parachronic misprision (where any appearance of anachronism is the reader's invention) cannot be advanced for my occasional 'real' anachronisms, that is, explicitly proleptic allusions made by characters who (without relocating the metaphysics of my simulachron totally to a plane of fantasy) could not legitimately have made them. For instance, Hippo appears to quote from *Religio Medici* (1633), ten years before its publication (36); the postman cites Andrew Marvell's *To His Coy Mistress* (c. 1650), twenty seven years too soon (124); and Filmiro mocks T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* (1940-42), three centuries prematurely (289). Instead, I might contend that Kermode's 'carnal' reader is unlikely to notice any anomaly. The sophisticated reader - cued by Hippo's confession of 'jests wrested from their proper time' (36) - surely will, but by now he should be familiar with my game of time frames ('chronotropes') and therefore willing to concede that the achronal milieu which licenses anachronism is itself not only licit but mandatory in the modern genre of historiographic metafiction that my novel parodies. Moreover, the erudite reader might further appreciate, as an aesthetic side-effect of my intertexts, the aptness or otherwise of my scholarship. (I shall explore the topic of conscious 'intertextuality', pervasive in my novel, later.) The *accidie* of Browne, the erotic optimism of Marvell, the bogus erudition of Eliot<sup>320</sup>, all allusively inform my fabulemes - illustrative, respectively, of Hippo's Stoic resignation and wary chivalry, and of Filmiro's poetic affectations - with further local insinuations plus the overall tenor of satire. (To paraphrase the OED's definition, 'satire' is the timeless apprehension that all human sensibility, upon a shift in

<sup>319</sup> Kaplan has suggested, unconvincingly, that '[t]he wit and humour [in the polysemia or frame collisions of jokes] arise only if the several meanings are *simultaneously* responded to. The play on words is "playful" precisely in its compounding of meanings, not in its choice between them' (Kaplan 1948: 419). This is a reprise of Bergson's view: 'a situation is invariably comic when it belongs *simultaneously* to two altogether independent series of events and is capable of being interpreted in two entirely different meanings at the same time' (cited in Goldstein 1972: 8) [italics added in both cases]. Conversely, I propose that it is the contrast between incompatible frames, and the *successive* flip-flop of significances presented in them, that provokes laughter. (I agree with Lowis that laughter is a sublimated somatic response to a perceived threat (Lowis 1993: 412).) A fusion of these significances 'at the same time' might well yield the parousia of poetic revelation, but not wit or humour.

<sup>320</sup> 'As a London reviewer working to tight deadlines [Eliot] developed what he describes as "a certain cunning in avoiding direct bluff", principally by "only hinting at [his] pretended knowledge". Some of this is displayed in his notes to *The Waste Land* (1922), which in 1957 he was to dismiss as "bogus scholarship"' (Ruthven 2001: 75).

perspective, may be seen as vicious or ridiculous.) As an alternative defence, I might further argue that - if, as seems reasonable, all thoughts effectively conveyed by any writer have, in their essence or aspects, previously been expressed innumerable times ('every word is the footprint of a million men' (255))<sup>321</sup> - it would strain credulity to suppose that echoes colourfully analogous with any given syntagm have not also occurred on many occasions, throughout the notional corpus of all discourse, as if by plagiarism or prolepsis, but in fact by chance. 'Once a sequence of words enters the vast sphere of language, it is always a potential line of expression for any later writer; the first one or two words will activate the entire sequence' (Ackroyd 2004: 89)<sup>322</sup>. So when, for example, Filsmiro opens the flying match with a cry of 'Hwaet!' (78), a precise echo of the start of *Beowulf* (composed c. 1000), I could not refute a charge of anachronism by pointing out that, although *Beowulf* was not translated into modern English until 1837, it was known in Filsmiro's time, having been owned by Laurence Nowell in the mid-1500s and acquired, a century later, by Sir Robert Cotton. A sceptic would rightly riposte that a rare codex presumably locked away in a gentleman's library in 1623 is unlikely to have been either accessible to Filsmiro or comprehensible to him if it were. (Indeed, as Hippo sniffs to Sogwit, referring to the Overbury murder: "How could a little taverner like Filsmiro know such matters?" (52).) Nonetheless, having armed myself with Altick<sup>323</sup>, I could rejoin that the term 'Hwaet' was copiously evidenced as an opening address elsewhere in Anglo-Saxon literature (Bosworth 1838, 1972), so it might well have come to the mind of Filsmiro, a studiously antiquarian poet, when replicating the mead hall of Aegir. No plagiarism, paradox or anachronistic forward allusion to a text translated two centuries later, therefore, need be imputed<sup>324</sup>.

In summary, the modulations in interpretation - either intra- or hetero-diegetically entailed by the reading of a text (or the apprehension of any artifact) - that I have described as frame

<sup>321</sup> Any presented thought that, in an ideal case, is original - ie. not thought before - will be entirely incomprehensible to its interlocutor except by its contextualisation, using language familiar to the interlocutor and thus endowed with concepts thought before. '[A]n absolutely original work would be absolutely unintelligible' (Ruthven 1979: 115).

<sup>322</sup> By way of evidence, my novel frequently puns upon - and associates - 'bacon', 'rashers', and 'coles' (180, 103, 114, etc). Yet I had finished writing my novel *before* reading *Every Man In His Humour* (1598), where a similar association of puns appear. 'Matthew: 'Roger Bacon, thou wouldst say?'/Cob: 'I say Rasher-Bacon. They were both broild o' the Coles; and a Man may smell broild Meat, I hope? you are a Scholar, upsolve me that, now' (I.iv.11). So my echoes of Jonson can be neither plagiarism nor influence. In fact, it would have been remarkable if this 'potential line of expression' had *not* occurred, independently, to two writers comparably pathological in our polysemia

<sup>323</sup> 'One commonsense question should accompany all attempts to establish the direct indebtedness of one author to another on the grounds of verbal similarities: Might not the resemblances be attributable to the fact that both Author A and Author B were nourished by the same culture?' (Altick 1963: 112).

<sup>324</sup> All of my other lexical 'anachronisms' can similarly be justified by my argument of the lost *langue*. For example, if 'snortle' (L16; OED) and 'beamish' ('radiant', M16; OED) were attestedly used in the Jacobethan era, as they were, it is implausible - in such a lexically exuberant age - that some unsung neologist had not minted 'chortle' (284, 303) and 'beamish boy' (307), which appear in Hippo's narrative. So Lewis Carroll was being quite literally 'original', *ab origine*. He had merely recontextualised terms which originated, probably, at least three centuries before he wrote *Through the Looking Glass* (1871).

syncopation proceed not only linearly upon an horizontal and/or vertical axis, as in Genette's hierarchical metalepsis. They will also, invariably, be *recursive* in that the reader instinctually re-evaluates the significances he first received by means of revisions in his own perceptual frame (the logic of 'either-or'), his reflections being cued continually by changes in the narrative or source frame. The perceptual frame syncopations may further be *tangential* (the a-logic of 'either-?') as in 'perilepsis', when actants synchronically offer alternative interpretations of the same narrative events and thus dilemmatise the stability of any perspective, linearly hierarchised, in either a fictive narrative or the life world. Moreover, the modulations may be 'parachronic' when the perception of a frame transgression is the invention of the reader and a transgression is not necessarily predicated by the text. In my final chapter, I will show how frame syncopation, in the collisions of narrative interpretation that it continually creates and mediates during the reading experience, inexorably governs all polysemic discourse from the gross syntagmatic level of, for example, exophoric allusions including intertexts, down to the micro morphemic and phonemic level of sylleptic games.



## CHAPTER V: The 'Covered Subtily' of Intertexts and Allusions

'If the woordes that the writer useth bring with them a litle ... covered subtilty ... they geve a certain greater auctoritye to writing, and make the reader more hedefull to pause at it ... And if the ygnorance of him that readeth bee suche, that he cannot compasse that difficultie, there is no blame in the writer' (Castiglione, *The First Book of the Courtier*, transl. 1561).

The novel illustrates five principal variants of intertextuality, created during both the writing and reading act, and three forms of allusion, direct or indirect. The thesis demonstrates how these might have practical utility for an historical novelist in endowing a fictive discourse with a qua-mythic tenor of historicity and alterity.

My ludic concealments and transformations of meaning in frame syncopation take a more explicit form in the bricolage of intertextuality, whereby the quiddities of quite complex notions – 'quotations without quotation marks' (Barthes 1977b: 160) – may be imported, conveniently prefabricated, along with their ready-made contextual frames<sup>325</sup>. It has now become a commonplace in criticism that any text, fictive or otherwise, is a 'mosaic of quotations'<sup>326</sup>. Any perceived originality in a text is created by the reader, according to his linguistic competence, in his intercontextualisation of its lexical expression of prior thoughtways. In other words, the reader – finding some minor discordance between his own mind-view and that of a text which otherwise validates his own mind-view – acknowledges the text to be 'original'. (If he cannot reframe the text within his own idiolect, he will dismiss it as absurd.) The 'gadget called intertextuality' (Kristeva's own description, cited in Lesic-Thomas 2005: 18) which Kristeva invented in 1966 to analyse the lexical phenomenon of '*non nova, sed nove*' has since rested uneasily, in critical definition, at various points on a cat-slide of ostension which, beginning with the overt allusion, an unambiguous reference or belletrist adornment, descends through the familiar notion of 'influence' – patent or tacit – by other texts or authors, to finish in the abysmal revelation that intertextuality is the covert operation of every word uttered or utterable<sup>327</sup>. However, in rejecting particularly the misuse of intertextuality as a synonym for the cliché of 'influence', the mid or sticking-point of the semiotic cat-slide, 'Kristeva has objected to what she sees as the dispersal and devaluation of its meaning, and even sought

<sup>325</sup> 'A work which alludes to another establishes a richer context within which to be viewed. It benefits from a new and enlarged web of associations, and our appreciation and understanding of the work are enhanced' (Ross 1981: 59). Barthes notes that intertextual allusions to – for example, myths – tap into 'an instantaneous reserve of history, a tamed richness' (Barthes 1972: 118).

<sup>326</sup> Bakhtin suggested that 'a literary text is "a mosaic of quotations" and "an absorption and transformation" of other texts' (Kristeva 1980: 66). But the affiliated concept of 'unlimited semiosis' – which Eco challenged for its licensing of chaos (Eco 1992: 23) – can be traced through T. S. Eliot's 'poetry as a living whole of all poetry ever written' (*Tradition and the Individual Talent*, 1922: 1.6) through Henry James: 'really, universally, relations stop nowhere' (Anderson 1971: 969), and as far back as Matthew Arnold: '[e]verywhere there is a connection, everywhere there is illustration, no single event, no single literature is adequately comprehended except in relation to other events, to other literatures' (Matthew Arnold, 1857, *On the Modern Element in Literature*, Oxford Inaugural Lecture).

<sup>327</sup> Indeed, Korzybski – writing fifteen years before Kristeva – would have us corral every discrete word in quotation marks to alert us to its incorrigible imprecision and polyvalence, the result of its intertextual associations with questionable company since language began (Korzybski 1951: 15).

... to replace it with the term “transposition” (Duff 2002: 54). Ironically, since 1966, Kristeva had devalued and dispersed its meaning herself to embrace any ‘intersection of textual surfaces’. Her ‘new typology [sic] of texts’ as she first expressed it would defy the ‘rhetorical division of genres’ to subsume - via the fortuitous etymology of ‘text/ile’ - all discourse and, moreover, the social, historical and ideological environments that inform discourse (*ibid*: 58; Lesic-Thomas 2005: 5). Nonetheless, the term ‘intertextuality’ has since become, itself, an intertext, allusively used by critics in contexts unlicensed by its author and destined soon, no doubt, to recede into the familiarity of a proverb, ludically endowed with polyvalences wholly ungovernable. Such an event would be in itself a demonstration *in praxis* of intertextuality and its rhizomic resistance to the linearity of stable definition. I had Hippo parody the *doxa* of the ‘intertext’ with his own sly Chaucerian intertext: ‘all our new corn [sic] cometh out of ancient fields’ (47)<sup>328</sup> and Kristeva’s 1980 translation of Bakhtin’s phrase ‘a mosaic of quotations’ in his phallocratic homily: ‘every word is the footprint of a million men [sic]’ (255).

### The typology of allusion

Leaving aside for the moment the theoretical consideration of intertextuality as the involuntary ‘sequence of embeddings’ in all texts, literary or not, which is necessary to make any process of discourse intelligible, I will take a pragmatic approach to intertextuality as a craft device, a sleight available to an author for the purposive creation of specific affects, and I will re-typologise the gadget (*à la* Kristeva) as a five-level hierarchy. Radically revising Riffaterre’s (and Genette’s) terminology, I would redefine *intratextuality* as the recursive evocation by a syntagm of another syntagm located within the same diegesis (the trope of ‘emblematic resonance’ that I have already discussed). *Intertextuality* itself is an allusion within a diegesis to a form of style (even a genre), a fabuleme or a textual syntagm - including jests, proverbs, clichés, folklore and anecdotes having their origin and currency primarily in oral discourse - located *outside* of the diegesis and which, in the reader’s supposition, could not have been synchronically accessible to the narrator or implied author. Being an incursion, ontologically transgressive, by the empirical author into a lower diegetic frame, such ‘intertexts’ correspond to Genette’s fourth level of metalepsis (Fludernik 2003: 387). Conversely, I would describe as ‘extra-textual’ those allusions to elements (as above) in other textual works, including narrative themes, which might plausibly have been accessible synchronically to a narrator (etc) *indigenous* to the diegesis. As such allusions imply no ontological disruption of the diegesis they are not, strictly speaking, metaleptic. Nonetheless, they cue a syncopation in the reader’s perceptual frame by introducing momentarily a contextual plane of reference alien to, or discontiguous with, the modalities of the local plane.

<sup>328</sup> cf. ‘[O]ut of olde bokes, in good feyth,/Cometh al this newe science that men lere’ (Chaucer, *The Parliament of Fowles*).

I shall also discuss fleetingly an interesting fourth level of intertextuality that Riffaterre in 1994 labelled *hypertextuality* but explored with equal brevity: ie. those allusions which surface for the reader in his engagement with a text or its performance that, deriving entirely from the idiolect of the individual reader, are assumed to be wholly indeterminable by the author (Riffaterre 1994: 782)<sup>329</sup>. To avoid confusion with the recently evolved 'hypertext' of computer-mediated discourse<sup>330</sup>, I will rename this phenomenon - rarely discussed because, presumably, thought to be too subjective for critical examination - the *hyper-allusion*. I will also show how a fifth level of allusion - which might be either intra-, inter-, or extra-textual, or conceivably all three together - pervades my work: '*hypotextuality*'. A hypotext is a polysemic word or syntagm embedded with *hyposemes* (my coinage): significances or allusions obscure to the normative reader and therefore unlikely to modulate his conscious response to the narrative frame as overtly presented. However, the hyposemic fragment is coded with mythic or symbolic insinuations that might (for the thoughtful reader) resonate subliminally in the shadow text, especially when marked and developed by repetition. (Nor need a hyposeme be confined to the lexeme level. I find both Bakhtin and Barthes unconvincing in their assertion that the 'minimal structural unit' of potential meaning in the intertextual mosaic is, respectively, the single word or *lexia* (Kristeva 1967: 65; Barthes 1981b: 136). As I will show later by reference to my novel, a 'meaningful' affect - as provided by the hypotext in the polysemic fluxility of, for example, 'false friends', etymological or paronomastic wordplay, and anagrams<sup>331</sup> - can extend at least to, if not below, the morphemic and phonemic levels.) I would stress that my new taxonomy<sup>332</sup> does not attempt to recreate the wheel, already well-spoken, of Genette's inter-, para-, archi-, meta-, and hypo-textualities which, being a critic, he defines somewhat differently from me; instead, it puts the author back in the jump seat.

Examples of all my five forms of intertextuality can be seen, in *The Apothecary's Tales*, in - to take a random example - the episode where Hippo's disguised son, John, says to the Swan revellers 'Call me Iachimo' (78). *Intratextually*, the name Iachimo (etymologically, a variant of Jack/John) resonates with that of 'John', Hippo's son, whom he has referred to in Chapter 1.

<sup>329</sup> To offer a facetious instance, it is difficult for some Anglophone readers of a certain age to listen to *The Canterbury Tales*, spoken in a plausible simulation of Chaucer's 14<sup>th</sup> century London dialect, without hearing in it a preposterous echo of Bluebottle in the Goon Show (1951-60). We can be sure this was not Chaucer's intention; nor will this hyper-allusion ever figure again in a critical discussion of Chaucer or the Goons. However, it need not detract from the aesthetic appreciation of either.

<sup>330</sup> In fact, the 'hypertext' of computer-speak is a variant form, in my definition, of the 'metatext': an indexical correspondence of one syntagm or text block with another. As hypertext correspondences - howsoever rhizomic and protracted - are typically synchronic, they are not normally metaleptic.

<sup>331</sup> Further anagrams in my novel can be found in Otis Fishsoap ('this is a spoof'), Uric Elf (Lucifer), Ogle Berth (the demon Belphegor) and Rat's Oath (Astaroth). Fortuitously, 'The Apothecary's Tales' unpacks into 'poems in apothecary' and Nigel Robinson into 'no boring lines'. Plays upon etymology can also be detected in the names: Ajax Glue ('privy wise', ME), Shipwash ('sheep dip', (Reaney 1967: 52)), Cartophilus (lit: 'a lover of maps' but also ironically 'a collector of cigarette cards', OED), and Margaret (Gk: 'pearl' cf. 'never has Monty known what a pearl he keeps at home' (31); Hippo refers to her in his poem as the 'pearl' (31)).

<sup>332</sup> I was initially tempted to call it 'transtextuality' until I discovered that my neologism already bore the footprint of a million men - including, needless to say, that of Genette (1997).

*Intertextually* (and *metaleptically*), the syntagm should evoke for certain readers the opening words of *Moby Dick* (1851): 'Call me Ishmael'. The transposed name might then underlay John's characterisation with a hint of Melville's bleak seafarer, *proleptic* of a wanderer returned (as the last chapter reveals) from the 'barb'rous wastes of Europe' (279), and not inappropriate in a tavern refigured as a mead-hall or way-station of aberrant Norse gods. For those who detect the coded name 'Ishmael', its biblical provenance might also be affective. In Judaic, Christian and Moslem myth, Ishmael stood in relation to Abraham exactly as John does to Hippo: his first-born son and natural heir. Should this allusion, albeit inferential and arcane, stir the reader's sensibilities (if only subliminally) it would be a *hypo*-text. Moreover, had John announced himself to the tavern as - not Iachimo - but 'Ishmael', the allusion - in an era steeped in the Old Testament - would have been well understood, synchronically licit in the milieu, and thus *extra*-textual. Of course, being derived obliquely by way of an author two centuries in John's future, the allusion is anachronistically *metaleptic* and thus *intertextual*. However, a licit (non-transgressive) extratextuality might be noted by the scholarly reader in the marked relationship between the adust stranger at Filsmiro's inn, speaking in 1623, and 'the base-minded Iachimo' in *Cymbeline* (II.ii.16), a play first performed in 1610. The allusion is explicit. Posthumus refers in *Cymbeline* to 'the yellow [ie. jealous] Iachimo'. At the tavern (incidentally inhabited, as the author's joke, by a drinker also named Posthumus (78)), 'the yellow man, Iachimo' (83) has yellow hair<sup>333</sup>. Moreover, jealousy might well be supposed to be an emotion felt by an outcast soldier towards the sociable wranglers in the Swan. If the syntagm is also productive of any *hyper-allusion*, the evocation of associations wholly private to the reader, no author or critic could, by definition, provoke or infer them. However, the name 'Iachimo' might, for the sensibitious reader, be speculatively thought to have in its sharp and glibbery consonants an aggression correlative with the tapboy's subsequent stick-play and also with any similar intimation of figures or behaviours, sly and ominous, unhappily resident in the reader's idiolect<sup>334</sup>.

<sup>333</sup> 'Though "green" is the more usual appurtenance of jealousy, Middleton in 1602 uses yellow to mean "affected with jealousy". Shakespeare does likewise in *The Winter's Tale*, a play contemporary with *Cymbeline*; in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (I.iii) "yellowness" stands for "jealousy" (Steiner 1975: 3).

<sup>334</sup> Steiner refers to a similarly idiolectical hyper-allusion in Michel Leiris's book, *L'Age d'homme*. '[Leiris] observes that the s in "suicide" retains for him the precise shape and whistling sibilance of a kris (the serpentine dagger of the Malays)' (Steiner 1975: 207). Such a synesthetic association is, no doubt, unique to Leiris. However, a form of hyper-allusion more familiar, if no more predeterminable, will be known to every reader: the association of a memorable author, book or even phrase with the circumstances of its first encounter. Forster suggests that Scott's fame in the Edwardian period may be due to the fact that, indisputably, 'many of the elder generation had him read aloud to them when they were young'. More disputably, 'he is entangled with happy sentimental memories, with holidays in or residence in Scotland' (Forster 1927: 32). Here, Forster would appear to be imposing, unconsciously, a hyper-allusion of his own upon his own childhood memories of Scott.

## The myth of influence

None of the variant forms of allusion - intra-, inter-, extra-, or hypo-textual - in my revision of Genette's taxonomy above correspond to 'influence', Kristeva's *bête-noir*, which I would define as the evidential modification of the world-view and/or poetics of a writer, usually nascent, by those of another writer, typically authoritative. (For example, textual traces of the influence of Laforgue can be found or imputed by the speleological critic in T.S. Eliot, of Thomas Hardy in Auden, and of Poe in Baudrillard (Ruthven 1979: 119,120).) In *The Advancement of Learning*, (1605), Francis Bacon describes literary influence in its modern sense as the process by which 'the images of men's wits ... generate still, and cast their seed in the minds of others'. In *Discoveries* (1640), Jonson even advocates, as a rubric for the aspirant poet, that he should 'make choice of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him, till he grows very he, or so like him as the copy may be mistaken for the principal' (*Imitatio*). (In his youth, Robert Louis Stevenson famously played - by his own confession - the 'sedulous ape' not just to one author but to a legion of them (Stevenson 1887: 59).)<sup>335</sup> A writer who actively seeks subsumation by another in this way would, presumably, be happily immune to Bloom's 'Anxiety of Influence' (1973) by the *déjà lu*.

## The pragmatics of allusion

'Typologised' [sic] in this novel way as a five-level hierarchy, Kristeva's theoretical 'gadget' of intertextuality becomes a tool-kit of unexpected utility for those novelists who (like myself) play frame games. It can help us to achieve, with more confidence, one or more of three aesthetic goals. First, using the tools of extra- or inter-textuality we can deepen our frame architecture with a pansyncretic diversity of imported milieux and mind-worlds to enhance, with minimal labour, a possibly simplistic narrative with the tenor of timeless myth<sup>336</sup>. Second, by providing a surplus of perceptual frames, all my variants of hypo-, meta-, intra-, and inter-textuality, if judiciously inserted, can enrich a work with the literary credentials necessary for its recontextualisation by subsequent generations and thus its durability (Simpkins 1990: 28). Third, each tool has a local utility for the author in limning affects of, for instance, characterisation, choric comment, ludic atemporality, parody and, of course, irony: pandemic in the apocalyptic anti-Modern anti-representational novel<sup>337</sup>. 'Allusion' in literature can thus

<sup>335</sup> Likewise, I cannot deny in my novel being a poet-ape to Middleton, in the would-be exuberance of my language, and to Jonson in the density of my allusions. The footprints of trope or topos of at least 206 separate primary writers can be traced in *The Apothecary's Tales* - from Deloney's mock histories to Derrida's destabilised Logos ('thy flesh is the word. And the World is the Text' (142)) - from which are further drawn 157 explicit intertexts.

<sup>336</sup> For example, no story could be more simplistic than Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), but none more mythic in its meta-textual evocation of themes that have resonated in every epic depiction of the pathos of the *wyrd*, from *The Aeneid* and *Don Quixote* to *Moby Dick*.

<sup>337</sup> Wherein, 'irony reigns' (Natoli 1993: 197). Irony likewise reigned in Jacobean society, of course, as newly confused as that of Western postwar culture in its verities and values (Graff 1973: 223). As previously noted, Jacobean irony manifested on the stage *inter alia* as the depiction of 'duplicity': the

be rehabilitated from Derrida's ghetto of 'citation, the impulse to enwrap a prior, originary text or experience in frames that are merely "annotational", sheerly parasitic' (Derrida 1991b: 192-205; Paxson 2001: 31) into a cosmopolis of practical tropes where the 'enwrapment' and recontextualisation of content by allusion might ultimately be, not parasitic, but the author's primary intended aesthetic affect. No better is this refutation of parasitism seen than in my Menippean<sup>338</sup> frame syncopations in Chapter 4, The Spoons, where Mercer - describing his recovery of Shipwash's polyvalent 'treasures' - moves from simple allusions ('to add refinement to my book' (66)) to a scabrous and comprehensive pastiche of the genres, themes, and authorial styles, by way of extra- and inter-textuality, of Shakespeare's *Venus & Adonis*, Sherlock Holmes, the 'sage fool' in *Lear* who sees the truth clearer than his master (Welsford 1935: 253), and the *double-entendred* 'china' scenes in Wycherley's *The Country Wife* (1675)<sup>339</sup>.

For an historical novelist like myself to whom the creation of an autotelic world is the purest form of play, requiring no other players but its own indigenous actants, allusions provide a supremely playful toy. If they are perceived by the reader, such perceptions - by Castiglione's axiom that the autocratic writer should be indifferent to his work's reception<sup>340</sup> - are a bonus for the reader, not the writer. That is just as well, as an effective allusion never rests its operations upon any fixed plane in a hierarchy of intertextuality (whether Genette's, Fludernik's, Riffaterre's, or mine). It can assume emblematic or synecdochical properties to expose both reader and author, in their mutual composition of the text, to micro-glimpses of alternative mind-worlds that are neither predictable nor stable. Thus, when Jess is carried triumphant across the green in an impromptu throne to mock the king she has successfully insulted, Mercer exults: '[t]his scene will live forever in the annal-books of history'. Hippo chides him, dry: '[t]hen you had best make a memorandum of it' (98). I consciously intended the reader to glimpse in these lines an anachronistic hence *intertextual* allusion to *Through the Looking Glass*<sup>341</sup>. S/he would then, I imagined, overlay the episode with the ludic tenor of Carroll's alogical world, apt to the madness of Jess's first trial. However, for me, the most

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perception of a disparity between truth and appearances. Irony in postmodern literature merely adds quotation marks to 'truth'.

<sup>338</sup> The Menippean 'is an all-inclusive genre, put together as a pavement of citations. It includes all genres (short stories, letters, speeches, mixtures of verse and prose) whose structural signification is to denote the writer's distance from his own and other texts' (Kristeva 1986: 53).

<sup>339</sup> Specifically, in depicting himself as a knight 'well tourneyed to delight his maiden' (70) Mercer satirises epic romance, as *Venus & Adonis* does. His detection of the jackdaw as the thief follows Holmes's abductive methods: 'I looked around me. I looked up. I looked down ... I drew subtle conclusions' (63). Mercer's 'sage fool' process of reasoning from simple observation trounces Hippo's medieval deductive methods: 'the circumbendibus of antiquity must bend *ad finitum* before the logic of a modern man' (71). And Mercer's phallic 'yard broom' (70), of course, is Horner's 'china'.

<sup>340</sup> 'If the woordes that the writer useth bring with them a litle ... covered subtilty ... they geve a certain greater authoritye to writing, and make the reader more hedefull to pause at it ... And if the ygnorance of him that readeth bee suche, that he cannot compasse that difficultie, *there is no blame in the writer*' (my italics) (Castiglione, *The First Book of the Courtier*, transl. 1561).

<sup>341</sup> 'The horror of that moment,' the King went on, 'I shall never, NEVER forget!'/ 'You will, though,' the Queen said, 'if you don't make a memorandum of it.'

resonant allusion when I wrote it was - not to Carroll - but to the melancholy grandeur of the papal palace at Avignon where, reading *Religio Medici* while my wife bought postcards, I had chanced upon the term 'memorandum' and Browne's loading of it with a significance coincidentally but equally lugubrious<sup>342</sup>. So when I used the word 'memorandum' later in my novel, it had for me a perverse hyper-allusive association with the '*est ubi gloria nunc domini?*' despair that I had found immanent in both Pope Benedict XII's vainglorious fortress and Browne's *memento mori*. The Carrollian sub-text points towards comedy; the Caroline, to elegy. 'Identification of [specific textual allusions] depends upon the reader's culture - while the relation of text to presuppositions is obligatory since to perceive these we need only linguistic competence' (Riffaterre 1980: 628). So while a reader, suitably cultured, might read into Jess's pageant a direct reference to 'Carroll', s/he might also catch the tonal 'presupposition' - suggested by Hippo's mordant reflection upon the impermanence of glory - of Browne's 'Christian memorandum'. Or so, optimistically, I supposed. If, more likely, my over-subtle allusion - and its emblematic potential as a portal to several alien worlds - languishes nonetheless in the hypotext, unnoticed and unmourned, 'there is no blame in the writer'<sup>343</sup>.

### The ludos of allusion

Allusion is not merely an expedient trope of the ludic author, a tool from the toy-kit for building extra dimensions into his illusory play-world; etymologically, it is the essence of both 'play' and 'illusion'. As Irwin reminds us: '[t]he word "allusion" comes to us from the Latin *alludere*: "to jest, mock, play with", and there is indeed something ludic, gamelike, in the nature of allusion. We are asked to fill in the missing piece of a puzzle, to draw on some knowledge to complete the written or spoken word in our own minds. Perhaps allusions are by their very nature incomplete and the process of completing them is a productive one' (Irwin 2001: 292). Stewart further points out: 'allusion and illusion intersect (the terms were synonymous in the 17th century)' (Stewart 1980: 1127)<sup>344</sup>. However, I disagree profoundly with Stewart's later assertion that: 'paradigmatic allusions will ... tend toward the mock or comic by virtue of their recontextualisation of the object' (Stewart 1982: 1142). While Colebrook concurs with her that irony is always potentially inherent in narrative recontextualisation ie. 'detachment' (Colebrook 2004: 14), which invites a judgemental posture of superiority, irony is not predicated by detachment; nor is mockery or comedy necessarily inherent in irony.

<sup>342</sup> 'I have therefore enlarged that common *memento mori* into a more Christian memorandum, *memento quatuor novissima*, those four inevitable points of us all, death, judgment, heaven, and hell' (Sect. 45).

<sup>343</sup> *Op cit.* Castiglione, *The First Book of the Courtier*, transl. 1561).

<sup>344</sup> Huizinga further notes that the compounds *alludo*, *colludo*, *illudo* are implicitly conflated. '[A]ll point in the direction of the unreal, the illusory' (Huizinga 1949, 1998: 36).

For example, the scholarly reader who detects, in my 'dark conceit' of the jail chapter, a covert skit on Jeremy Bentham's *Panopticon: the Inspection House* (1787) - which it is - might review the jail episodes, their local ironies apart, from an over-arching plane of detachment denied to those who, happily, had never encountered the utilitarian cynicism of Bentham<sup>345</sup>. Thereafter, the chapter's foregrounding of witcraft, language play and linguistic theory itself - in the Tel Quel lecturers - would be lucidly viewed and recontextualised through the grid of Bentham's utopian project to 'achieve perfect referentiality between words and things' to allow 'language to control reality' (Zimmerman 1998: 72)<sup>346</sup>. While this major shift in the reader's perceptual frame would utterly transpose the thematic significance of the jail chapter, the result - I suggest - would not be ironic. Irony, as I have previously proposed, implies a perceived disparity between appearance and 'reality'. The jail inmates make no secret of their experiments in, and incessant questioning of, the truth values of language<sup>347</sup>. So there is no potential discordance between their patent discourse and its significance, their behaviour and its intent; hence, there is no irony. As for any presumed equation of irony with humour or derision, my episode is certainly ironic - to take a different instance - where Rose, surprising Hippo and Mercer in the exhumation of her mother's body, asks of both 'Father?' in agonised uncertainty (281). The episode could easily be re-genred as farce. But here (I trust) my irony is not comic or satiric.

I suggest that the three forms of allusion most useful to an author in his quest, tentative at best, to shape the reading experience of his work can be pragmatically defined - in a reader-centric typology mapped upon Foucault's alleged 'Renaissance episteme' (Foucault 1990: 54-55; Maclean 1998: 152) - in terms of *aemulatio*, *sympathia*, and *analogia*. *Aemulatio*, according to Maclean, is 'a relationship of imitation or echo' that might define a seemingly unambiguous or direct indexical allusion, extratextual. *Sympathia* is 'a proportion or action over distance', that well describes the *indirect*, oblique or inferrable allusion in a text to a narrative element, likewise extratextual, of another text or a corpus of texts or even to such fragments of the transtemporal *langue* itself, cultural or lexical, as might be accessible to any given individual during the reading act<sup>348</sup>. And *analogia* is 'a relationship of affinity or

<sup>345</sup> The allusion is clearly marked for those familiar with the panopticon principle: 'I see five spacey chambers, triangular ... fanned out like a half-clam shell and with all their apexes together convening pert at the door of the governor's lodge. So might [the governor] at a glance interrogate with his eyes every cell and cranny of his jail, without venturing three steps from his breakfast table' (241). My local irony here is that the governor, supposedly omniscient, is blind.

<sup>346</sup> In Bentham's lunatic linguistic 'elaboratory', where words might Orphically refigure the very substance of reality, 'anything that is said would be true' (Zimmerman 1998: 76). In Bentham's own words, 'two and two might ... be less than four or the moon might be made of green cheese' (*Panopticon*, p. 64). Likewise in the jail, Marlowe - murdered in 1593 - still lives in 1623, paper butterflies are sentient, and a mundane lump of coal is the sacred meteorite of Moslem legend.

<sup>347</sup> 'The place is its own mind' ruled by 'the canting language of the *Black Book*' (316) wherein '[a] fact is a myth consensually agreed upon' (257). Only in Magnificus's private chamber, *sub rosa*, may truth - as it is consensually understood - be spoken 'withouten shame' (249).

<sup>348</sup> '*La langue* is the system of a language, the language as a system of forms, whereas *parole* is actual speech, the speech acts which are made possible by the language' (Culler 1976: 29). I would expand



homologia' which, in my model, would correspond to the evocative pastiche, in one work, of the architectural 'signature': the defining genre, thematic patterns or textual style of another work or author, typically canonical. My allusion above to Foucault's 'Renaissance episteme' is itself an example of a variant of *analogia*: in this case, my explicit replication, extratextually, of the particular fabulative *schema* or thematic pattern of another writer, now arguably canonical.

In such a tropology, it is wholly unnecessary to consider an author's intentions when we detect or suspect in his work the presence of an allusion. As Beja notes, quoting Abram, Romantic writers in particular often stress that: "the composition is sudden, effortless, and unanticipated" by the poet; it is "involuntary and automatic" (Beja 1971: 31). In other words, the muse - unheralded - descends. What, in such works, might be deemed to be the 'intentions' of the poet's allusions (or of the works themselves)? Indeed, *whose* intentions might they be?<sup>349</sup> So while the author's 'intention' in an allusion, as in his every other signifying element, might be licitly discoverable in the perspirationalist or consciously worked text, it is highly contestable in the work of inspirationalist authors who allege that their text 'wrote itself'. Furthermore, I hope to demonstrate that a causal audit trail of association is no more central to the definition of an allusion (or its affect) than is intentionality. From a reader-centric viewpoint, which valorises the utility rather than the anatomy of tropes, an intertext can be retrospective, acausally proleptic (a 'forward allusion' imagined by the parachronic reader), an accident of the author or a total invention of the reader, and still be an 'allusion' - provided it enhances the reading experience<sup>350</sup>.

### The first type of allusion: *aemulatio*

To take an instance from my novel of *aemulatio*, an allusion seemingly direct and unambiguous, when Hippo approaches Dorton fair the allusions to Chaucer's *House of Fame* are copious and marked: 'soaring high above all in the clouds seraphic is a golden eagle', etc (150)<sup>351</sup>. Indeed, Hippo confirms their source: '[v]erily, the good master Chaucer had dreamt of Dorton' (153). Yet I had intended these allusions - obvious to myself, Hippo, and hopefully

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Saussure's '*langue*' to encompass the idioms, clichés, proverbs, jests, and other syntagmatic forms which durably convey socio- and/or ideologuemic suppositions between eras and, in each era, recontextualise them.

<sup>349</sup> Eco's droll term, the '*intentio operis*' is - as he implies in the humour with which he often refers to it - an oxymoron (Eco 1992: 9, 65). To paraphrase Quirk: 'an abstraction, lacking both sentience and mobility, can neither argue nor do anything' (308). An author might have intentions; a text cannot.

<sup>350</sup> Irwin has argued a distinction between allusions as '*intentionalist*' - 'when an author includes a reference ... that he or she *intends* to be an allusion to another text' and '*internalist*' - 'when the internal properties of one text resemble and call to mind the internal properties of an earlier text', presumably regardless of the later author's intention (Irwin 2001: 289). Although Irwin concedes the possibility of a 'hybrid view' when the reader thinks he detects an allusion that the author could *not* have intended, or the reader invents an allusion - of his own - that felicitously improves the text, Irwin concludes: 'authorial intention is a necessary condition for allusion' (*ibid.*: 291). This is mere lexicography.

<sup>351</sup> cf. 'Me thoughte I saw an egle sore ... Hit was of golde, and shoon so bright' (Chaucer, *House of Fame*, 499-503).

the reader - to offer the reader conceptual glimpses (Frye calls them 'tachistocopical'; 1967: 66) into three further mind-worlds, themselves more or less allusive to Chaucer, that have - since the Jacobean era - added their own distinctive torque to the *House of Fame*. For example, Jonson's *The Staple of News* (1626) specifically reprises Chaucer within the context of London's nascent newspaper industry: 'Register: 'Tis the house of fame, sir,/Where ... the idle and laborious, all do meet,/To taste the cornu copiae of her rumors' (III.ii). I attempted to strengthen this secondary allusion to Jonson's 'idle and laborious' by having Hippo note: 'I am clenched, jostled, and deafened by a rabble of lords, loitering larks, and tatterdemalions' (153). (I also gave a nod here to Thomas Harman: 'the 'lewd, lousy language of these loitering larks and lazy larks' (*A Caveat or Warning for Common Cursitors*, 1556).) Furthermore, the Dorton episode anticipates, intertextually, the Vanity Fair of Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* (1678). Embarking as a pilgrim from Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* ('[n]o showers yet have pierced the drought of June' (149)<sup>352</sup>), Hippo continues his quest to the Celestial City (the spa) through the fair imagined by Bunyan's dreamer: 'wherein, should be sold all sorts of vanity ... And there is at all times to be seen juggling cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind' (Sect. 216). Hippo's ensuing trial of carnal temptation and moral chastisement is mediated intertextually by yet another play-world visionary, Walt Disney, via Mickey Mouse (153) and the nursery tale denizens of a Jacobean proto-Disneyland. Being a perspirationalist author, I can avow that my conscious intention in this conflation of four disparate textual allusions (or illusions), each purportedly refractive of the other, was no more than to convey the achronicity of my simulacrum and the timeless allegory of moral madness. However, the reader who - improbably - approaches the lurid attractions of Dorton (which is also a metaphor for Hippo's wanly remembered London<sup>353</sup>) by way of the 'vanity fair' of modern Carnaby Street might read into the chapter a fifth allusion. In fact, having suddenly detected that hypotextual allusion (or, rather, hyperallusion) myself, until now unconscious, I have upon this very moment re-read the chapter. And re-interpreted it, with astonishment. An inspirationalist sub-text, it seems, had all unbeknown to me *written itself*. For I had colourfully met every one of Dorton's rogues, I recalled, myself in London in 1969. (Monty was my first employer. I shall not discuss Margaret.) Clearly, even the simplest of direct allusions (*aemulatio*) are rarely univocal<sup>354</sup>.

<sup>352</sup> cf. 'When that Aprille with his showres swoot/The drought of Marche hath perced to the root' (Prologue, opening lines).

<sup>353</sup> Hippo: 'Some demon, 'tis clear, with perverse benevolence, hath squashed the Tower of London for his sport then dropped it here, among the Liberties, for ours' (155).

<sup>354</sup> Likewise, the jail episode in which the doltish journeyman Sid Negoe presents his stumbling defence for his Master's degree appears to be a direct and proleptic *apologia* for my own, doubtless Latin-mangling, appearance at the PhD *viva*. Implausible though it seems, this was not my conscious intention when writing the episode; the analogy, obvious in retrospect, had to be pointed out to me.

## The second type of allusion: *sympathia*

So many and diverse are the instances of *sympathia*, or indirect allusion, inferrable in my novel that I have space to offer only terse examples here of my oblique references to extra- and inter-textual primary works; to the cultural *langue* (anecdotes, jests, folklore, proverbs, etc); and to the lexical *langue* that, in its sememic elements, is encoded in the anagrams, etymological play or other 'cryptomorphs' (Ruthven 1979: 4) inherent in almost every one of my fictive proper names. Nor can any one allusion be constrained within any one category of my *faux-Foucauldian* scheme. For example, as I have remarked, my entire work is - in its accumulation of lexical *arcanæ* and allusions to codes and 'code', material or explicit (*aemulatio*), and tacit or conceptual (*sympathia*) - a parody by way of *analogia* of the embryonic genre of historiographic metafiction (and also, incidentally, of the Dan Brown genre of the cryptographic novel, born 2003 and perhaps already senescent, which likewise seeks to discredit the consensually agreed significances of all canonical records (Lehan 1990: 552).) The allusions at any one taxonomic plane resonate with those of another plane<sup>355</sup>.

If we accept by way of argument that a repetition of lexical markers denotes a motif, a plurality of motifs defines a theme, and a dominance of themes can locate a work in a given genre, then a superfetation of allusions can pastiche a genre, or even burlesque subsequent parodies of that genre. For example, Hippo's knight errantry at Dorton begins in a marked string of hypertrophic syntagms ('I might be the Dauphin of France', etc (136)). It grows into a motif in his bathetic courtship of Margaret and his absurd duel. It proceeds to a theme in his heroic folly in insulting the king. It becomes a developing parody of the Romance genre in its repeated dramatisations of Cervantes' fable of deluded gallantry. (I had Blythe endow Hippo with Don Quixote's cloak in unambiguous tribute to Hippo's Quixotic folly (240), and Hippo later acknowledges his identity with the mad knight by summoning to his aid, with no apparent hint of self-mockery, Sancho Panza (260).) And just as *Don Quixote* was a parody of one genre, early Renaissance epic romance, so my entire narrative of Hippo's spiritual quest concludes - in the fluxility of its genre-bending allusions that defy its definition as 'a tragedy or a comedy, a tragi-comedy, comico-tragedy, morality or a miracle' (278) - in a meta-burlesque of the exhausted concept of 'genre' itself, including that of burlesque.

Many of my indirect allusions (*sympathia*) to fabulemes, folklore, jokes or other enduring 'idiomatic incidents' in the cultural *langue* are re-visions of the merry fables of the era, such as the mad man who thinks he has 'no head' and who is cured by wearing a lead cap, the conycatchers' witty tricks for gulling London tourists, and the oft-told tales of the wise lunatics

<sup>355</sup> Nor can it be otherwise. Barthes reminds us that taxonomies create meaning in their units, which would otherwise mean nothing in themselves. 'No [linguistic] unit pertaining to a certain level can be endowed with meaning unless it can be integrated into a superior level' (Barthes 1975: 242).

of Gotam<sup>356</sup>. However, to find my fables affective, it is unnecessary for the reader to descry the source (even if he could) of, say, the tale of the 'cunning man' at Hippo's wedding feast who poses as a doorman to steal from the guests (308)<sup>357</sup>, or of the joke of the parson who found his breeches mysteriously exchanged in his bedchamber for those of another man (an old Hertfordshire anecdote (Jones Baker 1977: 86)), or of Filmsiro's parable of the lecherous priest confessor (Tale LXXX of the *Facetiae of Poggio* (1450).) Nor does he need to know my inspiration for the incident of the talking horse<sup>358</sup>, or for that of Jess's enticement of Cartophilus into the village pond (a Buckinghamshire folktale (Wright 2003: 23)), or for that of Hippo's reference to the magic doorbar of Pancrates (122) (Burton, *Anatomie of Melancholie*, 1621, Democritus Junior to the Reader), etc. What comes out of a work is (for the reader if not the critic), more important than what goes into it. To be sure, the scholarly reader might well notice a direct correspondence between the episode at Jess's first trial - in which Hugh, the magistrate, is upstaged by the gossips on his own bench then tied to his own chair - and that in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614) where Justice Overdo, dressed as a fool, is beaten and placed in the stocks. (The canny reader might even spot my deliberate secondary allusion here to the *mundus inversus* of King Lear. I have Cartophilus's parchment passed, 'handy dandy', between the gossips; Lear cries 'change places and, *handy-dandy*, which is the justice, which is the thief?' (IV.vi).) However, my allusive fable at Jess's first trial needs no certificate of pedigree from Jonson or Shakespeare to resonate with any reader (I hope). For it contains its own miniature plot (ie. an encysted moral conflict), grounded upon the perennial cliché of 'authority subverted by clowns'.

It has often been noted that clichés, like strong story plots, are immortal in their transpositions<sup>359</sup>. Whether they begin in history *qua* fable<sup>360</sup>, or in oral anecdotes or proverbs (which, Aristotle noted, are 'metaphors from species to species' (*Rhetoric*, III, xi.14)), archetypal clichés have the perdurability in narrative art of Riffaterre's 'matrix' (Riffaterre 1978: 19) ie. that of abysmal banality. As Virginia Woolf tried to show in *To The Lighthouse* (1927): 'extreme banality allows us to catch a glimpse of the sublime' (Capozzi 1989: 420). Rather (as Sterne proved more persuasively in *Tristram Shandy* (1760)), the banalities of

<sup>356</sup> They were taken from, respectively, Burton, *The Anatomy of Melancholie*, 1621 (II.131); Dekker, *The Belman of London*, 1608; and Boorde, *Merie Tales of the Madde Men of Gotam*, 1565.

<sup>357</sup> In *The 100 Merry Tales* (1567), a swindler ironically named Qualitas enticed an audience into London's Northumberland House upon the promise of a play. Having taken the audience's money, he vanished. The joke lay in the presumption that the outrage of the audience, when it realised it had been duped, would have rewarded it with a spectacle better than the one advertised (Stern 2006: 60).

<sup>358</sup> It arises from a speculation in Culpepper's *Directory for Midwives*, 1651. Horses cannot talk, Culpepper argued, because they are 'deprived of reason' by 'bondage' (Woolley 2004: 315).

<sup>359</sup> As Hernstein Smith notes: 'the subject of a story may serve as argument for a ballet, that of a novel can be transposed to stage or screen, [and] one can recount in words a film to someone who has not seen it ... "This transposability of the story," remarks Chatman, "is the strongest reason for arguing that narratives are indeed structures independent of any medium"' (Hernstein Smith 1980: 214).

<sup>360</sup> '[In the Renaissance], the distinction between history and fiction was irrelevant to many readers and not firmly established even among those who cared ... early modern meanings for "history" and "poetry" are not only different from ours but also used inconsistently' (Skura 2006: 30).

quotidian experience can be sacramentalised by the sleights of narrative form into the illusion of perdurable epiphanies. Or, as Waugh argued for Agatha Christie's 'formulaic' fictions: they 'provide collective pleasure and release of tension through the comforting total affirmation of accepted stereotypes' (Waugh 1984: 81). Old saws still cut. As Eco writes approvingly of the film *Casablanca*: 'the archetypes hold a reunion' (Eco 1987: 208). And one matrix (or old saw) of *The Apothecary's Tales* is certainly both archetypal and banal: 'the law is an ass'.

The artful insertion of *indirect* allusions to (or reworkings of) the micro-allegories of folklore, jests, local myths, anecdotes, proverbs and clichés - ie. my trope of *sympathia* - is particularly useful to the historical novelist in that such cultural idioms provide for him emblematic revelations, indexical and ready made, of the social mores and preoccupations of a period<sup>361</sup>. Indeed, any one of these micro-allegories can, according to the context of its telling, then mutate conveniently into any other to supply, in a fictive narrative, an instant *effet de réel* (Barthes 1968: 88). In so far as they embody perceptions that people of the era clearly thought to be 'true' and worth preserving, such allusions offer the socio-linguistic historian heuristic opportunities 'to examine *opaque* attitudes, conduct, and speech' [my italics] (Cressy 2000: 92). Moreover, they allow the novelist to reveal them. So when Shipwash mourns euphemistically that 'poor Bertram [had] passed through the hedge' ie. died (62), her metaphor, a compressed anecdote, offers an authentic glimpse of the folkways of 17<sup>th</sup> century Hertfordshire that lived uneasily alongside biblical paradigms (Jones Baker 1977: 75). Veeser cites Fineman's *aperçu* that 'the anecdote, as the narration of a single event, is the literary form or genre that uniquely refers to the real' (Veeser 1989: 56). Pieters further points out that 'historical anecdotes ... in their pointed, referential access to the real ... [create] places that allow the reader to stand face to face with the past' (Pieters 2000: 38). An anecdote, fable or joke, Pieters suggests, can be a time shuttle more reliable than the elitist archival record for apprehending the normative sensibilities of the historic 'real'<sup>362</sup>. Howsoever often a micro-tale has been told, it must remain faithful to its epimyth or moral, the aboriginal plot kernel (Barthes: '*noyaux*') that first encoded those sensibilities, I contend, or the tale could not still be effective. Indeed, Tosh has noted the newly discovered utility of idiomatic tales - the trope of *sympathia* - for social historians in simulating and explicating the mind-worlds of the past. '[Historians] now favour narrative ... but instead of constructing a narrative for society as a whole, they compose exemplary or illustrative stories, perhaps best termed "micro narratives"' (Tosh 2002: 150). The historical novelist need not judiciously 'compose' such exemplary

<sup>361</sup> Likewise, the slang or cant of a period is a reliable speculum into its mind-world (Slotkin 2005: 233). It may be of incidental interest to note that, of the approx. 9600 archaisms listed in Skeat's eclectic *Glossary of Tudor & Stuart Words* (1968), by far the largest three categories of terms referring to human beings are - by my own observation - pejorative synonyms for 'whore', 'fool' or 'rogue'. This discovery might eloquently attest to the preoccupations of the period (or, of course, those of Skeat).

<sup>362</sup> As Pottle exults, commenting on an anecdote reported verbatim in Boswell's *London Journal 1762-63*: '[t]here it is, an authentic bit of the genuine conversation of nearly two hundred years ago, caught in an eternal sunbeam' (Pottle 1950: 12).

micro-narratives; s/he can excavate them, with a licence normally denied to historians, from the informal teratology of jests, local myths, anecdotes, proverbs and clichés: the folk memory.

### The third type of allusion: *analogia*

My third form of allusion, *analogia*, corresponds to what Jonson called 'rhetorical *imitatio*' or 'the imitation of *forms* used by other poets' [my italics] (Jonson, *Discoveries, Imitatio*; Sanchez 2006: 2). Genette termed it pastiche: 'the simple act - whatever its function - of stylistic imitation' (Chatman 2001: 30)<sup>363</sup>. Chatman further notes that pastiche, like parody, 'may target single texts or entire genres of texts, general textual conventions or the style of an author, a period or a literary movement' (*ibid*: 36). However, Dentith would differentiate pastiche clearly from parody. Unlike parody, he suggests, pastiche is marked 'by the absence of any critical distance from the ur-text' (Dentith 2000: 169). As he admits, this distinction is difficult to sustain given the tendency of an effective pastiche to 'criticise' the ur-text nonetheless by exposing its tropes of form nakedly to analysis, as if in parody. Chatman has noted 'the usefulness of parody for stylistic demonstration', pointing out that 'well-done parodies (like Beerbohm's of Henry James<sup>364</sup>) are extremely informative about the features that characterize individual styles' (Chatman 2001: 27). Indeed, where pastiche draws attention to itself, as in the Oxen of the Sun episode in Joyce's *Ulysses* (1921), it verges almost inevitably upon affectionate parody or, as in *Ulysses*, a mocking lampoon of the ur-text<sup>365</sup>. The more learned the author, the more vulnerable he is, it seems - in his familiarity with the canon - to writing where he least intends it a pastiche that, to the hyper-critical reader, manifests as parody<sup>366</sup>. Thus, in my chapter of The Spoons, the all-too-learned Mercer ('Mercer reads above his station' (135)) ingenuously pastiches the many canonical authors in his closet library with obvious esteem but, refracting their topoi 'through the candid eye of a simpleton' (66), he ineluctably lampoons their every textual convention.

In my novel I use *analogia*, or the indirect allusion to patterns of stylistic expression, in four principal ways: first, to replicate the game rules or sign conventions that typically define a given genre; second, to suggest certain types of sensibility that I supposed peculiar to the Jacobethan era; and third, to simulate that idiolectical medley of form and sensibility that

<sup>363</sup> Genette subsumes within pastiche both 'burlesque travesty' [which] modifies the style without modifying the subject' and "parody" [which] modifies the subject without modifying the style' (Chatman 2001: 30).

<sup>364</sup> *The Mote in the Middle Distance*, in *A Christmas Garland* (1912). So insightful was Beerbohm's skit that, apocryphally, James referred all enquiries about his work (and life) thereafter to Beerbohm.

<sup>365</sup> Lodge argues that the the inkhorn 'pedantry and self-indulgence' of the Oxen, Sirens, Cyclops and Ithaca episodes - which even Joyce's friends Ezra Pound and Sylvia Beach deplored - has often been charged with 'trivialising the human content of the book' (Lodge 1990: 39). I concur with Lodge.

<sup>366</sup> For example, Furbank chides Robert Graves for the ludicrous incongruity of his pastiches, seemingly unwitting, in *I Claudius* (1934): 'here the model seems to be a novel by Mrs Gaskell ... Elsewhere the model seems to be some volume of Edwardian memoirs' (Furbank 2006: 101, 102).

characterises literary 'style', such as I had found it in my favourite authors from Deloney to Conan Doyle. I will also explore tersely here a fourth form of *analogia*: the internal or *intra*-pastiche which goes beyond 'emblematic resonance' to mimic, homodiegetically, the expressive style of one narrator in the discourse of another. Given my imminent constraints of space, I will demonstrate each form of *analogia* here with merely one instance, although instances abound throughout my novel. Pastiche of the structural game rules of specific prose *genres* can be found, as I have suggested, in my every chapter. However, a marked example of *analogia* occurs in the overall structure of the Dorton fair chapter, whose spa scenes also make copious use of *aemulatio* and *sympathia* to parody - both directly and obliquely - the genre of Jacobean City Comedy. In tribute to the neo-classical rigour of *The Alchemist* (1610) and several other of Jonson's early comedies (Scott Colley 1974: 445), I strictly observe in this chapter the unities of time, place and narrative coherence. All the action occurs within 12 hours, virtually all of it in one locale, and it is restricted to one sub-plot, largely self-contained. One pastiche of period *sensibility*, in so far as any 21<sup>st</sup> century author can replicate it, can be seen in my evocation of the 'Elizabethan grotesque' in Hippo's Nashian confluences of culinary metaphors in his descriptions both of the tapboy's kung-fu ballet and of James's corpse. Rhodes describes the Elizabethan grotesque as 'the harnessing of the domestic and the demonic in images of the body which are alternatively repulsive and celebratory, ludicrous and horrific' (Rhodes 1980: 158). This proto-Gothic sensibility plumbs the depths of nausea in Jacobean tragedy, and it attains the heights of comedy - albeit black - in, for example, the 'aurora borealis of wit' in Nash's *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1594, 1892; Gosse, Introduction: 9). One notable pastiche of literary *style* (apart from my copious allusions to other writers' syntagms, which I have already discussed) is evident in Mercer's riposte to Iachimo in the tavern: 'Oh, verbigerating jabbernow! ... Oh, scabrous queame of villainy!' and in Mercer's *cacemphaton* when in the Hell kettle: 'ye crapulent clog-faced coney-gulling clabber-skulled cow-firking [etc]' (126). Both are my deliberate stylistic pastiche of the lexical exuberance of Middleton, especially in *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (1605). Dampit cries: 'Out, you bali many, you unfeathered, cremitoried quean, you cullisance of scabiosity!' (IV.iv); and 'Out, you gernative quean, the mullipood of villainy, the spinner of concupiscency!' (IV.v)<sup>367</sup>. Finally, an instance of internal or *intra*-pastiche may be seen in Mercer's attempt to enchant Shipwash by aping Hippo's 'voice most solemn', his astrological cant and guileful Latinisms: 'I did have it from my master' (62).

To summarise, if all the elements of a narrative, fictive or otherwise, are allusively the 'footprints of a million men', all recuperate tiles from Kristeva's 'pavement of citations' (Kristeva 1986: 53) that the author once trod, whether he remembers it or not. They become 'allusions' only if the reader once trod the same pavement (and remembers it). And, to

<sup>367</sup> As I have previously noted, other emphatic examples of my pastiche of style occur at Filmsmiro's flyting match. There, the *sententia*, *anti-metabole* and seeming *cacozelia* - '[w]icked, scoriac and effluent' (82) - of the guest wranglers Gosebell, Alazon and Ajax, respectively, pastiche the prose styles of the real contenders in that infamous *poetamachia* of the 1590s: Greene, Harvey and Nash.

continue the metaphor, allusions can be perceived as pedantic, self-indulgent, narcissistic, superfluous and/or downright irritating if (as here, in my 'pavement' metaphor) the allusive author treads too heavily. However, their affect can often be felt even when - and, I contend, *particularly* when - the prior footsteps remain only dimly perceived by the author and/or reader. Ruthven cites E. E. Kellett that belletrists 'delight in an unmarked quotation because it stimulates "a slight titillation of the memory"' (Ruthven 2001: 125). Such *luminati*, their scholarly credentials acknowledged, might then also enjoy the coterie comfort of admission to the author's 'club', much as the rogue, his canting passwords newly conned, was apocryphally welcomed to the Elizabethan underworld by having 'a gage of bouse' tipped over his head (Gaby 1994: 403). However, I suggest that this delight is not confined solely to the belletrist. As Beja points out: 'voluntary memory forces us to use our mere intellect, but involuntary memory - "true" memory - engages the creative, re-creative imagination' (Beja 1971: 62). Nor need the allusion detected in such a process of re-creative engagement be a textual one. As I hope I have shown, it can draw upon the entire cultural *langue*. Moreover, I would further propose that allusion, like alterity and lexical syllepsis, is at its most enchanting immediately *upon* the point of its perception as a *catachresis* - a seeming error or diegetic intrusion - and when the somatic affect of surprise has just begun its uneasy process of naturalisation into the aesthetic. One might even say - at the risk of being irritating - that all allusions, if perceived at all, begin as the equivocal cry of the hound of the Baskervilles but, in their rapid naturalisation, end serio-ludically as the Cheshire cat (unless, of course, they are presented by Schroedinger).

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In conclusion, my novel is a work of self-burlesque. It demonstrates by its example the linguistic frames with which the present (in any era) re-fashions the past through its own presuppositions into an artifact. It shows how the past, moreover, by bequeathing in turn those ideologuemes<sup>368</sup> and sociologuemes to the modern era, also fakes and unavoidably deforms our perceptions of the present. Thus, in purporting to create the living 'presence' of the past for the apprehension of the present reader, the novel ironically undermines its own enterprise by refracting the past through a structure of nested perceptual frames defined by language. In its characterisations, my parafictive work also suggests how the ideologuemes of each age, which construct the frames of perception, fashion each individual's duplicitous concept of his identity. Each idiolectical identity then fabricates a unique interpretation of what it perceives. This interpretation of my novel - verging as it does upon theory *post praxis* or a surplus of wisdom after the event - is unlikely to be apprehended by anyone but the Model Reader who is, therefore, in his ideal realisation the Empirical Author. Thus, the Implied

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<sup>368</sup> For this summary purpose, I would redefine 'ideologueme' in very broad terms, as Noth does, as: any systematic presupposition of 'norms, values, beliefs, or *Weltanschauung* directing the social and political actions of a group, a social class, or a society as a whole' (Noth 2004: 12).



Reader in my text is ultimately myself the author who, in his exacting self-examinations (and endless revisions) is also the Implied (and Model) Critic. I would therefore propose that the work succeeds to the satisfaction of both the Implied Reader and the Model Critic in building a play-world fit for the Empirical Reader to live in. At least, that is true when viewed through the perceptual frame of the Empirical Author (myself). And as both my novel and thesis seek to evidence, 'truth' is whatever a man finds efficient in fortifying his own perceptual frames.

## Definition of Terms Used in Thesis

As I have coined several terms that, so far as I can establish, are unique to this work, I have summarised their definitions below.

<b>Chronotrope:</b>	A word or phrase figuratively used to cue a perceptual frame that explicitly involves a lexical or thematic game with time, or the game itself.
<b>Diachronic polysemia:</b>	Words and phrases which, although unremarkable today, had deceptively different significances in a given historic era.
<b>Encubilatio:</b>	The successive and intensive embedment of perceptual frames within a narrative, as in a boxed story or a <i>mise-en-abyme</i> .
<b>Fabuleme:</b>	An affective plot thread or incident in a narrative synecdochical of a governing theme. In its simplest form, a fabuleme is a 'significant incident'.
<b>Faux anachronism:</b>	An allusion which may appear to the modern reader to be anachronistic in the period but which is, in fact, clearly attested in contemporary records.
<b>Hyper-allusion:</b>	The evocation of associations wholly private to the reader which no author or critic could, by definition, provoke or infer.
<b>Hypomeme:</b>	A noetic field of presupposition peculiar to a specific period and cultural milieu which is not necessarily documented and is now more or less arcane to modern readers.
<b>Hyposeme:</b>	Significances or allusions presented in a text but obscure to the normative reader and therefore unlikely to modulate his conscious response to the narrative as overtly presented.
<b>Ideologueme:</b>	The ideological pattern which preforms a unit of discourse; a subsistent intellectual, religious or philosophical presumption (adapted from Bakhtin 1981: 101; Patterson 1985: 132).
<b>Liminoid:</b>	A syntagm, genre, or even a material object that, being ostensibly apprehensible in the lifeworlds of both reader and narrator, serves as a mutual or grounding plane of reference. Thus, the comic playlet is a liminal genre in both the 21 <sup>st</sup> century and the 17th; the diary novel, being late 19 <sup>th</sup> century, is not. Liminoids are inherently deceptive. For example, a landscape or ancient church may appear to have retained its physical integrity across many generations, but it has not; neither have its ideological significances remained the same in each generation.
<b>Metafaction:</b>	A narrative mode that - unlike 'faction', the blend of 'fact' and 'fiction' - refuses to acknowledge any distinction between 'fact' and 'fiction'; or that problematises the distinction. The term

'historiographical metafiction' could thus be replaced by 'metafaction'.

- Parachronic:** Shifts in the reader's understanding - or frame of perception - of a narrative, unintended by the author but located in the presuppositions, reading circumstances and milieu, entirely indeterminable, of the reader.
- Parafiction:** The replication, for aesthetic purposes, of a testamentary artifact or reference that by its supposedly exophoric nature has the affect of authenticating itself. One example is a fictive manuscript, supposedly long lost, and 'recovered' by a later author.
- Patadiegesis:** An autarkic simulacrum composed of self-replicating diaphors where 'meaning' is no longer signified to be denotatively defined but is connotatively an affect to be experienced.
- Perilepsis:** The recursive or analeptic circling of perceptual frames around a given incident, as in the disparate reportage by several witnesses of the same event.
- Realeme:** The manifest topographies, artifacts, lexemes, and mores, which were either plausible or recorded in a period (adapted from Dolezel 1988: 485).
- Sociologueme:** A memetic pattern of social behaviour. A sociologueme and ideologueme can often represent the two faces of one hypomeme much as Saussure's signifier and signified comprise a sign.
- Synchronic polysemia:** Instances of lexical syllepsis ostensibly intended by the narrator and/or supposedly apprehensible in his or her period; thus, the converse of **diachronic polysemia**.

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