

# The Rhetoric of Time in Story and Discourse

By

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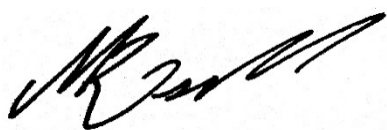
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Signed

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'M. Russell', written in a cursive style.

Matthew Phillip Russell

## Abstract

This thesis analyses the types of temporal deformations found in fiction and their potential persuasive use. The results are organised using Renaissance rhetoric as a model for categorisation and prescriptive use. The creative component then demonstrates the application of this research in the form of a new novel manuscript.

The resources of classical rhetoric are most commonly found as detritus across contemporary literary theory and cultural studies. Even though rhetoric is the oldest form of literary criticism, the persuasive intent of fiction is more commonly examined using theories such as reader-response, speech act theory, and phenomenology.

Using Umberto Eco's theory of the model reader along with the narratological method of Gérard Genette, this thesis recognises a tripartite division in temporal structures as story time, discourse time, and reader time. It then analyses the temporal changes available and categorises the results as changes to the three diegetic levels: actantial, discursive, and inferential. Each chapter focuses on a different master trope of time. The four main types of temporal movement are identified as quickness, lingering, prolepsis, and analepsis. Each temporal structure is analysed using examples from the works of Charles Dickens, Edgar Allan Poe and their application to my own work.

Key words: Rhetoric, Dickens, Poe, Eco, Genette, creative writing, narratology

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## Introduction

Narrative is created by temporal distortions. Every time a narrative omits story information, speeds up events, or slows them down, every time it changes the order of events it distorts the cosmological time of the story information for the purpose of its intended effect. The changing of temporal order is clearly a rhetorical change. It has a persuasive intent. We subvert the order of information presented in narrative discourse for one that tells the story we want it to be.

Narratives are a structure of meaning creation that is fundamental to all human communication where there is a narrating instance, where a narrating object has an audience. Novels, short stories, plays, and films are forms of creative expression that share commonalities, they are all of a significant duration and almost all use verbal communication, written or spoken, to freight their content. Due to this they can all be said to be narrative structures—although not the only forms of narrative. The term narrative can be problematic to define, and is often used interchangeably with plot, story, or meaning. If we take narrative at a basic level to mean events joined in a temporal sequence, as they are when expressed with language, then we come quickly to a division that has been used since Aristotle to analyse how narrative is created.

Can Renaissance rhetoric be used as a prescriptive and analytical method to understand and creatively deploy ‘time effects’ in narrative using the tripartite division: reading time, story time, and narrative discourse time? The reputation of rhetoric has suffered due to its poor use. It is easier to recognise the failings of rhetoric rather than its successes. Rhetoric in modern times has acquired negative connotations and is most often used in a pejorative sense (Murfin and Ray 441), we commonly hear phrases like ‘empty rhetoric’ and ‘political rhetoric’. This negative depiction of rhetoric represents a failure of persuasive language. We recognise poor examples of rhetoric. Such as a striking metaphor that has become a cliché: ‘Tears streamed down her face’ (Murfin and Ray 64). In its early use this may have



been a powerful metaphor, now it is an overloaded cliché. While the instance may have lost its original effect, the figure of metaphor remains effective in new iterations. New examples of the use of rhetoric are never difficult to find if you know the original figures. Whether you find the new usage effective, or a good example of rhetoric, can depend on its intended audience. It has been well documented in the study of linguistics that young women are often at the forefront of language change (Tagliamonte & D'Arcy 58-108). Yet how many people, when they hear new constructions such as 'ridic' or 'totes,' consider them as excellent new examples of apocope? The rhetorical figure whereby you omit the last syllable(s) without changing the words meaning (Lanham 18), a figure often used to great effect by Shakespeare (Kaiser 23-5). Or enjoy the elegance of a synecdoche such as 'mic drop': the substitution of a part for a whole (Lanham 148). Rhetoric can be used well or poorly, for good or ill. It is as distinct in its omissions as it is in its additions and substitutions. The benefits of a Renaissance rhetorical education can possibly be justified by a list of its graduates, such as Milton, Shakespeare, Spencer, Marlowe, Jonson, and Sidney (Abbott 597). Renaissance rhetorical education was part of the trivium, and students would learn grammar, rhetoric, and logic. And as Joseph points out, 'the Renaissance theory of composition, derived from the ancient tradition, was permeated with formal logic and rhetoric, while ours is not' (Joseph 3). The movements of rhetoric and oratory have created their geniuses, yet rhetoric as a mode of study and criticism has waxed and waned regardless. The terminology of rhetoric has been distributed amongst other analytical methods. Aristotelian logic, a crucial part of argumentation and rhetoric, has been superseded in the study of modern logic (King and Shapiro 496-500). Perhaps it now can retake its place in the system of rhetoric for the purpose of discovering how to persuade the reader of what may be probable.

Likewise, when Umberto Eco uses his tripartite method to examine the effects of time in narrative, he is equally happy to apply his method to Gerard de Nerval, Ian Fleming, or pornography. The analytical method itself identifies effect, rather than literary quality of effect. In this thesis I

examine the different ways in which a sense of time is constructed rhetorically in creative fiction. I use Renaissance rhetorical theory to analyse well-known literary examples from both Charles Dickens and Edgar Allan Poe. Then, as I create my own work, I work prescriptively using the rhetorical resources I have identified during the course of my research. In this thesis, I have produced two artefacts: 1. A mystery novel set in 19th century Boston that uses to rhetorical effect the time figures I have analysed and 2. An exegesis providing a critical analysis of the rhetorical construction of different time effects in selected literary examples, as well as examples of their use in my own creative work

In order to identify time effects in narrative fiction, I will examine a small selection of literary sources that provides a range of narrative material, as well as a large body of critical analysis. While modern literature also provides an excellent selection of creative work, the purpose of this thesis is not the analysis of new works, but to discover the validity of whether rhetoric can be repurposed to analyse time effects, as well as utilise them as a part of the resources available to a writer. In this way the time effects will become part of what rhetoricians consider their ‘invention’, the collection of their persuasive resources (Crane 6), in this context, persuading an implied reader of the desired narrative effect.

In 1961 Wayne Booth argued in *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, a text that continues to influence literary criticism to this day, that all narratives have a rhetorical purpose, that is, an intended persuasive goal. Just as a political orator wants their audience to believe and be persuaded by their speech, a narrative wants you to adopt Coleridge’s ‘suspension of disbelief’ (6) and invest in it as you would invest in a real life event. The persuasive goal may be humour, catharsis, excitement, or something more, but it wants you to be convinced.

The neo-Aristotelianism of the Chicago school preceded Barthes’s concept of the death of the author, but they both had a similar structuralist goal: while it is not reasonable to deduce narrative intention from the

biographical information of the writer, the intention of the text is available for study without it. The one major drawback to his work, as he later acknowledged, was the imprecise use of the word 'rhetoric' in both the sense of persuasive intent as well as the actual rhetorical methodology recorded by Aristotle and taught in the grammar schools of Shakespeare's England (Joseph, *Shakespeare's* 5-8). The meaning of rhetoric has been further complicated since, and is now a term that can mean political cant, persuasive terminology of a specific field, or just clichéd language. However, Booth's achievement remains, reintroducing rhetorical intent back into the creation and analysis of narrative. While we know narratives have a persuasive intent that we can examine, it remains to be seen if classical rhetoric can be relevant to our study of it.

Rhetoric, as we understand it from Aristotle in ancient Greece, is the 'systemisation of natural eloquence,' (Vickers 1) that is, effective language use from public speakers was systematised into a complete method of narrative training. It was then further elaborated on by Roman orators. Another major development in classical rhetoric came in the Renaissance, when along with use in the original Greek and Latin, it was also applied to English. The Renaissance enthusiasm for rhetoric led to the systemization of over two hundred figures of rhetoric. The figures of rhetoric are the specific language devices that have been recorded for their persuasive use, figures such as metaphor, simile, and apostrophe. Rhetoric as a critical method for oratory, poetry, prose and theatre predates the English language (D'Angelo 604) and it subsequently is still very much a part of our discursive structures. One of the unique features of classical rhetoric is that it is used both prescriptively and analytically. Unlike many contemporary literary theories, rhetoric was always intended to teach both the critical method as well as the personal use of the figures. Another important aspect of rhetoric is that its language and construction is still in use today, although less commonly known as a complete system. A great deal of our critical language is based on classical rhetoric.

Classical rhetoric has been applied to all modern types of narrative, yet the method as we understand it from the Renaissance model, is still specifically designed for persuasive oratory. The fluctuations of rhetoric's popularity has meant that as a discipline it is fragmented and has not been wholly integrated into literary criticism or the way we learn to create narrative. One of the most complete approaches to how literary narratives function has been the work of Gerard Genette. In his 1979 work *Narrative Discourse* Genette, using a reformation of rhetorical classifications for the purpose of applying them to narratology, examines the construction of order, duration, frequency, mood, and voice. Genette's method examines temporal deformations as well as elaborating on narrative levels such as homodiegetic, heterodiegetic and autodiegetic that allows for a sophisticated reading of narrative. In many ways Genette's method can be seen as a rhetorical one, as it looks at effective use of narrative from literature and then repurposes rhetorical terminology for use in literary criticism.

Rhetoric is not the only theory to examine the intent of the text. There are other critical methods such as the many variations of reader-response theory which include the interaction of the text and the reader, often viewing the text from a particular perspective such as a psychological or sociological interaction. Indeed, recent works in cognitive literary theory has extended the field.<sup>1</sup> My interest in the narrative's effect on the reader is a rhetorical one however. Therefore, the critical theory of the 'model reader' who is a conceptual construct that allows for probable readings of the text suggested by Umberto Eco in *The Role of the Reader* best suits the proposed research question of this thesis. This theory allows for the use of the 'rhetorical enthymeme' as a critical tool to postulate the 'inferential walks,' the imagined narrative paths that are made by a model reader during their passage through the text (215).

I intend to examine the different ways in which time is constructed rhetorically in fiction. I will use Renaissance rhetorical theory to analyse

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<sup>1</sup> For more on this see Peter Stockwell, Joanna Gavins, and Gerard Steen.

well-known literary examples primarily from Charles Dickens and Edgar Allan Poe. These two authors give a wide variety of narrative devices in a relatively small sample of texts. Both writers have generated a large and varied amount of criticism, including rhetorical and narratological criticism. The novels and short stories of Dickens provide a wide array of complicated narrative structures that use temporal anachronies for a variety of purposes. Poe's novel and short stories have been noted for the variety of narrative voice and language styles that affect the pacing of the narrative discourse and provide many examples of the effects that defamiliarize the narrative. Poe's short stories also make use of mystery and suspense, and he has also been shown to use over two hundred rhetorical figures (Zimmerman, *Style* 637). The critical approach I use begins with intentional reading, as described by Abbott in *The Cambridge Introduction to Narrative* (102). I utilise intentional reading to note temporal patterns, along with researching significant usage by Poe and Dickens scholars.

The first chapter of the exegesis defines my critical terms and contextualises my research in regards to literary and creative theory. The subsequent four chapters examine what is effectively a master<sup>2</sup> trope of temporal rhetoric, exploring its history, literary significance and rhetorical figures. The four master tropes are: lingering, quickness, analepsis, and prolepsis.

While modern literature could provide useful examples of narratives, the purpose of this thesis is not the analysis of new works, but to discover the validity of whether rhetoric can be repurposed to analyse time effects, as well as utilise them as a part of the resources available to a writer. In this way the time effects will become part of what rhetoricians consider their 'invention', the collection of their persuasive resources (Crane 6), in this context, persuading a model reader of the desired narrative effect. The exegetical research will generate its own individual fabula that will become

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<sup>2</sup> Like other fields such as computer programming, I hope that the field of rhetoric will move away from the use of master/slave metaphors.

the starting point for my creative project. It is my intention to allow the exegetical research to guide both the story and discourse of my novel.

It is not my intention to prove that all effects in narrative can or should be considered temporally, nor do I wish to try to subsume the whole of rhetorical theory into my paradigm. The goal of this thesis both exegetically and creatively, is simply to apply the resources of persuasive language as they were once taught in the trivium of logic, grammar, and rhetoric to the study of temporal structure in narrative for benefit of the critical reader and creative writer.

## **Chapter One: Introduction to the Rhetoric of Time**

This eternal time-question is accordingly, for the novelist, always there and always formidable; always insisting on the effect of the great lapse and passage, of the “dark backward and abysm,” by the terms of truth, and on the effect of compression, of composition and form, by the terms of literary arrangement.

Henry James, *Theory of Fiction*.

A left-branching hypotactic sentence that takes your breath away—a disturbing narratological *sortes* that temporarily prevents all reason—the future imagined as proleptic tombstone’s inscription—a moment of great expectation thwarted when the narrative focalisation suddenly moves a thousand leagues away—these are the effects of the manipulation of time in narrative, but questions arise around how they are created.

As stated in the *Cambridge Introduction to Narrative*, ‘[n]arrative is the principal way in which our species organises its understanding of time’ (3). But what is time from our perspective? In *Time and Narrative, vol. 2* Ricoeur defined two distinct types of time, ‘cosmological time’ as we understand it from our recording and observation of chronological movement outside ourselves, and what he calls ‘human time’ as the passage of time as it exists from our uniquely self-aware human perspective (4). That we give meaning to events by our perception of their relation in human time, as differentiated from cosmological time, demonstrates the importance narrative plays in our lives. It is, therefore, logical that when examining a narrative text the primary structural design of that text is how it organises time. Chatman notes that since Aristotle’s *Poetics*, that were written around 330-347 B.C. (Corbett xi), narrative theory has begun with a bifurcation of the text’s chronology (*Story and Discourse* 19-20). Genette translates Metz as stating:

Narrative is a...[d]oubly temporal sequence...There is the time of the thing told and the time of the narrative (the time of the signified and the time of

the signifier). This duality not only renders possible all the temporal distortions that are commonplace in narratives (three years of the hero's life summed up in two sentences of a novel or in a few shots of "frequentative" montage in film, etc.). More basically, it invites us to consider that one of the functions of narrative is to invent one-time scheme in terms of another time scheme (33).

While 'there is not yet a consensus on any of the key issues of narrative' (Abbott xiii), the temporal differences between story and narrative discourse have been one of the most popular research areas in narrative theory (Herman, *Routledge Encyclopedia* 608). The structural analysis of literary genres has been of critical concern since the writing of Plato's *The Republic* and Aristotle's *Poetics* (Hühn 332). In fact, '[c]ore elements and ideas at play in the narratological modelling of narrative were introduced as early as Greek antiquity' (332).

Russian formalism, a school of criticism which began in the 1920s, focused on form rather than content and was strongly criticized in its time—the designation formalist was not intended positively (Bedford 454)—has given literary criticism and narratology the division of *syuzhet*: the narrative's emplotment, and *fabula*: the chronological order of the story (Chatman 19-20). Abbott argues that 'as it usually refers to the way events are ordered in the narrative, *syuzhet* is a less inclusive term than narrative discourse' (18).

French structuralism, which emerged in the 1950s and preceded poststructuralism (Bedford 490), also designated a bifurcation of narrative. Todorov labels them as *histoire* and *discours* (Meister 337), while Genette states that for the analysis of complex narrative we need the tripartite separation of story, narrative, and narrating. The division of narrative discourse into narrating (the producing of narrative) and narrative (the product of that act) allows for the definition of the narrative effects he defines as mood and voice (Genette, *Narrative Discourse* 27-28). The three part division has also been adopted and modified by, among others,



Rimmon-Kenan, Abbott, García Landa, Stierle, and Bal. In an effort to precisely delineate between the raw material of events, the natural order of those events, the artificial order, and the narrating itself, Schmid has proposed a four tier model (Scheffel).

This abundance of similar, yet sometimes varying, terminology can lead to some confusion. For example, Genette's definitions of narrative is a translation of the French word *recit* and his treatment is specific to the many uses of that word in French (Genette, *Narrative Discourse* 25). Even the terms *histoire* and *discours* as used by Todorov were in fact first used by linguist Benveniste, with a different meaning than Todorov's (Scheffel). For the sake of clarity, let me now designate the terms I intend to use. Unless my hand is forced when referencing the work of others, I will consistently use the terms 'story' and 'narrative discourse' as Chatman has defined them and are now widely recognised in English critical theory (Cambridge 18-19). Story to represent the chronological material of the narrative, or as Chatman calls it, the 'what'; and discourse as the 'how' (19). In his 1988 work *Narrative Revisited*, Genette points out the potential confusion possible by some of the similar, but not exact, divisions of content and form (13-14) and for this reason I believe Chatman's definition will be of most use in this thesis. Story and narrative discourse as Chatman has defined them is compatible with Genette's work on order, duration, and frequency.

While Umberto Eco's theory of textual cooperation will be an important part of my critical method, I will not be making any comparison between plot and discourse. This distinction may be useful for examining how content may be transferred across semiotic systems, however it will not be necessary here (*Six Walks* 35).

Genette's *Narrative Discourse* forms the primary terminological base for how this thesis examines time effects in narrative. His examination of order, frequency, and duration as narrative effects made possible his critical analysis of *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, and proved that the methods of analysis proposed by Russian formalists are of use for more complicated

narratives (Herman, *Companion to Narrative Theory* 23 -33). Genette focuses specifically on his reading of Proust; however, his method is the closest thing narratology has to a systematic theory of narrative (Culler, *Discourse* 7), and as Chatman recognises, ‘must form the basis of any current discussion’ (*Story and Discourse* 63). Genette’s terminology allows us to examine effects like anachrony (*analepsis* and *prolepsis*), duration (scene and summary) and frequency (iterative devices) as they can be understood from the contrasts in story time and narrative discourse time: the time represented in the telling of the story and the events (fictional or real) themselves.

### *A Third Division of Time*

In his analysis of narrative Genette makes a distinction between narrative and narrating in order to demonstrate the complex relationships in the modern novel between the narrator’s act of production (verbal or written), the narrative text as we know it (book, short story, etc.) and the story information. This extra division makes it possible for Genette to categorize some narrative techniques that had been underexplored. Specifically, Genette uses the terms voice and mood to describe a more detailed examination of the narrator’s relationship to the narration. Mood enables a more nuanced analysis of the narrator’s distance from the events of the narrative by examining how speech is represented on the page, allowing for definitions such as narrated, transposed, and free indirect speech (*Narrative Discourse* 171-2). Voice enables us to define the level of interaction the narrator has with the narrative, such as a homodiegetic narrator who is a character in the narrative, and a heterodiegetic narrator who does not (248).

As Genette made an extra chronological division of the narrative object to enumerate the possibilities available for narrative focalisation, Eco makes a distinction between the time of the discourse and the time that can be taken when reading. That is, the time taken by a model reader to read

the text (*Six Walks* 54). By inserting a reader into the textual process, Eco is arguing that the pace of the discourse time and the reading time are potentially not always the same. In 1979 Eco published *The Role of the Reader* which defines the model reader as a conceptual construct that allows for probable readings of the text, or 'a textually established set of felicity conditions [...] to be met in order to have a macro-speech act (such as a text is) fully actualized' (11).

Measuring discourse time and reading time is, of course, a problematic concept. While story time can usually be constructed using the narrative text (Eco, *Six Walks* 54), discourse and reading time are more difficult. In *Narrative Discourse*, Genette states that 'no-one can measure the duration of a narrative', and that this concept of time 'can be nothing more [...] than the time needed for reading' (87). It is certainly true that while it is possible to time a reader's passage through a text or scene, the figure would likely be different for different readers for different reasons.

Eco questions whether we should base discourse time on the amount of time it takes to read the text or the length of the text itself (54). In *Six Walks in the Fictional Woods* Eco extends the Story/Discourse theory by differentiating between narrative time and reading time, arguing that sentences constructed of similar word counts, but different styles, can impose a different pace on the reader (56). As an example, he uses two pieces of crime fiction writing: *One Lonely Night* by Mickey Spillane and *Casino Royale* from Ian Fleming. These passages show how rhetorical figures such as metaphor can be used to slow the reader's passage based on the tension between discourse time and reading time. Both narratives are of equal length and are examples of Chatman's scene (*Story and Discourse* 72), where the story time and narrative discourse length are similar, if not identical. Eco finds that although the two passages are of similar length, the Spillane is more likely to make a reader speed up when reading it, while the metaphorical language of the Fleming would slow a model reader's pace. Eco calls the effect of slowing reading time 'stretching' (*Six Walks* 56) and

considers this an example of what the formalists call defamiliarization. Shklovsky and the Russian formalists see the purpose of defamiliarization as, ‘to impart the sensation of things as they are perceived and not as they are known, and the technique used to achieve this end is that of making objects *unfamiliar*’ (Hawthorne 35). Eco argues that this effect can be the design of the model author, the author that ‘is manifested as a textual strategy (*Six Walks* 15) and that ‘an abundance of description, a mass of minute particulars in the narration, may serve less as a representational device than as a strategy for slowing down the reading time, until the reader drops into the rhythm that the author believes necessary to the enjoyment of the text’ (*Six Walks* 59). Eco’s critical distinction of model author and model reader allows for a reading of the text that is able to explore the probable intent by a close reading of the structural features of the text.

An example of Eco’s effect can be found in two notably similar stories from my chosen source material, Edgar Allan Poe’s 1843 story “The Tell-Tale Heart” and Charles Dickens’s “A Confession Found in a Prison in the Time of Charles the Second” published in 1840. In this example I will examine the moment from both stories when the narrator, seeing the eye(s) of his victim is brought to murderous rage. In “The Tell-Tale Heart” the narrator has been silently listening to his victim through a crack in the door when he shines in a dark lamp (the emphasis here is mine):

It was open —wide, wide open —and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness —all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that *chilled the very marrow in my bones*; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot. And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense? —now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, *such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old

man's heart. It increased my fury, *as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.*

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eve. Meantime the *hellish tattoo* of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! —do you mark me well I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me —the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once —once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more (Poe, *Collected Works*, vol. 2, 795-6).

The unnamed narrator's discourse is 417 words long, with an estimated story time of less than fifteen minutes. The language is more descriptive than figurative. In this section Poe uses the similes 'such as a watch makes' and 'as the beating of a drum'. While the language may be descriptive, that does not mean it is lacking in rhetorical figures, yet even with the heavy use of *ecphrasis*: 'exclamation expressing emotion' (Lanham 61), *epanorthosis*: 'correction of a word or phrase used recently' (Lanham 42) and parenthetical asides, the reading time is quick. As an autodiegetic narrative there is little use of summary and its effect is close to the immediacy of Chatman's scene (Chatman 72-3).

Then we have Dickens's story, "A Confession Found in a Prison" (*Master Humphrey's Clock* 41). Having made a toy boat for his adopted son, the narrator then hides by a body of water close to his house, waiting for the boy to use the boat so he can drown the child whose eyes remind him of the dead mother's:

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud; it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and, child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me, — not that he did, — and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead, — dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep — in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand (44).

Dickens's narrator only takes 157 words to describe the scene from the protagonist seeing the boy's eyes to committing the murder and the story time would be similar to that of Poe's. However the reading time is markedly slower. The passage is heavy in the use of metaphor, as well as beginning with an *enargia* in the form of a *topographia* 'description of place' (Lanham 153) that ends with 'the whole great universe of light was there to see the murder'. The narrative is made strange by the madman's perspective and imagery. Our expectation of narrative is defamiliarized by the figurative language.

Author	Story time	Discourse time	Reading time
Poe (descriptive)	15 min	417 words	quick
Dickens (figurative)	15 min	157 words	slow

Table 1.

Comparative temporal levels in Poe and Dickens.

### *Classical Rhetoric*

The Ende of Rhetorique: To teach, to delight, and to persuade.

- Thomas Wilson, *The Arte of Rhetorique*, 1560.

The analysis of fiction can be enriched by applying the tools and concepts of classical rhetoric. As it is stated in the *Encyclopedia of Rhetoric and Composition*, the role of rhetoric in poetry, or the arts, has been contested since its inception: ‘fictional rhetoric has been the object of critical concern since Plato’s banning of poetry from the ideal state because it appeals to the passions rather than reason’ (Phelan 609). Aristotle believed ‘[t]he poet should speak as little as possible in his own person’ (Booth, *Rhetoric of Fiction* 92). After a resurgence during the Renaissance, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, rhetoric—at least some rhetoric (Horner 102)—was under attack for its ambiguity and unnecessary verbiage. The *Royal Society*, the first English peer reviewed scientific journal, called for writers to ‘reject all amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style’ (Lyons 54). In fact, the enthusiasm for the figures of rhetoric eventually led to rhetoric being considered, ‘nothing more than a mere classification of figures and tropes’ (Vickers 438). Vickers speculates that it is not surprising that ‘the novelist should find the practice of his peers more helpful than abstract rules in textbooks’ (165). Fortunately for the purpose of this thesis, classical rhetoric is a practical skill based on observation: ‘the first writers of rhetoric-books observed situations in real life where eloquence succeeded, analysed the resources used by those speakers, and developed a teaching method which could impart those skills’ (Vickers 1). Rhetoric as a critical method for oratory, poetry, prose and theatre has ancient origins and is still very much a part of our discursive structures. Grammar may allow us to be understood, but rhetoric allows us

to be believed. And, as Wayne Booth states in *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, ‘The author cannot choose whether to use rhetorical heightening, his only choice is of the kind of rhetoric he will use’ (116). Or as Sternberg has said:

The literary writer’s orientation is, in other words, essentially rhetorical in that he cannot but have the reader’s interest and possible reactions constantly in mind (*Expositional Modes* 45).

Booth examines the arguments towards fiction that had gained popularity since the realist writings of Flaubert (*Rhetoric of Fiction* 8) and were then codified from Henry James by Lubbock (8) that, ‘dramatic presentation is more objective, less rhetorical and, therefore more artistic than summary or commentary from an omniscient narrator’ (Phelan 609). This principle of show don’t tell, which is a barely transposed form of mimesis and diegesis (Genette 163), has been a stubborn one. However, as Genette discusses in *Narrative Discourse*, mimesis is, of course, ‘completely illusory’, and that ‘all we can have is degrees of diegesis’ (164). When Genette did away with the concept of pure mimesis, which is not to be misunderstood with Ricoeur’s philosophical exploration of mimesis as a threefold division of the nature of life and narrative emplotment (Ricoeur, vol. 2, 52-87), arguing that there can only ever be an illusion of mimesis, he reinserted rhetorical purpose back into narration. The concept of the mimetic text, the narrative that shows instead of tells is undoubtedly a useful one, as Henry James reminds us: however, as Booth argues, this overly simple concept doesn’t extend itself well to the complex narrative. The illusion of mimesis, or showing, is just that. While we may exclude the intention of the empirical author from our mode of critical discussion, due to the difficulty in substantiating any purported rhetorical intent, we cannot afford to ignore the desired persuasive intention of the text itself. Even a seemingly flawless imitation has still been carefully chosen in subject, range, and aspect.



However, if we consider a narrative to have persuasive intent, how can we analyse that intent if we cannot discuss the effect the empirical author intends to create? As Booth clarifies, the ‘death of the author’ in literary criticism relates only to the implied author (*A Companion to Narrative Theory* 75). We are by now aware that an empirical author’s stated intent can differ greatly from the final text. The author outside of the text may have persuasive goals other than those at work in the work text itself, or there may be little or no information available of the author’s intent. We are, however, able to analyse model authorial intent from a close reading of the text, and, ‘narrative technique is guided by authorial purpose’ (Booth *Rhetoric of Fiction* 165). When we examine the narrative choices, we are given an insight into the persuasive purpose of the model author. If that is the case, then the narrative discourse’s intended effect on the model reader is surely relevant to an analysis of the narrative’s rhetoric. If we agree that the text has an intended persuasive purpose, how can we then examine that text, both for its purpose, as well as an understanding of how it has created them?

In order to examine the time effects in narrative it will be necessary to be able to categorize them. It will not, however, be necessary to create a new critical vocabulary. Genette notes that Strauss’s concept of ‘intellectual bricolage’ can also be applied to literary criticism, as most critical methods come from ‘[t]he bricolage of literary criticism, using the tools and materials left over from previous construction and destructions (*Literary Discourse* 3). Classical rhetoric, as we understand it from Aristotle, was originally intended as the domain of the civil orator and subdivided into political, forensic, and ceremonial oratory (Lanham 164). However, even in antiquity, ‘rhetorical criticism was the whole field of discursive practices in society, including oratory, poetry, drama, epic, history, and philosophy’ (D’Angelo 604). The influence of rhetoric and its position in the liberal arts is evident in all communication and criticism. During the Renaissance ‘rhetoric offered the only fully developed theory of literature and was therefore applied to all literary forms’ (Abbott, *Rhetoric and Composition* 597). And while classical

rhetoric may not hold the same exalted position in education and literature today, its figures and methods are unavoidably present in our current methodologies.

The Renaissance brought with it a particular interest in rhetoric, and an expansion of its application as well as its figures (Joseph, *Shakespeare* 3-8). However, Renaissance rhetoricians argued over the divisions between logic, grammar and rhetoric. The Ramists assign invention and arrangement to logic, while the Figurists incorporated the majority of the rhetorical system into their treatment of the figures (*Shakespeare* 20-34).

Whether engaging in a semiotic, post-colonial, feminist, or narratological reading, it quickly becomes apparent that there are many common terms being used—not always in the same way—by each approach. Genette, Barthes, Eco, Booth and Chatman all use rhetorical figures to describe narrative effects. This repurposing is often in keeping with its original purpose but addresses a new need. For example: Genette, who is responsible for much of the reintroduction of rhetorical into narratology's vocabulary, uses the term *prolepsis* to describe a jump forward in the narrative's chronology. Renaissance rhetoric describes *prolepsis* as 'foreseeing or forestalling objections in various ways' (Lanham 120). Eco makes reference to Genette's theory that a general narrative *prolepsis* is often a sign of authorial impatience (*Six Walks* 30). Authorial impatience is a concept worth examining. The model author, desirous to create a 'paradigmatic function' (Genette, *Discourse* 72) uses an iterative proleptic figure to create a discursively quick—impatient—time effect. Foreseeing the model readers need to see this event repeated, the model author uses this narrative device:

Every day before dinner, my Lady looks for him in the dusk of the library, but he is not there. Every day at dinner, my Lady glances down the table for the vacant place, that would be waiting to receive him if he had just arrived (*Bleak House* 213).

A classical *prolepsis* forestalls argument by answering a question before it can be asked. If we consider that the ‘argument’ of narrative rhetoric is the intended effect of the text on a model reader, this can reasonably be said to be in parallel with classical rhetoric’s original intent.

It is necessary to specify what rhetoric means in the title of this thesis. The rhetorical figures and method I will be using to discuss the time effects found in literature belong to the system of Renaissance rhetoric as it was taught in grammar schools of that time. Vickers describes this as the ‘systemization of natural eloquence’ (1). *In Defence of Rhetoric* he outlines classical rhetoric’s methodology, history and reception, focusing on the most influential rhetorical works for each major period. While defending rhetoric, Vickers also presents the major criticisms of rhetoric as well as its fragmentation and inclusion in many other creative forms. He avoids attempting to construct a new and cohesive rhetoric methodology but is optimistic that the further study of rhetoric ‘remains to be written’ (479).

For the purpose of identifying the figures of rhetoric, Lanham’s *A Handlist of Rhetorical Terms* remains the clearest and most accessible guide to identifying rhetorical figures and tropes. It avoids arguments over differences in the definition of figures, but instead attempts to list all main categorizations and their sources. It provides both an alphabetical list, as well as grouping by type based on the system used by Miriam Joseph. Where it is necessary to identify more obscure rhetorical definitions or less well known etymologies, I will use Sonnino’s *A Handbook to Sixteenth-Century Rhetoric* as well as Joseph’s *Shakespeare’s use of the Arts of Language*.

As Joseph explains, the major Renaissance contribution to the rhetorical method is the classification of nearly two hundred rhetorical figures. While Tudor rhetoricians reclassified the figures into more complicated divisions, Joseph argues for the system as set down by Aristotle (13-8) and still in use during the Renaissance: grouping the figures into the categories of grammar, logos, pathos, and ethos. The three main schools of

rhetorical thought were the Traditionalists, the Ramists, and the Figurists. However, Joseph has pointed out each model deals with the same resources, just using different forms of categorization (*Shakespeare's* 18). In *The Trivium* she has reconstructed the liberal arts program taught in grammar schools, that of logic, grammar, and rhetoric. This work reunites rhetoric with classical Aristotelian logic as well as an overview of non-language-specific grammar necessary to understand the construction of the logical syllogism and the rhetorical enthymeme that is essential in some of the less well known rhetorical figures (*Trivium* vii-xi).

Rhetoric is an analytical and prescriptive system. Its primary function has always been as a system of persuasive language based on the techniques of successful orators. The Renaissance not only expanded rhetoric to include nearly two hundred individual figures of rhetoric, but it also applied rhetoric to new forms of composition (Joseph *Shakespeare's* 8). The title of this thesis refers to what I call figures of temporal rhetoric that use the stress between the types of time that can be identified in narrative. My intention in this thesis differs from the meaning of rhetoric used by Booth in *The Rhetoric of Fiction*. I am interested in the persuasive effects of time, but I am also using the Renaissance figures of rhetoric to examine the possible means of temporal persuasion in narrative fiction. Chatman examines the possible meanings of Booth's title and states: 'that the modern rhetorician's task is the construction of theory and the observation of practice, not a set of recommendations about how to write and speak' (*Coming to Terms* 185). This type of rhetoric is closer to what we might consider rhetorical criticism. In the second edition of *Fiction*, Booth admits, 'A distinction between the two notions of rhetoric runs throughout the book, but it is not always maintained consistently' (415).

When this thesis discusses the rhetoric of time in narrative discourse and story, it is with the intention of analysing the use of time for the purpose of narrative effects. However, as with classical rhetoric, it is also to create a prescriptive guide for the purpose of creative deployment.

## *Rhetorical Narratology*

*The rhetorical narratologist starts with the premise that the narrative is from the outset an act of communication between author and reader (Kearns 6).*

The reintroduction of rhetoric into narrative theory has been attempted from different critical positions, often to expand the use of narrative into fields other than the study of literature. This is a curious change of position for rhetoric as well as narrative. Rhetoric, as we understand it from ancient Greece, was a *techne* or skill developed for the use of persuasive speaking, and while Aristotle developed his ‘poetics’ for the study of poetry and theatre, both Plato and Aristotle saw how rhetoric’s devices were at use in both philosophy and poetry (D’Angelo 605).

By the Renaissance the reach of rhetoric had grown wider, being applied to all forms of written and oral communication. It became one of the three educational pillars of the grammar school education, the trivium of grammar, logic, and rhetoric (*Trivium* 3-8). Since then rhetoric application has both grown and diminished. The ‘rhetorical turn’ of the twentieth century saw an acknowledgement of the importance of the rhetorical perspective across diverse critical fields (Simons vii), while at the same time it, along with a more rigorous study of grammar, declined in approaches such as the ‘whole language’ educational model (Kolln and Hancock 11-31).

Since its conception, narratology has desired to become a comprehensive method, to be able to be applied to all forms of discourse (Kearns 4). *Rhetorical Narratology* attempts a reintroduction of rhetoric into literary theory by, ‘proposing a rhetorical narratology that is grounded in speech-act theory and thus considers narrative from the perspective of the socially constituted actions it performs’ (2):

To my knowledge there is no theory that combines these two fields – that draws on narratology’s tools for analysing texts and rhetoric’s

tools for analysing the interplay between texts and contexts in order to better understand how audiences experience narrative (2).

Kearns uses rhetoric to examine the interplay of 'text and context', and believes that narratology needs to take 'a strong rhetorical turn' (x). In this context, Kearns is using the term 'rhetoric' in reference to the 'new rhetoric(s)'. A suitable definition in the difference between this term and the original can be taken from one of the first critics to use the new term, Kenneth Burke:

The difference between the 'old' rhetoric and the 'new' rhetoric may be summed up in this manner: whereas the key term for the 'old' rhetoric was persuasion and its stress was upon deliberate design, the key term for the 'new' rhetoric is identification and this may include partially 'unconscious' factors in its appeal (203).

It is this new rhetorical position that allows Kearns to use the term rhetorical narratology, while in fact if we allow that the older, persuasive, meaning of the word rhetoric is still in use, it may be more appropriate to call Kearns's model 'speech-act narratology':

Rhetorical narratology analyzes the structure of narrative transmission by identifying the narrative voices, asking what the levels of the narrative acts are, along with their relationships of the narrative voices to their stories. It then asks what other acts, such as illocutionary acts, these voices perform and how they may move the readers aesthetically, ethically, emotionally etc. (107).

Speech-act theory, whose origin lies in linguistics and philosophy, is used to examine the possible author/reader interaction in the text. Kearns identifies rhetoric as, 'a method of understanding text and context' (2), and narratology as 'a tool for analysing text' (2). It is worth noting however that rhetoric, the western tradition's oldest critical method, is already present in narratology. When Genette used Levi-Strauss's concept of bricolage for his

study of narratology, much of the language and critical tools he used (such as *prolepsis*, *analepsis*, *ellipsis*, *syllepsis* and *metalepsis*) come from classical rhetoric.

In his survey of literary theorists such as Genette, Rimmon-Kenan, Bal, Prince, and Chatman, Kearns notes what he believes is a, 'continuing and unfortunate separation between the fields of rhetoric and literature' (Kearns 6). Again, this is a position that ignores the influence of traditional rhetoric in favour of the new rhetoric. As a self-professed contextualist, Kearns identifies his critical methods primarily as 'the rhetorical approach pioneered by Booth or the speech-act approach of Pratt' (30). However, the structuralist model used here is at its core Genette's.

In his examination of reader/audience positions, Kearns notes some of the variety of terminology that narrative criticism has given to the critical device of the reader. As with the chronological divisions of the text object, the divisions of reader and narratee are numerous and dependent on the functional intent of the critical method. Kearns equates a narrating audience with the term 'virtual reader': a reader the author has bestowed with certain qualities, and an 'ideal reader' with an authorial audience: one with perfect understanding of the author's words (114). Kearns use of speech-act theory is the study of the communicative act by the examination of locution 'what is said', illocution 'what is meant', and perlocution 'the effect on the audience' (12). 'Contextualists argue for the need to inquire into the intentions, motivations, interests, and social circumstances of real authors and audiences' (Chatman 314). Kearns uses Grice's linguistic concept of 'the cooperative principle' to explain the narrative effect (17). However, Grice himself notes that conversation is not always used for 'maximally effective exchange of information' (19), while Chatman, among others, has raised issues about the usefulness of speech-act theory in narratology (314).

Kearns draws on Pratt's work *Towards a Speech-act Theory of Literary Discourse*, which argues against the language of literature having anything that 'marks it as literary' in comparison to other communicative acts (18):

As a pragmatics of language, speech-act theory attempts to identify the background (the conventionally unmarked cases) against which variations will be noticed (marked). Rhetorical narratology relies on this same methodological move, specifying whenever possible the unmarked case for each essential component of the transaction between real readers and the roles offered them by narratives (25).

To demonstrate this effect, Kearns uses Lanser's term 'ur-conventions'. An *Urtext* refers to 'An original or the earliest version of a text, to which later versions can be compared' ("*Urtext, N.*"). In this context Kearns is referring to 'reader's approach[ing] narrative texts expecting to be able to read authorially, to infer a possible, human world in the text, and to experience progression' (68).

The *ur*-conventions Kearns defines in his method are: naturalisation, authorial reading, progression, and heteroglossia. When these *ur*-conventions are not challenged by a text they are unmarked and when the discourse challenges them they are marked. Kearns states that the reader knows to add importance to anything in the texts that is read as unmarked. This kind of deviation from the social script is what Pratt calls 'flouting' (Kearns 23). Using this system of applying the structuralist approaches of narratology (Genette, Chatman, Prince) combined with contextualist speech-act theory (Pratt, Lanser, Grice) Kearns explores the 'audiences potential experience' (40). Very generally, Kearns's theory can be seen as an analysis of narrative by examining first the discourse itself using traditional narrative tools (the locution) then marking narrative effects for their sub-textual meaning and/or effect (illocution), then theorising on possible audience effect based on cultural positioning (perlocution).

In bringing together narratology and speech-act theory, Kearns equates Genette's anachronies with illocutionary acts (144), yet states that Genette's 'taxonomy says nothing about how important anachronies may be in a particular novel':



Students can be taught the scheme, just as they can be taught the main types of poetic feet. But they must also be lead to understand that no '*prolepsis*' [Genette's term for flash-forward] is important in itself, that the personal, textual, rhetorical, and cultural contexts have much to do with whatever value the element carries (5).

Kearns finds that while Genette's structuralist system 'foreground[s] the typology' it goes some way to demonstrating the possible functions of *analepsis* and *prolepsis*, noting that according to Genette *analepsis* can serve a 'mimetic' function, giving us a clearer understanding of the character's present actions by understanding the past. *Prolepsis* can have a thematic function, 'by providing advance information, it enables and even invites a reader to generalise about the present situation that is being suspended in order to make room for the *prolepsis*' (143).

Kearns contextualist narratology works differently to the narrative method of Genette's, as well as the method of classical rhetoric. Narratology such as Genette's give critical importance to the text itself, and issues of author, narrator, and reader are extrapolated on textual evidence. Classical rhetoric, we are told, developed its method by a study of successful orators. The figures of rhetoric are grammatical, emotional and logical devices noted for the efficacy of past orators. Their value is shown by previous successful usage, the figures themselves may be used well or badly, specific purpose for individual figures may be recommended, but as rhetorically aware writers like Shakespeare have shown, they are capable of being used in new and effective ways (Vickers 336). Kearns's rhetorical narratology may examine the possible value of narratives from a cultural context, with the goal of being applicable to much more than just literary criticism, however its exclusion of the tradition of rhetoric limits the potential for textual analysis such as I intend.

*Creative Practice*

‘The finding out of apt matter, called otherwise Invention, is a searching out of things true, or things likely, the which may reasonably set forth a matter, and make it appear probable.’

– *Wilson, Art of Rhetoric.*

The critical approach I will use begins with intentional reading, as described by Abbott in *The Cambridge Introduction to Narrative* (102). While an empirical author’s purpose ‘cannot easily be determined on the basis of authorial intention’ (Fludernik 146), it is possible to argue that the text has a specific intention on the reader. In *The Role of the Reader*, Eco describes this as the relationship between the model author and the model reader. This style of reading allows us to examine the construction and purpose of the text object without attributing motivations to either the empirical author, or the empirical reader. The model reader has the required felicity that the text requires, such as ‘a specific encyclopaedic competence’ (*Role* 7). Likewise, the model reader may not have knowledge of other texts that would have a diminishing effect of the one being read. Unlike symptomatic or adaptive readings, which can open up interpretations of the text that close reading may not reveal, an intentional reading ‘assumes that a single creative sensibility lies behind the narrative’ (104-6).

There is some question about the extent to which Renaissance rhetoric can be used not only to analyse time effects in narrative, but also as a prescriptive guide for their use. Whether creative writing, or literary writing, can be taught is beyond the scope of this thesis. It seems literacy can certainly be taught. How a writer should learn the use of their tools seems to be a difficult question, and the usefulness of traditional compositional tools is often questioned.

As Joseph has discussed, the education system that Shakespeare and a large portion of the 16<sup>th</sup> century English populace received was the grammar school education that gave students a comprehensive, if gruelling, knowledge of grammar, logic, and rhetoric. Rhetoric is the art of using language persuasively, and as Vickers and others have shown, its historical

popularity is matched by periods of mass disdain, and its place in western education has been just as unbalanced.<sup>3</sup>

Grammar, the ‘the study of a language which deals with its inflectional forms or other means of indicating the relations of words in the sentence, and with the rules for employing these in accordance with established usage’ (*Grammar, N.*) has had a likewise difficult position in education, Kolln quotes Tchudi and Tchudi: ‘grammar has probably generated more discussion, debate, acrimony, and maybe even fistfights than any other component of the English/language arts curriculum (12). During the trend towards what is known as ‘whole language’ teaching in the latter half of the twentieth century, grammar became so unpopular in schools that it was even considered detrimental to the students’ development.

The teaching of formal grammar has a negligible or, because it usually displaces some instruction and practice in composition even a harmful effect on the improvement of writing (Kolln 26).

There seems to be a school of thought that believes that traditional compositional tools are either not useful, or necessary, for creative practice. That writing is an instinctive art form that is unrelated to critical thought and writing. Indeed, creative writing and postgraduate study are often ‘uneasy bedfellows’ (Kroll 99). The University of Iowa’s Writer’s Workshop has in its alumni Pulitzer Prize winners and Poet Laureates, yet it still feels the need to defend itself by stating, ‘Though we agree in part with the popular insistence that writing cannot be taught [...]’ (“Philosophy”). And it is a popular insistence. Writers and critics such as Horace Engdahl, Hanif Kureishi, Ryan Boudinot and Lucy Ellmann have continued the attack on creative writing courses in higher education (Sullivan; Bausells). Ellmann has gone as far as to call creative writing courses ‘the biggest con-job in academia.’ However, ‘the notion that literary writing is virtually unteachable is also a relatively recent idea’ (White, *The Rhetoric Canon* 21).

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<sup>3</sup>For more on the history of rhetoric see Vickers 148-294; Nash 1-28.

It is curious that it is specifically fiction writing that is under attack, and that it does not seem so extraordinary that critical writing can be taught.

Given that creative writing and literary criticism share the same language tools, it is interesting that they are considered such separate areas of study. As Genette notes, literary criticism ‘distinguishes itself formally from other kinds of criticism by the fact that it uses the same materials—writing—as the works with which it is concerned’ (*Figures* 3). After the publication of *The Name of the Rose*, noted medieval scholar and semiotician Umberto Eco was asked why he didn’t write a novel until he was over forty? He replied:

Even in my doctoral thesis, even in my theorizing, I was already creating narratives. I have long thought that what most philosophical books are really doing at the core is telling the story of their research, just as scientists will explain how they came to make their major discoveries. So I feel that I was telling stories all along, just in a slightly different style’ (Eco *Paris Review* 74).

Style, of course, being one of the primary divisions of rhetoric. During the Renaissance, the practical skill of rhetoric was given an equal, if not greater, position in education, than grammar and logic. It was inseparable from literature and ‘poetry and prose, plays and propaganda, were all seen as essentially and inescapably rhetorical (Abbott 597). Renaissance rhetoric is a complete literary theory, although for the purpose of this thesis I only intend to use those parts of the theory that are appropriate and useful for the examination of time effects, and then only those effects that I discover in my primary texts.

As my thesis question states, my interest is whether the Renaissance model of rhetoric can be used as to recognise, understand, and finally distribute some of the key effects of time in narrative story telling. The quality of this use is of less interest to me than whether the rhetoric system itself can be appropriated as a critical and prescriptive method.

The authors I have chosen for my analysis are Charles Dickens and Edgar Allan Poe. What these authors have in common is a large amount of critical work devoted to the structure and style of their work. Each writer also has had work devoted specifically to their rhetoric. Poe's short and long form fiction make use of mystery and suspense, and Poe has also been shown to use of over two hundred rhetorical figures (Zimmerman, *Style* 637). Similarly, the works of Charles Dickens contain many examples of complex narrative structures that use deformations in time to create narrative effect. Having identified rhetorical devices that use time, I will then deploy these figures in my own creative work based on their function. The exegetical research will generate its own individual *fabula* that will become the starting point for my creative work. It is my intention to allow the process of creation to guide both the story and discourse my novel.

Classical rhetoric divides the composition of any rhetorical argument into five parts: Invention, arrangement, style, memory, and delivery. Arrangement, style, memory, and delivery carry much the same meaning now as then, however memory and delivery are intended specifically for spoken oration, and their components are most likely subsumed by the other three parts in the case of written discourse. Invention 'actually connotes recollection and not the creation of something' (Crane 6). While rhetorical 'invention' is a disputed term, the meaning of which has been argued and has slid during time (Young 350), the argued definitions still contrast with a thoroughly modern meaning of something 'created' or 'made up' ("invention, n."). 'In rhetorical studies, the art of rhetorical invention, which is what invention usually refers to, has been traditionally defined as an explicit and organised way of discovering the content of a discourse' (Young 350). If the content of the discourse can be then described as invention, then we are equating the story, as narrative criticism calls it, with invention. It follows then that we can assign to narrative discourse the parts of arrangement and style, which in classical rhetoric equates to the logical arrangement (*taxis*) and the rhetorical style (*lexis*). The division of logic and rhetoric in this case

seem to follow their critical history in that they have an interdependent relationship that is not easily separated.

<b>Story</b>	<b>Discourse</b>	
<i>heuresis</i>	<i>taxis</i>	<i>lexis</i>
<b>Invention</b>	<b>Arrangement</b>	<b>Style</b>

Table 2.

Three parts of rhetorical composition.

If when analysing narrative fiction, we assign our story to invention, regardless of whether the story is the collection of fictional or non-fiction material, it is necessary to identify the difference between story time and discourse time:

According to Todorov, story time and discourse time are qualitatively different: whereas the latter is, to a certain extent, a linear time, story time is “multi-dimensional,” as several events can take place simultaneously. Following the Russian formalists, Todorov identifies this multidimensionality in the ‘temporal deformation’ (déformation temporelle) as a general artistic means (Scheffel, Handbook 877-8).

When a writer constructs a narrative, fictional or otherwise, they must contend with what to put in, what to omit, and when. Not only does the organisation of time construct possible meaning in narrative, but as Abbot posits: ‘narrative is the principle way in which our species organizes its understanding of time’ (3).

Discourse is the parts of composition assigned to logic and rhetoric, the parts used to persuade. Discourse is, at its core, a persuasive act. We are being asked to see time and events from a certain perspective and for the construct to hold as an individual object it must remain consistent to and of itself. In particular, this thesis will be examining some narratives that specifically use time to create their effects. I do not intend to say that all effects in narrative are created using time, or that I intend to examine all

possible effects that time can create in fiction. It is my intent to examine some of what can be seen happening in effective fiction and discover if we can understand and deploy the effects using rhetoric. Other writers before me have attempted a thorough analysis of time in narrative, and while this study will certainly use these models for support, it does not attempt to supplant them. The remaining chapters are divided into specific time effect groupings and will analyse examples of the effects in literature, classify their structure rhetorically, and examine the stresses created in our three part time model, and explore how these resources may be used as a prescriptive guide for narrative effect.

This thesis divides time effects into the following four chapters: *lingering*, *quickness*, *prolepsis*, and *analepsis*. Or, in other words, effects that slow time, effects that speed time, effects that skip forward, and effects that skip backwards. Each chapter will examine examples from my chosen texts and attempt a rhetorical analysis of them as well as examples of my own deployment. Just as Genette and other theorists have used their own models to examine the narrative figures that most interest them, I will also add my own division into the system that I am using. I do this not in order to correct or even find fault with those critical narrative methods, or the system of rhetoric as it currently exists. On the contrary, my own work would not be possible without the work of Aristotelian rhetoric, Roman rhetoric, Renaissance rhetoric, Genette, Booth, Chatman, Eco and many others. It is simply my intention to explore an area of research that I believe benefits from further study, and attempt to do so by adding additional tools to the plethora that are already in use. For the most part my divisions are not new, simply ordered in a different way specific to my purpose.

To that end, just as Genette divided his narrative perspectives into homodiegetic, heterodiegetic, internal, and external (which I will still use), when I am examining the movement or pace of narrative time, I will examine what level that movement takes place on in relation to the other modes of time being used. The divisions that I am using I have called

‘actantial’, ‘discursive’, and ‘inferential’. I borrow the term ‘actantial’ from Greimas (Prince 1); however I use it in a far simplified form. Greimas designated actants as operative parts of narrative structures that need not, but can be, persons in the story (1). In this instance, I am using the actantial level to describe that the time effect does not deform time structures above this level. Actantial movement does not disturb any other narrative level. It is non-intrusive to the discourse in that we see no sudden ‘camera change’ from an overt or covert narrator. Neither do we hear or see a narrator tell us that the change is taking place.

Discursive time effects are those that are overt in their manipulation. The character’s journey through discourse time may change, slow, speed up, move back or forward, but the actant is not aware, or in control, of the movement. It is an effect done openly for the model reader. Discursive time effects are those that are often seen in film and television.

Inferential time effects are a category that I have borrowed from Eco’s work. This is when the effect happens at the level of the model reader. It is not measured by the difference between story and discourse, but rather between discourse time and reading time, as shown in my earlier example. While there is no guarantee that the empirical reader will respond to the text’s intent the inferential effect is one that the model author intends upon the model reader. These narrative levels only exist appositionally, in relation to each other. It is not my intention to claim that the events at the ‘actantial level’ are in fact a true chronological time. It only exists as it is contrasted from our understanding of how the discourse has been altered from a perceived chronology. How long it takes things to be said or done at the actantial role is only as we are told it in the discourse. It is worth differentiating the actantial from the discursive, even though they can both create the same or similar time effects, both for the understanding of narrative intrusion or opacity created by the effect, and also to note the role actantial time effects have in setting in place inferential effects. A definition of my time layers and narrative levels can be seen on table 3.



Before I begin to examine specific time effects, I will summarise the structure and intent of this thesis as, for a creative PhD thesis it may be somewhat atypical. It is my intention to create a categorical system of time effects found in literary fiction. In the spirit of rhetoric I will do this by noting successful rhetoric in well-known and analysed fiction and basing my modelling on these works along with rhetorical terminology that already exists in our critical language.

**NARRATIVE LEVEL**

**TIME LAYERS**

	<b>Actantial</b>	<b>Discursive</b>	<b>Inferential</b>
<b>Story</b>	Happens at the level of the story actant, the intradiegetic level. Any time effect does not change story time.	Actants are unaware of the discourse's use of deformations to the chronology. Effects change the natural pattern of story time	Actantial and discursive effects are the cause of inference, inferential effects are the intended/unintended effect.
<b>Discourse</b>	Story time is only available by reconstruction of the discourse, and by a comparison with it. There is no deformation of discourse time created by actantial time effects.	Direct narrator intrusion. Whether homodiegetic or heterodiegetic the effect is the structures manipulation visible to the reader	Discursive effects are often put in place to allow room for changes in reader time when the reader takes an inferential walk.
<b>Reading</b>	Actantial time effects are one of the most common tools for creating inferential effects by a model author	Often proleptic and analeptic hints take this form, directly to create effects of suspense surprise and curiosity in the reader	Inferential walks can happen within the mind of the reader, or actively in the discourse, when the reader reads backwards or forwards in the text.

Table 3.

Narrative levels and time layers.

I will be giving more thesis weight to these figures than is usual when examining my own creative work, as the figures themselves are an essential element to the creative process, perhaps an uncommon approach, but one that is well established in rhetorical method.

An unusual doubling of research material will be the subject matter of both my exegetical and my creative efforts. When planning my creative

work, besides my attempts to use time effects that I find, I also intend my exegetical research to be the basis for my 'invention'. This is for the simple reason that I have purposely chosen an area of research that I have great interest in, but that will require extensive research in rhetoric and narrative studies. Therefore, the more I can use my exegetic research for my creative work, the less additional research will be necessary. This may seem curious, however between the vast material of my chosen authors, and the size of the field of rhetoric, I believe I should have a great deal to choose from. This method, the creation of rhetorical time figures, as well as new creative material based on them may well give my thesis an unusual structure, but by the nature of my thesis question it will be a necessary one.

The next chapter will examine my first figure, what Eco and others refer to as 'lingering'. I will examine the slowing of narrative time as it happens at three separate levels, as well as how this effect may interact with other time effects.

## **Chapter 2: Linging**

Perhaps I am as thick as two short planks, but I cannot understand how a man can take thirty pages to describe how he turns round in his bed before he finally falls asleep.

– Alfred Humblot, prospective publisher, on *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*

And this – this keen, perfect, self-existing sentiment of duration – this sentiment existing independently of any succession of events –

–Edgar Allan Poe

In this chapter and chapter three I will examine various changes in the speed, or tempo in examples from Poe and Dickens, which I will then apply to my own creative material. This will include changes to story time, discourse time, and reader time. When analysing the effects I am describing as lingering and quickness we need to identify what rhetorical figures fall into this categorisation. This chapter will examine the rhetorical effects of slowing on one or more of these temporal levels, and chapter three will then deal with quickness.

In contemporary criticism narratives that linger are often considered examples of poor writing rather than effective ones. While ‘show don’t tell’ may remain a most popular piece of writing advice—despite Wayne Booth’s efforts—another well-known truism is ‘kill you little darlings’. Stephen Write in *Overland* traces this advice back to a Cambridge lecture by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch nearly a hundred years ago (Wright). Yet, if conciseness is the key to good writing why do we continue to admire the works of writers such as William Shakespeare, Marcel Proust, and Lawrence Sterne? Variation in tempo is a constant feature in all narrative, and much like rhetoric, we tend to focus on its misuse rather than its effective figures. As Eco notes about the effect of lingering, ‘Aristotle had already stipulated that catastrophe and catharsis should be preceded by long *peripeties*’ (*Six walks* 64). Effective lingering will be the focus of this chapter.

### *Edgar Allan Poe's Rhetoric*

My choices of literary example for this chapter will be primarily from the work of Edgar Allan Poe. However, Poe's use of style is a contested one. Why then use Poe? First and foremost my choices are those whose works, both for my creative component and my exegetical theory, provide an abundance of appropriate research material. Poe as a literary stylist has attracted a great deal of attention for a variety of reasons over a diverse body of work. He is also a writer who had training in rhetoric.

Edgar Allan Poe's familiarity with rhetoric should come as no surprise. The first half of the nineteenth century in the United States was known as 'the golden age of American oratory' (Parker 1). During Poe's lifetime classical rhetoric's place in American education and culture was at a high. As Zimmerman notes:

From the seventeenth to the end of the nineteenth century, rhetoric saturated American culture and was critical to the school curriculum, pulpit, political forum, and court of law. Poe's career as a schoolboy and professional author fits, after all, between the years 1820 and 1860[...] Robert Jacobs calls oratory the most admired form of Southern rhetorical expression in Poe's time. It was, says biographer Hervey Allen, the age of the spoken word (Zimmerman 30).

Rhetoric was not only popular during this time however, it was evolving. Poe was educated at a time of rhetorical transformation in the American education system, where the use of Rhetoric was moving away from the emphasis on oratory, and beginning to look seriously at new forms:

Perhaps no single event was more consequential for the development of public address studies than the publication of Hugh Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* in 1783. Blair's book was the catalyst that began the movement away from Rhetoric and Oratory in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries [...] The new belles lettres tradition subordinated all of that to written

rhetoric, placing a heavy emphasis on style, composition, criticism, taste, grace, charm, wit, and various forms of literary rhetoric [...] the teaching of oratorical forms of rhetoric slowly began to give way to the teaching of written rhetoric (Parry-Giles and Hogan 19-20).

Robert Jacobs calls oratory ‘the most admired form of Southern rhetorical expression in Poe's time’ (Zimmerman 30). Poe's character, creative works, and critical writing have been the subject of controversial debate since his own time and continue to be so now. His character has been seriously attacked since his first biographer, who despite their poor relationship, Poe chose himself (Campbell 436-464). His style has been described as glutinous (Zimmerman 5), and Mark Twain is quoted as having written, ‘[t]o me his prose is unreadable – like Jane Austin's [sic]’ (4). Much of the early criticism of his creative work seems to be related to the subject matter, and it is not unusual for his themes, and readers, to be critiqued as immature or underdeveloped (4). More recently Harold Bloom has launched bombastic attacks on Poe's writing. He repeats the accusation that Poe's tales are for the young. More fantastically, he attempts to justify Poe's continued success by arguing that, ‘[t]he tale somehow is stronger than its telling, which is to say that Poe's actual text does not matter.’ He attacks Poe's readability and style by saying, ‘[u]ncritical admirers of Poe should be asked to read his stories aloud (but only to themselves!)’ (Bloom 3). Recalling a production of the play, *I think I might be Edgar Allan Poe*, written and performed by Dawson Nichols that included a complete recital of ‘The Tell-Tale Heart’ (with an American dialect) I find this argument glib and difficult to support.

The praise of Poe is as grandiose as the condemnation. Generally accepted to be the inventor of detective fiction, as the creator of Sherlock Holmes said ‘Where was the detective story until Poe breathed the breath of life into it?’ (Arthur Conan Doyle, in an address before the Poe Centennial Celebration Dinner of the Author's Society, March 1909). His prose poem “Eureka” has been argued to predict, if not the big bang theory, then a least

some modern theories of cosmology. Prior to 1849, the year of Poe's death, his work had attracted the attention of no less than five French translators, the most notable being Charles Baudelaire, who devoted a major part of his literary career to the task of making Poe famous in France (Bandy). Poe's training in language and public speaking began at a young age. As a child Poe was encouraged at home in the practice of oratory, and had a talent for declamation (Zimmerman 31). As a young student in England he learned Latin and 'read the ordinary classical authors of the old preparatory curriculum' (31). When he returned to the United States Poe continued to study:

At Jefferson's newly opened University of Virginia, Poe enrolled in the Schools of Ancient and Modern Languages, later to excel in French and, again, Latin. Harrison records that Poe impressed his associates with his remarkable attainments as a classical scholar. As another biographer, Kenneth Silverman, notes, Poe also joined the Jefferson Society, a debating club, [where] it was said, [he] grew noted as a debater (32).

While 'we cannot say for sure with which rhetorical handbooks Poe was familiar with' (Zimmerman 29) his knowledge of the system of rhetoric is evident from his critical writing as well as his education. In the "Rationale of Verse" he states 'In our ordinary grammars and in our works on rhetoric or prosody in general, may be found occasional chapters, it is true, which have the heading, "Versification," but these are, in all instances, exceedingly meagre' (29). Poe also shows a knowledge of classical rhetorical texts in his stories and marginalia writing references to authors such as Cicero, Quintilian and Gorgias (33). Poe was also exposed to modern rhetorical texts:

Scholars attempting to demonstrate a nineteenth-century writer's familiarity with the rhetorical tradition often begin with the eighteenth-century Scottish divine and professor of rhetoric, Hugh Blair, whose Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres "went through one hundred and thirty British and American editions between 1783 and 1911" (Zimmerman 29).

Despite Poe's familiarity with rhetorical composition, his reputation is not for his persuasive structure, but for his originality and experimentation. He does, however, suffer from the same criticism that Renaissance rhetoricians, including Shakespeare, have been accused of, an overabundance of the 'flowers of rhetoric', the colourful, descriptive language. However, Zimmerman points out that this may be, at least partially, mistaking the style of Poe's narrators with that of Poe himself, and that a more analytical examination of Poe's work has rarely been performed (Zimmerman 3-27).

### *Duration in Narrative Discourse*

As Genette notes, changes to the speed of discourse are difficult to identify (*Literary Discourse* 86) as it has no definite pace. It is only possible to measure in relation to itself, and a reconstructed story time that we have extrapolated from the narrative discourse. Genette describes this method as it has been proposed by both Muller and Barthes:

[T]he speed of a narrative will be defined by the relationship between a duration (that of the story, measured in seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, and years) and length (that of the text, measured in lines and in pages). The isochronous narrative, our hypothetical reference zero, would thus be here a narrative with unchanging speed, without accelerations or slowdowns, where the relationship duration-of-story length-of-narrative would remain always steady (*Literary Discourse* 87).

Note that steady does not mean they are the same, but only constant in relation to each other. As with all time effects that I will discuss, the first and most important distinction is the bifurcation of story time and narrative discourse time. This remains so when understanding changes in temporal speed. For example, examine the movement of time in a section from Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart" (emphasis is mine):

I was never kinder to the old man than *during the whole week before I killed him*. And *every night, about midnight*, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. *It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening* so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this, And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked) —I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. *And this I did for seven long nights —every night just at midnight—* (Poe, *Collected Works, vol. 2. 792-3*).

From this we can reconstruct, as Genette describes, the first narrative: ‘the temporal level of narrative with respect to which anachrony is defined’ (48). In this case it is eight days, the night of the murder and the seven days that preceded it. The eighth night—that of the murder—is described in the most detail, as it takes up almost 1700 words of the 2200 word story. While the preceding week is part of the first narrative, it is only the approximate hour at midnight that is described, the remainder of the days is summarised in, ‘I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him’, and ‘every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he has passed the night’. The hour from twelve o’clock each night of the seven days is described iteratively. In this way an hour of each night is described in detail, while the overall effect is that of making the narrative shorter, and quicker.

There is however another important element of discourse time here, the unknown narrator is autodiegetic, and the story is told as a direct discourse monologue to an implied audience that encompasses his unique and erratic speech patterns. His story is, in the main, an external *analepsis*.



The narrator relates an earlier event from his own perspective. The telling of his discourse is far shorter than the story time itself. The discourse time and our third time division, the reading time, are far closer.

As Genette notes, the closest thing to an *isochrony*, an equal durative rhythm, between story and discourse is direct reported dialogue. Yet even this cannot be considered perfect *isochrony* for it is unable to report the speed, the pauses and the emphases that would be used by the speaker (*Discourse* 87). I posit however that each reading by an empirical reader creates new and individual discourse speed event. As Currie discusses in *About Time*, there is a hermeneutic circle in the way cosmological time and human time function in narrative. We live our narratives ‘in anticipation of retrospection’ (29-30), aware that we will look back on the narrative event from a future point, while when reading narratives we activate past events (the narrative document) as if they are a present moment. Using brain imaging, ‘[p]sychologists and neuroscientists are increasingly coming to the conclusion that when we read a story and really understand it, we create a mental simulation of the events described by the story’ (Ryan 469):

Readers create vivid mental simulations of the sounds, sights, tastes and movements described in a textual narrative while simultaneously activating brain regions used to process similar experiences in real life (Ryan 469).

I would argue that this process of presentifying the past can create what we think of as a mimetic and cathartic event. It is by the reader translating the narrative into human time that we understand it in a very real and personal way.

As outlined in chapter one, it is through these three separations in time that I will analyse temporal structures in narrative, defining them as reader time, discourse time, and story time. Novelist and critic Michel Butor noted these divisions by saying, ‘as soon as we approach the province of the novel, we must superimpose at least three time sequences: that of the

adventure, that of writing it, that of reading it' (Ireland, *Sequential Dynamics* 21). Or, to express it as a narrative:

The author gives us a summary, which we read in two minutes (he might have spent two hours writing it), of a narrative which a certain character might have told in two days, of events extending over two years (Ireland, *Sequential Dynamics* 21).

It is by comparing these three time sequences that we can note temporal rhetoric such as the slowing down or accelerating of the three levels of time rhetoric I have defined as story, narrative discourse, and reading time.

When examining durative effects, I will begin with Genette's work as it remains the closest thing narratology has to a complete system (*Narrative Discourse* 7). In *Narrative Discourse*, besides scene and summary Genette includes the effects 'pause' and 'ellipses' in the category of duration (86–113). I find the term pause a difficult one in relation to my own methodology due to the inclusion of the extra temporal mode of reader. Genette defines a 'descriptive pause' as the narrator describing something (a place, an object, etc.) quite outside of the story time and in their own voice (99-101). He notes that this effect is not unique to Proust, but recognisable in literature as the narrative effect of *ecphrasis* (100). *Ecphrasis*, or *ekphrasis* ("*Ekphrasis, N.*"), is a rhetorical term that has had a complicated history. In classical rhetoric it is one of the *progymnasmata*, a series of exercises given to students to develop their rhetorical ability (Lanham 120). *Ecphrasis* is a vivid description that brings its object, 'before the listeners' eyes'. As a literary device, it is defined as a vivid description of another work of art (Burton). Both of these definitions are synonymic to the general rhetorical figures of *enargia* (Lanham 64), or *hypotyposis* (88), of which there are many types such as *chronographia* (34): the description of time; *hydrographia* (85): the description of water; *geographia* (81): the description of landscape. I will further discuss examples of *enargia* in this chapter as it is a notable

rhetorical device for slowing time in narrative. As for Genette's example, I would define traditional *ecphrasis* such as he describes as discursive lingering, as it happens at the level of the narrator, and 'Proustian' pause (*Narrative Discourse* 102), where the story events take in a literary *ecphrasis* as actantial lingering as it happens on no higher level than that of the actant.

Story time is a reconstruction from narrative discourse time, and whether any discourse can be considered outside story time is a tricky concept depending on the narrative level used (autodiegetic, homodiegetic, heterodiegetic). The time period of the first narrative may, or may not, include the time of the discourse, but it would surely still be considered external story matter. Genette himself admits he finds no examples of these in *Recherche*, instead he takes special note of what I would describe as a form of actantial lingering. He notes that, 'Proustian narrative never comes to a standstill unless that halt corresponds to a contemplative pause by the hero himself' and that these pauses are, 'less a description of the object contemplated than it is a narrative and analysis of the perceptual activity of the character contemplating' (*Narrative Discourse* 102).

As for Genette's inclusion of *ellipses*, a figure of omission, into the category of duration it does seem appropriate here; however the degree of omission is pertinent to its specific function. Genette defines *ellipses* as an 'absence of summary, absence of descriptive pause' (*Narrative Discourse* 106). Meaning it is a missing unit of perceived story time in the narrative discourse. He then divides *ellipses* into three kinds: implicit, explicit, and hypothetical (106-9). All of his definitions of *ellipses* have the commonality of being an authorial choice.

Rhetorical ellipsis is 'omission of a word or short phrase easily understood in context' (Burton). It is sometimes listed as a rhetorical vice or scheme and used purposely for comedy (Sonnino 66). There are many rhetorical figures of omission, such as *asyndeton*: omission of conjunctions

(Lanham 25); *brachylogia*: omission of conjunctions (30); and *apocope*: omitting the last syllable of a word (18).

The rhetorical strategy of omission is that what is missing is assumed, hence why it is listed as easily understood. It is exactly this quality that makes it an important part of larger rhetorical strategies such as the enthymeme. An enthymeme is to rhetoric what the syllogism is to logic. A syllogism is ‘the relation of two propositions (called premises) having one term in common there necessarily emerges a new, third proposition (called the conclusion)’ (*Trivium* 130). An enthymeme is two premises, where either one of the premises, or the conclusion, has been omitted (138). The omitted premise becomes assumed by the listener. Indeed, there are even specific rhetorical devices that demonstrate this effect for different purposes, such as *anantopodoton*: a hypothetical proposition wanting the consequent clause:

If you eat the bear, you have become a man;  
If the bear eats you, well... (Lanham 11).

Unlike the syllogism, the enthymeme is not intended to be true, rather it only needs to be convincing. Lanham refers to this process as ‘leveraging’:

It is upon the ways of leveraging a small amount of information that the distinction has turned, the brevity or omitted premise of the enthymeme pointing to this essential but often “illogical” leverage (Lanham 66).

Some types of omission, such as those that happen at a word or a morpheme level have the effect of quickening the pace of a discourse, while other, larger, forms of omission are part of complex narrative structures. Some omissions are those that omit story time, while others omit particular information from the discourse. While reader time cannot be omitted, unless by reader impatience, it can certainly be made quicker or slower. As Genette shows, omissions from story time can happen *elliptically* or *paralipically* (Genette 52), that is by omitting information from the chronological

movement in the story time, or by omitting something that has happened in the story universe that the narrator chooses to not reveal. To some extent, if we consider each story, regardless of fiction or nonfiction, to have its own world, then every piece of information in that possible world that is not shown can be considered omitted. Therefore, given the multitude of possible information, narratives are more notable for what they do include, rather than what they do not.

One of the strengths of the figures of rhetoric is that their function is not fixed to one purpose. A metaphor may lose its effect with too much usage and become clichéd, yet a new metaphor can come into existence with just as much force and originality as ones that came before.

### *Actantial Lingerings*

Actantial lingering is an uncommonly discussed form of temporal narrative slowing. Most textual strategies that slow narrative discourse happen at the discursive level, as any diegetic telling of story events will mean we must consider it discursive lingering. Unlike *prolepsis* and *analepsis*, where an anachrony in story time can be recognised when it is done, or happens, to a non-narrating actant, actantial lingering can only be differentiated from discursive lingering through two specific devices.

Actantial lingering can happen either through metadiegetic discourse, whereby non first narrative actantial discourse slows the speed of the first narrative without reaching a higher narrative level, or through what Chatman calls scene:

The incorporation of the dramatic principle into narrative. Story and discourse here are of relatively equal duration. The two usual components are dialogue and overt physical actions of relatively short duration (*Story and Discourse* 72).

Eco gives an example of the potential for actantial lingering using scene from Dumas's *The Three Musketeers*. Dumas was paid by

the line, so for non-artistic reasons he would stretch dialogue for his own financial reasons (*Walks* 62). When we remember that story time, like the concept of mimesis, is illusionary, and only ever available as a construct of the prevailing narrative, we can see how the choice of what to report can be an example of actantial lingering where other narrative choices would have a different effect. The choice to report all dialogue is a narrative one which happens at the actantial level.

The first of these devices, metadiegetic discourse (Genette, *Narrative Discourse* 228), can be recognised when an actant other than the primary homodiegetic or heterodiegetic narrator tells a metadiegetic story (a story within the story). This can be said to be actantial lingering, lingering that happens on no level higher than that of the actants. An example of this can be found in Poe's, "The Fall of the House of Usher". As I have discussed earlier, the rhetorical figure of *ecphrasis* has become a literary figure whereby one work of art is described inside another. One particular example of *ecphrasis* is the technique of *mise en abyme*. A term that originated from heraldry, where somewhere in the image on a family's shield would be a miniature depiction of that same shield (Prince, *Dictionary* 53). In literature it is an embedded metadiegetic narrative that reflects one or more aspect of the whole (53). One of the most well-known examples of this effect is the play-within a-play in *Hamlet*.

Poe uses *mise en abyme* in "The Fall of the House of Usher" for a different effect. However it might be prudent to first defend this as an example of actantial lingering. The metadiegetic narrative is, in fact, related to us by the homodiegetic narrator, which would seem to point towards this being an example of discursive lingering, however as the unnamed narrator tells us as he attempts to calm his friend:

Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen;—  
and so we will pass away this terrible night together (Poe, *Collected Works*. Vol. 2, 413).

The narrator is in fact reading the story from a book, an artwork metadiegetically being presented inside another, so any slowing of time can be said to happen at the actantial level. True, the book he is reading from and its author are also the creations of Poe, yet nevertheless this still remains an actantial *mise en abyme*, an *ecphrasis*, the artwork inside the artwork that shares some form of relationship with the larger one. In this example Poe is using *ecphrasis* to create suspense. While the narrator attempts to distract Usher from morbid thoughts, there is an unfortunate mirroring of the events of the fictional story with the events in the house of Usher. As the tale progresses and the auditory elements of the story mirror the events of the first narrative, Poe uses the rhetorical figure of *apostrophe*: ‘breaking of a discourse to address some person or personified thing either present or absent’ (Lanham 20) to heighten the effect:

*[H]e so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest.*

At the termination of this sentence I started and, for a moment, paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion, there came, indistinctly to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character (414).

...

*[T]he dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard.*

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound (414).

...

*[W]ith a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.*

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverberation (415).

The use of *mise en abyme* along with the apostrophic structure alerts the model reader to the events in the crypt below, while also slowing down the pace at which they unfold. Suspense is one of the narrative effects that Meir Sternberg has identified that we will examine in further chapters. Sternberg calls this effect ‘prospection’ and sees it as, ‘the discrepancy between what the telling lets us readers know about the happening [...] at any moment and what still lies ahead, ambiguous because yet unresolved in the world.’ (Sternberg, *How Narrativity Makes a Difference* 2). I will further discuss this prospection on the part of the reader in chapter four as the rhetorical effect of *prolepsis*, where the rhetorical time structure is intended to either make the reader skip forward physically in the narrative, or take an inferential walk into what they believe might happen. To a model reader familiar with *mise en abyme*, it is a narrative technique that will always call into question future discursive events.

The other form of actantial slowing I would like to identify, is that of Chatman’s scene. Scene is simply when ‘discourse-time and story time are equal’ (*Story and Discourse* 68). An example of scene can be found in a lesser known Poe story, “The Colloquy of Monos and Una”. Not all uses of scene will be examples of actantial slowing. When discourse and story are approximate, the pace is dependent on the combined effect. As Genette and Chatman both show, scene is when story and discourse are of ‘relatively equal duration’ (*Walks* 54). This does not then have to lead to story time slowing, indeed it will only be in examples where the actantial level telling, as Eco posits, can appear longer in comparison with itself.

Poe uses dialogue as scene in an intriguing way in, “The Colloquy of Monos and Una”. A colloquy is ‘a talking together; a conversation, dialogue. Also, a written dialogue, as Erasmus's Colloquies’ (“colloquy, n.”). It is this



notion of the colloquy that Poe uses here, in a similar fashion to that of the Socratic dialogue, a conversation between two or more speakers that explores a philosophical argument using the Socratic method, a dialectic form of logical argument to prove a proposition from contrasting points of view. However, in this case as understood from the dialogue of two characters meeting in the afterlife, there is only one point of view being argued. In fact, the names of the two lovers who are meeting in the afterlife give a proleptic hint of the matter to be argued. 'Monos' and 'Una' are of course barely transcribed forms of the Latin and Greek words for one (Little 10) and 'oneness' is a central theme of the story. Indeed, it 'could be interpreted as a meditation on an entangled unity' (10). In my attempt to show that this story can be considered an example of actantial slowing I would point to the nature of the story itself. The tale begins in an indeterminate time, with the two parted lovers meeting in some form of afterlife:

UNA. "Born again?"

MONOS. Yes, fairest and best beloved Una, "born again." These were the words upon whose mystical meaning I had so long pondered, rejecting the explanations of the priesthood, until Death itself resolved for me the secret (Poe, *Collected Works. Vol. 2*, 608).

The notion of time continues to be a difficult concept in this story. As Monos and Una are reunited, they do not make any concrete reference to the current time, or when they died, but are rather lost in a reverie of the mysteries of the afterlife and 'to define the indefinable,' not the death of Monos, but what occurred after he 'sank into a breathless and motionless torpor'. From the very beginning the notion of time is, as the Russian Formalists would call it, defamiliarized by 'making the familiar strange by impeding the automatic' (Prince 18). Defamiliarization, as Eco has noted, is one of the ways in which time can become stretched, in this case the reader will travel more slowly over the text as they try to puzzle their way through

it (Walk 56). Poe takes care to make the passage of time something different from the conventional. Monos and Una even have difficulty trying to express their new appreciation for the movement of time:

UNA: ...though the century which has since elapsed, and whose conclusion brings us thus together once more, tortured our slumbering senses with no impatience of duration, yet, my Monos, it was a century still.

MONOS. Say, rather, a point in the vague infinity (612).

Sometime after his death, Monos notes that he has developed a sixth sense, a new appreciation of time:

Let me term it a mental pendulous pulsation. It was the moral embodiment of man's abstract idea of Time. By the absolute equalization of this movement — or of such as this — had the cycles of the firmamental orbs themselves, been adjusted. By its aid I measured the irregularities of the clock upon the mantel, and of the watches of the attendants. Their tickings came sonorously to my ears. The slightest deviation from the true proportion — and these deviations were omniprevalent — (615).

Recent critical readings of some of Poe's work has led to claims his theories anticipate 20<sup>th</sup> century scientific theory. His prose poem "Eureka" has been critically read as being predictive of modern cosmology. It has also been argued that "The Colloquy of Monos and Una" can be read as presaging a unified field theory in the way it explores the concept of time:

Poe's tales destabilize the traditional understanding of reality within time and space and aggressively push the limits of conventional rationality by exploring the unity between entities and events, as exemplified by another concept in quantum physics called entanglement (Little 2).

Regardless of the validity of this claim, it is undeniable that here Poe destabilizes the traditional use of time in a short story. It has been argued

that Poe's interest in time may be related to his interest in, and personal experience with the popular 'science' of the 1800s, phrenology (Zimmerman 169). Poe's famously impressive cranium may well have had a particularly developed 'temporal organ' that may have influenced his own theories. The connection between phrenology and rhetoric was certainly my inspiration to use phrenology as a major theme in my own work. Zimmerman lists the references to time in the "The Colloquy of Monos and Una" as an example of the rhetorical figure *enargia*. Specifically the *enargia* known as *chronographia* the description of time. He also makes particular note that when creating this defamiliarized notion of time, Poe makes use of the rhetorical figure of *adynata*: 'Stringing together of impossibilities. Sometimes, a confession that words fail us' (Lanham 3).

Whether Poe's purpose in this story is the creation of a new theory of time, or if he only wanted to create the unusual dream like quality of the meeting of two lovers after death, writing the entire story in the form of a dialogue heightens the unmooring of the story from a traditional sense of time.

### *Discursive Lingering*

Lingering at a discursive level is a far more familiar concept in literary theory. Even rhetorical figures that work on the level of individual words can create effects that are well known examples of discursive lingering. For example there is the figure of *polysyndeton*, the use of a conjunction between each clause (Lanham 117). The use of *polysyndeton* can create a 'biblical' style (Zimmerman 11-12). The emphasis is mine:

**And** now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. **And** one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, **and** died each in the despairing posture of his fall. **And** the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. **And** the flames of the tripods expired. **And** Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all (Poe, *Collected Works*. Vol. 2, 676-7).

Lingering can also create the effect of slow motion by the time taken to narrate words. Chatman defines discursive lingering as ‘Stretch: here discourse-time is longer than story-time’ (*Story and Discourse* 72). He notes that ‘over-cranking’ the camera has the effect of slow motion in film that written narrative cannot achieve in the same way. ‘Verbal expression may last longer (at least on an impressionist measure) than the events themselves. The case of mental events is especially interesting. It takes longer to say your thoughts than to think them’ (73). Indeed, one form of discursive ‘stretching’ is when a narrator’s description of events takes longer than the events themselves. An example of this can be seen in “The Pit and the Pendulum”. At the beginning of the story Poe’s narrator describes the last few moments of his trial before passing out and awaking in his prison. While later in the story the events of the slowly moving pendulum are narrated mainly as summary, Poe begins his tale with the narrator realising his sentence of death in horrible slow motion. The emphasis is mine:

The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of revolution—perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. *Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration!* I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white—whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words—and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness—of immovable resolution—of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. *I saw them fashion the syllables of my name;* and I shuddered because no sound succeeded (Poe, *Collected Works. Vol. 2*, 681).

In particular I would make example of the narrator's expression of, 'I saw them fashion the syllables of my name'. While we may not know the name of the narrator it seems unlikely that the name, and the saying of it, could match the length of the narrator's description of the moment.

*Enargia* as a rhetorical figure is an important form of defamiliarization or lingering. With *enargia*, story time may often be short, as we are viewing an image or small moment of action brought vividly before the eyes.

Discourse time is variable, depending on correlative figures, while reading time slows. It is appropriate here to think of the reading time as something Eco calls 'circumnavigational time' (*Six Walks* 58). It relates to 'arts of space' such as painting. We can 'view' the image quickly enough, but, by necessity, we linger and take it in. While I have used Poe for the majority of my literature examples, since a large part of my theoretical system is based on Umberto Eco whose literary work so often mirrors his critical work, I will here use an example from *The Name of the Rose*:

In which Adso admires the door of the church, and William meets  
Umbertino of Casale again (Eco 40).

This is the epigraph summary at the beginning of *The Name of the Rose* used to describe noon of the first day. It is also an amusing use of *meiosis*, to belittle often through a trope of one word (Lanham 98), by our secondary narrator, given that Adso's admiration of the door lasts for six pages and ends with, 'I knew we had made our way up there in order to witness a celestial massacre'.

The chapter in its entirety is nineteen pages long, and the description of the doorway is six pages. The comparative discourse time of the description and the story time would classify it as Genette's Proustian pause. It also qualifies for that category as it describes the state of mind of the narrator as much as it does the tympanum. This form of *enargia* is known as *topothesia*: the description of an imaginary place (Lanham 153).

However, given the similarities it shares with the larger story of *The Name of the Rose*, it may well be another example of *mise en abyme*.

In an example of Eco's creative work and semiotic style, the fictional description of the tympanum over the doorway depicts the apocalypse of the *Book of Revelation*. Why does the model author spend so much time on the tympanum? This scene happens near the beginning of the book, the third chapter. The narrative focalization has been set, we have met our protagonist and our narrator, the crime has been explained to us, and suddenly we have a six page description of a door. This is not just a description of architecture, but also a description of Adso. In his analysis of *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* Genette describes a Proustian pause as:

Less a description of the object contemplated it is in narrative and analysis of the perceptual activity of the character contemplating: of his impressions, progressive discoveries, shifts in distance and perspective, errors and corrections, enthusiasms or disappointments (*Narrative Discourse* 102).

We are viewing the scene as Adso sees and understands it. One critic, Mihai Gramatopol, wrote to Eco and asked whether Adso 'should not know that the fearful animals on the tympanum were the evangelists' emblematic animals and that the fourth animal was the angel?' (Gramatopol). In answer to this critic Eco replied, 'Adso has a shock, a vision and sees what he sees. Adso is rather dull. I and Gramatopol are clever (merçi) and know that the fourth *animal* is the angel. Gramatopol has to reproach Adso, not me with that' (Gramatopol).

The description of the tympanum is highly figurative, containing many examples of: metaphor 'but as my soul was carried away by that concert of terrestrial beauty'; simile 'majestic hair and beard flowed around the face and over the chest like the waters of a river'; *antithesis*: conjoining contrasting ideas (Lanham 16) and *antimetabole*: inverting the order of repeated words 'united in their variety and varied in their unity' (14). As

well as the figurative descriptions, it also contains meticulous descriptions of size and shape:

arranged according to the triangular frame of the tympanum, rising from a base of seven plus seven, then to three plus three and then to two plus two, at either side of the great throne, on twenty-four little thrones, there were twenty-four ancients, wearing white garments and crowned to gold (Eco, *Rose* 42).

The list of Satan's bestiary on the tympanum combines an exhaustive list of real and mythological animals such as, 'hairy serpents, salamanders, horned vipers, tortoises, snakes, two-headed creatures whose backs were armed with teeth, hyenas, otters, crows, hydrophora with saw-tooth horns, frogs, gryphons, monkeys, dog-heads, leucrota, manticores, vultures, paranders, weasels, dragons' (Eco 44). The rhetorical excess of these figures of metaphorical substitution and antithesis, the detailed fictional architectural description, the real and mythological beasts; it seems as if one of the purposes of this act of *enargia* is to link the supernatural and the real together in this discourse. Overcome by the scene depicted, Adso himself comments on this theme: 'It was at this point I realised the vision was speaking precisely of what was happening in the abbey' (45). The model author uses this moment in his narrative to have his protagonist actively admit to the model reader that this *enargia* is an example of *mise en abyme*.

To what purpose would our model author have in the description, by this character, at this point in the narrative, about, on the surface at least, of a series of ghastly murders in an abbey? Viewed from this perspective, this form of *enargia* is being used as, *praeparatio*: the narrator prepares his audience for the topic he wants to discuss. (Zimmerman 283). When in essay form, *praeparatio* would be part of the argument's introduction. In detective fiction this could be said to be an example of Sternberg's concept of curiosity (*Expositional Modes* 65).

Edgar Allan Poe uses one particular example of durative time in an intriguing way. As Zimmerman points out, ‘it was part of Poe’s authorial credo that style should vary according to subject – should be adapted to the subject’ (8). In “The Premature Burial” Poe’s narrator discusses, essay like, the horror of being buried alive. The narrator relates some purportedly true examples of this occurrence, as well as theorising on the general concept, before relating his own experience. Poe often attempted to make his tales as credible as possible, some of his tales first appeared as hoaxes (Zimmerman 232), specifically to trick his readership. In this story the essay-like tone is an attempt to create credibility. After describing some purported true examples he then discusses the concept as an abstract:

The unendurable oppression of the lungs — the stifling fumes from the damp earth — the clinging of the death garments — the rigid embrace of the narrow house — the blackness of the absolute Night — the silence like a sea that overwhelms — the unseen but palpable presence of the Conqueror Worm — these things, with thoughts of the air and grass above, with memory of dear friends who would fly to save us if but informed of our fate, and with consciousness that of this fate they can never be informed — that our hopeless portion is that of the really dead — these considerations, I say, carry into the heart, which still palpitates, a degree of appalling and intolerable horror from which the most daring imagination must recoil (Poe, *Collected Works. Vol. 3*, 961).

The story time of this meditation on horror is quite short, something approximate to: ‘considerations of the horror of being buried alive would make even the bravest imagination recoil’, and the discourse time here is not that long, only 123 words. However, the narrator wants us to imagine, if not feel, the sensation of being buried alive. This tale also uses a lot less figurative language than other examples from Poe. What it does do is describe eleven different consequents of premature burial in one sentence. Zimmerman notes that this type of structure is an example of the rhetorical figure *hypotaxis*, and like figurative language, it also ‘tends to slow the pace because of syntactic interruption (10). Lanham describes it as, ‘an



arrangement of clauses or phrases in a dependant or subordinate relationship (87). Zimmerman also notes:

Hypotactic sentences are sometimes left-branching, too [...], which adds to their difficulty. Called a “periodic” or “suspended” sentence by most English teachers and *hirmus* by rhetors, a left-branching sentence is one in which full grammatical completeness is left until the end. It begins with a phrase or at least one dependent rather than independent clause[...] Afraid that we would lose the sense of his meaning long before he concludes the sentence, Poe must employ not one but two summarising phrases (*epanalepsis*) to help carry the sentence along: “these things” and “these considerations” (10).

*Epanalepsis* is ‘repetition at the end of a clause or sentence of the word or phrase with which it began’ (Lanham 67). This sentence structure, while complex, shows a distinct design, a purpose built into the language. Zimmerman posits that this structure slows the pace of reading and ‘forces us to consider at tortuous length the horrors of being buried alive’ (243). In this example of *hypotaxis*, Poe’s intended effect is more than just slowing the reader’s passage through the text. As the narrator details the physical and mental torture of premature internment, a ‘lengthy left-branching sentence like this is the linguistic equivalent to the physical action of holding our breath — an “unendurable oppression of the lungs”’ (10-11). ‘Here, style advances theme’ (11). Another name for this effect is *iconicity* which, ‘imitates, in its signals or textual forms, the meanings that they represent (Ireland 61).

### *Inferential Lingering*

Lingering that happens in reader time is, as with all inferential effects, based on the successful strategy of the model author on the model reader. The reader slows to the author’s desired pace in the textual strategy of the text. But why do we linger in a text? As we have discussed previously, defamiliarization of the discourse will cause us to slow our reading. A model author may choose to make us linger over moments as a way to emphasise

their importance. As Genette has shown by the bifurcation of story and narrative discourse, we can examine the length of story time to narrative discourse time to see what elements a model author believes are worth extended reader time.

Eco points to another example: that of *delectatio morosa*, from the Latin meaning ‘dwelling on evil thoughts’ (50). This is surely an effect that writers of horror and thrillers rely on. Our fascination with the unpleasant, when not happening to us. In day to day life this would seem analogous to the traffic that slows at the scene of a motor vehicle accident. Perhaps it shares some common ground with the German definition of *Schadenfreude* ‘Malicious enjoyment of the misfortunes of others’ (“Schadenfreude, n.”). A model author will accommodate our perversity by an extended description to match the model reader’s needs. Poe uses this effect in his tale “Hop Frog”. The practical joke loving king and his seven councillors regularly humiliate and addle with wine the unfortunate crippled jester, however it is not until they dare to abuse his beautiful companion Trippetta that Hop Frog plans his revenge, tricking them into highly flammable orangutan costumes and culminating in a grisly mass murder:

“Ah, ha!” said at length the infuriated jester. “Ah, ha! I begin to see who these people are now!” Here, pretending to scrutinize the king more closely, he held the flambeau to the flaxen coat which enveloped him, and which instantly burst into a sheet of vivid flame. In less than half a minute the whole eight ourang-outangs were blazing fiercely, amid the shrieks of the multitude who gazed at them from below, horror-stricken, and without the power to render them the slightest assistance.

At length the flames, suddenly increasing in virulence, forced the jester to climb higher up the chain, to be out of their reach; and, as he made this movement, the crowd again sank, for a brief instant, into silence. The dwarf seized his opportunity, and once more spoke:

“I now see distinctly.” he said, “what manner of people these maskers are. They are a great king and his seven privy-councillors — a king who does not scruple to strike a defenceless girl and his seven councillors who

abet him in the outrage. As for myself, I am simply Hop-Frog, the jester — and this is my last jest” (Poe, *Collected Works*. Vol. 2, 1353-4).

There is another purpose for the slowing of narrative discourse time and reader time that is part of a narrative structure that we will explore more fully in the chapters *analepsis* and *prolepsis*. That is the effect of what Eco has called trepidation time and ties it closely to the effect of a cathartic narrative event. When a narrative gives us proleptic hints, or an enthymematic structure that has us casting forward to an imagined conclusion, then suddenly slows the narrative pace. To end this discussion with the same section used earlier in this chapter from the “The Tell-Tale Heart”: The model author sets the model reader’s expectation when the narrator uses an advance proleptic notice: ‘I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him.’ He then uses an iterative *analepsis* to create suspense by the expectation of the murder. Instead of simply describing the killer slowly looking into the chamber as his victim sleeps, he describes the event in detail, slowly as happening each night at midnight. The repetition of events is mirrored by repetition of words in the paragraph, allowing the reader to slow down before the climax of the events and forecast forwards.

### *Prescriptive Use*

As stated in chapter one, it is my intention that my theory of time effects in narrative discourse should be an analytical and prescriptive model. In the creation of my exegesis and my manuscript I have worked using a rhetorical structure, the first part of that being invention (Lanham 165-6). My resources, in this case my research into time effects, have been the same for my creative work as with the exegesis. Naturally some additional research has been needed for the creative component, but the core material remains the same for both. I will end the chapter by summarising the effects we have discussed above with examples from my manuscript.

My novel takes the form of a historical detective fiction set in the 1840s. Due to my research into enthymematic logic, and having read the works of Edgar Allan Poe and Charles Dickens, I became interested in the scientific background and aspirations of phrenology. Dickens and Poe have both written engaging examples of detective fiction and both also use phrenology in their creative work. An enthymeme is a persuasive device that occludes part of the syllogism. It creates its logical effect on the audience's ability to assume its persuasive missing preposition. Phrenology, despite its lack of scientific rigour, was used to successfully improve the lives of many people such as prisoners, asylum patients, as well as the deaf and blind. I became interested by the idea of a phrenological detective, who, in spite of phrenology not being accurate, managed to solve cases using it as his method of criminal investigation.

The first actantial form of lingering I discussed was metadiegetic discourse. Where the first narrative narrator relates a character giving a metadiegetic narration. Instead of the narrator summarising events, we are allowed a more personal and detailed description that presentifies the events. In explaining the injury that has so changed Dynant's wife, his friend John Butler reads a letter describing Cyril and Nina's voyage to the Americas. The letter is based on a similar letter written by Charles Dickens of his own passage to the States. Not quite a *Mise en Abyme* yet still a presentifying effect:

We were put aboard our packet on a small steam barge, some fourteen individuals, along with approximately double the amount of crew. As we went along side we could see the bearded figure of Neptune huge on the bow. The massive iron steam funnel a bright red in the middle of the ship, the grey iron steam furnace a technological marvel. Stewards took us and our luggage to our quarters. Ninette and I were travelling with some style, a private cabin that thrilled us immediately. It had been ingeniously built. A very small space, one little room for receiving guests and eating semi-public meals, and a main chamber, that with screw and joists,

would change from a comfortable cabin with space for lounging and eating meals, into a bedroom with two matching beds secured with iron bolts to the floor and walls (350).

I have also used actantial scene. A constant task in my creative component has been to impart a large amount of the details of phrenological manuals I have read into a narrative form that has an active effect on the story, while also staying as true as possible to the rich and detailed history of phrenology. I used the effect of scene along with enargiac descriptions of the heads being read to create this slowing down and freighting of information:

The guests stood and gathered around us. He spoke softly to those assembled as he worked:

‘To look for the common, the homely, or the sensational in what is the discovery of the ages...Instead of the guiding principles to understanding and improving the divine soul of man.

[...]

Dynant continued his examination, finding each structure, raised or lowered on my skull, not just rude lumps and depressions—galling enough indeed—but through his fingers I felt him finding patterns, two fingers touched the large vertebrae between my shoulders, then moved precisely up to where they intersected with the skull, then his fingers moved horizontally across and seemed stopped on what felt like two large protrusions (230).

In this scene I show Dynant reading the head of our protagonist Freya and discussing with his audience what he learns of her character. The intention here it to show Dynant’s craft to the reader, while also using an unusual form of enargia, *characterismus*, ‘description of the body or the mind’ (Lanham 33) to convey narrative information without too much telling.

*Discursive*

Zimmeman notes that Poe sometimes uses a formal, ‘high style’ for effect (11), I have attempted a variation of this style as well. While in no way biblical, I have copied the narrative style of the 1800s for another rhetorical effect, that of ethos. My intention is by lengthening the discourse time of my text using *polysyndeton* ‘use of a conjunctions between each clause’ (Lanham 117), that this formal style will help persuade my reader of the potential veracity of my para-text. One example of this appears at the beginning of the manuscript, and its style is borrowed from an actual 1840s pseudo-scientific publication called “The Zoist”:

**He approached the man from behind, hallooed him, and asked he hold up and give his name, to no effect. The constable attests that the morning light was weak in the alleyway and would not allow for much reading of the man’s features, particularly from behind. He drew his club, and laid a hand on the man’s shoulder (188).**

The effect of slow motion when discourse outpaces story is common to a modern audience and would probably be unusual to be missing in a story that hoped to create suspense. When my antagonist creeps quietly into the house of a victim, I have him describe his entry in a fashion that is a mixture of my admiration for Poe’s “The Tell-Tale Heart”, and the actual events of the famous murder in the 1840s of Boston Brahmin, George Parkman, who was killed by Professor John Webster, of Harvard Medical School. Webster dismembered Parkman’s body and disposed of it in his rooms at the school. In this example, and not unusually, the slowing here is intended as a device of suspense and as a discursive tool it is an example of stretch, while from reader time it also functions as an example of trepidation time:

Light played under the door and I was afraid I would find him here, ruminating on his evening. I lowered myself to the floor, and pressed my cheek to the beams, closing my topmost eye. I could see no feet on the floor. I took a scalpel and slid the blade under the door, turning it this

way and that, looking for his image in the blade. I saw a mound on the bed, mouth turned toward the ceiling, and drew back the scalpel. In my haste the door rasped. I peered inside. The thick breath of sleep was there, inside that shape (414).

In the same fashion as Poe in “The Tell-Tale Heart” and the descriptions from the Janitor Ephraim Littlefield who discovered Parkman’s body, in the above paragraph the events are quicker than my descriptions of them.

I have seen the slowing effect of *enargia* and its relation to *ecphrasis*, as well as Genette’s concept of the Proustian pause, exemplified in both Poe and Dickens. I have also attempted its use as a structural tool to create the model reader that is desirable. When Freya sneaks into Dynant’s front room and is confronted with the collection of famous skulls, I am attempting to describe both my central character, as well as a miniature of my larger themes and structure:

My hand raised to the glass. Here was a cast of the Napoleon Bonaparte. The card read:

Reproduction of the Baton Rouge mask,

with the kind permission of Francesco Antommarchi, 1835.

I knew a cast of Napoleon’s face had been taken from his deathbed. The pillow arching towards his defeated face, calm and still. I had heard of the original of this artefact, on display at the Calbildo in Louisiana. But here was a seemingly perfect reproduction of the original. It was darkly stained, but the delicacy of the facial features was undeniable. This face looked so old, so tired, so gentle. The features were fine, pulled back by gravity, the nose large, aquiline and slightly bent. The perfect nose of Grecian philosopher, the eyes closed, but the mouth just slightly parted, a final breath waiting behind the teeth. Where was the frightening power of this face? This man whose ability to make change, to push his vision onto the stuff of the world had terrified his enemies as well as his allies (238).

While it is certainly my desire to describe some of the famous death casts that were taken during the century, these descriptions are intended just as much to portray the thoughts of the central character Freya.

*Inferential*

It is with some embarrassment that I describe my attempts with the effect of *delectatio morosa*. As a reader I am susceptible as any to the enjoyment of dwelling on evil things and it is with the hope that my model reader will enjoy this distasteful figure, although its place can be justified by its larger structure, that I attempt it with some...relish. Here is a small example:

The boy smiled at me, urging me to keep watching. He bent forward and poked his spear into the distended stomach of the cow. I opened my mouth to speak as the cow exploded.

The boy fell backwards off his feet. There was an audible, base-level pop and putrefied gas and liquid flew. I felt the escaping air rush past like a malevolent thing. A spattering of something unspeakable landed by my feet and then, in my mouth. (285).

This collection of time effects, and the rhetorical strategies that comprise them, are all examples of the slowing of one or more time structure in narrative. While this is not intended to be an exhaustive list of the ways in which time can be slowed, or the narrative effects that can be produced, this work does give a model of the rhetorical figures that can be used to define these effects as well as a guide to recognise and use them. A larger categorisation is beyond the scope of this thesis, and as brevity is just as important as lingering, the next chapter will look at the rhetoric of quickness.



### Chapter 3: Quickness

*Lu cuntu nun metti tempu* – Time takes no time in a story.

(Italo Calvino 35).

*What is quickness?*

The word ‘quickness’ is one that I have borrowed from Italo Calvino’s *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*. While discussing the notion of fast tempo in narrative discourse using my tripartite division of time, ‘quickness’ has some useful homographic connotations. The most common modern usage of quick is in relation to the time it takes for something to happen, the secondary meaning of being quick as ‘living, endowed with life, animate’ (“quickness, n.”) still informs its usage.

As Ireland notes, ‘even within narrative studies, tempo has not been allotted a significant role, either in works of general theory or on specific authors’ (61). In relation to speed in narrative discourse, we add the complication of more than one kind of time structure being present. As discussed in chapter two, theorists such as Paul Ricoeur, Roland Barthes, and Mark Currie have examined the hermeneutic functions of narrative. It is possible to read a text quickly when the style of writing is concise and clear. Comprehension is also made easier when we have a clear understanding of the ‘intertextual frames’ (*Role* 21) that inform the text, and when there is not too much defamiliarization. Reader level impatience, both as a narrative strategy as well as an example of narrative discourse that does not achieve its intended effect, may cause us to read a text quickly. At a narrative discourse level, quickness is often caused by rhetorical strategies that involve summary or rhetorical figures that involve surprise. Actantial effects of quickness may create effective styles of characterisation.

In his discussion of open works, Eco argues that what the reader brings to the work influences the perceived meaning of the text (*Role* 47-51).

As a simple example of this relationship with the text object, Eco uses this example in *Six Walks*:

If you have ever happened to watch a comedy at a time of great sadness, you will know a funny movie is very difficult to enjoy at such a moment. That's not all: if you happen to see the same film again years later, you might still not be able to laugh, because every scene will remind you of the sadness you felt on the first occasion (Eco 8).

Eco notes that, 'any narrative fiction is necessarily and fatally swift because, in building a world that comprises myriad events and characters, it cannot say everything about this world. It hints at it and then asks the reader to fill in a whole series of gaps. Every text, after all [...], is a lazy machine asking the reader to do some of its work' (*Six Walks* 3). This process should be familiar to all readers. As an example, Eco references an experiment by Roger Shank, known for his work in artificial intelligence and cognitive science, who gave this simple text to a three-year-old child:

John loved Mary but she didn't want to marry him. One day, a dragon stole Mary from the castle. John got on top of his horse and killed the dragon. Mary agreed to marry him. They lived happily ever after (Schank 21).

He then asks a three year old child a series of questions that shows the additional narrative information the three year old brings to the short text:

P: Why did John kill the dragon?

C: 'Cause it was mean.

P: What was mean about it?

C: It was hurting him.

P: How did it hurt him?

C: It was probably throwing fire at him.

P: Why did Mary agree to marry John?

C: 'Cause she loved him very much and he wanted very much to marry her...

P: How come Mary decided to marry John when she wouldn't in the beginning?

C: That's a hard question.

P: Well, what do you think the answer is?

C: Because then she just didn't want to marry him and then he argued very much and talked to her a lot about marrying her and then she got interested in marrying her, I mean him (Schank, *Scripts* 235-6).

The three-year-old child brings to the text their understanding of narrative structure, both real and fictional. The model author will assume a mean level of knowledge from their reader that will interact with the designs of the text. While some elements of the reader's narrating experience will be outside of the model author's predictive ability, the author creates the model reader they intend for the narrative. Eco notes that '[a] story may be more or less quick—that is to say, more or less elliptic—but how elliptic it may be is determined by the sort of reader it is addressed to' (Six *Walks* 6):

A work of art, therefore, is a complete and *closed* form in its uniqueness as a balanced organic whole, while at the same time constituting an *open* product on account of its susceptibility to countless different interpretations which do not impinge on its unadulterable specificity. Hence every reception of a work of art is both an *interpretation* and a *performance* of it, because in every reception the work takes on a fresh perspective for itself (*The Role of the Reader* 49).

When we examine the invention of a narrative, we can consider the *kinoi topoi*, the commonplaces. In classical rhetoric, while this category is a vague one (Lanham 169) it represents the commonplace topics for rhetorical argument. In narrative fiction our *kinoi topoi* could be said to be our narrative traditions. This represents both the author's and audience's

narrative resource. As Eco shows, if we hear ‘once upon a time’, we make certain predicative reading choices (*Six Walks* 10), we establish series of propositions that we reasonably expect to see fulfilled or circumvented. In this way, even down to a sentence structure level, there are logical propositions being wagered and then fulfilled. In rhetoric this position is fulfilled by rhetoric’s overarching device, the enthymeme. ‘An inferential walk has much to do with a rhetorical enthymeme’ (*Role* 215):

As such, it starts from a probable premise picked up in the repertory of common opinions, or *endoxa*, as Aristotle said. The endoxa represent the store of intertextual information, and some of them are already mutually correlated in possible general schemas of enthymematic chains.

Aristotelian *topoi* are nothing but this: over-coded, ready-made paths for inferential walks (215).

In narrative structure we can consider our *topoi* as the encyclopaedic knowledge of the model reader. A syllogism is a new piece of truth created by combining two known truths to discover a third, unknown one. While this model of rhetoric may be now outdated, it is an excellent structure for narratological study.

### *Rhetorical Brevity*

Quickness, brevity, and simplicity in discourse are qualities rarely associated with rhetorical figures. Yet, for all the devices of rhetoric that rely on prolixity, there are an equal number whose efficacy relies on brevity. One of the most famous examples of *tricolon* is attributed to Julius Caesar: ‘vendi; vidi; vici’ or as it translates from the Latin: ‘I came; I saw; I conquered’. Instead, rhetoric is better known for its excessive and superfluous style. While the Renaissance may have given us the works of Shakespeare, it also marks one of rhetoric’s most enthusiastic English adoptions, with Renaissance rhetoricians specifying and describing over two hundred individual figures of rhetoric (*Shakespeare’s* 3). The ‘flowers of rhetoric’ (Enos 216) were on display in all forms of written communication,

and it is perhaps unsurprising that the overabundance of rhetorical enthusiasm led to a strong shift away from language adornment.

While narrative theory was not a recognised field of interest in the seventeenth century, the ‘arts of language’ certainly were (Patnoe and Phelan 454). The excesses of figurative rhetoric had begun a ‘lapse of respect for the ancient art’ (Nash 13). The lists of popular rhetorical figures of speech represented by manuals such as Puttenham’s *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589) and Peachham’s *The Garden of Eloquence* (1577) found a growing group of antagonists. At the same time, the Aristotelian sciences, still taught in the same fashion as the medieval *trivium*, came under attack by those dissatisfied with limitations imposed on the new knowledge (Purver 26-7). The fervour for rhetorical oratory was replaced by a desire for a ‘Systeme of Natural Philosophy’ as described by Francis Bacon (Purver 63), and a less ornate style of language. The desire for plainness of speech went some way to removing narrative itself from favour. By the middle of the seventeenth century the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge, began publishing *Philosophical Transactions*, the first pure science peer reviewed journal. Thomas Spratt, a member and chronicler wrote in his *The History of the Royal Society* (1667):

THERE is one thing more about which the Society has been most solicitous; and that is, the manner of their discourse: which unless they had been very watchful to keep in due temper, the whole spirit and vigour of their design had been soon eaten out by the luxury and redundance (sic) of speech (...) I can hardly forbear recanting what I said before, and concluding that eloquence ought to be banished out of all civil societies, as a thing fatal to peace and good manners (...)It will suffice my present purpose to point out what has been done by the Royal Society towards the correcting of its excesses in natural philosophy; to which it is, of all others, a most professed enemy. They have therefore been most rigorous in putting in execution the only remedy that can be found for this extravagance, and that has been, a constant resolution to reject all the amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style; to return back to

the primitive purity, and shortness, when men delivered so many things, almost in an equal number of words. They have exacted from all their members a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions; clear senses; a native easiness: bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can (Spratt 111-13).

The mathematical plainness that Spratt advocates here seems to indicate a belief by the society that rhetoric is only to be seen in ‘amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style’. The persuasiveness of the ‘plain style’ of rhetoric, and figures of omission, brevity, and substitution do not appear to be recognised as persuasive language. Even the call for mathematical plainness would seem to show a lack of awareness of the potential for deceit and persuasive purpose numbers are capable of. An ideal primer of this can be found in *How to Lie with Statistics* (Huff) that in over thirty reprints still shows some of the most popular methods of mathematical persuasiveness.

While the ancient Greeks saw how narrative could be of use to honest citizens in the pursuit of philosophy, Spratt and the Royal Society argued the language of science should be, ‘content with brevity, and almost compelled to it by the condition of things’ (Purver 54). This difficulty with appropriate use of narrative was as much about *what* is said as *how* it is said. The followers of Bacon’s *Novum Organum*, who craved ‘mathematical plainness’ (Purver 99), believed narrative should be as concise and clear as possible, yet in this style of language we find the alternative rhetorical techniques of brevity, subtraction and substitution.

In *Figures of Discourse*, Genette addresses the difficulty with the meaning of language by an examination of what rhetoric is, describing it as:

Between the letter and the meaning, between what the poet has written and what he has thought, there is a gap, a space, and like all space, it possesses a form. This form is called a figure [...] this space is

not empty: on each occasion it contains a particular mode of eloquence or poetry. The writer's art lies in the way in which he sets out the limits of this space, which is the visible body of literature' (*Figures* 47).

He argues that rhetorical persuasion is as capable of using a simple, sparse style as it is the ornate and figurative, and that this simple style, 'has its own special figures' (*Figures* 47). This argument is well supported by the Ciceronian classification of the three styles of rhetoric; grand, forceful, and elegant (Lanham 174-5) as well as the Renaissance figures of grammar, logic, and pathos that deal with omission and plain speaking (*Shakespeare's* 293-393). Rhetoric is always the use of persuasive language, and that persuasion can be performed by what is not said, as much as what is.

Before we further examine quickness, a word more on plainness. While, as I have argued already, there is no such thing as text that does not have a rhetorical goal on its reader, there is still a kind of quickness that needs demarking from the other kinds of quickness we will examine with more detail in this chapter. This kind of quickness is what is being addressed above as plainness. Just as there is a kind of zero level between narrative discourse and story duration that we call isotopy, I would argue that there is a theoretical 'simple' style of discourse that would be an unambiguous and easily read style of discourse that is framed in such a way as to make the reader easily contextualise the information. This style of quickness is perhaps most often attempted on instant meal packaging and build-it-yourself furniture, and has a kind of isotopy between the reading time and the discourse time. This style of quickness has the least purposeful rhetorical and narrative interest for this thesis. That is not to say it doesn't play a part in larger strategies, just not a particularly remarkable one.

As I touched on in chapter two, omission for the sake of speed and/or precision can happen at different levels of the discursive structure. We can tell what has been potentially omitted from the narrative voice by its structure, as when Caligula states, '[w]ould that the Roman people had but

a single neck' (Quinn and Rathburn 11). We can also, by reconstruction of the story time through the narrative time, approximate the gaps that have appeared in story time theoretically from minutes all the way to years. The narrative effect of these omissions we can see best from examples from successful usage.

While I have discussed the slowing of tempo in chapter two, and speeding of tempo in this chapter, it is important to note that the distinction between rhetorical effects that slow or quicken narrative discourse time is not always a simple one. Just as a figure may cause discourse time, the amount of words in the discourse, to become quicker, the same effect may in fact slow the time it takes for a reader to 'presentify' it (Currie 33). This effect is notable in the rhetorical trope of metaphor. Metaphor is often classified as a trope because it can work on a sentence level all the way up to the discursive strategy of the entire work (Lanham 100-1). Much work has been done on metaphors, and critical theory of metaphor is a large one and outside the scope of this thesis (Coe 438-443).

Instead, when we are examining how quickness in discourse can slow reader time, let us look at the rhetorical figure that at a structural level works by omission, *zeugma* (Lanham 159). *Zeugma* is a form of rhetorical *ellipsis* where, 'a word, usually a verb, governs several congruent words or clauses' (Lanham 199). The same effect is seen in *sylllepsis*, except in the case of *sylllepsis* there is a lack of verbal congruence (145). By eliding the use of two or more verbs *zeugma* shortens the discourse time. An example of this effect can be found in *The Pickwick Papers*: 'Miss Bolo rose from the table considerably agitated, and went straight home, in a flood of tears and a sedan-chair' (Dickens 553). The verb phrase 'went straight home' governs both clauses, making the discourse time quicker.

However, the effect itself, as Dickens uses it here is for comedic effect. Miss Bolo, a 'thorough-paced female card-player' is angered by Mr Pickwick's lack of ability at cards and leaves the party distressed. I would argue that Dickens specifically avoids using *auxesis*, 'words or clauses



placed in climactic order' (Lanham 183). Instead we have the rush of a 'flood of tears' followed by the sedately sedan-chair. The emotional impact of Miss Bolo's exit is made lightly comedic by this *zeugma*, and while it may be quick to read, the subtle comedy retards the effect of quick cognition to the model reader. Not all examples of *zeugma* will slow the model reader to the same extent however, here is a quick example from the detective of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", Dupin:

[I]f we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together (Poe, *Collected Works. Vol 2* 556).

Even apparently simple figures of rhetorical omission can have remarkable discursive effects. Omission can be achieved by choices of style, syntax, and subject; a short word over a longer one, a simple grammatical arrangement over a more complex one, or less story detail over minute particulars. Rhetorical figures such as *asyndeton* and *brachylogia* are the omission of conjunctions. *Ellipsis* and *anantapodoton* omit words from the structure of a sentence (Lanham 182). Discourse can be shortened by the omission of story information, an effect which we are familiar with in different forms of summary. Figures such as *epiphonema*, a striking epigram (Lanham 69); *tapinosis*, undignified language that debases a person or thing (149); *meiosis* to belittle often through a trope of one word (98); *litotes*, denial of the contrary (95), are all examples of rhetorical figures of summary.

While summary is a commonplace narrative strategy, its rhetorical capabilities can be just as interesting as the *zeugma*. A striking example of the potential of summary can be found in the writing of Douglas Adams, who once described the crucifixion of Christ and the events surrounding it as, 'nearly two thousand years after one man had been nailed to a tree for saying how great it would be to be nice to people for a change...' (Adams 6) This seemingly simple summary is an example of a number of rhetorical

strategies. As a whole it is an *epiphonema*: an epigrammatic summary which gathers into a pithy sentence what has preceded. A striking, summarizing reflection (Lanham 69). Both the description of Christ as ‘one man’ and the description of the cross are examples of *tapinosis*, ‘undignified language that debases a person or a thing’ (149), and ‘great it would be to be nice to people for a change’ is an example of *litotes* ‘denial of the contrary; understatement that intensifies’ (95). All of these rhetorical figures contribute to a particular example of rhetorical summary.

### *Quickness in Narrative Discourse*

Genette also describes the narratological effects that cause quickness. He defines those devices that speed a narrative as summary and, borrowing the term from rhetoric, ellipses. Genette defines a difference between definite and indefinite ellipsis. However, as Bal notes, true ellipses in narratives are notable not in any discourse reference, but in the entire lack of any discourse regarding the missing story time (Bal 103). Even this is not as clear cut as it may seem. Proust, in his praise of Flaubert’s use of time notes the use of an ‘enormous blank’ of space on the page between action, that denotes the passage of time (*Six Walks* 57). If we agree with Proust that this denotes the passage of time, then even the page with no words, letters or diacritical marks is still a kind of summary.

### *Actantial Quickness*

Actantial quickness is that which happens on the level of the characters who are not homodiegetic narrators. As with lingering, I am only defining those narrative acts that happen at no higher narrative level than the actantial level. The quickness is recognisable as changes in duration that are part of the speech-act of a non-narrating actant, or through a metadiegetic narrative from a non-first narrative narrator. Genette’s metadiegetic discourse can be used to create a character’s voice. An example of a character whose dialogue is created by quickness is Mister Jingle from

*Pickwick Papers*. After inveigling himself of the Pickwickians, Mister Jingle entertains his fellow passengers by anecdotes of the town as they pass:

Terrible place—  
 dangerous work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady,  
 eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children  
 look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no  
 mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking (Dickens 14).

This style is produced by an extreme use of rhetorical *ellipses* and *asyndeton*, ‘the omission of conjunctions’ (Lanham 25) to create summary. Jingle’s novel speech style is an imitation of an upper-class English voice. An example of the type of accent Jingle is trying to imitate can be found demonstrated by the omniscient co-narrator of *Bleak House* who reports the drawl like speech of one of the many cousins of Sir Leister Dedlock:

A languid cousin with a moustache, in a state of extreme debility, now observes from his couch, that man told him ya'as'dy that Tulkinghorn had gone down t' that iron place t' give legal 'pinion 'bout something; and that, contest being over t'day, 'twould be highly jawlly thing if Tulkinghorn should pear with news that Coodle man was floored (625).

It is worth noting that while the missing conjunctions speed up the delivery, the addition of sounds in words like ‘jawlly’, an example of *epenthesis* ‘addition of a letter or sound to the middle of a word’ (67), lightly slows the speech. Likewise, even speech that uses many words may be quick by nature of narrative design. However, as Dickens demonstrates in *Little Dorrit*, it can be useful to give the model reader some clues as to the intended tempo, and as cognitive research has revealed, ‘an explicit description of a character’s speaking rate can affect reading times on a direct quote from that character, as indicated by shorter go-past times and total reading times on quotes following a semantically “fast” adverb than following a semantically “slow” adverb’ (Stites, Luke, and Christianson 144). While Flora’s dialogue all through the novel contains the rhetorical use of

many parenthetical statements and a great deal of extraneous detail, the speed is first indicated by the simple syllabic construction as seen below. Dickens makes sure however that the quickness it picked up by the reader by having the narrator remark on it (the emphasis is mine):

‘you could never be so unkind as to think of going, Arthur—I mean Mr Arthur—or I suppose Mr Clennam would be far more proper—but I am sure I don’t know what I am saying—without a word about the dear old days gone for ever, when I come to think of it I dare say it would be much better not to speak of them and it’s highly probable that you have some much more agreeable engagement and pray let Me be the last person in the world to interfere with it though there *was* a time, but I am running into nonsense again.’

Was it possible that Flora could have been such a chatterer in the days she referred to? Could there have been anything like her present disjointed volubility in the fascinations that had captivated him?

‘Indeed I have little doubt,’ said Flora, *running on with astonishing speed, and pointing her conversation with nothing but commas, and very few of them*, ‘that you are married to some Chinese lady, being in China so long and being in business and naturally desirous to settle and extend your connection nothing was more likely than that you should propose to a Chinese lady and nothing was more natural I am sure than that the Chinese lady should accept you and think herself very well off too, I only hope she’s not a Pagodian dissenter’ (*Dorrit* 144).

While the tempo is, to some degree, inherent in the text, the narrative governing act that overtly informs the reader is happening at the discursive level. As the narrator here notes, this effect is created by a lack of punctuation and many conjunctions. There are also examples of quite a few rhetorical figures that Lanham has categorized as figures of amplification such as *parenthesis* ‘word or phrase as an aside’ (108); *peristasis*, ‘Describing attendant circumstances’ (114); *periergia*, ‘superfluous elaboration’ (111).

In his tales of ratiocination, Poe uses actantial brevity for different purposes. When our narrator reads in the paper the statements of the various witnesses, the model author has kept the metadiegetic narrative summaries concise for the purpose in aiding the reader in contrasting the accounts:

*Alberto Montani*, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia (Poe, *Collected Works*, vol. 2, 543).

Each witness summarises the time of the murder from their own perspective; each makes note of a gruff French voice, and another voice in a language they are not familiar with; each witness hears a different second language based on their own prejudices. We later find out the voice belongs to an orangutan. He also uses the other form of actantial quickness to show his detective revealing his own cleverness to his unwitting accused, even after the model reader has learnt the salient details of the crime, an effect that has become a staple of the genre:

“I shall be sorry to part with him,” said Dupin.

“I don’t mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir,” said the man. “Couldn’t expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal — that is to say, any thing in reason.”

“Well,” replied my friend, “that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think! — what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue.”

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked toward the door, locked it, and put the key in his

pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table (Poe, *Collected Works*, vol. 2, 563).

Here again we find *asyndeton* used to create quickness, as Dupin surprises his guest and shows the model reader the great quickness of his mind.

### *Discursive Quickness*

In the essay he wrote for the Norton Lecture, Italo Calvino praises the quality of narrative quickness. He details his fascination with the German folklore tale “Fastrada” that tells the story of Charlemagne and a magic ring that belonged to his wife, then his obsession with her corpse, and anyone who possessed the ring, and finally the lake into which it was tossed. Calvino notes that the very conciseness of the story is one of the things that makes it so compelling:

What we have is a series of totally abnormal events linked together: the love of an old man for a young girl, a necrophiliac obsession and a homosexual impulse, while in the end everything subsides into melancholy contemplation, with the old king staring in rapture at the lake (32).

Calvino notes that the themes of love and passion link the events together, while the plot of a magic ring creates a causal relationship between the events. Yet it is the very lack of explanation, and the speed of the delivery that makes the folk tale memorable:

Speed and conciseness of style please us because they present the mind with a rush of ideas that are simultaneous, or that follow each other so quickly they seem simultaneous, and set the mind afloat on such an abundance of thoughts or images or spiritual feelings that either it cannot embrace them all, each one fully, or it has no time to be idle and empty of feelings (42).

Calvino seems to suggest that speed as a narrative quality can change our relationship to the events. The nature of the events moving too fast for our own interference in the cognitive process. He notes that this effect is not only found in folk tales and that what, ‘interests us here is not physical speed, but the relationship between physical speed and speed of mind’ (41). Ireland notes that this also is an example of iconicity ‘where events are brought closer to each other giving them temporal, locational, or psychological relatedness’ (62).

However narrative still needs to capture our attention and it is possible for a narrative to be too fast or too brief. Edgar Allan Poe, whose admiration for singular narrative effect he wrote about in the 1846 essay, “The Philosophy of Composition”, notes ‘one must not be too brief, however, or one can become obscure’ (Zimmerman 158). As we know from his own critical writing, Poe was a believer in brevity in prose and is responsible for defining plot as that which ‘no part can be displaced without ruin to the whole’ (Poe, *Complete Poetical Works* 117).

### *Narrative Voice*

Eco makes note of the efficacy of the use of scene, the isochrony of story and narrative discourse, in the hard-boiled genre, noting that the effect translates well to film (*Six Walks* 55). The quickness of scene may indeed help enliven and create action, but it is not the limit of the effect. Discourse time can be far shorter than story time and, for different purposes, create a comparable discursive device that also encapsulates Calvino’s ‘rush of ideas’ (Calvino 42). In *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*, Augustus and his fellow crewmates are captured by the mutineers. In stark contrast to the over-elaborate style that Poe is known for, in Pym his description of the deaths of the crew by the mutineers is remarkably quick:

A scene of the most horrible butchery ensued. The bound seamen were dragged to the gangway. Here the cook stood with an axe, striking each victim on the head as he was forced over the side of the vessel by the

other mutineers. In this manner twenty-two perished, and Augustus had given himself up for lost, expecting every moment his own turn to come next. But it seemed that the villains were now either weary, or in some measure disgusted with their bloody labour; for the four remaining prisoners, together with my friend, who had been thrown on the deck with the rest, were respited while the mate sent below for rum, and the whole murderous party held a drunken carouse, which lasted until sunset (Poe, *Works of Edgar Allan Poe* 40).

Both the deaths of the majority of the crew, as well as their description, happen so quickly the model reader, like Augustus himself, barely has time to reconcile the carnage along with Augustus' last-minute reprieve. The discursive time here is far less than the story time, yet the presentifying of this summarised scene has a similar effect to the one Eco makes note of.

Another example of a discursive quickness can be seen in "The Tell-Tale Heart". Poe picks a focalization that at the outset limits that narrative information. Chatman describes it as: 'Point of view: the narrating half describes the situation of the other half self as character after the fact' (160). We are viewing the story information from the limit of a dramatic monologue, describing events from the perspective of the narrator's character self, and we understand events only from the claustrophobic perspective of the narrator's persuasive recounting of his own earlier experiences. The story begins with a first person deliberative exordium. A statement designed by the model author to catch the attention of the reader (Lanham 171):

TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? [...] Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story (Poe *Works of Edgar Allan Poe*. Vol 2, 792).



Ireland notes the typographical elements of the text can also act as indicators to the model reader regarding tempo and rhythm. Acting 'as a set of visual signals to the reader, a print format can exercise reactions before the level of content is broached' (62). In this case the dashes and exclamations indicate the frantic tempo. The discourse of "The Tell-Tale Heart" is only 2145 words, around four pages. Even if we consider only the eight days that comprise the majority of that narrative, this discourse is extremely short and in keeping with Poe's theory on the single prose effect: that a story should be able to be read in one sitting. It is necessary then that the events related contain nothing inessential to plot. As Poe states:

In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. [...] Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided (*Hawthorne Review* 216).

Poe creates his singular effect in this tale using levels of antithetical structure. His narrator argues not his innocence of murder but his sanity. Zimmerman shows how the narrator's argument is organised as a rhetorical oratory. The argument itself is clearly designed by the model author to be unsuccessful, as well as persuasive. The narrator argues his calmness and sagacity, his argument is full of rhythm and repetition, yet the text is full of exclamation and races towards its end.

As mentioned earlier, an inferential walk is closely related to the rhetoric enthymeme. When we begin a story with 'Once upon a time' we create a structure, a series of coded messages that prepare the reader for common topics, or rhetorical *kinoi topoi* (Lanham 169), we may alter or subvert them, but even those subversions will be understood as deviation within a larger categorical whole. Poe's narrator informs his audience of his own unreliability by his strident self-defence using an illogical argument.

Just as left-branching sentences can create a suspended structure in a narrative, right-branching sentences create their own narrative time effects:

Right-Branching Sentence: a sentence that begins with a main (independent) clause followed by at least one dependant clause. The R-B sentence is also called a “loose” or “unsuspended” sentence and is complete grammatically well before the end; the material that follows in the dependent clause(s) seems incidental (Zimmerman 296).

An example of this in "The Tell-Tale Heart" is, 'I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart'. It is worth noting that in this example Poe again uses an antithesis in the form of the figure *synchrisis*, 'comparison in parallel clauses' (Lanham 147), the narrator pities the old man yet laughs. These clauses could easily have been separated into individual sentences, increasing the word count as well as distancing the antithetical statements. While this effect doesn't slow the reader in the same way a metaphorical figure may, Poe uses antithesis here in a novel fashion, not to strengthen an idea, but to support his characterisation of mental unbalance. This narrative technique is known in classical rhetoric as parataxis:

A scheme involving phrases or independent clauses set one after the other without subordination and often without coordinating conjunctions (such as and, but, or) – the opposite of hypotaxis and similar to asyndeton' (Zimmerman 270).

Another figure working against the narrators desire to appear calm, yet speeding the text even more is *Epitrochamus*, 'a swift movement from one statement to the next; rapidly touching on many different points' (Lanham 70).

Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man.  
He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold  
I had no desire. I think it was his eye! (792).

This example also includes the rhetorical figure *Hyperbaton* which Zimmerman defines as ‘a rearrangement or inversion of normal word order’ and notes its use as a figure of vehemence (230). I would add that in this example it also creates rhythm, the contrast between the narrator’s anxiety, and his desire to seem calm is shown here to great effect. Narrative structures such as this are often seen in a wide range of narratives, as Italo Calvino notes ‘The technique of oral narration in the popular tradition follows functional criteria. It leaves out unnecessary details but stresses repetition’ (35). *Asyndeton*, ‘omission of conjunctions between word, phrases, or clauses’ (Lanham 25) is also used often in "The Tell-Tale Heart". In this example it also provides a ‘hurried rhythm in the sentence’ (Zimmerman 9).

There is also a larger rhetorical structure at work in Poe’s fast-moving story. As noted above, the discourse time at work here is very short, just over two thousand words. Even using Poe’s singular effect, undue brevity is still exceptionable. So how to tell enough story inside such a small discourse? By effective use of Eco’s theory of the lazy machine, each text ‘asking the reader to do some of its work’ (*Six Walks* 3). Just as ‘once upon a time’ conditions the reader for the type of discourse they are about to read, so does Poe’s narrative. The essay structures that are taught in universities are based upon the logical, rhetorical divisions from ancient Greece. In *Rhetoric: The Wit of Persuasion*, Walter Nash shows how pervasive these structures are around us in modern culture, from the bible to car commercials we are familiar with an argument narrative that has designs on us (1-28). Poe’s ‘paranoid schizophrenic’ employs a classical argument structure: exordium, narratio, confirmatio, and peroration (Zimmerman 35). ‘As a specimen of courtroom oratory, “The Tell-Tale Heart” displays several parts of the classical speech: it begins, as it should, with an exordium’ (35). When the model author sets his exordium with the figure of *concessio*, we understand he had an argument, a plea of innocence to make, and we prepare to evaluate the story based on this courtroom oratory structure. Just as quickly as he defines his argument, he destabilises it: ‘I

heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad?' (Poe, *Collected Works*, vol. 3, 792). Recognisable narrative structures allow for the model reader to swiftly move through the text.

In *The Trivium*, Joseph defines an enthymeme as 'a syllogism, logically abridged by the omission of one proposition, either the major premise, the minor premise, or the conclusion. It contains three terms that can be expanded into a full syllogism' (138). It is worth noting that this structure allows for the truncated term to be the major premise, the minor premise, or even the conclusion. In Poe's short story the narrator argues that they are not mad, an argument the model author has structured to fail. However, the fault may not be that they are arguing the wrong case, insanity instead of murder, but rather that because of their guilty conscience, they are arguing a case where the missing syllogistic premise is not immediately apparent. At the end of the tale their panic causes them to pull up the floorboards and admit their crime. I would argue that the narrator's enthymematic logic sequence is in fact a heaped up *sorites*, 'a chain of categorical syllogisms abbreviated into an enthymeme' (Lanham 143) that runs something like this:

Conclusion: I am not a madman  
 Premise: I killed the old man  
 Premise: I killed for a reason  
 Premise: Madmen don't kill for a reason  
 Premise: Madmen are incapable of reason  
 Premise: I am capable of reason  
 Conclusion: I am not a Madman.

Poe's structure not only creates a disturbing psychological characterisation, but the enthymeme in "The Tell-Tale Heart" acts as suspenseful foreshadowing. This use of a rhetorical logic structure creates a

condensed, fast moving, narrative that conveys a complex tale in a remarkably short reading time.

### *Discursive Summary*

Quickness as a discursive strategy is an essential in narrative. It is by omission of detail that what is relevant becomes knowable, and in this way plot is created. Fludernick notes the most common use of summary as when, ‘discourse time, as opposed to story time, is speeded up. For example, at the beginning and end of novels the protagonist’s early years of her/his life after the denouement [...] are often summarized in single chapters’ (32). Genette gives summary a limited importance in narrative because, ‘the simple reason that the very brevity of summary gives it almost everywhere an obvious quantitative inferiority to descriptive and dramatic chapters, and that therefore summary probably occupies a limited place in the whole corpus (*Narrative Discourse* 96). However, as I have mentioned earlier, he has drawn a distinction between ellipses and summary that, while useful for the specification of narrative strategies, suffers from the same problem that Booth points out between scene and summary in that it, ‘pays for broad coverage with gross imprecision’ (154). That is not to say that the definition is not useful, only that in terms of durative effects it polarises what is in fact a gradation of options

The form of quickness that has become known as ‘summary’ is commonly found at different positions in a narrative discourse for different functional reasons. At the beginning of a narrative it can contextualise what will follow. This type of quickness is also often used to give a proleptic hint, which I discuss in the next chapter, a narrative strategy that can create the effects of curiosity and suspense. An example of the kind of summary that is commonly used in the novel and the short story can be found in Poe’s story, “The System of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether”

DURING the autumn of 18 — while on a tour through the extreme southern provinces of France, my route led me within a few miles of a certain Maison de Sante or private mad-house, about which I had heard much in Paris from my medical friends. As I had never visited a place of the kind, I thought the opportunity too good to be lost; and so proposed to my travelling companion (a gentleman with whom I had made casual acquaintance a few days before) that we should turn aside, for an hour or so, and look through the establishment (Poe, *Collected Works*, vol. 3, 1002).

Genette points out that, ‘summary remained, up to the end of the nineteenth century, the most usual transition between two scenes, the "background" against which scenes stand out, and thus the connective tissue par excellence of novelistic narrative’ (*Narrative Discourse* 97). Chatman reflects that summary is often a sign that the narrator finds a need for transition between two scenes and feels ‘a desire to account for time-passage, to satisfy questions in a narratee's mind about what has happened in the interval’ (*Story and Discourse* 223). Poe uses summary in his novel, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*. As Pym remains hidden aboard the whaler, waiting for the boat to get far enough away from shore before he reveals himself as a stowaway:

I remained three days and nights (as nearly as I could guess) in my hiding-place without getting out of it at all, except twice for the purpose of stretching my limbs by standing erect between two crates just opposite the opening. During the whole period I saw nothing of Augustus; but this occasioned me little uneasiness, as I knew the brig was expected to put to sea every hour, and in the bustle he would not easily find opportunities of coming down to me (Poe, *Poetry and Tales* 1023).

While summary may be a common narrative device, it does not necessarily follow that all summary is used for the same purpose. As Booth notes in his discussion of summary, ‘[t]o treat it as a single device is to ignore important differences between commentary that is merely

ornamental, commentary that serves a rhetorical purpose but is not part of the dramatic structure, and commentary that is integral to the dramatic structure' (*Rhetoric of Fiction* 155).

He also notes the potential loss of narrative tools a writer gives up when they do not use narrative summary: 'he (sic) is in danger of surrendering precisely that liberty of transcending the limits of the immediate scene' (Booth 174). Booth goes on to note that summary from actantial levels also relies on the credibility of the character level (175).

### *Anachronic Summary*

Summary is used as part of other narrative time structures. A proleptic mention may take an iterative form: that is, it refers to multiple future events and therefore is a form of summary. I used an example of this at the beginning of the previous chapter from the beginning of "The Tell-Tale Heart". Another example of this can be found in Dickens's *Bleak House*:

Every day before dinner, my Lady looks for him in the dusk of the library, but he is not there. Every day at dinner, my Lady glances down the table for the vacant place, that would be waiting to receive him if he had just arrived; but there is no vacant place (213).

Summary can also be part of analeptic effects. One common use for this figure is for descriptions on newly introduced characters. They can be iterative or singular in their introduction of character antecedents. This is a common use of what Genette calls heterodiegetic *analepsis*, in the case of the example below it is also a form of summary:

Dirk Peters. This man was the son of an Indian squaw (sic) of the tribe of Upsarokas, who live among the fastnesses of the Black Hills, near the source of the Missouri. His father was a fur-trader, I believe, or at least connected in some manner with the Indian trading-posts on Lewis river (Poe, *Poetry and Tales* 1043).

While summary is a commonplace narrative effect, its position in the text, the diegetic level, and any larger rhetorical strategy that it is a part of, can produce a different effect on the model reader. Some forms of summary may assist the reader in navigating a text, others may slow the process. The importance of summary is dependent on the function it produces in the model reader.

### *Inferential Quickness*

What makes the model reader navigate a text at a quicker than usual pace? How may a model narrator influence the pace at which a text may be read? The process whereby the 'familiar is made strange, by impeding automatic, habitual ways of perceiving' (Prince 18) is what the Russian formalists called defamiliarization. Eco notes that the process of defamiliarization can be seen in the narrative discourse as Chatman's definition of stretch (Eco *Six Walks* 56). Defamiliarization, however, is not just a successful literary effect. It is also what happens when we come across writing that is difficult due to poor technique. If the grammar, lexis, logic, or frame of reference of a discourse is impeded because of poor use, we have difficulty reading. In the same way quickness can be a process that is intended by an author on a model reader, but there is also the possibility of a reader 'skimming' over a text due to an unsuccessful rhetorical strategy.

Sternberg defines the process of creating narrative effects of curiosity and suspense as logical narrative effects. Whereby the reading of narrative discourse is a process of logical construction and deductive, inductive, and abductive logic:

[L]iterary text may be conceived as a dynamic system of gaps. A reader who wishes to actualize the field of reality that is represented in a work, to construct (or rather reconstruct) the fictive world and action its projects, is necessarily compelled to pose and answer, throughout the reading-process, such questions as what is happening or has happened, and why? What is the connection between this event and the previous ones? (*Expositional Modes* 50).



In fact, every literary work opens a number of gaps that have to be filled in by the reader through the construction of hypothesis. The technique of *ellipsis* makes the reader level process of reconstructing narrative into a logical pattern. However, there are also different kinds of narrative gaps. Sternberg differentiates between temporary and permanent gaps in narrative. Permanent gaps in the *fabula* are choices of narrative material that are essential to plot, and temporary gaps are artificial and part of the *syuzhet*, the gaps that exist for the purpose of being filled later in the narrative (51-2). These artificial gaps are kept open only temporarily and are filled later when the narrative chooses to do so. Both are the result of narrative choice and both are capable of rhetorical intent. As we have discussed, the speed of narrative material can inform the presentifying of the discourse in the model reader. *Ellipses* as a rhetorical technique engages the reader in an enthymematic discursive process that relies on the model reader to participate in the process of sense making in the narrative, yet different elliptical strategies can have different effects:

[B]oth suspense and curiosity are emotions or states of mind characterized by expectant restlessness and tentative hypothesis that derive from a lack of information [...] they differ, however, in that suspense derives from a lack of desired information concerning the outcome of a conflict that is to take place in the narrative future, a lack that involves a clash of hope and fear; whereas curiosity is produced by a lack of information that relates to a narrative past (Sternberg, *Expositional Modes* 65).

The narrative process that activates suspense in the reader is also capable of creating narrative failures. Dickens makes note of the theatrical strategy that delays the completion of narrative structures. Noting practice and purpose of the change in focalised moments of narrative suspense:

It is the custom on the stage: in all good, murderous melodramas: to present the tragic and the comic scenes, in as regular alternation, as the

layers of red and white in a side of streaky, well-cured bacon.[...] We behold, with throbbing bosoms, the heroine in the grasp of a proud and ruthless baron: her virtue and her life alike in danger; drawing forth a dagger to preserve the one at the cost of the other; and, just as our expectations are wrought up to the highest pitch, a whistle is heard: and we are straightway transported to the great hall of the castle: where a grey-headed seneschal sings a funny chorus with a funnier body of vassals, who are free of all sorts of places from church vaults to palaces, and roam about in company, carolling perpetually (Dickens, *Oliver Twist* 105-6).

Yet the tension created by this effect can become a narrative fallacy when unsuccessful. Sternberg notes that when the effect of suspense for the future is not properly balanced with curiosity for the present it can result in the reader skimming the narrative with impatience, '[i]n this case, when suspense so evidently has the upper hand, the reader can hardly be blamed for impatiently skipping the retardation and dashing forward' (*Expositional Modes* 65). Dashing forward in this scenario can mean reading quickly through the discourse without proper attention, or in the more extreme case actually making proleptic jumps in the textual document itself. While suspense is commonly an important part of narrative discourse that can lead to the model reader moving quickly through the text, it should not induce a reader to skip, or rush over, the details of the text and therefore quick pace in inferential time is most suited to quick time in narrative discourse.

Poe's interest in time in his narratives is well recorded (Zimmerman 51). In "The Masque of the Red Death", which some critics see as an horological allegory of time (Zimmerman 51-3), Poe builds the suspense of the piece right from the title: "The Masque of the Red Death" is both a *paronomasia* on the masked figure who enters Prospero's abbey, and a 'masque' as a form of entertainment. Poe's theory of the single effect is clear in this short tale, along with being an excellent example of Calvino's effect of joining seemingly disparate things quickly together. The first paragraph of

the story sets the scene succinctly: ‘The “Red Death” had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous’ (670). The rest of the paragraph is a description of the physical symptoms and the half hour it takes to die of the red death. With almost no transition Poe changes tone in the next paragraph:

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys (*Collected Works, vol. 2, 670*).

In two paragraphs Poe has set his two syllogistic plot elements in position to be presentified by the reader. The red death is ravaging the land, and sagacious prince Prospero and his guests shut themselves away from the disease, and everyone else. In the first one hundred and forty seven words of his 2414 word tale Poe has set in motion a premise of the most likely outcome of his story. This fulfils the requirements of enthymematic rhetorical structure as well as creating a ‘lack of desired information concerning the outcome of a conflict’ (Sternberg, *Expositional Modes* 65). The battle between the prince and the red death has been set in place. While the duration of the story is already short, Poe then lingers over the details of the castle and the prince’s decadent masque. The next 1279 words describe in rich detail the ornamentation and layout of the abbey, the food, wine, and guests, with a few passing short references to the disease raging outside. Indeed, the majority of the story is a slow deliberate description, like a set piece, of the prince’s lavish lifestyle. Then the red death appears manifest as an unwanted guest, described in 409 words.

The red death is then chased by an enraged—and red in the face—prince who on catching him dies, along with his guests. This all happens in only 579 words. When we look at the overall structure of the tale, the initial premises are set up in 147 words. Thematic and descriptive grounding then takes the next 988 words of the story. The final battle and denouement

talking only 409 words. Zimmerman has posited that the abbey itself, with the clock in the last room, is in fact a ‘half circle, one half of a clock face’ (53) and, as Poe tells us at the beginning of the story the passage of the disease until death is half an hour. While the regular passage of the embodiment of death makes a ‘slow and solemn movement’ throughout the rooms (55), after the initial premise the reader’s navigational time of the action of the story is far quicker, due to both the length taken by the discourse, and the inferential logic of the narrative.

### *Prescriptive Use*

The quality of quickness is highly praised in fictional discourse. On an actantial level it is not difficult to see why quickness can be such an effective quality. We can see how omission plays an essential role in the creation of classic rhetoric figures such as *zeugma*, *tapinosis*, and *litotes*. Figures of simple brevity such as *asyndeton*, *brachylogia* and *ellipsis* can be used to create striking speech qualities for colloquial character dialogue.

I have attempted to use *asyndeton* for the voice of one particular character in my own work, the Janitor Ephraim Littlefield. The historical character is quite a famous one for the role he played in the Harvard medical school Parkman-Webster murder case of 1849. I had read about Ephraim, who was also most likely a supplier of corpses for the medical school, and who had peeked under the door to Doctor Webster’s laboratory when he found him at work at unusual hours after Parkman’s disappearance. He then decided to dig a hole through the wall of the privy vault under the lavatory, where with a lantern he pushed in his head and found the remains. I was also able to find a letter Ephraim wrote to the Dean requesting a pay rise as an example of his writing style. I created a transcript, again based on documents I found around the correct time period and kept his recorded speech style as simple as possible. The terseness of legal transcription is designed to allow the reader to fill in the details more convincingly. I also allowed myself a *zeugma* on the part of Ephraim who is ordered to, ‘pick up a body and an omnibus’:

D i r e c t e x a m i n a t i o n .

BY MR WEEKS:

Q: You are a Janitor at a medical college?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: What medical college?

A: The medical school sir, Harvard.

Q: On the 15<sup>th</sup> of March were you present at the examination of

Charles Cavell?            A: Yes, sir.

Q: What can you recall of that morning? Describe it to the jury, please.

A: I remember there was a loud knocking at my door afore I was out of my quarters. I woke and found Dean Channing banging on. He told me I needed to get a coach to 16 Pinckney Street, to pick up a body and an omnibus for some gentlemen.

(250).

I also used metadiegetic summary at the beginning of the MS with my phrenological report in *The Zoist* of a dead body. The simple style of the report, as well as the content is an imitation of an actual report from that publication in the 1800s that did indeed publish articles from Boston Phrenologists.

At the discursive level I have shown how it is by the omission of information that we give narrative importance to what is shown in the text. That the words and typographical marks can create the effect iconicity, where their function and form are a related effect. Including effects such as *parataxis*, the right branching sentence structure that can aid quickness in discourse.

The functions of summary are equally important in discourse as it is often by summary that we begin our logical narrative structures. The creation of curiosity when the model reader has no clear idea of what to expect from a narrative but is made curious by the opening discursive proposition is one I find of great interest. It is the opening of possibilities rather than the closing down of potential stories. On page ten of my manuscript I make an overt attempt to link iconistic images without explanation by the use of a large *analepsis* and *ellipsis*. The reader having only recently met Freya, she leaves her home in the middle of the night and walks over to Dynant's house. Arriving there, she finds it bathed in light and empty. Peering in the front door she sees a room full of skulls. At this point I change narrative focalizer and the model reader is given a diary entry from the same Doctor Dynant describing an earlier meeting with Freya's father. As I try to build narrative interest in the danger Freya is in, I also hope to link, without overtly stating it, the mysterious room of skulls with the peculiar character of Dynant. As Ireland has stated, the need to join scenes that in story time would be separated by chronology and/or focalizer is a narrative choice whereby the narrator sees a hole in the text that needs some explanation. I use this effect when I change narration from Freya to Dynant:

The constable, Hanlon, carried the girl away as the captain of the watch instructed him on his duty. I could hear their voices over Doctor George Parkman who was standing a respectful distance behind me. A tall and melancholic man whose face was now lit with unusual excitement. As I continued my examination Parkman was watching me avidly and mumbling along with his own conclusions and condolences (245).

Summary also plays a part in other time effects such as *analepsis* and *prolepsis*. I use small examples of *analeptic* summary in descriptions by Freya such as, 'He pulls at his ear as he sometimes does, and plots and

frets.' As well as *analeptic* visions like, 'Then another Papa, more recently, standing in my doorway a feeble candle creating hollows on his face, [...] He had said nothing of any importance, just stood in the door and spoke to me of the night. When the words ran out, he just stood there. I looked for permission in his face to speak to him, and saw none' (194).

I have also used *proleptic* summaries in the traditional fashion, future description (that will be described later) with *proleptic* mentions like, 'That was before the appearance of Mister Cyril Dynant.' and another: 'It was Dynant's appearance at my party that so clearly separates my two lives. The later one began with the worst night of my life, the first was the last day of my adolescence and ended with an unexpected enchantment' (218).

At the inferential level I have discussed how reader quickness is commonly combined with the effect of discursive swiftness, or can be a sign of an ineffectually managed plot contrivance. With the thought of the isochronic relation of story, discourse, and reader I have attempted to be sparse with discourse that is told in the manner of 'scene':

I could hear no more of this. I grabbed the nearest thing, a book, and flung it at him, it did not even disturb his weakened frame, but he looked upset to find an unmannered child. This was all the further goading my rage needed. Another book, heavier than the last, found my hand and launched, another and another. Books hit the man and eventually tore him down. I screamed with each throw. I screamed as I picked up each book. I screamed at every scream and I was a harpy. I straddled him and smashed the book into his face as much and as hard as I could until they took me off him (418).

All of these effects of quickness however, only work in contrast to the pacing of the narrative around them, and more often than not the purpose of quickness and lingering is not only for the efficacy of the devices themselves, but in their co-relation to other narrative structures. In the next chapter we will discuss the one that deals with events that we have not yet realised: *prolepsis*.

## Chapter 4: Prolepsis

*Do you ever have presentiments, Mr Flintwinch?*

*'I am not sure that I know what you mean by the term, sir,' replied that gentleman.*

*'Say, in this case, Mr Flintwinch, undefined anticipations of pleasure to come.'*

*'I can't say I'm sensible of such a sensation at present,' returned Mr Flintwinch with the utmost gravity. 'If I should find it coming on, I'll mention it.'*

—*Little Dorrit 354-5*

In this chapter, and in chapter five, I will look at a time effect which in its broadest definition is as recognisable and common as changes in location or focalisation: that of temporal ordering. Genette refers to changes in temporal ordering as 'anachronies', and to study them is to, 'compare the order in which events or temporal sections are arranged in the narrative discourse with the order of succession these same events or temporal segments have in the story' (*Discourse* 35). In his application of Levi-Strauss's concept of bricolage (*Figures* 3), Genette uses the rhetorical terms *analepsis* for anachronies that move from their current position into the past, and *prolepsis* for ones that move forward and then back again. This chapter will examine forms of *prolepsis*, and chapter five will analyse *analepsis*.

The figure of *prolepsis* is a rhetorical one that predates literary criticism (*prolepsis*, n). To examine the analytical and prescriptive use of *prolepsis* as it may be applied to story and narrative discourse, it will be necessary to define not only the rhetorical origins of *prolepsis*, but also to orientate rhetoric with an appropriate critical method. The purpose of this thesis is to analyse possible narrative functions of a selection of time effects identified in selected texts, and how they may be deployed creatively. To that end I will need to discuss potential receptivity or efficacy of rhetorical



narratological persuasion. While an understanding of some concept of the 'reader' is necessary for this purpose, the focus of this thesis will remain primarily with the text.

A rhetorical examination of structural effects in narrative inhabits a difficult critical position. The inclusion of potential intent in narrative, as well as its construction, shares ground with varied disciplines and critical schools such as philosophy, and semiotics, as well as the varied forms of reader response theories, cognitive linguistics, and the new rhetoric. While an understanding of some common ground, or different stances, between these other theories are essential to the placement of this work, it is difficult not to become lost down the rabbit hole of sign, symbols and meaning.

It is not my intention to carve new critical ground between these fields, as much as attempt a safe demarcation around some previous, if somewhat underutilised, critical ground. I do not believe that it is necessary to rediscover the field of rhetoric. One of the common traits of each generation's discovery of rhetoric has been, after gaining an understanding of the field, the urge to create a new, better, model of classification, to demystify, to make clear, to appropriate. Like Renaissance rhetoricians, this commonly this involves drawing distinction between the roles of the trivium: logic, grammar and rhetoric. Some wish to treat only with the figures, others wish to group all figures under one or more master tropes (Lanham 168). The clearest and most inclusive model I have found has been the, admittedly extensive, model from the Renaissance as shown by Miriam Joseph, Lee Sonnino, and Richard Lanham.

While I do not intend to add another attempt to redraw the boundaries of rhetoric, my own usage will be a partial one and informed by my limited purpose: possible time effects in story and discourse. That is not to say that rhetoric cannot serve a fuller purpose as a creative and analytical tool, far from it, but to explore its usefulness in narrative time is the purpose of this thesis. One of the strengths of the classic rhetorical method has been its ability to be applied to new material: political oratory, poetry, drama, prose.

As I use rhetoric to examine time effects in story and narrative discourse, some figures will have more importance than others, while many will be irrelevant for the purpose of this thesis. This, however, is specific to this particular rhetorical usage, it should not be seen as an attempt to modify the general role of the figures, or extend their use except in this specific usage. The critical reading of literature has always been a rhetorical reading, unsurprisingly, as it is the unenviable task of using the tools and strategies inherent in one narrative act to explain the tools and strategies of, usually, a far better one.

One of the first necessary acts that theorists make to examine narratives is ‘narrative constitution’ (Scheffel) the division of the narrative text into meaningful parts, and a bifurcation of the text’s temporal structure has provided a foundation for many forms of criticism.

### *Rhetorical Prolepsis*

A rhetorical *prolepsis* takes place in the time locus of the narrator and the time locus of the reader, and transcends the textual level (Scheffel).

Rhetoric is ‘the oldest form of literary criticism in the world’ (D’Angelo 606). Aristotle’s is the most common and complete treatment of rhetoric from ancient Greece, from ancient Rome we have a larger amount of extant work, that also modified and expanded the method. The Renaissance left a lasting influence on rhetoric, with a new zeal for, among other things, the figures of rhetoric (Joseph, *Shakespeare* 3-40). The history of rhetoric is long and complex and cannot be extensively discussed here, however, the purposes and languages to which rhetoric has been applied has meant that, as a persuasive art it has become increasingly complicated, sometimes to its benefit, and at others to its detriment.

Even the figure *prolepsis* has a complicated history. Unlike many of the figures of rhetoric identified by Renaissance rhetoricians and taught in grammar schools, thanks to narrative theory *prolepsis* has managed to survive into the modern age without its only entry in the *Oxford English*

*Dictionary* attracting the dreaded abbreviation ‘Obs’. The rhetorical meaning of *prolepsis* is a somewhat contested one; it is the name given to a few different rhetorical figures. Lanham lists the two most common definitions of *prolepsis* as well as giving alternate names for them: The first form of *prolepsis* means, ‘foreseeing and forestalling objections in various ways’. Alternate names for this figure are: *Ante occupation*, *Anticipatio*, *Praeceptio*, *Praeoccupatio*, *Praesumptio*, *Procatalepsis* (Lanham 120). An example of this kind of *prolepsis* can be found in Poe’s letters to his step father, John Allan. Poe. Much like many well educated young men in the United States of his time, Poe had sufficient training in the art of oratory to make him familiar with the use of devices such as these. Here is an example:

Under such circumstances, can it be said that I have no right to expect anything at your hands? You may probably urge that you have given me a liberal education. I will leave the decision of that question to those who know how far liberal educations can be obtained in 8 months at the University of Va. Here you will say that it was my own fault that I did not return – You would not let me return (Zimmerman 286).

This is an example of classic rhetorical *prolepsis*, where first an opponent’s argument is given before they have the opportunity to use it themselves, and then rebutted directly afterwards (Lanham 121). The roman rhetorician Quintilian lists this figure as *prolepsis*, from the Greek, and praises its wonderful effect. He identifies several species of *prolepsis*, by the usage that may be made of them, for the purpose of prefatory statements, as a confessional comment, a precaution, and a self-correction (Kneale 182). Lanham notes that its synonyms are sometimes categorized as a figure of words or as figure of thought, as with other figures, the difference is between its usage as a figure or as a larger trope.

*Prolepsis in narrative discourse*

As a part of his seminal, taxonomic study of the structure of literature (Waugh 275), Genette re-purposed rhetoric terminology, including the rhetorical terms *prolepsis* and *analepsis*, in an effort to avoid the “psychological connotations” of terms such as anticipation and retrospection (Narrative Discourse 139-140). He grouped these effects under the larger classification of ‘anachrony’, which can be defined as changes to the perceived chronological order that exists between story and narrative discourse. By treating with the structural evidence of *prolepsis*, we are able to examine text effects without, or before, any critical discussion of the potential efficacy on the reader. This definition of *prolepsis* continues to be used in narrative theory today (Prince 79; Kearns 142; Ireland 103-7), and Genette’s efforts for precise narrative terminology has been a major part of narratology and narrative theory.

In separating anachrony (*analepsis* and *prolepsis*) from other types of time effects, Genette defines them as those that move forward or back along the discourses chronology then return to their original position. A jump forward in the narrative temporality that does not return is an example of the narrative figure, *ellipses*. *Ellipsis* is also a grammatical figure in rhetoric, usually the omission of a word or few words (Lanham 62), Genette uses it to describe a much larger temporal jump in the narrative: ‘The ellipsis, or leap forward without any return, is obviously not an anachrony but a simple acceleration of the narrative’ (*Narrative Discourse* 43).

Genette rightly recognises that not all discourse has a complete logical chronological line, just as not all anachronies return exactly to their original position, there are myriad possible chronological movements that are possible. However, to recognise temporal shifts designated as *prolepsis* or *analepsis* we need to establish an initial temporality. Genette defines the narratives main temporal line as ‘first narrative’ (*Narrative Discourse* 48-9). Anachronies that happen inside the first narrative are ‘internal’ anachronies. If the anachrony relates to information outside of the main

narrative, they are ‘external’ (*Narrative Discourse* 48-9). He also defines homodiegetic and heterodiegetic anachronies. Homodiegetic anachronies are those that can be considered part of the first narrative, a heterodiegetic anachrony takes place outside of the main storyline of the first narrative, it may take place in the same chronologic position as the first narrative, but cannot be considered as a part of the first narrative.

### *Currie’s Model of Prolepsis*

As Genette notes, *prolepsis*, using his definition, is ‘much less frequent than the inverse figure, at least in the Western narrative tradition’ (Genette 67). However, it does not consider anything that stays ‘at the same narrative level as their surroundings’ (*Narrative Discourse* 47). It is correct that *prolepsis* is less common than *analepsis*, as long as we consider *prolepsis* by the limitations that Genette has put on the definition. Since *Narrative Discourse*, other authors have extended the range of *prolepsis* to further its critical potential.

In response to this, Mark Currie, in *About Time*, finds *prolepsis* ‘a more rewarding analytical concept’ (29) and explores *prolepsis*, from the perspective of narratology and philosophy, as a master trope, widening the ground that *prolepsis* can be said to cover, and introducing a new importance to the figure. In his analysis of anachrony, Genette noted that *prolepsis* and *analepsis* may be found in some complicated forms, such as ‘double anachronies’, for example ‘retrospective advance notices’ and ‘anticipatory recalls’ (83). Currie takes this concept to a philosophical extension called the ‘anticipation of retrospection’. At the heart of the human experience of time as well as the narrative experience of time (32). He uses this example from Peter Brooks to explain this theory:

If the past is to be read as present, it is a curious present that we know to be past in relation to a future we know to be already in place, already in wait for us to reach it. Perhaps we would do best to speak of the

anticipation of retrospection as our chief tool in making sense of narrative, the master trope of its strange logic. (Currie 23).

Currie posits that ‘narrative is generally retrospective in the sense that the teller is looking back on events and relating them in the past tense, but a reader or listener experiences these events for the first time, as quasi-present (Currie 29-30). He identifies three types of *prolepsis*: the first type of *prolepsis* is discursive *prolepsis*, ‘a term used by Genette and others to describe a flash forward, a movement in the narrative in which the chronological order of story events is disturbed and the narrator narrates events out of order’ (Currie 29). As discussed earlier, Genette’s definition of *prolepsis* is purposefully limited to *prolepsis* that happens at the level of hetero and homo diegetic levels, as well as limiting the cognitive rhetoric level that I would describe as truly rhetorical.

Currie’s next form of *prolepsis* is the Rhetorical *Prolepsis*: this is the original rhetorical figure, the anticipation of an objection to an argument (Currie 29). Interestingly, Currie retains the classical definition here, as pertains to oratory with no discussion of rhetoric’s English expansion as a narratological tool for poetry, theatre and epistolary as far back as the 17<sup>th</sup> century (Lanham 120). The final type of Currie’s *prolepsis* is what he calls ‘structural *prolepsis*’ (33-4). In *About Time* Currie looks for a way to link the concepts of discursive and rhetorical *prolepsis* by a type of *prolepsis* that, ‘is a hermeneutic circle between the presentification of fictional narrative and the depresentification of lived experience’ (31). Currie’s examination of *prolepsis* is an exploration of the way narrative, in a different fashion than philosophy, can be a ‘performative exploration of time’ (44), it can do something, rather than just say something (87).

In his analysis of a hermeneutic *prolepsis* between narrative and human experience he examines the anticipation of retrospection, by identifying three temporal loci in narrative: narrator, narrated, and reader time. Just as Genette added an additional temporal position appropriate for his analysis ‘narrating’, so too does Currie identify reader time, adding a

rhetorical, or reader response, based structure for his philosophical purposes (the interaction of narrative and human thought). He lists discursive *prolepsis* as taking place within the time locus of the 'narrated'. Structural *prolepsis* takes place between narrated and narrator and rhetorical *prolepsis* between narrator and reader (31). *About Time* discusses a few of the same proleptic complications as Genette, such as homodiegetic *prolepsis* and hint *prolepsis*. Currie questions whether a *prolepsis* that happens homodiegetically, such as a memory, can be considered a true anachrony, as the narrator is still (assumedly) present in the first narrative position (36). He also questions whether a hint, or hints, in a narrative can be considered a *prolepsis*. Hints too, can be homodiegetic or heterodiegetic. A character may be psychologically motivated in the first narrative by an anticipated future. Likewise, the model author may also disperse narrative material leading to a future event, seemingly unimportant in the first narrative position, but activated in the future:

Tomachevski (1971) outlined the kind of technical sense of motivation, according to which the presence of a gun at the beginning of a narrative anticipates the murder or suicide of one of the characters later in the plot (Currie 39).

He notes that this effect has been examined by theorists such as Sartre and Barthes. Currie questions the validity of hints on whether they are narratively fulfilled. Noting: 'the presence of a gun in Beckett's *Happy Days*, and hundreds of so called "red herrings" in detective fiction confirm, the inference is often mistaken' (39).

An example of a heterodiegetic proleptic hint can be found in "The Cask of Amontillado" by Poe. The story ends with the antagonist of the main character being walled up alive in a cellar. Earlier in the tale this dialogue takes place:

"You are not of the masons."  
 "Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."  
 "You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

(Poe, *Collected Works*, vol. 2, 1260).

Currie notes: "The Cask of Amontillado" puns on the word 'mason' as a foreshadowing of the fate of its character to be bricked up in a recess of the wine cellar, but the pun functions as *prolepsis* only because it turns out to be motivated...'(38).

It is this line of reasoning that Currie has built his concept of structural *prolepsis*, and performative *prolepsis*. This form of *prolepsis* imagines a proleptic present narrative that by its future anticipation creates its own future. However, from a purely narratological perspective, we know that devices like red herrings may not activate a true future *prolepsis*, they do in fact create a valid narratological proposition. If we accept the idea of proleptic hints, we can analyse some interesting narrative devices.

In *Edgar Allan Poe: Rhetoric and Style*, Zimmerman borrows the linguistic term 'notional sets': '[t]he words in a notional set do not necessarily overlap in meaning but are related in theme, idea ("notion")' (259). Zimmerman uses the example of the Poe short story "The Black Cat". He notes Poe's use of the figure *praeparatio* (one of the many rhetorical figures which share the name of *prolepsis*), in this usage the figure is defined as 'Preparing an audience before telling them about something done' (Lanham 118):

But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburthen my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events.

(Poe, *Collected Works*, vol. 2, 849).

Despite the narrator's insistence on the object of his narrative being, 'mere household events', Currie notes the narrator's supernatural notional set, containing religious imagery such as: 'Soul, fiendish, guilt, damned, deadly sin, hell, witches' and much more (25). In contrast to the stated opinion of the narrator, the notional set tells of a narrator with a profound



supernatural fear, which is borne out as the narration progresses, regardless of whether it is read as a supernatural tale or not.

Currie believes the *paranomasia* on masonry in “The Cask of Amontillado” is only proleptic because the anticipated future turns out to be true, however “The Black Cat” can be read as a supernatural tale of witchcraft, or psychologically as a tale of a madman. Regardless of what the model reader may anticipate by the proleptic hints in this supernatural notional set, the narrative effect on the story and our viewing of the narrator is still narratologically valid no matter what the model reader anticipates. This too can be argued for a red herring or false trail in narratives. These false trails may not lead to the imagined future, but they do offer examples of a proleptic strategy from the model author.

Currie makes the point that his notion of ‘performative prolepsis’ is less likely to be successful (success being negating the reader’s objection) in written discourse as the time between the act of reading and the act of writing is infinitely large in comparison to the orator who, temporally in the same place as his audience may forestall an anticipated argument (45).

When we consider narrative *prolepsis* however, this argument fails to take into account the model author’s model reader. Narrative *prolepses* are, as we have discussed, logical structures, and they rely on narrative *koinoi topoi* for their effect. These commonplaces may well evolve and change socially and culturally, however, I would argue that some narrative devices maintain their effect due to the model reader’s similarity to the empirical reader. It is for this reason that the notion of the model reader is so necessary both for the creator and critic.

Currie does note, however, that ‘[t]he written version of this kind of anticipation has become one of the most prominent characteristics of contemporary writing, But it has not always been adequately understood or analysed’ (45). As an example of narrative that anticipates objection Currie points to the self-consciousness of metafiction (45).

In my examination of the different forms of *prolepsis* I have so far mostly followed Genette’s narratological model in differentiating from

*prolepsis* as it happens on an actant, discursive, or extradiegetic level. Where Genette identified *prolepsis* that is internal or external to the main narrative, homodiegetic and heterodiegetic, as well partial (those that did not return to the exact temporal position and those that contributed to achrony (a time scheme that becomes too difficult to temporalize) he also treated with proleptic actions that were narrative or psychological in function, yet fit less clearly into his strict notion of *prolepsis*. These devices he called ‘advanced notices’ (73) and ‘advanced mentions’ (75). Genette defines an advance notice as being explicit, such as a narrator telling their audience, ‘We will see,’ or ‘One will see later’. (Genette 73-5). Functionally, he notes, these advance notices can create expectation in the reader’s mind (74), a device that Barthes calls weaving (*S/z* 20-21).

Advance mentions, which I will tentatively equate to Currie’s definition of a proleptic hint (38), Genette describes as being ‘simple markers without anticipation, even an allusive anticipation, which will acquire their significance only later on and which belong to the completely classic art of “preparation”’ (*Narrative Discourse* 75). In *Six Walks*, Eco also defines what he calls ‘hint time’, however Eco’s hint time is connected to his notion of inferential walks, specifically he explains how a slowing of narrative tempo to focus on seemingly superfluous and ornate detail may be read as a model author’s intent for this description to be read metaphorically or allegorically (*Six Walks* 68).

In classical rhetoric we find one figure, often as also referred to as *prolepsis*, is *praeparatio*, preparing an audience for something done (Lanham 120-1). This anticipatory figure has translated from its place in oratory with ease and usefulness into literature.

Genette differentiates from advance notices and advance mentions not explicitly through their diegetic position or their internal and external position, but rather by function. Advance mentions are described as, ‘an “insignificant seed,” and even an imperceptible one, whose importance as a seed will not be recognized until later, and retrospectively’ (*Narrative Discourse* 77). However, it is incorrect to assume that he has not considered

the function advance mentions may provide to the reader's navigation of the text. While he may not spend much time on the possible narrative effects of advance mentions, he does in fact realise the narrative potential of this figure:

[T]he advance mention is thus in general, at its place in the text, only. But we must consider the possible (or rather the variable) narrative competence of the reader, arising from practice, which enables him both to decipher more and more quickly the narrative code in general or the code appropriate to a particular genre or a particular work, and also to identify the "seeds" when they appear [...] Moreover, this very competence is what the author relies on to fool the reader by sometimes offering him false advance mentions, or snares (*Narrative Discourse* 77).

As we can see, Genette had considered the author's awareness of reader's narrative predictions. This function, as Genette describes it, of the potential competence of the reader is explored with greater detail by Eco. The potentiality of the model reader to explore possible narrative worlds as they read is a construct that Eco calls 'inferential walks'. A model reader may infer, or speculate, 'in order to predict how a story is going to go, turn to their own experience of life or their knowledge of other stories' (*Six Walks* 50). The theory of inferential walks was first written about by Eco in *The Role of the Reader*:

The reader was (sic) encouraged to activate this hypothesis by a lot of already recorded narrative situations (intertextual frames). To identify these frames the reader had to 'walk', so to speak, outside the text, in order to gather intertextual support (a quest for analogous 'topoi', themes, or motives). I call these interpretative moves *inferential walks*. 'they are not mere whimsical initiatives on the part of the reader, but are elicited by discursive structures and foreseen by the whole textual strategy as indispensable components of the construction of the *fabula*.

Frequently, the fabula is made *also* of presupposed macropropositions already actualized by other texts, which the reader is invited to insert into the story so that they can be taken for granted in its following steps (*Role of the Reader* 32).

Inferential walks are, therefore, a mutual awareness by model author and model reader of comparable parodiegetic narratives, from both the personal experience of the reader, as well as any and all possible known narrative structures. As Eco has stated in *The Role of the Reader*, his inferential walks have everything to do with rhetorical enthymemes. An inference is after all an important part of conditional logic, such as Aristotelian logic. The difference in use here is important. Aristotelian syllogisms rely on both premises being valid to ensure that the inferred conclusion is also valid. However, in Aristotle's rhetoric the enthymeme, and abridged syllogism, isn't reliant on what is valid, only what can *seem* to be. Inference is a part of deduction, induction, and abduction, and any inference is only as valid as its premises:

The action or process of inferring; the drawing of a conclusion from known or assumed facts or statements; *esp.* in *Logic*, the forming of a conclusion from data or premises, either by inductive or deductive methods; reasoning from something known or assumed to something else which follows from it ("Inference, n.").

If we consider Eco's inferential walk to be a kind of narrative forecasting performed by the reader and actively plotted by the model author, we can then begin to examine narratives for textual strategies that can aid this process. In *Six Walks* Eco uses an example from Manzoni's *The Betrothed*. Eco's choice is worthwhile for its use of two techniques. The first is a direct question from the narrator to the reader regarding the action of the scene, as, before the moment of conflict, the narrator asks, 'What was he to do?' (*Six Walks* 53). This question openly invites the model reader to ask themselves, although this example is not a wholly proleptic inferential walk, for as Eco points out the overarching mystery for the reader is what has the

character done to find himself in this situation. The other inferential tool that Eco points out from this example is a delaying tactic (*Six Walks* 53). By shifting the discourse to a digression, the model author creates room for the reader to imagine probable narratives. Delaying tactics may be found in other forms than digression and changing the pace of the narrative is another way to create space for reader interaction.

In order to examine effects such as inferential walks, Eco introduces his own complication to the classic story/discourse bifurcation, he introduces reader time. Just as Genette added narrating time to examine narrative distance (*Narrative Discourse* 31). Eco uses reader time to discuss changes in the length of the discourse and the time it takes to read it.

He notes that textual strategies such as stretching, when the time taken to tell a narrative action is longer than the time of that action, and scene, or *isochrony* as Genette prefers, when story and discourse are of near to the same amount of time, 'depend not on the number of words, but on the pace the text imposes on the reader.' in fact discourse time in general 'is the result of a textual strategy that interacts with the response of readers and forces a reading time on them' (*Narrative Discourse* 57).

Rhetorical figures that we discussed in chapter two such as *enargia*, *ecphrasis*, and *polysyndeton* allow the model author to change the various speed of narrative discourse, however Eco is interested in how an author can change reading time by various strategies. What the formalists describe as defamiliarization for example can, in a sentence of similar word length, make a reader slow their reading pace. An abundance of descriptive language may function to change a model reader's reading time, rather than only play a representational role (*Six Walks* 59). One figure Eco uses for an example is *hypotyposis*, which Lanham lists as one type of *enargia*, 'a generic term for visually powerful, vivid description which recreates something or someone' (Lanham 64) Eco believes, 'One way of rendering the impression of space is to expand both the discourse time and the reading time in relation to the story time (*Six Walks* 70). One style of narrative

lingering he calls 'trepidation time', this is when the discourse delays the arrival of a dramatic ending (64).

Meir Sternberg has developed a theory whereby the 'interplay between temporalities generates the three universal narrative effects/interests/dynamics' (Sternberg, *Narrativity* 2). Sternberg identifies prospection 'suspense', retrospection 'curiosity', and recognition 'surprise' as his narrative universals.

Suspense, by definition of the Oxford English dictionary is 'a state of mental uncertainty, with expectation of or desire for decision, and usually some apprehension or anxiety; the condition of waiting' ("suspense, n."). Fludernick notes that it is created when we are curious about anticipated concrete events (46). In its relation to narrative, Sternberg sees suspense as arising from, 'rival scenarios about the future: from the discrepancy between what the telling lets readers know about the happening (e.g. a conflict) at any moment and what still lies ahead, ambiguous because yet unresolved in the world' (Sternberg, *Narrativity* 2). These narrative effects are a result of their temporal patterning, as Ricoeur has postulated with his theory of 'human time', the phenomenological time we experience through our understanding of what we know of the past, present and future, in contrast to the universal chronological understanding of time. In this way we experience and evaluate narrative using the same constructional tools. The model reader anticipates probable events in the same way as taking an inferential walk, our knowledge of the world, and experience of other narratives, our ability to predict future events based on our perception of the narrative premises as we so far understand them. 'Narratives are based on cause-and-effect relationships that are applied to sequences of events' (Fludernick, *Narratology* 2). Barthes relates our correlative understanding to the logical fallacy of post hoc propter hoc, 'when you read things that are given in a sequence of time, you tend to project a further, causal connection between them' (Barthes, *Structural* 248).

Sternberg believes curiosity and surprise are both dependant on, 'manipulations of the past' (2). His description of curiosity, unsurprisingly,

most closely resembles Eco's inferential walk, describing curiosity as making us 'go forward with our mind on the gapped antecedents, trying to infer (bridge, compose) them in retrospect' (2). He notes the effect of surprise which 'gaps or twists its chronology, then unexpectedly discloses to us our misreading and enforces a corrective rereading in late recognition' (2). This description fits the idea of a model author, who, aware of the potential prospection of the model reader, elides a narrative component, or draws an unexpected conclusion based on a prediction of the reader's understanding of narrative premises. Meir also states that upon being surprised the reader will be motivated to reread either through memory, or the actual original premises for clues toward the unexpected conclusion. Sternberg sees all other textual and narrative elements being assimilated by these three narrative universals. Just as Kearns believes that subtextual intent can be analysed using speech-act theory, Sternberg sees his three universals as a way to discover extradiegetic content in 'character-trait, relationship, place, idea, viewpoint, ontology, normative frame' (*Narrativity* 3).

Traditional rhetoric does not attempt to show the 'worth' of its figures and tropes. Rather they have been identified as having been successful in famous oratory and have been noted for their previous powerful use. Each figure is only as good as the use it has been put to. Rhetoric then, does not look for a reader response method to prove its efficacy, it only presents its method as based on previous successful usage.

When attempting to explore narrative time effects, I have been fortunate in the amount of classical rhetoric that is still functioning in critical theory, often from critical perspectives that by no means concur. This of course was the case then too. For my reorganisation of *prolepsis* for the purpose of examining time effects I have identified three main proleptic forms: Actantial *prolepsis*, discursive *prolepsis*, and inferential *prolepsis*. Like rhetorical figures themselves, it is not my intention to cover every possible use of these figures, just to map their shapes.

When I speak of 'story time' I am referring to that definition of 'chronological time, which is reconstructed from a narrative discourse. The

model I use here is based on that concept as explored by Genette, Chatman, and Eco. Any difference in the demarcation of story time from these critics I will try to specifically indicate. Story time is always a hypothetical reconstruction that cannot exist without discourse time.

‘Discursive time’ refers to the time taken to tell the story. In theory that can be the textual object or the act of telling. However, for the sake of clarity and context, I am using discourse as the time and order of the narrative object. Unlike Chatman, for the sake of this thesis I am talking of the time the narration takes, not the time of the reader to read the narration (*Story and Discourse* 62). I am using Eco’s model here to separate between the time taken for the narrative act and the time taken reading.

‘Reading time’, is the time it takes a model reader to read the text. Once again, this construct or bifurcation cannot exist outside of its reference to the time of the discourse. Reading time is the difference between the number of graphemes (language marks) on the page, and the varying time taken to read them based on their content. Aspects of discourse such as logical, rhetorical and grammatical figures can actively change the pace at which we read a text, and reader time is a way to analyse this effect.

### *Actantial Prolepsis*

This is a *prolepsis* that happens no higher than the level of a character or ‘actant’ in the discourse. If, for example the actant is also a narrator, they are then working at a narrative level higher than simply actant. I use actant here in a limited sense, only intending to define characters in the narrative, not objects and actions (Prince 1). Actantial *prolepsis* is visible by being embedded in story and discourse time. The actant remains in the same first narrative temporality as previously, however they see or speak about the future as it will or may happen. In this sense, actantial *prolepsis* can be a prophetic narrative device. In Greek tragedy this was sometimes a literal oracle who predicts a future. However, it may also be used by a character with no supernatural power and imagines a possible future.



Actantial *prolepsis* can be more complex in relation to narrative veracity due to its proleptic level. Unless it is explicitly shown at a narrative level to be a factual foretelling, the reader must choose whether to accept the actantial *prolepsis*. While narrative *prolepsis* may still be called into question if the narrator is deemed unreliable, the reliability of actantial *prolepsis* complicates the reader acceptance of this *prolepsis*. In terms of discourse, story, and reader time in actantial *prolepsis*, there is no temporal change in the actantial level, the *prolepsis* is embedded and therefore the *prolepsis* and the chronological time both continue without break. Note that the more commonly defined discursive *prolepsis* is measured by the difference between the story time and the discourse time, as we know story time is a hypothetical chronology. When examining actantial *prolepsis* I am using our understanding of story time slightly differently than it is used by Genette. The discourse chronology continues according to the pacing set by the first narrative and with it the reader time, barring any other effect, also remains unchanged. This type of embedded *prolepsis* is only noted by future events becoming part of current ones. In *Our Mutual Friend*, Lizzy Hexam, peers into their fire to read the future to her Brother Charlie:

“Yes it has, Charley. I see, as plain as plain can be, that your way is not ours, and that even if father could be got to forgive your taking it (which he never could be), that way of yours would be darkened by our way. But I see too, Charley—”

“Still as plain as plain can be, Liz?” asked the boy playfully.

“Ah! Still. That it is a great work to have cut your way from father’s life, and to have made a new and good beginning. So there am I, Charley, left alone with father, keeping him as straight as I can, watching for more influence than I have, and hoping that through some fortunate chance, or when he is ill, or when -I don’t know what- I may turn him to wish to do better things.”

(*Our Mutual Friend* 30).

This form of *prolepsis* may be seen functioning as Currie's structural *prolepsis*, as Lizzy predicts, her brother is bound for a higher social path than her or her father, later in the story he attempts to use his sister to further his ambition regardless of her own wishes. Dickens also uses this device for comical purposes. In *Little Dorrit*, 'John Chivery, the turnkey of the Marshalsea, comically marks the stages of his hopeless love for Amy Dorrit, the child of the debtor's prison, by verbally composing inscriptions for a tombstone in St. George's Churchyard' (Zigarovich 80). In this example the *prolepsis* is clear, an external homodiegetic *prolepsis*, iterative, yet changing due to the progress of Amy and John's relationship as seen by John. When we meet Chivery, he has been besotted by Amy as long as he has known her and is described as having a poetic soul. Lying in bed he imagines his own death by reading his epitaph:

Sacred to the Memory of JOHN CHIVERY, Sixty years Turnkey, and fifty years Head Turnkey, Of the neighbouring Marshalsea, Who departed this life, universally respected, on the thirty-first of December, One thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, Aged eighty-three years. Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife, AMY, whose maiden name was DORRIT, Who survived his loss not quite forty-eight hours, And who breathed her last in the Marshalsea aforesaid. There she was born, There she lived, There she died (206).

In this example, Chivery's poetic soul uses *polysyndeton* 'use of a conjunction between each clause' (Lanham 117) to create the grave tone of his composition. Directly after Chivery attempts to tell her of his feelings, Amy, with exaggerated politeness, begs him to never mention it again. As she leaves, Chivery changes the epitaph:

'Here lie the mortal remains Of JOHN CHIVERY, Never anything worth mentioning, Who died about the end of the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, Of a broken heart, Requesting with his last breath that the word AMY might be inscribed over his ashes,

which was accordingly directed to be done, By his afflicted Parents  
(213).

When Arthur, Chivery's rival for Amy's affection finds himself locked in the Marshallsea prison, Chivery's affections have changed, and he imagines this new inscription:

STRANGER!  
RESPECT THE TOMB OF  
JOHN CHIVERY, JUNIOR,  
WHO DIED AT AN ADVANCED AGE  
NOT NECESSARY TO MENTION.  
HE ENCOUNTERED HIS RIVAL, IN A DISTRESSED STATE,  
AND FELT INCLINED TO HAVE A ROUND WITH HIM;  
BUT, FOR THE SAKE OF THE LOVED ONE,  
CONQUERED THOSE FEELINGS OF BITTERNESS,  
AND BECAME  
MAGNANIMOUS (714).

Dickens also uses actantial *prolepsis* at the end of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Using what Genette refers to as external *prolepsis*, the narrator allows us to hear the thoughts of Sydney Carton in his final moments before his execution in the place of Charles Darnay. With generous use of the rhetorical figure *anaphora*, 'repetition of the same word at the beginning of successive clauses' (Lanham 11) and starting each line with 'I see', Sydney proleptically describes the future of the cities, and the family he has given his life for.

I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, fore-most of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—

and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known (358).

This future is not seen or described except in Sydney's mind moments before he dies. It only qualifies as *prolepsis*, a movement forward in time and then back again, by a mere two lines that return to the last moment of the first narrative. Dickens's narrator in *A Tale of Two Cities* is capable of moving through time, of recording the thoughts and actions of multiple characters, yet we are given this proleptic vision of the future in the first person, the guillotine waiting to drop and time still moving in the first narrative as we hear the last thoughts of Sydney Carlton. By using actantial *prolepsis* Dickens gives this future a different value than a discursive *prolepsis*. Is the future seen by Sydney actualised after his death? If the narrator had told us of this future, we would be subject to the normal rules of narrative and truth.

Perhaps Dickens's most famous use of *prolepsis*, "Christmas Carol" presents an interesting possibility in ascertaining what type of *prolepsis* we are reading. If we take it for granted that what our narrator tells us Scrooge sees and hears is the truth, then we have discursive *analepsis* and *prolepsis* as Scrooge is shown events along his personal timeline. However, if, as Scrooge states, a 'ghost may be brought on by "undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato"' (*Christmas Books* 18) then all of Scrooge's travels have been perhaps just a guilty dream? We know what was apparently going to happen over three nights has conveniently only taken one, we have no other witness that what Scrooge had seen and heard is true, if it is a dream then we have an actantial *prolepsis* and *analepsis*. However, it is not my intention to attempt to prove whether Scrooge did in fact have a supernatural visitation of not.

Strictly speaking, the narrator tells us what Scrooge says and thinks, he comments on Scrooge himself, and when the spirits take Scrooge into the future, he makes no comment to give the reader the idea that this did not

happen. The only way to justify this being an actantial *prolepsis* would be if we choose to believe that the narrator was not being entirely honest with us, was perhaps limiting himself to what Scrooge believed he saw. But, unless we choose to read as such, then undeniably this is a mode of discursive *prolepsis*.

### *Discursive Prolepsis*

The most well-known of these forms of *prolepsis*, discursive *prolepsis*, occurs when the narrative discourse moves significantly forward in story time, past events that have not yet been shown, then returns back to the same approximate position it has left from. As Genette points out, if the narrative does not return then this jump forward is the rhetorical figure of *ellipsis* (43). Like actantial *prolepsis*, discursive *prolepsis* can be recognized by the anachronic difference between the discourse time and the story time. The difference between discursive and actantial *prolepsis* is the narrative level. Actantial *prolepsis* is *prolepsis* that only happens below the actant level, regardless of homodiegetic or heterodiegetic narrator. Discursive *prolepsis* happens at the narrative level, showing the reader events outside of their chronological order. In the final chapter of *Hard Times*, Dickens's narrator uses this form of discursive *prolepsis* to look into his principle character's 'futuraity' (*Hard Times* 265).

Into how much of futuraity? He saw Mrs. Sparsit fighting out a daily fight at the points of all the weapons in the female armoury, with the grudging, smarting, peevish, tormenting Lady Scadgers, still laid up in bed with her mysterious leg (296).

As you can see in the beginning of this passage, Dickens's narrator focalises this *prolepsis* through Mr Bounderby, describing what the character may see of his own future. This is an embedded external *prolepsis* with a heterodiegetic narrator. Put simply, the narrator tells of a character in the main narrative who is imagining future events that are not part of the

main narrative. This is quite similar to an actantial *prolepsis*, with the focused actant not in fact changing his temporal position. However, Dickens quickly widens the *prolepsis* after setting this initial proleptic question of what the character may see:

Had he any prescience of the day, five years to come, when Josiah Bounderby of Coketown was to die of a fit in the Coketown street, and this same precious will was to begin its long career of quibble, plunder, false pretences, vile example, little service and much law? Probably not. Yet the portrait was to see it all out.

(*Hard Times* 297).

As the summary of the fates of the characters continue, the narrator takes over showing the reader the future of the characters, however, this questioning continues at the end of each paragraph in the figure of *anthyphora*, ‘asking a question and then immediately answering it’ (Lanham 87). A figure appropriately similar to the rhetorical meaning of *prolepsis*.

Herself again a wife-a mother-lovingly watchful of her children, ever careful that they should have a childhood of the mind no less than a childhood of the body, as knowing it to be even a more beautiful thing, and a possession, any hoarded scrap of which is a blessing and happiness to the wisest? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was never to be (298).

As Genette has said, discursive *prolepsis* is rarer in literature than *analepsis*. However, Genette’s distinction of anachronies that fulfill the category of ‘quick evocation’ advance notices and advance mentions are far more common. Genette’s distinction of an advance notice is a repeating *prolepsis* that is explicit in indicating its future to the reader. Dickens uses this type of discursive *prolepsis* in *David Copperfield*. A young David is at the seaside with little Em’ly when the narrator, an older David, indicates the future of Emily, as well as ending with a version of the Genette’s ‘we shall see later’:

The incident is so impressed on my remembrance, that if I were a draughtsman I could draw its form here, I dare say, accurately as it was that day, and little Em'ly springing forward to her destruction (as it appeared to me), with a look that I have never forgotten, directed far out to sea

[...]

There has been a time since when I have wondered whether, if the life before her could have been revealed to me at a glance, and so revealed as that a child could fully comprehend it, and if her preservation could have depended on a motion of my hand, I ought to have held it up to save her. There has been a time since—I do not say it lasted long, but it has been—when I have asked myself the question, would it have been better for little Em'ly to have had the waters close above her head that morning in my sight; and when I have answered Yes, it would have been. This may be premature. I have set it down too soon, perhaps. But let it stand (31).

The other form of quick evocation is the advance mention, 'simple markers without anticipation, even an allusive anticipation, which will acquire their significance only later on and which belong to the completely classic art of preparation (Genette, *Discourse* 75). These are the proleptic markers that a second level reader can see as part of the narrative logical structure of the text. Currie questions whether mentions can only be considered valid if the future events they signal are actualised. I would argue that mentions that do not lead to future narrative structures can be just as important as those that do. An example of an advanced mention that does become relevant to the narrative can be found in the narrator's description of Esther Summerton's first impression of Mr Krook's warehouse. Amongst the abundant description is the name and occupation of the tenant who will become important later in the narrative (the emphasis is mine):

In all parts of the window were quantities of dirty bottles—blacking bottles, medicine bottles, ginger-beer and soda-water bottles, pickle bottles, wine bottles, ink bottles; I am reminded by mentioning the latter that the shop had in several little particulars the air of being in a legal neighbourhood and of being, as it were, a dirty hanger-on and disowned relation of the law. *There were a great many ink bottles. There was a little tottering bench of shabby old volumes outside the door, labelled "Law Books, all at 9d."* Some of the inscriptions I have enumerated were written in law-hand, like the papers I had seen in Kenge and Carboy's office and the letters I had so long received from the firm. Among them was one, *in the same writing, having nothing to do with the business of the shop, but announcing that a respectable managed forty-five wanted engrossing or copying to execute with neatness and dispatch: Address to Nemo, care of Mr. Krook, within* (99).

Just as the character of Nemo has a larger part to play further on in the novel, so too does his instinctive handwriting. As it may not be expected that the reader will understand these elements immediately, it may be necessary for the reader to remember, or even re-read, this section for new significance.

Both advance notices and advance mentions are usually part of a larger narrative structure. An advance notice signals an event that will take place later in the discourse, as Sternberg notes suspense and curiosity are created by narrative structures that create a lack of information:

Both suspense and curiosity are emotions or states of mind characterized by expectant restlessness and tentative hypothesis that derive from a lack of information; both thus draw the reader's attention forward in the hope that the information that will resolve or allay them lies ahead. They differ, however, in that suspense derives from a lack of desired information concerning the outcome of a conflict that is to take place in the narrative future, a lack that involves a clash of hope and fear; whereas curiosity is produced by a lack of information that related to the narrative past (*Expositional Modes* 65).



Another way to express this can be made using rhetorical logic structures. Curiosity is the effect of a single narrative proposition, an event that once having been presentified creates curiosity in the model reader. Suspense is the creation of two propositions that beg a narrative conclusion. I would argue, however, that narrative is however capable of subtle logical structures, where propositions can be overt, notices, and even mentions.

### *Inferential Prolepsis*

The drawing of narrative inferences by the reader is a low-level kind of interpretation. Perhaps it doesn't even deserve the name, since "interpretation" is so well established as a synonym for "exegesis" in literary criticism. This narrative feeling in is all too easily forgotten or assumed to be of no interest, a mere reflex action of the reading mind. But to neglect it is a critical mistake, for this kind of Inference drawing differs radically from that required by Lyric, expository, and other genres (Chatman, *Story and Discourse* 31).

My third type of *prolepsis* is inferential *prolepsis*. A term based on Eco's concept of inferential walks (Eco *Role* 32-3). Actantial and discursive *prolepsis* are based on the tension between the time of the events told in their chronological order (story time) and the time taken to tell the events in their discursive structure (narrative discourse time). Inferential *prolepsis* is a term I am using to describe the process created by a model author in logical narrative patterns. This is a process with much in common with the original rhetorical meaning of *prolepsis*, and it shares a chronological trait with actantial *prolepsis* in that it can happen at the same time as the chronological structure of the discourse. Inferential *prolepsis* differs from our other form of *prolepsis* in that the jump in time happens outside of the narrative object. The way I define inferential *prolepsis* is, as with our other forms of *prolepsis*, by noticing the chronological tension between different temporal structures found in narrative. In this case the difference between reader time as Eco calls it, and discourse time. When a model reader takes

an inferential walk, imagining the next discursive proposition in a narrative, they move forward in the narrative discourse structure along a probable line of reading. I doubt any reader has not, at some time, upon the end of a story whose dénouement did not provide us a version of the fairy tale's 'and they lived happily ever after', put down the narrative object and continued the narrative further into the future than the author was willing to take us. This probable future is an inferential walk, but in this example as we do not continue back where the narrative left off; it is not *prolepsis*. We also take inferential walks during a narrative, and it is reasonable to assume a model reader is aware of this narrative function.

A reader's contribution to the text is a complex interactive process where our inferential reading is a constant process of casting forward, then confirmation or correction. Consider again E. M. Forster's famous definition of a plot (slightly altered for present purposes). Forster argues that "the King died and then the Queen died" is only "story" (in the sense of a "mere Chronicle"); "the King died and the Queen died of grief" is a "plot," because it adds causation (Forster 130). But as we discussed in chapter three on quickness, our minds seek structures in narrative, and they will provide their own causation when necessary.

As we have discussed earlier, in the field of artificial intelligence, Shank has shown how we will add our own significance to narrative elements when they are not explicitly given to us. Not only is this common to our experience of narrative, it is most likely necessary. Eco's interpretation of text as a 'lazy machine' (*Six Walks* 3) is the cooperation between text and reader that prevents a narrative from becoming turgid, but it also allows for a reader to do some of the work for the text, arguably creating a richer and more personally tailored experience.

Artificial intelligence may have a great deal to teach us about narrative. Consider some of the computers that we interact with regularly. Many devices now have, as part of their human interfaces the ability for predictive decision making. Even something as simple as a GPS unit in a car. Some of these devices will, with the input of each letter, narrow the

option available for the next character, based on its pre-programmed available options. As the input develops, the device will predict and narrow options, as well as words and numbers that will complete the address. Some units will even list probable full addresses in their list that can be chosen at any given point in your input. It will even list these by likelihood of being correct. It does this using information that can be gathered without being explicitly stated by the user, such as the current location and the type of transportation being used.

As Chatman notes, the way we interact with narrative is a complex process, 'events in narratives are radically correlative, enchainning, entailing. There sequence, runs the traditional argument, it is not simply linear causative. The causation may be overt, that is, explicit, or covert, implicit' (45). To discuss causality is to discuss the logical structures that we perceive in narrative. One of my motivations in using classic rhetoric to examine temporal effects in narrative is the integrated system of language and thought as represented by the trivium of grammar, logic, and rhetoric. While logic has moved to different mathematical and philosophical models since Aristotle and the Renaissance, this grammar based logic that was inseparable from grammar and rhetoric is still useful today in narrative research. In *The Role of the Reader*, Eco sees this process of narrative cognition as an abductive process that is being made constantly by the reader:

The Fabula is not produced once the text has been definitely read: is the result of a continuous series of abductions made during the course of the reading. Therefore Fabula is always experienced step by step....Since every step usually involves a change of state and a lapse of time, the reader is led to make an intermediate extensional operation: he considers the various macro propositions as statements about events taking place in the still bracketed world. Each of these statements concerns the way in which an individual determines or undergoes a certain change of state, and the reader is induced to wonder what could happen at the next step of the story (31).

Our cognitive interaction with the text is an ongoing process from beginning to end. Not only internally to the narrative but also externally. The metanarrative elements we might find such as the name of the story, who published it, the cover, the reviews on the back, other stories we have read, our personal experience, all of these elements constitute narrative commonplaces for the reader. Prince describes the purpose of metanarrative elements on the reader:

[M]etanarrative signs help us understand a narrative in a certain way; on the other hand, they force us (try to force us) to understand it in this way and not another. They thus constitute the answer of a text to the question: "How should we interpret you?" (Prince *Narratology* 126).

Of course not all reader interpretations can be guessed by the model author. The author's own commonplaces will inform their choices, as well as who they intend their model readers to be. The model reader will draw from their *koinoi topoi* as they read and interpret those narrative paths they are intended to find, and hopefully miss those they are not meant to find until sometime later. As Eco states:

In inferential walk has much to do with a rhetorical enthymeme (sic). As such, it starts from a probable premise picked up in the repository of common opinions, or endoxa, as Aristotle said. The endoxa represent the store of intertextual information, and some of them are already mutually correlated in possible general schemas of enthymematic chains. Aristotelian topoi are nothing but this: overcoded, readymade paths for inferential walks (*Six Walks* 215).

Not only does this process work within the reader at all times, its chronology is capable of the same types of anachrony as the discourse time. A reader is capable of, if the narrative pace is conducive, of thinking forward and imagining possible narrative scenarios based on the narrative structure so far. If the narration does not allow for a pace and style whereby a reader

may continue reading while forecasting, they may stop reading so they can imagine future probabilities. Larger structures such as novels seem built for this kind of participation. A reader may decide to put a book down at the end of a particularly engaging section when they realise the narrative moves to a slower, or less dramatic section. They are then free to use inferential *prolepsis* to try out possible desired, feared, or expected outcomes. Dickens's serialised stories made it possible for the author to choose where this would happen. If the narrative has too far engaged the curiosity of the reader, they may choose to 'skip ahead' and literally move their reader time into the future of the narrative. While it is not possible to guarantee where and what a reader may choose to creatively infer and engage with in a narrative, from a structural examination of discourse and Meir's universals of narrative, we can attempt to plot some examples of inferential *prolepsis*.

Consider the role inferential *prolepsis* can play in suspense. In *Bleak House* the murder of the lawyer Mr Tulkinghorn is shown to the reader using a narrative proleptic mention where the narrator describes Tulkinghorn on his way home, and the loss of every opportunity for a voice, even from an inanimate object, to say, 'Don't go home!' until he finally reaches his home and the painting of a Roman on his ceiling does not say: 'Don't come here!' (717). The discursive *prolepsis* here is clear, unlike Tulkinghorn, the reader is being warned of some event – the roman has been a proleptic mention at every previous visit to Tulkinghorne's. This scene takes place in a chapter called 'Closing in'. We know Tulkinghorn to be the holder of many people's secrets, and that many characters have had reason to wish him ill. Dire warnings from the narrator follow his steps home. The narrative has given enough information for the reader to have a probable inclination as to what the narrator's proleptic warning refers to.

Then the narrator lingers with us in a perfect example of what Eco has described as a 'trepidation time' (Six Walks 64). The camera pans over London, descriptive and slowly paced (335 words to describe the London evening) in an example of *enargia* that I would define, both by its description and lingering intent, as an example of *chronographia*, a

description of time (Lanham 35). Not only does this give the reader ample opportunity to imagine what may be about to happen to Tulkinghorn, well and truly enough time to consider many possibilities, but it also has another narrative effect: Our story time continues and if perhaps Lady Dedlock is somehow involved in the events, has she now had enough time to make her way to Tulkinhorns? The prosaic description ends with a rhetorical question that forcibly brings the tone of narration back to the dire one previously: ‘What’s that? Who fired a gun or pistol? Where was it?’ (719). Not only do we search the *enargia* for clues to the morbid possible events, the sudden change of pace and narrative focus seems an appropriate construction for a model author to make room for the reader’s proleptic inference.

Narrative features such as suspense, curiosity and surprise work by their anachronous manipulations. If the purpose of a narrative is a retelling of ‘story’ events in a timeframe that heightens certain narrative effects, it does so by an understanding of how the reader cognitively engages with the text. For a reader to feel a sense of suspense, the narrative needs to provide enough information for a reader to have narrowed down the possible options for the conclusion of the narrative structure to few enough that the model reader can envisage probable outcomes. It is not important that their proleptic inferences are correct, only that they have enough information previously to have had made them.

Inferential *prolepsis* can take place at other points of a narrative other than before a suspenseful conclusion to a narrative structure. Consider the beginning of “The Signal-Man”, one of Dickens’s Christmas ghost stories:

“Halloa! Below there!”

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furled round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about, and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said for my life what. But I know it was remarkable

enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset, that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all (Dickens, *Christmas Stories* 489).

This is the first 157 words of Dickens's five thousand word story. It is likely the reader knows it is a ghost story, being one of Dickens's Christmas stories. Here Dickens uses an advance mention, over an advance notice. We are not told that this will be important in the future, and I believe that Genette would consider this no more than an advance mention, a narrative component that belongs to the art of 'preparation' (Genette 75). While the narrator explicitly tells us that the signal-man looking into the tunnel, instead of up at him when he calls, was 'remarkable in his manner of doing so,' (489) we are given no more information on this mystery. Approximately six hundred words later the signal man looks mysteriously towards the tunnel light again, with no more explanation as to why. Again, eight hundred words later the signal-man looks towards the tunnel, our narrator remarks on his being troubled and the signal-man promises to tell all if he visits again. Four hundred words later he does just that.

Between the first mention of this mysterious and remarkable action, and the signal-man explaining the cause, two thousand and sixty two words of this story pass by. Surely this is an odd pacing for a ghost story with so little of anything remarkable seeming to happen?

But then, remember, most readers can be expected, by extradiegetic information, to know this is a Christmas ghost story (Punter 180). In addition to this is the language use of the story itself. In summary of events from the beginning until the signal-man tells us of the strange event that is haunting him, our narrator has travelled down to the signal-man's shack, introduced himself, entered the cabin, been told of the education and history of the man, made a promise to return, and left. Very little evidence of any supernatural plot. Yet if we follow the example of Zimmerman and we examine the 'notional set' from the start of the story until just before the signal-man tells his story we will note a descriptive language that is

particularly suggestive of a ghost story. For example, the mental states of the characters, even in this small series of events are described using words and phrases such as:

Solitary, lonesome, lonely hours, peculiar dread, anxiety, troubled(2), trouble, fear of me, infection in his mind, grave, dark regards, dismal, depressing, daunted, forbidding, barbarous.

Then there is the descriptions of the locations of the story. Unlike some more traditional settings for a ghost story, this one happens at a train line. Yet, in describing the mouth of a train tunnel we have a particularly gothic selection:

Tunnel's mouth, mouth of the tunnel, black tunnel, jagged stone, dungeon, clammy, oozier, wetter, dripping-wet, gloomy, gloomier, vapour, earthy, deadly smell, cold wind, chill strike, colder, damp air, unhealthy damp, shadowed, shadows, glow, a vague vibration, violent pulsation, fallen colour (*Christmas Stories* 524-36).

If we accept Meir's definitions, surely the effect here should be one of curiosity, as we haven't been provided with enough narrative information for suspense? However, if we consider the model reader of Dickens who is aware of this being a Christmas story, noting the behaviour of the signalman, and the influence of a supernatural notional set, the model reader will surely compare this to other ghost stories and be prepared, subtly, as much for suspense as curiosity.

Inferential *prolepsis* shares the same benefits and pitfalls as any other classical rhetorical figure: it is only as effective as the writer who uses it. As I have mentioned earlier, the publication of many of Dickens's novels as periodical instalments almost forces inferential *prolepsis* on the reader, however this form of publication is not always to the reader's, or the writer's, advantage. Dickens is noted complaining of it in the introduction to *Barnaby Rudge* as being 'often cramped and confined in a very irksome degree' (Pykett 59). And wanting the reader 'to know more at once than I



could tell you' (59). Poe referred to it as an 'absurd fashion of periodical novel-writing' (*Graham's Monthly* 54).

*Barnaby Rudge*, originally published in weekly instalments of Dickens's periodical *Master Humphrey's Clock* has been called '[t]he least satisfactory of all Dickens's full-length books' (Gottshall 133). Edgar Allan Poe found much to criticise in it, even while acknowledging the writers genius and many admirable aspects of the story (Poe, *Evening Post*). Inferential *prolepsis* certainly played a role in Poe's dissatisfaction with the story. *Barnaby Rudge*, set in a period of English history known for the Protestant riots, has at its heart the mystery of a gruesome double murder. When Eco describes his second level reader, he was surely looking for a reader like Poe. Poe reviewed *Barnaby Rudge* for *The Saturday Evening Post* and found much to admire. As he says at the beginning of his review, '[h]is opening chapters assure us that he has at length discovered the secret of his true strength, and that *Barnaby Rudge* will appeal principally to the imagination. Of this faculty we have many striking instances in the few numbers already issued' (Poe, *Evening Post*).

Poe points out that of the 'few numbers already issued,' (Poe, *Evening Post*) at the time of his writing, *Barnaby Rudge* was not yet completed. This is not problematic of course, a reviewer can simply critique what has come so far. Poe, however, is no mere reviewer; in his praise and judgement of Dickens's story he also takes into account the parts of the narrative that have not yet taken place. Poe predicted: 'The thesis [of the novel] may thus be regarded as based upon curiosity. Every point is so arranged as to perplex the reader, and whet his desire for elucidation' (Poe, *Graham's*). The serialization of this novel meant that readers would be left, between editions, with no way to continue the story except by their own means. Poe, confident of his understanding of narrative reviewed the structure of *Barnaby Rudge* including events not yet read:

by ourselves individually, the secret was distinctly understood immediately upon the perusal of the story of Solomon Daisy that Barnaby is the son of the murderer may not appear evident to our

readers — but we will explain[...]His design is to make it appear, in the dénouement, that the steward, Rudge, first murdered the gardener, then went to his master's chamber, murdered him, was interrupted by his (Rudge's) wife, whom he seized and held by the wrist, to prevent her giving the alarm that he then, after possessing himself of the booty desired, returned to the gardener's room, exchanged clothes with him, put upon the corpse his own watch and rings, and secreted it where it was afterwards discovered at so late a period that the features could not be identified (Poe *Graham's*).

And Poe's reading of these events is mostly correct, with the exception that Rudge senior did not grab his wife by the wrist, but she grabbed him, leading to the red birthmark left supernaturally on young Barnaby. Also, the Gardener was killed after the master of the house. Poe also believed that Barnaby's mad ranting was a subtle indication that the murder was a conspiracy between Rudge senior and Haredale: 'the reader should note carefully the ravings of Barnaby, which are not put into his mouth at random' (Poe, *Evening Post*). However, that Rudge was the killer, and had swapped clothes and identities with the gardener to cover his crime, his encounter with his wife, and the nature of the birthmark and Barnaby's fear of blood, in these events Poe was correct.

Poe however, is not satisfied with his correct predictions, and in later versions of this review, gives his justification for why his incorrect inferential prolepses *should* have been correct, and by doing so, shows us one of the possible pitfalls of the model author's intention with his planned inferential *prolepsis*. As Poe himself says, 'that if we did not rightly prophesy, yet, at least, our prophecy should have been right' (Poe, *Graham's*).

The laziness of the text allows for the reader to participate in the narrative effects. A model author may intend their reader to make mistakes in their proleptic reading, may even give false clues that point towards an incorrect narrative line. Yet, if the author is not careful their proleptic effects can lead to a disappointing end for the reader if the inference

overpowers the discourse. Poe makes note of a particular example of this in relation to the Barnaby's blood-like birthmark, he believes the version he imagined to be a better narrative:

The gardener was murdered not before but after his master; and that Rudge's wife seized him by the wrist, instead of his seizing her, has so much the air of a mistake on the part of Mr. Dickens, that we can scarcely speak of our own version as erroneous. The grasp of a murderer's bloody hand on the wrist of a woman enceinte, would have been more likely to produce the effect described (Poe, *Graham's*).

As for, 'the ravings of Barnaby' in which Poe saw much hidden narrative elements and believed them, 'to have allusion to some real plotting' (Poe, *Graham's*). Poe believed Barnaby's talk was an advance mention, a narrative element that would perhaps only be connected by the first level reader after the narrative reveal. In fact, he found the narrative use of this so credible that it seemed to him, quite likely that it was in fact intended by the author, who then changed his mind:

Upon perusal of these ravings we, at once, supposed them to have allusion to some real plotting; and even now we cannot force ourselves to believe them not so intended. They suggested the opinion that Haredale himself would be implicated in the murder, and that the counsellings alluded to might be those of that gentleman with Rudge. It is by no means impossible that some such conception wavered in the mind of the author (Poe, *Graham's*).

Poe believed that these details were intended to be narrative elements with such conviction that he was able to find a fitting reason why such elements may be part of the story. He believed it was the narratives periodical structure that was to be blamed for this perceived narrative fault:

[O]ur author had not sufficiently considered or determined upon any particular plot when he began the story now under review. In fact, we see, or fancy that we see, numerous traces of indecision — traces which a

dexterous supervision of the complete work might have enabled him to erase (Poe, *Graham's*).

While it may not be possible for a writer to completely control the inferential *prolepsis* made by their readers, a successful narrative is one that manages the expectations of the model reader with a reasonable level of accuracy, or, at least without detriment to the overall narrative effect. Poe himself admits that for all his criticisms of *Barnaby Rudge*, it remained an excellent and well received book. In his review of *Barnaby Rudge*, Poe had one more piece of advice regarding the creation of mystery and the subsequent inferential *prolepsis* of the reader:

The skilful intimation of horror held out by the artist, produces an effect which will deprive his conclusion of all. These intimations — these dark hints of some uncertain evil — are often rhetorically praised as effective — but are only justly so praised where there is no dénouement whatever — where the reader's imagination is left to clear up the mystery for itself — and this is not the design of Mr. Dickens (Poe, *Graham's*).

Regardless of whether Poe is correct in his assumptions of the proleptic features in *Barnaby Rudge* that, to him, were not as well done as the promise of those advance mentions, that Dickens was an effective writer of mystery that created a narrative structure that induces the reader to tale proleptic walks is hard to deny. Did Poe make the proleptic inferences that Dickens had intended for his model reader? It is perhaps reasonable to say that Poe is a far more complex reader than many writers probably intend.

### *Prescriptive Use*

*Prolepsis* may not be as widely recognised in narrative discourse as *analepsis*, however, as we have seen in this chapter, if we widen the scope of *prolepsis* and allow time effects that Genette discusses such as advance notices and mentions, along with the proleptic potential of inferential

effects, we can see that *prolepsis* plays an essential part in all but the most basic design.

However, traditional *prolepsis* is the least easily identified time figure in my manuscript. I have chosen two homodiegetic narrators, and due to this choice, I have used less discursive *prolepsis* than I may have used with a heterodiegetic narrator. I have used actantial *prolepsis* in *The Phrenologists Cabinet* when I have wanted to create the effect of advance mentions, those proleptic hints that function as preparation to larger narrative structures. For example, when my protagonist Freya first meets the craniologist Dynant she makes note of the impression that ‘he is going to jump’ (221), as he stands on the edge of the carpet. This impression, given illogically is intended hint at Dynant’s character and psychological state when the two first meet. While it makes no explicit promise of further revelation, it is intended to hint at a larger narrative structure.

I also use Freya’s dreams as a form of proleptic hint. In *Our Mutual Friend* Dickens has Lizzy Hexam predict the future for her brother as she looks into the fire. This type of *prolepsis* does not carry the same authority as a discursive *prolepsis* can, however, it does set a potential expectation for the reader. After the death of her only close relative, her father, I have used dreams to predict a potential future for Freya as her subconscious imagines the possibilities of her life as she knew it, and the uncomfortable new life she finds herself in:

I raced to keep up with him and imagined a day he would ask for me. How would I respond? I should say yes, and as soon as I thought of it, I had done it, yet after the moment happened, each time I would see myself, in an empty house in the dark of night, fretting in an empty bed, not a soul in the house. I had been there all day, working to make it shine, but the rooms would always stay stubbornly the same, the dust, moths beating at the windows, I would be in a panicked sweat as I hid in the house hoping no-one would see the disgrace I allowed to happen (321).

I also use discursive *prolepsis* in a number of different ways. Both Dickens and Umberto Eco use summaries in their novels at the beginning of each chapter. As I was researching my material and focused on phrenology, which I saw as having a great deal in common with the rhetorical enthymeme, in that they both have been used for good and for ill, without the necessity of being true. I decided given the many different phrenological divisions, I would be able to use descriptions of the phrenological organs as proleptic summaries of the chapters. For example, as Eco used his tympanum to set the mood of the hellish murders in the abbey, I used the phrenological organ of marvellousness to introduce a theme of the supernatural to my first chapter:

1. *MARVELOUSNESS*

Love of the marvellous, and of supernatural objects. Organization that disposes us to see visions, and to believe in inspirations. Presentiments, phantoms, demons, ghosts, magic, sorcery. As well as lovers of the astonishing, surprising, mysterious and miraculous. This sentiment inspires belief in the true and the false prophet, and aids superstition

- Translated from the system of F. J. Gall

(191).

In combination with this, the narrative discourse begins *in media res*. The chapter starts with Freya lying awake, after the disastrous incidents of her party. She eventually wakes and chooses to walk out into the night, walking all the way to Cyril Dynant, her persecutor's house. The first chapter ends with, 'The door opened silently over glowing floorboards. I put my face to the crack in the door. Inside skulls grinned at me from every angle' (196). The narrative then retraces Freya's life up until the party and properly introduces the character of my craniologist, Cyril Dynant. No mention of the supernatural is made until we retrace the events of the party and catch back up with Freya and Dynant at his house. This proleptic notice

of the room with the skulls, along with the hints in the chapter title are intended to create curiosity in the reader, both for the characters of Freya and Dynant, as well as the events about to happen in the skull room (phrenological cabinet). The narrative also veers away from the events in the phrenological cabinet for the purpose of inferential *prolepsis*, as the model reader learns more about the two main characters, it is my intent that they should do so through the lens of where they we left off and will view new information while imagining possible outcomes.

I use this proleptic figure again at the end of chapter two and chapter three. After Freya is dragged unconscious away from the ruin of her family home and the corpse of her father, the focalizer of the story becomes Dynant, then a court transcript of Ephraim Littlefield. After this chapter three begins with Dynant visiting the Boston lunatic asylum. It is my intention to balance the model reader's interest in Freya with the introduction of new characters and locations that will continue to have narrative significance, as well as to create surprise when we are reintroduced to Freya as she is found by Dynant in an utica cot in the asylum, something that my research had led me to believe was not unusual when a woman was thought to be hysterical.

*Prolepsis* may indeed be far less frequent than its anachronistic pair *analepsis*, yet when we widen its scope to include a more comprehensive examination of time effects in narrative, we can see that an understanding of proleptic narrative features, their structure and interaction with each other, as well as other narrative structures, plays an unavoidable part in narrative discourse and how a reader interacts with it.

## Chapter 5: Analepsis

—'tis demonstrative that I have three hundred and sixty-four days more life to write just now, than when I first set out; so that instead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back—

Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*.

Unlike *prolepsis*, the figure *analepsis* is rarely mentioned in most English rhetoric sources and more often found in rhetoric as it has been applied to music, than literature (Bartel 183). The Oxford dictionary lists it as an obscure form of repetition of a word or phrase ("*analepsis*, n."), and it may sometimes be mistaken for the more common figure *epanalepsis*, 'repetition at the end of a clause or sentence of the word or phrase with which it began' (Lanham 67). Genette, however, in *Narrative Discourse* notes that, translated from the Greek, *analepsis* means, 'to take on something after the event' (40). Unlike its Greek origin, it is Genette's own definition of *analepsis* as a narrative device that has become the most common: 'any evocation after the fact of an event that took place earlier than the point in the story where we are at any given moment' (Genette 40).

### *Analepsis in Narrative Discourse*

Most narratives are an example of, at least, partial analepses (Genette *Discourse* 62). From our current chronological time, we move paralipically to the earlier occasion of the narrating object. Partial, because the events happening in our present do not stop happening, we have simply chosen to elide over them as we focus on the narrative. The *paralipsis* is our elision over events without completely removing that moment in time. We will eventually return, completely, to a new present time, completing the partial *analepsis*. Narrative is also capable of speaking in the present tense, or being set in a potential future, yet even these still contain some kind of analeptic movement. Moreover, most narratives are examples of a large analeptic structure between the narrating discourse and the story. Simply



put, the time of the narrative discourse is from a future point compared to the action of the story, and will return to a time near to the narrative beginning. Even a story such as *Time's Arrow*, by Martin Amis, that travels backwards in the story time is written past tense, signifying the narrator's advanced chronological position.

The action of narrating and narrative is such a fundamental one that is easy to take for granted the complex temporal relationships involved in narrative representation. While *analepsis* may not have played a large part in the Renaissance expansion of rhetorical figures, repetition most certainly has. Lanham lists thirty-six individual figures of rhetorical repetition into the categories of: letters and sounds; words and clauses; phrases and ideas (189-90). These figures include many kinds of retrospection that we find in narrative. The reclassification and expansion of rhetorical figures is one of the main features of Renaissance rhetoric yet the redefinition of a term like *analepsis* is one that has gone wanting. In *Figures of Narrative Discourse*, Genette defines a new kind of *analepsis* that I will use as the basis for my terminology.

When using the term *analepsis* it is worthwhile to examine the original framework Genette has put in place. In order to define what constitutes an *analepsis* we must first identify the main temporal position in the chosen narrative, this is what Genette calls the 'first narrative'. Genette's definition of first narrative can be a difficult one. His definition states, 'we will henceforth call the temporal level of narrative with respect to which anachrony is defined as such, "first narrative"' (*Narrative Discourse* 48). He goes on to point out that the identification of the first narrative, even as its definition in relation to the anachronies around it can become complex depending on the stability and reach of the anachronies and temporal levels. Other critics such as Maglaveria (14), have found fault or difficulty with the stability of Genette's definition and have attempted to clarify it. However, if we remember that the definition of 'first narrative' is only as useful as our need to recognise anachronies within the text, I believe Genette's model will

suffice. Here is the beginning of an external *analepsis* from chapter 51 of *Oliver Twist* where, near the end of the book, Oliver finds out the mystery of his parentage:

"You have the story there." He pointed impatiently to the papers as he spoke.

"I must have it here, too," said Mr. Brownlow, looking round upon the listeners.

"Listen then! You!" returned Monks. "His father..." (350).

Monks goes on, with a little help, to explain the complete story of Oliver's birth in a chapter long *analepsis*. Of course not all examples of *analepsis* in narrative are going to be purely internal or external to the first narrative, there are also examples of *analepsis* that are mixed, in that they can begin before the first narrative and then finish inside it, or begin inside it and then end further along the narrative timeline than previously reached (*Narrative Discourse* 49). Maglavera notes an example of mixed *analepsis*, which she refers to as a revelatory *analepsis*, in *Our Mutual Friend*. Having retraced his steps since his near death at the beginning of the novel, John Rokesmith (who the narrator takes this moment to tell us is also known as Julius Handford), who has been missing since he identified the body of John Harmon, (who he also happens to be), is having a difficult time remembering his past. As he retraces his steps, in a mixed *analepsis* that begins before the first narrative, he retraces his own chronology back through the story:

Don't evade it, John Harmon; don't evade it; think it out!

'When I came to England, attracted to the country with which I had none but most miserable associations (*Our Mutual Friend* 178).

This *analepsis* also happens at an actantial level and, as Maglavera points out, it resolves the mystery of John Harmon's identity to the model reader, but not to the characters in the novel (178).

Genette notes that these different types of *analepsis* are worth drawing a distinction between as they ‘function for purposes of narrative analysis in totally different ways’ (49). In his definition of anachrony as, ‘all forms of discordance between the two temporal orders of story and narrative’ (40), Genette further defines the types of *analepsis* that are available in narrative. He identifies the main forms of *analepsis* as ‘external *analepsis*’, where the narrative time of the anachrony is not part of the first narrative; and ‘internal *analepsis*’ which fills in, or retells, an earlier part of the first narrative. In terms of the narrative function of these different forms of *analepsis*, Genette posits the function of external analepsis is to affect the first narrative by introducing antecedents (50), and of internal *analepsis* Genette specifies between the heterodiegetic and homodiegetic.

Heterodiegetic analepses are those that, while coinciding with the time period of the first narrative, are of a different storyline than the first narrative. He notes that internal heterodiegetic *analepsis* is often used to give additional information on a recently introduced character (50), ‘or they deal with a character who has been out of sight for some time and whose recent past we must catch up with’ (50). It may be reasonable to think of the exact demarcation of what is internal or external to the first narrative as a line being drawn by the critical reader for their own specific purpose, as opposed to a reliable and constant definition found in the narrative. While this may be true of some narratives, it is likely to be more difficult for others where the first narrative is not clearly fixed.

The functions of internal homodiegetic *analepsis* seems quite different. Genette further divides internal homodiegetic *analepsis* into two main categories. Just as anachronies can be divided by functions such as *analepsis* and *prolepsis*, so too can internal homodiegetic *analepsis* be divided by their corresponding narrative forms: ‘completing analepses’ (*Narrative Discourse* 51) as Genette calls them, are made possible by the earlier use of the figure *ellipsis*.

In rhetoric, the figure *ellipsis* ‘*eclipsis, detractio*’ (Joseph 58, Sonnino 72) is a grammatical figure of rhetoric where a word or words, easily understood from context, is omitted. Genette modifies this usage for narrative by widening its scope from one word to as many as desired, however, the rhetorical definition seems to remain apt: that the narrative flow remains intelligible with the missing information. This simple narrative figure is often used for the creation of larger narrative effects. This is one of the main ways in which an author makes changes to the story chronology.

The other main type of omission, which allows for later analeptic reveal is listed by Genette as *paralipsis*, and as he describes it, it sidesteps a narrative component, not by the omission of time specifically, but by omitting a detail such as an actant. The rhetorical figure of *paralipsis* or *occupatio* (Sonnino, 135) is commonly described as, ‘stating and drawing attention to something in the very act of pretending to pass it over. A kind of irony’ (Burton). An example of this figure as used in classical rhetoric can be seen in *Our Mutual Friend*: Mrs Wilfer, upon hearing of Bella’s marriage says:

“(...) I may feel well assured that your daughter Bella,” again turning to her husband, “does not exalt her family by becoming a Mendicant’s bride. But I suppress what I feel, and say nothing of it” (676).

Once again, Genette seems to use the rhetorical figure’s meaning as the intent applies to a model author, who only pretends to pass by, or leave out, narrative components, all the while intending to draw it out later in the narrative. Where ellipses are a condensing of time that leaves information out by leaving out segments of story time, *paralipsis* is an intentional and intended misdirection, that leaves the narrative timeline seemingly untampered, but removes story content by wilful exclusion. Genette also notes that *analepsis* can be iterative (*Narrative Discourse* 53-4), that is, a

similar series of events recalled in 'past imperfect' ("past, adj. and n.") construction that allows for continuing actions.

Genette's second form of internal homodiegetic *analepsis* is what he calls, 'repeating *analepsis*' (54). He states that these types of analepses are rarely large textual sections, in *Recherche* their most common use is to show meaning in a narrative element that has become more significant than previously known (54). In *Hard Times*, at the end of book two we see the events of Louisa's marriage from a new perspective, hers:

I took him. I never made a pretence to him or you that I loved him. I knew, and, father, you knew, that I never did. I was not wholly indifferent, for I had a hope of being pleasant and useful to Tom...When I was irrevocably married, there rose up into rebellion against the tie, the old strife, made fiercer by all those causes of disparity which arise out of our two individual natures ... (217).

This is an example of internal homodiegetic *analepsis*. The same information is given new significance by being understood from the perspective of a different focaliser. As Lodge notes, '[b]y observing how the narrative text selects, manipulates and 'deforms' the raw material of the fabula, we can uncover the formal choices that realistic illusion tends to disguise and relate those choices to the thematic and affective properties of the texts' (123). Genette also notes that this type of *analepsis* can be an example of 'deferred significance' (*Narrative Discourse* 57) that can be seen as playing a joined narrative role with Barthes concept of enigma, where an element is introduced in narrative that creates a mystery. What Barthes has called the hermeneutic code:

The development of an enigma is really like that of a fugue; both contain a subject, subject to an exposition, a development (embodied in the retards, ambiguities, and diversions by which the discourse prolongs the mystery), a sirtto (a tightened section where scraps of answers rapidly come and go), and a conclusion. (*S/z* 29).

While not wanting to overload these narrative signals, I would note that these codes share conceptual ground with the rhetorical effects that I have already mentioned as part of enthymematic rhetoric, or as Genette writes in relation to this specific analeptic effect: ‘it arises from a subtle dialectic between the "innocent" narrative and its retrospective "verification": such in part are the function and importance of Proustian analepses’ (61).

Genette defines a partial *analepsis*, as an external one that goes back past the first narrative, then returns to a different point (perhaps due to an ellipsis) in the first narrative, but not to the original point (*Narrative Discourse* 62). He notes that a partial *analepsis* functions by only bringing to the reader an isolated narrative moment, whereby, a complete *analepsis* will present the entire antecedents of the first narrative, and that this process is, of course, structurally part of the process of beginning a narrative *in media res* (*Narrative Discourse* 62).

When we consider Genette’s systemisation, it would seem the primary function of *analepsis*, and other time functions, is to enable the re-temporalisation of story data into a structure based on narrative relevance. Narrative relevance however is not simply the order that makes a narrative clearest, or best understood, for that is not the whole function of narrative. The model author must choose the temporal order of story data by the assumption of efficacy on a model reader of a particular narrative ploy, such as Sternberg’s classification of suspense, curiosity and surprise.

As I have done in the previous chapter on *prolepsis*, it is my intention to examine time effects in narrative using the tripartite division of story, discourse, and reader. I will continue to use Genette’s divisions in regard to internal and external *analepsis*, as well as heterodiegetic and homodiegetic *analepsis*. For the examination of how *analepsis* can function in narrative I will divide analepses in to actantial, narrative, and inferential.

In *Time Patterns in Later Dickens*, Maglavera uses, as the basis of her critical theory, Genette's system of anachronies to examine Dickens's later novels. She argues that narratology has suffered from a lack of application to texts and posits the reason for this may be that narratology has gone out of fashion (17). While using Genette's narratological method, her approach is 'text-guided and reader-processed' (20). She also advances the Genettian method for her own purposes, particularly to the 'specific use and on the thematic implications of the various categories' (22). In addition to Genette's categories, Maglavera further divides analepses into various types based on authorial intent such as 'informative/referential, mystery-oriented, indexical and revelatory analepses' (13).

The main function of the informative/referential analepses is to maintain the intelligibility of the story, build the situational context, and act as character indicators. Mystery-oriented analepses create and preserve the mystery and foreground the element of causality, while indexical analepses act as indices and point to central themes. Finally, revelatory analepses disclose the truth and have more obviously thematic implications (Maglavera 13).

Maglavera notes that these functions, influenced by work such as Sternberg's, overlap and are often interdependent, therefore their categorisation is an examination of their main contextual function (13). Maglavera's categorisation is heavily based on Genette's work and is therefore often compatible with my own rhetorical approach. However, for my own approach, while I will mention the intended possible effect on the model reader in a specific case, I will not group anachronies by effect but rather by their structure, or rhetorical shape. As it has been made apparent by Sister Miriam Joseph in her work on Shakespeare's rhetoric, writers are capable of finding new specific uses for rhetorical figures.

### *Actantial Analepsis*

As with actantial *prolepsis*, actantial *analepsis* is an anachronous movement embedded in the story time, in the case of *analepsis* to an earlier point. It can be internal or external, and somewhat confusingly, it can be heterodiegetic or homodiegetic. A homodiegetic narrator may tell us of another character speaking of an earlier time, or a heterodiegetic narrator may tell us of the analeptic thoughts of an actant. Whether the narrator is homodiegetic or heterodiegetic is immaterial to the distinction, actantial *analepsis* is noted by the lack of chronological movement in the discourse time.

This type of *analepsis* happens to a non-narrating actant. If the actant is also the primary narrating voice, or a heterodiegetic narrator, then it becomes discursive *analepsis*. Actantial *analepsis* is an embedded recall, whereby the actants stay in the same discursive time position.

Actantial *analepsis* is a common narrative effect. As Eco points out in *Six Walks in the Fictional Woods*, we use *analepsis* and *prolepsis* regularly. We use jumps in temporality to contextualise narrative information as well as to create narrative effects such as those described by Meir. Genette notes that *analepsis* often makes up for something the narrator has forgotten, while *prolepsis* is a manifestation of narrative impatience (Eco 30). In this annotated passage from “A Christmas Carol” we can see some of the commonplace use of anachronies:

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. [*analepsis*] This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. [*prolepsis*] If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the play began [*analepsis*], there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts (*Christmas Books* 7).

We use these time effects in ordinary communication. Analepses can play an unremarkable role in narrative, just as it can in day to day



language. Narrative discourse also uses them for precisely the same reasons. However, my interest here is in analepses that achieve notable narrative effects. Small analepses may play a simple explanatory role, or a single simple narrative effect. However, their role can become quite complex in narrative discourse.

The narrative structure of *Bleak House* is a complex one, with many characters and individual narratives making up the whole. The main narrative is the relationship between Lady Dedlock, and her previously unidentified daughter Esther. The first narrative can be said to begin around the time of the death of Esther's Aunt, however her early life is reported by Esther in summary, and with the use of many iterative analepses from one of the novels two narrators. Esther's aunt combines both analeptic and proleptic mentions towards this purpose in this actantial section:

Your mother, Esther, is your disgrace, and you were hers.[*analepsis*] The time will come—and soon enough—when you will understand this better and will feel it too, as no one save a woman can.[*prolepsis*] I have forgiven her (Dickens 65).

As with *prolepsis*, Maglavera extends what we may consider *analepsis* in *Time Patterns in Later Dickens* by the distinction of 'analeptic mentions' being used in aid of a larger narrative structure in Dickens's *Bleak House* (40, 58). Analeptic mentions are indirect references to an earlier narrative time. They are commonly used by Dickens for the purpose of creating suspense and curiosity as seen in the quotation above. Dickens uses analeptic mentions of the subtlest kind in his first reference to the missing father of Lady Dedlock's child. As the Dedlocks listen to their lawyer Tulkinghorn's chancery report, Lady Dedlock has an uncharacteristically strong reaction to the handwriting on the transcript:

My Lady, changing her position, sees the papers on the table—looks at them nearer—looks at them nearer still—asks impulsively, "Who copied that?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn stops short, surprised by my Lady's animation and her unusual tone.

"Is it what you people call law-hand?" she asks, looking full at him in her careless way again and toying with her screen.

"Not quite. Probably"—Mr. Tulkinghorn examines it as he speaks—"the legal character which it has was acquired after the original hand was formed. Why do you ask?"

"Anything to vary this detestable monotony. Oh, go on, do!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn reads again. The heat is greater; my Lady screens her face. Sir Leicester dozes, starts up suddenly, and cries, "Eh? What do you say?"

"I say I am afraid," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, who had risen hastily, "that Lady Dedlock is ill."

"Faint," my Lady murmurs with white lips, "only that; but it is like the faintness of death. Don't speak to me. Ring, and take me to my room!" (61-2).

At this point in the novel, the reader has very little reason to believe Lady Dedlock had a daughter before she married Sir Dedlock, or that the handwriting on the legal documents is that of Lady Dedlock's previous lover. This first analeptic mention to the identity of Esther's father on page twenty-six is the beginning of the novel's primary mystery. A mystery that slowly unfolds as the main event in a work of fiction over a thousand pages in length. It is worth noting that while this example references an earlier point in story time, it can also be said to hint towards future events in the narrative. We are given many more hints as mysteriously portentous portraits are wondered at, documents are lost and found, and the resolution of mysteries are even delayed by the spontaneous combustion of a human being. Todorov stated that a 'whodunnit' was a narrative that contained two stories. The first story being that of the crime, the second being that of the investigation: 'in their purest form, these two stories have no point in common . . . . The first story, that of the crime, ends before the second begins' (Todorov 44-48).

*Bleak House* contains many elements of the whodunnit. There is a mystery, a murder and an investigating police officer. And, as Todorov states of the relationship of the two narratives, ‘the first, that of the crime, is in fact the story of an absence: its [salient] characteristic is that it cannot be immediately present in the book’ (Todorov 44-48). *Bleak House* is however much more than just a whodunnit in its purest form. Todorov notes the pure form as two narratives with no point in common. This is not the case in *Bleak House*, where the whodunnit elements are dispersed throughout the larger narrative in a more complex form. The two narratives are truly one narrative cut into two halves. The first half of the story is not read as the narrative jumps proleptically forward, *in media res*. This happens at the narrative level. In the case of *Bleak House* the first half of the story is told through actantial analepses, which never truly reconstruct the story as a whole.

This structure leads to two noteworthy effects: The first half of the narrative could be said to become achronic. We reconstruct the events of the story, but exactly what happens and when is not truly shown. Secondly, our understanding of events in the second half, what we would recognise as the first narrative, are often without clear causal relationships. We make assumptions of causes by textual information we are given as well as our understanding of life and of other narratives. Does Dickens suppose we will guess the reasons for Lady Dedlock’s reaction on page twenty-six, and carry it forward to conclusion with Mr Bucket’s revelations? Or does he hope we will recall the mystery and reimagine it later in the narrative when new details of the missing half of the story become clear?

### *Repeating Actantial Analepsis*

Repetition is a persuasive tool that rhetoric has utilised for many purposes. Figures such as alliteration and assonance repeat letters and sounds for the purpose of a pleasing effect. There are figures that use the repetition of a word for emotional appeal, for succinct logical argument, or to

change the meaning of the word. There are figures that repeat phrases and clauses such as *homilogia* which repeats for tedious, redundant style (Lanham 82) and *tautologia* which repeats the same idea in different words (149). These are just a few among over 30 repetitive figures. The very act of repeating, or retelling is a reference to a past event.

In *Hard Times* Dickens uses repeating actantial *analepsis* for a range of effects. An example of a well-used external actantial repeating *analepsis* is the story of Mr Bounderby's childhood. The story of his humble beginnings is one that Bounderby uses on multiple occasions. Mr. Bounderby, a metadiegetic narrator, telling an external homodiegetic narrative. The first reference to his poverty and hardship is in chapter four as he 'subdues' Mrs Gradgrind (12):

'I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking. I didn't know such thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch' (15).

In this first representation, Bounderby gives a general account of his entire backstory, from being born in a ditch, to being given to his alcoholic grandmother, to running away and struggling upwards to make his fortune. Maglavera describes this initial scene as, 'typically informative and representational indicator: it provides the reader with the antecedents of a character recently introduced' (69). The narrator introduces Bounderby like this:

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare, and a metallic laugh. [...] A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility (14).

After the initial *analepsis*, Maglavera identifies eight more *analepses* that refer back to Bounderby's past. Seven of which are from Bounderby himself. Each *analepsis* works within its own situational context, usually with Bounderby negating an unfortunate situation by comparing it to his own personal woes. But it also assists the building of Bounderby's character. In the style of *Homoilogia*, the repetitions, as evidenced in the examples, make Bounderby tedious, while at the same time amplifying Bounderby's point. This amplification, repetition, may be seen as a comedic device. Each actantial *analepsis* by Bounderby reinforces our understanding of this earlier time, giving it slight new detail, as well as keeping it forefront in the reader's mind. However, the final *analepsis* of Bounderby's upbringing is given by another character, treating the same history, but from the perspective of his Mother:

'Josiah in the gutter!' exclaimed Mrs. Pegler. 'No such a thing, sir. Never! For shame on you! My dear boy knows, and will give you to know, that though he come of humble parents, he come of parents that loved him as dear as the best could[...]' (262).

This structure is an example of what Genette calls, 'deferred or replaced interpretation' (*Discourse* 74). However, it is worth noting that in this example Dickens's effect is created by having the analeptic moment be external to the first narrative; we do not see in great detail Bounderby's childhood, the moment is only ever referred to after the fact. The event loses its first significance, the reader has not witnessed the event and drawn a meaning from it and moved forward. It is this unstable reference that allows us to wonder why it is of importance. Maglavera notes that this use of *analepsis* does not fit into Genette's most common use of *analepsis*, that of direct causality and suggests that this repetition may result in the reader asking themselves, 'Why do we keep getting this information?' (72). This creation of curiosity suggests a relationship to inferential *analepsis* which will be examined further on.

*A Tale of Two Cities* offers an example of actantial *analepsis* that fits closer with Genette's original classification. The first narrative in *A Tale of Two Cities* begins with chapter one 'The Period' which is a three-page *chronographia*, a type of *enargia* that describes a time, a clear, lucid, vivid description (Lanham 185). The time period of the book is set by a heterodiegetic narrator told in an undetermined narrating time, while also telling us the time of the narrated, indeed we are told the year of the narrative. We must wait until the beginning of chapter two for the setting of the first narrative. In chapter two we are introduced to a coach on the Dover road and a messenger who is given the message, 'recalled to life'. This is the temporal beginning of the first narrative that ends with the death of Sydney Carlton. This marks the beginning of the first narrative.

As Maglavera points out, in the later novels of Dickens, the majority of his novels begin, *in media res* (36). *A Tale of Two Cities* is a good example. The events that drive the action of the first narrative are all based in the events of the missing first half of the discourse. The story is the events of Doctor Manette's life. However, the first half of his life is elided for the purpose of the narrative. *Analepses* like these Genette sees as more traditional in type (50), indeed the whole concept of *in media res* relies on this kind of temporal obfuscation for the effect of discourse. Genette calls this type of *analepsis* a 'denouement in advance' (62).

Doctor Manette's letter is an example of external homodiegetic *analepsis* by a metadiegetic narrator. For narrative purposes the actual details of Manette's letter need to be kept secret, from the model reader as well as to Manette's loved ones. To this end Dickens uses two main devices. The first is the common narrative device of *in media res*, our heterodiegetic narrator begins the tale without informing us of key antecedents. Paired with this device is Manette's letter. Doctor Manette, having suffered in gaol for many years is recovered in a weakened mental and physical state, only able to retain his old self if he forgets about his time incarcerated. If he is forced to recall, he enters a fugue state. In this fashion, with no memory of

what he wrote, we are able to have the court scene where Manette and his family can be accused, with no knowledge of what is to come, by the younger prisoner version of himself. Manette's letter is read aloud by an anonymous member of the court, accusing his son in law. The embedded narrative of the letter is read by a homodiegetic narrator in real time:

This revelatory *analepsis* is contained in the letter Dr. Manette wrote while a prisoner at the Bastille, and which is read at court during Charles's second trial in France. It is presented, that is, as the subject matter of a narrating act (reading the letter), which forms a constituent element of the current first narrative (Maglavera 124).

Actantial *analepsis* is notable in that it creates its effects without obvious narrative intrusion. While Dickens may not be the first writer to come to mind as an example of the 'show, don't tell,' he uses this effect often. As Maglavera states, repeating actantial *analepsis* can be used to 'refute an earlier interpretation and replace it with another' (82). The same event can be retold from the perspective of different actants with the reinterpretation not becoming integrated until narratively most opportune.

Revelatory *analepsis* is a common narrative device. This effect is achieved by the careful omission of narrative information, from either character and narrator, or narrator alone. To this end it is an effect well suited to the homodiegetic narrator. As a logical structure it is created by what Barthes has called the 'hermeneutic code' (*S/z* 17). It is by rhetorical omission of narrative information that enigma is created, and the model reader is allowed to become curious as to the cause of current events. However, for the revelatory *analepsis* to achieve its effect it is often the purpose of the author to create an enthymematic effect, where the reader, having only one narrative premise and the conclusion, is trying to find the possible premise that justifies the conclusion. It is by this effect that a model author can create the final analeptic element of this narrative effect: The model reader, having been informed of the missing analeptic preposition, will take a correctional analeptic walk through the narrative and reimagine

the narrative with the inclusion of the missing information. This process has been explicitly shown in film, where the narrative lens uses flashback to show the corrected narrative sequence.

In *Little Dorrit*, Miss Wade's history is an ongoing mystery that is eventually revealed by a letter written by her that explains her past. A complete actantial metadiegetic external *analepsis*. As Maglavera points out, it 'also underscores the narrative's preoccupation with false conclusions and interpretations' (*Time Patterns* 101). Miss Wade is first presented as:

[A] handsome young Englishwoman, travelling quite alone, who had a proud observant face and had either withdrawn herself from the rest or been avoided by the rest - nobody, herself excepted perhaps, could have quite decided which (22).

Miss Wade's letter does give some explanation of her past, but more than that, it allows the reader to understand the events as Miss Wade believes them to be. More important than the events of her life is the perspective from which she views people and herself. She is in all ways consistent with the actions that we have seen from her so far, and Dickens takes every effort to make sure the reader understands that they are not to simply accept Miss Wade's interpretation of events by giving the chapter that contains the letter this title:

The History of a Self-Tormentor

I have the misfortune of not being a fool. From a very early age I have detected what those about me thought they hid from me. If I could have been habitually imposed upon, instead of habitually discerning the truth, I might have lived as smoothly as most fools do (*Dorrit* 644).

As Maglavera notes, 'The use of external focalization on Miss Wade in the beginning of the novel creates a mystery around this particular character' (101). It is not only the external focalization that creates this effect, the missing information is provided actantially, not through direct



discursive *analepsis*. Just as the information has not simply been elided, but is missing through a kind of focalised paralipsis, and as discussed in *Time Patterns in Later Dickens*, the use of *analepsis* to resolve the mystery allows for us to 'juxtapose what Miss Wade says with what we would believe is true and reasonable' (101). In this way Dickens creates an unreliable metadiegetic character narrator.

### *Discursive Analepsis*

*Analepsis* that happens at the level of the discourse is a more intrusive form of anachrony. It is the form of *analepsis* we are familiar with seeing in film, although the distance between actantial and discursive are not always clear cut. In the film *The Usual Suspects* the denouement comes as Detective Kujan sips his coffee after the release of Verbal Kint. While idly looking around the interrogation room, he suddenly drops his coffee on the floor. We hear analeptic repeats of things Kint has said earlier, as well as montage images of earlier film moments, and names and places that Kint mentioned during his interrogation that are in fact written on the bulletin board. Now, perhaps the voice of verbal Kint is intended to be repeating in Kujan's mind. Even the images could, at a stretch, be believed to be Kujan's imaginings. However, the pan, and extreme close up on the bulletin board and the branding of the broken coffee cup? No. This is narrative intrusion, this is discursive analeptic montage (Singer). An effect film learnt from literature. However Kujan's personal analeptic journey has much to do with inferential *analepsis*.

Just as discursive *analepsis* can be more intrusive, it can be used for very different effect. As Ireland notes, this kind of *analepsis* can be used for, 'narratorial play at the reader's expense' (*Dynamics* 95). In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Dickens uses this for humorous effect. At the end of chapter twenty and at a moment of suspense, he ends the chapter this way:

'Dear, dear!' cried Tom, 'what have I done? I hoped it would be a pleasant surprise, sir. I thought you would like to know.'

But at that moment a loud knocking was heard at the hall door (340).

It would be reasonable for the reader to expect a resolution to who was knocking at the door in the next chapter, yet it is often the case that an author will try to extend the anticipation by moving the narrative focus elsewhere. Dickens capitalises on these narrative commonplaces by the use of a small *analepsis* at the beginning of the next chapter:

The knocking at Mr Pecksniff's door, though loud enough, bore no resemblance whatever to the noise of an American railway train at full speed. It may be well to begin the present chapter with this frank admission, lest the reader should imagine that the sounds now deafening this history's ears have any connection with the knocker on Mr Pecksniff's door, or with the great amount of agitation pretty equally divided between that worthy man and Mr Pinch, of which its strong performance was the cause.

Mr Pecksniff's house is more than a thousand leagues away (341).

This form of *analepsis* may be more overt, yet that doesn't mean it is less effective than actantial *analepsis*. Even inside the category of discursive *analepsis* there is room for subtle narrative effect.

### *Iterative Homodiegetic Analepsis*

Iterative *analepsis* is by its nature a rhetorical subtraction, instead of the author listing each instance of an event, or telling condensed past events and future events, the author achieves the effect of telling past, present and future at the same time, just as film may show a montage. This passage from *Great Expectations* shows an example of the effect that iterative *analepsis* can create:

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair:  
saying...You come along and be dosed ...At the best of times, so much  
of this elixir was administered to me ...that I was conscious of going

about, smelling like a new fence. On this particular evening the urgency of my case demanded a pint of this mixture ... (12).

Great Expectations often uses iterative *analepsis* (Maglavera 152) as a means to quickly tell larger amounts of story time. In this sense *analepsis* is serving a larger structure of narrative quickness, that may be effective, yet some critics see these '[s]hocking abrupt accelerations' as creating a non-naturalistic world (Ireland 70).

Another example of iterative discursive *analepsis* can be found in *Little Dorrit*. Chapter three begins with Arthur Clenham sitting in a coffee house listening to the sound of church bells. As he listens, the sound of the bells brings back to him Sunday's past. As Maglavera points out, it is an 'external *analepsis* with internal focalization (the reader never leaves Arthur's point of view)' (109). Even focalised through Arthur the narrative presence allows for a different tone than a purely actantial *analepsis*. In this example the effect shares ground with Proustian pause as a way to create character:

There was the dreary Sunday of his childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses [...] There was the sleepy Sunday of his boyhood [...] There was the interminable Sunday of his nonage; when his mother, stern of face and unrelenting of heart [...] There was a legion of Sundays, all days of unserviceable bitterness and mortification, slowly passing before him (30).

With a discursive *analepsis*, where the anachrony is happening at a higher diegetic level, it is possible for story time to have no chronological forward movement from the beginning of the anachrony until its return. Just because it is possible to have this happen however, does not mean it must be so.

In *Our Mutual Friend*, Dickens uses discursive *analepsis* to repeat a moment of time to contrast, 'the activities of separate social groups on a given morning' (Irish 114).

## Chapter 11.

Up came the sun to find him washed and brushed, methodically dressed in decent black coat and waistcoat, decent formal black tie, and pepper-and-salt pantaloons, with his decent silver watch in its pocket, and its decent hair-guard round his neck: a scholastic huntsman clad for the field, with his fresh pack yelping and barking around him (555).

## Chapter 12.

Up came the sun, streaming all over London, and in its glorious impartiality even condescending to make prismatic sparkles in the whiskers of Mr Alfred Lammler as he sat at breakfast. In need of some brightening from without, was Mr Alfred Lammler, for he had the air of being dull enough within, and looked grievously discontented (556).

Instead of repeating events, this type of *analepsis* allows the narrator to repeat the moment of time. While reader time remains in 'human time' in that we do not actually experience both moments simultaneously, we know that the moments are happening together, creating the idea of a simultaneous scene.

*Inferential Analepsis*

The final type of *analepsis* to be discussed in this chapter is inferential *analepsis*. This is the movement backwards of reader time in narrative as intended by our model narrator. Inferential *analepsis* is, by nature of being inferential, a by-product of other narrative strategies. As earlier mentioned in the chapter on *prolepsis*, the model author may often use 'advance mentions', these are narrative strategies that can intend for a reader to take an analeptic walk in the narrative. This inferential walk can take different forms. A reader may decide to re-read the narrative, find an earlier moment to appreciate it in the new context, or the moment may still be clear in the reader's mind and they will only 'think back' to the earlier time to draw relation to a new moment. If the moment is actually repeated on the page it is another form of *analepsis*.

An example of this can be found in *Our Mutual Friend* where the inferential *analepsis* is intended for both the character in the scene and the reader. Lizzie Hexam, at work at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters is warned about her father by Miss Potterson:

It's not an easy thing to tell a daughter, but it must be told. It is thought by some, then, that your father helps to their death a few of those that he finds dead (86).

Later in the narrative, her father is in a rage because of her brother's actions, and, seeing him in a rage, Lizzie cannot help but imagine him committing the crime he is accused of:

'Father, don't! I can't bear to see you striking with it. Put it down!'

He looked at the knife; but in his astonishment still held it.

'Father, it's too horrible. O put it down, put it down!'

Confounded by her appearance and exclamation, he tossed it away, and stood up with his open hands held out before him.

'What's come to you, Liz? Can you think I would strike at you with a knife?'

'No, father, no; you would never hurt me.'

'What should I hurt?'

'Nothing, dear father. On my knees, I am certain, in my heart and soul I am certain, nothing! But it was too dreadful to bear; for it looked—' her hands covering her face again, 'O it looked—'

'What did it look like?' (95).

As Dickens makes clear, both Lizzie and the reader are intended to remember the previous scene where Lizzie's father is accused of killing those he finds dead in the river. Lizzy sees this possibility so forcefully that she in turn scares her father. In this example the inferential walk is intended for Lizzy to take and the reader to witness. Dickens is also capable of providing inferential walks specifically for the reader alone.

In *Domby and Son* Dickens uses inferential *analepsis*: Domby shuts himself off, alone in his grief, giving instructions that he does not want to be disturbed, even by his also grieving and horribly neglected daughter, Florence. So each night she creeps to his room and waits by his door, until the night before he is to leave on holiday. She creeps down to find the door open and her father home. She enters and sees in his face no care for her at all. Dickens uses a proleptic mention to function as a marker for a later recall of this moment:

*Let him remember* it in that room, years to come. It has faded from the air, before he breaks the silence. It may pass as quickly from his brain, as he believes, but it is there. *Let him remember* it in that room, years to come!

He took her by the arm. His hand was cold, and loose, and scarcely closed upon her.

[...]

*Let him remember* it in that room, years to come. The rain that falls upon the roof: the wind that mourns outside the door: may have foreknowledge in their melancholy sound. *Let him remember* it in that room, years to come! (253).

The phrase ‘[l]et him remember’ becomes a marker for the reader to recall Domby’s treatment of his daughter. The narrator could instead retell the moment, to remind the reader of what has happened forty-one chapters earlier. But in *Domby and Son* Dickens uses analeptic inference to create the recall. In the scene above, Domby believes he has lost everything with the death of his son, with little idea of what he still has left to lose. It is not until Chapter 59, after Domby’s wife has disgraced him, he has struck Florence and she has run away, his business is ruined, his servants and friends have abandoned him, and he is alone hiding in his rooms as his house and possessions are sold around him that the narrator recalls that moment for his reader:

‘Let him remember it in that room, years to come! The rain that falls upon the roof, the wind that mourns outside the door, may have foreknowledge in their melancholy sound. Let him remember it in that room, years to come!’

He did remember it. In the miserable night he thought of it; in the dreary day, the wretched dawn, the ghostly, memory-haunted twilight. He did remember it. In agony, in sorrow, in remorse, in despair! ‘Papa! Papa! Speak to me, dear Papa!’ He heard the words again, and saw the face. He saw it fall upon the trembling hands, and heard the one prolonged low cry go upward (795).

The model reader of *Dombey and Son* may turn the pages back and reread the scene where Dombey abandons his daughter in her grief, or they may use their own recall to remember what he had done. Either way, ‘let him remember’ is the marker by which the recall is triggered.

An inferential walk does not need a specific proleptic marker to trigger it. It may also be brought on as the last part of a mystery based syllogistic effect. In *Great Expectations*, the mystery of Pip’s patronage is built upon his expectation that Ms Havisham, for unknown reasons, is his benefactor and intends Estella to eventually be his. Then a visitor arrives and he realises it is the convict he aided as a child who has actually been his mysterious benefactor. At this time both Pip and the model reader re-examine his time with Estella and Ms Havisham in the light of this news:

“Concerning a guardian,” he went on. “There ought to have been some guardian, or such-like, while you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now. Would it be J?”

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in in such a multitude that I was borne down by them and had to struggle for every breath I drew (316).

As the truth of Pip’s expectations is made clear, every moment with Miss Havisham and Estella needs to be re-examined. I would posit here that,

unlike Pip, these moments for the model reader will come slowly. Unlike the single effect of Poe, here we have a syllogistic structure built on a false proposition, which in its correction needs to be corrected along the whole chain of Pip's life. In this example I believe the serialisation of Dickens's novel would have well aided this narrative time effect.

### *Prescriptive Use*

The structure of my manuscript uses many examples of *analepsis*. As I have mentioned earlier in this chapter, whodunnits, by their nature are two separate narratives, that of the crime and that of the detective solving them. My narrative does in fact overlap as the crimes and the detection interact as the murderer and the detectives eventually catch each other, in the fashion of a completing *analepsis*.

I use actantial *analepsis* in a number of functions. One of the most traditional ways is the informing of character backgrounds. When Freya's father meets with Dynant he describes his daughter's antecedents by way of introduction:

You wish me to be succinct, so you have no one to blame but yourself if I am overly blunt,' now softer, 'My daughter has suffered somewhat for the lack of a womanly influence, why, not in character, she has enough of that I am sure, and her education has been a triumph. She is a bright young lady—all say so—the same school as the very best of our little neighbourhood (202).

I also use actantial *analepsis* from a metadiegetic narrator. In this case a letter from Dynant to John Butler that explains the injury suffered by his wife in their trip to America. I based many details of the trip on Dickens's journals of his trip to America with his wife, focalising this part of the narrative through a letter from Dynant in order to keep some of the remarkable descriptive language I found in Dickens's travel writing.

*John,*



*There has occurred a matter I must relate to you,*

*We travelled to England first, and I can recollect no time that my Ninette and I were happier, amid the chaos and discomfort, than in our travels across the beautiful European countryside and bustling cities. On arrival in London I had arranged our accommodations in advance with my family, and booked passage on the SS Great Western. It was the maiden voyage, yet it was an easy thing to arrange. There had been a small fire on the way up from Avonmouth, and the architect had been injured and put ashore (350).*

As part of the narrative structure I used changes in the temporal ordering, as Meir Sternberg has posited, for the creation of curiosity and suspense, where one narrative proposition can create curiosity, and two or more will create suspense. I used analeptic mentions focalised from Dynant's diary entries to hint at his lack of faith in his own work from the beginning of the story. Although well respected, he has found his science ineffectual at helping him with his wife's injury. I based Nina's injury on examples of 'acquired savant syndrome' and the ennui that has been reported in some of the sufferers. When Dynant reflected on his relationships I have included mentions of his despondency:

My high opinion of him made it difficult to be in his company.

It may be time that I, as difficult as it will be, sever completely my professional ties and retire further into solitude (216).

I have also used iterative *analepsis* at the beginning of my manuscript to highlight the model reader's contrasting expectation of Freya at the beginning of the story. In the first chapter as Freya lies in bed she hears the voice of her father:

Sir, my Daughter Freya, and I hope you find her the very *pitcher* of my description (158; 217).

This is repeated only after the narrative arrives back at Dynant's appearance at her party. In the narrative gap we have seen her father's scheming, Dynant examine a corpse, and Freya's attempt to reconcile her father's expectations. Freya's experience with Dynant's 'phrenological cabinet' is intended as a preparatory device, much like a notional set, for the remainder of the story. Examples like the infamous Burke and Hare, who killed and stole bodies for medical experiments, and whose death masks were taken after they were hung.

#### Irish Male

The cast of William Burke, the notorious murderer  
hanged in Edenborough. 28<sup>th</sup> January 1829 (239).

As I begin my story *in media res*, I also use analeptic mentions to hint at events that have happened previously in story time, yet have not been disclosed in narrative time. The model reader has been told that the night has ended badly, the analeptic hints give further information without stating a full narrative proposition:

I stood haunting the entrance to the front parlour. My movement through the house had added little to the sounds of settling. I saw Papa's face shining with excitement. He was telling me Doctor Dynant—*The* Doctor Dynant would be giving us the pleasure of his society. A man so sought after, and so reclusive, would be coming to our house on the night of my introduction. Then another Papa, more recently, standing in my doorway a feeble candle creating hollows on his face, a rare moment, to hear that voice so quiet, a slow running narration of the little moments I had missed, amusing little peeps of life and chatter. He had said nothing of any importance, just stood in the door and spoke to me of the night. When the words ran out, he just stood (194).

I use inferential *analepsis* to inform past narrative events that have been paraliptically hidden. On the night of her father's death, Freya

considers going to her father's room, but decides to creep out into the night. She hears a noise from her father's room:

A louder restless sound. Was it Papa? Perhaps he is sitting on his bed unable to sleep. Wondering what can be done. How can we hope to recover from this night? He pulls at his ear as he sometimes does, and plots and frets (159).

Later in the narrative Freya discovers that her father was in fact murdered on the same night their house burnt down and realises the chronological order of events with this analeptic marker:

Someone had crept into our house, and restrained my father, then punctured a hole into his skull *while I was in the house* (293).

After he has been caught the killer describes his own journey through the house that night:

'When I reached the first storey I girded my nerves. I stood straight, next to the wall, but without touching it. My face felt greasy and wet. I walked, tiny steps, no longer than a shoe length. I came to a door and gently held the knob, it turned, a scrape of brass on brass—the sound a scream to me. The cold weather had left the door slightly high on the floor. I looked in—you were lying in your bed. A radiant child (413).

My intention is for the model reader to remember Freya's journey out of the house, hopefully with some recollection of noises she heard as she left, and to either go back and reread or simply remember the description and then impose the new information over the scene. While there are many more examples of *analepsis* in my manuscript, the last one I would like to mention is the final one I use. One of the main concepts I have explored in my creative material has been based on the rhetorical enthymeme, and the idea that something does not have to be true to be effective. Phrenology is of course an infamous and disproved science. While Doctor Gall may have

intended his work to improve our knowledge of the human brain, it was later used to further racist ideologies. During my research I came across another phrenological history. It has been used creatively, and believed, by both Dickens and Poe. Phrenology was also beneficial in America and Europe for the ideas it freighted into medicine, education, and prison reform to name just a few. I decided to use phrenology as my detective's method to explore the concept that something doesn't have to be true to be effective. In my last *analepsis* I have earlier tried to let the model reader assume that the killer found his own way to Dynant's house. It is not until after the crimes have been solved that Dynant thinks through this hypothesis and realises it to be incorrect. On doing so he goes to Freya's room:

'I have not spoken to her. I have no proof and have looked for none.'

Of all the haunted men I had met so recently, alive and dead, here was their progenitor.

'He lied. He did not come looking for you. He was not here in hope you would be...how ridiculous—

—she found him. Before we did. She invited him to come to her. I do not believe she would have done so if she had ever imagined that she was putting you in danger.'

'She promised me. Not to end her life. She was not trying to take her life, I think' (435).

Analepsis is a common device in narrative structure, if not an essential one, and the potential for interaction with other figures shows why. Its use to reframe or correct previous interpretations makes it capable of a fascinating communicative relationship with the model reader.

## Conclusion

Rhetoric is the systemization of natural eloquence as developed in ancient Greece and expanded during the Renaissance to include over two hundred individual figures that are to this day a major part of our critical and compositional methods. Can the oldest form of literary criticism be used to examine temporal effects in narrative discourse?

Fittingly, considering that this thesis explores temporal levels in discourse, the structural order of the exegesis and the manuscript is not quite straight forward, but function more like a hermeneutic circle. While the exegesis is a critical examination of how the creative material was produced, the creative material is a direct result of the research and prescriptive method developed in the exegesis. They have been co-produced. This may seem an overly complex structure: why make it necessary that both documents speak to each other and need to be developed alongside one other? The answer lies in the original research question: Can Renaissance rhetoric be used as an analytical and prescriptive method to understand and creatively deploy time effects? The key term here is rhetoric: I have used a rhetorical method of inquiry to answer the research question. Rhetoric was developed by observing and recording effective language use; when organising an argument, Cicero noted five canons of rhetoric: invention, arrangement, style, memory and delivery. Invention does not carry the modern connotation: however, its meaning is the discovery of the best available means of persuasion.

I have employed the traditional rhetorical method of taking note of examples of effective rhetoric, in this case in the works of Dickens and Poe. The collection of my invention is then distributed to both the exegesis and the novel. In the exegesis this information is collected into categories, examined for its historical use in rhetoric, as well as its place in narrative theory, and then shown in application in my own work. In the creative component, the use of the invention is a more complex one. While the novel has been created from material found in my critical research, it has also

been necessary to do additional research on what was found in my primary sources.

For example, Poe and Dickens both feature phrenology in their writing. I became interested in phrenology as I read about the social benefits that could be traced to this movement, even though the theory itself turned out to be incorrect. In this way phrenology shared a relationship with that important rhetorical structure of the *enthymeme*. This pseudoscience had not been discredited and was at its peak during the lives of these writers. Both Poe and Dickens spent time in Boston around the 1840s and as phrenology became a central part of my narrative, I decided to use this time and location as the setting. It then became necessary to do additional research on 1840s Boston. The main research for the novel however is still the same as the exegesis.

In effect my primary research is used in my creative material in two ways, firstly as the story matter of the narrative, and secondly as the time effects deployed in the narrative structure. To begin with I would note the ways in which Poe and Dickens deform time in their writing. This increased my awareness of the differences in story, narrative discourse, and reader time as I read. As I began to write my own work, I was more aware of the temporal layers than I had been previously. This was the primary use of my time figures in the first and subsequent drafts. I have used this approach with the intention of not privileging either part of the thesis. In order to examine whether rhetoric can be used specifically for the composition and analysis of narrative discourse, it is necessary that the reintegration of rhetoric for use in narrative is as thoroughly examined in the exegetic methodology as in the prescriptive use it is applied to in the manuscript.

The re-intergrating of critical reading tools and what is often described as a 'stylistic' approach to creative writing theory is a goal that I share with researchers in the fields such as cognitive poetics and literary stylistics (Scott, *Creative Writing and Stylistics* 423-39), although I am wary of allowing rhetoric to be subsumed by the field of stylistics, in much the

same way I have discussed rhetoric's partial integration in so many other fields Jeremy Scott, building on Keith Oatley's concept of 'writing and reading' as a shared heteronomous process, has identified an approach that uses concepts from cognitive science and linguistics such as 'schema theory' and 'diectic shift theory' as tools we can apply to both the critical reading and creation of texts (Scott, *Creative Writing* 83-88). These concepts share common ground with my own work. Scott's work however, pays little attention to the theoretical ground covered by both classical rhetoric and semiotics. Deictic (Murfin and Ray 441) as a linguistic term refers to the changes in language due to specific circumstance, a concept that is well covered, particularly by the concept of Kairos, in rhetoric (Kinneavey and Eskin 132). Schema theory likewise shares much ground with semiotics, in particular theorists like Umberto Eco have written specifically on how schema interacts with the concepts of signifier and the signified (Eco, *Role* 216). It is worth, however, drawing attention to the common ground covered by these approaches.

There is a distinct problem with my research question, and it is this: can any method be comprehensively used to understand and creatively deploy time effects in narrative? Hidden in this question is the idea that any form of artistic endeavour can be taught: what are we able to learn, and what can only be the result of natural talent?

Do other areas of expertise that do not carry the designation of creative or artistic suffer from the same bias towards a perceived natural ability? In Shakespeare's time a facility of artistic ability was considered artificial, meaning not found in nature, and was highly praised. By the sheer number of educational institutions in the world, it would seem that we believe particle physics, medicine, engineering and essay writing, to name a few, can be taught. We do not think that all people will have the same aptitude in those other fields, but that doesn't lead us to believe them unteachable. Why? What is our expectation of artistic fields? As I have already mentioned, this bias is a relatively new one.

This thesis owes much to Miriam Joseph's work on the Trivium, which reconstructed the liberal education's training in grammar, logic, and rhetoric. The critical language used to analyse literature has significantly advanced since the realism of Henry James; however a cursory examination of creative writing textbooks shows a lack of dissemination of some of the advancements of literary criticism. For example, Genette's work on mood and voice. The possible diegetic levels and how speech is reported in the text was advanced in the 1970s, yet many modern works still keep the simplified divisions of character, setting, and point of view. Concepts from both Booth and James seem to be the primary basis of much creative theory.

This thesis attempts to see if Renaissance rhetoric, when applied to a narratological critical model, can be used to enhance the understanding and use of narrative technique as applied to creative writing.

The reinsertion of a more overt use of rhetoric has potential benefits for narrative criticism as well as creative methodology. The 'death of the author' represented an important move forward in narrative criticism, where the analysis of the text is not induced from the biography of the author but is extrapolated from the textual object. This led to critical methods that have given primacy to the structure of the text, even when examining it through the critical lenses such as post-colonialism, queer theory, or psychoanalysis. Rhetoric has the potential to include in textual analysis the effect on the reader, something that theories such as reader-response and phenomenology have also done in different ways. From the perspective of the language creator, it includes figures that have previously been used for successful persuasive effect that can be attempted in the building of a narrative. Likewise these figures can act as a critical object for the analysis of the text without the need to draw on the intent of the empirical author, but rather what is found in the text. The reader that rhetoric imagines when used prescriptively shares many features with the one that Umberto Eco creates to explain semiotic textual strategies called the 'model reader'.



In order to examine the time effects in narrative it was necessary to use a method of categorisation for those effects. Genette provided the first two main divisions in temporal deformations, that of analepsis and prolepsis. Analepsis is a movement backwards in time and then a return, prolepsis is a movement forwards in time and then a return. These two divisions have the added benefit of already being rhetorical figures. While these figures may not have been master tropes in Renaissance rhetoric, in the course of this thesis they did prove to support the argument for rhetoric's place in narrative discourse.

The other two main divisions I used in my categories were inspired by Eco rather than Genette. Genette dealt with changes in duration in the form of pause, scene, summary, and ellipses; however, in my research into the rhetorical figures I found that ellipses, a rhetorical figure in its own right, played a significant role in the formation of many rhetorical effects besides itself rather than a clear single strategy. Likewise the effects of pause was often part of other rhetorical strategies. Instead, my other two main figures came originally from Umberto Eco. In *Six Walks in the Fictional Woods* Eco defined the effect of 'lingering' as it can occur on different narrative levels. This was to some degree a response to a previous Norton lecture by Italo Calvino who wrote one chapter in praise of the quality of 'quickness'. Both of these categories treat with similar territory to Genette's duration and are well suited to the adaptation of rhetoric. Renaissance rhetoric already includes many figures that are appropriate to this system under definitions such as addition, subtraction, brevity, and description. These four categories: prolepsis, analepsis, quickness, and lingering have become my four main temporal divisions.

As my research developed it became clear that these four time effects happened at different diegetic levels. Narrative theory already makes the distinction between story and narrative discourse, and Genette defines homodiegetic and heterodiegetic narration. When attempting to show at what narrative level time is being deformed by effects like prolepsis and

analepsis, I have used ‘discursive’ to define anachronies that happen by the overt agency of the narrator, and ‘actantial’ to describe anachronies that happen at no level higher than the human actants in the story time. It was Eco’s inclusion of ‘reader time’ that first inspired me to incorporate the persuasive effect on the model reader. Eco defines the decidedly rhetorical effect of a reader considering possible narrative outcomes outside of the text as ‘inferential walks’. Due to this theory I have defined effects on the reader as my third diegetic level ‘inferential’.

In order to explore the components of potential time effects, I developed a structure for the exegesis to take us through the critical theories underpinning narrative time structures, evidence of their use in literature, as well as comparative examples from my own prescriptive use. My first chapter presented the theoretical ground of this work and positioned it with other critical theories. Chapter two discusses the potential of textual ‘lingering’ by the character, the narrator, or the reader that can be used to examine narrative devices like *mise en abyme*, *Proustian pause*, *delectio morosa* as well as forms of *enargia*. Chapter three examines ‘quickness,’ as it functions in large narrative structures like *in media res* as well as smaller structures like the effect of scene and narrative dialogue. This chapter also analysed the importance of quickness in logical structures on the model reader. In chapter four I examined *prolepsis*, including it as a master trope in narrative. I have examined the potential for enthymematic structures that establish narrative propositions using classical Renaissance figures, prophetic actants, as well as language based notional sets. I have argued that these structures are useful to examine Sternberg’s definitions of suspense, curiosity, and surprise. Chapter five analyses my last figure, analepsis. Along with ellipses, this figure is how narratives create the effect of *in media res*. As a logical structure it plays a primary role in inference, as it is often the inclusion of a previously unstated narrative proposition. The importance of inferential analepsis is analysed in this chapter for the differing roles recall can play in the model reader (Eco *Role* 11). My last

chapter is the entire creative component, the manuscript of *The Phrenologist's Cabinet*.

This thesis shows that the figures of Renaissance rhetoric, that include in their own categorisation the whole liberal arts system of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, already have the resources necessary to analyse and distribute durative and anachronic time effects in narrative discourse. What is missing is the reintegration of rhetoric into narrative theory. Rhetoric's poor reputation would seem to be part of the reason for its fragmentation, and it will take a considerable shift in current practice for this to change. The intent of this thesis is not to present a complete rhetorical narrative theory and method, only to test the validity of rhetoric to this purpose. Further research will need to be done to create a method that can function as a general systemisation. There are many figures of rhetoric I have not discussed here, and an inequality in the figures I have discussed, and those I have used. While I have analysed many narratives from Poe and Dickens, I have only written one: therefore I have only used figures that would fit into my single narrative. The analysis of temporality in narrative discourse as written about by Genette is a system built using rhetorical tools and it deserves further study both analytically and prescriptively to bring about and justify the reintroduction.

As this thesis shows, the figures of rhetoric are ubiquitous in narrative discourse and narrative theory. It is perhaps too much to hope for that we will see a resurgence of rhetorical education anytime soon. Yet, as rhetoric is so thoroughly distributed, if not over distributed, in critical and creative practice it is surely worth further attention. As a tool to examine narrative composition, I believe some reintegration of rhetoric could be of benefit to creative writing studies. This thesis has been an experiment in the use of rhetoric in a long form work and the method has proven to be successful in the production of creative material. This is a step towards the further development of a rhetorical education.

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# The Phrenologist's Cabinet

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Where possible this book has used research into the phrenological history of the United States. Many of the references to people and phrenological methods of that time have been taken from non-fictional sources. To that end I would like to make particular note of *The Zoist: A Journal of Cerebral Physiology*, *The Manual of Phrenology: being an analytical summary of the system of Doctor Gall*, The extant papers of the Boston Phrenological Society, and a particular thankyou to the online repository of phrenology: The History of Phrenology on the Web.

Editor's note

A note on the source material: This manuscript was found in a collection of papers from the Boston Phrenological Society, which after its dissolution in the late 1800s was eventually stored, along with many physical objects, with the Warren Anatomical Museum at Harvard Medical School. As presented here, the manuscript was placed into the third section of an unpublished treatise of F.J. Gall's system of craniology, with each chapter collected under a different phrenological organ. It was not until digitization that this narrative was found.

*'He found the way to espy the workshop of the soul'*

-An inscription devoted to Gall from the King of Prussia

Phrenology Cabinet:

*Phrenological societies collected life and death masks, skulls and skull casts from individuals from across society in order to display material that confirmed their theory. At the peak of phrenology's popularity the Phrenological Cabinet was a museum, bookshop, examination center and school.*

*Excerpt from the Boston newspaper 'The Beacon' edited and reprinted from 'The Zoist', a Journal of cerebral physiognomy:*

March 17<sup>th</sup>, 1840.

*Bi-monthly Meeting & Ladies' night.*

Dr. Browne delivered an address upon the condition and cerebral development of an unknown man, now deceased, found and detained in unusual circumstances.

In the early hours Constable P——, of the night watch, saw a gentleman walking down O—— Avenue. The man was tall, finely attired, appeared to be in a state of high inebriation and unaware of his surroundings. P—— states that since the drawing in of laws restricting the sale and consumption of alcohol, he and his fellow officers were once again spending an increasing amount of their workday, in the detaining and fining Boston citizens due to public drunkenness.

He approached the man from behind, hallooed him, and asked he hold up and give his name, to no effect. The constable attests that the morning light was weak in the alleyway and would not allow for much reading of the man's features, particularly from behind. He drew his club, and laid a hand on the man's shoulder. The man did not stop or show sign

of aggression. He tottered sideways and careered into the wall, hitting his head and shoulders on the stone before falling.

The constable spoke to the man and again asked for his name. The officer pulled the man to his feet, his hat still in place. It was then that the officer saw the man's face. Constable P—— denies it was the face of an inebriate. *No sign of recognition was in it, yet it was not distended or convulsive, the lips were slightly parted, the eyes wide open. The constable has stated that it made him uneasy, and hesitant.* Nevertheless, he attempted to restrain the man. He approached him from behind and embraced him, using his weight to prevent the man from moving forward. The man then fell sideways, making no attempt to ease his fall, the constable falling with him to the ground.

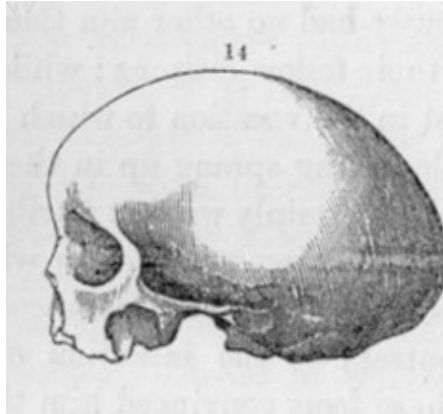
After this the man remained still. The officer turned the man over and, examining him, believed he was dead. He transported the body to a local doctor who confirmed that the man had died, but could not ascertain the circumstances. The man had no objects of identification, and his name is unlisted at this time. His measurements are as follows:

Circumference over the eyes,.....	21 $\frac{5}{8}$
Line from ear to ear do.....	10 $\frac{6}{8}$
————— backwards.....	10 $\frac{7}{8}$
————— over the head .....	12
From the meatus to Firmness.....	5 $\frac{2}{8}$
————— Veneration .....	5 $\frac{3}{8}$
————— Benevolence.....	5 $\frac{4}{8}$
————— Sense of things .....	4 $\frac{3}{8}$
————— Comparison.....	4 $\frac{5}{8}$
————— Pride .....	5
————— Parental love .....	3 $\frac{3}{8}$
————— Inhabitiveness.....	4
Breadth at the outer extremity of the orbits....	4 $\frac{3}{8}$
————— disposition to violence.....	6 $\frac{2}{8}$
————— centre of Causality .....	1 $\frac{7}{8}$
————— Sense of Property .....	5 $\frac{2}{8}$
————— Cunning .....	6 $\frac{1}{8}$
————— Courage .....	4 $\frac{4}{8}$
————— Sexual love .....	2 $\frac{6}{8}$
————— Circumspection.....	6
————— Ideality.....	4 $\frac{1}{8}$

The head is of ordinary size. Clean shaven with close cropped dark curling hair. His intellectual faculties are above average. His forehead shows a melancholic, poetical nature. It is worth noting that pride is of outstanding size, while philoprogenitiveness and adhesiveness are remarkable in their shape and slight concavity. Circumspection is also a point of interest given its width.

If this reporter was to offer an opinion, he would beg the attention of the more affluent quarters of our fair city. The man's clothes, aspect and physiognomy all draw the conclusion that while this man is yet to be identified, he is likely one of the sons of the first sons of this city.





### *I. MARVELOUSNESS*

Love of the marvellous, and of supernatural objects. Organization that disposes us to see visions, and to believe in inspirations. Presentiments, phantoms, demons, ghosts, magic, sorcery. As well as lovers of the astonishing, surprising, mysterious and miraculous. This sentiment inspires belief in the true and the false prophet, and aids superstition

- Translated from the system of F. J. Gall

‘Sir, my Daughter Freya, and I hope you find her the very *pitcher* of my description.’

~

I lay in bed, my eyes refusing to close. The house could not sleep. She let herself shift and groan. After the scraping of chairs, the elbows on mantles, the clump of dancing shoes and the prodding of so many canes, she was sore through to her boards and now settled as she cooled.

I lay there, like an unwanted late supper that has been picked at, each piece of flesh pulled from bone, but left by indifferent guests who have only made an inspection that couldn't raise in them an appetite and now will spoil the quicker.

A louder restless sound. Was it Papa? Perhaps he is sitting on his bed unable to sleep. Wondering what can be done: how can we hope to recover from this night? He pulls at his ear as he sometimes does, and plots and frets.

The guests had left earlier than anticipated, not for lack of amusements, but I assume from respectful embarrassment. It is cold tonight. I ran my hands over my thighs feeling the pull, and then the creasing resistance, of the cotton nightdress under my palms.

*God of mercy*, I had not wanted this. I had first debuted at sixteen with many other Boston girls. I had done my best to make Papa proud; I was not a particularly popular young woman, or a beauty of repute, and this was agonisingly confirmed in the little slights and missteps of the evening. Yet I would relive that night each night over until last Judgement if I could remove the stain of this one. When you are debuted a second time, at a private party, at the age of nineteen, there can be few guests under any doubt over the reason for such a thing.

And yet, and yet the first half of the evening, to my very great surprise had been a success. Hope had opened a sleepy eye to the light and in my foolish pride I had begun to enjoy myself. That was before the appearance of Mister Cyril Dynant.

I suddenly could not lay there any longer. I sat up and slid myself off the bed. I took up a light stay that was old and worn, the front was too tight now, but it had shoulder straps and I could lace it easily. Over this I put my purple nightdress. Saying his name to myself had brought a flush of heat to my face and he was like a wasp sting in my mind. I had to move through the pain of it. My slippers on, I left the room. I looked towards Papa's room. A little candle light still played under the door and I wished I could go to him.

Downstairs the house would, by now, have been put away: Our housekeeper Mrs Foley and her daughter Abigail have cleaned away the decorations, except the flowers. Those are re-vased around the house. The tables and chairs would be back to their usual place, no space cleared for dancing, no extra trellised tables for cakes and punch. Bridget Foley has kissed her daughter and left for the boarding house room she, her husband, and her younger child share in the town proper. Abigail, who has a room downstairs next to the kitchen, and is responsible for the stove, is most likely asleep in front of it now. In the morning she will wake and rake the dying coals for any remaining life, then with a little wood, she'll feed it until it is hot enough for coal. All this before Cook arrives.

The night has stolen all the colour from the house. I walk on as if I could leave my thoughts behind me. Why had he done it? What gain had there been in my humiliation?—a shifting of weight from Papa's room as like someone getting up, or sitting down? I took the stairs down quickly and quietly with no more direction than away.

I stood haunting the entrance to the front parlour. My movement through the house had added little to the sounds of settling. Here is where Papa stood. His face is no longer here shining with excitement. He is no longer telling me Doctor Dynant—*the* Doctor Dynant — will be giving us the pleasure of his society. A man so sought after, and so reclusive, will be coming to our house on the night of my introduction. I compare the face not there with the one I saw as I went to bed, standing in my doorway with a feeble candle creating hollows on his face, a rare moment to hear that voice so quiet, a slow running narration of the little moments I had missed, amusing little peeps of life and chatter. He had said nothing of any importance, just stood in the door and

spoke to me of the evening. When the words ran out, he just stood. I had looked for permission in his face to speak to him, and saw none. Just as well, for what could I say?

Tears gathered and the dull ache of a sob in the back of my throat became too difficult to hold. I opened the front door and closed it after me. I stood in the door trim and looked out at the cold, dark night. I wondered at myself. What did I intend to do? Distraught at the implications of this Dynant's words, now would I go astray? A young woman alone in the middle of the night. Pinckney Street was silent, nothing but the sigh of wind, too far or too high away. No watchman's light to be seen. The cold of the night on my naked head reminded me of Dynant's cold fingers on my skull. His obnoxious manners. He had cupped my head and the bones of my skull had run like sand through his fingers. I wondered if what he had said was how the world saw me? Were my private passions on show for every careful eye? Spirit hands, cool and clinical, pressed the protrusions on the back of my skull, and the slight soreness there pushed me out into the street. Dynant's face was in my eyes and I knew where I wished to go.

The grass of the verge was wet underfoot and in short time my legs began to ache, but I kept moving forward. I could see the light of the gaslamp at the end of the road, as it intersected with Charles Street. I stayed off the road, walking on the greensward unless a fence made me detour onto the street. I was worried someone would suddenly lurch into the light. What would I do if I was found by the night watch? Or drunken men? Lights sparkled in the city, and I knew there would be celebrations still burning on and bakeries making loaves. In some hours the lamplighters would be out with their poles to cap the flames as the sun rose from behind the city.

I had reached Louisburg Square and behind ironwork fences I could see the statue of Aristides the Just, pulling the cloth of his robe from his chest and standing with

his head held in the unseeing direction of Columbus on the other end of the square. I had walked this square so often in the sunshine. To see it now in the dead of night made me feel like I was walking through limbo. The reckless child in me thrilled at this, at my daring, like a character in an arabesque tale, or some terrifying grotesque from Mister Poe.

Charles Street was close now. I could now see Dynant's home in the near distance, lit like doll's house. Papa often spoke of Dynant's house with keen interest, inspired by the flamboyancy of it. So I had taken notice each time I passed; it was hard not to. This mysterious recluse had chosen to hide from society by sealing himself up in the most unconventional and noteworthy of homes on a street already propagated with beautiful modern Greek-style edifices.

At the other end of Pinckney Street. A large new house, built in the same style that dominated our neighbourhood. However, unlike any other house on the street, the block, the neighbourhood, it had been built with the eccentricity of a hexagonal structure. It was a two storey building with large rectangular windows, two double windows on each truncated side, six by six panels of glass, a large double window upstairs and two single rectangular windows framing the large double doors in front.

A porch, or rather a veranda, projected out, with its own roof section, wrapping around the house and ending before the back three sections. In the dark of night the high windows of the large front room had open sashes. The golden light, shining impossibly brightly from all visible windows gave the impression that I was standing in front of one unlikely giant cell of honeycomb.

I wanted to see him. I wanted to look at him in his house, ambling around with his hair all out at ends, a handkerchief held to his nose as he dozed in a chair, or eating

soup loudly and alone. He had come to my home and saw fit to judge me in front of my guests. I wanted to see who he was.

I quietly mounted the steps and under the colonnaded porch of the main building. Light blazed behind the parlour shutters, trapped inside and bleeding out from every crack it could find, but no sound of life was to be heard in the main house. Almost unbidden my hand touched the doorhandle and a new mechanism easily turned in my hand. The house was so new as to barely seem real. The door opened silently over glowing floorboards. I put my face to the crack in the door. Inside skulls grinned at me from every angle.

*February 6<sup>th</sup>*

*My interview with M. Charles Cavell had been requested for the afternoon. It was my desire to make the appointment in a timely fashion, listen to his request, deny it, and leave in an even timelier one.*

*This insufferable man had forced me to attend him in a manner that strained the bounds of decorum. Had I been a pettier man, I'm sure I would have dealt with him in some offhandedly cruel fashion. A parcel had arrived at my door with a small, stiff card:*

*Would the much esteemed Doctor Cyril Dymant, craniologist and neighbour, do me the pleasure of a brief interview at The New England Coffee House, Clinton Street, on Friday afternoon, March 6, on a matter I hope to be desirous to us both?*

*Charles Cavell & Co.*

*The parcel contained a large amount of a variety of tea I was in the habit of purchasing. He knew my tastes—not from time spent in my company but by prying into my habits through his importation firm.*

*This is not the first time someone of accidental acquaintance has tried to force their company on me for reasons of personal benefit, but as my reputation had spread there has of late been a welcome lull.*

*I climbed the stairs to the common reading room on the second floor. Smoke and the particular warm air distinct to tobacco chewers greeted me on entrance to a large ‘H’ shape room with tall windows looking out into the city at the end of each staff. This room, much quieter than the one below, was strictly for recreational guests, business was supposed to be left for the third floor, where merchant’s representatives, lawyers and lenders would place themselves in leather booths and men who wished dealings with them would line up and await their turn. My host saw fit to break with tradition.*

*I picked with no interest at the collection of mercantile and political broadsheets in light wooden spines denoting their name that were hung by the large service bar. There was also a fair collection of smaller single interest journals on the table. The room was less than half full. I knew Mr. Charles Cavell by sight, but to speak with hardly at all. He was a stout gentlemen with a neat dark beard and a clean upper lip.*

*I looked for men seated by themselves and found him underneath a window. He sat in the corner, on the left hand side of the right window. The seat was made of two chairs with cushions and a small table joining them. They faced each other at ninety degrees. The arrangement was mirrored on the other side of the window with a lamp*

*dividing the two areas. He supported himself by leaning towards the table, with a hand resting on the arm, about an inch from his coffee cup, a cast iron facsimile of a tea cup, black outside with a white interior. He lowered his head from neck down and took a sip, eyes scudding around the room. His hair was thin, coiffured from a low part on one side and slanting across an underwhelming forehead.*

*As his head moved I made a rudimentary guess at his more notable measurements:*

<i>Philoprogenitiveness:</i>	<i>6¼,</i>
<i>Destructiveness:</i>	<i>7½,</i>
<i>Secretiveness:</i>	<i>5¾,</i>
<i>Cautiousness:</i>	<i>3¾,</i>
<i>Causality</i>	<i>6¼,</i>
<i>Firmness</i>	<i>4½,</i>
<i>Marvelousness</i>	<i>2.</i>

*These measurements were of course approximations—though I note here that they were later proved to be accurate. I walked towards him, sure that he had recognised me and would soon try to attract my attention. He rose and offered his hand.*

*‘Doctor Dynant, an honour sir. I cannot begin to express my gratitude for you giving me your valuable time. Please, let me get you some refreshment. You will accept our coffee I hope?’ His accent had a width to it which spoke of a more rural beginning, pronouncing the word Doctor as “darkder”. I nodded and sat. He raised a hand and his thumb held his wedding ring as he waved two fingers at the server while the other pressed my hand, a feat of some coordination.*



*'They do not serve tea here doctor, otherwise I would offer. After all, the drinking of coffee is our civic duty,' he laughed confidentially at me and I gave a small smile.*

*I had been a drinker of coffee while I had studied medicine, a stronger sweeter brew than usually found here, but America has now identified coffee as their own, and will not believe others could have a knowledge of it. The brewing method here was rough and unsubtle. Most eating houses roast their beans in a pot or pan over a stove. In well-to-do establishments like this one, they had studded metal drums that would be hand turned over coals, an unscientific method that produces variable results.*

*Charles made pleasantries—I waited for my coffee and took the time to look over his appearance.*

*His clothes were of fine manufacture, but of a mildly older style; they struck me as aggressively humble, and in pointedly excellent condition. His slacks were a dark grey and his waistcoat a dark patterned green over a white shirt that made me suspect a strong feminine influence in his life, as I knew few men capable of such choices themselves at his age. His cravat was a very dark plum.*

*The features of his face were small, crowded together and—in rare moments of repose—dour. Character was given to the unmemorable head by the constant motion of the face, it slipped enthusiastically around, careering from corner to corner in large show of expression.*

*The coffee arrived.*

*When viewed directly from the front, his face had well balanced features. However, the length of the head across the coronal plane gave an impression of large*

*hind brain shape. His hair, long over his ears and curling slightly at the height of the acoustic meatus had a rather feminine structure to the back of the skull.*

*I noticed we were sitting in silence. I, staring at my host over my large bitter cup, and he looking directly at me. I imagine he was unaware of the constant series of tiny movements his face made as it reflected the progression of thoughts passing through his mind. I posited him to be carefully considering a problem, or an opportunity, and from numerous possibilities, allowing inspired judgement to guide him. I understood his reluctance to begin as he decided what approach would be best. A careful man.*

*'I hope the coffee is to your liking? Somethin' to eat?' He put little hope into the offer.*

*'Thank you Mr. Caldwell, but no.'*

*'You would prefer not to dally, I understand, sir, and I'll try not waste your time. Are you aware that I am a member of Boston's Phrenological Society? (He said the word as if spelling it out.) Uh, maybe better to call me a member-patron. It is a point of pride for me that my family continue the Boston tradition of self-improvement and philanthropy. As a member of that esteemed society I was, of course, aware of your history before you came to these shores. I hope you'll not think me—uh—uncouth if I tell you that our society hungers for your company. We have read your published work with the Royal Society, and know of your time learning under the esteemed Gall. To put it plainly, since the unfortunate death of his protégé Spurzheim shortly after his arrival here, we have had no true successor to lead us in our work.'* He leaned backwards as he spoke, artificially looking down at me. A beneficent father in tone and gesture. He would speak to all like this, his mouth an echo chamber magnifying vibrato persuasion.

*'For my part Doctor, I am amazed by the stories I have heard of your facility, your great power, in the new science. I've heard things that I can hardly credit. Why, they say you can read a man and know him as a book in mere moments. That you can diagnose an illness of the mind—and its cure—as well as a lesser man may set a bone. Why, I have even heard it said—by fools of course—that you spurn the society because you have entered into a (his voice became a dramatic stage whisper) Mephistophelian contract, and like that other good doctor, having learnt all there is of the mind of man, all earthly pursuits have become dust in your hands. Ha—ha! You can imagine the desire—uh—the society has to cultivate your friendship.'*

*I felt blood rise to my cheeks and cursed myself.*

*'I have no interest in the Society,' I said. Even without the want of the approval of these men, I reacted with pleasure to their interest in me and to the company of this petty salesman.*

*'Of that I am sure.' The wet chuckle again.*

*I felt a flash of true irritation with this man, his casual knowledge of me, as well as my susceptibility to his flattery. My reading of him, the bombast, the overdeveloped cautiousness I saw in him, and the causality. I had met such men before. Pettily I picked up my coffee and took a sip, then returned it to the table, placing the base close to the edge of the table. His eyes noted the cup, his head turned away a little and his brow furrowed. Not to be distracted he leaned toward me and spoke:*

*'Sir, I am not here to beg you to meet with the Society.'*

*This at least was of some surprise. The most obvious answer to his wanting to see me was to improve his standing with his peers. What was it then that he wanted of me?*

*'Are you aware I have a daughter?' he asked.*

*'No,' I lied.*

*'Freya, after her mother's people. My wife was taken from us early. She was a dear, fragile creature, and never recovered her health after the birth. I have raised my daughter well I think, better than most. You have no children sir?' No sympathy was asked for, no emotional plea.*

*'No.' I put my cup down again. I watched his eyes as the base was seated, only slightly, over the edge. He frowned at it.*

*'Well—they consume you.' Cavell sucked his cheeks and frowned again, then moved his own cup a little. I refused my features a smile, and busied myself by stirring sugar, my spoon noisy on the sides of the cup. He fumbled.*

*'You wish me to be succinct, so you have no one to blame but yourself if I am overly blunt.' Now softer, 'My daughter has suffered somewhat for the lack of a mother; why, not in character, she has enough of that I am sure, and her education has been a triumph. She is a bright young lady—all her tutors say so—the same school as the very best of our little neighbourhood. No, where she has suffered is with my own lack of social grace. Oh, I have tried. I have run her entry into the world as if it was my second business, however, I have good reason to believe that her first entrance into society was not the success it should have been, and now two years later, she is paying the price for my foolishness.'*

*Dear vengeful Gods. Why had I come? I am become feeble witted. I began to plan my retreat. What did this jocular, animated man want of— or worse still, for— me?*

*‘—and now I come to the meat of the matter. Since that affair my daughter is now nineteen years of age and my station in life has—haha—improved a great deal, and I am led to believe that it would be acceptable for her to have a soiree celebrating her age, regardless of having been introduced to society already.’*

*‘Mr Cavell I hardly—’*

*‘—I am coming to it Doctor, please have a little patience. I, as you know, am a merchant by trade. Which is very fine. However, to the kind of people my daughter is in social contact with, who trace their lines back the length of Boston, it is a fault in me to only be a merchant today, I should have been a merchant generations ago.*

*‘Now I have worked hard, and what I started with I have turned many times over.’ This talk of money was done with a vulgar, knowing quietness. ‘My wealth allows us much. We have a good home in a good neighbourhood, we are invited, on occasion, into even better ones. I rub elbows with the giants of this city when we pass them on our own street, or in the halls of our societies. Maybe you think a codfish aristocrat such as me can only rise so far with those best families? But I say to you: a generation or two ago, those families were my family; and I spend money, in my attempt to do for my daughter, to an extent that would shock most folk. I am the sower in Matthew’s parable. I throw my seed everywhere, much of it dies where it lands, some lands shallow and lasts only a moment, but some lands in rich soil and—uh—and will grow a harvest.’*

*Cavell looked at me with naked shrewdness.*

*‘You think me a bore, sir? Well, maybe I am. But, if so, I am a bore who adores my child. Sadly, for the moment money may not be enough and if I fail, she will suffer for my ambition. Imagine it, Doctor, she has been raised, schooled, and debuted*

*amongst the very best, yet she still is treated by some as no more than a—a redneck cherry, and I fear this may break her heart one day soon.*

*‘But I believe if you were to do me a small favour, a small honour, you could help greatly while doing little. This may not be the way to make such a request, her mother would undoubtedly have done better, but I am what she has, and this is how I see it.’*

*‘The Phrenological Society.’*

*‘You are lightning, sir! Yes, many of our dear neighbours are members of the society. Now, just imagine: If I could tell them that the esteemed and mysterious Doctor Dynant would be attending our little party. There is not a one who would not attend.’*

*His hunger, his unclothed avarice, hung on him like a bodily odour, like the scent of fatty, bitter meat. I had no love of those he wished to ingratiate himself with and an urge to rid myself of this companion as quickly as I could.*

*‘Unfortunately Mr Cavell, I—’*

*‘Doctor, please wait. Before you commit yourself—you keep yourself to yourself and have no wish to socialise with your neighbours. I understand. I don’t ask this for myself but for my child who should not have to suffer for my foolishness, Please Doctor Dynant do this one small thing for us, we both are outsiders here, and she is—’*

*‘No,’ I said, ‘I wish you and your daughter well, but no.’ I stood and collected my hat. In a moment he went from suitor to beggar; there was nothing of his he would hold back from me. He sprung from his chair and his hand purchased on my sleeve.*

*'Then, I will perhaps buy a—ahem—private lecture for myself and my guests? Here,' he pulled out his money fold and from it took a promissory note, prepared earlier with my name already on it. 'Let me—*

*His leg hit the arm of my chair, punting the lip of my saucer forward and sending my mostly full cup toward the ground. The cup hit at an angle and coffee ricocheted up Cavell and missed me entirely. Sudden splashes on his grey slacks, his green waistcoat. The pathetic man stood there in his surprise, the damp note held in both hands.*

*I could feel my face redden as I tried to assist him. All trace of pompous, verborum bombus, was gone from the fat red face, fallen low, as he wiped at himself. 'I will see you there, Charles,' I stepped quickly and gingerly around him and left, cursing.*

~

Saturday the 14<sup>th</sup>

Merciful Father I am a lazy 'she',

On the day of my party I rose early enough, made my toilette, and after breaking fast I cleared away my room and performed my morning duties. I even made another attempt upon the childish mess of needlework I had, in vain, been working at. The doors and windows all stood open, sunlight and the sound of heavy boots filled the house, the carpet in the parlour had been rolled up and put away, chairs lined the room, all in preparation for dancing. Missus Bridget Foley was in a state, her skinny black clothed elbows were like the flapping crows as she dashed around at such speed that they seemed a flock filling the house. She insisted that each detail be submitted for my

approval before she would act upon it, worse, she had instilled this instruction upon Abigail, her daughter, at most times a sensible child, and so I stood in the parlour as these two dervishes of pageantry submitted every single task for my acceptance. Missus Foley knows my talents for house making and social planning are in fact so far beneath her own as to be hardly worth mention. So she gently absolves me of my ignorance each time I make a poor choice by standing in front of me and ‘*hemming*’ and ‘*herring*’ until I realise I must be in error and quickly change my mind.

I wished I could leave the whole affair to her. I had been brought out once already and, if I had my way, I would not come out again. I know I am a spoilt child, and I try myself miserable in efforts to be a better daughter, a better Christian, but dear Father I am incorrigible. I listened to Bridget’s recommendations, her distaste for the exotic arrangements of such and such, and the many great qualities of ornamental sleeves in the style of this and this. But as I dutifully listen and choose, knowing full well the purpose of this exercise, I vowed, God grant me a child, I would not parade her like this, a lamb at market.

As soon as a distraction presented itself I fled from her, from the parlour, like the ungrateful child I am. Knowing she would persevere without me I hid myself in the drawing room, in the front of the house. It was an old game, Missus Foley knows where I hide myself, and she knows not to find me unless she has a real need. I am the lady of the house and my petty childishness, a sign of my bad grace, is tolerated without acknowledgment. Unless I draw the attention of Papa.

I set myself by the window to the street at a small table with a glass of raspberry cordial stolen from the kitchen. Pinckney Street is a lively one, and from the windows I



could see the bright day in a bottle for me to examine at my leisure. I wrote in my journal:

*I have a new passion...the latest of a long line. I have abandoned my passion for the scandalous and the profane. While my own efforts at composition continue with no encouragement, I have a new muse: The Lowell Offering. The periodical composed by the girls who work in the textiles mills in Lowell County. Mary Leslie Hope has lent me the parish's latest edition.*

*How I wish I was a Mill Girl! Yes, I am sure many of them would envy me and my comfortable life, but how I envy them. Their lives are poor. They work like I have never worked, straight backed before the giant industrials. They live together in the boarding-houses of Lowell, a town built to support the mills as if it were raised lacework motifs, the streets are strands of guipure attaching on all sides. The supporting lacework of homes and houses, churches and boarding houses, public houses and parks, all boarded: the town a single work whole and unbroken.*

*Often the girls must share a bed. They work up to fifteen hours a day. But in that time left to them, excepting some small allowance for sleep, they write. They write poems and articles, short compositions, essays on science and social matters. They write and then the writing that is found worthy is published.*

*I think this periodical is as fine as anything published by Catherine Sedgwick, perhaps finer. These factory girls—my envy is a sin— tell the stories of their lives and their work in the factories. They work the machines and save their money. A single woman is allowed her own bank account. They work, and live, and try to improve themselves. Most in hopes of earning a suitable dowry, or at least a good position.*

*On holidays the pastor takes them on rambles across the hills and fields of New England: meeting folk, eating hamper tea and picking whortleberries. They ache for the life of a house angel and write about their hopes. While I read their compositions and I ache for a life like theirs. I imagine myself living with a group of girls, working, reading and writing, saving money, and responsible for no one but myself.*

This entry is the first in my new journal—I had made the mistake of rereading some of my early journal entries—for as long as I can remember the secret desire of my heart is the vain conceit that one day my literary efforts will be worth publishing—Sweet Creator! When I read the childish and overly bold voice of my younger self, I despaired and burnt the whole book. Fortunately I have many other old journals I will not make the mistake of picking up.

*My old playmate, Jonas Flagg, is back from school, as are all the collegiate young men, and it is no accident that my party is to be this coming week, a full six weeks from my birthday, after all: the young men were not back then.*

*To be a young man! They travel in packs around the town in their fine jackets, neat waistcoats, and aching new hats. I have seen them stop and point, seemingly, at nothing, or a street Gaslamp, and pontificate. As if their first semester has gifted them with new eyes with which to see God's work and understand it. Papa has, on numerous occasions, noted that Jonas has seemed to go to some pains to be in attendance at social events I have also frequented. I do not respond to this, for it would surely be of great sadness to Papa if he knew the only reason for Jonas' attention was his desire to prove himself to me, now as my intellectual better. Oh, we are friends beyond doubt. He will listen to me if I advise him. He puts up with me when I scold him, and even tolerates it when I tease him in a most inappropriate manner. It is indecorous, perhaps*

*scandalous, but having grown up with him and having learnt to treat him as the young fool he is, it would seem I cannot unlearn it. It is a balm to me to have one male friend I may treat as he deserves, and I secretly despair at his ever getting of any wisdom. Now, as my education has come to an end, and his has begun in earnest, he returns to show himself in all his splendour and I must dance a reel with him.*

~

Her hand was on the small of my back, Missus Foley moved me through the door and into the parlour. She is dear to me; Foley has kept the family since I was small enough to believe God had sent her to me for the loss of Mama, and while she slowly disabused me of this fancy by never stepping outside her role as housekeeper, she has also never taken even the smallest advantage of me.

But as she displayed me to Papa in my finery, her arms and fingers hovering around me, she is the crossed sticks of a stringed French marionette. The bone corset is set against my spine, pushing my hips backwards and rasping at my ribs, my feet point slightly towards each other as I compensate and balance.

‘Now look at the pitcher of you. Oh my, this is what a father saw, just hiding in the guise of a child.’ His warm voice washed over me. I stood in the middle of the room; my hands held themselves as Papa walked around me and through Foley’s invisible strings. My dress was a green tarlatane and white lace, which I was to be allowed as I had debuted two years before; a deep rich shining green that had enchanted me and I had wept over. I had let my hair be trussed, parted across my too large forehead and then looped before the ear and backwards into a bun *a la grecque*.

‘Tonight is a celebration of everything I hold dear.’ Papa took my fingers, his eyes held a message of pride just for me. He could not help but tell me again of his crowning achievement.

‘Imagine such a thing as this: perhaps Dynant will ask the pleasure of your company across the floor. Then what confusion—’ He lifted up my arms and swept me around. ‘Whose faces will show the greater envy—Boston’s finest young men, or their own fathers? Ha! You know Dynant has lived here now an *entire year* and has not once met with any member of the Boston Phrenological Society? The preeminent organisation of the new science in this whole land and he has shunned them, shunned everyone completely, except you.’

My father’s passion for the story of our distant neighbour had reached a crescendo since his arrival home a week ago with news of his successful interview with the man. Everything phrenological is now his obsession. The extremis of this had been the insistence that Missus Foley manufacture a *ratt* of my own hair, sewed into an old hairnet, and then used to add size to the back of my head, specifically where ‘philoprognitiveness’ lay. Enhancing it to what, Papa assured me, would be alluring fullness.

‘Are you sufficiently pleased with your petitioners?’ Papa drew my attentions to the arrangements that have been arriving all day. Conspiratorially, Missus Foley had placed the large arrangement of exotics from Jonas in the position of preference. A splendid arrangement that had no hope of surviving the heat of this room later in the evening.

‘Yes, Papa,’ I looked at the floor, hoping I seemed demure, or anything but desperately trying not to tell him that I did not want this, any of this. His pride in me was an honour, but if I could hide in the front room all night, I would.

‘Oh! It is not a kindness, to send out a lure such as this before unwary prey.’ Missus Foley actually giggled at his words—merciful Father save me—as he held my hands and smiled at me with such warmth that my anger died before it could be born.

‘*Some* fine young man will see you, and his heart will turn to theft. He will make a vow to steal from me what I treasure above all, and you wicked creature,’ he scolded, ‘will let him do it. Ah! What a burden to be a father.’ More giggling from the harridan turned imbecile. Jonas is a simple fool who sees me as little more than a crib to help his studies. He would as soon as marry me as he would marry a school grammar. I smiled at nothing, nothing at all.

~

*February 10<sup>th</sup>*

*An unusual addendum to my day: The always surly Ephraim arrived shortly after I had finished the dissection and began to tidy the laboratory as the audience petered out. Tickets to my lectures remain popular, not due to my ability to demonstrate a significant improvement in the method by which we separate the organs of the mind (which I do with an accuracy that is mostly unnoticed by my students), but rather due to a mixture of the popularity of what is here known as ‘phrenology’ and bolstered by a morbid fascination with my own character.*

*As I arranged my papers, Walter Channing, the Dean of the medical school entered the laboratory.*

*'Dynant, typically, I am swimming against the tide I see.' An energetic man he was in all things, slightly exaggerated. Taller than average, wider, moustaches buoyant and fulsome, voice high and amused. He was a man who could somehow look comfortable and relaxed even straining against a throng of students. I felt an ache build behind my eyes.*

*'I do not come empty handed, my dear Cyril, but just to give you first options on a — matter— which may be advantageous to you in your work here.' This I divined was his discreet way of offering me the first option on a newly arrived corpse, most likely a pauper or prisoner who had not explicitly stated his aversion to being dissected and had been procured for the school. Unusual for Walter to do this personally. His offer was not, however, based on a friendship between the two of us, but rather because of the popularity of my lectures. Due to this I was given all number of dubious little favours.*

*Walter is a man known for his sense of humour; 'This is a good one, Cyril. He's been identified, I beg your pardon, as one of your ilk. He is a phrenologist. A practical one I'm afraid. I examined him myself. The cause of death is "visitation by God."' He performed a sombre counterfeit. 'It was only a matter of time before the efforts of you and yours attract wrathful attention.'*

*'God spare us such a visit,' I said. This was an old topic between the two of us. Since I had taken on some duties at the school regarding coronary work, I had once, in Walters hearing, vented some small spleen that the causes of death not accurately identified were always given the unhelpful descriptive: visitation by God. A phrase that allowed little room for further discovery. But where I was caustic, Walter allowed his irritation to become a joyous sarcasm. He would relish the deaths that must be assigned to a greater being, and ponder what could have given cause to almighty retribution. A*

*most unusual man. He can be the crassest of fellows regardless of company, and yet no one has more successfully championed obstetrics than he. His ability to navigate the political made little sense to me. I have also heard it said that at the beginning of his career he had been expelled from this very institution for throwing rotten vegetable matter at the then Dean of the school, and I have no trouble believing it. My high opinion of him made it difficult to be in his company.*

*‘I’ve done what I can—’ He stopped speaking and we both regarded Ephraim, who was transferring the brain on dissecting table into a large tin bowl by the use of a student’s discarded graphite pencil. To make matters worse, Ephraim was singing tonelessly under his breath while he tidied remains; I made out some populist piece about a fellow knocked cock-hatted by his fiancée. Ephraim noticed our regard and kept singing. Slightly quieter.*

*‘Would you like to look the fellow over?’*

*‘My pleasure.’ It was no such thing. It has been a long time since I have found any enjoyment in my work, however the offer had been kindly made. We left Ephraim to his duties and walked to the hospital dead house. It was an external brick building, behind and at basement level. The structure was divided into two main sections: one for the bodies of men and one for women. Between the two main sections, the middle of the building had been divided into a tool closet, a small, bare examination room, and an office.*

*Walter strode at my side in silence until we reached the internal door to the examination room, he then allowed me to lead. The room was more like a small roadside taproom than a medical facility. A large wooden table dominated the small space and four simple chairs were haphazardly placed along each main wall. A water*

*cabinet and equipment cupboard sat opposite. Grey afternoon light effused the room from a large skylight.*

*An excellent find. He had probably died in the water, as early as sometime this week.*

*He lay fully dressed in his still damp suit. A phrenologist indeed: his long shapeless frockcoat was unbuttoned, allowing view of a dark waistcoat, yellow shirt and black pants. His attire was still well enough on him that, along with a tight red beard fencing a strong jaw, his lack of a hat seemed odd. Water dripped from the table. The moisture in his garments had made them stick closer than usual to the body inside and the spare fabric pooled onto the table leaving a pattern of rippled material; pastured hills on a moonlit night.*

*Walter carefully moved the clothes away from the body, allowing the viewing of his naked torso. A skinny body, dark orange hair clung wetly to his chest, belly and groin. Water had preserved the body somewhat, but the skin was now deeply saturated with tell-tale wrinkling. Purple and blue mottling had begun to flower, particularly at the joints.*

*'Is he familiar to you?'*

*'Of course not.' My pains to remain private may shield me from unwanted social attention, but I was aware that those whom I came in contact with professionally often seemed to know more of me than I had ever offered them. Walter, however, while often blunt, usually seemed aware of my want of privacy.*

*'I have examined the body. No external sign of mortal damage. He is in good condition and I assume the brain will be at least as well preserved. Most likely he has died in the water. As to the cause? I would only guess for sport: perhaps intoxication,*



*miasma brought on by poor living, maybe even an inherited susceptibility?’ I heard the slight rise in tone marking a question and deference, and ignored both.*

*It was a reasonable diagnosis. ‘How was he identified?’*

*‘This was found in his pockets.’ He handed me a sodden mass of papers. ‘He probably reprinted these himself. Phrenology tracts. I requested a visit from the secretary of the Boston Phrenological Society, Mister Nahum Capen—’*

*The booklets were all soaked into a pulped briquette. I pulled at the individual pages that smelled of the harbour. I must here admit to an indecorous snort. ‘I would be surprised to find these weighed the poor fellow down, these have all been copied from the printed work of the Fowler brothers, you know of them of course? Both Lorenzo and Orson seem to be the country’s preeminent phrenologist experts. What an education this country must afford its farmhands, Walter. These illustrations are clearly their work.’*

*Walter ignored my words.*

*‘Mister Capen identified the man as a guest of the society; his attendance is noted in the minutes as a guest of a member. His name is recorded as Cornelius Donovan, although he probably changed it some while back. I was able to get a copy of this.’*

*He handed me a half sheet pamphlet. Written across the top in bold type was, ‘Know Thyself & Your Fellow Man’. The pamphlet promised lectures on phenology for moral improvement, career advice and couples whose purpose was marriage. Arranged around the words were illustrations of famous personages and their dominant organs. Two thirds of the way down the sheet and handwritten was the name of the lecturer: Professor Cornelius Donovan. A small picture of a neat frocked man holding a bare skull. The association with men such as this was to me an unwanted embarrassment.*

*'It appears he attended the Fowlers' Academy in New York, The brothers give out a large blank stack of these to their students upon their final payment.'*

*'A notice will be put in the Gazette. I'm sure they'll find his belongings in a boarding-house before long. Shall I have him sent up to your lab?'*

*'No.'*

*'No? What? Why not Cyril?'*

*'It has been particularly cold until yesterday. That is why the condition of the body is as fine as it is. However, the sea has preserved the exterior somewhat. Notice the fatty residue that has started to form? The organs on the other hand, including the brain, will have begun to deteriorate at far much faster rate with the warmth. By the time I would wish to use it, it will be too late. Let the medical students at the hospital practice on it.'*

*It may be time that I, as difficult as it will be, sever completely my professional ties and retire further into solitude.*

~

*He's going to jump.*

That was my first impression when I saw him on the night of the soiree. I walked back inside with Jonas, still breathless from my turns around the floor when the thought pushed itself rudely to the front of my mind as if it was a more important, sensible, one. Not only did Doctor Cyril Dynant show no outward signs of wanting to take his own life, but he also wasn't standing on a precipice. Rather he stood, late to

arrive, on the very edge of the hall runner, only a quarter inch of shoe cast out into the void.

Yet, something in the way he stood gave me the impression that instead of the dark green binding of the carpet edge, his toes were overhanging a precipice, with one final step to take. My father's hand was on the man, and I thought I recognised the stiffness with which Dynant held himself.

He was a queer sight. The brilliant man who studied under phrenology's founder, Gall; considered by many to be his successor. A man whose company was greedily sought, whose arrogant genius was such that the thought of him daunted and thrilled even the austere group of older men gathered here to meet him, but now looking so small as my father loomed over him, I almost expected to see Bridget Foley place her hand on his back and push him forward to meet the crowd.

His hair, fine and dark, curled over his head in manner neither tidy nor dishevelled, with a peak above high temples, then running to wavy wire as it followed the line of his jaw stopping just before his chin. His eyebrows were confident slashes of a charcoal above the large lidded eyes of an Italian painting. High thin cheekbones had too much colour in them, and small, full lips hung below a straight hooked nose,

'My child, it is my pleasure to introduce a dear friend of mine; I believe I *may* have mentioned him to you? This the renowned Doctor Cyril Dynant. Sir, my Daughter Freya, and I hope you find her the very pitch of my description.'

I heard the silence behind me, the music seemed to have quietened. It occurred to me that what had surprisingly been a most enjoyable and successful evening had ended. Each pair of eyes sought only Dynant. The night was no longer in my honour, but in his.



It was Dynant's appearance at my party that so clearly separates my two lives. The latter one began with the worst night of my life, the first was the last day of my adolescence and ended with an unexpected enchantment.

Heaven had looked down on Missus Foley's efforts. The parlour, lit by candlelight, was a suffusion of dark red silk, green laurels, and white flowers. Chairs were arranged around the room so to provide a space for dancing. Papa had gone to considerable expense to secure four musicians of some local renown who were usually in constant employment at the newly built masonic temple. They had brought with them a small black box piano, coronet, violin and violoncello. They were now playing a lively tune as the coronet player sang in a soft high voice:

*So to my ma I went, sir,  
And she reprov'd me so.*

*"Indeed my dear, you're joking,  
You're still too young to know;  
So take your time Miss Lucy,  
Miss Lucy, Lucy, oh!"*

The drawing room had become the refreshments room and ornamented in seasonal blooms. Our dining table was weighed down with every dish popular this year. The great blocks of ice that had been delivered in sacks that morning had now been reduced to chips that sparkled in bowls and platters, keeping cool fruits, cold meats, fish as well as ices, rhubarb tart, frozen custard, cakes and sugared almonds, everything was portioned to be picked up and eaten with the hand.

Missus Foley had stationed me on the outer edge of the vestibule, behind the master of ceremonies, a slight man with sandy hair and a neat moustache. As each guest

arrived at the door and presented their card, they were announced to the party in a high piping voice, then took my hand and gave a nod or salute to me as they passed.

Somewhere behind me I knew Papa was holding each new arrival in conversation.

My sense of inadequacy for my role left me feeling ill and perspiration gathered under the hair at the back of my head. The efforts of the Foley's seemed to me to shine an even brighter light on all my dullness and I despaired to see the obvious comparison dawn in Papa's eyes. In my need, God sent to me my school friend Mary Leslie.

The youngest of her siblings, and a few years younger than I, but of a better family, Mary Leslie was considered by the gossips to be a little spoilt and childlike. We had taken each other as sisters. Where I may be reluctant, she was terrified of any and all men, her father and brothers included. After her own debut it was decided that no adequate match could currently be found for her, as her family had, besides great wealth, a direct line from the first families of Boston, and so for the present, Mary Leslie was safe at home, although she had told me discussion of a trip to the continent loomed.

To my relief she had decided that her role that night was to save me from myself. She knew absolutely everyone and, before the approach of new guests, would counterfeit gay talk while she would name and describe each guest who I would accept—she would then find some reason to retreat. When I was again alone she would be back to talk gayer than ever until she needs must leave again.

*Lord preserve me.* Men and women of our neighbourhood came in droves and gave fine complements on my achievements: 'I was a formidable planner of events...no-one had had such a time in recent memory...I was the very image of....'

My poor wits struggled. A great many of the guests were from families who had never visited this house.

I had only time to let out a single breath as the last of the guests had arrived when I was torn from my position and thrown into a maelstrom of wild conviviality, the centre of this storm was the dance floor. Time itself seemed to have become unmoored, and the evening's events forsook a natural order and threw themselves around with the mad joy of dancer's boots. One moment I stood, all eyes on me, as Papa spoke in his best golden tones to our guests. I had no clue as to his content. He held my hand and I made my curtsy—Papa handed me my dance card, filled with engagements, my brief glance at it showed only a few names I recognised—a prayer was intoned by Reverend Pierpont, no less than the President of the Phrenology Society I am told. He is a dark creaseless suit that somehow keeps prisoner a severe mane of white hair with a smudge of grey staining the moustaches. His forbidding countenance is at odds with the ponderous and circumspect voice—Jonas looks at me as he sweeps around the dancefloor, and I wonder at the attention I pay to him and imagine the finest pagan curse I can for Missus Foley.

On his arm was Maggie Alcott, her face is nearly the colour of a plum under the short perfect bouncing curls of her hair.

'I apologise for my lateness. I have left a small gift in the hall in honour of the occasion.'

'Why—thank you.' I look and see that I am holding up Mister Tallie Danbury, an ancient friend of Papa's. He is petite, and neatly attired in grey. Underneath his fine white hair was a smiling face that is the reward of a wholesome life. Instead of sinking like a rope whose knots loosen with time, his was one of those faces whose sun stained

high features simply become more deeply moored, more permanent. There was a light palsy in his cold thin hands; his voice was a soft plosive effort pushed from his mouth.

‘Will you not ask what it is?’ We pull and stop with little discordant moves.

‘Of course, although you need not have brought anything—’

‘A falcated duck.’ He looked at me expectantly.

‘A falcated—’

‘—duck. In truth I have been looking for a way to thank you and your father for your friendship. So when I received my invitation, it was a moment of pure opportunity!’ I needed no-one to tell me of Danbury’s passion as a naturalist. His mounted works were becoming common around the neighbourhood.

‘Indeed?’ Just then I saw Jonas’ face sweep by again and I wondered if he was dancing around us, enjoying the spectacle.

‘Beautiful animal, falcated ducks, but they are common, so few take the time to truly study them. I find them quite, quite stunning. What is not commonly known is the strangeness and the complexity of their courtship. They dance, my dear. A series that puts a quadrille or cotillion to shame. I had just finished a falcated duck and I thought to myself, what could be better to hold the memory of such a night.’ I thanked him warmly for the thought.

No sooner had Danbury made his exit than a tall young man with wide shoulders and unhappy eyes took his place. I remembered Marie’s instruction: this was Henry Tuckerman. Quite handsome, quite married. He spoke with polite disinterest and I noted a seeming fragility in the way he moved. By the time Nathaniel Frothingham, the rhetoric master, had brusquely taken my hand, a smart girl may have noticed a pattern,

alas this dolt had little idea at all. Here was yet another married man, this one had three children, a wicked smile, and startling blue eyeglasses.

While purposefully not looking for Jonas, I saw the room around me in brief glances: mothers sat in rows, talking to each other without looking away from the floor, men clustered, some travelled from pack to pack. Most of the young men were on the floor dancing, dress coats, trowsers and shoes all so black and fine. The young women seemed to me so startlingly beautiful in rich dark colours, light pastilles, and even the occasional more mature cream silk garlanded with flowers weaving through the room.

The rhetoric master was saying something witty and appropriate to me, his head tilted and his glasses flashing and then a small bow and he was leaving. As he did I could see over one shoulder an unfamiliar man break off from a dense group and move towards me. He was tall and thin with a rich and fulsome beard. I discretely checked my engagements and discovered this would be Mister Adam G. Landloper, a conveyancer. A young man certainly, and quite married. Mr Landloper told me he was delighted at his pleasure and his beard implied a smile. Even in my distraction I noticed how warm the man was under his frock coat, everything about him seemed to suggest contained energy, yet he seemed to be happily perspiring.

Jonas was idling around a group of austere looking older men by the fireplace, and seemed to be taking some amusement from them, or from something. Applause as the number came to an end, from the dancers and the crowd around the edge of the room. My stomach tottered to think that later in the evening I could be called upon to sing for our guests—never a strength of mine. Who knows? If I had been called to sing before the dancing perhaps I could have been spared any suitors at all, even married ones. As if summoned by my evil thoughts I saw that Mister William Appleton was



making a leg towards me, his sinister features unblinking in his approach. While his large forehead, a resting place for a sparse collection of drooping white locks, gave him the countenance of a lascivious miser from a morality play, he was known to have benevolence in equal to even his own great wealth. He was the great rock that Boston's independent banking system was built on, and his family was now of a size to almost guarantee their prominence far into the future. He asked for the dance. The music played, the room spun and I spun against it. As I turned it seemed to me most of the other couples were clearly young and unmarried.

Mercifully a space appeared on my card where I was not required to dance. Mister Appleton saw me to the refreshments room and made his excuses. Before long I had become part of a group of young men and women talking gaily. I looked for Mary Leslie, but I assumed she must be on the floor. There were a few people I knew well, such as Maggie Alcott and John Flint both who lived close by. Maggie had removed her gloves and John was passing her another serve of tongue toast and she giggled scandalously. I remonstrated myself for feeling cool toward her.

Marie Leslie arrived with one of her brothers and they joined the general group. She gave me looks both searching and reassuring and bit by bit I felt my embarrassment and panic beginning to lessen. The mixture of old acquaintances and new seemed to be the right one for an air of excitement and comfort. My companions were gracious to me as I tried to make all welcome and I found the effect wash back over me. This was broken however by the entrance of two men: firstly Jonas, who was still grinning at the Lord knew what, and then a man with shiny walnut brown skin and a suffusion of grey wiry hair, who to my alarm, introduced himself as a Mister Sleeper, and asked for the next dance.

To my horror not one of my dance partners for the next half hour had not a grey head or a bald one. My fears of humiliation and failure were realized in my heart, and as I smiled and danced my eyes became glass portals holding back a great dam of tears.

‘I cannot recall when I have had a more splendid time.’

Dark brown eyes laughed at me. Jonas, his arm on my back, my hand in his. His small salute so quick, he had taken my hand before I could think; the aged Mister Fowler had departed and Jonas was there before I could regain my wits.

‘I—I believe—’

‘—yes, forgive me, my father was to have the honour, but I asked he let me take his place. He had no strong objection, do you?’

There was a time when his teasing of me was as enjoyable to me as my scolding of him. This was not it. This was cruelty. What I desired was to scream and tear at him.

‘I do not,’ I said over his shoulder.

‘You have been in high demand tonight.’ This was too much and I shivered as I exhaled.

‘—thank you.’

‘Oh, your composure is a marvel!’ He breathed conspiratorially, ‘When I think of my childhood friend—and the sharp tongue you would inflict on me.’ He laughed, ‘you know, a goodly amount of young men are quite frustrated by your choice of engagements tonight.’

I doubt I needed say anything, surprise was helplessly written large on my face.

‘Of course, you didn’t make them yourself, did you? Your father chose for you.’

‘Why, yes.’

‘Such an honour to you as well, yet I think his own enthusiasm in this matter may have gotten the best of him...’

‘What?’

‘Well, imagine every single arrangement on your card being with a member of our esteemed Phrenological Society. Thank you for the dance. Would you care for a walk outside?’

My hand on his arm as we walked out the parlour doors into the garden. Tears were gone from my eyes, retreating in my shock. Helpless anger and sorrow cannot find a target as Papa and Jonas swim around in my head. The real Jonas lead me into the candle lit dark. Other couples walked not too far away from the lights and I felt his laughter on my sleeve and turned to say something to him—he kissed me quickly, a press of lips directly on mine swift like a blow, the tears were back and burst free.

‘Oh. I am sorry—Freya. I have gone too far. I am sorry. Look at me—’

And I do. He was standing too close and I could see no one else.

‘I am sorry. I have teased you too cruelly. Forgive me, I truly meant no harm.’

He said no more but continued to look at me. I had no wits left. I saw a choice made in his eyes and he brought his head to mine again, slowly this time, watching me for an objection, but I made none and he kissed me again, softer this time. Fuller and with hot breath. He moved away and searched my face.

‘We should go back in.’ Somehow, there wss some small rebuke in this for me. I took his arm and my eyes darted around at the others in the garden. There were two dances left for the evening. Traditionally, they are left open so partners may revisit each

other, or take a last chance at a new introduction. A different partner for each dance. Jonas took both dances with me, straining good manners. He smiled and laughed but I could barely bring myself to say more than a word or two. I hung from him though, and I was held more firmly than before.



‘Sir, my Daughter Freya and I hope you find her the very picture of my description.’ Papa’s voice is loud enough to reach all ears in the parlour. ‘Doctor Dynant. I am pleased you are able to attend, and give us the opportunity to make a new acquaintance. You are welcome, sir. May I get you something to drink?’

‘You are very kind. No, thank you. Allow me to offer you my best wishes for your anniversary, Miss Cavell.’

I thanked him. No smile touched his lips or eyes. I could hear the silence behind me.

Papa found an empty glass and tapped it with a fork.

‘Friends! I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for your company here tonight, it is gratifying to see returned the dear affection and esteem we hold for all of our guests. We would also like to thank our new friend, the remarkable Doctor Dynant for calling on us tonight for the purpose of my dear daughter’s nineteenth anniversary.’

He sounded to me then like a carnival hawker, his voice rose on the last word, and the guests took the prompting and clapped politely. All of the old men were on their feet in the crowd now. I could feel the tattoo of two kisses burning on my lips.

‘At a time like this a father may be excused for showing more than the usual worry for a dear child. You all know the well-being of those we love most is a parents curse as well as blessing.’ Dynant, who stood one side of me —Papa on the other— looked uncomfortable to have been included in this family tableau.

‘So I would ask you all, and in particular, Doctor Dynant, to forgive me my temerity. I have had nineteen years to learn what a wonderful creature my daughter is, and tonight you have only the briefest of moments. And if I am anything, it is a proud father. Doctor Dynant, since we have the pleasure of your company, I would ask of you a small favour,’ He turned more fully to his audience. ‘As I’m sure you are aware, Doctor Dynant’s credentials as a phrenologist are beyond peer. I am informed that not since our dear friend Spurzheim was with us has this country played host to one who sat at the feet of the great Joseph Gall, and has continued the progress of the new science.

‘Sir, here tonight you are truly among friends; why, many of Boston’s foremost phrenologists are here tonight, and we are delighted to have you here with us. So I thought what better time, and what better place, to ask a boon of you. Would you do us the honour of a short demonstration of the skills that have set you apart from all others in the understanding of the human mind? And what better head to use as an example than that of my dear daughter?’

This was met by great enthusiasm by the audience and as the applause continued I looked to the doctor. I had no interest in being made an example of, and by the expression on Dynant’s face he certainly was not willing to grant the request. He waited for the applause to quieten.

‘I thank you for your welcome and your interest,’ he said only loud enough to be heard by all with effort, ‘however I must decline. I have no demonstration to give, and

any lecture I did I doubt would be well received. If you wish a,' he grimaced, 'phrenological reading of your daughter, I'm sure there are some here who would do so, or even men with callipers on the busier street corners of Boston, even at this hour.' The attentive silence fell into something less comfortable.

'Well said, sir!' said my father, radiating goodwill and energy back to the proceedings, 'it is for examples of your unique perspective like this that we thirst for. I am afraid on this one small point I must correct you: You are not surrounded by the kind of men who only wish to hear their own thoughts spoken back to them, no. This is a society that seeks knowledge, even if unvarnished. Please do not feel you need to compromise yourself for us, we would simply enjoy the opportunity to hear your oratory, your own passion and discipline. Surely, Doctor you would not deny us a little taste of the mind that has written so succinctly for the Royal Society?' He let his last words fall, for Dynant to pick up.

'If you insist,' said Dynant.

~

'The naming and purpose of the individual organs of the brain has become the central focus for the practical phrenologist. This is in error—' began Dynant.

I sat in front on the closed doors of the parlour entrance facing the opposite fireplace in the chair that Papa had arranged for me. Papa stood by my side. Dynant stood away from us to the left, his body turned slightly to acknowledge our presence. Arranged in the other half of the room were the guests, now an audience:

'—for just like the organs of the mind, this science of cranioscopy can only be reasonably discovered by the practitioner of the entire system. The *phrenology* practiced

today in meeting halls, tents, and paddocks is a debasement of the practice. Gall deduced that the brain is not a single organ, but the intricate cooperation of numerous organs, and through patient and precise study of hundreds of subjects he was able to identify the localised structures of the organs that were only found in subjects who shared common traits. He was hesitant to share this discovery with the world for fear of its use, but he was encouraged by his colleagues that what he had found was of too much importance to be kept from the world. To view it only through this simplified lens of phrenology, each trait in isolation, and those isolated traits, only yet barely explored, used for the justification, or condemnation, of man is not a worthy purpose of scientific study.'

As he spoke Dynant walked over to stand over me, I had felt Papa retreat back. I watched as he removed his gloves, I could not see his face without turning my face up.

'If you will excuse me, Miss Cavell?'

His fingers were gentle and quite cool to the touch. I could feel the closeness of the man, could smell the newly dyed smell of his waistcoat. He ignored the two low loops of fringes, separated from the rest that ran down my forehead, and back behind my ears. Yet gently addressed the elaborate bun. Dynant spoke softly to the group as he worked. I could feel his precise fingers measuring from the circumference of my head, from back to front, side to side. The guests stood and gathered around us. He spoke softly to those assembled as he worked:

'To look for the common, the homely, or the sensational in what is the discovery of the ages... Instead of the guiding principles to understanding and improving the divine soul of man. In the infinite variation of the organs—each one with multitude potential—working in organisation with its fellows—we have the answer to the soul.'

And the possibility to improve the soul of each man—it is this which the divine has given to us. First the gift of self-awareness and then the gift to improve, to strive, and succeed in becoming more. And if the organ found by Gall that seems uniquely and most profoundly apparent in those that communicate with God is not enough to dispel the fears of secular men, then it should be this: whom else but God would give to us the ability to better ourselves?

‘Don’t be fooled by those that promise a reading of the organs, even when the lack, or overabundance, of a trait seems to tell a simple story. Remember, many if not all of the functions of the human mind are dependent on the correlation of traits working together. The work of Gall is not the creation of a new science, it is the very discovery of one. It is the tragedy of our time that we are only able to see what may be, not what will.’

This sermon was delivered for the audience but directed, under examination, to me. The restrained yet passionate words fell directly onto my head. Perhaps that was why I found them entering into me and was disquieted by them.

Dynant continued his examination, finding each structure, raised or lowered on my skull, not just rude lumps and depressions—galling enough indeed—but through his fingers I felt him finding patterns, two fingers touched the large vertebrae between my shoulders, then moved precisely up to where they intersected with the skull, then his fingers moved horizontally across and seemed stopped on what felt like two large protrusions, slightly tender to the touch. His hands unerringly found their way back to their original position and traced upwards, as his fingers stopped, looking for something, traced their distance from each other, from the top of my head and from the



ears. I exhaled through my nose, my eyes dashed and found Jonas. I smiled and felt the skin of my skull move in response under the gentle fingers.

~

February 14<sup>th</sup>

Excerpt from Dynant's Dairy

*Cavell leered over me and showed not even slight embarrassment at taking advantage of my pity, and behind my eyes something painful pinched in a knot at being so used. I felt the skin on the girl's head pull slightly up and back as my fingers held the exterior of the posterior cranial fossa and knew something had made the girl's expression change. She had quite a distinctive formation and I could not help be interested in her. Her faculties for language and words, her faculty for sagacity and causality were all remarkable. I expected her potential to retain and correlate logical information was as yet not being accessed to its full potential. Just behind the coronal suture, the region associated with the organ of firmness was large; when combined with certain other qualities, it would often present in a passionate individual. In a bald man it would show as a particularly elongated structure, in this girl it was hidden by the style of hair. I wonder if perhaps the current hair fashion was not an attempt to hide qualities like this in young women? I knew that in some cases women padded the hair to replicate admirable qualities, but how often, by instinct or by learning, did they seek to diminish others?*

*'You are a fortunate man Mister Cavell, and I do find that your daughter is, as you have said, a remarkable young woman.'* I looked down at the girl.

*'However, I would remind you, the traits I find prominent or underdeveloped are not simple, but a part of a structure that works in constant tension with its fellows. Having said that, I would urge her to continue her education, as her faculties towards learning, language, and poetry show a potential quite beyond what we may expect.'*

*I looked at Charles Cavell. His face was shining in the candlelight and his eyes danced triumphantly, I could almost hear him congratulating himself. In the coffee house he had showed me his stomach and begged for my favour, and now that he had it? I was just another seed to sow advantage—now I was in his home. I could be made to perform for his guests. Another lure to attract an affluent fiancée. The United States has some unusual botanic specimens. There exists a succulent the shape of a thin jug. Acid pools at the bottom and insects that are unfortunate enough to get caught dissolve and are eaten.*

*'She shows little innate ability with construction, little sense of locality, those two traits so desired in the homely duties. There is also a marked depression—in fact an abnormal shape—in the area of philoprogenitiveness. The upper curvature is very lacking. Philoprogenitiveness is a trait that is either there, or not there, and therefore it takes a difficult combination of propensities to ameliorate its lack. When I look at her achievements here tonight, they are even more laudable because of the lack of the faculty.'*

*'Interestingly, the organ that presents with the potential for amativeness is far larger than I am used to seeing in a young woman, although it is hidden behind this coiffure. A large propensity for this trait has traditionally been prejudiced against in the*

*fairer sex, in stark opposition with what we understand of the reproductive traits of mammals, as it is necessary in the continuation of the species.*

*'As I have said, she is indeed a remarkable young woman. If you are interested I would happily make a cast of her head. It would be an excellent example for my collection. Thank you for his opportunity, I wish you all a good night.' I left the house feeling wholly nauseous and sick of the company of myself and my fellow man.*

~

I heard Dynant walk away, behind me and towards the entrance hall. I sat in the chair that had been rushed to me for my reading. In front of me a half circle of faces split between those watching him leave and the ones watching me.

I doubted that there was a single person there who did not understand what had just been said. The language of science had a way of rushing into popular thought and speech, often before the meaning of the words. One man would hear a song, or a joke perhaps, with an unfamiliar word and arrive at a meaning by context, and that meaning would prove itself against new usages around him, sometimes the appreciation of meaning would change, and sometimes the meaning of the word would have to give way to novel use. The speed that words could be fashioned by rapid transference could be startling.

I knew this one well enough, but I had never had it tested against myself before. I had heard it whispered and giggled, in relation to a handsome man it was humorous, in a man of authority it was exciting and scandalous, and old man distasteful. For a woman it meant whore. To speak about the amative propensity of a woman just meant whore. Different types of whore, to be sure, but whore all the same. A woman who tried too

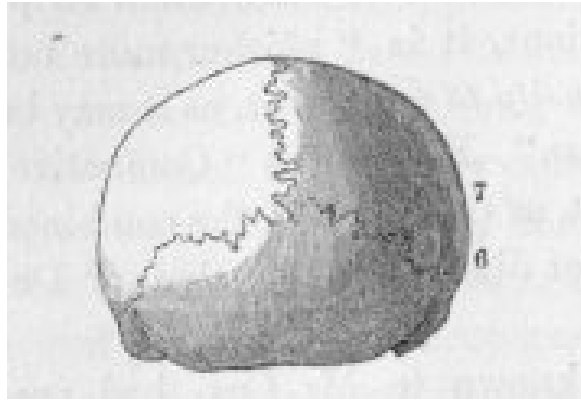
hard for a husband, a woman who sold herself in a drinking house, a woman who had to be committed for uncontrolled lust. They were all the same whore. I sat at my anniversary party in front of family and friends, and I had just been labelled a whore.

‘By my life, the European sense of propriety, on an occasion such as this, is something other than what we in Boston would consider good taste.’ Papa strode over, laughing gaily.

‘Why, it would be a kindness to tell me of my daughter’s passionate nature, I know it well. But we are a modest, civilized people. A brilliant man by all means, why even at coffee the other day I thought to myself, the brains of these men of genius are not the same as the rest of us—a nervous personality to be sure, and an interesting lecture—and I’m sure he meant well, my dear. He came here tonight purposely to honour you, so I will forgive the performance in favour of the intention. In the meantime my dear, I’m afraid I must take issue with you, you have not saved a single dance for a proud parent—’ He indicated to the musicians and a song was found.

We wheeled around the floor, and gratefully others joined, but even now it seemed to me a number of faces were missing in the crowd. I held faster to Papa, I could not see Jonas anywhere. From behind me somewhere I heard the voice of the rhetoric master Nathaniel Frothingham saying, with the devil in his tone, to his current dance partner:

“Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for men.”



## 2. *DESTRUCTIVENESS*

Dr Gall gives, in substance, the following account of the discovery of this organ. In comparing attentively the skulls of several of the lower animals, he observed a characteristic difference between those of the carnivorous and the graminivorous tribes. In graminivorous animals, only a small portion of the brain lies behind the external opening of the ear; while in the carnivorous, a considerably larger mass is situated there. He found also, that the skulls of the latter were more prominent above the ear than those of the former. For a long time he merely communicated these observations to his hearers, without making the least application of them to Phrenology. He only pointed out that, by inspecting the cranium, even when the teeth are wanting, it is possible to distinguish whether the animals belong to the graminivorous or carnivorous genera. It happened, at length, that someone sent him the skull of a parricide.

The parlour was about two thirds of the entire downstairs area of the octagonal house, with a back wall that was a three line crescent, making the room an ovoid space, with floor to wall wooden bookcases, only rarely interrupted by a window, a vase on a pedestal, or some other ornamentation. Dominating the far wall, and in front of five large bookcases, was a large desk, darker and without the red stain of the cases. In the centre was a stuffed leather writing section, with pen and inks above it. It was easily

larger than any desk I had even seen, with a simple wooden chair behind it. It was also entirely empty.

I imagined the arrogant man standing here with some poor gull sitting on the chair, their mental deficiencies being casually numerated for the enjoyment of a rapt audience. Surely this room was meant for consulting or lecturing, yet to my knowledge Dynant did neither of those things. He held a Chair at the Harvard medical school, and lectured on physiology, but did not teach a regular class and took no apprentices. A few years ago Papa had paid the price to attend a course of lectures, but had complained that very little discussion had been on phrenology. Dynant had demonstrated great understanding of the human body. And admiration for his knowledge was clear, even though he spoke quietly and used little of the rhetorical skills that great public speakers displayed. Rather, he used a comprehensive collection of illustrations, all with neat notation on organ grouping, matter, and function, with historic notes as to mankind's slow growth in understanding. Papa had left with a pile of papers and an unconvincing pose of having learnt a great deal. He reported many of the students had complained with bewilderment at the sheer complexity of the presentation. How could they possibly expect to apply it to the day to day work of a medical doctor? I assumed that he must be held in high esteem at the college. That it was due to his reputation and publications that the school allowed him to teach on his own terms.

Here, in the front parlour of his house was a far more ostentatious stage for the man to speak from. The bookcases held the tools of his craft. The vast collection was stored, mounted, hung and stacked inside those five ceiling high cases, some with glass doors, and even more in the bookcases that surrounded me on both sides. It felt—and smelt—like the first time I found myself alone in church. I looked quickly around.

There was not a sound. No creaking of a restless body in bed, or servants moving in hidden spaces. The house felt empty.

The cabinets contained human skulls. Different sizes, different shades of bone, some with the jawbone some without, each skull was mounted on a small pedestal so that it could be examined without interference. Some of the skulls were children, but more often they were adults. The skulls were the main part of the collection, but there were also face casts, glowing metal tools, illustrations like Papa had mentioned as well as many books. But the majority of the room was taken up by all those skulls: large and small; old and new. Some were whole, others cut from the top of the brow and terminating in the top teeth. I was struck by just how different they all were, the shapes had a basic uniformity, but varied so remarkably in size, colour and detail. I suppose I had in some way always considered that our skulls were all the same, and that it was skin and muscles that made us from each other. Staring at the collection I realised how ridiculous that was.

Only barely less disconcerting than the skulls were the head casts. Some were plaster casts of living people, artists and thinkers, politicians and poets. Others were death masks, taken after the soul had left behind their body. Yet so much life seemed trapped in the clay, permanently marked by personality, they were tired, angry, sad, aloof. All seemed an imprint of more than just meat and bone.

Gall. The founder of phrenology's cast was lovingly detailed. The large Germanic head, bald pate and protruding eyes promised rare intelligence and perspicacity. The sheer size of his cranium seemed proof of his work, for a moment I imagined that his hair had given way, the skulls contents too large for the scalp, and had pushed through the hair like a large pink egg. The little card read:

Franz Josef Gall, 1828.

Original skull now in *Baden bei Wien* collection.

I walked along the cases, letting my eyes skim. Light from a candle to my side made a chance reflection of my temple and cheekbone on the glass, not quite aligned with the skull within. My curiosity was in contested balance with a perversely sweet fear and yet I tried to feign a causal relationship with this resting committee.

Napoleon.

My hand raised to the glass. Here was a cast of the Napoleon Bonaparte. The card read:

Reproduction of the Baton Rouge mask,

with the kind permission of Francesco Antommarchi, 1835.

I knew a cast of Napoleon's face had been taken from his deathbed. The pillow arching towards his defeated face, calm and still. I had heard of the original of this artefact, on display at the Calbildo in Louisiana. But here was a seemingly perfect reproduction of the original. It was darkly stained, but the delicacy of the facial features was undeniable. This face looked so old, so tired, and so gentle. The features were fine, pulled back by gravity, the nose large, aquiline and slightly bent. The perfect nose of Grecian philosopher, the eyes closed, but the mouth just slightly parted, a final breath waiting behind the teeth. Where was the frightening power of this face? This man whose ability to make change, to push his vision onto the stuff of the world had terrified his enemies as well as his allies. This man looked like a kindly old philosopher. I looked



back from the face to the card. Noted were marvelousness, locality, perseverance, and approbation, the last note was: *Destructiveness, only six inches ear to ear.*

Napoleon's mask was on the left of the middle panel and I stood for some time, my fingers just touching the glass inches from it. Other great men, some living when cast, surrounded him, but it appeared to me as if he was presiding over this group, a central theme to a cluster of individuals whose shared story was not one I knew. A story being told behind the glass, where you can't ever hear it. I slid away from them to another case.

Here was the sleeping head of William Burke, a large boned head and delicate, downward pointing features. The pursed lips so expressive, and so apt. A suggestion of facial muscles holding the voice back from speaking.

The legend of Burke and Hare, murderers and corpse takers, had spread from England like a fever, told in every house. The setting of old England adding weight to the tale of human horror. Hare told the police of their work, making and selling corpses. Burke took his secrets to the grave. And here they were: imprinted in clay. Written as flesh and bone. The small fastidious card noted the name and age of the face, along with the exact measurements of the organs, of the brain from the casting, and particular note was made of the large bilateral organs on the coronal and temporal bones.

Destructiveness and acquisitiveness, secretiveness and cautiousness:

Irish Male

The cast of William Burke, the notorious murderer

hanged in Edenborough. 28<sup>th</sup> January 1829

A voice next to me spoke and I inhaled sharply and turned, the world span and for a long second I could not find the head that addressed me. Standing in front of a

bookshelf opposite me on the right was the house's owner, his face a complex series of stories, he was dressed the same as I had last seen him, but here he looked larger and at ease. My blood was so loud—he had said something—I focused:

‘Few people have seen this collection,’ his voice was quiet and flat. He took a step closer. ‘I hope you are enjoying it.’ As the man moved I felt guilt and shock roiling inside me.

‘Are you here to ask, or demand, an apology from me? Do I owe one for giving you exactly what you begged of me? A reading of a young ambitious woman? Perhaps I should have understood the situation with better clarity.’

I hit him.

An open palm across his face. Somewhere between the impulse and the action my consciousness had caught up with my instinct and agreed with it wholeheartedly. What did I care for the consequences? He had, with indifference, casually proclaimed to society that I was a woman of unseemly passions. That they were written large of my head. Almost as if having such a thing pointed out had created them, I found myself behaving as I once would never dared. I decided to let practice confirm theory for him now.

‘Miss Cavell! Miss Cavell—please—.’ A rude blush on his cheek, he tottered cowardly back. Alarm showed plainly on his face and his eyes searched for assistance.

‘What do you intend? You insufferable child, what must I do to stop my torment at the hands of your family? What would you have of me? I should never have agreed to the invitation. Your father is a petty, grasping—’

The door suddenly started the same clamorous rhythm of my heart. A male voice and insistent, ‘Open up, please! Open up’. I looked towards the door. Dynant recovered himself and stood, straightening as he moved quickly forward and opened the door. A young constable of the night watch stood in the entrance. His thick hair was notable for not quite being blonde, brown, or ginger. The moustache above a fine young jaw was redder than the rest, but thin. His melancholy shaped eyes were now wide with surprise; he looked at Dynant, then noticed me behind him.

‘You—!’ the constable said. My knees weakened, pathways of ruin opened like flowers in my mind, unfolding rapidly as events tumbled.

‘Constable, please excuse the girl’s presence and any offense—’ Dynant’s tone was still breathless, but the anger was gone.

‘What?’ the Constable looked at Dynant without comprehension.

‘I assure you—’ His thought went unfinished.

The constable stared with mouth open where I stood. ‘You’re alive.’

‘What?’

‘Your Father—Saints!—the house—’

I felt my heart push and pull. I wanted to ask—what about the house? What has happened—Papa—he was asleep—. I had left in the dead silence of night and he was asleep and so disappointed.

The man looked contrite and puzzled at the same time, something like suspicion? He turned to Dynant. ‘I was charged to find you, there’s a fire—you are a medical man, and we need your help.’

‘Let me get my bag. Did you come by horse or by cab? Constable?’ said Dynant.

‘Hanlon. Cab, sir,’ the constable was looking at me.

‘Miss Cavell and I will travel with you.’ Dynant did not glance my way.

The constable looked unsure as to what to do with me; he was going to protest, and I was going to ask about the fire—sweet Jesus—when Dynant interrupted us.

‘Constable, we should leave. Please bring Miss Cavell and take us to the house.’

‘Yes sir.’

‘Good.’



‘Eee-say does-et! Eee-say does-et!’

Wavy shadows seen through the orange light and smoke, the slap of a leather hose gone limp on the ground, wooden engines being cranked, yells that sound like singing.

The light and noise battered at the cab and my eyes felt the heat through the closed window. The leather under me was warm, and from the little door window light drifted, combined, and swayed outside. Outside was the street I lived on. Dynant and the constable had pitched out of the cab and left me there. Now alone, and I just sat there as it all moved around me.

The house was gone, replaced by a ruined maul where painted white beams, trusses, and slats were transformed into coal sticks that still fumed where they stuck out

of the embers. Furniture lay in piles on the street, the nearest neighbour had lost some of their own property, and had their own piles to sift through.

Nearby, three watchmen, smoke and grease stained, sat on our chaise lounge, with blank eyes drinking from broken wine bottles. Closer to the remains of the house two engines were still being pumped, the leather hoses spraying water, no doubt collected from the frog pond, onto the smouldering remains. The first storey had fallen in, adding any remaining fuel to the fires below. Little of the upstairs remained recognisable. The fire had eaten through the house, the corpses of trees and grass outside indicated how far the fire had managed to travel before our neighbours and the watch had managed to stop it.

I noticed him because of the hat, a D'orsay, a beaver fur hat with a high crown and a brim dropping down to a delicate narrow vee lip. The hat of a fashionable young man, not a man in his forties, at least not in this part of the world. I had seen him collect it as we left the house. It sat securely on his head and utterly failed to conceal those high arch temples, the bulbous crown. A truly ridiculous hat. He knelt, one knee actually touching the ground, his hand touching something in front of him, light from many weak sources flickered from all directions, yet was insufficient to bring the scene into relief. I recognised Josiah Flagg, as well as a friend of my father's, and someone in the uniform of a constable, the single line of buttons catching the light, the high stiff collar. They stood over Dynant, trying to keep out of his light—

I opened the cab door, my slipper could not gain purchase on the foot rail, and I fell grazing my heel as I touched the ground. I walked towards the group of men and the—

Dynant held a blanket back from a body, but as I arrived he dropped it back—*it belonged in our linen press*—and stood up. He took a flask bottle from one of the watch and drank a measure. I stood next to him, in my nightgown and robe, he in his grand hat—

‘Your Father.’

The blanket was terribly dirty. The edges, embroidered with a silken crosshatch, had picked up soot and stains, making it look like an ancient thing. It was a light pink colour, but old and covered in lint. It rested now. Shoes shot out from it. Where the folds delved deep it picked up wet stains from underneath it. I took a step forward.

‘Miss Cavell,’ said Constable Hanlon, the man with the bright buttons who had come here with us. I pulled the blanket to me, arms pulled at me. There was no one there. Nothing but horror pulled into a twisted likeness. A grotesquery held in some inhuman undulation, mocking the reality of a man. A voice inside my mind screamed horrors to me, a suckling pig in a suit, a roast fowl in a wig, a dead calf lying in bed—the expression on the face one I had never seen—he was burnt. Everything I saw was not my dear Papa—but he haunted it. He was so close, so horribly almost here. I wanted to say something, some message but, overpowered, it drowned me. My eyes could not leave it. The sheet covered it again, but I could not unsee it. My fingers pulled at the dirt, my skirts shifted, I floated sideways and my feet trailed in the muck, like oars floating in the river.

*Dynant's Journal*

The constable, Hanlon, carried the girl away as the captain of the watch instructed him on his duty. I could hear their voices over Doctor George Parkman who was standing a respectful distance behind me. A tall and melancholic man whose face was now lit with unusual excitement. As I continued my examination Parkman was watching me avidly and mumbling along with his own conclusions and condolences.

‘Burns, oh yes—dermis at least, at least—Poor fellow, great pain. A pity.’

I returned the sheet over his body, small folds of material struck the ichor soaking the creases. Brown stains spread over his clothes, his shroud. I stood and found myself in a small group of men. We stood over the body in the way that men stand, arms crossed or in pockets, as if a vote had been called. In this group was Parkman, who also lived in the area; Constable Briggs, a large moustached man; James Barry, the captain of the watch; and a watchman called Bill. The watchmen spoke:

‘The houses maid-of-all, Biddy Foley, was probably by the stove in the kitchen. Can’t get in there to look. ‘Er Mam worked at the house as well, but was gone home before morning—place in the town—husband and other littles. Sent a boy to tell her, an’ ask her to come in to the courthouse.’ The hair under James Barry’s cap feathered back, like a sparrow’s dander and made him younger than he was. Bill continued:

‘Ee stood in the doorway, on fire an’ all. Wouldn’t walk through. We run up to the gen’l’man an’ threw a blanket over him an’ tried to pull him through, an’ his body—it was like some spirit wanted to keep it in the house. He was stuck there. Finally we got him out. His mouth opening and closing with no noise. Them eyes though, I swear, sir,’ this he addressed to me, ‘he was dead even before he stopped. I swear he was dead.’

‘He’ll go to the medical school. Dean Channing will want to examine him,’ Parkman said.

Bill wasn’t finished, ‘I’ve seen a man with a split skull giggle like a girl, and I’ve carried cold infants from the backs of opium dens, but I aint never seen this. Like there was nothing left in him. What does that?’ The watchman took his hat by the brim and rubbed at his temple, I noticed, with the *thenar eminence* of his hand.

‘A form of monomania. I hear there was some commotion at his house this night.’ His eyes flicked to mine. ‘Perhaps the events of the night caused the man to fall into the grip of some underlying condition,’ Parkman spoke with the confidence of an intelligent and educated man, but with inappropriate enthusiasm.

‘You think he set fire to the house himself, and then just stood there and burnt?’ James Barry had a notebook and a sceptical look.

‘Butler at the asylum has a young man up there who suffers a monomania called incendiarism. Like a demon trapped in his soul, a pressure builds in the boy, no doubt some moral commotion, with no perceivable physical symptoms. For the most part the boy is civil, well mannered, and gregarious. A day, a week, weeks can pass with no incident, you would believe him a guard before you thought him a patient, then one morning he will wake and know he needs to set a fire, the biggest fire he can. It was this way when he was caught. They found him by the shipyards, a vessel in for repair ablaze and lighting the night, the boy just stood there and watched—he cannot be trusted around lamps—when asked why he does it he cannot give satisfactory answer for himself. Butler believes the boy suffers from a particular diseased organ—possibly curable.’



The men all looked down at the blanket and contemplated it. ‘Doctor Dynant, would you be willing to give your professional opinion of this matter?’ Parkman looked proud of his diagnostic ability and asked, more for a conformation of his own ability, than for another opinion.

I answered. ‘Yes of course. I have spent some time with those unfortunates who find themselves in facilities for the mad. I have seen, and spoken to individuals who suffer from the condition you mention, known correctly as pyro-mania. However a common error made is that a monomania is an exact correlation to a single diseased organ of the brain. This is incorrect, the mono refers to the *idee fixe*. The single, unhealthy passion that takes over the will of the patient, and is incredibly difficult, if not impossible, to deny. Yes, the organs of the mind have their own functions, strengths and capabilities, however the permutations, the finely balanced concomitance, is such that it is a folly to expect to be able to simply follow a single action back to a single organ. It is possible, I believe, to understand a causal relationship, or at least a probable one that will allow for a potential reading of action or actions, but only with an understanding of the whole. It could well be possible that the individual does suffer from some disease of a single organ, but monomania is the effect of the fixed *idee*, not the single organ. It is a complication that has the working of multiple factors that corrupt the individual.

‘Your theorem on the cause of death of the unfortunate man would have us believe that he, perhaps from some generative weakness or stress, was overcome by the powerful need to destroy. I can confirm that the man in question displayed the organs of destruction quite strongly, but not to any remarkable effect. If that organ itself was damaged this would not, I believe, lead to actions such as you describe in isolation. Not did his behaviour as I noticed it last night show any of the signs of the mono-maniac. The tremendous passions, followed by the pitiful ennui.

Most telling however, was his speech. Phrenology would have us put an aptitude for language beneath the eyes. This hideous fallacy is the work of Lorenzo Fowler. Having made his popular phrenological bust in a rush he made the mistake—among very many other errors—of forgetting to include the facilities of language. So he simply added them to an available location not yet marked, beneath the eyes. Gall originally assigned the skills of verbal language to the location Fowler has assigned as the apparent organ of ‘desire for liquids.’ This area is a very slight rise above an indentation between the eyebrow and the ear. Men of great skill in oratory are known to have a prominence here. You may note my lack of it. In my own research, I have found that those suffering a complaint that falls into the categories of monomanias often have little of the organ of language mechanics, indeed, they will often show difficulty, in either maintaining the modularity of their speech, or in their ability to properly take in the speech of others.

During my time with Mister Cavell I did not see any physical or verbal signs of disease in this area. While monomanias often include other physical and spiritual signs, this one I have found to be always present in some capacity. If Cavell had this disease I would be very surprised if it had remained hidden or managed for so long a time, and if in an advanced state, I believe I should have noticed it tonight.

I turned to the watchman, ‘William, You describe the deceased as being unable to get through the door. Can you give us any more detail of your initial impression?’

‘Well, sir, as I said, first we saw the blaze of the house and as the engines moved into place, we saw the dark shape in the doorway, a man leaning there.’

‘Leaning?’ I prompted.

‘His shoulder was resting on the inner frame of the door, like he was drunk, but he didn’t stagger at all, and his mouth was moving, but when we got closer, it wasn’t just going up and down, but it was—making word shapes. Couldn’t make ‘em out, and there was no breath behind them, but definitely words.’

‘Thank you. I’m inclined to believe the events passed just as you say. You see, directly above the language organ, is an organ we will call constructiveness, this organ is one of a collection we believe to be primarily responsible for the physical movement of the body. Now, if we conclude that constructiveness is an organ directly related to special movement, and that language is found to reside directly beneath it, it seems very unlikely that the symptoms observed by William are not related to some form of damage, however created, in that area of the mind. While I may not yet know how the fire started, except to say that to my untrained eye it seems likely from the passage of destruction, that it probably started upstairs. I can say that I believe Charles Cavell has suffered some injury to the brain, particular to one specific area, and that this injury must be a new one, having happened sometime after the social event at his house.’

A notable silence greeted my words. I looked at my companions. I half expected some argument from Parkman. It was with some unease that I noted, in each man, a look similar to that they reserved for the corpse at our feet, which they now turned towards me.

A hearse coach from the medical school arrived and the men waited for some call to action. Apparently, from me.

~

*The following transcript was taken on the 19<sup>th</sup> April.*

Ephraim Littlefield: called by The People, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

D i r e c t e x a m i n a t i o n .

BY MR WEEKS:

Q: You are a Janitor at a medical college?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: What medical college?

A: The medical school sir, Harvard.

Q: On the 15<sup>th</sup> of March were you present at the examination of Charles Cavell?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: What can you recall of that morning? Describe it to the jury, please.

A: I remember there was a loud knocking at my door afore I was out of my quarters. I woke and found Dean Channing banging on. He told me I needed to get to 16 Pinckney Street, to pick up a body and an omnibus for some gentlemen. I was overdone as what with an increase in students, and had recently a deal more work and was needed late into the

night. I fixed up the horses an' the hospital coach an' took out for Boston as quick as I could.

It were easy enough to find the place, even with no light yet. It was still smouldering there, and it was the one address that no longer had a house. The four gentlemen settled in the cab, while I and a watchmen loaded the body, Blessm'.

Q: Who were the four men?

A: They was Doctor Parkman and Doctor Dynant, Who I knew from the college, as well as a Captain Barry of the watch and a constable called Briggs. When we got back, Parkman directed me to take the body to Doctor Channing's private dissecting room, which he didn't need to do, as I had often taken bodies there for the Dean. The Dean is often called on for examining bodies for the law. Doctor Dynant walked with Doctor Parkman, they both being medical men. The watchman hadn't come with us, and I was needed to carry the body by myself.

Dean Channing was there already as I got the body up on the table. The Dean is a fine man, the very spirit of Christian brotherhood. He greeted the other men and told me to prepare the body for him to look at. As I cut off the clothes an' sheet which was very stuck to the body. Parkman told the Dean of what happened.

BY THE COURT:

Q: And what was that?

A: He said the man had burnt to death standing in a doorway, and that Mister Dynant had proved on how the man had been injured somehow before being burnt. He said some other stuff that I don't remember.

Q: No?

A: No.

BY MR WEEKS:

Q: What happened in the Dean's room?

Q: I cut through what remained of the nightgown, shirt, and breeches the man had been wearing. He was very burnt, and the clothes were stuck down to the body with its own juices. I tried to stop the skin coming off with the wrappings. Dean Channing asked a few questions about the house and those that lived there. He asked Mister Dynant why he thought the man was injured. Mister Dynant spoke quietly, but he could have yelled at the top of his lungs an' I don't reckon I would have understood a word more than I did.

Dean Channing then informed the men that it (medical jurisprudence)\* was his responsibility, an' he would perform the examination of the body and rule on the cause of death, but he invited them to observate. They all stayed. The body was measured. He looked

over the outside of the whole body, noting all the marks and such. He then opened the chest an' I assisted. All of the organs was removed an' weighed an' looked on. No sickness peculiar was found. Dean Channing remarked that there were no signs of [unclear] to the head.

Q: Trauma?

A: Yes, sir.

BY THE COURT:

We will need to have proof of that from someone else. Go on.

LITTLEFIELD:

The Dean believed it more likely that if the man had suffered any illness it would be of a spiritual kind rather than that of the flesh. Then, Doctor Dynant interrupted. Speakin' real quiet, he said he wished, with his p'mission, to look the man's head. The Dean asked what he thought to find, an' Doctor Dynant said he felt the urge to check an idea he had, an' it would be real quick. The Dean was real polite, he thanked him for his help. Said that if he thought his looking at the man could shed light on the cause of the man's dying, he would welcome his 'sistance[sic]. He came forward and began to touch the burnt skull with the very tips of his fingers. It was a strange thing. I admit, I sometimes thought him perhaps some kind of flammerman. I had noticed that the other men seemed to

be respectable of him, but it would not be the first time a shyster had worked his way amongst his betters. Doctor Dynant told the Dean that the head had been, he said it was intruded on, on the left, above the (sphenoid structure)\*.

He said that the skull had been opened (perforated)\*, and that the opening could be felt with the hands, underneath the skin, as there was a ragged lip to the injury. He said that something had poked into the brain, and that we would find blood and damage to uh, [both of the organs of speech and constructiveness from this intrusion]\*. He said the injury was well hidden behind the burns, and hard to find without his skills. I guessed that the Dean was as suspicious as I was myself by this, but instead of calling the man out, he just asked if he could be shown the intrusion that Mister Dynant had found. I leaned in, I couldn't help myself, and Mister Dynant took a pair of handled [forceps]\* and, with a small amount of feelin' about, grabbed a piece of burnt flesh on the side of the head, he then pulled at it, an' I swear, two sides of it came up, neat as you please, an showed a hole that was in the man's head [unclear].

**BY THE COURT:**

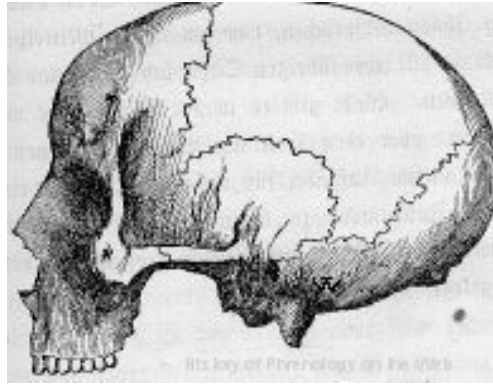
Quiet please.

**BY MR WEEKS:**

Q: Go on.



A: Everybody was quiet for a moment, then the Constable asked Doctor Dynant what he thought of this. Doctor Dynant said he did not know, but had some suspicions that he would apply himself to. The Dean spoke to the constable then, and I believe he wrote something down for him [to give to the Governor]. Dynant asked the Dean if he would mind at all checking the skull for bone fractures as well as [unclear] the throat. Well, I had no idea what he meant by that, an' I doubt any man did, but the Dean said he would and said he would let the man know as soon as he knew anything else. That is all I remember, but what there is I will not soon forget.



### 3. *ADHESIVENESS*

The faculty of fellowship is a curious one. This organ is situated at the middle of the posterior edge of the parietal bone, on each side of Concentrativeness, higher up than Philoprogenitiveness, and just above the lambdoidal suture. When it is very large, annular protuberances will be observed there; or a general fullness, if the neighbouring organs be large: when the organ is small, that part of the head is narrow or depressed.

March 16<sup>th</sup>

Dynant's Dairy

*The Boston lunatic asylum is one of a group of buildings situated on First Street, on a very large piece of land directly in the middle of South Boston, formerly Dorchester, which terminates onto the sea. It is remarkable not only for the sheer size of land that it holds, but for holding such a visible location.*

*Outside the gates, and with far larger girth than I remembered, was John Butler. His hair was still thin and fell damply in a straight part, but now his face was adorned with huge whiskers that in no way hid his childish features. His eyes, still very far apart, had the look of startled prey, only now his frame had increased in mass to such a degree that it did not make him look more powerful, but simply more plentiful for*

*predators. As I approached his open, warm smile, I saw behind the hideous energy of the man, some fatigue.*

*'You arrive! Dear Lord, man. Do I call you my friend Cyril of times past, or should I salute the mysterious Doctor Dynant of Boston legend?' he giggled and shook through this sentence. 'I'm afraid my incarceration here has left me quite wanting on how to approach such a desired reunion after such a very long time. How are you my dear friend?*

*'Hello John, it is good to see you too, you are altered some.'*

*'Ha! Yes, I am aren't I? Your candour has not blunted. I expected not.'* He became quiet for a moment. *'It really has been so long—I am sorry. You received my letters—'*

*'—Yes, John. I received them,' I said and looked at the man.*

*'Well, yes. Good.'* He turned awkwardly and ushered me through the large gates, closing them behind us but not locking them. Inside the gates was a large main walkway with grassed areas on both sides that were beautifully landscaped with hedges and garden beds, we walked in the cold clear air, along the stones toward the ornate fountain that split the path.

*'This is your first visit of course. You know a little of this place? You will soon. My part in it all is small, but before we get to the asylum, let me tell you about the rest. This building in front of us? The largest of them all, is the house of reformation; do you like the enormous pillars? Pillars, it seems, tell you the worth of a place. Boston is rejecting the beautiful red, yellow, and blue whitewashed and painted wooden houses for these sparkling new ancient pillars. Personally, I am worried it is too subtle.*

*'This is where they bring children who have no parents, or worse yet, have parents. Inside that building is accommodation, a kitchen, and a school suitable for over a thousand students. The children work, but they are given as much education as they can stand. The school is a fair one by all accounts. I have seen a public debate given by the older children on the front steps and it was as fine as I would expect to see at the public school.'*

*We walked past the house of reformation and continued on a long tree lined path beyond the garden plots which were being worked by numerous men and women. John discoursed on our surroundings and the work of the inhabitants*

*Three buildings appeared in front of us, of the same style as the house of reformation the ones on the left and right were twin structures, while less could be seen of the middle one, as it lay behind the others, but was clearly taller than the other two.*

*'On the right is the House of Correction. The worst of the criminal class, those responsible for violence: assault, theft, murder are here in the house of correction. As well as those who have been charged with minor moral crimes. The city marshal now has nine policeman who have the authority to sentence a drunk to three months instead of thirty days. They don't seem fond of Grecian pillars, however. They are expected to take training and to learn from their time here. There is a chapel inside, as well as a small library, and a medical station.*

*'On the left is the House of Industry. Elderly paupers, those who will never work, the injured poor. The poor souls who would wander the capital and beg are brought here. They can leave after their allotted stay, but many chose to make their life here. They are given simple work and are expected to earn their keep. Two thirds of the*

*inmates here are women, and seventy per cent are immigrants. I am not responsible for these facilities however. No, this here is my domain.'*

*As we strolled through the well-tended decorative garden between the two large buildings the third building came into view. This was the Boston lunatic asylum. Like so much in Boston, the asylum is only a few years old. Built of brick and stone with a triangular double-sided stair to the main foyer, and three ornate white columns extending upwards all three stories to the gables and roof. Fresh red brick against white stone cornices, plastered corner pilasters, smooth and new. The building gave the impression that inmates may walk in and out at their leisure. However it was notable that there was only one large visible entrance.*

*Charles ushered us into the large central corridor, clean and well decorated. Paintings in heavy cases hung on the walls, a small polished wooden table held water and lemon in a glass carafe covered with muslin. The floor was polished dark wood with a long runner leading to staircases on the left and right as well as double doors opposite. A woman in a heavy black dress and veil was cleaning the paintings, her black gloved hand holding a cloth. My friend rushed us through, however, impatient to show me what lay beyond. Through the doors lay a corridor heading both east and west, and another set of double doors led through to a large entertaining room. This room was much grander than anything I had seen so far: bench tables ran down the room, able to seat at least a hundred people each. There were two large fireplace set into the left and right wall, with chairs and arm tables arranged accordingly. A stage for entertainment was centre of the back wall and stools were still in place from the most recent recital. I commented to my host that this seemed more the main hall of a lord than a medical facility.*

*'Ha. Well, in fact it is only little me who lives here. So it is in my best interest to make it comfortable. I remain unmarried, and have quarters at the top of this, the main building. My own rooms, kitchen, even a private dining room—I eat down here most nights, however. Directly in front of the boatshed is a separate house that has accommodations for all the staff. Most, however, leave after their shift and spend their time with families.'*

*As he spoke, we walked around the room, which contained small groups of people, standing, sitting, and conversing. Some came and went cleaning or preparing the hall for the next meal. John exchanged words with many of them. Others were passing their time in recreational pursuits. I counted at least forty individuals.*

*'Let me introduce you to Dennis, Dennis! How goes your efforts?'*

*Dennis was a stocky man. His skin was pink as if burnt by steam, with close shorn red hair and a protruding lower lip, his brows were thick and his nose small and pushed in, his large hands held a small wooden disk which he was making into a button. Three other buttons, piled atop each other, sat on his chair arm.*

*'Oi've done naffer pants now. Will tha' do?' Dennis did not look up but I was struck by the peaceful air of the man.*

*'Of course, Dennis. Don't do more than you can tonight, we will eat soon.'* Charles' tone was not conciliatory, or patronising, but brisk and matter of fact. We walked on. When we were a distance away he spoke in a low voice.

*'Dennis was a cobbler, and a good one. But his intemperance became a problem for him. One evening, he became too addled to be able to finish a pair of shoes. While hardly able to stand he strangled his wife, and beat on his boy so fiercely that the child's tongue was mostly severed and had to be amputated. His wife remarkably had*

*not died and, recovering her wits, fled with the boy. Dennis fell to bed and stayed there until the next morning when a customer knocked, called, and found him unresponsive. He has spent the last ten years in the House of Corrections, however because of the violence his crimes he was kept away from tools. He would watch the other inmates toil fields, cut wood, move brick, but he was only allowed tasks that kept him from dangerous instruments. If he had been allowed to work with tools, he would have been amongst the prisoners who built the asylum. While still in the house of correction he choked a guard, on another occasion he beat a man near death. Eventually he was sent here.'*

*John's zeal for his topic had quite overrun him by this time. I knew from past examination, and of course our friendship, that he displayed a large love of approbation that displayed itself in a strong need to have his accomplishments admired. His comparative sagacity I knew from previous experience. Despite his natural cautiousness, Charles could easily be encouraged to share any information he may have about this place. He continued:*

*'Often the most frightening aspect of the lunatic is not the madness, but the apparent sanity. I think most people would be less uneasy if madness was at all times predominant in the sufferer. But to see sanity and self-perception move in and out of the afflicted, as if tidal, that is what repels us. Some see this and believe the poor soul had been afflicted by the devil, for what else could cause such behaviour? One moment a man is an upright fellow, the next he near kills his family and goes to bed. Look at the organ of destructiveness on the man—see it from here!—Now, I do not know certainly what it was that caused the, the imbalance in the mind of the man, personally I believe drink is a factor, but perhaps it is something we cannot see, and do not know, that has changed him. Maybe destructiveness was always there, but some other, now weakened*

*propensity, held it in check. What I do know however, is that by letting him exercise the organ in non-harmful ways the man has become passive. I do not ask him to make the buttons, he is responsible for the cutting of firewood, and he also does some small maintenance on the building. One he was allowed these activities he asked for a knife. I would be lying if I told you I had no concerns, but with a great deal of caution and observation we let him have one and he sat there and began to make buttons. He is responsible for asking for a knife, the care of it, and its return when his work is done. He seems most at peace when allowed such activity.'*

*'He has displayed no other violence since then?'*

*'Has not laid a hand on anyone here. The only release for him from this place will be to another like it, or worse. You know the conditions of most asylums, even in these enlightened times. Dennis would be kept restrained and isolated, and probably poorly supervised. He would waste away, then sicken, and die. Most would probably consider he would deserve such a fate. However, if we allow that Dennis is ill, not cursed, not insane in the sense that it has been previously understood, but that his illness is in fact a physical one, that his mind had become abnormal, or impaired, and that has thrown the composition of his mind out of harmony. It is possible that his condition is due to an unhealthy life, but it is also possible that the condition is a natural aberration. A healthy living man may still suffer from disease. If we allow that the state of the man may be natural illness, should he not be cared for? Should we not try to rehabilitate him? Pardon me this thought, but what if we were able to thoroughly cure a man such as Dennis from his madness? Should we not let that healthy man back into a modern society? I confess I find the idea thrilling still, but if we truly believe that the mind is the composition of complex organs, and that such organs can be manipulated by our science, what is a lunatic but a victim of the cruellest disease? One*



*that corrupts externally and internally? What would that mean for each man proven to have a serious disease of the brain?’*

*This led me to a wonder, and I looked around the room: there, by the door. And sitting by that table, and perhaps holding the other woman by the hand? ‘No uniforms for the staff?’*

*‘Very good my friend! What do you think? It is my own idea. Unless cleaning, cooking, or the like, the keepers and assorted staff here wear their own clothes while working. Very unpopular it makes me, and I have had to give an allowance for the wear and tear, but I believe it worth it. Yes, men must wear shirts, waistcoats, and frockcoats. Women must also be suitably attired.’*

*‘Are your theories well received with your board?’ I asked.*

*His expression was that of a naughty school child, ‘Ha, well perhaps not entirely, but Boston is a remarkable place, a great experiment, and since the visit, and tragic death of Spurzheim—yes—yes, don’t scowl at me so! I know your feelings towards the man, and I don’t disagree, but his phrenology, his showmanship, has been useful, and has done much good here, ask any man on the street about phrenology and they will tell you names of organs and the faculties of the mind. You must see what is happening in the city? School classrooms are opening up the windows so the children may breathe fresh air to keep the organs of the mind healthy. The importance of bodily nutrition is being promoted for all, and young women are being encouraged to abandon fashionable corsets and to take exercise. We look at the ideal body of ancient Greek statuary as an example of what we wish for ourselves, each man an Atlas, each woman a Theosphites.*

*'Cyril, look at this place, gone are dungeons of madmen tied up in their filth, now most of our patients live like boarding house tenants. We treat their illnesses as best we can devise, and we work to help them avoid harm, but we also encourage them to enjoy the benefits of the society of their fellow man. This place is not unique, but we are still part of the modern school, and there are still far too many who suffer needlessly based on illogical fear.'*

*We reached a small table with three women gathered around working. Their clothes were plain, but clean. One of the three women got to her feet. She was gaunt to the point of starvation, the way her clothes hung from her was somehow obscene. From underneath very thin lips her teeth appeared in a relieved smile as she approached John. As they spoke she continued to smile and seemed glad, yet all the while she continued to cross herself over and again the first two fingers of her left hand touched her forehead, her breast, then each shoulder. Her a series of sympathetic convulsions:*

*'Doctor, I'm so glad—ah—I wanted to—to check—I worry so—all of the world to me—where are they? If I die—will they live when I go? Should they die? I don't care so for me, I have the paresis—will they come here? Will you let them? Would it be best if they come with me?'*

*'Missus Kohler, you know they are in the house of reformation. They are fine. I saw the boy and girl today in fact. They are in school and you can pray for them to work hard and do well. They are quite, quite well, and no one intends to send them here. There is no reason, they are good, healthy children. Try to be calm Missus Kohler.'* As he spoke she nodded and crossed herself. When John finished, she looked to me with smiling sympathy on her face and said, *'You piss ink, and shit shoe blacking,'* and sat back down.

*'Birdie Mae Kohler. She was admitted after a series of incidents. She was begging on the street, was found immodestly propositioning gentlemen on the streets. After her husband died she tried to poison both her children with creosote. I have known her now for some years. She is an intelligent women, and capable of great kindness to others. Of the pain she suffers from I can find no cause.'*

*I looked down the room to where a group of men and women sat together. They were raucous and full of joy. Laughter and clapping bounced from them, and as I watched a thin man stood and lifted his knees in dance and crowed to the encouragement of his friends. 'What do you do with those whose impulses cannot be trusted? The incurable maniac does not also run free?'*

*John was sombre, gentle. 'We still, I regret to say, have facilities to restrain and isolate those who would disrupt the general peace. There are always those who we fail to understand and treat. Most new patients are isolated until we have the opportunity to devise a system of treatment. Please understand me: mistakes are made and often, there is as yet no universal treatment system, and like Spurzheim, part of our conclusions are inductive rather than deductive, but we minimise our failures and magnify our successes. But enough—I am starving. Will you will stay for dinner?'*

*I admired John's enthusiasm. I looked at his optimism with jealousy. Yet all I saw here was the failure of what I had worked so hard for so long to understand. We may know each organ and yet somehow the whole still remains beyond us. 'Thank you, yes,' I said, with no enthusiasm whatsoever.*

*In John's rooms I prepared for dinner. I had made the acquaintance of John Butler more than a decade ago in Uppsala, Sweden. We had both enrolled at the Royal Academy there. He was young, as was I, and had recently completed his training at the Medical School in Harvard. Even in those days he had a fascination with the treatment of the insane. I had finished an apprenticeship as a surgeon, and gone to study at the university in Edinburgh before my twentieth year; I had travelled there to increase my professional study of physiology and anatomy, a pursuit of great interest to me since the beginning of my study. A medical education was the only kind I possessed.*

*John made a friend of me in a fashion I had not the experience to reject even had I wanted to. He was never rude, or presumptuous, he was simply polite, kind, and would go to extraordinary lengths to cultivate our friendship. If I had a lecture to attend at seven in the evening, and his was at noon, he would simply wait, and he would not mention that he had waited. He would have found some bread and cheese, or a new Kafe, and be waiting as I left. We had both attended the lectures by Gall, and had afterwards spent evenings in youthfully passionate conversation on the methods and conclusions of that great man. For the time we continued our studies in Uppsala, John and I took a residence there and he became my first true friend.*

*Since his return he became successful in a private practice his father helped create, but spent as much time at the old Boston asylum for the insane. Two years ago he had gotten the position of superintendent of the new Boston Asylum, he was also regularly published in the New England journal of medicine and a member of the Phrenological Society.*

*When I arrived in the United States, John had written to me and asked for an interview. He was excited by the opportunity to show me his work and would I please visit him at my nearest convenience? I had not written back.*

*John apologised for the state of his rooms; he was not a tidy man by any means, and while not actually dirty, the clutter of his living and workspace freely cohabitated. Books had a myriad of unintended uses, as a prop for a table leg, a saucer for a cup, a bookmark for a larger volume. Children's toys were also notable in all the rooms; he explained this by telling me he collected donations from friend and relatives in Boston that he would donate to the house of reformation. He also had an extensive wardrobe, more shirts than I would expect for three men hung around the room, and I wondered if he did not buy them, who it was that kept him so well attired?*

*We sat down for our meal at the large table in front of the two long trellises. The remaining staff also ate at our table, but we were given the place of privilege at the centre. We were served a wheat coffee and spiced lemonade in large table jugs before the meal arrived. The meal was simple portions of boiled beef, bread and broth, as well as bowls of corn, carrots, and turnips. There was a breeze from the tall windows while we congregated. The interest in improvement of diet and health had certainly taken hold here. My host noticed my appreciation.*

*'As you know my friend, the body and the mind are after all one, and yet this has been one of my most difficult fights in my time here. To convince our overseers that the evil and the lame need air and diet almost more than anything else, more than rehabilitating and restraint is the need for fresh food and oxygen. Can you imagine the trouble I had convincing those who give for charity, or uncharitably for*

*acknowledgement, of that argument? Why should the wretched eat better than the factory hand? Why indeed?'*

*Looking around me as I ate, I felt some uneasiness for bringing my purpose here. From my exalted position I could see men and women eating and speaking, mostly with conviviality. I found Dennis eating with little passion. I found Missus Kohler, she ate with her head down, small mouthfuls of food squirreled into her mouth almost too quickly to be seen. A few faces were dirty or wracked and distorted with unknown passions. Some suffered enough to not seem to have noticed the food before them. I heard some small discussion from the end of our table, and one of the men got up and headed down the table on the left. He stopped by a small, roundish woman who, as far as I could see, was causing no trouble. She had no plate in front her and her small arms were crossed in front of her. He took her by the elbows and made her stand. She moved her arms but not quickly enough to prevent the heaped tin plate falling from underneath her dress and discharging on the floor a large amount of still steaming meat and vegetables; she wept and complained but allowed herself to be taken away. I noticed that the percentage of women around the table was roughly three to each man.*

*After we ate John and I walked around the grounds and I found the opportunity to broach my reason for coming. The events of the night of the fire had been unpleasant for me. My own foolishness had been galling enough, but the death of my host, the bizarre details of his demise, and the inadvertent pain I had caused, was in direct contrast to the feeling of being part of events outside of my own existence. Dean Channing had written an account and given it to the watch captain, who had passed it along to the Massachusetts lieutenant governor, George Hull. He had since written to me and asked for my continuing assistance with the matter, and asked that I take advantage of anything I needed from the medical school or the watchmen. I had a*

*desire to throw myself into the matter. As a respite from my own concerns, or because I believed I could be of assistance, I was unsure. I thought of the young woman who had invaded my house.*

*I told John of my involvement in the matter, beginning with my interview with Mister Cavell. I had been giving thought to the damage received by Charles Cavell. I had some notions on how it had been achieved, none as to why, yet one thought stuck me prominently: This affair had been achieved with some skill. Even without the effect of the fire, the source of the injury would not be easy to detect. Fire had killed Cavell, if it had not, may he have survived? I told my friend of the incident at the Cavell house. I knew that only a little was known of the exact events yet in the neighbourhood, so he would not have any idea of the details. Although to anyone without specific knowledge, what was there to report except a tragic fire? I did not intend to, but I reacted to the presence of John in the same way I always had: he invited confidence, even where it was not intended. I told him of my hot headed action at the Cavell house, and of my unexpected visit from Miss Freya Cavell. Guilt still pulled at me. I described the damage done to Cavell's brain and of my conclusions based on the injuries and his behaviour.*

*As I spoke I could see John become graver, until his usually animated face had become a grey bust of itself. I wondered if he had a relationship with Cavell that I was not aware of.*

*'John, are you quite well?' I waited for him.*

*'And your purpose here is?' he asked.*

*'I had an idea you may have seen something like this before? I imagine a correlation—I would keep to myself until I know better—' I was not ready to share my suspicions yet.*

*'Come with me.'*

*We went downstairs. Underneath the main building there was a basement level. The rear section contained a series of small rooms with barred windows just above ground level that allowed in light and air. The interior of these rooms were polished wooden boards and comfortable furnishing. In the middle of the main passageway a long line of lamps threw ample light into the rooms beyond. John stopped at one room that had in it a large cot. Expertly made. Each wooden slat and beam had been turned and rounded, even the base ones. Besides the size, it differed from a children's cot in that it had a lock down top, preventing the occupant from escape.*

*'She arrived this morning. She was in a fugue state and was put to bed, the watch had been able to make no sense from her. She was diagnosed as suffering from hysteria, brought on from grief. She woke and became violent, she struck out at anyone who lay a hand on her. For her own safety she was put in that Utica cot. Cyril, for her own good.'*

*Inside lay Freya Cavell.*

~

*'...this morning.'*

*'Yes.'*



‘...was put to bed...as hysterical grief...that you tick a cot, she was violent for a time.’

I heard this collection of words as a partial semblance of awareness came to me. I heard words that were not mine and knew they had meaning, but they would only fall so far into my head before they stopped and shattered meaninglessly.

‘...a small amount, for sleep.’

The silhouette of men where the voices came from. I couldn't see properly and I realised I was confined. I opened my mouth but my tongue was thick. The light behind the men was bright and I closed my eyes and mouth on the panic inside me. I could feel pressure on my shoulders, head, and buttocks. My breath held the pattern of tears and I bore down on it. It seemed a layer of foul soot, or grime covered my body and I felt the chafe of damp cotton on my thighs. Shame timed itself with a spasm of nausea that hit my stomach.

‘...Miss Cavell?’

Movement. Cloth, wood and metal. The polished bars above me pulled away. A fattish and kind looking man made no move to touch me, but stood where his face would be lit. And next to him, Dynant.

‘Hello, Miss Cavell. Please call me Doctor Butler; you are under my care, try to make yourself at ease.’ He looked towards Dynant.

I lay on my back, some form of undershirt stuck close on me. It was still damp from my own water. I could find no way to respond to this kind, cultured voice. I wanted to ask the Doctor what I was doing there and what would happen to me now. To ask about my Papa, what had been done with him? To ask where I was. But Dynant was

there. Instead I just wept deeply with a pathetic keening that pulled me as a cat gut that ran through me.

‘You were brought here insensible in the early hours this morning. We are in the First Street Asylum.’ This from the friendly doctor.

*Lord in Heaven help me.* ‘...can I—am I free to leave?’ I managed.

Dynant turned from me and looked at the other man. ‘She will stay here until a relative or guardian can be found?’

‘Yes, unless no other relations—’

‘Discharge her to me,’ Dynant spoke these words and I felt my grip on words tumble again.

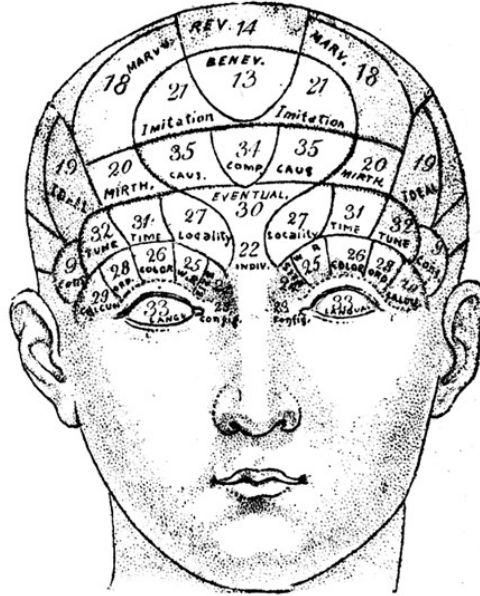
‘Cyril?’ The other Doctor addressed him as a friend.

‘I am her personal physician. While she has undergone a deal of trauma, she is essentially unharmed. I believe she will do better under my personal care than here, as much as I admire these facilities, John.’ He looked back at me, ‘Do you consent, Miss Cavell, to be taken under my care until such time as other plans for your immediate future can be made? You will be well cared for. I believe that my housekeeper will be more than capable of tending to your needs.’

How to describe the choice? You find yourself at the top of a cliff, exalting in the thin air. A stranger arrives and pushes you off, you fall and as you rush downwards toward sharp rocks. You see the man falling next to you, and, for some reason, he holds out his hand?

I looked at the man, at Dynant. I heard my voice consenting to the arrangement before I had the opportunity to fully realise my decision, a flutter a wildest abandon, I

was a cock-tail streaming across a burning field. And then outside the cab window, the night flew by as we sat in silence.



#### 4. CAUSALITY

*It has long been a matter of general observation, that men possessing a profound and comprehensive intellect, such as Socrates, Bacon, and Galileo, have the upper part of the forehead greatly developed. At Vienna Dr Gall remarked, that in the most zealous disciples of Kant, men distinguished for profound, penetrating, metaphysical talent, the parts of the brain lying immediately at the sides of the organ of Comparison were distinctly enlarged.*

I awoke to sunlight on my face. My bedding was heavy and fresh. The cotton sheet in front of my face was dazzling as the light from the window hit it, and motes streamed in the light, like comets with shadowy tails.

As I lay waking I tried on understanding: I was an orphan—no—I was in my majority now. I was a young woman with no immediate family. The last time I saw father—I tried to banish it by closing my eyes, but there was only red darkness and more comets there. The pain of loss was like nothing I knew before. I felt—as if I had been made less. Was it the sin of pride that had make me think I was whole by myself? I had lost my father, and now my heart was small, and heavy with strain. I had been put

in the asylum. My eyes opened. How had I gotten there? Who knew I was there? I could see father's face lit by dying fire, and then...nothing. I considered, if I had lost control of my wits, perhaps I *should* be in that terrible place?

I imagine Jonas, his father tells him of me and he is distraught. *No, no, she's fine, she was fortunate to survive the fire.* I frown into the sheets at my cheapening the memory of my father. He wants to run to me, he needs to see me—His father sits him down, *not yet. The loss, it was too much for her*—but Josiah Flagg doesn't speak like a kindly patron in a children's tale. *The girl has come loose in her mind son*—yes that's better—*she sits in a cage and cries into her open mouth and on her filthy clothes. You don't want to see her, and she, if she was herself, wouldn't want to be seen. She was never for you, we did her a kindness, letting you play as children. That is over now.*

What am I now? Papa was a wealthy man, am I wealthy woman? Am I supposed to start a life here on my own—the blanket covering my father's body appeared again. Any thought of the present or future seemed to me a sin done to the past. I sat up and looked around the room. The wood grain of the floor shone in the light. The room was an odd shape, the bed was against the small interior wall of a trapezoid. Two windows, with a tall cupboard made up the exterior wall. Curtains played by a small breeze across the windows that had been closed when I had been brought to bed by the housekeeper. The water and jug had been changed, along with new cloth and soap. I sat on the stool, applied the cloth to the cold water and recalled the night just passed.

I had eventually slept in the coach on return from the asylum. When I awoke in the parlour Dynant's coachman was holding me in his arms and Dynant was speaking to a large woman in a language other than English. The woman noticed I was awake and Dynant followed her gaze.

‘This is Miss Helene, she has been with me for some time and is very capable. She will look after you and find you some clean clothes; your rooms are on the east side.’

She had a kind childish smile, a short build; I was quite taller than her myself. Nevertheless, the coachman passed me to her like I was a doll. Her frame spoke of remarkable strength. Her figure was admirable, but there was something about the width of her limbs that made me uneasy. My head rested on her extraordinary shoulder and Dynant spoke to her for a time in what I believed was probably German, and she answered back in the same.

‘Helene does not speak English, but I am sure you will manage. Ask for anything you need. She is charged with your care.’ As I was carried out of the room I looked back at my – my host? And saw him looking at me.

When we arrived at this room she sat me on the stool. Then she felt my forehead, held my hands and searched my eyes. She said a few words and tilted her head, then left. I looked around the room and shivered slightly with the cooling night air. Time passed as wax melting along the raised tributary of a candle. Then Helene was back. She put down a large ceramic jug of water that was warm enough to steam. She encouraged me to stand and then gently but perfunctorily stripped me naked. She was so quick and assured that I felt no recourse to object. I marvelled at the amount of grime, cuts, and abrasions that I had accumulated since the fire. She sat me back down. I held my hands together in my lap and looked at my dirty arms. My legs had great slashes of black and yellow. There was crusted stains of dried blood between my toes. Helene poured the steaming water into the basin then massaged soap into it. She wet some cloth and stood over me so that all I could see was her waist and formidable bosom. Starting

with my face she washed me down. The water was startlingly hot, an unusual sensation. She held my head as she cleaned my face, looking at her work instead of my eyes. I found myself floating in the sensation of warm abrasion to one part of my body at a time, and the repetitious sound of scrubbing and rinsing. Steam rose off the clean parts of me like the thawing of grass in the summer. Blood washed away leaving neat little cuts, bruises glowed clean, and I was gooseflesh. Then she was patting and holding me dry. She arranged bedclothes for me and let me dress myself, I was then put to bed.



I wiped my teeth clean with a cloth and powder and looked into the cupboard. Inside were clothes reasonably near my size. However the skirts, dresses, and jackets were all for an older, or at least married, woman. They were uniformly dark in colour and of very fine make. Fortunately there was a simple house coat hanging on the back of the door and, with fresh underclothes, I put it on. There was a door beside the bed that must lead to the rest of the rooms on this floor. The small fine handle turned and I opened it a fraction to see an empty corridor. I closed it again. I walked to the window. The street was painfully bright, the room on an angle to the road. A number of people were making their way to the common, or into Boston proper. Outside of this room life went on bright and colourful. I could see nothing that anchored me to that life. I was a spirit in a museum who had been forgotten as thoroughly by the living, as it had by time.

The smell of cooked meat came from somewhere and it made my mouth water. I cried very quickly and very quietly for a moment and resolved to find out what was for breakfast. I found my way around the crescent corridor, to a dining room. The door was ajar and I headed through it. Helene spotted me immediately. She walked briskly

forward and put her arms on me. She examined me from head to toe. Apparently I had done well for myself, for she took my hand and pulled me gently to the main table, and sat me down.

Unlike the large room downstairs, this was a simple square room, with three large windows facing directly towards the street. A large rug dominated the space, an intricate mix of colours that when viewed together as a whole could be said to be green. The walls were papered cream and burgundy and the dining table was a curved affair by the left wall.

As I sat she piled a plate. The table had been serviced like a buffet and had clean white linen and an assortment of food. Helene did not bother to enquire what I would like, assuming I was hungry. Which I was. There was a thick sausage and fried potatoes, a wedge of omelette and one of corn bread, even some oyster soup. As I began to eat, carefully as I tested my stomach to the task. Helene left by the central corridor, allowing me to eat and look around in earnest. I could see the small signs that indicated Dynant had eaten here before me. Had he chosen to eat without me, or had he simply risen earlier? I had noticed portraits along the room that I assumed were of his family. I had seen no signs of anyone other than Dynant and of course Helene. Did he live in this house alone? I could remember no gossip about his family.

She returned with hot tea and poured me a cup. As she began to busy herself with cleaning away any unwanted items, sometimes holding out a dish and raising an inquiring eyebrow, to which I would always shake my head, Dynant entered the room. He looked to me and said, 'If you are finished?' With that he left the room.



Helene handed me a fresh cup of tea and I brought it with me. I found him sitting at his large desk in the downstairs parlour. A chair opposite him was waiting for me.

‘Has Helene provided well for you?’ There was no warmth in his tone.

‘Yes—yes, thank you.’

‘Not at all.’

There was a clock on the wall. A round face attached to an oblong box. It was past two o’clock. I had thought it morning. I had considered perhaps he felt some guilt, maybe wanted to improve his part in the events of the other night. I saw no sign of that and my little heart became harder.

‘You have slept well, I hope.’

‘Longer than I am used to.’

‘Are you feeling much recovered?’

Sweet mercy, what was this? Why torture me? There was a small smile on his face, but it did nothing to change the tone in his voice, the look in his eye. Perhaps this was in my head and I *was* mad.

‘I am much better.’ I was a guest here. ‘I am very grateful for all your kindness to me, after all, we are only a little acquainted.’

He was quiet for a moment.

‘I was not looking for you at the asylum, I went there to ask some questions relating to your father’s death of my friend, John Butler. You remember Doctor Butler?’

‘What questions?’ —*my father’s death.*

‘I am – curious.’ He frowned on the word. Was he aware of the incredibly poor taste of his curiosity? Or was he simply embarrassed by its whimsy? He perused some paper on his desk.

‘Given the nature of the injury your father had sustained, when I examined him I found there to be a few matters to take into account on how he received it. He cannot have sustained it during or before the party at your home; the description of his compromised spatial abilities by the watchman corresponds with the area of injury. Given these facts it is only possible that he received this injury afterwards. I have been considering the possible ways in which this may have happened.’

What was he talking about? I could not follow this—I managed to grasp on small kernel.

‘The nature of—?’

‘Oh, yes, my apologies. I have not yet spoken to you of what I have discovered of your father’s death.’ His address was perfunctory, his voice did not shake, there was no gentle metaphor such as passing quick and letting go of pain, instead he told me exactly what he had seen and heard, what he had noted by the initial examination of Papa’s body, what he then began to consider and confirm with a detailed examination at the medical school. He made his story succinct. Every word was a new horror.

‘You found a hole had been made in Papa’s *head*?’ I now found myself wondering if perhaps it was not, after all, I who was the mad one?

‘Yes. Would you please do me the courtesy of recounting all you can remember of the evening of your party?’

Something about the man always found a straight route to my anger, as if he pinched at my heart. ‘Why is that important?’ I said, before I could consider the wisdom of speaking so to the only person who had been willing to help me. He looked up from his paper, with no anger evident and simply said, ‘Please.’

My anger ebbed. I never managed to predict this man. I told him what I could remember; I remembered very well. I left out little of the juvenile details of what I did or thought. I spoke simply. If he wished to know of my life, so be it.

Dynant listened, apparently with rapt attention. My voice echoed in the chamber. When I was done he seemed to consider.

‘I need to make a call today, and your company would be of great assistance. Would you consent to accompany me?’ he asked. What could he possibly want my help with?

‘Certainly,’ I said.

‘I should warn you, the place I need to visit is the Boston hospital’s dead house. Do you think you are capable of enduring such a thing? I am a little concerned that you have seen enough of death for the moment, more may be too much for you.’

Would it? I looked around the room. Death surrounded me here, physically as well as in my heart. I saw no future without the persistence of death. What difference would this make?

‘I’m sure I will be fine,’ I said.

‘Good. I will speak to Helene, and get her to find you some appropriate attire. As I am sure you are aware, it is not considered appropriate in this country, indeed in

most, for a young woman to be found in such a place. A small pretence will be necessary. How are you at dictation and illustration?’

‘Tolerably good, I believe.’

‘Excellent, I will get you some supplies.’ He stood and left the room, heading back upstairs.

~

Dynant’s cab flew at speed down Main Street and towards the bridge. I sat next to Dynant, taller than he, and wondering at the picture we made. The felt of that hat shone at my eye level so I looked down at my hands. The black sleeves of the dress Helene had given me ended mid forearm. The sleeves of my chemise extended five inches further and buttoned high on the wrist. Dynant told me my outfit was much in keeping with what a German healer wore. The whole outfit was like new. The dress had a deeply plunged neckline that ended in a built in corset waist buttoned with a small hidden clasps that displayed much of the fine white blouse. The skirts were heavier than I was used to. Helene had arranged my hair in two equal severe parts, then braided it into a fine joined bun on the back of my head. Similar to her own. My usual spaniel curls were gone, leaving my forehead unattractively visible. The cap on my head was Helene’s, as was the coat, both so big on my as to surely be ridiculous. The doctor had given me a small, brand new jot book with a gold coloured telescopic pencil attached by a ribbon. What a perfectly ridiculous sight we would make. I, an overdressed, severe, and tall young girl, guided by this small, dapper gentlemen with his menacing eyes and peculiar ways. Perhaps the ribbon should be held by him and attached to a fine choker around my neck. I was jolted out of the contemplation of my reflection by his voice.

‘We have arrived.’

The driver opened the doors for us. And I was grateful to escape the close quarters. He did not have an unpleasant odour, in fact I remember noticing that he perfumed himself with a floral scent that was by no means unpleasant, yet too much closeness to him made me uncomfortable. Everything about him made me uncomfortable. A large building in the shape of a cross, the Bullfinch building. Like so many in Boston was a newly built building with a giant plain gable supported by four white round pillars, four stories high.

I clutched my book and marched along behind Dynant. At the entrance we met Billings Briggs, the constable, and his serious moustaches. I felt guilty and uncovered. I remembered those moustaches from the night of the fire. He looked at me blankly, with disapproval and said, ‘She can’t come in here, sir.’

Dynant looked affable and calm. He looked at me and spoke in German, I have no idea what. I nodded back at him.

‘My apologies. She understands fair English, but is slow in learning the speaking of it. I was explaining to her, that women are not allowed the study of medicine here, as in her homeland. However, as I have been given charge of medical jurisprudence for the case and have asked her expertise, an exception will be made.’

‘Ar—well—Yes, if you insist, sir. Though I can’t imagine—’

‘—fortunately that won’t be necessary,’ said Dynant with great rebuke. The constable looked at me with an eye I was accustomed to and allowed me to walk in front of him down the corridor. The entrance to the hospital was clean and efficient. A clerk answered Dynant’s questions and directed a medical student to help with our enquiries. He then led us to a corridor on the right. We marched along the wooden

floors, past large rooms of patients and beds. A children's ward on the left contained little ones gathered, industriously keeping good spirits, and a father played a low fiddle by a bed. We then reached a doorway that contained a stairwell to the lower floor basement, the location of the deadhouse.

The stairwell was a cubic construction, with an elevated trolley system in the centre on the unit. My mind swooned away from the possibilities of this arrangement and we walked single file into a colder and colder underground structure. A heavy door barred the way to the basement and a metal bar kept it shut. Billings opened the door and we entered the most appalling cavern. As if it was part of a different building entirely, the deadhouse, while still clean and relatively new, had the most oppressive air I had ever encountered. The smell of the place was not something I could describe and I gagged quietly as soon as we entered the corridor.

Unbidden, a memory from childhood threw itself into my mind. I had been in the upstate farm country with Papa. He was touring dairies, for some purpose that I was too young to understand. Father was speaking effusively to a small weathered man, about the new advances possible with mechanization, when a small blonde head popped out from behind a shed and beckoned to me.

The boy had the kind of broad, honest face that regularly deceives innocent and dull-witted children into wickedness. He smiled as I approached and said, 'dead cow.' I looked back at father, who was, to the farmer's surprise, performing some kind of mime-show of a machine process, and followed the small blonde runt behind the shed.

'Dead cow,' he said again and grabbed at me. The afternoon was bright and warm. Flies were circling about the animal as it lay on its side. Apparently waiting in well-rehearsed pattern for those flies now crawling on the dead creature's mouth,

nostrils, and eyes to make room and allow those new ones to the swarm a chance to feast. The animal was huge, and death made the size of its body a reality in a way that life could not. Its stomach in particular seemed an immense cavern, ribs tautly holding a ballooning belly from floating away. The wind changed, and the stench of decay hit me and I heaved and choked. The boy laughed and walked towards the carcass as if walking against strong wind. He had a sharpened stick in one hand, a homemade spear. I faintly moved a little closer, just to see.

The boy stood over the cow. His hair was curling in the wind, his muscles bunched. A small, blonde warrior standing over his fallen prey. He looked up to check his audience. I stared back, complicity. I felt awe for this wild boy. He was thin and clean somehow under the dirt, and very alive. In my blue dress and stockings, straight dark hair hanging down around my face, I knew by instinct my own status in this brief relationship. The boy smiled at me, urging me to keep watching. He bent forward and poked his spear into the distended stomach of the cow. I opened my mouth to speak as the cow exploded.

The boy fell backwards off his feet. There was an audible, base-level pop and putrefied gas and liquid flew. I felt the escaping air rush past like a malevolent thing. A spattering of something unspeakable landed by my feet and then, in my mouth.

~

The memory of that event had made itself a hidden structure in my mind, something of my understanding of gruesome ends and summer's days. And here in this place was proof that all I so assiduously avoided in my young life was exactly as my nightmares has confirmed for me.

The dead house, this room for men, was a gloomy space, lit by articulated circular lamps with metal pull chains. Eight wooden tables evenly spaced around the room dominated the architecture. They were oval with rounded edges and three of them were at the moment occupied. Sheets covered the bodies, and the medical student flipped sheets until he found the correct one.

Underneath was the body of a man I guessed to be in his late-twenties, tall, and well structured, he had ginger hair and beard, his face slack as if in sleep. The face and body, however, had darkened and become livid. His flesh was no longer completely firm on the body but, as if in a last exhalation, the muscles, tendons, and skin had relaxed downward and surrendered to that gravitational force that pulls us ever downward.

‘What form of autopsy was performed on this man?’ asked Dynant of our medical student.

‘Sir, he was extensively sonoscoped on arrival, by many students, He was thoroughly examined but no cause of illness was discovered.’

‘I believe Dr Stedman was inclined to believe the body too far gone for much study, sir. His name was Cornelius Donovan.’

‘The cold has preserved him quite well.’ Dynant lifted back the blanket completely.

‘Yes sir, we have been cleaning it regularly. Froth gathers at the nose, bloody, his organs won’t be much good now.’

‘Are we too late?’ said Constable Billings.



‘No. While much has been lost, the examination of him has not been thorough.’  
Dynant was oblivious to the student’s scowl.

‘Beg your pardin’ sir, but he has been looked over by many, sir, and record made of all the findings. The consensus is that what killed him was not external sir, but visitation by God.’

Dynant began a study of the man’s head using only his fingertips and I could feel them on my own head. He moved slowly, from one region to the next. He had covered himself in a stained smock. His bag sat on a chair and a gleam of tools could be seen inside. I could see something like astonishment on the faces of those watching as he did no more than gently touch, square by square the skull of the man.

‘Miss *Helene*, your notepad if you please?’

Next he called a series of numbers, starting with one and working through to twenty seven. Each number came with a fraction:  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $4\frac{3}{4}$ , 5 etc. Once he had finished, he stood up straight and said, ‘It was external, and in fact it was assuredly organ defect.’ The body, mottled and starting to swell, had been put back together after its examination.

‘What makes you say so?’ said the student.

‘Miss *Helene*, can you make a sketch of the body?’

I began to do so, and as I did I noticed something. I looked at the man. My sketch had more life than its subject. Dynant’s perfume, plus the smell of the body, brought to mind the smell of orchids, something too rich in that smell, not sweet... like a bouquet in a butcher shop. I blushed and concentrated on the hospital before us. He

turned the head with some force to one side. ‘Indeed, this is where the point of origin was.’

‘The origin of what?’ said the student incredulously.

‘The intrusion.’

‘But there is no sign...’

‘Of course there is.’ Dynant seemed ill at ease.

‘I cannot see anything.’

With this, he identified a section of the cranium, back and left from the ideal centre, he then, using two fingers gripped some hair on the man’s skull and gently pulled. It lifted away from the scalp, an ‘L’ section just as Dynant had described to me the night before. The student gasped out loud at this strange presentation and I felt my legs signal the desire to run or fall.

‘Miss Helene?’

I stared into the dark open section and I saw the same injury that I had heard described by Dynant about my father. A pointed section of flesh that pulled away from the bone, revealing beneath it a cavity—

‘Miss Helene? *Helene*’ I looked to Dynant. His face matched his tone, some great secret excitement held there.

‘Could you please draw for me the entry sight, and any detail you can see within?’

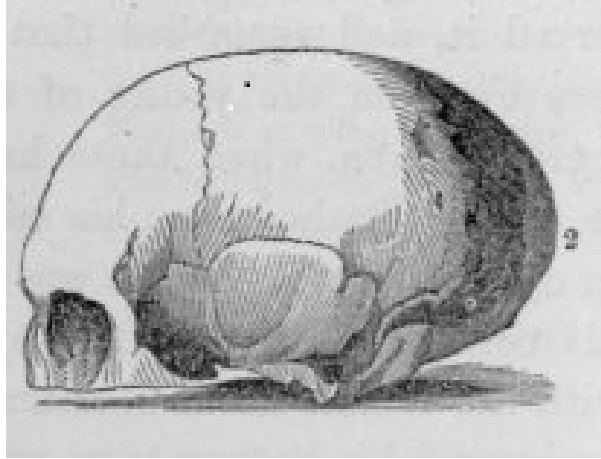
I sketched carefully in my book. The constable asked a number of questions of Dynant, and took his own notes. Dynant made some reference to my father and the fire.

I wrote carefully the words I heard, and tried not to attach meaning to them. Busying myself with my work I could feel Dynant's appraisal. I thought of his haughty manner when confronted with an emotional response, and tried to hide the grief that threatened to undo me.

Dynant gave his farewells to the constable and the student, who were all excitement over what he had found. The constable said he was available for further assistance as it became required. Dynant thanked him, but regretted that more pressing matters now required our attention. With that he walked out of the room and I walked with larger stride than usual to keep up with him. I held my handkerchief to my nose as we walked and breathed as deeply as I could manage.

Once we were back in the cab I allowed myself to try and understand what we had just seen. I knew nothing of the body we had just examined or why he would have the same injury as the one I had heard described on my father. Dynant had taken us here, so he clearly knew something of these events. Something he had not shared.

'He died the same way as my father. What does that mean? How did you know he would have the same injury? Who was he?' Dynant, for once, said nothing.



## 5. *PHILIOPROGENITIVENESS*

*The attachment of the inferior animals to their young has often been the subject of admiration. In them it is attributed to instinct. Instinct means an original propensity, impelling the animal endowed with it to act in a certain way without intention or purpose. Is the attachment of human beings to their young the consequence of a similar innate feeling, or is it the result of reason, or a modification of benevolence or of other feelings? That it does not spring from reflection is abundantly evident.*

We arrived back at Dynant's house and Helene had supper ready. Thankfully the meal was a simple one: fish, bread, and vegetables, I may have had difficulty with anything else. Dynant ate, and was comfortable enough with my presence that he could be completely preoccupied as I sat and ate dinner with him. Thick flounder fillets cooked whole in butter, with succotash, whole boiled onions as well as cornbread. The meal was hot and good and even the dead house could not rob me of the pleasure of eating. I found with some surprise I could eat and still ponder the unsettling and nightmarish sight in the hospital. We sat in what I had begun to think of as the study, surrounded by the dead, brightly lit and with our meals on the large desk between us. Dynant ate very sparingly and seemed much distracted. I saw him occasionally peek at

me over a small forkful of fish. I was exhausted, I wanted nothing more than to sleep for a while. However, I was not going to get that opportunity.

‘If you wouldn’t mind, I would very much like to hear your notes from our excursion.’ He continued to eat small mouthfuls.

‘Now?’ I said wondering if he usually continued to work while he ate.

‘If you wouldn’t mind.’

‘No, not at all.’ *After all, why should anything I knew of life be the same now?*

I retrieved my notebook and read out everything I had written, beginning with my initial impression of the body, all the way through to my illustration of the injury, which I showed him.

‘This is very nicely done, Miss Cavell.’ He passed the notebook back. ‘Truly, much better than could be hoped for. You have a good eye, and these notes may be useful. The detail of the injury matches my recollection. What conclusions have you come to?’

I ate slowly while I spoke to give myself time. ‘The constable said the man arrived at the hospital on the 10<sup>th</sup> of March.’ My breath was high in my chest and I exhaled slowly through my nose. ‘The injury you found matches the one you described on my father—’

‘—yes, but they are in different locations. Continue.’

A feeling. Like the bones of my body had fallen away, and impossibly my mind stayed where it was, floating inescapable, tethered in place and staring at Dynant, who wasn’t eating fish anymore.

‘Mister Donovan and my father both died in the same way?’

‘Yes.’

‘What happened?’

‘I’m not sure. I am now fairly certain however, that you were not the cause.’

‘*What?*’ Saliva flooded into my mouth and my tongue pressed flatly against my teeth. I looked to Dynant, whom I felt sure would be staring at my skull. I wished nothing more than to strike at him until I could no longer hear the words *you are the cause* career through me.

‘It was a necessary avenue of investigation. Besides the young girl who died in the kitchen that night, you are the only other person known to have been in the house. Even if I did not think it likely, it needed to be considered. And when I discovered a potential prior victim, the importance of examining your possible involvement became immediate.’

‘You believed that I may have—’ *Abigail was dead and I had not even given her a single thought.*

‘Yes, yes,’ he said with some asperity, ‘so I brought you with me to view the first body while I confirmed my theory. I watched you with great care and I now find it very unlikely that you were involved.’

‘Someone killed my father?’ Not only was I suspected, the idea that I was helping in some way was merely a trick.

‘Yes. During the night someone entered your house and subdued your father, they cut a small triangular flap of skin. Then, using a trepanning instrument of some kind, cut out a small round disc of skull. They then inserted a light instrument into his

brain and used it to disrupt the normal function. I do not know for certain why they did this, I can only examine the evidence after the fact and draw conclusions based on the information we have found. Considering what you have told me of your night, the most likely scenario is that the assailant was there when you left the house, given that it could not have been done before your father and you went to bed, and the servants had retired. If it took approximately half of an hour for you to reach my house it is unlikely that the assailant was not already in the house when you left—given that the fire needed time to spread, and when we were notified of the blaze by the watchmen. The most likely scenario is that your father was incapacitated in some way before he was tampered with. I imagine we will eventually find that this was achieved by a poison of some kind. I must also clarify a point: while I believe that their injuries led to their deaths, in both cases it would seem that the killer left both men alive.’ Again, Dynant waited for me.

Someone had crept into our house, and restrained my father, then punctured a hole into his skull *while I was in the house*. I imagined my father tied to his bed, some nightmare bent over him as he lay silenced but awake, the fiend scraping through bone—as I lay next door, fitfully awake. I saw light under his door and each hair on my body stood.

‘Perhaps the person responsible started the fire hoping to destroy any possibility that someone would discover what had been done. Perhaps your father started the fire accidentally. If you had been in your room you would most likely have died.’

I stood and walked around the room. I ran my hands down my skirts. I touched any surface I came across. I thought back to my introduction to Dynant. Less than a week ago, I saw him standing on the threshold on the carpet. Since then he had publicly disgraced me, I had broken into his house and struck him, he had saved me from the

asylum and made me his responsibility. He seemed to ignore my grief as if it angered or embarrassed him. He then took me to the dead house and accused me of killing my father. Now he told me my father had been murdered while I had lay there.

‘What now?’ I said from across the room unsure exactly what I was asking.

‘I have a notion that I mean to test against fact. Until I receive any new information, I will explore what I know so far.’ He regarded me and rang a small hand bell on his desk. ‘Get some sleep. In the morning your father’s lawyer intends to visit you. Your estate and business interests must be dealt with, and I am sure you will have much to do.’

He dismissed me as easily as turning his attention elsewhere. I wanted to say something to him, but I did not know what. Helene appeared and I left with painful meekness.

~

*Boston, March 20, 1841.*

*My dear friend,*

*Cyril, forgive me. I should have told you of this earlier. In my defence, events tumbled before us with such speed that I had no time to draw connections between these things. I must confess, I still do not see the connection, yet I write this in haste in the hopes that if it is of importance to you it will reach you in time.*

*Shortly after you came to me, an unusual patient was released. I had given my support for this, but have an uneasy sensation when I ponder it now. I knew this patient quite well. His name is Aston Williamson, a young and wealthy man, who I believe is*



*(please let me rely on your discretion) the illegitimate son of Mister W—— A——, the publisher. He is a striking fellow, being well over six feet tall and unusually wide. He has a successful importing business and lives across the river from Beacon Hill. Aston used to move in fashionable circles in Boston, he married well, has two children, attended public lectures of note, and in all ways was the very model of a new Athenian. Then, around two years ago he had an accident. He is a sportsmanlike man, enjoyed riding, and kept horses over in Dorchester. He had just come back from a ride and was packing away his horse when he received a severe kick to the head. He was confused for some time, but then came to his senses, seeming as if a little drunk, but in all ways himself. He joked with his wife over the incident, and chatted amiably on the drive home, then had a doctor called to the house. The injury to his scalp from the horses hoof was cleaned and dressed and he was given opium and a carbolic, as some discharge from his ears pointed to a neuralgia and mild gathering in the head.*

*He was lethargic for some days after, but concessions were made for his character due to the seriousness of his injury. He returned to work, and in most ways seemed to return to his normal habits, his wife however had some reservations and spoke to friends and family of her worry. As he seemed fine she was reassured and counselled to show patience.*

*Unfortunately, after some months it became clear that a change had taken place in the man, he now suffered from regular headaches, and because it had not shown itself dramatically at first observation, it had not been well noticed. After his injury Aston took to drinking and gambling in a secretive way, whereas previously he has had no known inclination for either. His wife also began to show signs of physical punishment, although at the time this was apparent she had retreated into herself to a degree where she no longer communicated freely with those closest to her. Before long*

*he was spending amounts that began to attract attention. His behaviour became more pronounced, he spent less time at work, showed a distinct lack of interest in the business. He began to look different, dressed carelessly, was prone to bark out strange exclamations and laugh boisterously at odd times, he was seen in increasingly disreputable company. His attempts to charm his way through his poor behaviour became stressed. He began to look sickly and unkempt.*

*His condition became a talking point in his part of Boston. The man could be found by any who wished to look hard enough in cat houses and the baser drinking establishments.*

*He then developed a fever and became very ill for a time. He lost a lot of weight and rarely left his house. His family likewise seemed restrained and sickly. His wife's brother became concerned. He waited until the man was seen leaving the house one evening and, while he was out, called by the house. Eventually he heard muffled noises coming from upstairs. He forced the door and found the wife and children all tied together on the master bed. They had been gagged and restrained together, something that he had apparently taken to doing regularly.*

*Upon Aston's return he was captured without violence and delivered to the asylum. However since his incarceration he had become increasingly violent with no obvious cause. At times his charm and good manners made him a popular and useful member of the community and on more than one occasion I had cause to wonder whether he needed to remain here.*

*Then he was found in a vicious fight with another male patient, some small argument had quickly led the two men to fisticuffs, and Aston had beaten the man unconscious, he was restrained with difficulty and given a private cot. Later he*

*punctured the throat of an inmate he had become friendly with over breakfast, driving a fork into the man's neck with great force. There had been no indication of an argument, and later Aston claimed he believed the man had stolen from him, and it had sent him into a rage. He apologized and seemed genuinely contrite. He still showed flashes of his old self, but now he was often insensately crude, and given an opportunity, very capable of visiting physical harm for little or no reason. To begin with his family had requested information on his well-being regularly. No one came to see him however. As he worsened I had one visit from his brother in law, who asked to know whether it was likely he would ever be released. I could give him no satisfactory answer. The family made a large donation to the hospital.*

*His health and behaviour continued to decline. I made arrangement for his physical exercise, under supervision, but for the majority of his time here restraints were necessary. His headaches had become so severe that they often result in seizures. He was regularly given an opiate to deal with this condition. During his stay I visited the man as often as I could find time. He showed some interest in my work and methods. We discussed his case in detail and he showed a desire to understand what had happened to him.*

*However his mania would eventually manifest and upon committing, or attempting to commit, an act of violence it would be necessary for him to be locked away and given peace so as his own nature may find its way back to the forefront of his consciousness. Sometimes in this state he would rave and assert that he was soon be 'saved', on other occasions he would insist we stop the voices that came to speak to him, that he needed peace and quiet.*

*He was still a physically powerful man, even with the weight loss, however his pallor and demeanour was such that I feared the man would not live long. A few weeks ago I was called with haste to his cell and I thought he must have died, he certainly was an appalling sight. He was prostrate across the floor, his face was ashen, and through some misadventure he had lost an eye. The organ had been burst. The vitreous fluid of the eye had dried across his face and hair, and the remainder of it lay burst and useless in the socket. He was unconscious. I called a surgeon who emptied, filled and bandaged the wound. I cannot imagine how he lost the eye, nothing was found in the cell. The man also showed some signs of painful laceration, as there were marks on his legs and shoulder, as well as some bruising around the head.*

*Then a most remarkable thing happened when the man awoke. He was lucid, calm, and seemed much recovered. He reported to have no idea what had happened to him, but he insisted that he felt better than he had since his accident with the horse. His headaches were gone, he was no longer foulmouthed or ill tempered. After a day he was allowed to mingle with other patients again, after two, it was decided he could be released. I could find no reason to keep the man, he was a reformed character in all ways.*

*His step brother was called for, and it was agreed that the man would be released into his care. He would stay at the family's house while he gathered his strength and made plans for the future. That is the last I heard of him, I intend to pay him a visit as I am interested to see what progress he has made, but I must be honest Cyril, I am uneasy.*

*Please, contact me at your convenience if I can help further. In truth I will be anxious to know what you have made of the situation*

*Yours,*

*John Butler, MD.*



The next day set my regular routine for life at Doctor Dynant's house.

I awoke the next morning to a knocking at the door and the vertigo of not being in my own bed. I cleared my eyes with the heels of my hands, crossed the floor to the door and opened it. Helene stood there in an outfit that was very odd. A foreign affair, where the limbs of her body were padded with layers of tight fitting pieces that gave the overall effect of an Arabian magician, or a carnival act. She smiled at me enthusiastically, and I stared dumbly. She took my hand and led me to my wardrobe, and took out clothes that, unbeknownst to me, had been placed here for physical exercise. Stockings, drawers, a light chemise and a very modern soft corset and pantalets, barely more than I had slept in. I dressed hurriedly, guessing that if I did not she was likely to dress me herself. Helene was a confusing presence in my new life. She was the only source of human affection that I had, she was a servant, but behaved as far as I could tell, how she pleased, oh, she maintained the house and Dynant with what looked like effortless, but I learned she also had her own room and apparently was allowed to spend her free time, and she did get some, as she pleased. She pulled my hair into place as we headed down the corridor. She called me '*Meine kleine Liebe,*' and lifted an arch eyebrow, then laughed and took my arm.

We arrived at what later I would know Helene called the '*Gymnasium*'. It was a room painted a dark plum colour, and surely did not belong in any American home. Hanging from the beams were a number of sturdy ropes. Some trailed to the ground,

others ended in wooden rings or bars. There was also a contraption that looked like a wooden horse, the torso covered in stiff leather as well as a high step chair.

The lack of a shared language was no obstacle to Helene. She stood in the centre of the top third of the space, an area clear of any equipment and lengthened her stance, put her hands at her sides, and seemed to lift from the back of her head, as if her skull was lifting towards the heavens. A system of simple glances pointed out these changes in posture, and a smile and quick backward nod told me what was expected. I mimicked the powerfully built woman. As a young child I had attended a home school, along with Jonas, taught by Mrs Elisabeth Bartol. A woman who was a firm believer in the fashions and trends in child rearing. She kept the windows of her house open whenever her pupils were in attendance come summer or winter. She swore by the healthy benefits of fresh airs, as well as including time for physical exercise out in her yard for girls as well as boys. This forward thinking attitude did not prevent her from beating soundly any child whose behaviour was anything she believed inappropriate for children under her care. What was inappropriate was often mysterious to her charges however. When I was in grammar school girls had been made to perform exercise indoors of a far more sedate kind. Knees thrusts and squats had been a large part of the program.

Helene's regime was a mixture of stretches and weight bearing exercises along with dance, and I wondered if the program was of her own invention, she certainly seemed expert in its teaching. Her movements, whether dance or rope work, such as an arm twisted around a rope then the body bowing out from the centre, the lifting, then releasing, or bending at the knees, then sweeping a foot out while retaining balance, whatever she demonstrated had a fluidity to it that was graceful and rhythmic, almost

mesmeric. I could hear music playing in my mind and strove, mostly unsuccessfully, for some of the grace of my teacher.

My affection for this unusual woman grew so quickly and strongly when we repeated this morning pattern I felt some embarrassment at how I had attached myself to her, and very grateful that we could not talk, for I am sure I would have said too much, or that she would not say enough, or her response would not be in character with how I romantically perceived our relationship.

I went to my room, there was a small pitcher, tub and cloth to wipe myself down, as well as an aromatic bag. Helene had fastidious habits and I was bemused that she chose to include me in them. I wondered again about her position in the house. Was she anything more to Dynant than in charge of his house? I had not known Dynant to use the gymnasium and so assumed it was for her. The house was perfectly run, yet she seemed to have a far greater position here than what is to be expected from a house maid, including her treatment of me. Had Dynant given instruction for my treatment, or had she just taken me on, as a stray to care for? I suspected the latter.

I went to breakfast and found myself alone. A note had been left to me from Dynant simply saying he would be lecturing at the university today and would be home in the evening. All personal or social matters in the house were transacted in the rooms upstairs. There was a side stairway and entrance to a generous balcony that was used for all but a few visitors. A receiving area, called the sun room, was where most guests were met. The parlour downstairs, with its giant desk, collection of exhibits, and teaching space was used only by Dynant and myself. My father's lawyer, Mister Hendrick Scales, a man I knew only slightly came to call in the late morning.

He was a rotund man, with an overly sympathetic face, and limbs that seemed insufficient to the task of supporting his bulbous body. He sat by me and his face shook fatly as he told me of his sorrow at my loss. He put the tip of his little index finger to his lips as he described what a good man my father was. He informed me I must write as soon as possible to my living relatives, and he would arrange to have them sent, with the goal of finding someone willing to take me in. I discovered that in my present situation there was nothing to be done in regards to the ownership of Papa's assets. Dynant had been in contact with him and it was agreed that Papa's chief clerk would continue to oversee the business until the matter of ownership could be settled. At present, privity duty had been transferred from the asylum to Dynant as my personal physician. Until such time as he released me from his care, no claim could be made by me for my father's estate. I found that dear Missus Foley and the remainder of her family had left Boston while I was in the asylum. Mister Hendrick took my hands as he told me this, making mine look large, and rubbed them. This constant display of sympathy for me was like a Utica cot, and I felt trapped inside it. As he arranged his papers back inside his leather satchel he asked me, 'Are you quite comfortable under the Doctor's care, my dear?'



On Sunday morning there was no suggestion of going to church. Instead of worship, there was study. Dynant motioned for me to join him and I sat in the chair provided. A light soup stood warm along with fresh bread. A fruit of some kind I was not familiar with stood arranged on a thick plain plate. They looked like large green



bulbs, crosshatched on the tops, showing rich fleshy colours inside, I asked what they were.

‘What? Oh, these are fresh figs. You have had them dried I suppose. They arrived yesterday. The Greeks put great store in them, I have an associate who imported some and gifted a few to me. Please try one.’

I put one on my plate along with bread and some pork. I felt no want for soup. I watched Dynant eat one. I picked up a fig with my hands, it was cold and slightly sticky, inside the seeds stood out from the fibrous purple flesh. I bit into it. It tasted remarkably the way a rose smelt.

‘Did your meeting with Hendrick go well enough?’

‘Yes. He told me I am to remain in your care until you choose to release me.’

‘Are you impatient to be released?’

‘I—no.’

‘I must leave after we are done here. My presence has been required by our city council. I intend to visit them later today.’

I ate my fig. Dynant looked at me blankly for a moment then continued, ‘While I am away I have a task for you.’

‘What is it?’

‘You are a capable illustrator, and your noted observations have also been useful. However, your education leaves something to be desired. I would prefer if you could have some knowledge of my field. I do not expect you to become comprehensive

on the subject, you cannot so quickly. However some shared language would be of benefit to us both.'

He walked downstairs and I followed. In the parlour his desk was stacked with papers. 'These are the notes for a book I am working on. For the most part it is a translation of Doctor Gall's *Lehre über die Verrichtungen des Gehirns* by Blöde. A far more comprehensive and accurate translation of Gall's work on the brain than currently available in English. I have also adapted it to include the scientific advancements which have been made since the death of Gaul—ignoring the absurdities flaunted by the new wave of practical phrenologists. It is my intention that the work should be as accessible for the novice as the expert, you will be an excellent test subject. Everything we have seen so far at the very least has been best viewed through the science of cranioscopy. It would be useful for you to have some understanding of the discipline, as well as correct any misconceptions that your previous teachings have given you.'

'You want me to learn phrenology?'

'No. Not phrenology. Phrenology is a fairground entertainment based from a true science. That is the last thing I would have you know. Phrenology promises absolute knowledge. Craniology made no promises, it only the study of mind. When I read you I made an error, I did not well consider the sheer strength of people's desire to believe what they wish, regardless of the accuracy of what they hear. It would seem there is a power in that which we wish to be correct that can overpower what we know to be correct. I did not think that the potentials I mentioned would truly harm you. Although I must admit my recklessness was due to my irritation with your father. There is no simple reading that allows us to know the mind of others. We are capable of improvement. We are subject to tampering and mutation. We cannot yet see the mind as

a whole, but we may read the individual traits and deduce possibilities, and learn more. Each trait is capable of a positive or a negative potential. Each potential at its strength then effects each other potential, and multiplies, based on the possibilities provided by the outcomes. Imagine, for the organs we know of, each with a potential interactive strength. Even the possibilities number to the limits of mathematical extravagance, but then would you expect anything else of the human mind? The crown of creation, the exemplar and mirror of the creator. In the near infinite possibilities of organology is the minutiae of personality and soul. Look at the room around us, and what man has wrought, look further at what nature has created that could never be appreciated with the same intensity that man brings to the study of nature, that formulae, that allows for the variation of mind, is the same that God has given to the human mind.'

To hear from Dynant his perspective on the events of that night, to glean what it was that he saw in the progression of science was like listening to a private lecture, much as the ones that packed the hall's coffee houses of every metropolis, although Dynant's understanding was clearly something more complex, unfinished, and scientifically more robust than what was so often presented with a free reading and the offer of books for sale. What drew my attention as he continued, however, was the discrepancy in his tone. Where his words were passionate and expansive, his voice was increasingly withdrawn, melancholy.

'Helene will be on hand for anything you require, and you seem to have no difficulty in your communication with her?'

'No, I do not.'

‘She is a bright woman, a pity you have no German.’ I felt the gentle rebuke in this, as if the lack of language was an ingratitude in me. His horsemen appeared at the door.

‘I must go.’

The rest of my Sunday was spent in study.

~

*Monday.*

The sound of running on the path outside, mounting the steps, and drumming loudly on the door. Helene appeared from the side door, as if she had been standing just on the other side of it, and crossed briskly. Her skirts threw forward with enough force to create a parabola of fringe that sawed across the room. She flung the door open with nothing that anyone would call decorum and demanded:

*‘Ja, was willst du?’*

‘Huh?—Dynant,’ said a dusty young man in a beaked cap and a damp jacket, ‘I am to call for Dynant, as quick as the blazes.’

Dynant crossed to the boy his hair almost twitching, ‘Yes? What is it?’

‘Don’t know, sir, just know Captain said you are called for and must come.’ He gulped and I saw Helene hand him water.

‘Where?’

‘Milk Street, the house on the corner.’

‘Miss Cavell, will you accompany me?’

My heart raced. Did I dislike this man, or crave his approval? I knew I did not want to be kept from anything to do with my father. I grabbed my notebook.

Our omnibus pulled up at Milk Street, across the bay. The morning was late enough that the dew had gone, but the chill lingered. An old area of the city, it looked across the bay at Cambridge. Settled early in the history of Boston, it was more merchant buildings than private residence. Originally the houses here had been squat and kept by those who worked on the docks. Very few of the original houses from that time survived; as industry increased, this smaller, shallow port was superseded by the larger ones, and this corner hub, with its view of Cambridge became a city address with increasingly wealthier tenants. These new houses had now become older properties, the manufacture of a less appealing design to the new Grecian mansions now in popularity. We pulled to a stop. The house was two stories worth of dark grey slats. With windows whose charm lay in the design of the tinted glass diamonds and not the practical light they let in. The property was neat and well cared for. Established fir trees bordered the handsome yard. Matching hedgerows lined the path to light coloured stairs that lead up to decking. Everything around and on the house spoke of concentrated effort to make the house more than it was. Yet the ornamentation of the yard did not reflect on the house itself. It sat there as if it was a dinner on a silver serving tray, but the bird itself rotten, the colour of silt from the bottom of the river.

The watch captain, James Barry was there, waiting for us, his face ruddy and angry. A large crowd had gathered around the house and all were talking loudly. Officers of the watch were keeping them in line, but tenuously. Children ran through the crowds, dogs sniffed, and were chased and chasing, a pig lay dead on the other side of

the road by the bay. Dynant stepped out and Barry loped over to him, speaking closely and quickly.

‘Doctor Dynant. Thank you for coming quickly. Alderman Leavitt is here too. Miss...’ The last was to me and also had a respectful tone. While I was again wearing an outfit from the dark and sombre clothes in my wardrobe, it seemed to me that he knew who I was. He pointed to where a group of men stood.

Dynant strode over and I kept pace with him. Another man, important and broad, came up and shook the hand of Dynant. I stood at his side with my notebook, and was looked at; Dynant was welcomed, my notebook was looked at, and my presence was wondered at; Dynant’s face was questioned unsuccessfully and then I was simply dismissed, for the moment, from thought.

‘Good afternoon Alderman Leavitt,’ said Dynant.

‘Doctor Cyril Dynant. Heard much of you lately, sir. Thank you for coming. You have been told what we have here?’

‘No, Alderman.’

‘This mob whispers that it is some uncanny native attack. Maybe it is. I wish we could leave it at that. I’m told we need you for this. That you work at it already.’

‘Without knowing what is here, I cannot say.’

‘Quite right, nevertheless, you willing to take this matter on? We’ll work out the details when we have time?’

‘Very well, yes.’

‘Thank you, Dynant. James, are you satisfied that the Doctor has agreed to look into this matter for us? You will assist him as required?’

‘Of course, sir,’ said Barry.

‘What is in there, I have not seen myself, but from what I have heard I wouldn’t show it to anyone I could leave free of it.’ He looked from me to Dynant.

‘Of course,’ said Dynant. The Alderman moved away, but Barry stayed with us. Dynant had a low conversation with him and then Dynant turned to me.

‘I cannot bring you inside with me, you will have to wait outside.’ My face must have given away more than I would have thought, for he followed it up with, ‘you needn’t look your horrors at me, I would prefer to bring you with me. Under the circumstances however, I doubt it would go unnoticed if I brought the recently grieving Miss Cavell into what I imagine I will find in there. It may be worth your time to take note of what happens out here. Anything you see or hear to tell me of later.’

He headed into the yard, Barry pushed against invisible winds and followed. People pointed and whispered at the appearance of Dynant and I wondered what he looked like to them. People seemed to be looking for some indication that some new occasion would happen, a few looked towards me with curiosity. I walked across the road towards the bay. The pig was not dead. He was sleeping on his side, an enormous black creature absorbing as much weak sun as he could. Still further down the slope, I recognised Constable Hanlon by his neat hair and uniform. He was sitting on a cut tree watching an osprey hovering over the water on a warm updraft. With the sun behind it, it looked like two black articulated hands, the ends of the fingers dipping towards the earth, ready to whip down and grab their prey.

I moved carefully past the pig who exhaled a mild objection but made no other move. I picked up my skirts with my left hand and moved through the scrip towards Hanlon. I sat next to him, folding my forearms onto my knees and watching the bird. When I turned to him, Hanlon was staring at me open-mouthed.

‘Miss Cavell!’

‘Hello, Constable.’

‘You—you are—’

‘Yes. I have been released into Dynant’s care.’ He was a handsome man, and I was sure he was most certainly a married one. Nevertheless my heart did not hear such news and beat rebelliously while I adjusted to my new and constant shame as a known boarder in the asylum.

Hanlon looked as awkward as I felt, after a small pause he blurted, ‘I am sorry for the part I played that night.’

‘What part?’ I of course remembered Hanlon as the Constable from Dynant’s who came with us back to my house, but could imagine no reason for the guilt he wore now.

‘I was charged with removing you from the scene. Doctor Parkman attended you. You, ah—you were a bit rough on me, and we could get no sense from you. He told me to take you the—hospital. I didn’t want to leave you in that place, hurt child that you were, I would as soon have taken you back to our house—’

He trailed off, unsure of if this was too far, too much.

‘Did you go inside?’ I asked, anxious to avoid more of this talk.



‘I—yes, Miss.’

‘Why are you here?’

He didn’t want to talk about what was in there. He looked at me and his eyes were bright and defiant in a way that I felt comfortable with.

‘Was it bad?’ He gave no response to this and my heart again beat for him. ‘Was it worse than my Papa?’

He looked at me then like I was a phantom, then seemed to slump a little. When he began to talk I had no room to stop him. So I took out my little book and wrote.

‘Inside that house something *unnatural* made a home. I was the first here this morning. I came here after screaming was heard in the night. A man answered the door, he had a comfrey root and turpentine plaster attached to his left eye, but was calm and well behaved, and so dulled my suspicion. I came inside and spoke to the man who offered me a seat by the fire, he whittled and avoided my questions, all the time assuring me that all was fine, they had been loud, and he was sorry for the disturbance.

‘His wife and child were asleep upstairs. Finding the man an honest one, I decided to go, believing some fusty neighbour exaggerated the claim. I wished the man good night and went to leave. He stabbed me from behind. He had aimed for the throat, but due—I suppose—to having one eye he missed and hit my shoulder a painful gouge. I managed to subdue the man as he laughed and apologised for his clumsiness. I tied him to the floor and went to investigate the house.

I heard no cries or sobs. The ground floor was tidy and clean. I lit a lamp and headed upstairs. The first room at the front of the house was the marital bedroom. The

door was closed. I opened the room and entered. The bed was dishevelled and empty, the window open, an unpleasant smell was present. The room seemed untidy but fair until, with a start, I saw a figure standing by the wall, watching me. I called to the woman, for woman she clearly must be, and I assumed it was the wife of the madman. She stood by the centre of the wall below the main beam, her face in some shadow, and did not move. I imagined the fear the woman must feel given the state of her husband and felt a great fear for the children who were nowhere to be seen. I approached her gently saying soothing words about her husband, tied downstairs and safe, I brought my lamp to my face so she may see me and my uniform.

Light moved over what was a dog spike in the eyehole of the dead woman—a railroad spike, miss. There was no other injury, but she was pinned firmly to the beam behind her by the spike. I rushed downstairs at once to check on the condition of the prisoner. The madman lay in his ropes, he had flipped himself over onto his back. His legs relaxed, but his head was off the floor and he was looking directly at me as I came down stairs.

I tested the ropes. The prisoner spoke as I did so.

‘Don’t worry, I am still here. You fear my escape? My arms ache. I tried to free my arms. They ache.’

I didn’t listen but went back upstairs with the lamp. I looked back in on the wife and she hung by the beam. This time I saw the juices on the floor beneath her. I went down the corridor to the children’s bedroom. The door was closed. I opened it with no rush and no delay. I just lay it open and lifted the lamp. I looked to the beam that stood between the rooms, opposite where the wife stood or hung. No corpses stood there, and beneath the window, the beds lay with no little corpses on them. Two beds. Sheets

ruffled, but clean enough. My other hand grabbed at my baton and felt it small and blunt. Toward the farthest wall was the mantle and it was there the children were to be found—*Ohjeezusbegmypardin*—The two little bodies, of similar age, could not both have been made to stand under the main beam, their bodies could never have been arranged as their mother, standing as if alive and waiting.

Instead, in their nightgowns, they were on the mantel. The fire upstairs was out. And on the mantel two little bodies. The children would be under ten years of age and they had been placed like—like Christmas stockings. Next to each other, they hung, a dog spike through the left eye of each child, pinning them to the trim, their legs hanging downward the feet dangling, turned slightly inward.

I stared at them and waited. Nothing happened, nothing stirred and after some time I left with a sickness, like a layer of oil on my soul. As I walked downstairs I coughed, and cleared my throat, I gripped the banister, but I could not help but be a small amount sick with liquid. I walked out the back door as quickly as I could and was properly violently ill. I sat outside for a while with a terrible feeling. When I was strong enough I went back into the house and confirmed it. The madman was gone. I had some terrible time looking before I found him gone.’

‘You saw all that,’ I said.

‘I saw the bodies.’

‘Is this—how is this related to the death of my father?’

‘I don’t know. I looked over the three of them. I see no way this is connected.

Yet, something about this matter—’

‘—seems like it is.’ He had looked over them.

‘Was there any other, injuries to the bodies?’

He looked at me as if I was some ghoul. ‘No, Miss, none that I saw.’

There was a sound behind us and I saw Dynant standing over us.



Once again Dynant insisted we wait until we returned to the house before we discuss the incident and I wondered why. I also wondered what was worse, seeing what Dynant must have seen, or imagining it as I did. Death seemed to me an invasive act. The body I saw in the dead room informed my knowledge of my father’s. It scoured itself backwards and forwards, the bodies in the house of the madman were fresh and real to me. I saw them through a faulty eye, each time they come into strong focus they grew worse. So what experience was the better? My morbid fixation, or the images that must be burned into the visual organ of Dynant. As he looked out into the evening, he seemed as if he smelt the breeze, and I felt as if I had the worse of our situation.

Back in the parlour, the Emperor Napoleon and the all the senators sat in their regular positions. He opened a glass cabinet from behind the desk and produced a bottle of bourbon. He poured himself a glass and looked enquiringly at me as the bottle hovered over a second glass. I nodded never having tried it before.

‘Would you read your notes please?’

I picked up the book. I sipped the bourbon and the fumes on my breath felt like old magic. I leaned my cup against my chest as I read. A part of me marvelled at the coolness I had found in myself. Like the fire that killed my family had de-sexed me,

burnt out the common traits and left me something new. Even as I thought this I knew I would spend a deal of my night weeping in fear and loss.

I realized that the heat of the spirit seemed to have made its way dangerously into my blood. We sat in the bright light of the parlour. The light had gone outside and at some time in my recitation of my notes I had sat back down in my chair. The house made shifting sounds around me as if it had been listening. I looked at Dynant, his face a mask with bright eyes showing through. Not at the body of my father, not at the examination of the dead stranger, not even outside the house of the madman had I seen an expression that seemed as if it told of some great personal emotion. Unbidden, a need to comfort took me, but before it found vent a stronger need parted my lips.

‘Did Aston Williamson kill my father?’

‘I cannot see how he could have. Aston was still at the asylum that night. The fire killed your father.’

‘Yes,’ I said, keeping my tone as free from rancour as I could, ‘fire killed my father, shortly before the hole cut into his skull had the opportunity. There is no possible way this is the man who crept into our house and attacked my Father?’

Dynant looked at me and I sensed his evaluation of my, what for I did not know.

‘I do not see how, and I see little in common with the other deaths. He seems to be an injured man himself.’ It was then that he told me of Doctor Butler’s letter. ‘A tragic story.’

‘For his victims,’ I said with some force.

‘Does this seem to you related to the—matter of your father?’

‘Yes. I don’t know how, yet, how could it not be?’

‘What possible reason do you think he had for driving iron nails into their eye socket?’

‘What could there be?’

‘I am not sure. If Aston has no connection to your father, perhaps he has one to the person who does.’

‘Such as?’

‘I do not know. But I am worried. If Aston has nothing to do with your father, than we have another man loose in the city killing people by intrusion to the brain. We will need more information before any kind of certainty can be found.’ Dynant seemed more uncomfortable and less confident that I was used to. He rang the little bell on his desk and I heard Helene make her way across the upstairs landing, through to the passageway and downstairs to the recessed door.

‘Helene, some sweet tea I think. Miss Cavell will retire soon.’

She sprang away on those powerful legs. I could hear her take the door to the kitchen. I realised I had not even been into the kitchen, or laundry since my arrival here. I had done no work, besides my strange work with Dynant. And had not even considered it. As if my grief had elevated my status to that of English gentry.

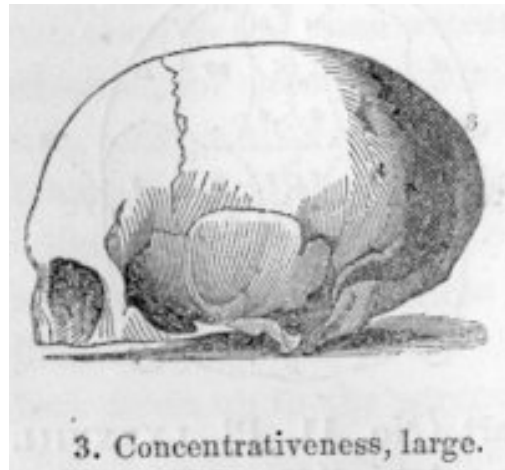
‘There will be much to do tomorrow. I expect to spend a good deal of the day about town. I do not imagine I will do much of any great significance. You will continue your studies?’

‘I would like that.’

‘Good, that is my wish too.’ He shifted slightly in his chair.

The tea arrived and I drank gratefully. It took me some time afterwards as we spoke about the deaths, the situations surrounding them, and any details we could think of, as I wrote our notes, that I realised what we were doing. I had become somewhat comfortable with the new circumstances of my life. Grief still rattled my frame at every chance, murder and corpses were a part of casual conversation, and somehow I had come to find this my new place.

Dynant wished me goodnight and I went to bed. The small, grand figure sat in his personal museum with his chin in his hand.



## 6. *CONCENTRATIVENESS*

*A bony excrescence of the suture sometimes presents itself at this part, which may be mistaken for the organ of Concentrativeness; but the former is much narrower and more pointed than the elevation caused by the latter when it is large. A cerebral convolution in each hemisphere runs along the top of the corpus callosum, from the organs of Concentrativeness and Self-Esteem to the intellectual organs in the frontal lobe. It is in connexion with several other organs of the propensities and sentiments; but it appears to me that the posterior end is in Concentrativeness and Self-Esteem, and the anterior end in the anterior lobe.*

I sat on the little brown backless stool in the office; the office was built like a tiny house with two small windows facing down onto the huge open space of my father's shipping yard. From my place in front of the desk I could see the men below hauling the carts out the massive wooden doors and onto the docks below. The newly installed iron tracks drove the carts straight to the transatlantic clipper waiting in the bay entrance beyond. I looked down at the cart book on the desk before me and the thick spay pencil I held. I had a moment of panic; I was daydreaming at work, had I missed an order? I looked towards the door. Papa stood, as usual, outside on the top of the stairs, bolt upright and talking to one of the foreman who stood two stairs down with a



sheaf of papers in his hand. His voice slipped in and out of my hearing and I leaned and tried to catch it.

‘—fuss! You just take your time with him. Don’t speak back every time he asks you a question and don’t look him in the eyes. Just play the Irishman who wakes himself in the field to find everyone on their way back from dinner. Just keep going like nuthin’ happened—harararah.’

He looked over to me and said, ‘You got that Penny? That’s the whole four ounces of *bolt weave*.’

‘Yes, Papa,’ I looked at my book and put thick neat lines on the paper: Type, amount, date, destination, ship. I felt a sense of overwhelming relief, Papa was not angry at me. I had not made a mistake. He watched me working with a small smile, scratched the back of his head, and I felt his mind turn this way and that, with a pleased distraction, as if not completely sure what I was, yet satisfied nonetheless.

I closed the book and went to return it. Papa had begun to talk to another man, a short man with dirty hands, his face was dropped and he held himself apologetically. Something light beat against my hands and I pulled back. I removed my hand—from a birdcage. A white bird, like a pigeon, beat against the cage, a white wire cage, shaped like a bell, the bird would not settle, and I worried about my mistake. The beating of wings drummed against my panic, the room was full of cages, a bird in each one, the cages were everywhere and I had no time to fill the books correctly. I looked towards the door, the shape discernible behind the cages. The floor I stood on was that of the parlour of Papa’s house, the pale boards beneath my feet were the ones I saw every day, my feet had trod each board, each inch. The room was clear now, the doves in their white cages were on each surface, but randomly around the room, some in groups, some

alone; I stood by a wrought iron desk, the two pieces of the fine wooden seat worn and smooth, the iron fluting backwards on graceful rosettes, a desk screwed into the back for the student behind. I looked at the birds in their cages, and began to recite a familiar grammar schoolbook litany:

REASON'S whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.  
But health consists with temperance alone,  
And peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

Then the birds grew excited, their voices, small and sharp began to speak with me; I heard single voices add their note, one at a time from all around me. A spark of amusement ran through me, as my inhuman chorus sang with me. They began to rustle in their cages, my voice caught and tripped in my mouth as their movements became more frantic, as wings began to beat against cage, feathers and dander came loose and fell like dirty snow, the voices so shrill now—

—I was rugged up in a wagon that was dipping its way along at the foot of the mountain, on our way whortleberry picking. The canopy was packed with lads and lasses, festooned with baskets, pails and dippers, ready for a rare harvest. The talk was effervescent and foolish, even the minister could not bring himself to scowl as we wheeled through the foothills, the lads bragging that they would take a far greater harvest than any mere girl. The lasses heckled and blushed, embarrassed at their own effrontery.

I sat at the back of the cart, and looked at Jonas. One of the other girls called to him, teasing and poking her shiny young chin at him, but he ignored her as if she was not there. He looked out of the cart, his body pointing at me with no mistake. I too

looked out of the cart and felt the heat of him radiating through air and fabric, not a burning heat, a radiance, warming me like the morning sun on a breakfast table. We sat and swayed, and were content.

We arrived at the whortleberry ground and decamped and got to work. Some of our number singing, others chanting in the bright cold air. As I worked I snuck glances at him. And wondered at him. His clothes gave the lie to his fineness. Where others lines were dimmed, or even cheated at a good form, his clothes hung from him and were made crude by their contrast. His skin pale and shining with activity, the hairs of his lip dappled with sheen. I gritted my teeth and remembered him a ridiculous boy, his wooden sword stick forgotten, a welt on his face, and crying in humiliation that he was easily bested as the finest pirate of the day.

Since we had become adults we spent much less time together. He had spent some time at the university and the latest rumour had it he would join the ecclesiastical college. A fine way for a man to spend time perhaps, before he was presented for public office.

Today he worked in the sun, picking berries and smiling into the toil. I raced to keep up with him and imagined a day he would ask for me. How would I respond? I should say yes, and as soon as I thought of it, I had done it, yet after the moment happened, each time I would see myself, in an empty house in the dark of night, fretting in an empty bed, not a soul in the house. I had been there all day, working to make it shine, but the rooms would always stay stubbornly the same, the dust, moths beating at the windows, I would be in a panicked sweat as I hid in the house hoping no-one would see the disgrace I allowed to happen. Each day I returned to the house, I snuck in,

everyone had deserted it, but I crept in to clean it in the hopes that the occupant, whomever they were, would return.

My father worked with a hammer on the wall, the dull clank of metal as he struck. I walked through the house cautiously, looking for him. There was no furniture. I could not see him as he worked, but I recognised his scent as he strove. His hands clumsy but sufficient to the task. The world swayed, I heard the dull strike of a hammer, its huge square head driving iron nails into the wall and I knew what he was doing, what he was hanging on the wall. I turned into the parlour, the skulls gleaming, and Papa bent over the front of the desk. I could see his broad back as he worked, and Doctor Butler from the asylum sat behind him, smiling and nodding.

I awoke in series of moments. First to a chaos of birds flapping, then to the sunshine of the field. Then to the sunlit room in Dynant's house and Helene's gentle knocks at the door.

After rigorous exercise with Helene, I put together a plate of food and took myself to the parlour to study. Dynant was behind his desk rifling through letters and in a foul mood.

'I asked the captain of the watch, I advised the Alderman, I wrote to Governor, to all of them I asked that we keep the matter of these murders unknown to the general populace. Look at the success I have had.'

With that he tossed a bunch of letters to me, all opened already. Each one was an appeal. One desired a reading of newlyweds for compatibility. Three anonymous letters informed on people whose aspect was clearly suited to brutal murder or debauchery.

One young man wished to be considered as a phrenological assistant to Dynant.

Another was a request for a lecture to a charity group on the need for women to take air

and not drink alcohol. Many described the suspicious activity of neighbours and relatives.

‘I am a spectacle. My name is spoken of in the streets. And this,’ he threw down a copy of the *Zoist*, ‘warns against the possibility that phrenology can be used to create soulless creatures of evil—’ Dynant snorted derisively.

‘Well, Aston—?’

Dynant sighed, ‘Remember. Aston apparently suffered his change after his horse injury. And even if that was the cause of his change, which I will not rule out, just think of the thousands, tens of thousands, of similar injuries that have not had this effect. Perhaps the mysterious incident in the asylum has exacerbated his condition after an apparent recovery. Perhaps it is merely a symptom itself. Meanwhile, the neighbourhood is pasted in posters that under Aston’s name have a picture of the most ridiculous snarling beast, hairy arms down to his knees, and wearing a waistcoat and top hat. Absurdly juvenile.’

I ate some bread and fruit and walked around the cabinets. Looking at the skulls, casts, and books that I had yet to inspect. There were examples from different peoples of the world, from musician and sculptors, writers and politicians, great beauties and renowned monsters.

Dynant continued. ‘I must go and see the bodies of Aston’s family. I doubt I will find anything that I have not already discovered. Most likely I will waste time with important men who know far less than I do. I will see you when I return.’

~

*This hand shows that while the owner is highly intelligent and educated, he is an individual of near blasphemous good self-opinion. The style denotes an ordered mind, yet the pedantry shows a general disdain for those it communicates with. The language is flat, untempered except by irritation, perhaps an indicator of an underdeveloped emotional state. Not because of a lack of sympathetic ability, but simply an atrophied state due to a complete lack of interest in others.*

I grinned foolishly to myself for a moment. I had been writing my personal notes on Dynant's treatise, and scribbled this analysis of his handwriting after finishing the first third of his book which laid out the general theory and scientific grounding. Dynant's manuscript was neat and well laid out, with beautiful illustrations. Had he done the illustrations himself? If he had, they were some of the most detailed and beautiful I had even seen, they had the curving poetry of the ones around me, but lifted out of morbidity by their generic abstraction. The fine bones of the sinuses were all shown here, the texture of different layers of bone, shaded in such a way as to have some of the illusion of matter.

The second section of Dynant's book was a method of teaching yourself the location of the organs beginning at the base of the neck and working your way forwards. With the manuscript in front of me and a hand mirror I was attempting to examine the seat of my amativeness when Helene entered the room. I quickly removed my hands from that location. Helene looked at me and shared a smile that seemed to cover her whole face. She sat beside me on a stool. She arched her back, lifted her chin, and kept still, except for her eyes, which swivelled towards me playfully. The meaning of this was clear. I placed one hand on her shoulder, and met no resistance, and the other gently pressed its fingertips through the hair at the base of her bun and felt the structures there. I found the generative structure of 'amativeness'.

‘*Zeugungstrieb*,’ said Helene and laughed low and succulently in a manner that was positively obscene. I wondered how much knowledge she had of her master’s field. I found the situated shapes on her head, starting where the vertebrae met the skull, then working slightly outwards and upwards; in her case they were quite large, a thick inverted *u* shape, a flattish depression in the centre, slightly above where I believe the top of cerebellum would be found. Dynant’s notes said that these were the organs of reproduction, they produced the instinct for generation. When overly large they could expend their energies in a venereal propensity, a libertinism, even in a general incontinence. Gall wrote of a patient of his, who suffered from attacks of nymphomania, who would actually complain of a tension in the location of the cerebellum. Dynant also noted the heat of this location when his patient was in a state of some—distress. When small, it is noted that the subject may present a lack of any self-consciousness of their own body and manner. It is to be noted that a large Amativeness alone is not enough to create the voluptuaries and sexual degenerates who also show propensity towards alcohol and other simulants. When this organ is energized it can present as a form extreme delirium in even a moderate sized organ.

I took my hand from Helene, and touched the back of my own neck; it was a pronounced shape. My face heated and I thought of a few unworthy words for my guardian and his science. I wrote a short summery into my diary and read on to the next organ on Dynant’s guide.

Helene and I put our heads in the book together and examined the next organ described: Philoprogenitiveness. I remembered Dynant referring to the masculinity of my head structure. Helene said, ‘*Kinderliebe*.’ The book contained a number of German and French terms. The English described it as the organ of maternity, as well as filial piety. It was meant to be found above the last organ, instead on my own head I felt

some kind of small ridge and referred back to the illustrations. Helene looking down at the book, took my hand, moved it to the location on her head. The ridge had been the base of the centralised organ, large here, although Helene's entire head was quite large, although not unattractively so. This prominence had been noted in many women who had shown great care and affection for their children, it had also been noticed as pronounced on men who had a great deal of influence raising children, rarely to the extent however it was found in women. This trait, in some will be found to be an actual depression. This had been demonstrated in criminals, and madmen who have committed infanticide. Not only can the lack of this organ be a dangerous quality, an overdevelopment may contribute to some startling forms of monomania. This quality can also show as aggressiveness in the individual due to the overprotectiveness of children. I thought of the fleshiness of my father's head.

*'Freundschaftsinn,'* said Helene. I read Adhesiveness; Dynant noted that in the phrenological definition, this had been contracted to mean simply friendship or sociability. However, the German translation meant an attachment to people, as well as things. This one I found easily myself: two raised lumps, an inch and a half apart on either side of philoprogenitiveness. On Helena they were smaller than that of amativeness. Dynant noted some discrepancies with these organs, they seemed to be most unusually active when found in combination with another overly large organ or group of organs, and may in fact always play a combined effect. He noted that deep affection for people and things may be found in all people regardless of intelligence, personality, or any other artificial segregation. An immoral murderer and rapist may likewise risk his life, even give it, for the sake of a comrade, and an otherwise rational man will prize an object over the value of his fellow man. However, in most people, those propensities allows for the deep love of your fellow man, of the generosity of



spirit that we attribute to the finest qualities of civilised man. This organ may seem lesser than many of the others, yet this is one of the factors that allows for the building and functioning of the greatest societies. He notes that in extremis, this organ will sometimes show itself as a display of the head tilted back and to the side.

*‘Mut, Raufsinn, Selbstverteidigungsinstinkt.’* Helene took both my hands and placed them directly behind her ears. This area on Helena was especially large. I noted the shape of this organ to be somewhat triangular, the longest edge facing directly towards the ear. As I touched these points Helene put a hand to her mouth and let out a relaxed yawn. Dynant’s notes here were less clear than most. He noted quarrelsomeness, pugnacity, and courage, with a question mark. This organ was as often noted in soldiers and bravadoes as bullies. The statues of ancient gladiators were always crafted with this organ in great circumstance. Dynant noted the common expression in men to scratch this location as if for want of exciting the organ, or to run a thumb here while pulling on the ear.

*‘Würgsinn.’* The instinct to kill, to destroy. Spurzheim had called it Destructiveness. Dynant had here *‘sanguinary propensity.’* A thickness that was directly behind the ear, closer than courage, somewhat like a thickening of the bone extending from courage becoming larger, and rougher in extreme cases. Almost as if attempting to counteract the passage of the ear. Gall had remarked that this inflammation often meant the section of skull in this area was larger, sometimes making the ear more prominent, sometimes, however, not. It was large on Helene, but not as pronounced as other traits, yet, still large. It was most noticeable behind and under the ear. Under the extreme this is a propensity for murder, assassination and arson. While I considered this I continued to read how this organ in some strength could be a positive force of destructiveness.

Gall noted the physical tension in the body that was often noticed. A rapid nervous movement and vivid sparkling eyes. Helene mumbled something I couldn't make out.

I was writing down these last details and sketching Helene's head when Dynant arrived home in an even worse mood than he had left it. An irritable flurry of hat, gloves, walking stick.

'Well Miss Cavell, I certainly hope your morning has been a great deal more constructive than mine.' His anger made this seem like a rebuke for the comfort and ease of myself and Helena. Yet I felt I was beginning to know a little, perhaps just a little, more of this man. That smiling tightness around his lips, my own face would feel that as guilt? He said something to Helene that I believe had to do with the subject of lunch and strode upstairs to his own rooms, while she left through the servant's door. I listened to the sounds of his boots drawing further away through the house and finished my current notes before packing away my study. I had hardly finished before Dynant was back, his mood considerably changed, and holding a collection of journal broadsheets. He threw them down on the table and paced around the room.

'This is very strange. Oh, this is very odd indeed!'

'What is it?'

'I hardly know where to begin. Very well. Firstly, I believe I had discovered another killing, very much in keeping with those of your father and the practical phrenologist.' His eyes blazed with excitement so bright he did not seem to see the shadow in mine. 'And that is not even the extraordinary part.'

'Tell me, please.'

‘I will. Oh, I will. You see, I have been monitoring the news broadsheets looking for another death. The authorities have been notified to keep careful notice, but I can have little trust in their ability to know what to look for, particularly when I am hardly sure myself. Now, a few days ago there was an article in *The Beacon* about a man, an inebriate who died strangely in an altercation with a member of the watch—very little details certainly not enough to be of any interest. However I did note that the article contained some basic recording of the features of the man’s skull. Enough in fact for me to be reasonably sure of who the writer was. A phrenological enthusiast I am aware of that also writes for a journal called *The Zoist*.

So, today I was reading through the quarterly copy of *The Zoist*, a publication devoted to the new sciences, generously speaking. I came across a speculative article that had been submitted, it was an essay on the uses of phrenology in deducing the identity of an unknown corpse. The writer had removed all details specific to the event, but had submitted a retelling of an unusual death and the measurements of the unknown man’s skull, along with a—mostly inaccurate—reading of his mental faculties based on a Fowler’s latest book. From his reading he deduced the nationality, probable occupation, and mental and emotional faculties of the dead man. The readings may not have been accurate as they, of course, could never be given that they were deduced using those outrageously unprecise systems that are being sold to every wandering wizard and travelling vagrant apothecary by the esteemed Fowlers. I do however have every reason to believe the measurements taken were accurate.

While *The Zoist* contained very little detail of the provenance of the corpse, I recognised enough from the *Beacon* article to know that both articles had the same author and related the same event. More, the article in *The Zoist* paints a picture with

eerie similarity to the deaths we know of so far.' Dynant's mania had reached a crescendo and at this moment he softened his voice to relish the finale.

'Except for one remarkable difference.'



Many ladies spend their days visiting between the hours of noon until four. They may travel with a sister or mother, each with a large supply of their calling cards that the coachmen can present enough to give one to each member of each household they intend to visit. I always considered it a tiring affair. Instead, here is a young woman in foreign black dress, a short veil hiding half her face. Across from her, only his hat being taller than the girl, a neat man, only avoiding foppishness by his severe large head. This dandy and dandizette are racing from one corpse to the next. How long before they must be considered an ill omen by those that see them pass?

I thought of what Dynant wrote of his profession. I had gone to see a practical phrenologist as a young child. He had asked for volunteers from the audience. He then allowed himself to be blindfolded, with no knowledge of the volunteer. The crowd would pick a well-known member of the community, who would wave and mug to the audience, sure that they would not be identified. Without fail, the phrenologist would tell the audience of the volunteer's temper, traits, and invariably, occupation. He could identify the animal propensities, the strengths and weaknesses. Sometimes the phrenologist would touch the volunteer's head pressing gently on the mentioned organ's location. This would be enough to activate that trait in the volunteer. One man would speak poetry, another would fall in love, or become insensibly thirsty. The Phrenologist then sold individual readings. Engaged couples would be read for their compatibility,

some young men needed a reading to show an employer, or ask if they should they pursue painting or acting? He would sell diagrams, pamphlets, books, and medicines. Perhaps you were interested in a career in phrenology yourself? I had seen a man having his abilities increased by the use of phreno-magnetism: the application of a small mineral magnet to the location of musical ability that could purportedly stimulate the organ with magnetic waves.

In comparison, I had seen Dynant prove the efficacy of his method. His energy now in applying himself to the murders was somehow terrible. He hardly seemed the same man I had first met. The coach arrived at a side path that took us to a back entrance of the medical building. Dynant's coachman knocked at the door and an officer of the police received Dynant's card. He took us to an external building behind the hospital. Yet another deadhouse. This building was set away lower than the main building. The cold radiated from the ground, and the body had subsequently been kept quite cold since it had been bought by the university and transported a matter of days ago.

Death, it seemed, came in endless variation. On this occasion it was as insubstantial as thought. The man had been dead for some days. He was tall but his face boyish, except for a blemish, a canker on his cheek. His skin was smooth enough that it almost seemed he had no need to shave, although even with his pale complexion the skin around his mouth and cheeks seemed even paler. The brows were thick exclamations, the lips and nose all jutted forward, ready to seek advantage or enjoyment. As I observed all this, Dynant stared intently at a chalky stalactite hung from the tragus, that small lump of cartilage in front of the opening to the ear. The lips themselves were broken into uneven rough rectangle shapes, painfully split, and reminding me uncomfortably of the roasted crackling on a side of pork.

‘Bring the lamp.’ This was Dynant, his voice quiet, he looked back to the officer, ‘Please.’

He fetched the kerosene lamp on the table and brought it to him.

‘A little higher please.’ The man held the lamp up. He turned a little and held his wrist, and moved the man’s arm so the lamp shone on the body without any shadow from Dynant or myself.

Softly, ever so carefully, Dynant ran his hands over the body, the face, the skull, he whispered to himself as he worked, like a chant, lists of bones and organs I believe. Perhaps causes of death or injury. I could not see any wound on the body, no sign that clearly told the cause of death. I drew a rough sketch of the body and how it lay.

‘Miss Cavell,’ once again Dynant’s voice was soft. ‘Do you think you could hold his head still please?’ I did as I was asked. I knelt by the top of the bench and put my hands on the sides of the man’s head, in his short dirty hair and looked at Dynant.

Dynant asked for more light once again.

‘Check the skull.’ This was said to me.

I remembered my work with Helene. With some effort I lifted the weight of the head and felt for where the spine meets the skull. I could feel the officer’s eyes on me. I worked forwards, location by location. Underneath the short cropped hair the skull was generally long and thin. Large structures along the top of the skull approximately where the organs of the higher mind are found: wondrousness, benevolence, philosophy. The sides of the skull I knew better, there was the occasional concave in the locations of constructiveness, destructiveness, acquisitiveness.

‘I do not feel any damage.’ I gently corrected the head’s position.

‘No, I did not either. No obvious cause of death. Did you notice the dried liquid on the ear?’

‘Yes,’ I said. I also noticed my hands had collected a light covering of tiny pieces of short cut hair and made a note.

‘Can you get another lamp?’

I went past the officer and searched the middle room. I returned to find Dynant holding the head and turning it this way and that. I brought the light to him and he asked for it to be less than two inches away, he then turned the head, looking inside the ears, the nose, and the mouth. He got up and went to his bag and came back with a metal probe, the length of a pencil, but much thinner. This he gently inserted into the orifices of the head and examined it upon removal. He put the head back down and sat staring into nothing.

As I waited for what he would do next he made a light grunting sound to himself. To my surprise and disgust, he carefully inserted the probe into the inside corner of the eye socket, only barley pushing the ball out of true. First the left, he moved the probe, in and out left and right. Then the right socket. The probe moved the same again, then suddenly Dynant’s back became a rod, and he exhaled slowly, tensely. I saw him feed the probe further in until it had almost disappeared. He then removed the probe.

Dynant put his thumb and forefinger together and gently brought them to the slack lids and pinched them open. Apparently satisfied with what he found there.

We left the cell and I was grateful for the wind that smacked and pinched my cheeks. Dynant seemed happy to leave me flailing hopelessly. I could not help but think of the head as we walked our way across the yard. What had I noticed? A tall young

man, boyish features. The skin was pale and clean. Small pieces of hair had clung to my hands. In general his skull was more aquiline than mine. The protrusions of the skull around the cerebellum had seemed noticeably large to me. There was no remarkable build in destructiveness, oh, he had quite large ears, but they lay neatly at the sides of his head. His forehead was a pill, a well formed curvature that ran under the hairline. I looked at Dynant and stifled back an odd desire to hum as I considered.

He sat and gazed nowhere, through me in fact. His eyes, a little above my chest, saw not me or the cab. As I stared at him they flicked to mine, making me want to flinch. He looked at me and for a moment then receded back inside himself.

We arrived home and Dynant remained uncommunicative. I followed him inside, but once inside the parlour Dynant did not stop at his desk. He apparently had no intention of discussing what we had seen. The frustration of my position grew in me. I was at the mercy of his desire for company. At times I felt his great need to have someone with him, to communicate with, and at these times it felt as if he both needed me, and had my interests in his heart. Moments later, some great change, some fear or unhappiness, or anger, would take hold of him and I was less than a servant. I was a revenant haunting him. In these moments gathering the fortitude to speak my mind was like trying to swim upwards with no idea which direction the surface was in.

‘What did you learn?’

‘What? Oh.’ He focused on me in a fashion that made it seem if he had been considering something completely different, ‘Yes. Yes, I would prefer not to discuss it now.’

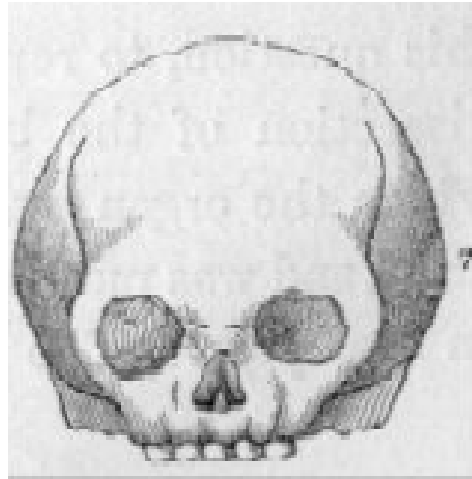
‘But it was another murder?’

‘It was done by the same hand as the others.’



‘How do you know?’

‘He looked at me and seemed to take in the whole parlour as he pronounced. ‘Because I know exactly what was done and why it was done. Please excuse me, I must retire.’ He headed to the door. ‘I must go see John at the Asylum in the morning. Continue with your education. You may deduce some of the answers yourself. If not, we will speak in the evening.’ Without lingering in the parlour to be questioned, he left upstairs for his own rooms.



## 7. *SECRETIVENESS*

*The organ is situated at the inferior edge of the parietal bones, immediately above Destructiveness, or in the middle of the lateral portion of the brain. When the organ of Destructiveness is much developed, it may be mistaken by the inexperienced observer for the organ of Secretiveness; so that it is necessary to remark, that the latter organ is placed higher, and rather farther forward, than the former; and that, instead of presenting the form of a segment of a circle, it is extended longitudinally.*

—The German here had been translated differently, *as an unworthy means to discover the truth*. I wondered at the possible meaning of this: intrigue, falsehood. An oblong shape that gave fullness to the temples. I could find little of this in Helene, indeed, the roundness of her precluded any bulge here; it would take away from her uncanny appearance of youth. With my other hand I felt the same location on my own head, and with some sadness noted a large oblong shape that most definitely contributed to the largeness of my forehead and temple. Dynant listed this trait as often amoral, and dangerous. I thought of the ways Dynant's elaborate hat sat on his expansive head.

After the discovery of another murder and the strangeness of Dynant's temper last night, it was a blessed relief to find myself alone again today with only my

dear Helene in charge of the wellness of my body and the education of my mind. After our physical exertions every possible necessity for my bathing and dressing had been laid out in my room—often an extra scent, soap, or sponge would be added each day and I took them to be tokens of affection rather than complaints against my hygiene. When I had toileted and eaten, Helene prepared a pot of tea and we resumed our work through Dynant's book and around Helene's head.

Next was a trait found extending further along from the super orbital ridge, on Helene it was half the measured distance between the top of the ear and the end of the eyebrow. 'Acquisitiveness or *Eigenthumsinn*.' It was a tiny oblong swelling on both Helene and I. She once again guided my hands to the location. This was the organ responsible for coveting, usury, and the propensity to steal. Spurzheim used this trait to vilify the miser. Gall notes that this trait once again may become unnatural in its extension with other damaged traits. Dynant wrote that this trait may simply be frugality in a healthy individual, but becomes something interacting with the emotive states in an unbalanced individual. The priest who steals from his confessional, the rich salesman who cannot resist an unfair deal.

'Self-esteem. *Hochmut*.' Helene's excellent posture helped me find the next organ. The details on this organ were inconsistent on shape. The passage cited the head of Napoleon as an example of that extraordinary organ was a prominence. The statues of Roman emperors. On Helen it was a small oval just back from the topmost point of the head, with a large depression on its outer edge. This was the seat of self-esteem, arrogance, independence, and the propensity to command. Gall noted the proud man, the leader, even those desirous to lead, will wear hats and headdresses, and will wear elevated footwear and stand with painful posture all to appear to tower over their fellows, as if aware of this organ.

I sat back for a moment and Helene turned to look at me. She made a small nod and said something low and kind and headed towards the kitchen. I looked over my notes and wondered at Dynant's ability. He had shown himself to marshal all this information, and far more, at the mere glance. The day waned, as I studied and made notes. Helene came and went.

'Love of Approbation—the German said *Ruhmsucht*' was next, easily found on either side of the previous organ. When largely developed, this organ makes the back of the head appear large. It seemed somehow fitting that the organ of jealousy, love of glory, ostentation, coquetry, and the desire to please would be a large one. These two regions were responsible for man's base sociability. I could easily see the combined working of this organ and the last one, picturing Dynant. *I should be examining his head when looking for these organs.* It was strange to think of the damning reading he made of me, and here was the proof of his character, traits that were undesirable at best, criminal at times, sinful at worst. I heard Dynant warning about making absolute judgements based on predilection. That the effects of the organs working together was still an inexact art. Gall's translated notes reconfirmed this, yet I still smirked as I read Dynant's haughty defensiveness as he quoted Gall: *When this propensity is under the guidance of superior organs and is strongly manifested, it is ambition, enthusiasm, and sublime pursuits.* It bestows to the workman the perfection of his work. Notice this trait in your haberdasher or cobbler, and know that his work likely be of superior standard.

'Circumspection and cautiousness. *Vorsicht und Vorsichtigkeit.*' the disposition to calculate chances. Fear. Melancholy. Once again this presented a double elevation, near the parietal bone, forming a large protuberance behind cunning—Helene returned with lemonade and poured us both a glass. I was surprised that she had been away so long, having become accustomed to her general speed at any given task. It lay above

and out from adhesiveness. I looked at the illustration and found the two lobes to be approximately one third the way down from the topmost of the skull. This trait, when functioning healthily, was the necessary organ required to operate safely with nature and our fellow man. Gaul notes a priest of his acquaintance considered extremely tiresome by those who knew him, for his habit of continually repeating himself, always for the purpose of better clarity of meaning and a lack of ability to be misunderstood. This trait has often been observed as unhealthy in those suffering from a range of other illnesses, which will tend that person to extraordinary physical acts of repetition, like a lack of trust in what they had physically witnessed and a need to do and redo tasks already performed. When this organ is underdeveloped, it presents as an individual whom is frivolous, heedless, and—

There was the sound of breaking glass. A crash of glass, metal, and a body making hard contact with a surface. I sprang up. The dusk was low. Had sound had come from upstairs? *The man with the empty eyehole had broken through an upstairs window, he had thrown some metal object through it, and was now crawling into the house. A leering smile on his face.* He had come for me—and since I had been missing when he killed my father, he was here now to finish his perverse work. Was I, like his own family, destined to be nailed to a wall through the eye socket, or was my skull to be secretively pierced?

All this I saw in a moment between the breaking of the glass and springing to my feet. I sensed Helene also on her feet next to me and felt incredibly grateful for her presence. He had not counted on her I was sure; I knew her to be a capable woman, but I had no idea at just how capable she may be, although my imagination made some guesses. I could picture firmness, and braveness under her tight bun and I stood tall and shaking as I made for the staircase leading to the second story.

Helene's hand was in front of me and pressing its full weight against my chest. She was pale, very pale and the strength I imagined in her was writ on her features, somehow no longer childish, she forcibly kept me back, stared at me for a moment, and disappeared into the recessed doorway. I intended to run directly after her, but somehow my feet refused to do so. Instead I just stared helplessly at the door ajar and listened to the sound of Helene moving through the house. I had heard no more movement from upstairs since the initial violation, but that could be perhaps from my shock at the events taking place here. Could the madman be almost here now? I listen to Helene move. I heard her march with speed down the corridor towards the stairs and wondered at her reckless haste. Then, to my surprise she did not move up the stairs. Instead I clearly heard her open the door to what I had always presumed must be the kitchen or the laundry, the door being just under the staircase. I heard her march through. And afterwards her movement became for more muffled as she moved through that unknown part of the house. I fancied I heard a door open, and then a short time later another one. Then, to my great surprise I heard her steps on another staircase. I had had no idea that there was another staircase in the house. It should not have been of surprise given the size of the building, yet upstairs there had been no sign. Was it a stair to Dynant's own rooms, rooms I had not seen? It would make sense. He moved around the house without my knowing when and where he went. How did she know that the intruder had chosen that way to enter the house? There was the sound of someone moving slowly and heavily down the unknown staircase. I looked on the table and found a letter opener with a sharp end and held it as I leaned against the desk. My eyes watched the dark jar, while my ears listened to heaven knew what. Events where taking place in areas of the house completely unknown to me.

Some unrecognisable sound, at a level where I could not tell what was movement and what was speech. The afternoon had darkened as I stood and listened. And then——Helene was back. Her face was looking at me with concern.

‘Helene, what is it?’

She spoke in German, the tones were careful and soothing. She smiled at me and her face was once again childlike. A face that I had so quickly come to rely on. She held her own hands as she spoke.

‘Helene, who is it?’

She kept talking, knowing I could not understand her, and I assumed her meaning was not in the words. I moved towards the door, intending to walk past her and find out for myself. She moved quickly to bar my way. That small motion of denial was enough to give me a surge of fear.

The front door opened. Dynant entered the parlour, I had not even heard the cart arrive home. His absurd hat was in his hand. He saw us both, then addressed himself sharply to Helene: ‘*Was ist passiert, Helene?*’

‘*Madame hatte einen kleinen Unfall, es geht ihr gut.*’

‘*Was weiß sie?*’

Helene shook her head. I looked at her face, her round, strong, young face. Could I believe evil of this woman who had washed the asylum off me? Who had given more love to me than I had any privilege to from a virtual stranger?

I looked at him. This strange man who, for me, had been the beginning of this spiralling madness. I remembered my first impression of this man, his feet on the edge of the carpet. I remembered feeling his vertigo and imagining some wild sadness in him

that would have had him throw himself off the parapet. Between his wild arrogance and his impatience, there was a fragility to him that I failed to understand. From behind him, through the door, John Butler, entered the parlour. His face was ruddy and wild, he saw me and there was some great surprise on his face.

I moved swiftly past Helene and past the recessed door and walked through, instead of up the stairs, I turned the worn brass handle and walked into the kitchen. I saw a galley style room whose crescent swept around to the left and the centre of the building. Twin stoves were placed where their flumes would also be used to heat the house. Great pots and tubs sat neatly in their places. To the right and the back of the house was additional outdoor structures that would press against the stables. The laundry and scullery were visible through door less portals. I moved on. I thought I heard Dynant's voice behind me simply saying, 'Helene.' At the other end of the kitchen was a door, more or less identical to the one I had come through. It opened and I saw a dark room, lit by multiple cracks of light that fell on the dark shapes of furniture and stacks of books on every surface.

As my eyes adjusted I made out a—library. That was the only description that came to mind. Unlike the parlour, this was not a space intended for lecturing. Against the main outer wall, beautiful ceiling-high bookcases held more books than I had seen in one place before. The relentless spread of books had clearly overshot the room's original décor and additional shelves had been added piece by piece. They were a maze that almost filled the room; some were stacked end to end, others were groups in random seeming patterns, perhaps to allow one to navigate through the room. Most of the bookcases were topped with piles of journals, Boston papers, papers from other states, papers from around the world. The lamps were turned low in their hangings. A large desk lamp burned near the centre of the room.



‘Freya. Hello.’



There was a figure, hardly lit, slumped? Crouched? At the desk. The poor light made the person difficult to discern.

‘You look much improved.’

The voice was a bubbling contralto. There was wispieness and archness in that voice, yet also a lack that made the sound uncomfortable. Light suddenly brightened the lamp in the middle of the table and an extraordinary sight became clear.

Slumped sideways on one of the terminal ends of the desk was a woman. The most lighted part of her was a long fine arm that was bathed in orange glow. The arm was naked from wrist to elbow, very slender, sharp in places and only the combustion of spirits from the lamp gave it colour. I could see the blue patterning of blood under the skin that reminded me of the marbling of children playing in the cold air.

From the elbow, a black nightdress of plain black fabric, but dishevelled. She lay with her head on her outstretched arm, her body slumped against the table top. Her long, dark brown hair fell around her like fraying weave work left neglected. Her face was the kind of handsomeness associated with prolonged illness, her eyes large, and the skin tight and pinched, the lips too pale. She was not a young woman, yet not old; a vertical scar, the exact same colour as the skin around it, travelled down an expressive forehead. Her face rested in a bemused smile, of sorts.

‘I looked in on you shortly after you arrived, just to peek, while you slept. I couldn’t help myself. You looked like one of those urchin’s from a story by Dickens. I

instructed Helene on garments that I thought would suit you best. And look how well they do.’ She pulled herself off the table and upright in her chair so as to look better at me. Her limbs found their new destinations like the legs of a wooden folding chair.

‘But O, what a lovely face. Far more beautiful than I supposed it. I have listened to you and Cyril, and I thought your face was so clear in my head, but my darling, here and now it is much better.’ The hollows of her cheeks picked sharp tones of sickness in her.

‘I—I—’ *Dear mercy I had nothing to say.* ‘Please to—’ I did not finish my thought before she continued.

‘You are uncomfortable? Do not be. I am Nina. You are welcome here, in my rooms.’ She stopped speaking as if there was no more to say, then, ‘Cyril?’ A frown appeared on her forehead and picked at the scar. The effort to reassure me seemed too much for her. ‘Cyril, please, say something. Hello, John. You are a bit fat. Excellent.’

From the wall closest to me, one voice said, ‘Ah, Hello, Nina.’ The other said, ‘Miss Cavell, meet my wife.’ Dynant moved to her and crouched down, picking up a small sliver of porcelain that had stuck on the mouth of her shoe.

I looked towards the wall. I could see the faint outlines of light from behind the bookcases and the cabinets that backed them. She had sat here. The interviews with Dynant. The discussions. Had she been here on my first night? Something of my thought must have played on my face.

‘You have a pleasant voice.’

‘Thank you, Missus Dynant, thank you for everything.’

‘My darling, don’t thank me—I have made it all too bright I think.’

She pulled clumsily at the lamp, Dynant held her hand and turned it down for her. She slumped back into her arm. Her eyes had a pained expression, yet still on her lips a too-large smile. Her eyes never left mine. I had the feeling she was still speaking to me, even though she did not say another word. And for an amount of time I cannot properly judge she smiled at me and I stood transfixed to the spot.

Dynant stood behind her and held the hand of his wife, the arm attached to it relaxed completely. Doctor Butler steered me from the room.

~

Doctor Butler and I sat on the upstairs balcony outside the dining room. The lights from downstairs bathed the grass and street outside the house with light, while we sat in the dark.

‘I took this from downstairs. I doubt Cyril will mind. It was in a medicine bag.’

Butler had brought a glass bottle of bourbon with him and two little glasses. He lifted the bottle to one and it caught the lamplight and threw light on his face.

‘Will you take a little?’

‘Thank you. No.’

‘You are renewed my dear. I am so pleased. I have a barrage of questions, but I think I should first listen to yours.’

‘What—what is wrong with her?’

‘A difficult question. She is much changed from the young woman I knew.’ He poured a large glass and drank. He licked his lips.

‘The three of us met in Upsala, in Sweden? Dynant and I were at the medical school and Nina and her family had taken a chalet by the waters of Fyris. At the end of our study I came home, and they were engaged. Cyril and I were in regular correspondence until I received a letter from him that the two of them were intending to emigrate here. After that I only ever received one more correspondence.

‘Dynant and I had become fast friends because of our shared interest in Gall. Yet we were very different young men. My family is from Boston and we are in a position to easily sustain generations of slovenly fools, but Dynant comes from more modest people, and his temper seems to have grown with talents. He had finished a surgical apprenticeship in England very young and was sent to Edinburgh to learn his medical litanies. From there he won a scholarship to the famed medical school in Uppsala.’

John’s tone was fond, ‘He was not a popular student. I sat next to him in one of the first lectures and even the radiance of Gall couldn’t stop me from noticing the young man on my table who spoke to himself and took notes at a prestigious rate. Those first lectures were like eating from the tree of knowledge. Everything, all human matter between good and evil seemed open to us in that room.

‘Cyril had already dissected his first brain by the time Gall delivered that lecture—by heaven, it used to be such a clumsy affair, cutting great slabs with little reason as to why and where. But Gall changed that forever. He saw the human mind as a country, the peninsulas, and islands, the large and small masses, all available for our exploration and understanding. No longer did we hack slices, we unwound, and we noted the delicate connections so many before had missed. Gall had arrived in Vienna with a theory that was so contrary to anything that had come before. We had only ever seen our souls as an unknowable, the divine made manifest, and the indication of God’s

power on earth. To think that that majesty could be accessible to us, was *meant* to be known, was an idea of tremendous power. For me it was a romance, for Dynant it was, pardon me, it was like lust. He pursued Gall's theories, and the man himself, with immodest aggression. Such was his passion and few but Gall were pleased to suffer this with good grace.

'Then he met Nina.

'I had money. Dynant had notoriety, but his ability was even then being noticed. We became something of a social curiosity. When we weren't in our rooms feverishly discussing the latest lecture, we were being taken to dinner. We were now being invited by our fellow students to attend parties. We supplemented our modest meals by a lecture circuit of other students' families. A mutual acquaintance invited us to Nina's family's lodgings, a beautiful frozen chalet that was warm as honey inside. Freya was not only a beauty but she was a cultured, educated, young Englishwoman who had studied music, painting, and dance. She was a talented hostess and an invitation to one of her 'small' parties was quite coveted. Her poor parents, wealthy and knowing what a rare and wonderful daughter they had, were travelling with an interest in finding a suitable match.

'Dynant and I had been invited to supper, of course we were there as conversational trophies nothing more. We were paraded before the guests and asked leading questions. Cyril as usual was ill tempered to find himself cast in such a role, and made sure to share his feelings with those he was introduced to.

'I met her first and was enraptured. She seemed pleased to talk to me, and was interested in hearing of my time at the university. I was doubly proud, if not a little wary to introduce her to my brilliant spiky friend. I think most people who witnessed that first

meeting would not have seen what I saw. The young man vacillated from sullen to snappish. The beautiful young woman held herself with pride against the onslaught and spoke mainly to me.

‘I saw his eyes sparkle with her reflected beauty and he was awkward. To my astonishment, while she spoke mainly to me, her eyes were on him, or no one. By the time I realised my mistake it was already too late.’ John chuckled with good humour. ‘I grieved her silently for a moment, then threw myself to the task of making openly requited what I already knew.

‘They did not make that easy. She wondered aloud what he would do with his time once we understood ourselves completely: Would he be some human farrier? Parents who wished their children an affinity for music, or plastering, would bring them to him to artificially stimulate their minds and send them home? In grave tones, he rebuked her flippancy. I spoke to her of the poor, the criminal children, the insane. I mediated between them, refusing to allow either to mortally wound the conversation.

‘Unsurprisingly I suppose, after a matter of weeks, he realised he was in love and began painfully to pay court. Her parents were less than enthusiastic. As his wealthy American friend of good family I did all I could to help soothe the bewildered relatives. I don’t believe to this day Cyril has any idea of the tremendous amount of work that went on, unseen by him, in the wings of his courtship. When the time finally came and he proposed, I think Nina and I both breathed an exhausted sigh of relief. When his offer was accepted he was shaken so deeply by surprise that he wept terribly when he at last held her.

‘I was considered a chaperone of good standing by this time, so Nina was allowed to visit Cyril and myself at our chambers. While we remained in Uppsala the

three of us were most often in our apartment, I studying at the desk, Dynant working in the lounge chair, Nina next to him, reading the pages he threw away.

‘Before I could believe it our studies were done, and our little family was to be separated. I was to return to Boston. Cyril and Nina were travelling to her native home to be married. We kept in regular correspondence. Dynant’s reputation grew. He received wealthy patronage, was asked to consult on great figures, even royalty. His published work was regarded by some as highly as even Gall’s. Thank goodness, as his esteem with her parents still needed some occasional assistance. However, when Gall denounced his protégé Spurzheim before his death, Dynant decided it was time to immigrate to the Americas.

John sighed and drank from the little glass. ‘He has lived here in Boston now over a full year. His avoidance of me has been deliberate, ah! and I can only imagine that Nina is the reason. When Cyril would not return my messages I tried to ask after her. No-one, not even her family, was willing to answer me save to say she is unwell.’

‘I believe I should speak to my old friend before I go, Miss Cavell. Will you perhaps excuse me? I would greatly like to hear more of you, but I doubt this is the time?’

‘Thank you, Doctor, I think I will retire.’

~

The doctor left not long after we parted. I had lain in bed only a small while when the light padding of bare feet approached the door. No heavy foot stealthily creeping through the house, but a light foot, moving quietly. Perhaps the whisper of a hem tip? Panic still froze me to the bed. Then a soft scrape of something under the door. The feet move away, and silence. Moonlight was still bright enough for me to find the locofoco matches set on the mantel, evil smelling pine that could be struck against brick to light the lamp. I had already seen the shape of the envelope before the lamp was lit. The envelope was addressed to John Butler:

*15<sup>th</sup> January  
1840.*

*John,*

*There has occurred a matter I must relate to you,*

*We travelled to England first, and I can recollect no time that my Ninette and I were happier, amid the chaos and discomfort, than in our travels across the beautiful European countryside and bustling cities. On arrival in London I had arranged our accommodations in advance with my family, and booked passage on the SS Great Western. It was the maiden voyage, yet it was an easy thing to arrange. There had been a small fire on the way up from Avonmouth, and the architect had been injured and put ashore. This had frightened enough passengers to dissuade them from travel. I have spent some time aboard seagoing vessels and I thought I had never seen a safer ship. She was, at the time, the largest passenger ship in the world. Great iron bands held the mighty craft together, an iron steam engine and a full collection of sail made her incredibly fast and manoeuvrable.*



*We were put aboard our packet on a small steam barge, some fourteen individuals, along with approximately double the amount of crew. As we went along side we could see the bearded figure of Neptune huge on the bow. The massive iron steam funnel a bright red in the middle of the ship, the grey iron steam furnace a technological marvel. Stewards took us and our luggage to our quarters. Ninette and I were travelling with some style, a private cabin that thrilled us immediately. It had been ingeniously built. A very small space, one little room for receiving guests and eating semi-public meals, and a main chamber, that with screw and joists, would change from a comfortable cabin with space for lounging and eating meals, into a bedroom with two matching beds secured with iron bolts to the floor and walls. It was all shining new and smelling of polish and flower bouquets. Everything had been designed to be unable to fall or tip regardless of the fluctuations of the sea.*

*The process to get underway went quickly from a festival atmosphere—all new friends on an exciting adventure—to a dreary dull affair. One by one each new boat would bring supplies, cargo, more crew, until the Captain's boat, some six hours later arrived. The captain made a gratefully short speech, then his mates took the blonde bearded smiling face to the bridge. Our first meal aboard ship was while still in the bay. A huge saloon was on the first level, with a room sized central table, and all of the guests ate with the captain, discussing the new technology, the dangers of travel in less sophisticated times.*

*Nina suffered very little sea sickness whatsoever, and so enjoyed the journey even more than myself. To begin with, we would range the deck and meet with other passengers and crew, delighting at the novelty of it all. But after the first four days the lure of our private cabin often became too difficult to part from. We adored our little house on the sea, where we were free to be profligate, and behave as we would not dare*

*anywhere else. We would often spend entire days in bed, eating the fruits and biscuits that had not yet run out, and drinking brandy and water, reading books and journals. I wasn't quite the sailor she was, and on occasion a patch of rough water would necessitate my taking a stroll on deck. My Ninette would kiss me and wish me a pleasant walk, or ask that I give her regards &c to someone if I happened to see them.*

*'I was on the bow, Neptune somewhere under and ahead of me. We were using the sails when I saw a roil of cloud unlike any I had seen heading towards us. It was beautiful, the height of the white cloudbank a glorious cliff, dark rain moving underneath. After some time I asked a passing crewman of the danger—even though the sun was out, the day splendid—as now it could be seen to be moving with great speed. He replied that it would be a little rough, though he doubted it had much duration in it, and I would probably be better downstairs. I asked the crewman if he would seek shelter and he smiled at me as 'to a passenger' and said no. I considered going downstairs, however I knew I would suffer more if I could not see the horizon. We had been through a few squalls, the worst of which had happened while we were asleep, yet no one besides the passengers had given the matter much thought and we were led to believe this was not extraordinary. I decided to stay on deck and ride out the weather. I found myself a position where I could watch the weather and probably stay dry, as well as secure myself to a great handle, if it felt necessary.*

*I watched the cloud coming, seemingly gathering speed as it did so, and then suddenly it was over us and the whole sky was grey. The wind picked up and the boat strained at the extra wind in the sail coming directly at us. Then the rain hit, it crashed diagonally at us and was shocking with its force, I grabbed at my handle. The crewmember I had met a moment earlier came back and a tilt from the ship, along with the wind, caused him to drop the rigging he was carrying, sending it crashing all over*

*the deck. He scrambled to pick up the smooth wooden blocks and joists while the wind, still on the rise, threw them this way and that and the warm but spiky rain tore at his hair and clothes. I came out from my hiding place, still grabbing purchase where I could, and assisted him in collecting the goods. Our work was pure farce, and at one point we both found ourselves on our backs on the deck holding blocks to our chests as the ship made a sudden mighty heave to the opposite side and we slid along sideways next to each other laughing with exhilaration. Once back on our feet and finally collected again, the sailor thanked me and I decided to return to the cabin; the storm was still on us, yet I felt well armoured against the heaving.*

*She lay face down in the cabin, one arm underneath her. Her body was still being lightly jostled by the ship. This moment: small enough that to mark it would be impossible, yet it seemed to live outside of the natural world. My mind equated this with my experience on the deck and a smile of joy lay precipitate on my lips. That moment, thrown backwards now forever, is a cell in my mind and a single prisoner is locked there.*

*Then I saw the blood, a good deal of it, surrounding her head on one side. I threw myself at her and heedlessly, foolishly lifted her. A large wound, an ugly diagonal rip, lay on her forehead. She was not conscious. I then noticed that the folding table had been put down and I assumed she had been changing the room. I always changed it each night before we ate in our quarters, it was always me. I wouldn't have done it yet either, it was too early in the day and I wondered why she had done it. I swabbed the injury and rang the bell for the steward. She was taken to the ship's doctor and given something to revive her with no effect, another two crewmen were there with injuries from the storm. I insisted on cleaning the injury with alcohol and wrapping it myself.*

*She woke momentarily while I worked, then became unconscious again. She slept for the next day and the next, then due to pain from both the injury itself, and I believe, from some internal pressure or bruising inside the skull, she woke. The remaining seven days of our trip were recuperative. Nina stayed in our rooms, now little more than a sickbed. She had a small fever, and pain that I began to treat once I felt sure the fever was gone.*

*The captain made sure we had all the supplies we could possibly need and regularly sent additional services to our room. Nina was appalled by the ugly wound to her head, and kept it wrapped even after it had begun to heal. I insisted that she allow me to examine it regularly, which did not please her. By the time we arrived in New York she was greatly recovered, but very uncomfortable with her appearance. She insisted on hiding her injury, and acquired a hat and veil as soon as possible. She remembered nothing of the week before or after her accident. Besides a little weakness she seemed to have recovered well. I had returned to me the vivacious and intelligent woman I loved. She showed little inclination for sightseeing or socialising, which I readily understood, given her injury. So we made our way to Boston earlier than anticipated.*

*You will forgive, and perhaps understand, the whimsy that prompted me to build our Boston house. It belonged to a happier man. You know better than most the incredible interest in 'phrenology' in this country had been to me, mostly, amusing. Even the smallest diluted truth of craniology that remained in the discipline of the practical phrenologist had been enough to enact so much change here.*

*The idea that the mind was a physical conglomerate of organs, whose efficacy could be affected by diet, healthy air, and exercise was a revelation that was applied in*

*every aspect of Boston life. Teachers in schools promoted time out of doors, discouraged physical punishment in favour of fresh air, and occasional exercise. Hospitals and prisons began to consider the treatment of their charges as people with an illness who should be cared for, instead of thinking of them as sinners in need of punishment. Phrenologists even influenced the formation of architecture. I read about the experiments in housing design, and paid for the building of this home, always with the intention of having my own teaching parlour, my own museum, and a study area where I would be bring colleagues and students. I had accepted a small position at the medical school, with the intention that, in a little time, I would be able to teach, study and work from here, our home.*

*It was within the first few days that I began to suspect Nina had been injured in some fashion I did not yet understand. As soon we arrived she made it clear she had no intention, as yet, of entertaining or seeking company. She wished her injury to be less vivid before she was presented to Boston society. Our arrival on the train from New York had been quiet; we had had our own carriage, and I had as yet not formally announced our arrival.*

*My only concern was my Ninette. She would not leave the house, spending the majority of her time here in the library, as there was less natural light here than the bedroom. To keep herself engaged, she read voraciously. The remainder of our goods having arrived, there was plenty to keep her distracted, but I would still bring her home more books and journals, while hoping eventually she would tire of this and remerge. It was at this time I noticed a change in her, a distance. She was haunted in some way. We would talk, and she would somehow become lost—John—truly lost, in thought. At times, when were alone I could forget that anything had changed, she was still the bright, dizzying woman I adored, she was simply recovering slower than I had anticipated. For*

*her own part she seemed as puzzled by her behaviour as I was. I began to notice a new facet of her, a nervous, yet languid mood that would take her over when she was very fatigued.*

*Then we discovered Nina had an unusual and inexplicable new talent. At the mention of an article I had made her read back in the Uppsala days—a medical article that she had had no interest in but read to mollify me—she noted a particular point, very specifically. I had read it years ago and my memory was general. But her phrasing of the article was exact. I knew she had hardly more than average medical knowledge, and usually only a light interest. I asked her why that article had gotten her attention and she merely noted that it hadn't, she simply remembered it.*

*A similar incident happened when I was discussing current brain theory after a stimulating class. Nina commented that I had changed my mind on a subtle point, of which she was correct, and I asked how she knew this to be so. She quoted back to me a large section from a paper I wrote years ago. I found a copy of the paper and she was entirely correct. We tested her memory of other things of mine she had read; even to mention their publication date would bring them forcibly to her memory. Her memory is not absolute there is much that happens around her that she seems incapable of even noticing. She had always had a good memory, but it had not been atypical. Now her memory of past event seem close to absolute. She could not recall everything thing she had ever read, however anything that, for some reason had been of importance to her, could be clearly recalled, including stories read to her when she was only a child.*

*We tested her newer memories. There were many things she could not recall. Unlike the past; not only books, but events themselves now seemed as real and alive now to her as they had been when she first experienced them. She described an*

*uncomfortable experience that she was now struggling with, whereby when something caused her strong recall, the past events would happen again for her as if truly taking place, and layered upon each other. She had no control of the power of these visions.*

*As for new memories, if anything was personal to her daily routine (such as what she had worn yesterday, or had for supper) she now remembers it and cannot forget. Her recollection of events before her accident had somehow become a fixed thing. She could recite each paper of mine she had read. Her memory here and now seemed vastly increased in power, but erratic. She would only remember particular things that happened to her, and I could discover no reason for what was remembered and what was not.*

*We both wondered at this strange phenomenon, and I worried that it may be a precursor for some other event. I had of course already brought all my training and knowledge to bear on her injury and of the possible side effects of damage to that part of the brain. However, with the discovery of her new ability I spent every moment I could in attempting some form of understanding of what had occurred. Disconcertingly, Nina took it upon herself to check my work by reading everything I had or could access on the theories of craniology. We would discuss potential theories at length. What became apparent quite quickly was that her condition refused to be explained sufficiently by craniology or any other theory of the mind. I also noted her worsening ennui. She was tired more often, her care for her appearance had begun to decline. She clearly felt my worry, for I could see her attempts to energise herself in my presence, and this was the most painful thing of all. I wrote to some acquaintances of mine overseas circumspectly of her condition, but received no information we did not already possess.*

*With furthering unease I became aware that without attention she would forget to eat, or would leave water to boil. My position had allowed me to spend a deal of time at home, and as she worsened I began to fear leaving her alone.*

*It is for this purpose I have added Helene, a remarkable nurse, to our household. However, my wife's condition has not improved, it continues to worsen. At best it remains the same. She has no interest in leaving the house. There is nothing I have found, regardless of other areas of success, which has given me any indication that what she suffers will ever be adequately understood by my science. Nothing I have found explains the circumstances that now torture her. She loves Helene, and at times can better tolerate her when my presence becomes a torment to her. Her pain, fatigue, and sadness are I believe near constant. She has since Helene has arrived twice tried to destroy herself. We currently live inside a pact made by the both of us. I will tell no one of her, bring no experts to assist her, and she will not end her existence. It is these conditions that we now live under.*

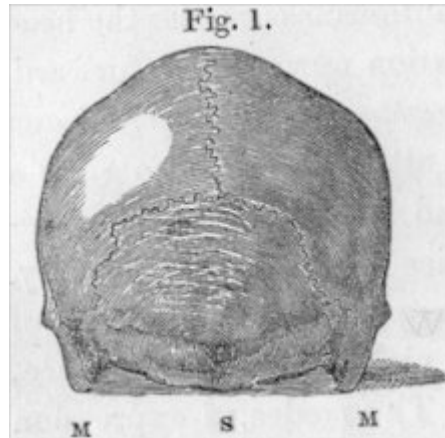
*She assures me it is not for the care she receives, it is not for a lack of love for me, it is simply that on some occasions the, difficulty of her condition can seem intolerable. The intensity of these moments pass, and she will invariably find some better balance. Her voracious reading gives her comfort. She has agreed to speak to one or both of us before taking any action. I do not believe her condition has substantially improved, and I try to believe that she does find some pleasure in the limited life she currently has.*

*What I do believe, however, is that for all my ability I am entirely unable to understand or improve my wife's position. All my efforts are now and forever will focus*



*on recovering her health. If I believe at any time you can be of assistance I will contact you,*

*Cyril Dynant.*



## 8. *AMATIVENESS*

*The faculties falling under this genus do not form ideas, or procure knowledge; their sole function is to produce a propensity of a specific kind. These faculties are common to man with the lower animals. The cerebellum is the organ of this propensity, and is situated between the mastoid processes lying immediately behind and a little below the external opening of the ear on each side, and the projecting point or process S, in the middle of the transverse ridge of the occipital bone.*

I awoke and for the first time in a long while my head was heavy with griefs other than my own. I had found my way into the secrets of other people, and as much as I felt relief that Dynant was not the monster I very briefly imagined he may be, and as disappointed as I was to find him not the omniscient genius he on occasion seemed, the knowledge of the pain and misery of these people was a hideous weight. I would never feel comfortable with it. I had been given into the care of an asylum upon the death of my father, and I had been rescued from that place, I realised, by perhaps the only person in the world I could imagine more alone and grieving than me. I had not known what we were to each other before until now; but what then, were we now?

I got out of bed and moved across the carpet to open the curtain and let the light into the room when the door opened, and in the doorway Helene stood wearing her

wonderful voluminous exercise outfit and just a shadow of last night's worry. This decision at least I could make with a full and sure heart, I rushed across the space and put my small arms around that larger frame and squeezed her to me with as much force as I could manage. For her part, she gave back as much and more besides, kissed me and raised me feet from the floor, even though I stood considerably taller than she.

It was with a sense of profound relief that I took to the gymnasium with Helene. For all his disgust of practical phrenology I found myself an utter convert to the system of fresh air and exercise in the morning. Our silent routine was a pattern of motion that allowed me to attempt some small control of something, I knew the moves of the dances and stretches now well enough that as we turned I would no longer need to crane my head to watch Helene but could lead until we swung around the room again. A series of tasks, and though only the achievement of simple tasks, it was as if by achieving one thing, my body and mind decided that it would be able to achieve others as long as we stayed in motion. By the time I had washed and dressed I found myself thinking differently on Dynant and Nina.

Helene was waiting to take me to breakfast. Today the table had no fresh flowers and the windows were closed. The linen was fresh however and Dynant sat at the head of the table opposite his wife.

'Miss Cavell, Freya. Good morning to you. You slept sufficiently I hope? Please, come and sit'.

Dyant rose and presented a chair to me in the middle of the table. He conversed lightly as Helene brought in tea and coffee and he served the three of us. His clear unease reminded me of Doctor Butler's descriptions of a young Dynant paying court.

Helene had clearly gone to much trouble for this meal. There was thick fresh white bread, boiled eggs, a hot baked loaf of some kind of meat I did not recognise, as well as a round sweet bread, filled with currents and thickly dusted with sugar. Dynant sliced the baked meat and buttered bread. Nina sat at the other end, she was wearing the same clothes as last time I saw her. A black night robe, a simple frilled collar with short sleeves, leaving her arms naked, and, it seemed to me, no night shirt or waistcoat underneath. She was also wearing some kind of loose cut skirt that dropped straight to the floor, and almost appeared like sailor's pants. Dynant was fastidious as he prepared her breakfast. I noticed how his eye was always slightly on her. Her napkin dropped to the floor and I saw him pick it up and replace it while still speaking to me, as if unconscious that he had done it. If I was uncomfortable it was of the intimacy I felt I had been invited into. I had never seen Dynant so gentle. Nina was completely unable to disguise how hard she was trying to keep her composure.

‘Nina wished us to share a meal together.’

‘I did, my darling. You are very dear, you know, to us both.’

‘Thank you, Nina,’ I said warmly.

‘Mister Scales has delivered a letter addressed to you from Scotland. Your father's cousin has written to offer you accommodation and a position with her family. She enclosed a letter for you personally inside.’ He handed me a small envelope, my name written in a squarish hand. I opened it and read it at the table.

*Dear Miss Cavell,*

*I extend my deep sorrow at the death of your father. My cousin and I have had little to do with each other since we were children, yet I have heard enough of him over the past years to know of your birth, the death of your mother, and your life in the United States. I have very fond memories of Charles. He was a wilful and precocious child and for a time we were often friends. My husband and I have grown children now, and consequently we have some additional room in our house, and it is our honour to extend to you the invitation to join our immediate family.*

*My name is Abigail Tounsley perhaps you remember some few letters our families have exchanged over the years? My husband Gray Tounsley is the minister of our local parish. I am a member of the local women for abolition and the care and comfort of the poor. Both our sons are now grown, and moved to Edinburgh. Our eldest David has taken a wife and works as a teacher in a city school of good reputation. Our youngest Timothy has won a place at the university and his studies continue.*

*We know little of your time in America and know nothing of the education or socialisation that you have been exposed to while you came to maturity. It would please us greatly if you would write to us and tell us something of yourself.*

*If you find that life here with us would be desirous to you, we will make arrangements for your departure. If so, we will communicate with you and make the requisite arrangements,*

*Yours,*

*Mrs. Gray Tounsley*

‘They wish me to write to them and tell them of myself.’ I had eaten some of the meat now, and whatever it was, was delicious. I was sure I could taste kidney in there but for the rest? Beef, spices, bread, I was not sure.

‘Of course they do,’ said Nina loudly, ‘you are potentially a wealthy young woman. Dear girl, you must learn to be a little appreciative of your worth. You are young and pretty and rich. You can afford to consider your own wishes,’ she sighed, ‘so write them immediately, but I think you must stay with us a while longer, don’t you agree?’ Mrs Dynant smiled at me. Her always searching glance still unnerved me, even after I had her story. Her head had fallen backwards a little and rested on the high back of her chair at an angle.

‘You are tired,’ Dynant said to his wife, ‘I’m sure Freya will forgive you if you retire.’

‘Yes, Cyril, I will. If you stop doing that with your eyes!’

‘Of course.’

Helene was there immediately to wait on her mistress. Dynant got up. He paused for a moment, then lightly kissed Mrs Dynant on the top of her head. I looked down at my hands. Dynant spoke something in German and dearly, dearly I wished to learn the language. Nina touched the back of my head lightly as she left. He waited until she was entirely gone before he spoke:

‘Would you do me the pleasure of taking a walk with me?’

~

Dynant and I walked in Louisburg Park. The grasses creaked from frost under my feet and my hand was being bitten by the wind where I held my skirts. Dynant seemed shorter than ever under his expansive hat. We barely travelled but simply moved to avoid standing still. His difficulty made me uncomfortable. I sat on a wooden bench nearby. He stood facing me, and took off his hat.

‘John spoke to you. He gave you the letter I had sent him.’ His tone was kinder than his words.

I was as unready for this conversation as he was. Dynant never treated me with the tenderness of the ailing. My grief had been lost somewhere in madness and murder. I was not going to go looking for it. His own grief seemed too close to mine for comfort and I didn’t wish to see him lessened.

‘He told me how you and Nina met. I read the letter.’

‘I have kept many things from you. It would be reasonable to say that my behaviour, as the person charged with your care, has been less than admirable.’

This seemed too poor a description. ‘I suppose so.’

‘If you choose to make a complaint I will not deny the charge. I will also arrange to have you given back into your own care. I should have done so earlier. I have not been as dutiful with you as I should have. There is no reason you should not have custody over your own actions. I have been somewhat...distracted.’

He studied the grass and I looked at him, tracing concentrativeness on his skull.

‘Nina is very fond of you. She has found your company almost as—as agreeable as I have.’

‘I am glad to hear it. I wish I had found hers so.’

‘Indeed.’ Dynant seemed not to look too hard at my remark. ‘Beyond the natural stimulus of our investigation, I have found our time together has, on the whole, been as beneficial for my wife’s disposition as it has been for my own. And I have come to think of you very well.’

What could I say to this? I struggled to find words that he would want to hear. I had become at home here in this strange house. I desired no other change to my present situation, but the relationship between the two of us was something I did not want to examine. At times he treated me poorly, at times I had thought of him with hatred. I had freedoms that most would consider wholly inappropriate; I was not the same girl I had been when he took me out of the asylum, and I needed more time to discover what I was.

‘I have also deceived you about my own talents. Much of what I have claimed as my own was done with Nina’s help. I did not discover the body of the victim we most recently examined. It was Nina who examined the broadsheets and realised it was one man, possibly a man who had suffered a similar attack to hers. I had no intention of telling you of Nina. But she has become fascinated by our work; she insists you report to her each night—Oh! I have not even said. We have not spoken—

And in a moment, the obsequious Dynant that seemed to me less artful or interested than a spoiled child forced into apology was gone, and the one who I desired to spend my time with was back.

‘— She has discovered the identity of our unknown man.’

‘How? Who is he?’

‘His name is Adam Landloper. He was a member of the Phrenological Society. Nina has read all of the papers put out by the phrenology society, including one that



listed all the current society members' propensities. She had no chance to tell me sooner. An individual's cranioscopy is unique. She remembered his and realised that regardless of physical description it must be him. You remember you told me of the hair cuttings you found? Perhaps to disguise the body he was shaved and dressed in clothes other than his own. Then apparently he was left to wander the streets.'

Adam Landloper. The man of great perspiration. I had met him. I had danced with him at my party so long ago. I considered telling Dynant this, but for some reason I held it back, perhaps from plain pettiness.

'I believe I now know what is being done, and why. I had no chance to tell you last night.'

'Will you tell me now?'

'We should speak of that at home.' He looked again at the grass. 'Have I apologised sufficiently?'

I sighed. 'You had best explain.'

'I am sorry.'

'Yes.'

~

It was midday when Dynant and I returned to our usual positions in the main parlour. The room was empty and I wondered where Nina was.

'She is in her rooms sleeping. Helene is with her. I would not have her hear this conversation.'

*The sound of the glass breaking. Helene's forbidding looks.* 'I had almost begun to believe that you may have been the one responsible, or at least connected to it in some way.'

'I am. I would be putting a shadow onto the truth if I did not admit that a great deal of what has driven me in this matter has been the thought that perhaps there was some aspect of this that could be of benefit to my Nina.'

'What did you find on the unknown man, Landloper?'

'What do you remember?'

I narrated my understanding of the condition of the body and its clothes, my lack of understanding of his actions. Eventually I remarked on the experience of his probing of the ears and nose, then the eyes.

'And what did you make of that?'

'You were looking for some point of intrusion?'

'Yes. I had an idea, an unlikely one. I was close to believing I was in error. Then I remembered something I had read in my youth. You are aware the frontal lobes of the brain extend behind the eye socket?'

'You think his brain was tampered with by someone accessing it through the eye socket?' Even with what I had seen, I felt some disbelief.

'Here.' He walked over to a cabinet and removed a skull. 'Not a particularly important exhibit, but potentially a useful example.' He opened a cabinet and took a tool with a beautiful wooden handle, with a long, thin metal shaft that led to a wickedly sharp edge. The edge was cut on an angle, the mouth of the tool a diagonal oval. He put the skull carefully on the table in front of me and bent down before it.

‘Here, behind and above the tear duct, a gentle tap with a perforator...’

He put the tool in my hand while he held the skull on the desk. I tapped the perforator with a small metal hammer. The instrument easily pierced a very light piece of bone in the skull, I pushed it in further. He then removed it. He turned the skull upside down and put it back on the table.

‘A small amount of force only. And now we have access to the brain. Quite brilliant. It was a rare embalming technique used by the ancient Egyptians. More common to trepan the head, or force entry through the nose, but this, through the socket? Very rare. If not for some accident, I think it likely that this man may have survived. I would consider him the most successful attempt to date.’ Dynant was a flood of energy, he began to pace around the room unable to keep himself still.

He picked up my sketch. ‘You captured the flesh of the nose and the skin around the eyes very well. Note that sore on the cheek? And what to do about that? Ha! Of course not to a man of science, but a—the angle of the probe pointed right there—O very well done, very precise, completely incorrect of course, but very well done.’

Directly behind the eyes. I had read about this. Something about Spurzheim. I sat in my chair, calmly following his words and steps, both erratic.

‘Freya, I confess I had my doubts. I wondered if because of my own interests, my own—concerns— I was perhaps seeing what I wanted in the clouds and not the clouds themselves. But now? Oh, too many instances I think.’

‘What do you see?’

‘Miss Cavell, you were quite right to suspect me.’

I repressed the chill I felt, knowing he was leading somewhere else.

‘Let us start at the beginning, or at least, *our* beginning.’

‘My father.’

‘Yes. On the night we met so disastrously. We know that later that night someone entered your house and managed to incapacitate your father. They created a small intrusion into his skull that, ultimately, killed him. Before he died the house was set alight through intension or misadventure, and that further hid his injury. You know of my distaste for this town’s passion for phrenology.’

‘I have noticed, yes.’

‘Do you know where phrenology would have the organ of acquisitiveness to be found?’

‘Ah—a ridge, rhomboid, just above the ear?’ I remembered Helene’s head.

‘Yes. However, the Fowler’s casts place it differently than the comparisons of hundreds of examinations done by Gall. But, in this example, the frivolous may be as important as the scientific. You heard the effect it had: his lack of speech, inability to perform sensory motor functions. It is not what your phrenologist would expect. The area your father was attacked, according to modern phrenology, should have been the organ responsible for acquisitiveness. In fact, the injury was very exact to the location delineated by the modern busts and illustrations. Unfortunately this is incorrect. Gall, years earlier, recognised this area as a language centre, although the operation was performed a little high, and had also effected organs that communicated with motor function, However, I believe the intended result plays a more important role than the actual one.

‘Then you and I examined the practical phrenologist who went by the name Professor Cornelius Donovan. Here I must admit an omission: I had seen the man’s body before we met, and not found a cause of death. It wasn’t until I had considered how your father had died, and possibly why, that the idea to look for other victims occurred. But then you and I made our inspection. Tell me, do you remember the drawing you did of his face?’

‘There were a great deal of red veins— ’

‘Yes. Broken capillaries on the face. One of the many symptoms, such as an enlarged liver—which he also had—of the chronic consumption of alcohol. Here was the second body we found. Though I believe it was probably the first victim. The technique was less precise than, forgive me, your father’s. You may not know of the ridiculous category modern phrenologists have given the area where the unfortunate Cornelius was attacked. As I have admitted it was not science, but fancy that led me to the location of his wound. An instrument was inserted into the brain at an angle that corresponded exactly, not with any of Gall’s organs, but with one of Spurzheim’s own inventions: The organ of,’ he snorted, ‘desire for liquids.’

I believed the pattern as he had constructed it had an obvious flaw: ‘What of the missing man, Aston Williamson? And the bodies at Milk Street?’

‘A difficulty. The hulking maniac who killed his family in such a brutal fashion and whose face currently decorates wanted posters all over the city. I told you of John’s strange tale of Aston. I believe Aston is another victim himself, of the person we search for. Of how he came to be in his present state, I have a theory, but I will keep it to myself for now.

‘Then we have our unknown man. This was the most difficult puzzle. Once I had found it, I followed the source of the intrusion, all the way through to a surprising locality. Before I tell you what it was, what did you notice of the man’s skull?’

I listed the organs as I had recorded them, until Dynant took note of one in particular. I remembered Dynant touching the corresponding place on my own head. ‘Philoprogenitiveness was very small’ I said.

‘Indeed. It is more commonly a small protrusion on the heads of men, this much phrenology and craniology agree on. What is unusual on your head, is much more familiar on the head of a man. Although in this case it is exceptionally small for a man. Added to that, there was staining inside his mouth. Most likely from a dose, or more, of mercury sulphate, a common cure for syphilis. His amativeness was also very large—it is by no means definitive—but I can tell you that the lush and the whorer, whose other mental faculties have not been impaired in some severe fashion, often have these two qualities. I have personally examined hundreds. They always have that trait in common.’

‘And what does all this tell you?’

‘Nothing certain. But what I noticed when I inserted a probe inside the wound was that there was very little damage done to the brain. But the *dura mater*, the membrane encasing the brain, has been torn, multiple times, allowing the movement of fluid in the skull casing, but the brain was mostly undamaged. There are those that believe, perhaps with some cause, that significant improvement in brain function can be created by perforation of the skull. It would have been made, by my approximation, very near the organ of philoprogenitiveness.’

‘So—we know in each case the skull has been intruded upon. We know that each intrusion is in a different location. Sometimes with the apparent purpose of damaging an organ, sometimes to increase the function of one. And we know that with each case, the intention has not been to kill the victim. Tell me, if all I have said was proved, what conclusions do you draw?’

The events of our investigation swirled in my head, recombining into the picture that Dynant had now painted for me. I doubted my own judgment for now seeing something so clearly, that before had been completely hidden.

‘The person responsible knows of phrenology and is trying to alter their victims!’

‘Exactly. Your father, to whom I was quite unkind, had one overarching feature, his hunger to improve his social station, and yours. After my appearance at your soiree, someone tried to dull the character of acquisitiveness in him. For the alcoholic practical phrenologist, it was a cure of his uncontrollable lust for drink. We may not know what has been done to Ashton, but John has described a scene which to me at least inferred an interference of the brain behind the optical cavity. And then, Mister Landloper, whose sinful lust is written on his body, our phrenologist friend or fiend tried to empower the man’s love of family.’

‘Every man was a member of the Phrenological Society?’

‘Yes, as most likely, is our attacker. Something I should have realised far sooner.’

‘How so?’

‘I have not shared with you, or with Nina, my suspicions as we have progressed, for two reasons: I have not wanted to cause her more pain. But far worse: because even with the death and horror we have witnessed, part of me—’ He shrank in on himself, not by any perceivable movement, yet he became smaller, ‘—has marvelled at the possibility, has hoped for success with an approach that, I know better than anyone, is simply butchery done at the urging of a sick mind.’

He moved to me, his words puffed little clouds of ashes in the cold. ‘Freya often have I—still even now—considered attempting to heal my Nina in this fashion. I have done more research into the matter than anyone I know living and I truly believe that if anyone was to have a chance at success it would be me. But the other thing my knowledge has taught me is that even now, I still do not know enough. Imagine then, what it feels like to know somewhere out there, however misguided, someone is attempting the learning that I so crave for myself. Imagine the temptation if—even by accident—they achieve a modicum of success. Oh God!’

I thought of Helene picking up a filthy child, cleaning her, putting her into a warm bed. Simple love given to a wounded creature, but all I could dare was to put my hand in his, terribly embarrassed at the uselessness of the gesture. Nevertheless he did not take it away.

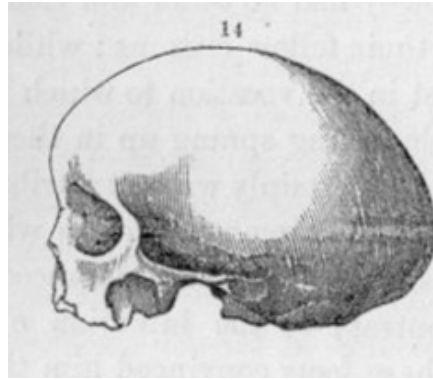
‘I have asked John to make arrangements for the night after tomorrow. It is time for us to visit the Phrenological Society. You will accompany me?’

‘Of course, and—tomorrow—you will come with me?’

‘Yes. If you wish me to attend.’

‘Yes.’





## 9. VENERATION

*THIS organ is situated in the middle of the coronal region of the brain, at the bregma or fontanel of anatomists. The figures represent it large and small. Dr Gall farther remarked, that, in schools, some of the children took no interest in religious instruction, whilst others received it with avidity; also, that those individuals in the classes, who voluntarily devoted themselves to the Church, were either studious, pious, virtuous, and honourable young men, or idlers of the worst description, indolent, and totally destitute of talent.*

~

*Freya's Journal*

*28<sup>th</sup> March*

*As much as could be salvaged of my old clothes, my old life, have been brought to the Dynants' and is now carefully put away in my rooms. I do not use most of my old clothes as I have gotten used to my new ones now, but today I have put on an outfit that I knew he was very fond of, having had it made for me himself.*

*No familiar routines for today, I have had no breakfast, no exercise, but am dressed and awaiting the coach. I had tea with Cyril earlier and he told me the story of how Helene came to be in his service:*

‘I met Helene at a medical school lecture. Dr Samuel Gridley Howe, the director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, was visiting with his charge, a young girl called Laura Bridgman. He was there to give a lecture on the benefit of phrenological research in cases such as Laura’s, a girl who had contracted scarlet fever at the age of ten, but who had not, as most do, died. She had lost the ability to see and hear. Howe’s work with his patients at the Institute had garnered great attention. His lecture was a remarkable one. He demonstrated how he had been able, through experimentation, to use the principles of phrenology to teach this young woman to read and write. Associates, who had made a study of phrenology, assured him that even if the sensory equipment of language distribution was impaired the organs responsible for the acquisition and adaptation of language would still be present in the very young girl. Helene had, years earlier, acquired a position with the doctor after a number of correspondences. She had heard of his work with the deaf and the dumb even as far as her home in Germany, and her ability as a housekeeper and physical trainer had secured her a position at the school, despite her lack of English.

‘I was one of only a few in the audience with a proficiency in German and we struck up a conversation. She told me that while born in Germany she had, after a basic education, managed to secure a position as a nanny in a large household, where her passion for the development and education of children had been nurtured. The head of the household was a physician who had a passion for physical development and was an adherent of modern education practices. It was under his care she studied. America however has a far less liberal position towards the education of women. Yet, she had

been so taken with the work being done here, that she would have taken any position she could get with the good doctor for the opportunity to witness the methods being experimented with here in Boston. She was appreciated at the hospital, but unfortunately for all her learning and skill she had found herself to have a poor facility with language, which hindered her efforts further, Howe had some German, but not enough to make their discourse comfortable.

‘I arranged to meet with her outside of the university, and I told Helene of our situation. I told her of my work and interest, as well as the difficult situation Nina and I find ourselves in. I did my best to describe what kind of woman my wife was. I said that we needed to take someone a housekeeper, but what my wife needed was more a nurse and a confidant to help with a rare situation that I found myself wholly incapable of managing. I promised her the finest salary I could provide, even if it simply afforded her transition to a more suitable position after some time with us. I offered to give her some appreciation of what I knew. She accepted the position. That was over year ago. Since that time, the three of us have, on some occasions, been so comfortable with our new arrangement that it seemed the most natural I could imagine.

*Tomorrow we go to speak to the Boston Phrenological Society and I am greatly afraid of what we will find there. It is a small last blessing from him that tomorrow seems so far away. I hear the coach, it is time to go.*

~

Taken from us.

Charles Cavell

Loving Father

1802-1841

The day to meet with the Society had come. I was nauseous after a very fitful sleep. Helena helped me dress today, and it seemed we both agreed that today was a day to make my childish figure as imposing as we could. I rarely wore any powders or oils, but she expertly and subtly gave my face a healthy and mature appearance. My stay was not tight, but the unfriendly black dress was made tighter than usual. I believe I may have lost some weight recently which would surely help my severe appearance. A small black cap showed my hideous forehead to great effect.

Aston Williamson and his rumoured father had been members, Adam Landloper had been a member, Jonas' father was a member. It was precisely for the society of people like Josiah Flagg that my father had joined. The Society was predominantly made up of rich philanthropists and members of the medical and scientific community. We had discovered links to the Society in some way with each victim. I wondered what it was that Dynant intended to do.

'I have spoken with Nahum Capen and he agrees that while this matter is one that needs discretion, it is important that the members of the society are given an understanding of what is happening. For their own safety.'

I was sure Dynant had more than just this in mind. 'What would you like me to do?'

'The killer has a profound knowledge of anatomy and phrenology. It is likely that he is a member of the Society, or at very least related to the Society in some way. I have asked Capen, one of the founders, to give no indication of what I am going to tell the members, only to let them know that I have agreed to meet with them. That I have something of interest to discuss, and that they should treat the occasion as if it was the next scheduled meeting. I think we will be better served watching how they react to my

interruption. I am going to speak to the Society. You are an observant young woman. It may be useful if you can watch those who will be watching me.'

The man who killed my father could be a member. How could one of these respectable men be the fiend of my imagination? Which one of these urbane gentlemen could enter our house without being heard, subdue my father, and remove a piece of bone from his skull, then interfere with the brain underneath?

Dynant looked at me, 'I have been trying to imagine the reason a man could have for doing this, and I have found no possible spur larger than my own. There is little I would not do to help my Nina, but I would like to think that even I could not experiment on the minds of the innocent in hope of finding a cure. Even if I was our friend Doctor Butler, and was trying to heal the most severe of cases—which he would probably be able to get permission from his board to do—I would surely note the lack of success after a few attempts.'

March 28<sup>th</sup>

Boston Phrenological Society

Extraordinary General Meeting

The carriage took us out to the Capen Estate in Dorchester. Tonight's meeting was to be held at the home of Nahum Capen, the founder and Secretary of the Society, and a publisher of some renown. He was responsible for the journal the *The Annals of Phrenology*, a publication Dynant read, but not with goodwill. The main home was a beautiful mansion known as Mount Ida. Recessed and to the left was the old parsonage,

a building as large as the main one, and currently home to Boston Phrenological Society's main collection.

For the convenience of its members the Society usually met at the Masonic temple on Temple Place and Tremont Street. It was a glorious gothic affair, and the largest Masonic temple in the United States. It contained a library, the scandal worthy Transcendentalist Temple School, as well as a concert hall. The anti-Masonic sentiment, however, had recently become so strong, the Masons were attempting to curb this by opening their doors to more charitable and social activities in hopes of winning favour with the general populace.

Dynant, it seemed to me, had also gone to particular lengths to make himself look every bit his legend. His suit was broad across the shoulder and tight at the waist, his hair carefully coiffured and the always ridiculous D'orsay hat set back on his head to display his ample head. His manner towards me tonight was something more than usual, for as we lighted from the carriage he took my hand and kept it on his arm as we walked towards the parsonage.

Nahum Capen greeted us at the entrance. Dynant introduced me and we were ushered into the room. There were two rows of wooden pews in the first two thirds of the main room that faced a large bench table set for the managing body of the Society. Just like Dynant's parlour here was another phrenological cabinet all around the walls of the room, although this one was much larger, and very different in tone. As we toured the collection I had the opportunity to discretely observe the present members of the Phrenological Society. No one approached us to be introduced, but most welcomed Dynant or at least addressed him as we walked by. It was not difficult to see the regard

they held him in. It also seemed to me that some of their regard was for me, even amongst those who I knew were witness to Dynant's reading of me. How extraordinary.

Before long John joined us and he and Dynant shared some quiet words while I continued to explore the room. Beautiful dark redwood cabinets ran around the hall, containing over five hundred specimens of masks, skulls, busts, and drawings all grouped into phrenological categorisation. There were casts of notable men. There were skulls depicting the temperaments of the bilious, sanguine, melancholic and phlegmatic. There was a huge series of skulls from around the world that included labels such as the English, Celtic, and Jew: from the tribe of Benjamin, the Kirkgese from Siberia, the Negro—remarkable for his skill with language, the Caffre, Chinese, Hindoo, Highlander, Hollander &c &c &c.

There was a whole cabinet labelled *human idiots*, including a family of inebriate jailers; husband, wife, daughter, and son. Other skulls were categorised into their prominent organs, over thirty-five listed categories, including vitativeness, the love for life, and even the much maligned desire for liquids and desire for solids.

In between, underneath, atop, this prodigious collection was another. That of animals. Carefully placed, a diverse collection of stuffed animals. Closest to where I stood was a turkey, fat with black and white feathers, as lifelike as you would want. The snood, hanging long and low over the beak seemed as if it may wobble at any moment, and I wondered at the craft that made it so. As we walked around the room I saw individual animals as well as larger dioramas. They were most likely all phrenological specimens. In one corner was an orangutan. Just a child, it hung by two legs and one arm, to a branch that was also hung by near invisible wire from the ceiling. One delicate articulated hand hung down, trailing an orange curtain of hair. The eyes—I took to be



glass—were nevertheless of such deep yellowed understanding that the intelligence of the animal was impossible to resist. The expression on the face was a man's expression and I wondered if the artist had somehow impressed it on the animal. It was without question beautiful and unsettling. The skull was small for a man, but the forehead so large and proud that I wondered at the mind inside it.

Next was a diorama of a crocodile fighting with wildebeest. In a large centre space along one wall was a small stage, the water was represented by a painted floor, shimmering and green. The exhibit was a crocodile, huge, longer than any man, armoured with dark plates, each spiked to damage anything that may attack it. The bottom side of the animal, mostly visible around the head as it attacked its prey, was yellow. Arranged around the crocodile were the wildebeest. The first in pre-leap across the green painted floor, the second mid leap, and the third, landed on the sandy bank, its haunches in the mouth of the crocodile. The eye of the wildebeests were all of dark ovals of panic surrounded by white. Their horns were sharp and clean, their fur a brilliant fawn. There was something of constant movement in the stillness that was dizzying.

Dispersed around the room were numerous native birds, snakes, and small marsupials. A hawk with a mouse in its talons arched its wings across a pine desk. A raccoon reared back atop a cabinet of anatomical drawings. A diamondback snake, coiled, its head thrusting forward, the fangs disjointed and ready to strike in a small corner. Opposite the crocodile was another fantastical exhibit: a gigantic brown bear.

Across the table, the bear towered over the room, more than seven foot tall. The face was not posed, but seemed serene and at peace. The muzzle hung at rest, emphasizing the large soft nose. The eyes were looking forward at its path. Curved over

a rock, a salmon, however, the beast paid it no attention. One paw was behind the fish, the other in mid-air and past the rock; likewise the back legs were in motion. The huge belly hung low, perhaps explaining the lack of interest in the fish.

‘Gentlemen, let us begin,’ Nahum Capen called to the meeting.

The majority of the men at the meeting sat around the large table. These were the officers, councillors and curators of the Society. These were the men with the most extensive knowledge of phrenology in Boston. When the weekly lectures were given each Friday at the Masonic Temple, it was invariable one of more of these men who would give it. There was a smattering of others members in the pews, those who had paid to join the Society, from all walks of life, but as this was an extraordinary meeting the attendance from the general populace was small.

Dynant had given me a list of members of the Society that Nina had amended with information, information that I had no idea how she had assembled. In delicate looping written notes, she described the men here tonight. I looked around the table. I could not help but try to impress on each face my shadowed imagining of the creature who had destroyed father, and all the others. The missing man, Aston Williamson, with his renowned height and strength, but twisted into a raving maniac I could easily imagine, but what of these men?

The secretary, Nahum Capen was a slight, solemn looking gentleman with an impressive shining pate, peppered side whiskers, and a reflective gaze. He rose and welcomed the members and declared the meeting open. A vote was taken to accept the previous meeting’s minutes; one gentlemen asked for a slight rephrasing of his previous report, but otherwise the minutes were accepted.

Nahum then welcomed the two honoured guests to the meeting, Doctor Cyril Dynant, the revered expert in the field of phrenology, and his assistant Miss Freya Cavell. With that Nahum Capen turned his expressive eyes to me. He extended the organisation's sympathy for the loss of my father, a valued member of the Society. I appalled myself by smiling my thanks to this.

'Gentlemen. Please take your seats, and be welcomed,' said Capen. He then went on to read the agenda for the meeting:

### AGENDA

#### Meeting open

- 1) Ratification of the last minutes
- 2) A reminder to the membership of outstanding annual membership arrears  
by Mr. Sleeper, Treasurer.
- 3) The president will address the Society
- 4) A formal declaration of thanks would be given to Mr. T. Danbury for his  
latest donation to the Society

#### Reports:

Rep I.—Mr Fowle would read a report upon an unknown skull, presented to the Society by Dr Lewis. Dr Lewis, stated that the skull was that of the pirate Delgado, who committed suicide in Leverett-street prison.

Rep. II.—Mr. Tuckerman was to read a phrenological analysis of Dr Channing's Sermon on war, in which he stated that the Philosophy of

that celebrated Divine and the doctrines of phrenology were based on the same fundamental principles of the mind.

Rep. III.—Dr M. Perry would read his paper on the organ of Alimentiveness, and related two remarkable cases of the development and manifestation of that organ.

Rep. IV.—A report by Dr N. B. Shurtleff, on twelve skulls of natives of the East Indies, Hindoos and Mussalmans, which were presented to the Society by Mr Dixwell.

Rep. V.—Mr Powle would read a paper, being an analysis of a pamphlet, written by M. D: Richard, of Paris, entitled 'Phrenology et Napoleon.'

Rep. VI.—Dr John Flint read a report from a committee appointed to visit the boys' school, connected with the House of Industry, at South Boston, and stated the developments and probable characters of several of the lads in that institution.

Rep. VII.—Mr Frothingham read a paper, describing more fully and particularly the functions of the new organ of Associativeness.

Dr Dynant would discuss a matter of some sensitivity with the extant Society.

Meeting closed.

He then introduced the president of the Society, Reverend John Pierpont, a Unitarian minister and educator. A fierce looking man whom I remembered well for his prayers at my soiree, his tone and lexis seemed at great odds with one another. Nina's

notes said he often managed to anger many of his peers by at one moment being the driving force behind the formation of the Boston English School, and the next designing a very modern curriculum that would include sermons on the necessity of abolition, which not all in his congregation was entirely at ease with. His fight with those who disagreed with him had been a very public affair, and one of some bitterness. His head was difficult to discern, but the brow at least was high and fine. He rose and addressed the room. I found myself almost amused at the near panic I had felt at coming here to meet these old men. Dynant must be wrong in this. This group could have nothing to do with the gruesome killings we had followed.

I tried to listen avidly over Dynant's quiet snorts and muttered imprecations.

'At this time I will read aloud the charter of the Boston Phrenological Society: We are met, Gentlemen, to examine the fundamental data of phrenology; in other words, the doctrine maintained by phrenologists, of the coincidence of certain external manifestations on the cranium, with the intellectual faculties and predominating moral tendencies of individuals. We propose to admit within the scope of our inquiries, whatever relates to human welfare, under the general term of Anthropology: the means of improving education, of bettering the condition of prison discipline, of regulating punishment with a view to reformation of criminals, and the lessening the number of crimes; of simplifying the principles of political economy and morals, and thus giving them greater certainty. I conceive that inquiries on these and kindred subjects, naturally fall among the objects to be, finally, considered by a Phrenological Society.

'In demonstrating the cranium, the places of the respective organs, assigned by phrenologists, and their boundaries, should be pointed out. These should also be shown on the brain itself, and their position should be always indicated in connexion with the

sutures, eminences, and depressions of the different bones, which have received anatomical designations. In this way our members will become familiar with the exact seat of the organs, and be able to determine their relative size, when they approach them in the living head.

‘It has become evident that our museum needs to be assigned curators and they should be instructed in best methods of taking casts, or busts, in order to enable the Society, at any time to procure accurate ones of criminals, or of distinguished individuals in any line, who may be willing to submit to the operation. To procure such should be a constant object with the society.

‘In our attempts to understand the organization of the head, we proceed gradually. The regions should first be understood, and our efforts be confined to ascertaining the truth of the general doctrine connected with them. Then the inquirer should proceed to the particular organs—and, thence to the consideration of some of the leading combinations as found in the heads of men distinguished in particular pursuits, as mathematicians, musicians, painters, mechanics.

‘Our opportunities for examining the brains of animals may not be as extensive as are supplied in Europe, particularly in France, where comparative anatomy is cultivated with ardour, but many may be found everywhere by the earnest inquirer into nature, and it is of dear importance that we are energetic in this pursuit. The crania of different tribes of animals then, should be obtained as extensively as possible, in making our collection.

‘Every member is invited to take a part according to his particular talents, taste, occupation, or profession. A division of labour in this way is of the utmost importance, both in maintaining our interest and energy in the pursuit, and in making known the

truth. One may be employed in demonstrating the anatomy, another in exhibiting the physiological proofs; a third may take the metaphysical department, inquiring into the application of the principles of phrenology to the mental powers; others may be employed in considering its application to education.

‘Let this be our course as a Society: let us honestly declare that phrenology comes so commended to us, that we feel inclined to examine its claims, and having done so, let us fearlessly and conscientiously report accordingly.’

This was greeted with an enthusiasm of knocking on the table.

‘We would like, at this time and on this date, to give our warmest thanks to our fellow member and friend, Mr Danbury, who has so successfully applied himself to this cause. His masterful works of animal taxidermy are a valuable addition to our Society, and his pains to collect specimens, particular to the referenced works of Gall, Spurzheim, Coombe, and Lavatar, enable us to take personal readings of these tremendous beasts. Tonight’s unusual meeting has given us the opportunity to preview a display we had not yet intended to open to the membership: our new friend, *Ursus Horribilus*, a magnificent example of the Grizzly Bear.’ Appreciative noises were made by all and I considered my notes.

Nina had written: *T. Danbury. Retired socialite and naturalist with a reputation for fine taxidermy.* He was also a close friend of my family. He had been missing from my father’s funeral and I worried at how feeble he seemed the last time I saw him.

Dynant was looking at the bear with some surprise, as if he somehow had not noticed it in the room before. I looked towards the bear from across the table. It seemed less threatening from this angle, as it was moving away from us, but the sheer size and strength of the animal was still very much on display.

‘It is unfortunate that Danbury cannot be with us tonight. He has sent his apologies. Ill health would not allow him to be present. Nevertheless, it is our intention that his contribution to the resources of our Society is valued by all.’

John Pierpont continued the proceedings, inviting members to speak their reports, sometimes his secretary would bring a point of order necessary for discussion. As they progressed I took their names and consulted Nina’s notes.

John Sleeper was dreadfully thin, with walnut coloured skin that had the faintest blush of red underneath it. His beard was a square of crinkled wire that shot straight down from his jawline. His hair was that of the tousled young man. He was a fierce proponent of temperance but, intriguingly, it was a well-known secret that besides his career in publishing, he wrote a series of popular rollicking nautical adventures under the name Hawser Martingale. Apparently these were mostly based on his own adventures at sea. I had read his stories and found them to be both terrifying and wonderful. His measurements for Philosophical and Evangelical organs would be very large indeed. Of Poetry, he would rate lower than the orangutan behind him. I could not easily imagine him capable of the creeping and of the scraping...

Mister William Fowle was a small and finely tailored man whose top lip seemed to slovenly droop low on its companion. His eyes had heavy hoods that were magnified still further by his glasses. He spoke slowly and reminded me of my recent studies: here was such a powerful example of Gall’s cautiousness that he should really have a small plaque on the table in front of him. His head was never directly at attention but always tilting one way or another. The ovoid structures of his skull agreed with my diagnosis. He had little to no Destructiveness apparent however, and I wondered what qualities Dynant would look for that could artificially simulate that force in this man.



Josiah Flagg, Jonas' father, was as always an impressive looking man. A very wealthy man, whose family could be dated easily back to the Mayflower, his handsome, clean shaven face appeared languid here. His dark hair, parted towards the left, rode the convex of his skull smoothly. Nina had highlighted his work in dentistry and pharmacology. She had found an account of his experimentation with a recent form of surgical pain management named *chloric ether* and it was not difficult to grasp why she had made note of this. I imagined him creeping silently into our houses, a shadow carrying a phial and pipette of this solution, and the delicate tools of surgery he would need for his grisly work.

Henry Tuckerman was a middle aged, stoop shouldered man with delicate and sympathetic eyes. He was a writer, critic and essayist who had travelled the world—the corners that held books anyway—and had returned to enrich Athens in the west. I looked at my notes to see what traits may influence the motivation and actions of such a man.

William Appleton, the rumoured father of the bastard Aston, was seated next to Dynant. He was one of the wealthiest men in Boston and, like my father, he had been a trader. Until recently he had owned four large ships, a store, a counting house, and a large portion of a state-owned bank. He had retired some years ago, although he had kept his counting house. What my notes did not mention was his truly sinister looking figure. A large ugly forehead dominated his face, weak strands of hair fell sparsely down it, the colour of wet hay. There was symmetry in the face, yet even symmetry failed to make it sweet to look on. The long nose was mid-snarl and the deep set eyes looked cruel. He looked every inch the Shylock of my imaginings. The most alarming trait of this face was, however, around the ears: there was a large and violent swelling of Destructiveness. The symmetry of the face was thrown into a mad disorder by the

thickness. The mound that those ears grew atop of... I could well hear Dynant in my head, reproving me of these conclusions, reminding me that the structure of the mind is not that of children's blocks, but something far finer and more complex. One aberrant trait did not make him the monster we were seeking. I told the Dynant of my mind not to miss the flatness of that hideous head, with its lack of Benevolence. No one here, I thought, would dare to ask this man about his missing bastard, and I wondered what he thought of the posters that now adorned the poles around the town.

Doctor Michael Perry was the apprentice of John Butler. He was perhaps the youngest man in attendance. He was a rake-thin man, with ever moving eyes and prominent cheekbones; they were almost concave in their upper angle. He had a tremendous forehead, with already receding hair. He wore his hair straight back as if proud of this tremendous feature. He smiled readily, if not too easily. Nina noted a minor paper of his on asphyxiation and poisons.

Sitting next to him was Nathaniel Shurtleff, another younger member of the Society. A fine young graduate of the Harvard Medical School, who had quickly set himself up in a successful private practice, he enjoyed philanthropic hobbies, and ramblings in the countryside. He had a grand high forehead, like a descendant of Abraham Lincoln, pear shaped eyes, and a fine straight mouth always mere millimetres from a smile.

Next to him, and often speaking quietly to his neighbour, was the mobile face of Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham. He had red feminine lips, and his blue-lensed wire-rimmed glasses looked over in our direction often. He was the instructor of the arts of oratory and rhetoric at the university, and a more glamorously ostentatious man I had never seen.

I reproved myself for my base superficiality. The notes on him from Nina were brief and, I suspected, disinterested.

While he gave no report, or spoke at all, I easily recognised the legendary Samuel Gridley Howe. Here was the man responsible for the Perkins Institute for the blind, who had taught Laura Bridgman, the blind and deaf girl, to read and write; who had employed Helene at that same school. He was a grizzled, ruggedly handsome man of his late forties, underneath the imperious beard. Nina had written, in a tone that I suspected had little to do with the hunting of murderers, that, in emulation of his idol Lord Byron, a young Gridley Howe had taken himself to Greece shortly after graduation, had a tumultuous affair, and been a surgeon in the Greek revolution. A compact man, he sat heavy in his chair, his legs crossed at the knee and barely seeming to move. He might have been asleep, if I did not, on occasion, see his eye flick upwards to a speaker and stare fixedly at them. His head was large with Ideality, Constructiveness, and Comparison. Language was broad. The shape of his head was a balance of what the phrenologists would consider desirous for the modern man.

I made notes on each man around the table, sixteen men in all. The members presenting work were the first and easiest to identify. Of the members I did not know or could not identify by name, I would note where they sat, their general appearance, and anything that they did, said, or were that I believed was of note.

Eventually Capen rose and introduced Dynant. He told the membership that Dynant had come to speak to them of a disturbing series of events that might have a connection of some kind with the Society. He urged the membership to take care with what we would discuss here tonight. It had been decided that this information, new and still unclear as it was, should be restricted to those in this room. They would discuss and

come to any decisions related to this matter by general vote. He then passed the floor to Dynant.

All faces turned to Dynant. I noticed he was looking directly across the table at some middle distance. His eyes were wide and the look on his face was indescribable. He suddenly stood and looked around the room at the faces of the men here tonight, as if searching for something. He then moved quickly towards the head of the table and spoke quietly to Pierpont, who began to look at him with great consternation. Dynant spoke with more and more animation, although still too softly for the audience to hear. Pierpont became more alarmed in his manner until, in some way, he seemed to give way to whatever it was that Dynant wanted from him.

Pierpont addressed the community, ‘Sirs, a matter of some urgency has unexpectedly occurred; I apologise for the haste and confusion, but could you please leave the hall now and congregate in the front rooms, where you will find refreshments until we can address this matter.’

The room filled with sound; the members moved, but with dissatisfaction at the sudden turn of events that had them exiting their own organisation, clearly at the wishes of Dynant.

Standing at Pierpont’s side he addressed the room: ‘Gentlemen—Gentlemen please. I understand your surprise, but this is most important. Gentlemen, you are familiar with the unfortunate death of Miss Cavell’s father? Well, it was not death by accident. Rather he was attacked and perished. More, there have been a number more attacks and each one has now ended in death, and gentlemen, each victim has been a member of this Society. The only reasonable conclusion to this is that their membership is the reason for their deaths, even if indirectly. Therefore, please take no chances,

remain in company for the time being. Avoid panic, but take all pains to ensure your own safety. The officers of the police and the watch are on their way. If you believe you have any information that may be of use, please speak to mister Capen.

John had moved to Dynant and had a heated but quiet discussion that ended with a pale John licking his lips and rushing from the room. Pierpont and Dynant were left at the head of the table. Dynant touched the man's elbow said a few more quiet words and walked over to me.

'Did you see anything that you think could be of importance?' Dynant said to me quietly. His breath was slightly ragged.

'I – no. Nothing of great importance.' I looked around as we spoke.

'...nothing that you believe I should know now?'

I thought for a moment of what I had seen and heard, 'no, I do not believe so.'

'Very well, thank you.'

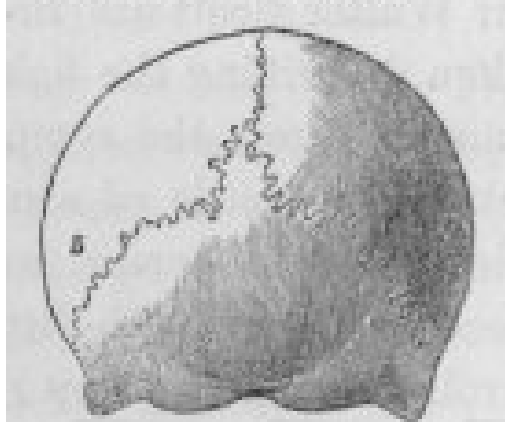
John entered the hall with a medical bag. Dynant said to me, 'This will be unpleasant.'

I nodded, wondering what in His Glorious Name Dynant was talking about. He approached John, who opened the bag and removed a scalpel. He then came back around the table and a stopped a short distance from me, and turned his back.

He took off his coat and folded his sleeves backwards. In his shirt and waistcoat he knelt directly in front of the great bear. I moved closer. The President and Secretary joined our little group.

Dynant worked slowly and with some care. He found a seam, almost invisible to the eye, and began making little sawing cuts directly on the stomach of the beast, not at the lowest hanging edge, but rather at an angle along the side, deeper down than the ribcage yet still at the side. I heard the dull twang of some sort of large stitching being cut. The cured flesh was thick and needed sawing. I could see the edge appear as he worked. He had made enough of an incision that he could make some inspection. He tied his handkerchief over his nose and mouth, then continued to slice along the belly with less care. The smell hit us. It was a sharp acidic smell, not unlike urine. Underneath that was an iron smell, a metal and salt scent that I had no reference for.

I swallowed unpleasantly, and was pleased to see that I was not alone in my need to calm my stomach. Dynant was almost two thirds of the way down the torso of the beast, and it was stretching with the weight of the opening. There was the sound of some tearing and then, as Dynant stepped sharply to one side, the contents of the belly fell out and onto the floor of the room. Grey, blue, and brown, it was not the *body* of a man. I stifled a small sound from high in my throat. It was the parts of a body. He had been encased in a cavity, containing sawdust, in the centre of the bear, and the sawdust stuck to the naked pieces. Not only were the clothes missing, but there was not a single hair on the rotting corpse.



## 10. COMBATIVENESS

*THIS organ is situated at the posterior-inferior angle of the parietal bone, a little behind and up from the ear. Dr Gall gives the following account of its discovery. After he had abandoned all the metaphysical systems of mental philosophy, and become anxious to discover, by means of observation, the primitive propensities of human nature, he collected in his house a number of individuals of the lower classes of society, following different occupations, such as coach-drivers, servants, and porters. After acquiring their confidence, and disposing them to sincerity, by giving them wine and money, he drew them into conversation about each other's qualities, good and bad, and particularly about the striking characteristics in the disposition of each.*

John was the first of the group to come to his senses. I imagined his position had armoured him to sights, and smells, that even men such as these would find close to unbearable. Nevertheless he was quite pale and moved carefully. For myself, I found that I had sat back in my chair; I had no recollection of doing so, but at present I had no desire to leave it.

John knelt by the wreck and discovered the hideous and putrefied face before saying quietly to Dynant, 'It is Aston.'

I stood. The man who had disappeared after his strange recovery, and the horrible murder of his immediate family, had just tumbled out of the belly of a bear. I

realised that I had been considering this man the murderer of my father since we had found his family. What on God's dear earth did this mean?

‘John, take care not to touch him!’

Doctor Butler was examining the man's face.

‘Gentlemen,’ said Dynant to the group as a whole, ‘He shows signs of being treated with a solution of some sort, presumably to cure the corpse, but possibly it was also used to kill him. We need to show caution. Would you please open some windows? Doctor Pierpont, would you mind seeing to the guests? I think it best if they leave, although a reminder of the potential danger would be advisable, do you agree?’ I marvelled at how quickly all of these brilliant minds would cede their authority to Dynant.

The man nodded and strode out of the room. He was sweating profusely and had not spoken since his whispered conversation with Dynant. With some large hooked poles, servants began opening all the windows in the hall, which quickly became very cold.

Capen returned with thick leather gloves, canvas, and some water and rags. At Dynant's guidance, Capen and John had reassembled the body onto a sheet atop the table. However, they had needed to fish the remaining obstinate pieces out from inside the bear. They then began to clean the body of external matter. Whatever had been done to him, it had left some staining on the body: a reddish brown pigment that blended with the darker colours of decay which flowered from inside. There was some swelling and some sagging.



I had marshalled myself into action and in my book began to describe the state of the corpse. I now started an illustration. A ghoul inside me imagined Nina's fascination as Dynant and I spoke in the parlour and she listened from her library.

Dynant came over and looked admiringly at my work. 'You seem to be the only person here whose composure is up to the task of taking down the details before us. Thank you, Freya.'

I kept at my work, but I said quietly, 'Truly, if I do not as much as look at a Grecian statue for the rest of my life, I believe I will live.' I looked at Dynant and kept my face calm. Surprise and a twinkle of humour passed over those very, very clever eyes. We looked back to the corpse and forgot the exchange. The two men worked their way around the body piece by piece, discussing decay, gas, viscousness and a gruesome melange of terms. I wrote hastily as much detail as I could.

'His right eye was destroyed?' Dynant reaffirmed with John.

'Yes.'

Dynant cut through the thick waxen stiches that had closed the socket. He pushed some bandage into the opening, and using two fingers moved it around. He then extracted it. 'Freya, please come here.' I stood next to him. 'What do you see?'

Capen objected, 'Surely sir, she has already see far too much!'

'The socket is unclean. There is torn flesh around the edge and bottom of the injury. Scar tissue.' I let my breath out slowly as I examined the remains. 'And some fluid is present.'

Using some more material, Dynant cleared mass away from the top corner of the socket closest to the bridge of the nose. And what do you see now?'

I looked at the area Dynant had scraped away; there, distinctly, was a perforation of the thin bone of the socket. ‘This is an entry point for the intrusion. Just as with Mister Donovan. The loss of the eye was accidental?’

‘That was my conclusion also, yes.’

I could feel the eyes of the other men on me, wondering at my meaning, and unhappy, to varying degrees, with my knowledge and presence.

‘This then is the injury that killed the man?’

I had not been aware of Pierpont’s return.

Dynant looked at me, so I said, ‘No, this is the location that was penetrated in an attempt to correct a previous injury, and from what Doctor Butler has said, it must have happened while he was in the Asylum.’

‘This happened while he was under my care?’ Doctor Butler addressed me with surprise, but Dynant answered.

‘Yes. I have been considering that something of the like had happened for some time. In fact, Freya and I recently discovered another body, which presented with a similar injury. It was an examination of that corpse that lead me to my current theory on how this was done to Aston.’

‘Dynant, please, how and why was this done?’ asked John.

‘Let me leave aside the specifics for the moment, please.’ Dynant looked kindly on his old friend. ‘But know that I consider it particularly unlikely that you had any part in these events.’

John looked incredulous, ‘Of course I didn’t—’ he blustered.

I snorted quietly to myself in sympathy. ‘How—?’ I began to ask Dynant.

‘What?’ he barked this quickly, still caught in his own excitement.

‘—did you know the body was inside the bear?’

Dynant looked not at all pleased by the question and frowned, ‘I was watching you take notes. I had noted the distended size of the beast’s stomach earlier and idly wondered at it, considering that perhaps the wooden scaffold it was built on was poor, or that the wire frame inside had been damaged in having it brought here... then I dismissed it. But while I listened to Mister Pierpont’s address, I was idly looking across the table, when I saw a distinct movement from the stomach.’

I gaped at him in horror.

‘I could only conclude that some organic process inside the body had necessitated the physical shift. However, there should not have been anything organic left inside. I was considering potential theories when I was called upon to speak, and a most horrible possibility presented itself to me.’

There was a difficult pause before Pierpont said, ‘If these deaths are all the work of one individual, Dynant, do you know or can you guess at who they are?’ Each man became tense and expectant.

Dynant looked over the group as if from a pulpit. ‘We came here tonight in part because we believed that the person responsible for these actions is most likely one of your Society.’

‘You mean I’m sure, someone of casual membership...’ said Pierpont.

‘The individual has shown a level of surgical ability that I would consider far above that of the layman,’ disagreed Dynant, ‘more, we have examined the particular

organs that have been attacked, and the attacks have been in accordance with the works of the modern, practical beliefs of Spurzheim and his contemporaries.’

‘But now that we have found Aston—?’ I interrupted without being able to stop myself.

‘This work, which was recently presented to your Society, was a gift from Mister Danbury?’

‘Yes. An old man and retired, but an enthusiastic member of our Society. He could not be here tonight due to an illness. He has long been unwell,’ said Capen.

‘How was it communicated to you that he was unwell?’ Dynant showed keen interest.

‘By personal note, delivered two days ago, he pleaded ill health and committed to see us at the next meeting. What do you suspect?’ The secretary seemed genuinely worried.

‘Two possibilities: the first and easiest is that this Danbury is the man we seek. He has the basic requisite qualities: a thorough knowledge of phrenology, and he is a member of a society that seems to be at the centre of these deeds. The other possibility is that this is the work of someone else, and Mister Danbury’s health is in dire condition indeed. Did his note mention what ails him?’

‘I have known him to suffer very greatly of incapacitating headaches, and some form of palsy I believe. However, I find it unlikely in the extreme that he could be responsible for these deeds. He is a kind, enthusiastic, old man. One of our many members whose interest is mostly social,’ said Capen with a quick glance to me.

‘He has been a long time friend of my father’s,’ I said.

‘Was he a doctor of some kind?’

‘No. No, I believe he was a tanner.’

‘He was also at your house the night of the fire. We need to travel to his home as quickly as we can. I will arrange for a constable to meet us there. I have been given authority in this matter.’ Dynant was barely containing himself from pacing. He turned to me with a look I at once recognised.

‘Miss Cavell,’ said Dynant stiffly.

‘No,’ I returned.

‘There is some chance that we will find the man responsible. I am truly sorry—’

‘No,’ I said with more force.

‘I accepted guardianship of you. I am not suited to the task. I’m sure we would both agree. I draw the line at putting your life in needless danger. Go home and tell— what has happened. Please Freya.’

‘I am coming—’ I said with more force. Angry tears were gathering.

‘I would prefer not to go myself,’ he placated me.

‘Damn you, Dynant—’

Dynant was supported by pillars of men, well intended, with sympathetic but closed faces.

‘You will return in the coach to our house. John will accompany you.’ He turned to his friend.

‘Well, if you think—a watchman could—’ John did not seem displeased.

‘See her home and then follow along after us, if you will?’

‘Of course.’

‘Let me come with you—’ I begged. I searched for an argument, ‘Dynant. Please, you know you can trust me—’ I regretted the implication before it was out of my mouth.

‘Go. Make your report. I will be home soon.’

I felt the full force of his dismissal. The coldness was as absolute as when I had first known him. What had made me say such a thing? My shame at such a poor desperate ploy made me sick.

The men strode quickly around making preparations but, as easily as that, I had been dismissed. I knew Dynant’s personal cab would be waiting for me. I had been abandoned by Dynant, and felt more alone than I had since the death of my father. John came, all earnest sympathy, and took me away.

~

Dynant’s brightly lit octagonal house was a beacon for the cab. I could feel the distance between myself and Dynant stretch tighter as we went. I said a small prayer for the little man whose quiet padding feet had been so often at my Papa’s business. I remembered my embarrassment as we danced, Tallie’s slow enthusiasm on the subject of falcated ducks. I had failed to see anything of use tonight, and so no face swam closer to the shadowy figure that always haunted my father’s bedside.

The ride home from Dorchester took some time and John, either from genuine interest or to try to alter my present mood, asked me of all that had taken place since my

discovery of Nina. We now knew how each man had been killed, as well as why. We knew the killer was aware of my father's apparent weaker propensities as well as those of the other victims. All had survived a period of time after they had been changed. Apparently Aston Williamson had been the most successful subject.

'How do you imagine anyone could have gotten to Aston while he was in the Asylum? In recent months most of his time was spent in a sub-basement room, isolated from other patients?' John seemed to genuinely want my consideration.

'Your assistant, Michael Perry is a member of the Society.'

'Doctor Perry is a very nice young man, who is fortunate his family could afford to buy him his degree, as it will be some years before he grows into it.'

'I should be with Dynant.'

'I would give you my position in a heartbeat.' He pulled down on his waistcoat. 'Forgive me, my dear, but you are quite a ferocious young woman'

My face whipped towards him, even as I registered some strange admiration in his voice. He flinched at my eye contact, which made me embarrassed, as well as absurdly fond of him. We arrived at Dynant's and John insisted in seeing me inside, considering the monster that was currently preying on phrenologists. The front parlour was open as usual and the cheerily well-lit skulls greeted us. There was no sign of Helene here in the front room.

'Helene? Nina?' I called loudly, rudely, to the house.

I still found it eerie to hear her voice from behind the wall, 'Dear, we are here, in the library. When you are ready.'

'Hello Nina! It's —ah— John, I apologise but I must go. Cyril, you see—'

I only barely heard the quiet, ‘Yes, yes,’ from Nina.

‘Will you be—? I really must go—’

‘Of course. Be careful Doctor Butler.’ I pressed a small kiss on his cheek. His small smile was quite handsome, I thought.

‘I will. Goodbye.’

I walked in through the front room. Helene had tidied the desk. I had not been alone in this room for some time. I removed my outer coat and slung it untidily on a chair. The gallery of fleshless faces and masks were loud tonight. I walked through the kitchen entrance, the only other entrance was the staircase that was now part of Dynant’s own upstairs rooms. The warm air from the kitchen was a comfort to me, as was the yeasty, unripe smell of bread for the morning. I made my way to the library and stopped outside the door. I heard the sound of sobbing. So quiet, so gentle I could hardly believe it was there.

I swallowed and I could not hear it any longer; as I listened, my mouth involuntarily opened slightly, and there: a hitching small, low sob.

‘Nina?’

My own voice dampened my hearing and I heard nothing else. Nina lay with the top half of her body on the table, her head on her arm, tears running from her eyes.

A hand covered my mouth. I felt the texture of cloth in my mouth and bitter alcohol stung my eyes. I could catch no breath; my head was held tight. Nina’s eyes were open and she was crying tears of blood. Before I passed out I heard a curious thing.



Although I initially thought it was Nina who was crying, the sobbing was coming from directly behind my right ear.



A weak and pained cough made me open my eyes on the dark room. The cough was mine. This library was a place of illness, but illness lived here on its own terms. It was a temporal illness; the room had slowed down, as if it could not keep up with the rest of the world; so it shut itself off and closed its eyes, to sit and listen to the world.

My dear Helene lay insensate on the ground. Books had been pushed from the table and onto her body, which lay just before the stout wooden legs. Her eyes were closed and her breath rattled quietly through foamed lips. Nevertheless, her arms were tied behind her.

Nina lay on the table much like before, however her housecoat had been unbuttoned and pushed down over her shoulders. No tears fell from her eyes, only blood. It ran from her head in enough volume to deeply stain the material around it. The sobbing that I had first attributed to Nina was in fact coming from the creature on the table that crouched over her.

He knelt, one dirty foot on the table, the other tucked under him. In front of him was a sodden shirt that cradled Nina's head. The top half of his body was bare. He was skeletally thin, and each muscle in his frame stood out in perfect isolation. His head was down, towards Nina, and all of him that I saw from where I lay was half in shadow. Yet, as he worked I could make out the great hollows of the collarbone, the ribs of his torso so pronounced they followed the corrugation of the chest, the protrusion of vertebrae down the spine. And even though he was clearly an old man, there was a smoothness to

him that made him seem at once childish and ancient. His head was almost bald and very long. It caught all the light the room could provide. His curled posture made him appear even smaller than he was. He held her head like some obscene and hellish midwife, with a look of such profound sympathy that I imagined Nina must be dead; yet her eyes were staring forward and seemed very much alive.

He then raised a delicate wooden handled instrument shaped like a corkscrew, which ended in a fine wicked circle of serrated teeth. His hands shook terribly. He applied it to the same place on her head he had already been working. Below the temple and near the hairline, a flap of skin was peeled backward. A great deal of blood still moved around the spot. Finding the groove, the little man put force behind his twist. A quick grinding sound ended in a light click. He put the tool down, picked up little forceps and removed a broken portion of skull. His head turned and looked directly at me, then back to his work. Nina was panting lightly through her nose. The sound was far lighter than the sound of the blood screaming in my ears. He held her head with his palm and his shaking thumb slid wetly over the flap of skin, trying to make it to sit back in place. Even when he made it sit back down, the thick meat and skin still jutted outwards. He then rested her head on the table, slid himself down and hobbled over to me.

‘Oh,’ he said tenderly, ‘look at you—’

These words were delivered only inches from me. He had lain down on the floor facing me, like we were two children swapping bedtime secrets. ‘Your suffering, it is writ so large on your face,’ he cried, and raised a hand to his sweating forehead. ‘Hello,’ he said weakly but with a smile. ‘Hello again, Miss Cavell. It is a cruel joke that you find me like this. I must be a pathetic sight.’

It was not until his face was so close to mine that I realised who it was, ‘Mister Danbury...’ My words fitted ill in my mouth. Besides the fear that near deafened me, my head felt like I had been staring at the sky and spinning for hours on end. I could barely move, and to see this face—a mask of misery—I doubted my correctly judging anything as true.

‘Please, dear child—be still in your mind and quiet—I am not well. So ill—my bones are wrapped in ache. I doubt I will finish without your help. How I would welcome sleep, any kind of sleep, but I must do what little I still can.’ With these words he pulled himself up to sitting, then to stand. ‘I am so glad to see you, my dear. I feared I had not the strength. But your light! You have always been the brightest of lights, I think.’

I felt hands grab at the shoulders of my dress and pull. He pulled me toward the desk where Nina was slumped, yet I could not see it. With my back on the ground I could see the door, still open to the kitchen. When we reach the table his hands let go of my clothes and he moved away a little.

‘A terrible mess. Let’s see... yes and yes. Oh, my head is boiling like oysters in their shells. Oh dear,’ he wept piteously to himself as he moved around out of my sight. I could hear the scraping of light furniture; something is set down before me.

Suddenly the face was back in front of mine. ‘My du—excuse me—,’ he caught his breath, ‘I will die quite soon, thank goodness. But before I do, I will be pleased, so pleased, to help you, as I believe I may. Miss Cavell, you are frightened? Do not be, I am assured now, yes, quite assured. The only difficulty is the placement, but I have found a way, we just need the light.’ His voice was terribly slurred and his eyes unfocused.

I tried to scream and was rewarded for my pains by the breath of a moan. I tried to move and I flailed, with no coordination. He made soothing sounds and I saw he had upturned a chair so that the back and seat are now an inverted V on the ground. He pulled me over this shape until my waist was biting the top of the V and my face was towards the ground, and I could see nothing.

‘A last small dose for myself, I think. To steady my hand from the pain, you see? No more for you I think, we must be careful with the dose. Ahum!’

A sponge, wet, being sucked upon. ‘Now then—’ The buttons on my neck are undone and the neckline pulled down. My hair gently pushed to the side away from my skull. Nausea and fear combine and my stomach roils. I moaned, a wounded sound. My heart felt uneven, skipping and lurching in my chest.

‘Girl—dear girl. Be calm.’ His hand on my shoulder. ‘This will be the worst of it, but soon it will be over and you will know relief like you have never know in your poor life. More so than I will ever know again. Just a little while—’

Then his shuffling footsteps moved away again. A plate, a tray? Tools skid lightly across it. A crash as it is dropped near my face.

‘I came back to your house by foot, you know. I did my best to keep to the shadows and away from the lamps and watchmen. I crept fearfully along the paths and verges of the silent houses. The grasses soaked my cuffs and the cold entered my body like a sickness. My condition has led to some unusual sights when I am—excited. I could see a radiance from those sleeping houses, like the clear part of a flame. I saw the houses breathe into the cold night, and I shivered with the desire to be indoors and warm. But still I worked my way back to you.’

My bladder is empty, but it loosens all the same when I felt something wet swabbed across the back of my head.

‘After my journey in the black and cold—I came to your house. I could see no light downstairs. Just a candle in the second storey.’ Those sobs again. Pulling through him. ‘I was there at the soiree, as Doctor Dynant made such a show of you, painted you on a canvas in front of everyone. I saw how the Jonas boy looked at you—perhaps you did not? When Dynant told them of your lack of familial feeling, your propensity for lasciviousness, your—manly traits. All of this he said in front of those whose society your father so desperately coveted—I knew him well, my dear. And I loved him—we have long been friends. That falcon that adorns your study? It was a gift I gave him once, a talisman to prop up his hopes.’

The scrape of a blade. Light, not painful. Small strokes. Removing hair.

‘To witness his humiliation... It was a deep pain to me but, my dear, it was nothing compared to what I saw done to you. That fine young man, any fool could see the affection you had for him, and he for you. Your pain came to me divinely. I believe that without the meddling of your father, even with your traits, that young man may well have—ah—never mind that now. Tell me if you can—does this cause you much discomfort?’

The blade cut into my head and I felt it even through the confusing haze of whatever I was given. I moaned and managed almost to say, ‘Please...No.’

‘I thought so. Here, just alcohol this time, we must be careful.’ Another sponge quickly past my lips, and I bite down on it. ‘It won’t take long to work.’

‘The front door was too much for my nerves,’ he continued, ‘and any waking soul could have heard or seen me. To the side was the coal entry. Miss Cavell, I had

never done such a thing, but my desire was more than my shame. I took off my jacket, my shirt. I lowered myself down the filthy bricks, smudged with coal. Much patience, and more filth, took me up into the kitchen.

‘Every step on those boards were a terror to me. For certain my trail would be evident in the light, but my concern was *sound*. I tried to move with as much grace as I could from rug to rug. At times my fear was so great, I would get down on the ground, my face on the floor, for fear of making a noise and waking the house. I was clever on the stair, for what house has quiet stairs? I remembered playing as a child, my feet on the banister and the baseboard. So I took off my shoes and hung them around my neck and did it again. If I had been seen? A ridiculous filthy, old man clinging like a child. A moan from the wood would stutter my heart and I would hold my breath and wait, wait for quiet to become the loudest voice again.

‘When I reached the first storey I girded my nerves. I stood straight, next to the wall, but without touching it. My face felt greasy and wet. I walked, tiny steps, no longer than a shoe length. I came to a door and gently held the knob, it turned, a scrape of brass on brass—the sound a scream to me. The cold weather had left the door slightly high on the floor. I looked in—you were lying in your bed. A radiant child. I could see a plume of blue light, streaming off you, like you were burning. I wailed to think of what had been done to you, but to see your beauty in repose; I felt my courage sure my strength. I rose to enter.

‘Please—know that my sole reason that night was to attend you. I had felt your shame and humiliation. I had the skill available to take from you the excess of traits that had been your unfortunate disability. Perhaps you lacked simply the absence of a woman

from your house? But you were an innocent, and with some assistance your life could become what you deserved.

‘Then a terrible thought occurred. Even if God gave me the strength to do what I could, my work would be in vain if your father’s gross ambition remained the same. I told myself there was little point in helping you, when under your father’s guidance, well-meaning as it was. His ambition would always oppress you. I realised if I was to be of any benefit to you, your father’s ambition would need to be controlled. Acquisitiveness is an easy matter, the location was simple to access by a careful force.’

The blade cut again into my head, deeper. The first line of the V had begun. My nails found purchase on the floorboards. ‘Better now, my dear? Now is the time to remain calm, remain still. Your panic will help no-one, whereas my precision prevents harm, Miss Cavell.’

‘I closed your door, tiptoed down the hall to the largest bedroom in the house. Light played under the door and I was afraid I would find him here, ruminating on his evening. I lowered myself to the floor, and pressed my cheek to the beams, closing my topmost eye. I could see no feet on the floor. I took a scalpel and slid the blade under the door, turning it this way and that, looking for his image in the blade. I saw a mound on the bed, mouth turned toward the ceiling, and drew back the scalpel. In my haste the door rasped. I peered inside. The thick breath of sleep was there, inside that shape.

‘I gently pulled myself in. I closed the door after me and moved to the bed taking my shoes from about my neck. The laces irritated me. There he slept, his body an island, his face a tide stone whistling as the water rushed in and out. I withdrew a small stoppered bottle.’

Laudanum:

*Best Turkey opium, 1 oz.*

*Boiling water, 1 gill*

*Alcohol of 76 per cent. Proof*

*Honey and rosewater*

‘I have been preparing my own pain relief for some time now, and I complement myself that I have achieved a tincture that far surpasses those available by most apothecaries. I slow boil the liquid opium—you must find the best. One of the mysteries of this little plant is the great variable difference in its quality and effect, however if you buy from a reliable and knowledgeable source, and you buy of a large amount, you can be reasonably assured of consistency. When you find a good preparation, it cannot be wasted. The boiling and reduction of the liquid must be done patiently. Secondly, to use wine is an aberration of its medicinal quality; this is not cordial. I will also separately reduce and purify my base spirit; caution must be used here; if you go too far, you will indeed create a noxious poison. However, if correct, it will create an excellent joint effect. To these two reductions I then mix cold honey and rosewater. The rosewater will help avoid the tincture becoming an emetic.

‘The dose I have perfected by application to myself. However I believe I have built some tolerance to the potion that, along with the severity of my headaches, means I am able to function on a dose that will leave most grown men incapable of motion.

‘A line of cotton on the stopper let me, with infinite care, begin to administer my tincture, drop at a time down your father’s throat. The first drop fell on the back of his throat between inhalation and exhalation; he swallowed and his head moved as if in a dream, and after many minutes he quietened. I repeated the process, this time his eyes



opened for a moment, and, with panic, I truly believed he saw me, then the eyes closed, and after sometime he was quiet. I took an equal amount of time: one drop, two drops, five drops, ten, and twenty. After that he was closed in a dream.'

I felt the stickiness of my own blood running down between the hairs, and I believed he had finished carving his opening.

'He was insensate on the bed, his breath lightly ragged, and I knew he would not wake. As a precaution I tucked his sheet tightly into the bed, working from corner to corner. I then placed myself on his torso, and turned his head gently to the side. I could see the organ printed in place on his skull. I took a fine scalpel—as now you see!—and worked the thin knife flat under the incision until it was flush with the skull and released the flesh. From there I could simply pull on the fine hair and peel back the skin. My eyes would not focus well. Prints of the man moved jitteringly before my eyes, a ghostly shaking of his form. My trephine caught in my pocket and I fumbled with it, my hand beginning to shake violently. I ran a thumb over the corner of the man's mouth, where I had spilled a little tincture, and put it in my own mouth.'

'I took the trephine, with its round fine blade and applied it to this strong piece of bone. He quivered violently under me. My arm ached with the effort. Even if I could do this, I had another operation to perform, and fatigue soaked through me. Somehow the tool made its way through, I felt the cracking as it began to perforate. I took some pincers and quickly broke the edge of the bone, the circle, bloody and broken, came away from the skull. My chest heaved with effort, sweat ran off me, and my arms were soaked. I took a probe from my pocket and punctured the organ with a tiny hole, again and again.

‘I drew back, pleased that I had done so well. An inspiration took me and I took my bottle and a swath and wiped the hole with the tincture and replaced the skin over the small hole.

‘I was thrown to the floor. He thrashed on the bed, he groaned and cried and began to pull at the sheets. I rose off the ground. I was thrown, to the side table by the bed. The candle dropped and darkness fell. I had brought a matchbox, but where had I put it? I was disorientated, but before I knew it, the light had returned, but it flickered and spun. The bed was burning, he was thrashing. My head had hit something and I heard a deep sound, like fire in the void.

‘The room was aflame. I fled—I thought of you—I would warn you at least, wake you from the fire. I entered your room, but you were not there. Panic chilled me. The window was open. I rushed out onto the verge and crabbed around the house. My foot slipped and I fell, tumbling from the edge. I awoke a little time later, torn and broken in the foliage. The house was ticking and snapping with the sounds of combustion. I could feel the heat of the house on my legs and back, voices began to shout.

‘I managed to pull myself out of the bushes and moved towards the rear of the yard. What had gone wrong? Something was working against me, some evil. I have made mistakes. To call them by so little is a sin in itself. And I will burn for it I am sure, if you only knew! I burn for it now.’

He put down the blade, and took up the trepanning tool. I blinked the blood from my eye as best I could. I had no way to know where his eyes were, but I felt his breath on me, My hand, feeling near boneless, groped for the scalpel and I prayed to an almighty I hoped was in my heart.

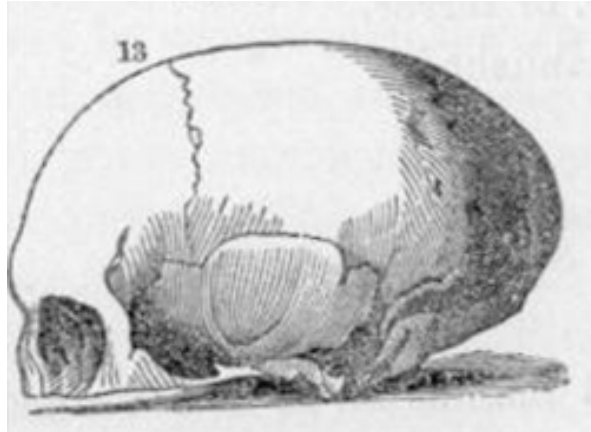
‘I wish I knew then—’

I drove the scalpel behind me and into him somewhere. It pulled out of my hand as he jumped back. My hands had grown steadier as he cut, clenching with more control against the pain. As I listened to him speak, I felt a piece of my grief I had not even known I was missing. It came home to me and I felt rage churn through me and I was full with it. I got to my knees.

‘You’re casting around. Maybe for a weapon?’ He groaned in pain. ‘My dear, I doubt you will even need one. My head swims in agony—I see you there looking at me, yet another version of you hovers about in hues of brilliant vermilion and chartreuse, they dance with joy, beads adorn their necks!’

I could hear no more of this. I grabbed the nearest thing, a book, and flung it at him. It did not even disturb his weakened frame, instead he looked at me with venerable disappointment. This was all the further goading my rage needed. Another book, heavier than the last, found my hand and launched, then another and another. Books hit the man and eventually tore him down. I screamed with each throw. I screamed as I picked up each book. I screamed at every scream, and I was a harpy. I straddled him and smashed the book into his face as hard as I could until they took me off him.

For a time this was all I knew.



## 11. BENEVOLENCE

*Hitherto we have considered man so far as he is animal. But besides the organs and faculties already spoken of, common to him and the brutes, he is endowed with a variety of sentiments, which constitute the peculiarly human character. Of these the lower animals appear to be destitute. The convolutions which form the organs of Veneration, Hope, and Conscientiousness in the human brain, run transversely; and in the brains of the lower animals, so far as I have observed, no corresponding convolutions appear.*

The first visit had been from Dynant, who insisted on my full report before I could sleep any more; then he was away wrapping up the leftover pieces of the affair. The back of my head was sore and hot, my throat stung. John came to my room to tell me the rest:

‘Capen, Pierpont and Constable Parker all arrived at the house. Dynant had found tools, and phrenological texts, skulls of animals, and chemicals that had made some sense to him—a sense that no one else could make. He had told the others that Tallie Danbury was the man responsible. When I arrived I voiced my disbelief. Tallie was a kind man. I knew him well enough, had spoken to him casually for years; he was a bright, self-deprecating, and most certainly a gentleman.

‘Then Dynant suddenly became manic. He insisted we go to his house as quickly as possible, that there was great danger. We raced here, Dynant’s lithe and small form in the lead. He heard the screams and grabbed at the ceiling-high display case, urging the sergeant to hold the other side and pull. As they moved it out, such a sight greeted us.

‘Nina lay on a large table, her eyes open and bleeding from a head wound. On the floor Helene was buried under an avalanche of books. And there you were, screaming in a rage, astride a bloodied naked man, beating him with some great heavy book. It took three of us to pull you off of him, and I wouldn’t have liked to have tried it with less.’

His light tone gave me hope.

‘Nina and Helene?’ His gravity caused me a flutter. ‘

They both live. Helene has recovered with great speed from her poisoning. Nina, like you, is convalescing. Your wound was relatively easy to treat. Hers is more difficult. She seems to be doing well at present, but it is uncertain if she will remain so. What effect? To what miasmas her brain might have been exposed we cannot tell. We will hope.’

I thought of Dynant’s prophetic confession. ‘Is she...? Is there any change?’

John smiled with no humour whatsoever. ‘I have noticed no change in her. She seems to me the same as she was before.’

My convalescence dragged on, but not too painfully. Before long the regular presence of Helene never failed to cheer my spirits. If anything her face now seemed more childish, more devoted to me than ever, and I wondered what I had done to

deserve such adoration. She was an incredibly capable nurse. My injuries were maintained and cleaned, my every need was cared for, and I discovered that while she had little to no ability to speak English, her comprehension was quite a bit more than I had imagined. Her lack of speech always resulted in a further level of intimacy than I had intended. I would tell her my most private thoughts with no fear she would ever speak of them to anyone else. Most of all I found an emptiness was beginning to form in me. Where before I had pain, pain too great to express, now there was a feeling of numbness about this whole business.

When Dynant next visited me, he was still very much the new version of himself, far too busy acting to become morose and self-reflective. After his usual poor attempt at pleasantries, he gave me some unexpected news: Tallie had survived. I had simply assumed the man had died. Not from my attack, but because I had believed he was as near death as he had claimed.

‘He is in the asylum for the moment. Political pressure is being brought to bear, particularly from members of the Society who have successfully kept most of the phrenological aspects of the attacks out of the papers, and the common gossip. They would like to make sure he is quickly hung for his crimes, with little fuss. So far John and I have held them at bay. I would very much like to visit with him while he still lives. Would you care for one last outing?’

~

Helene made me up and hid my baldness and my bandage behind a ruff of hair. In the cab next to Dynant I was still near a foot taller than he. She had artfully tied my hair down over my injury, giving me I imagined an amativeness beyond the wildest dreams

of men. We approached the houses and the asylum. I sat beside Dynant and we rode in silence. John spoke in a light forced tone that was hard to detect given his usual manner. Dynant was quiet, terse and contained, if he was feeling the weight of this there was little sign.

Tallie's cell was in the sub-basement. There was a Utica cot in the room with him, but he lay on a small bed at present. He was an unhappy sight, his withered body failing on the thin grey sheets, his face without the aid of a razor seemed ancient. Nevertheless I felt my nerves all scream in attention to danger. He had not looked up as we entered.

'Hello, Mister Danbury,' said Dynant.

'Doctor Dynant. It is kind of you to come.' To my surprise his voice was stronger than at our last meeting. He looked at me and then looked elsewhere.

John made some signal to him and the little man acknowledged it with a confined movement of the head.

'Thank you, John' He regarded himself and then addressed us, 'Please excuse my appearance. I do not know why I still live. Why am I here?' It seemed to take him great effort to look again towards me, and that same look of hopeless sympathy that I remembered filled his features. 'Miss Cavell, it is good to see you. I am so sorry I have done so poorly by you, and caused you so much distress.'

Dynant interrupted, 'Tallie. We are here for a single purpose. I was given some little authority in the matter of the deaths surrounding the Phrenological Society. While it has given some relief that you had been found, much pressure is being put on me to explain the details of events. I am here in the hopes that you will be of some help in the matter. Miss Cavell is here as my assistant. Is that acceptable to you?'

‘You would bring a young woman here, Doctor Dynant?’ Rebuke was in his tone, ‘I worry that you would have me speak of, unpleasant matters, in front of this young lady.’ No sign of archness in his tone, no side smile made me think he was false.

Dynant leaned closer to the man. ‘I too, would prefer she not be here, but given the circumstances, she really must know the truth of the matter. I hope to avoid her having any more unpleasant dreams, you see?’ A look of Danbury’s sympathy was mirrored on Dynant’s face, and understanding lit up the little man.

‘If I were to tell you of what I have hypothesized, would you be willing to give me some confirmation of the accuracy, or failing that, any severe inaccuracy, that I may have made? Would that be agreeable?’

Tallie was flattered. ‘Good Sir. I am a great admirer of your work. And given my last appearance at your house, I am in your debt, I think. That you would be witness to what I have learned, and my unhappy end, would be my honour ’

‘You do me great courtesy. I have been conducting some interviews in the last few days and I believe I have a reasonable picture: I understand, you were the owner of a tannery for the majority of your life, and in retirement you came to Boston, as so many do to enjoy the metropolitan lifestyle afforded you by your successful business. You rented rooms in the city and became a regular at the music and theatre halls. As you made friends you would often throw suppers in your rooms for those you met at these occasions. I have heard your manner and generosity made you a friend to most, if not all, of your acquaintances. You are one of the original members of the Phrenological Society, however your lack of medical knowledge may have kept you from a place with the governing body of that group, had you not applied your skills as a naturalist and taxidermist to the cause of phrenology. Human skulls and casts were becoming more



commonplace with the sweeping popularity of practical phrenology, but animal carcasses were of great desire. You already had quite some skill, as it had been your choice of gentleman's pursuit while you were still managing your business.

'You gave some local hunting birds, I believe, gifts to members of the society? The Cavell's had a quite beautiful falcon in the study. I imagine it was your work? It was exquisitely done.

'The praise your gifts received kept you invited to the kind of social occasions you found pleasant, and even began to pay for them as your work became fashionable among a certain class. Next, from my readings, you presented a full body of an orangutan to the Phrenological Society. Such an extraordinary gift that you were thanked in the Journal—'

'Excuse me, Doctor Dynant, what you say is more or less true and I congratulate you on your thoroughness, but how is this truly of any interest to you, surely—'

'I promise you, sir, these details are vital to the larger picture. You shall see: I found another article, this time by you, where you wrote a short treatise on basic principles of taxidermy. I noted that this article was more a piece on the aesthetic principles of naturalism rather than a guide to your new hobby. However, while you kept many of your secrets on how to make work of such a high standard, you praised the use of wood and wire in making the moulds for the animals, as well as a list of common chemicals. One of those chemicals you recommended was a tincture of mercurium nitrate. This caught my attention—mercury sulphate I have heard used more commonly, but I wondered at your use of mercurium nitrate. I guess that your purpose was not in the tanning, but rather that you used it to neatly remove sections of hair for

the tidiness of seams, as well as to build you supply of hair that can be reapplied to the finished beast.'

'Oh, that is excellent,' exclaimed Tallie, 'You know, I have not told that to a soul. I learnt the trick from tanning of course, and tanning is an industry where individual practitioners keep their secrets to themselves. It is how we make our fortunes. That you have guessed my technique is quite brilliant, well done.'

'I suspect, however, that you are unaware of the danger of that substance on the skin or in the vapour around you?' Dynant said.

'It can cause headaches, I know that. Many of the chemical used in tanning are not, in truth, the best for the lungs. Another reason I was drawn to phrenology—'

'How long have you been suffering chronic headaches?

'Some years now, but they have no relation to my work, they are a symptom of phrenology.'

At such an astounding declaration I looked directly at the man, and not, as I had felt more comfortable doing, at my notes. A sideways glance to Dynant revealed his look of calm excitement.

'How so, sir?'

'I assumed you must know. Only look at my head. Since my first exposure to the new science it has been my passion to examine my own traits for instruction and improvement. I take air and I eat food that I believe will service the growth of the mind. I regularly record, or have recorded, my own chart to search for changes. Most had been minor, but then one day I discovered something truly remarkable, perhaps you can see it for yourself!'

He pointed the topmost of his mostly bald head towards us.

‘Remarkable,’ said Dynant.

‘You see? The organ of Veneration has grown to an unprecedented size! It was at this time I began to notice other changes.’

‘You began to see visions?’ Dynant asked.

‘No. Well, not as one might imagine. I have not been blessed to see or hear God. No, what I can see is the weaknesses in the mental organs of others. Like living beings—which I suppose they are—I can see malformed organs that are chronic in their disease. They radiate. The perfection of my Veneration has made me sensitive to others in a degree that I can hardly credit. I feel the pain of my fellow man as if it were my own—and then still multiplied. Indeed I feel everything to a far greater propensity than ever before.’

He looked now at me and shared his most pained expression. ‘To be so close to one with such tragic disease is difficult for me. You radiate like an exposed lamp in the darkest night and it hurts my eyes, you see? It may be that I am now too old, too weak, to support such a gift for it is eating me out from inside I think.’ Unaware I am sure, the old man pulled and rubbed at the crotch of his trousers as he spoke.

‘You decided to try to assist those you saw around you who were so terribly afflicted. First was Cornelius Donovan the travelling practical phrenologist; I believe you allowed him to stay at your home for a time? He was a heavy drinker, I think. One evening you sedated him with the solution that you made to combat your headaches, then, perhaps seeing an objectionable trait, you decided to see if you could not rid him of it. However, you misdiagnosed the amount of laudanum you needed to render him

unconscious, and while you worked the man stopped breathing. You then disposed of him in the waters around Boston.’

Danbury’s face crowded with tears. ‘I confess. This was my mistake. I never meant to hurt the man. Cornelius tormented me, threatened me, and bullied me. He was a man of very objectionable character. He would drink my wine and make leering comments about my habits and beg me to give him, lend him, and borrow him, exhibits for his show. He cared nothing for the science, just for money. He would lecture and sell on magnetism, phrenology, mesmerism anything that allowed him access to the money of the susceptible and the uneducated. Still I wished him no harm. He could also be a very personable young man. Yes, I drugged him, and gave him an amount of my—tincture. I believed he would need a dose as strong as mine, given his habits. All I intended to do, all I *did*, was to create some room for the activation of higher functions to grow, that the man could become better than he was. To see the pollution of his higher functions was to pity him. But I misjudged my own pain—my dosage had increased as I had battled agony, and I did not realise the strength I now took. He died. If he had lived he would have been much improved. I was near delirium when I drove my own carriage out to the docks in the dead of night. He sitting inside like a passenger—ah—his death was a tragedy.’

‘You have told Miss Cavell of your reasoning in trying to assist her and her father and I see no reason to distrust you. After the death of Cornelius what made you try again so quickly?’

‘I did not want to. But to feel the pain of others is unbearable. There is no way you can understand. I was haunted by what had happened to him, but not as haunted as I was by those who are lost.’

‘I believe I know what you tried to do for Aston Williamson. You had corresponded with him once you heard from John of his sickness. Many months before now. When did you start visiting him?’

‘Doctor Butler had shared with me some news of his decline. That he was now kept almost exclusively down here, in a room just like this.’ He looked around, something in this made him utter a pained giggle that was gone as quickly as it came. ‘I was worried for him. His sickness I knew, even from my home. One night I decided to follow it here. Doctor Butler may not be a man of your brilliance, but his is, I think, in his own way changing the lives of those around him. Did you realise there are places where only a hedgerow separates the grounds of the asylum from the street? This is the way to treat those who suffer such maladies. I found I could simply creep to the partially above ground window, just like this one, and talk to Aston through the bars.’

‘You told him you could restore him to health, and after consulting with John, he eventually decided it would be worth the risk. I could not, for the longest time discover how you found the opportunity to operate on him. Only very late could I confirm that his death was indeed of the group we were investigating, it came down to the matter of his eye. It is I that now must confess. The mechanics of the act are still not quite clear to me. Would you be willing to tell me how you achieved it?’

A look of small pride from the man, ‘It was a matter of necessity. His health was declining and I knew I would be unlikely to be able to gain entrance to see him, much less perform a surgery. Aston and I discussed the matter: I have an intimate knowledge of the skull and had been researching the organ I believed we needed to clear of damaged liquid. I also knew of the potential weakness in the socket behind the eye and theorized we could get to the cranial area from the underside of the brain. It was Aston

who believed he could leap up and grab the bars of the window. He would then reach through, to the elbow and hold the bars. I could then tie him in place, his face resting on the ledge. I had some doubts he would be capable of this feat, but he proved me wrong. Once he was in place I administered a careful amount of laudanum.

‘When he was unconscious I used a surgical probe. I broke through the delicate bone behind the eye allowing access to the frontal lobe. It was difficult work however, but I was careful and only punctured the dura mater. Unfortunately as I exited, I hit the eye. Aston was no longer conscious, and there was little I could do but lower him as best I could to the ground.

‘I have known no joy like that I felt when I heard of his recovery.’

‘So you intended to continue your success with Adam Landloper, a young member of the Society, who I have been told was often a guest at your dinners. At some time earlier he had come to you for assistance. He was an inveterate womaniser and had contracted syphilis. He asked you for the mercury cure. As a man with wife and family, he wished to keep his condition to himself. Indeed his large beard hid the canker that was a sign of this disease. You gave him the cure, but after your success with Aston you convinced him that he needed to treat the cause as well as the disease and to allow himself to be your patient. Unfortunately your work this time was less precise and the damage to his brain left him with little more than his base animal functions. You shaved his beard, his facial hair being an object of great pride in the young man, and none recognised him without it. You dressed him in your own clothes and took him out of doors. Whereby after a time a constable found him wandering the streets just in time to see him die.’

‘Yes! Yes it was exactly that. Perhaps I was too cocky after my success. I truly believed his was to be a simple piece of work. I had come so far. When he was so clearly damaged, I blamed my poor hands, which day by day became less skilful, even as my knowledge grew. Adam was a good friend, one of the first to take me in to his confidence when I came to Boston. To have done him such a great disservice breaks my heart.’ He held up his hands to his face and I noticed the fingers seemed unusually red.

‘So, imagine how I felt when Aston, whom I believed cured, destroyed his family and arrived at my door. He came to me very confused and agitated. I spoke gentle words to him until he became calmer, then I drugged him to the point that he would peacefully die. By this time Boston was already being plastered with posters of the so called monster. I knew his soul could have no better rest. My own pain had grown through my body and I knew I was dying. They search for him even now, I suppose? Dynant, let me tell you a hideous truth. I was so frightened that they would find him at my residence I did something that even now I wonder at. I hid his body. I was finishing a piece for the society, a giant brown bear of such size it had made all the newsheets. The bear was at length almost complete when I found myself in the position of having to deal with Aston’s body. By this time, I had only a small amount of my strength left. I was always in a fever, and I could feel the organs of my mind starving and turning cold. I—deboned the poor man and, having cured the remains, a task too much for me in truth, I hid what was left inside the bear. You may look yourself, he is with the Society.’

‘I will have him dealt with properly.’

‘Thank you, sir.’

‘How did you come to be at my house?’

Tallie stopped then and stared at Dynant; his eyes were bright and his manner became calmer.

‘You are a man too clever for falsehood, sir. I had been watching your house since I found that Freya was staying with you. I wanted mostly death, but I still wished for an opportunity to help her most of all. That night I saw your carriage missing and a light in the house. I hoped to find her alone. It was only by the greatest chance I discovered your wife and resolved myself to one last act of charity. Please sir, what can you tell me? Does she show signs of improvement?’

‘She is alive and well. I have confidence in her complete recovery.’

‘Thank God. I die soon. For your part, your deductions are almost all correct, sir. There are a few details that are wrong, or in the wrong order, but nothing of importance I think.’

‘Do you not pity me?’ he asked of us both, ‘I am in constant terrible pain. Perhaps you think I deserve it? Well,’ he looked at a point where nothing stood and addressed reproach to the air, and then perhaps acceptance, ‘perhaps I do. Although I have only ever tried to help others when they wanted or needed it.’

‘Would you do me the kindness of trying to convince my jailers to give me something for the pain? I will die soon, but if I could do it in something less than agony? If you believe I am still a man, you could perhaps see a creature in horrible pain, who will now die a horrible death, and never tried to do anything but help others, and never meant to cause pain. If you can surely see this, you would grant me an ease to my suffering.’



His words, the meaning of the words, a man in pain pleading for comfort, but his tone, his pathetic smile was the same, the same ingratiating mock humility with which he disarmed and excused himself from any wrong he may have done.

‘I will ask,’ said Dynant.

I looked at him. At his sympathy for this man. Would he beg favours for him?

‘Thank you, sir. That is a great kindness.’ He looked at Dynant the same way the members of the Phrenological Society had, with an adoration.



We alighted the carriage. I thought of the hideous monster that had killed my father, almost killed Nina, Helene, and me. I thought of the old man in such agony in his cell. Dynant had said nothing to Doctor Butler about pain relief for the man.

‘Did you get what you needed?’ I asked.

‘Yes. Did you?’

‘He will be sentenced to die?’

‘Yes, I imagine he will.’

‘Would you give him no mercy?’

‘I thought I did.’ Dynant was looking out the window.

‘What is that supposed to mean?’ I was unsure why I felt irritated with him.

‘I did not tell him there was no change in his organ of Veneration, he is simply delusional. His pain, his sensitivity and visions are all just symptoms of what I believe is a severe case of poisoning by mercurium nitrate. It is a compound that has recently

been suspected to create symptoms that exactly match with his experiences, although it does not usually result in the creation of such a killer. His delusions regarding phrenology are nothing more than the weak fancies of a mind poisoned to madness. All the deaths, all the pain he has caused is simply this. Even with the suffering he has caused me personally, I did not tell him this. This I most certainly call a kindness. I also did not mention to him that he is not dying. Without regular exposure to the compound that has sickened him, he would most likely recover. Instead he will go to the noose believing he is being saved from a worse fate.'

The carriage rode on.

~

The library was cleaner than I had ever seen it. The small diagonal windows that sat above the wall were open above me and let some light in. Books were stacked and journals tied in bunches. Nina was not there. I took the stairs—the mirror of the ones to my own room—upstairs to a door I knew lead directly to her room and knocked. I opened the door with a small smile and walked inside. She lay in bed and smiled at me.

'Hello lovely, you look much better than I feel, I am so glad.' She kissed me tenderly and I returned it.

The room was dark, of course, but unlike any other room in the house, there was paper on the walls. A glorious detailed scene that worked its way around the entire room. Even in the poor light I could see the blue sky above gigantic lush green trees that grew from every wall, long grasses stretched back from the floor and great beasts roamed around the room, tigers and bright parrots.



I lay in bed unable to sleep and listened to the house creak. Helene and I had said goodnight hours ago and I still lay here unable to quieten. There was much to do. How long would I stay here with the Dynants? They both professed that I was welcome, wanted even, for as long as I cared to stay. I had still not written to my relatives, or considered what to do with Papa's business interests. I would not be allowed to run them by myself, after all. And when, if ever, would I see Jonas again?

There was the creak of soft feet coming down the corridor and soon I saw light approaching under the door. A knock at my door.

'Yes?'

'May I come in?' His voice crept under the door. I lit a lamp and pulled on a dressing gown.

'Come in.'

The door opened. He entered a little way and closed the door. He stood looking at me. He wore no waistcoat or jacket and the curls of his hair stood out more than usual. Neat for another man, he could have just been dragged from the foam of a shipwreck. His eyes seemed to cower under his brows. I crossed my hands.

'I have not spoken to her. I have no proof and have looked for none.'

Of all the haunted men I had met so recently, alive and dead, here was their progenitor.

'He lied. He did not come looking for you. He was not here in hope you would be...how ridiculous—'

—she found him. Before we did. She invited him to come to her. I do not believe she would have done so if she had ever imagined that she was putting you in danger.’

‘She promised me. Not to end her life. She was not trying to take her life, I think.’

He folded himself down onto the little stool, his head beneath his shoulders. I thought of her voice on that night, from the other side of the wall.

After Dynant left, I lay in bed for some time and thought of the cool, quiet night outside these walls.

The End.